

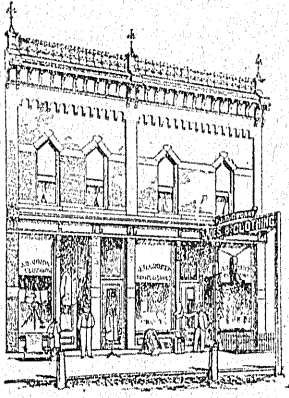
CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XIV. NO. 3.

CASS CITY, MICH., DEC. 28, 1894.

BY A. A. P. McDOWELL.

SHOES.



Clothing

TO THE PUBLIC:

I wish to thank you for your very liberal patronage and to show that I appreciate it I will commence to-day the

Greatest Clothing Sale Ever Held

In the County. Come in and see the Largest and Newest Stock at unheard of Low Prices. I will sell you an Overcoat, Ulster or Suit of Clothes cheaper than any man in this neck of the woods. A few dozen Men's Boots and Ladies' Fine Shoes at less than cost. To see is to believe. Come in and see.

J. D. GROSBY,

SHOES AND CLOTHING, CASS CITY.

Terms, Strictly Cash.

THE EXCHANGE BANK,

Cass City, Mich.

Responsibility, \$40,000.

Accounts of business houses and individuals solicited.

Interest paid on time certificates of deposit.

E. H. PINNEY, Proprietor.
H. L. PINNEY, Cashier.

CASS CITY BANK.

Established 12 years.

Responsibility, \$35,000.00

MONEY

TO LOAN ON

FARM MORTGAGES

at low rates.

C. W. McPHAIL, Proprietor.
W. S. RICHARDSON, Cashier.

Don't place your order for commercial printing until you get prices and see samples from the ENTERPRISE office.

Caught On The Fly.

The mocking bird can thrill us with its notes so sweetly sweet, but just now we are satisfied with the turkey's sweet white meat.

Seven degrees below zero last night. Ball at the rink New Year's night. See adv.

Wm. Anderson did business in Cassville last week.

Mrs. Wm. Striffler, of Argyle, was in town Wednesday.

Mr. Fisher went to Unionville on business Wednesday.

Fred Smithson is now in the employ of Merchant Robinson.

Wm. Wallace, of Pittsford, Mich., is visiting his parents here.

Jas. Higgins and wife, of Bad Axe, are visiting at J. F. Hendricks.

Perhaps you hadn't noticed it but the ENTERPRISE has started Vol. XIV.

H. L. Pinney entertained a large number of his friends Thursday evening.

Miss Jennie Leach, of Pontiac, is spending the holidays with her parents here.

Master Sherman Lee is spending the holidays with friends at Highland and Hartland.

W. F. Seod, agent for the American Book Company of Chicago, is home for the holidays.

Henry Congdon, of North Branch, spent Xmas in town as the guest of Miss Lizzie Beach.

Luther Hunt, of Caro, is spending the week with his uncles T. H. and Eli Hunt of this place.

Next week we will have something more to say to subscribers who have not settled arrears.

Jos. Martus returned last Friday from Utica, N.Y., where he has been visiting relatives and friends for the past three weeks.

The Vassar Times appeared last week as a twelve page edition on tinted paper giving a summary of Vassar's industries.

Quill-pusher Patterson, of the Columbiaville Independent, an old-time employe of the ENTERPRISE, was in town yesterday.

The last meeting of the year, of the I. O. F. will be held next Monday evening for the initiation of those who have been examined.

Geo. Mattson is visiting his parents at Yale.

The Xmas ball in the rink was well attended.

J. A. McDougall spent Sunday at Pt. Edward, Ont.

The infant child of R. G. Orr is dangerously ill.

Mrs. J. E. Patterson is spending a week in Detroit.

Chas. Dickensheets, of Caro, visited in town on Christmas.

Miss Kate Campbell returned from Buffalo on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Fritz spent Xmas with Donist Fritz, of Caro.

Miss Kittie Mulloy spent Christmas with her parents in Cumber.

Miss Jessie Crosby has returned from Ypsilanti for the holidays.

Mr. Goodfellow, of Clyde, Mich., spent Christmas at O. C. Woods.

Mr. and Mrs. McCullough are visiting relatives in Leamington, Ont.

Herb Frutchoy has returned from Ypsilanti until after the holidays.

Joe Frutchoy, of Detroit, is spending the holidays with his parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Sheridan, of Elkton, are visiting at the Sheridan House.

Mrs. J. F. Nettleton, of Chicago, is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. A. Frutchoy.

Miss Lizzie Monroe, who has been teaching school near Marlette, is home for the holidays.

Miss Carrie Livingstone, teacher in the Millington schools, has returned home for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Walsley will entertain about 30 of their young friends at their home this evening.

Mr. Fairweather, of Imlay City, spent Christmas with his sons, William and Henry, of this place.

Miss Belle Livingstone, who has been teaching school at St. Clair, is spending the holidays with her parents.

Miss Jennie Agar, who has been engaged in dressmaking at Flushing, the past summer is home for the holidays.

S. A. McGeorge, father of our townsman, E. A. McGeorge, is having success in organizing the Star of Bethlehem society.

R. A. Walsley closed a successful term of school in District No. 1, Ellington and is now enjoying a two weeks vacation.

Hon. J. C. Laing spent Christmas with his family here.

Misses Martha and Jennie McArthur and brother Duncan are home from Ypsilanti for the holidays.

Louis Anderson, who is teaching school at Three Rivers is spending the holidays at Rev. S. G. Anderson's.

W. S. Richardson left on the Saturday afternoon train for his home in Sanburn, N. Y., to attend the burial of his sister.

Heller Bros., our bustling millers, donated over three hundred pounds of flour to the poor of our town on Christmas morning.

Nelson F. McClinton, accompanied by his wife is spending the holidays with his parents here. N. F. is enjoying a ten days vacation from the medical department of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor.

The Ball-Tossing Drill, etc. given by Mrs. McLean's Sunday school class on Christmas night was a decided success both financially and otherwise. The hall was crowded to overflowing and the program was well rendered. The proceeds amounted to over \$30.

Diaries for 1895. Games at cost. Reduction on all other holiday goods for one week only. Buy our friend a New Year present at T. H. Fritz's.

Neighborhood News.

Matt Zeigler fell from a load of wood, near Unionville, one day last week and broke his neck.

The P. O. & N. R. R. are erecting an engine house at Cassville to accommodate four engines.

During a four horse trot at Lexington yesterday, Driver Sinclair had one wheel of his sulky taken off. In falling, Sinclair's foot became entangled in the lines, and he was dragged 40 rods. He lost consciousness, but soon recovered, and is not seriously hurt.

Sanilac county liquor men are decidedly "in it" just at present. Many of them have been selling with a beer license, while some have been bold enough to sell without any license.

Prosecuting Attorney Mills don't approve of their methods and caused the arrest of the greater portion of Sanilac's liquor merchants. Of course the law should be lived up to or abolished, and the latter is not probable. (Min-Herald.)

Our Churches.

[Beginning with the New Year we will charge the usual rate of 25c per line for notices of Ladies' Aid Societies, the same as all other church notices where finances are a consideration.]

Christmas trees, entertainments, etc. were held in the M. E., Baptist and Evangelical churches on Monday evening. All were well attended and Christmas joy abounded.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Rev. B. J. Baxter, of Lake City, is expected to occupy the pulpit of this church for some time to come, beginning next Sunday, when services will be held at the usual hours.

The young people who had the management of the Bazaar report a financial gain of \$50.

METHODIST CHURCH.

Prayer meeting next Wednesday evening at Rich. Duggan's.

Love feast and sacramental service Sunday morning, beginning at 9:30.

Business meeting of the Epworth League at the residence of I. A. Fritz to-night.

"The Supremacy of Love" will be the topic at the Epworth League Sunday evening. Leader, Nelson McCullough.

The Ladies' Aid Society will hold their annual meeting at the residence of Mrs. T. H. Fritz on Wednesday, Jan. 2. All are invited to be present. Tea served as usual.

T. W. Clemo a student of Albion college will speak on missions next Sabbath evening at the Methodist Church. All cordially invited. A collection will be taken to assist Mr. Clemo in prosecuting his college course.

The first services were held in the M. E. church last Sunday, since the work of remodeling was started and although the structure is far from complete the services were rendered enjoyable as well as profitable. The steam-heating apparatus worked remarkably well for the first time and will be a decided success thanks, to the interest taken by A. G. Berney in procuring it. When the work is completed we shall endeavor to give a more detailed description.

Shelf papers, both narrow and wide, white and colored for sale at the ENTERPRISE office.

ALL WE ASK IS A TRIAL.

On our 5 lbs of Tea for \$1.00

" 20 lbs of Rice for 1.00

" 1.25 Ladies' Shoes

" 1.50 Ladies' Shoes

" 1.25, 1.50 and 2.00 Men's Shoes

WE GIVE 25 BARS

Jaxon, Queen Anne, Leunox, Polo and other standard brands of Soap for \$1.

WE WILL DELIVER

Goods to any part of the town.

WE ARE GIVING AWAY SILVERWARE.

Don't fail to be one of the receivers, for any article among the lot is one that you might be proud of. It is no cheap ware. COME AND EXAMINE IT.

"Do come down, and stay all the afternoon and bring your work," and

YOUR BUTTER AND EGGS.

LAING & JANES.

CASS CITY.

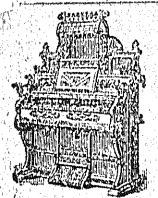
O C U R

GOING TO
Hendrick & Anker's
To Examine Their Stock of
HOLIDAY GOODS.

The largest and finest assortment of American Watches and Chains, Silver Plated and Sterling Silverware, odd pieces of Glass and China Suitable for wedding and holiday presents ever placed in Cass City.

10 Per cent. Discount for Cash until Jan. 1st

HENDRICK & ANKER.



STOP! STOP!

And see the new styles of
PIANOS, ORGANS and SEWING MACHINES.

We are better prepared than ever to satisfy you in anything in the music line and the nicest line of Organs and Pianos that has ever been shown in the Thumb. Call and see them. We are sure we can satisfy you in prices. Terms as low as \$3 per month on Organs, Pianos \$5 per month in any style or make. Sheet music of all description furnished on short notice, and bear in mind we have the World Best, the genuine SINGER SEWING MACHINE. You can get everything in our line at hard times prices. Give us a call and be convinced.

W. J. CLOAKY & CO.

CASS CITY.

CASS CITY

Real Estate Exchange

For Sale.

2 Coal Stoves in good repair and two small sized Wood stoves nearly new. These stoves will be sold at a bargain and time will be given if desired.

Brookfield.—The E. 1/2 of ne 1/4 of section 33, Splendid 80, on good road, four miles from Gagetown known as the A. C. McGraw land, about 30 acres improved, 10 acres of green timber. This is a bargain at \$500 (less than \$12 per acre), 1/2 down, balance 5 years time, interest 7 per cent. Will sell either \$49 separate.

WANTED:—10,000 feet Hemlock lumber cut from sound green logs.

Forty acres, sec. 31, Greenleaf, good land on a good road, 18 acres improved, cheap house, good well, \$500. Cash payment \$100 Interest 7 per cent. Good chance for man with small means.

Forty acres, sec. 18, Elkland. About 15 acres high land most of which has been plowed, small house and log barn, balance of 40 timbered with small pine, black ash and Tamarack. Large ditch recently put through near this land. Bargain if sold at once.

To Rent.

Comfortable house and barn near Main street. \$5.00 per month. Immediate possession. Property owned by Mrs. R. E. Gamble. C. W. McPhail agent.

C. W. McPHAIL,
At Cass City Bank.

FANCY STATIONERY.

A fine line of new samples just received at the

ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

Geo. Farrar and daughter, Edith, attended the meeting of the "Knights of the Grip" at Grand Rapids, Dec. 26 and 27.

Mrs. R. L. Holloway, of Caro is spending the holidays with her parents Rev. S. G. Anderson and wife. Mr. Holloway was here for Xmas.

Miss Irene Pinney, who is now a student at Alma College, is home spending the holidays. She was accompanied by her roommate Miss Gratia Dunning, of East Jordan.

A case of furious driving was noticed on our streets Monday night. Two gents, evidently "loaded" with "tangle-leg," were the guilty parties and another offence by them will be sufficient to secure their prosecution. "Nuff said."

The funeral of Sigmund Hennigbaum, of Cass City, who died Monday evening at the Saginaw hospital of cancer, aged 53 years, took place yesterday from Deisler's undertaking rooms under the auspices of the Jewish society of that city.

Farmers, a word to the wise is sufficient. Look out for circulars quoting large prices for Game, Eggs, Butter, and Puns from firms who do not exist. You had better sell your stock to your home dealer, who has chances of learning who is responsible and who is not, than to ship it to such firms and receive nothing. There are cases of it every day among our business men, who will some times get caught.

As quite a number of the old members of the band are spending their holidays in town an informal re-union took place Christmas day and our citizens were treated to a number of musical selections played on the principal streets. Mr. and Mrs. Doerr, who were quartered at the Tennant House were serenaded. The boys enjoyed the day immensely and the people enjoyed the music.

The oyster supper and entertainment given by the I. O. F. in the rink last Friday evening was an immense success. The attendance was large and everyone appeared to be more than satisfied with the proceedings. Supper was served from six to eight o'clock, after which speeches were delivered by Revs. S. G. Anderson and J. W. Fenn, followed by Gen. H. H. Aplin, of Bay City. Dr. J. H. McLean, acted as chairman. The Cass City Court is still increasing in numbers and bids fair to soon reach the two hundred mark.

Miss Jennie Mulloy, of Cumber, spent the latter part of last week with her sister Miss Kittie Mulloy.

In speaking of the game shipped by S. Champion, in last week's ENTERPRISE, we were in error. It should have read 1,777 partridges and 349 rabbits.

William Adair and wife wish to return a hearty thanks to the kind friends that donated the nice turkey and other useful articles on Christmas morning.

M. M. Wickware, former proprietor of this office, but now a student of the Detroit Medical College, is spending his two week's vacation with his friends here. All are pleased to see Mack looking so well.

Share holders in the Standard Saving and Loan Association should bear in mind that to-morrow is the last Saturday in December and the day for them to pay their assessments. Any one wishing to purchase shares apply to this office.

On Sunday night last an attempt was made to effect an entrance to the residence of C. W. Heller but the would-be burglar was frightened away by Mr. Heller making his presence known. This should be sufficient notice to our marshal and constables to be on the alert.

The following are the officers of the K. O. T. M., tent No. 74, elected Friday night:—Commander, E. W. Keating; L. Com., J. Ramsey; R. K., S. Bigelow; P. K., Geo. Seed; Chaplain, J. P. Hern; Phys., N. McClinton; Sergt., W. Fairweather; M. A., W. O. Marshall; Ist. M. G., W. Fisher; 2nd M. G. Sam Striffler; Sentinel, S. A. Getchey; Picket, Jno. Zimnick.

On Christmas day, Rev. S. G. Anderson, was called to officiate at a pleasant affair four miles north of town, being the marriage of Annie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Martin, to John Doerr, brother of Anthony Doerr, of the Sheridan House bar. The ceremony took place at eleven o'clock after which a sumptuous repast was served and the happy couple left for a visit with relatives in different places. Some fifty guests were present. Upon their return Mr. and Mrs. Doerr will begin housekeeping upon his farm, five miles north of Cass City. The presents were numerous and handsome but lack of space and time prevents publication of the list. We extend congratulations.

The Education of the Blind.

The Midland Republican of Dec. 7 says:

"Samples of cookies and biscuits, made by girls totally blind, can be seen at the Republican office. These samples are from some that were taken on Tuesday from the school for the Blind (at Lansing) to Adrain for exhibition in connection with the convention there of the State Board of Corrections and Charities. A ham-mock and various samples of needle work made by the children at the school, were exhibited, also a book of raised point letter (Braille) which was stereotyped and printed at the school, and best of all, four of the children were there, two girls and two boys who read from the books and the stereotypes with their fingers, played the piano, sang, wrote Braille from dictation, gave recitations, etc., arousing great interest in those who saw and heard them. They were under the immediate care of Supt. Church and a lady teacher and remained through the entire convention, also visiting the Industrial Home for girls. The children enjoyed the change from school routine immensely and sat with great patience through the long sessions, in which some most valuable papers and discussions were given.

Hon. L. C. Storrs, Secretary of the State Board of Correction and Charities says that the school for the Blind was never in better condition than now."

This school is a state institution and is located at Lansing. Blind children are boarded and taught free of charge. Further information may be obtained by addressing the Superintendent of the School for the Blind, Lansing, Mich.

Any person knowing of a blind child, or one so nearly blind as to be unable to learn in the public schools should encourage the parents or guardian to have such child sent to the school at Lansing.

ARGYLE.

Relatives at Linas Walker's from Canada.

W. Umphrey was in Port Huron last week on business.

A number were drawing hay to Deckerville last week.

John McPhail went to Bay City on Monday to visit relatives.

Burglars broke into the exchange mill here and took some wheat.

A. and C. Patterson were in Sanilac Centre on Monday on business.

A number are digging wells on account of not having sufficient water.

Having no Christmas tree here this year the people are taking in the sights of other places.

REDFORD.

Wm. Bentley is able to be out again. Mr. White is away on business at present.

Peter Phillips, of Shabbona, carries the mail now.

Fandango of the light head at the hall this week.

Mrs. Lyman Spencer has returned from North Branch.

John Goodrich and son, Chandler visit in Lapeer count this week.

H. W. Goodrich has both statesman and layman laboring for him on his drain.

Parties from Imlay City have built on the S. 1/4 & 1/2 of the NW 1/4 of section 35, Novesta.

We don't want to set out too much work for the boys and girls to set up this week. 'Tis a week of recreation.

The Chairman of a political party who has just won the day may not weigh more than one thousand lbs, but the world could not convince him, but what he was the biggest man in the universe.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

A. A. P. McDowell, Publisher.

CASS CITY, MICHIGAN.

SPEAKING of the proposed international yacht race—here's hoping the best boat will win, always provided that the best boat flies the colors of good old Uncle Sam.

There are 1,995 men and sixty-nine women in the Missouri penitentiary. There may be more women than men in heaven, but if it wasn't for the men the bird cages would hold the criminals of the country.

Of the eleven thousand vessels that passed through the Suez canal in the last three years, just six, or two a year, had the American flag flying. This is a humiliating truth, but one well for Americans to know.

A tree discovered in Africa yields a grain for bread and a fatty substance that is an excellent substitute for butter. The explorer who has seen it is a truthful man, and mentions no fruit on its branches to serve for jam.

A New York morning paper, which is somewhat boastful of its special from the seat of war in China, gives a circumstantial account, with numerous diagrams, of the naval battle fought off the mouth of the Yalu river nearly two months ago. As an effort at historical exposition it is a success. As a sample of dispatch in news-gathering it is not.

The flint-glass workers say they have \$50,000 in their treasury, but instead of using it to support strikers in idleness they propose to turn it in as part of the capital to start a co-operative factory to give them employment. Whether the enterprise proves successful or otherwise it means business. The other course would mean premeditated indolence.

REPORTS on the success of small fruit farming for jams and jellies, impressed on English farmers by Mr. Gladstone, should be studied in this country. Lands in England on which men could not live as raisers of stock, grain, hay and roots have been made exceedingly profitable by cultivating strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, red, white and black currants and such like.

LIEUTENANT HALPIN of the United States navy has greatly simplified, if not solved, the coast defense problem by inventing a curious little infernal machine. He can turn the torpedo at the rate of twelve knots an hour through the water, attack a ship miles away and steer the torpedo back to the point whence it started. If this marine monster is reliable, fortifications are of secondary and slight importance.

ABOUT all that can be said of the Baltimore jeweler who was taken in by two crooks in the sale of spurious ornaments is that he was engaged in a get-rich-quick fever that had the usual termination. In these days reliable dealers are not selling any goods at half their value. The fact that they were offered very cheap should in itself have convinced the purchaser that at least some of them were spurious.

There has been talk in New York of moving canal boats by trolley as soon as the great motors at Niagara Falls are started up, but this idea has been partly anticipated in France by the application of storage batteries, which send the canal boats along at a speed of two and a half miles an hour. The trolley is about to be introduced on one French canal, and the current will be generated by the feed water of the different levels.

A 12-YEAR-OLD boy, Freddie Griffith, lies on a sick bed at Montclair, N. J., with 2,000 grafts of skin from other persons on his body. To this number 3,000 more will have to be added before his epidermis is in order for the outer air. When Freddie dies, an interesting problem will be set to St. Peter; a sort of parallel, so to say, of the case of the biblical single wife and seven brother-husbands "who all loved her." Freddie will be covered with the hides of persons other than himself. How will his beatitude or damnation be served out—personally or vicariously; to the grafted or the grafters?

It is now announced that a French physician has been giving to the Academy of Science in Paris an account of the successful application of his system of restoring life to people struck apparently dead by electric shocks. One thing which may be noted in all these discussions as to reviving the electrocuted is that the physicians who claim that the system is so effective have never expressed their willingness to submit to an electric shock themselves and have the experiment tried on them. They want to blow the bellows and supply the respiration for some other fellow. They draw the line between scientific enthusiasm and altruism.

TWENTY-FIVE years have now elapsed since the opening of the Suez canal, and although at first the skepticism with which it was regarded as a commercial venture was so great that M. de Lesseps was unable to find any purchasers for the 200,000 shares which he had reserved for subscription in Great Britain, yet it has turned out to be one of the most remunerative investments it is possible to imagine. Founders' shares, which a quarter of a century ago realized barely \$250 apiece, now are quoted at \$250,000 each, a rise of 1,000 per cent.

THE PARSEES OF INDIA

A PEOPLE OF MANY STRANGE SUPERSTITIONS.

Dr. Talmage Writes of His Visit to Bombay—Dead Bodies Carried for the Vultures—Christianity and Zoroastrianism Compared.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 23, 1894.—Dr. Talmage, continuing his series of "Round the World Sermons," through the press, chose to-day for his subject, "The Fire Worshipers," the text selected being: "There came wisdom from the east to Jerusalem."

These wise men were the Parsees or the so-called fire worshipers, and I found their descendants in India last October. Their heathenism is more tolerable than any of the other false religions, and has more alleviations, and while in these "Round the World" series I have already shown you the worst forms of heathenism, to-day I show you the least offensive.

The prophet of the Parsees was Zoroaster of Persia. He was poet, philosopher and reformer, as well as a religionist. His disciples thrived at first in Persia, but under Mohammedan persecution they retreated to India where I met them, and in addition to what I saw of them at their headquarters in Bombay, India, I had two weeks of association with one of the learned and genial of their people on ship board from Bombay to Brindisi.

The Bible of the Parsees, or fire worshipers as they are inaccurately called, is the Zend-Avesta, a collection of the strange books that ever came into my hands. There were originally twenty-one volumes, but Alexander the Great, in a drunken fit set fire to a palace which contained some of them, and they went into ashes and forgetfulness. But there are more of their sacred volumes left than most people would have patience to read. There are many things in the religion of the Parsees that suggest Christianity, and some of its doctrines are in accord with our own religion. Zoroaster, who lived 1,400 years before Christ, was a good man, suffered persecution for his faith, and was assassinated while worshipping at an altar. He announced the theory "He is best who is pure of heart!" and that there are two great spirits in the world, Ormuzd, the good spirit, and Ahriman the bad spirit, and that all who do right are under the influence of Ormuzd, and all who do wrong are under Ahriman; that the Parsee must be born on the ground floor of the house, and must be buried from the ground floor; that the dying man must have prayers said over him and a sacred juice given him to drink; that the good at their decease go into eternal light, and the bad into eternal darkness; that having passed out of this light the soul lingers near the corpse three days in a paradisiac state, enjoying more than all the nations on earth put together could enjoy or in a pandemoniac state suffering more than all the nations put together could possibly suffer, at the end of three days departing for its final destiny; and that there will be a resurrection of the body. They are more careful than any other people about their ablutions, and they wash and wash and wash. They pay great attention to physical health and it is a rare thing to see a sick Parsee. They do not smoke tobacco for they consider that a misuse of fire. At the close of mortal life the soul appears at the Bridge Chinvat where an angel presides, and questions the soul about the thoughts, and words, and deeds of its earthly state. Nothing, however, is more intense in the Parsee faith than the theory that the dead body is impure. A devil is supposed to take possession of the dead body. All who touch it are unclean and hence the strange style of obsequies. But here I must give three or four questions and answers from one of the Parsee catechisms:

Q.—Who is the most fortunate man in the world?
A.—He who is the most innocent.
Q.—Who is the most innocent man in the world?
A.—He who walks in the path of God and shuns that of the devil.
Q.—Which is the path of God, and which that of the devil?
A.—Virtue is the path of God, and vice that of the devil.
Q.—What constitutes virtue, and what vice?
A.—Good thoughts, good words, and good deeds constitute virtue, and evil thoughts, evil words, and evil deeds constitute vice.
Q.—What constitute good thoughts, good words, and good deeds, and evil thoughts, evil words, and evil deeds?
A.—Honesty, charity, and truthfulness constitute the former; and dishonesty, want of charity, and falsehood constitute the latter.

And now the better to show you these Parsees, I tell you of two things I saw within a short time in Bombay, India. It was an afternoon of contrast. We started for Malabar Hill, on which the wealthy classes have their embowered homes, and the Parsees their strange temple of the dead. As we rode along the water's edge the sun was descending the sky, and a disciple of Zoroaster, a Parsee, was in lowly posture and with reverential gaze looking into the sky. He would have been said to have been worshiping the sun, as all Parsees are said to worship the fire. But the intelligent Parsee does not worship the fire. He looks upon the sun as the emblem of the warmth and light of the creator. Looking at the blaze of light, whether on earth, on mountain height, or in the sky, he can more easily bring to mind the glory of God; at least, so the Parsees tell me. Indeed, they are the pleasantest heathens I have met. They

treat their wives as equals, while the Hindus and Buddhists treat them as cattle; although the cattle, and sheep, and swine are better off than most of the women of India.

This Parsee on the roadside on our way to Malabar Hill was the only one of that religion I had ever seen engaged in worship. Who knows but that beyond the light of the sun on which he gazes he may catch a glimpse of the God who is light, and "in whom there is no darkness at all?"

We passed up through gates into the garden that surrounds the place where the Parsees dispose of their dead. This garden was given by Jamshidji Jijibhai, and is beautiful with flowers of all hue, and foliage of all styles of vein, and notch and stature. There is on all sides great opulence of fern and cypress. The garden is 100 feet above the level of the sea. Not far from the entrance is a building where the mourners of the funeral procession go in to pray. A light is kept burning year in and year out. We ascend the garden by some eight stone steps. The body of a deceased aged woman was being carried in toward the chief "Tower of Silence." There are five of these towers. Several of these have not been used for a long while. Four persons, whose business it is to do this carry in the corpse. They are followed by two men with long beards. The Tower of Silence, which they come cost \$150,000, and is twenty-five feet high, and 276 feet around, and without a roof. The four carriers of the dead and the two bearded men come to the door of the tower enter and leave the dead. There are three rows of places for the dead; the outer row for the men; the middle row for women; the inside row for the children. The lifeless bodies are left exposed as far down as the waist. As soon as the employees retire from the Tower of Silence, the vultures, now one, now two, now many, swoop upon the lifeless form. These vultures fill the air with their discordant voices. We saw them in long rows on the top of the whitewashed wall of the Tower of Silence. In a few minutes they have taken the last particle of flesh from the bodies. There had evidently been other opportunities for them that day, and some flew away as though surprised. They sometimes carry away with them parts of a body, and it is no unusual thing for the gentlemen in their country seats to have dropped into their dooryards a bone from the Tower of Silence.

In the center of this tower is a well, into which the bones are thrown after they are bleached. The hot sun, and the rainy season, and charcoal do their work of disintegration and disinfection, and then there are sluices that carry into the sea what remains of the dead. The wealthy people of Malabar Hill have made strenuous efforts to have these strange towers removed as a nuisance, but they remain, and will no doubt for ages remain.

Starting homeward we soon were in the heart of the city, and saw a building all afash with lights and resounding with merry voices. It was a Parsee wedding, in a building erected especially for the marriage ceremony. We came to the door and proposed to go in, but at first were not permitted. They saw we were not Parsees, and that we were not even natives. So very politely they halted us on the doorsteps. This temple of nuptials was chiefly occupied by women, their ears, and necks, and hands aflame with jewels, or imitations of jewels. By pantomime gesture, as we had no use of their vocabulary, we told them we were strangers and were curious to see by what process Parsees were married. Gradually we worked our way inside the door. The building and the surroundings were illumined by hundreds of candles in glasses and lanterns, in unique and grotesque hold-ings. Conversation ran high, and laughter bubbled over and all was gay. Then there was a sound of an advancing band of music, but the instruments for the most part were strange to our ears and eyes. Louder and louder were the outside voices, and the wind and strings of the music until the procession came to the door of the temple, and the bridegroom mounted the steps. Then the music ceased, and all the voices were still. The mother of the bridegroom, with a platter loaded with aromatics and articles of food, confronted her son and began to address him. Then she took from the platter a bottle of perfume and sprinkled his face with the redolence. All the while speaking in a droning tone, she took from the platter a handful of rice, throwing some of it on his head, pouring some of it on his hands. She took from the platter a coconut and waved it about his head. She lifted a garland of flowers and threw it over his neck, and a bouquet of flowers and put it in his hand. Her part of the ceremony completed, the band resumed its music, and through another door the bridegroom was conducted into the center of the building. The bride was in the doorway. "Where is the bride?" I said, "where is the bride?" After a while she was made evident. The bride and groom were seated on chairs opposite each other. A white curtain was dropped between them so that they could not see each other. Then the attendants put their arms under this curtain, took a long rope of linen and wound it around the neck of the bride and the groom, in token that they were to be bound together for life. Then some silken strings were wound around the couple, now around this one, and now around that. Then the groom threw a handful of rice across the curtain on the head of the bride, and the bride responded by throwing a handful of rice across the curtain on the head of the groom. Thereupon the curtain dropped and the bride's chair was removed and put beside that of the groom. Then a priest of the Parsee religion arose and

faced the couple. Before the priest was placed a platter of rice. He began to address the young man and woman. We could not hear a word, but we understood just as well as if we had heard. Ever and anon he punctuated his ceremony by a handful of rice, which he picked up from the platter and flung now toward the groom and now toward the bride. We wanted to hear the conclusion, but were told that the ceremony would go on for a long while; indeed, that it would not conclude until 2 o'clock in the morning, and this was only between 7 and 8 o'clock in the evening. There would be a recess after awhile in the ceremony, but it would be taken up again in earnest at half past twelve. We enjoyed what we had seen, but felt incapacitated for six more hours wedding ceremony. Silently wishing the couple a happy life in each other's companionship, we pressed our way through the throng of congratulatory Parsees. All of them seem bright and appreciative of the occasion. The streets outside joyously sympathized with the transactions inside.

But, what an afternoon of contrast in Bombay we experienced! From the Temple of Silence to the Temple of Hilarity! From the vultures to the doves! From mourning to laughter! From gathering shadows to gleaming lights! From obsequies to weddings! But how much of all our lives is made up of such opposites. I have carried in the same packet, and read from in the same hour, liturgy of the dead and the ceremony of espousals. And so the tears meet the smile, and the dove meets the vulture.

Thus I have set before you the best of all the religions of the heathen world, and I have done so in order that you might come to higher appreciation of the glorious religion which has put its benediction over us and over Christendom.

Compare the absurdities and mummeries of heathen marriage with the plain, "I will," of Christian marriage, the hands joined in pledge "till death do you part." Compare the doctrine that the dead may not be touched, with as sacred, and tender and loving a kiss as is ever given, the last kiss of lips that never again will speak to us. Compare the narrow Bridge Chinvat over which the departing Parsee soul must tremble, and the wide open gates of heaven through which the departing Christian soul may triumphantly enter. Compare the twenty-one books of the Zend Avesta of the Parsee which even the scholars of the earth despair of understanding, with our Bible, so much of it as is necessary for our salvation in language so plain that "a wayfaring man, though a fool need not err therein." Compare the "Tower of Silence" with its vultures of Bombay with the "Greenwood of Brooklyn" with its sculptured angels of resurrection. And bow yourselves in thanksgiving and prayer as you realize that it at the battles of Marathon and Salamis, Persia had triumphed over Greece, instead of Greece triumphing over Persia, Parsees, which was the national religion of Persia, might have covered the earth, and you and I instead of sitting in the noonday light of our glorious Christianity might have been groping in the depressing shadows of Parseism, a religion which is as inferior to that which is our inspiration in life, and our hope in death, as Zoroaster of Persia was inferior to our radiant and superhuman Christ, to whom he honor and glory and dominion and victory and song, world without end. Amen

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The claim is commonly taken for an example of all that is unprogressive, but he is by no means a stationary creature. Every year he breeds a second size knows how a clam left upon the sand will utterly disappear by sinking himself below the surface; but the clam also has a forward movement, and will travel thirty feet in the course of a week. The large muscle of the clam, which helps to make him indigestible, is his single leg, and by the aid of this he makes his progress.

Mullet fishing by night in the Chesapeake is exciting sport. A small boat is used and a light is placed in the stern. When the school of the fish is sighted near the shore the boat is rapidly rowed toward them until they are driven ashore. Once they feel the land beneath them they begin to leap toward the light. Then the boat is depressed on the shoreward side, so as to bring the other side high above the water. The consequence is that many of the fish leap into the boat and are thus taken.

A British officer, who apparently knows, says that it "would be as reasonable to pit brave men armed with pitchforks against brave men armed with fillets as to pit man for man, the Chinese in their present condition against the Japanese." Of all native and colonial troops," says he, "I would, next to Goorkas, prefer a regiment of Japanese. They are brave, temperate, patient and energetic, and at this moment the Chinese, whatever might be done with them, are 200 years behind the times."

"It may almost be claimed," says Prof. Warren P. Laird, of the University of Pennsylvania, "that Philadelphia is at once the most modern, the most typical and the most instructive of American cities; curious because of the strange medley of its more pretentious buildings and their singularly eccentric individualism; typical of American practice in its broadest aspect, because of the absence of restraint and defiance of precedent shown by the great majority of its architects; and instructive, because of its contrast, for no other American city has so wide a field of architectural error to offer in contrast to its works of real merit."

Celine collarettes of chiffon or mousseline de sole with long floating cords are tasteful adjuncts for house frocks or dinner gowns.

THE PIRATE'S BRIDE.

HOW BLACK ERIC THE DANE UMPIRED THE GAME.

He Carried the Beautiful Prize Off to His Own Stronghold on the Hill-Top and Left the Contestants Nothing to Contest.

In 1834 a vessel belonging to the United States West India squadron, having cut away her anchors and east her foretopmast, crossing the gulf stream in a gale, touched at the city of St. Thomas, the capital of the pleasant little Danish island of that name. A delay of a couple of weeks was required to repair damages, says the Philadelphia Times, during which the hospitable citizens of the prosperous little port endeavored to excel each other in giving the strangers a hospitable reception within the island gates.

It became my very delightful task, as the youngest officer, to entertain the youngest of the ladies, a charming young debutante of sweet 17. I queried: "You are a native of St. Thomas, are you not?"

"Oh, yes, I have known no other home."

Continuing my catechism: "Have you any family traditions going back to the foundation of your society?"

And then she told me this story: "Our family is descended lineally from the first founder, who came to the new world in a ship modeled after those of the old Danish vikings in search of adventure, either to plant a colony, found a dynasty, or build a city, or to take the desperate risks of buccanery or corsair."

The latter capacity he became a terror to all mariners who sought the Caribbean in pursuit of legitimate commerce, and among the buccaners who ruled without law on the Spanish main none were considered the equal of Black Eric, the Dane, for scuttling a ship, cutting a throat or robbing a conductor laden with treasure from the mines of Peru. In the course of the old world sagas to police these Western seas, and then the corsair, sea rovers and buccaners, finding their old freebooting life becoming too hazardous, sought convenient nooks and crannies of the island rocks to hide their plundered stores of gold, precious gems and costly silks. At this time, when sea roving without a flag or license had become too risky, and therefore a fortified stronghold on the land was made very essential to the safety of the pirate chiefs, three of the most conspicuous of those made the bay of St. Thomas, a place they could easily fortify, their refuge from the police of the seas, and prepared to defend their forfeited lives and looted cargoes. These first three pirate chiefs constructed their warehouses and water batteries to protect them at the foot of the hills along the margin of the bay, subject to no jurisdiction except their own bloody code.

To these first comers came shortly Black Eric, the Dane, in his fleet skimmer of the seas, with her piloted long 24 as a bow gun. He was a man much more likely to grant than to seek a favor, and so, regardless of the frowns and threats of the three chiefs who held the margin of the bay, he landed his crew and cargo and transported the latter to the crown of the highest hill, which overtops the bay. Up there he built his storehouses and a fort strong enough to protect them. His only neighbors, the three pirate chiefs along the margin of the bay, made frequent incursions on the waters they had temporarily abandoned to the sea police. On one of these periodical incursions one of the pirates had the good fortune to capture a Spanish treasure-ship laden with the treasures of the Incas of Peru and having as passenger the lovely young daughter of the Peruvian Viceroy, on her way to the convents and schools of the mother country.

In transferring his beautiful captive from his ship to his shore stronghold the pirate captor was so impudent as to expose her fresh young charms to his neighboring freebooters. With these lawless chiefs, to admire was to covet, and after long and vain negotiations to win the beautiful captive peacefully from her lucky captor, they resorted to force, and each, by mutual agreement, opened his batteries on her possessor.

"After his works were demolished and his comrades all killed or wounded, the original captor hoisted a flag of truce and consented to deliver his bewitching captive to his two unfriendly neighbors, provided they would permit him to ship his hoarded treasures and looted bales to some other refuge and found another home. After the departure of the defeated chief the other two having come into possession of the prize, soon found joint possession unsatisfactory and disappointing, and after much contention they turned their guns against each other, and at it they went hammer and tongs until they had not enough men to load and fire. Then in order to obtain a breathing spell they mutually agreed to submit the casus belli to arbitration. Naturally their choice fell on Black Eric, who from his eyrie on the hill had been an impartial spectator of the warring waste waged at its foot.

"Black Eric readily consented to act as umpire and to render a fair award after hearing both sides, and he came down into the strongholds of the belligerents with a strong body of his retainers from the castle on the hill. Having heard with judicial dignity and impartiality, the evidence adduced by the contending parties, he rendered, in substance, the following awards:

"Neither of you has shown a shadow of right to hold in captivity the lovely, but unfortunate young lady. She clearly belongs to anybody, to the pirate chief who captured the ship in which she was a passenger. He having been driven by you two to seek another home and the time of his return into this harbor being exceedingly uncertain, I shall hold the young lady subject to his demand on his return, and in the meantime see to it that she shall be properly fed and clothed as becomes her rank. Henceforth she shall have a peaceful and honorable home in my castle on the hill." And the award stood unchallenged by the two contestants.

The original captor, after the lapse of many months, failed to put in an appearance to claim the benefit of the decision of the swarthy Danish umpire, and when, a year afterward, he came back to claim the beautiful captive, he found her the happy, willing wife of the colossal Dane. From that union our family claim lineal descent."

FORCE OF CHARACTER.

Max O'Rell's Idea of How John Bull Built Up His Empire.

It is neither by his intelligence nor his talents, says Max O'Rell in the Revue de Paris, that John Bull has created the immense British empire; it is by force of character. To maintain an empire of more than 400,000,000 scattered over the earth, to widen it every day, without functionaries, with a handful of soldiers, and more often with volunteers, is wonderful, it must be acknowledged. And, at present, I can affirm that not a single colony causes John Bull the least apprehension. A magistrate and a dozen policemen administer and hold in respect districts larger than five or six French departments. Justice is meted out to the natives as impartially as to the colonists. All these young nationalities enjoy the most complete liberty, political and social.

If I have not succeeded in proving in spite of their thousand and one whims, the Anglo-Saxons are the only people in the world who are perfectly free. I have wasted my time and yours, dear readers. There are many people in Britain who imagine that the future reserves for the British empire a confederation having its center in London. If, during all my travels among the Anglo-Saxons of the whole world, I have acquired a deep conviction it is that the colonies will never accept the realization of this dream. Each would want to preserve its individuality and nationality. Moreover, none of them have the least desire to be comprised in the quagmire of Britain might have with any European nation. They will remain branch establishments of the firm of John Bull & Co., or they will be independent.

Of the Dutch settlers in Africa M. Blouet says: "The Boers are farmers and hunters, and nothing else. Ignorant, bigoted, backward, they do not change their ideas any more than they change their linen. They are hospitable, dirty, brave and lazy. They have much religion and very few scruples; they are satisfied to live like their ancestors and ready to die the day their independence is menaced. Johannesburg will absorb the Transvaal; the apathy of the Boers will have to give way before the ever-increasing activity of the British. The Transvaal is destined to become an Anglo-Saxon republic, which will one day form part of the free United States of South Africa."

little Drops of Water.

The childish ditty beginning "Little drops of water" is very forcibly in the mind of a Boston printer. He occupies rooms just over a dealer in fancy goods, on a side street that runs from Tremont, off the Common. About two weeks ago one of the devils employed by the printer was taken with a fit while he was washing at the sink, and fell in a heap on the floor. The result was that the plush department of the down-stairs merchant was deluged, the glove boxes, photograph albums, etc., being badly warped. A storm followed, which was cleared away by the payment of nominal damages. Last week the proprietor of the printing office himself was in the office one evening, and being thirsty went to the faucet. But the water had been shut off, and, no stream following the opening of the stopcock, he forgot to close it, and went home. The water was turned on before morning, and then came a repetition of the former experience. It was no use for the type-man to point to the fact that the second flood had warped the plush goods back to their original shape. The printer was moving when last heard from.

WOMEN VOTERS.

In Norway women have school suffrage.

In Finland women vote for all elective officers.

In Sweden women vote for all elective officers except representatives.

In Delaware suffrage is exercised by women in several municipalities.

Women have municipal suffrage in Cape Colony, which rules 1,000,000 square miles.

Municipal woman suffrage rules in New Zealand, and at parliamentary elections also.

In the United States twenty-eight states and territories have given women some form of suffrage.

Petitions are being circulated in South Australia asking that women be given the suffrage of both houses of parliament.

In the North Atlantic, the Isle of Man (between England and Ireland), and Pitcairn island, in the South Pacific have full woman suffrage.

In the Dominion of Canada women have municipal suffrage in every province and also in the Northwest territories. In Ontario they vote for all executive officers except in the election of members of the legislature and parliament.

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ENTERPRISE OFFICE.



The Railroad Man, The Clergyman, The Business Man,

and all other men who have to look neat while at work, should know about "CELLULOID" COLLARS AND COVERS. They look exactly like linen, wear well and do not wilt down with heat and moisture. They do not soil easily and can be cleaned in a moment by simply wiping off with a wet sponge or cloth. Do not confuse these with your mind with composition goods. Every piece of the genuine is stamped like this:

TRADE MARK.

Ask for these and refuse anything else if you wish satisfaction. Remember that goods so marked are the only waterproof goods made by coating a linen collar with waterproof "Celluloid," thus giving strength and durability. If your dealer should not have the "Celluloid" send amount direct to us and we will mail you sample post-paid. Collars 25c. each. Cuffs, 50c. pair. State size and whether stand-up or turned-down collar is wanted.

THE CELLULOID COMPANY, 427-29 Broadway, New York.

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& BIGELOW.

That looks odd. Well it simply means Howe has gone to the land of sunshine and orange blossoms while

BIGELOW is left to face the cold facts and realities of life, so please call and get our prices on anything you want in general

HARDWARE!

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We have an elegant line of COOK STOVES and HEATERS both coal and wood which we offer at as close a price as any dealer in the Thumb.

J. P. Howe. N. B. gelow.

CLOAKS!

Ladies', Misses and Childrens' at lowest prices.

Fur Caps.

New styles at hardtime prices.

Large and complete line of Mens' Ladies' and Children's

UNDERWEAR

At Cost.

Butter and Eggs Wanted.

FROST & HEBBLEWHITE.

BUY ONLY THE BEST

EXCLUSIVE HIGH GRADE

FARRAND AND VOTEY ORGANS.

Builders of the Great World's Fair Pipe Organ in Festival Hall.

Main Office and Works Detroit, Mich.

We have the sole agency and will sell you cheaper than any one else in the State. Get our prices and be convinced. We take all kinds of Produce, Stock, Etc., for anything in our line.

Sewing Machines at special low prices to reduce Stock. Come and see our mammoth display of

PIANOS, ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES

and you will see we will save you money.

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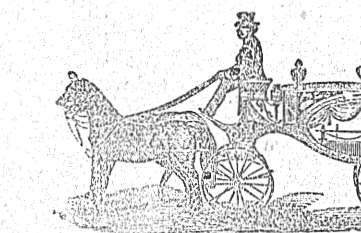
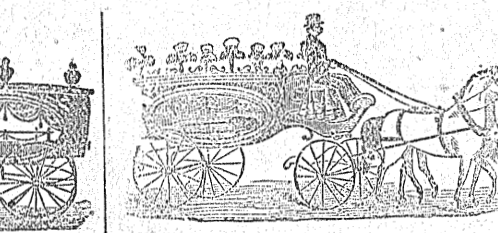
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Best Equiped Blacksmith Shop in the Thumb.

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UNDERTAKER & FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

A complete stock of Coffins, Caskets, and Undertaker's supplies on hand. Two Hearse always in readiness. First door west of McDougall & Co.'s.

CASS CITY, MICH.

Did you ever consider the effect that

The Salt You Use

May have upon your health? Ordinary salt contains a large percentage of sulphate of lime or matter of Paris which obstructs the capillary action of the blood vessels and causes the cells of the stomach and other organs causing the worst form of indigestion. The effect of

Diamond Crystal Salt

is healthful for the impurities are removed. The difference in the cost is a trifle, not over two cents per year for each person but the difference to health and enjoyment may be incalculable. Ask your grocer for "The Salt that's all Salt."

DIAMOND CRYSTAL SALT CO., St. Clair, Mich.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

An independent newspaper. Published every Friday morning at the ENTERPRISE STREET PRINTING HOUSE, Segar Street, Cass City, Tuscola Co., Michigan.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: One year, \$1.00; six months, 60c.; three months, 30c., strictly in advance.

Business locals, 5c. per line first insertion, 3c. per line each insertion thereafter.

Circles of Thanks, 25c. each.

Resolutions of Condolence, Etc., 25c. per line.

Items announcing Entertainments, Etc., where money is to be derived, 5c. per line. When bills are ordered a notice will be given free.

Notices for Charitable Entertainments, FREE.

A reasonable amount of space granted to citizens for the discussion of matters of public interest.

Rates on display or standing advertisements can be obtained at the office.

The wide circulation of the ENTERPRISE in the counties of Tuscola, Huron and Sanilac, makes it a valuable advertising medium.

A. A. P. McDOWELL, Proprietor.

OUR MOTTO: PERSEVERANCE PROGRESS AND PATRIOTISM.

HAPS AND MISHAPS!

As Told by the Enterprise's Corps of Correspondents

All the Chit-Chat From the Country Round About Briefly Told For Easy Readers.

KAREN'S CORNERS.

Howard Luther has gone home to Unionville to spend the holidays.

James Muma, who has been teaching school at White Rock, is home to spend the holidays.

Edgar Burden, of Gagetown, was in this vicinity last week.

James McKenzie carries a patch over one of his eyes. We have not learned the particulars.

Louis Dewey is hauling wood to Gagetown.

WEST GRANT.

We wish to correct the mistake made last week by saying P. Thompson in stead of N.

Wm. Peterson, of Bad Axe, visited Mr. Bodey's on Friday last.

Geo. and Wm. Hallack visited their old home in Canboro Sunday.

A. H. Mathews, our hustling shoeman has moved his shop to Rescue.

Some of our young folks attended the Christmas tree west town of Tuesday night.

Miss Kate Evans, of Cass City, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fraser this week.

Rather poor sleighing for Xmas this year.

Every body away Tuesday, some to a wedding and some to a funeral.

Mr. and Mrs. A. McKinnon visited relatives in Sheridan Sunday.

Miss L. Thompson was the guest of Emma Lang, Sunday.

ELLINGTON.

A green Christmas this time sure.

We wish a merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all readers of the ENTERPRISE.

Our winter so far has been quite mild and pleasant.

Dr. and Mrs. Trusdal, of Shabbona, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. S. Elliott.

Robt. Walmsley closed the fall term of school in Dist. No. 1 last week. A vacation of two weeks will be given and then the winter term will begin and continue three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Mosher and Mrs. Clara Gould and children spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bailey.

Mrs. Euphemia Gould is in very precarious condition.

A surprise party was given Rev. Manley and wife on Christmas eve, and a present of a set of dishes costing \$8.50, and \$2.00 in money was given them.

William Colwell, Sr., was agreeably surprised by the arrival of his son William and also his oldest brother Jacob from New York on last Wednesday.

WICK WARE.

A merry Christmas and a happy New year to you all.

Mrs. Jessie Travis, of Clifford, visited at her mother's, Mrs. Gordon, last week.

Wm. Jeneraux, who has been in Canada the past year, is visiting with his parents.

Walter Wilson, of Pontiac, called on friends in this vicinity Xmas.

Jas. I. Fisher left for Bay City Friday to spend the winter with his daughter.

BORN:—To Mrs. Jas. Brown, last week, a son.

Mrs. Wm. Bond's father, Jas. McMorran, of Chicago, is visiting with her for a few weeks.

John Waldon visited with friends in London, Ont., Christmas.

H. M. Sansburn returned from Virginia last Saturday. He reports favorably of the country and climate and says it's the place to live. Mr. Sansburn brought with him a button from a confederate soldier's coat, also a bullet which he picked up on an old fort called Fort Hell.

The Christmas tree was quite a success considering the circumstances. On account of Mr. Nicol refusing the church they had to do the best they could in the school house which was entirely too small for the crowd. Part of the program was omitted on account of not having room enough. The trees were loaded with presents and nicely decorated. Santa Claus was there and helped distribute the presents.

Rev. Stambaugh preaches in the church every evening this week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Reagh and daughter, Maudie, of Manistee, Mich., are spending the holidays with friends and relatives in this vicinity.

ELWOOD.

Prospects are good for a "black" Christmas.

Mrs. H. VonPetton, of Wajamegah, is visiting at her father's, Ros. Websters this week.

M. N. Willey returned to his home in Bay Port till after Christmas.

Mrs. Jas. Whitsell started on Monday for a visit with her mother and other relatives in Bothwell, Ont.

Mrs. John Spittler took the train from Cass City Monday morning for a short visit with relatives near Glencoe, Ontario.

Mrs. N. Larene is spending the holiday with her mother in the southern part of the state.

Harry Wild's entertainment in the school house last week Friday evening was very poorly attended. The performance was quite meritorious as a whole, considering Mr. Wild's being quite ill for several days.

Cedar Run school closed for vacation, until Jan. 2 on Friday last with a number of recitations, etc., in the afternoon. There were several visitors and the afternoon was passed very pleasantly.

School in fractional District No. 7, with Miss Grace Karr as teacher, closed until Jan. 7, on Friday.

Jos. Dodge is spending the Christmas vacation at home. He returns to Toronto Jan. 2 to resume his studies.

P. W. Stone visited friends in Caro Sunday.

Miss P. E. Webster made a very short visit in this neighborhood Monday.

The shooting match held here last Saturday was quite well attended and quite a number of fowls were distributed for Christmas dinners.

The Literary and Spelling Society will have a debate on Saturday evening Jan. 5. Question, Resolved. That foreign immigration be prohibited in the U. S.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all the Enterprise staff and Br. correspondents.

School Report.

Report of school taught in District No. 2, Grant, for the month ending Dec. 21.

Number of days taught..... 19

Number of days attendance..... 60

Average daily attendance..... 3.8

Number of pupils enrolled during year..... 43

Pupils who were present every day were: Annie Sheufelt, Nana and Allen Kerr, Arthur Cooley, Frank and Edith Finkle, Ella and Lovie Brackenbury, Claude Brackenbury, John Nephi, Amromie Crouch, Martha Main and Fred Sharrard. Those who did not miss a day since school commenced Oct. 1, were: Arthur Cooley, Edith Finkle, Ella and Lovie Brackenbury, Martha Main and Claude Brackenbury. Those who missed but one day are: Allen and Nana Kerr.

LYDIA CAMPBELL, Teacher.

Notice To Taxpayers.

I will be in my office each Friday during December and other week days to receive taxes. J. H. McLEAN.

Subscribe for the ENTERPRISE.

A Farmer's Soliloquy.

It is only December—
Though they drift of snow
A long dreary winter's begun:
We must use our feed
With a great deal less speed,
Or long before spring we'll have none.
Then our poor stock must go
Though they drift of snow
Away to the big forests so drear;
Not a shrub can they see,
Not a leaf on a tree
They'll perish with hunger I fear.
Though people will say
In a slack, careless way,
There's a living for great and for small:
Though some are so sleek
Many comforts they lack
And some haven't any at all.

School Report

Report of school taught in Dis. No. 3, Elkland for the term commencing Sept. 3 and ending December 21, 1894.

No. of days taught..... 76

No. of pupils enrolled first day..... 30

Total days attendance..... 2746

Average daily attendance..... 36 5/8

No. of cases of tardiness..... 62

No. visits by school board..... 0

Those not absent or tardy:—Stanley, Vicie, Hugh and Alfred Karr and Edie Marshall.

Those not absent more than two days were:—Edna, Muma, Earl, Masters, Maggie Tanner, Claude Karr.

HOWARD LUTHER, Teacher.

Our Clubbing List.

We have made arrangements with the publishers to club the following publications with the ENTERPRISE at the very low prices named and our readers should avail themselves of this excellent opportunity of procuring a supply of good reading. These prices are to new subscribers and old ones who pay up.

ENTERPRISE and Detroit Weekly Tribune..... \$ 1.50.

ENTERPRISE and Michigan Farmer..... \$1.70

ENTERPRISE, Toronto weekly Mail and Farmers Fireside..... \$1.60

ENTERPRISE and Toronto Saturday Mail (Illus.)..... \$2.00

ENTERPRISE and Womankind..... \$1.10

ENTERPRISE and Farm News..... \$1.10

ENTERPRISE and Detroit semi-weekly Journal..... \$1.60.

ENTERPRISE and Orange Judd Farmer..... \$1.75

Knights of the Maccabees.

The State Commander writes us from Lincoln, Neb., as follows: "After trying other medicines for what seemed to be a very obstinate cough in our two children we tried Dr. King's New Discovery and at the end of two days the cough entirely left them. We will not be without it hereafter, as our experience proves that it cures where all other remedies fail."

Signed E. W. Stevens, State Com.—Why not give this great medicine a trial, as it is guaranteed and trial bottles are free at T. H. Fritz's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

It May Do as Much for You.

Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Ill., writes that he had a Severe Kidney trouble for many years, with severe pains in his back and also that his bladder was all but paralyzed. He tried many so called Kidney cures but without any good result. About a year ago he began use of Electric Bitters and found relief at once. Electric Bitters is especially adapted to cure all Kidney and Liver troubles and often gives instant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price only 50c. for large bottle. At T. H. Fritz's Drug Store.

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THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by T. H. Fritz.

HEART DISEASE!

Fluttering, No Appetite, Could Not Sleep, Wind on Stomach.

"For a long time I had a terrible pain at my heart, which fluttered almost incessantly. I had no appetite and could not sleep. I would be compelled to sit up in bed and belch gas from my stomach, until I thought that every minute would be my last. There was a feeling of oppression about my heart, and I was afraid to draw a full breath. I could not sweep a room without resting. My husband induced me to try

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure

and am happy to say it has cured me. I now have a splendid appetite and sleep well. Its effect was truly marvelous."

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"The Great Daily of Michigan."

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20 pair Ladies' woolen mitts from 25c to 1.00
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100 pair Men's flannel lined gloves from 25c to 1.25.
10 pairs of Men's Moca gloves from 1.25 to 1.75
50 suits of Ladies' fleece lined underwear from 45c to 1.00
Ladies' woolen shawls from 1.00 to 6.00
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Mens' mufflers at all prices.
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Several pieces of all wool cassimere goods 40 inches wide at 25c to 40c per yd
The best values ever offered.
Home made yarn 45c to 60c a pound.
40 pair horse blankets from 1.00 to 6.00
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I have a complete line of worm goods in Ladies' and Gents' footwear and the best wool boot and rubber combination for 2.00, in the county. Call for them. This combination I also have in boy's wear.

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My stove department consists of over 100 cook and parlor stoves. See them before you purchase.

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This is what the Noble Ship does.

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1 35 5 15 12 35	Rescue	8 20 10 15 12 35
1 40 5 20 12 40	Patridge	8 25 10 20 12 40
1 45 5 25 12 45	Alton	8 30 10 25 12 45
1 50 5 30 12 50	Unionville	8 35 10 30 12 50
1 55 5 35 12 55	Scheweling	8 40 10 35 12 55
2 00 5 40 1 00	Bay Port	8 45 10 40 1 00
2 05 5 45 1 05	DETROIT	8 50 10 45 1 05
2 10 5 50 1 10	Eligon	8 55 10 50 1 10
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JOYFUL GREETING

1894. OUR HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT 1895. T. J. Nichols

COPYRIGHT, 1894.

"IT IS THE BLESSED CHRISTMAS-TIDE; THE CHRISTMAS LIGHTS ARE ALL AGLOW."—WHITTIER.



T WAS Christmas Eve, and o'er the world
A mantle white was falling
When Santa Claus set out to do
His yearly round of calling;
The dear old saint rejoiced to see
A promise of good sleighing,
For lots of snow was just what he
A long time had been praying.

So greatly pleased was he to see
Such charming Christmas weather,
That gayly to his task he flew
Of getting things together.
His ample sleigh was put to rights
And loaded full to brimming,
And soon along the country roads
Old Santa Claus was skimming.

Now here, now there, his sprightly deer
With airy lightness darted,
As fresh when miles and miles away
As when they just had started.
The fleecy flakes kept coming down,
The rambling roadways hiding;
Yet on and on they flew along
Like shadows swiftly gliding.

But ere his journey was quite o'er
St. Nick met trouble dire;
The roads kept filling up apace,
The snow kept piling higher,
And from his sight the earth was hid
By flakes so thickly flying,
He could not find the road at all,
But still he kept on trying.

Here was indeed for Santa Claus
An awkward situation,
And one that for the moment filled
His mind with consternation;
The kindly soul was sad with fear
That on the morrow morning
Some disappointed little friends
His absence would be mourning.
Still, trusting that kind Providence
Would help him in his trouble,
St. Nick his faithful reindeer steeds
Their efforts urged to double;
And often with a cheering word
The jaded beasts he aided,
While on ahead through snowdrifts deep
To find the road he waded.

At length, amid the flying flakes,
By chance old Santa sighted
Not far away a signpost tall,
Whereat he was delighted.
The sign upon the post contained
The welcome information
That close at hand the road ran straight
Unto his destination.

With hope renewed the good old saint
Along the roadway struggled;
And soon he reached a sleeping town
Which in a valley snuggled.
Here ended Santa's Christmas calls
And here his sleigh he lightened,
Then homeward quickly off he sped
Ere Sol the landscape brightened.

FRANK B. WELCH.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Do Some Act to Make It a Happy One for Your Neighbor.

Scarcely less wonderful than the mystery of the first Christmas night is the mystery of the perpetuation of the festival. It is a far cry enough from the shepherds who tended their flocks on the hillside of Judea, and the believing kings who followed the star from the east, to let us say, the average American citizen, and the modern rulers of kingdoms. Reverence and simple faith are not exactly the prevailing characteristics of the former, nor do the latter betray sufficient keenness of interest in things supernatural to warrant the supposition that they would leave their kingdoms and go forth laden with treasure, to follow a mysterious sign in the heavens. Yet withal Christmas brings its message to

A FEARFUL CHARGE.



Dilly (in horrified whisper)—Mamma, Willy is an infidel.
Mamma—An infidel?
Dilly—Yes; he said he don't believe there's any Santa Claus.—Puck.

these as well as to their widely different prototypes of nearly two thousand years ago. The echo of the angelic voices that sang of peace on earth, good will to men, still resounds in the heavens on Christmas night; and brother is reconciled to brother, old enmities are laid away, past sins forgiven, and the bonds of friendship and family affection drawn tighter over the Christ-

ous festival known to the civilized world.

A Merry Christmas, then, let it be to all! A divine religion is not a sad one. It brings peace to the heart, and joy is an exuberance of peace. Therefore let the bells ring out, and hang out the mistletoe, and bring on the smoking turkey, and gather round the fireside, and join in the frolics of the young-

If you have no fireside of your own to enliven, seek out the desolate hearth of some unfortunate brother. There are many forlorn little ones to whom an orange and a picturebook would be a foretaste of Heaven. Play Santa Claus to such, and you will find your Merry Christmas in the reflection of their innocent delight; or carry your greeting and your gift to some aged and lonely

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

A Happy New Year! What does it mean? Are not these words often thrown out as a greeting without thought or depth of meaning? Is it a year in which to ourselves come wealth and health, prosperity and friendship? One spent in the pursuit of fleeting pleasure and filled with self-centered



SNOW-BOUND.

mas board and round the cheerful hearth. The rich and powerful still open their coffers and, with large-handed liberality, scatter their goods among the poor, thereby imitating the Magi of old; for is it not written: "Whatsoever ye shall do unto the least of My brethren, ye shall do unto Me?" Thus, in spite of the evil forces with which modern materialism and infidelity are seeking to subvert the influences of Christianity, the Star of Bethlehem is still in the ascendant, and Christmas is the greatest and most joy-

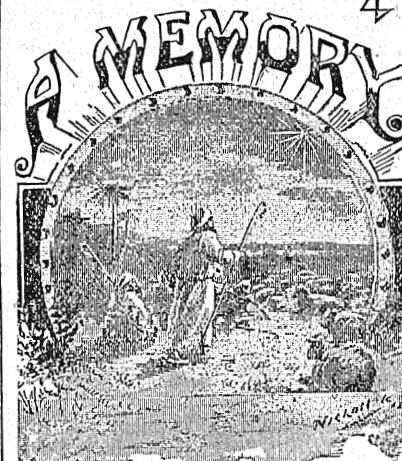
sters—anything, everything, so that the day be merry, and all hearts rejoice because Christ the Lord was born. Forget for a time the cares of business, the pressure of hard times, the threatening future. Lock up the family skeleton and, with it, all frowns and harsh words and the petty tyrannies and jealousies of common days. If you can lose the key of the closet, so much the better. If not, even the brief respite from ugly cares will leave its benediction in your heart, and quicken your longing for the return of the festival of peace.

creature whose last Christmas it will be on earth, and earn a blessing that will repay your efforts a hundredfold. There is, happily, no monopoly of the joys of Christmas. If they do not come to us, we can go to them. We have but to open our hearts and stretch out our hands, and the messengers of peace will come gladly trooping toward us. It will be our own fault if we have not each and all a Merry Christmas.—Once a Week.

A TAX on incomes: Christmas.—Philadelphia Record.

interest? No! Rather let the wish be to each and all, as the New Year dawns with all its opportunities, that the days of 1895 may be well spent—filled with thought and sympathy for those around, and that in self-forgetting and kindly deeds the happiness of others may be ever sought, and then most truly will each act rebound again in joy and blessing to the heart from which it springs.—Christian at Work.

SANTA CLAUS will be just as well pleased if you distribute a few stockings instead of filling quite so many this year.



WITHIN the quiet house of God
This winter morning fair,
The organ music softly thrills
Upon the listening air;
Then, mingling with the organ notes,
The choir's sweet voices sound:
"While shepherds watched their flocks by night
All seated on the ground."

And straightway, from that blessed place
My wandering fancies roam,
Once more a little child am I,
Within my childhood's home;
I hear again my mother's voice,
Her dear arms clasp me round,
She sings how angel hosts "came down
And glory shone around."

The moonlight falls across the floor
In bars of silver light,
And many a merry sleighbell breaks
The silence of the night,
My head upon her loving heart
In childish trust is laid,
The white she sings of that blest Babe,
"In meaneast garb arrayed."

The pealing organ notes are still,
The Christmas hymn is sung,
I sit in my accustomed place,
The reverent throng among;
But sweet and low within my heart,
There echoes all day long
The memory of my mother's voice
And of the angels' song.

—E. M. Griffith, in N. Y. Observer.

ODD NEW YEAR CUSTOMS.

Queer Ways of Giving Presents in the Olden Times.

There used to be a custom in vogue many years ago in placing all the New Year's gifts on the floor in a dark room where the recipients scrambled for them on their knees, and if they brought out other than their own they were fined a certain sum which was to be expended in addition to the good cheer. Bags of bran and baskets of shavings were used to conceal the gifts in, and the whole process was made as difficult and amusing as possible. The custom of giving New Year's presents dates back to the Saxons, who kept the festival with great ceremony and feasting. In the fifteenth century gloves were the most appreciated of any presents, being of the finest quality and handsomely decorated with gold and silver embroidery. A neat surprise was a sum of money inclosed in the gloves. A lord chancellor of England, Sir Thomas Moore, had won a difficult suit for a lady client, and she remembered him on New Year's day with a pair of gloves which had forty gold pieces sewed into them. Sir Thomas kept the gloves, but returned the money, saying that such lining made him uncomfortable.—Detroit Free Press.

Poor Man.

One of the most melancholy sights in nature is a man trying to buy a Christmas present for a woman. He knows in a vague way that the present must not be a pair of suspenders or a shaving set, but when he comes to particularize the poor man lapses into perfect imbecility, and gives his sister the money and tells her to buy the present.—Boston Globe.

Christmas Eve.
Little bits of stockings,
Hung up in a row,
Always make Kris Kringle
Down the chimney go.
—Detroit Free Press.

A DISTINGUISHED ARRIVAL.



"There's a new face at the door, my friend.
A new face at the door."
—Chicago Record.



ALL the presents in the world.
The wealth of the Christmas cheer.

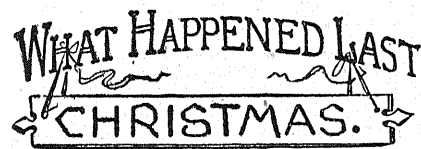
All the stores of beautiful toys
For dear little girls and jolliest boys,
All that ever were sung or told,
Could into a one big gift be rolled—
All the holly and evergreen too,
To bring the bundle to you, my dear,
The whole of it straight to you.

Selfish—to wish it all for one,
The gathered beauty of all the year?
Never, never!—for when it was done,
What would you do, my dear?
Ah, ah! how swiftly your thoughts would go

Out to the little ones far and near,
Who never have seen and never can know
The taste of holiday cheer.
Think of the million wistful eyes
That soon would brighten with glad surprise
When I should bring it to you, my dear,
To do as you pleased to do.

Woolly wee dogs and china kittens,
All the rackets and balls and bats,
Baa, baa lambs and purring cats,
Scarlet mufflers and worsted mittens;
All the dollies in all the world,
Blue-eyed, brown-eyed, frizzled and curled;
All the books with pictures, rhymes,
Telling of merriest Christmas times—
All the story of peace on earth,
Coming to us with a Saviour's birth.

Yes, I will bring it all to you,
The crown of the closing year,
And when the little beseeching hands
Were held to you from lands and lands,
Your bundle would melt so fast, so fast,
That soon we should reach the very last.
So now, have I answered right, my dear,
Guessing what you would do?
—Sydney Dayre, in Our Little Ones.



LAST Christmas was the jolliest one I ever saw. I guess what makes me think so is because it was such a good one to Aunt Mildred and Uncle George—though he was not my uncle yet, then—and they say if it hadn't been for me they wouldn't have had such a good Christmas. And I reckon if I hadn't been so anxious to work and earn something, things never would have happened just as they did. My pa died when I was just a little fellow, and my Aunt Mildred earned nearly everything we had after that, teaching music, for my ma was sick nearly all the time. While my pa lived we had plenty, but everything he had was invested in a bank, and the bank failed soon after he died. People said that if he had lived the bank wouldn't have failed; and they think the man that was in with him cheated my ma out of what ought to have been hers.

For the last three or four years I have been earning a nickel whenever I could by carrying parcels or running errands, or something of that sort; but last winter I just made up my mind that a great big boy eleven years old could do something harder than that; so when a big snow fell a week or two before Christmas I started out to shovel snow for people. There was Mrs. Bronson, living up on Fourth street, that had always been mighty good about giving me little jobs to do, and I went to her first. She let me shovel the snow off of all the walks for her, and paid me a good price for it; and then she went and brought out an overcoat of Mr. Bronson's that she said he would not wear any more, though it was real good, all but on the sleeves and on the edge of it, and wanted to know if my ma could not cut it down for me. I knew ma could do it, for she had made lots of things for me out of pa's old clothes, and I needed an overcoat, too; but I hated to take such a thing from a stranger, and my face burned like fire. But she offered it in such a nice way, like she was afraid of hurting my feelings, and her face looked like it was burning, too, so I thought maybe I'd better take it, and told her I would take it if she would let me do something to pay for it—I didn't feel like I could take it for nothing, it seemed so

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.



He—"Did I but dare, what bliss were mine
To press those lovely lips divine!
Did I but dare!"
She—"The stupid chump, to stand and stare
As though his feet were planted there.
The stupid chump!"—Judge.

much like a beggar—and she told me all right, I might go down cellar and rick up the stove wood that had been hauled and thrown in there, so it would not be so much in the way. I went and piled up the wood, and she wrapped up the coat in a big paper, so no one could see what it was—I thought that was nice of her—and I took it home with me. When I took it to ma and told her about it she cried a little, but she said I did right to take it, and she went right to work ripping it up to make over for me. She was ripping away on it, when all at once she said: "Why, Harry, here is a letter addressed to Mr. George Bronson, that has worked between the lining and the outside. You must go right back to Mrs. Bronson and take the letter to her, and tell her how we found it."

We talked a little more about it and then I hurried back with it, though it did not look as though it could be of much importance, for it seemed to have been written years ago, and didn't look like a business letter, either. It was in a woman's handwriting, and ma and I both thought it looked a little like Aunt Mildred's handwriting; only smaller. But I think all women's and girls' handwriting looks a good deal alike.

When I gave the letter to Mrs. Bronson she said George was her brother-in-law that used to board with them when they lived in Palmville, and she reckoned her husband must have put the letter in his pocket and forgot to give it to his brother. She said, for I must have been in there for four or five years, George Bronson left their house and went off to some western city to practice law before they left Palmville, and that was over three years ago. She said she would send the letter to him and explain about it. The evening before Christmas I was helping around in Mr. Paton's store and didn't get home till about eight o'clock. I went up to the kitchen window and peeped in and saw that ma and Elsie—that's my little sister—were in there, so I thought I'd go around to the little front room we called the parlor and get Aunt Mildred to help me hide the presents I had got for them, till the next morning. When I went in, there was a great big, tall man with his arms around Aunt Mildred, holding her fast. She gave a little sort of a scream and tried to get away from him when I came in, and I yelled out: "Burglars! Help!" and picked up the poker and ran at him; but Aunt Mildred said: "Stop, stop, Harry." Then he let her go, and she sort o' laughed and blushed and said: "Harry, this is not a burglar, but a man that is going to be your uncle before long."

You see, it was this way: They got to be sweethearts five years ago when Aunt Mildred was at boarding school, and Mr. Bronson—Uncle George it is now—was tending law school in the same place. They wanted to marry, but grandpa said Aunt Mildred was too young to marry, but he let her correspond with Uncle George after they both left school. But when Uncle George's brother forgot to give him that letter he waited and waited, and then he thought Aunt Mildred had quit writing to him and he went off out west. He had never told his folks anything about having a sweetheart, and they didn't know what was the matter with him. His brother had taken the letter out of the office and put it in his pocket with other letters, and when it slipped down out of sight he never thought of it again.

Aunt Mildred was just like Uncle George; she thought he had quit writing to her, and she never said anything about him. Grandpa died about that time, and she came to live with us, and all the money she had was put into the bank with pa's, and lost the same way. Well, you see when Mrs. Bronson got hold of that letter she sent it to her brother-in-law—that's Uncle George, you know—and told him how a boy named Harry Floyd had found it in her husband's old coat; and when he got the letter he saw just how it all was, and as my name is Floyd, he thought I must be some kin to Aunt Mildred; so he came back here as quick as he could and found out where we lived, and came and found Aunt Mildred here. And that's how I happened to be the cause of him and Aunt Mildred having such a merry Christmas last year.

Uncle George is a pretty sharp lawyer, I tell you, and he has brought some sort of suit against the man that cheated us out of our money, and he thinks he is pretty sure of getting it back for us.—Martha S. White, in Good Housekeeping.

The Dear Girls.

Miss Munn—How closely Miss Elder sticks to that mistletoe.

Miss Flypp—Yes, it's her only chance, poor thing.—Detroit Free Press.

Her Gift.

"Pray, give me something new for Christmas day.
I have more scarfs than I can ever wear;
For slippers, let me say, I do not care.
Though a good book is never in the way
I have no time for reading. Give me, pray,
No more cigars. I have cigars to spare.
Give me no fountain-pens—they make me swear:
No knives before my tortured eyes display."

Ah! pretty Stella overheard my plaint,
And knowing well I loved her, blushing, said:
"How very deep, it seems, is your despair.
Your troubles, sure, would aggravate a saint,
And so I think"—and here she bowed her head—
"I'll give you just myself: so take me, there!"
—Nathan M. Levy, in Judge.

His Reason.

It was drawing near to a very interesting season of the year. Willy was

It Filled the Requirements.

"George," said Mrs. Cawker to her husband, "why did you ask Carrie what she wanted for a Christmas present, and when she replied that she wanted a sealskin sack, why did you go off and get her a cheap glove-but-toner?"

"Why, my dear," replied Cawker, "the essential thing about a Christmas gift is that it shall be a complete surprise."—Harper's Bazar.

Easy to Be Happy.

Mrs. Nextdoor—Aren't you always worried half to death when it comes to buying a Christmas present for your husband?

Mrs. Sunshine—My, no! I buy my husband something I want for myself.

FOR THE BEST OF REASONS.

A Philosophical Dissertation on "Why We Kiss Under the Mistletoe."

There are some men who can develop a very light and agreeable subject into a very heavy and disagreeable magazine article with an ease that implies little effort—except on the part of the reader.

I was moved to this reflection by seeing in an old number of an English periodical a ponderous explanation by some benighted Britisher of the reason: "Why We Kiss Under the Mistletoe."

Of course the explanation had nothing to do with the case.

It had reference to the death of the chief, or king, of a primitive tribe and the saturnalian license of the interregnum, and ingeniously supplied the two or three missing links necessary to connect the mistletoe with these occurrences.

Ye gods and little fishes! Why should a man disturb the ashes of a primitive king to find a better reason than the one right before his eyes. It is a wonder that some eminent savant doesn't endeavor to make Dionysius of Halicarnassus responsible for the ancient and honorable custom of calling on one's best girl seven nights in the week.

When we discover a pair of bright eyes sparkling with saucy invitation, a soft cheek, crimson with a demurely unconscious blush, and ripe, red lips forming themselves into an acquiescent pout, we are not obliged to go poking around in savage graveyards to find out "why we kiss under the mistletoe!"

We kiss under the mistletoe for the same reason that we kiss on the "back-parlor sofa, in the swiftly gliding cutter, or under the hall lamp, just as we are saying "Good night—" if we are sure that her mother isn't looking over the balusters.

On this side of the water we hold primeval precedents of little value. We prefer to hold living realities. We kiss without reference to Druid, Goth or Celt; to magna charta or the court of chancery.

And when the merry Christmas bells ring crisply on the air we kiss the girls under the mistletoe, not, as may be meanly suggested, because they expect it and we are too courteous to disappoint them, but simply and solely because we can't help it.

And we wouldn't if we could!—Harry Romaine, in Puck.

Christmas Giving.

You know, and I know, that to thousands of us Christmas has become a season of the year the coming of which we actually dread. Years ago our forefathers looked to it with delight. They thought of it months before. We do, too, only in a different spirit. Our main idea of the coming of Christmas nowadays seems to be what it is going to cost us. Christmas-giving, once regulated by the heart, is in great danger of being very soon almost entirely regulated by the means—if it has not already reached that deplorable state. We have made an actual business of Christmas-giving. Formerly it was considered a pleasure to give; now we sit down and think out our presents as a matter of duty. We have to give; we consider it an obligation to give so-and-so a certain present at Christmas. Not that we want to do so; we simply feel that we must. "She will give me something, and, of course, I must give her something," is the way we coldly calculate the matter. And then when we receive the present the first thought, in nine cases out of ten, is whether we have received as much as we gave. If we have not we feel provoked at our own generosity, and coolly make a mental conclusion that next year we will give less.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Economy.

"Why don't you propose to Miss Squires, if you like her so much?" "I'm waiting for Christmas. Then, you see, I can make the engagement ring serve for a Christmas present."—Chicago Record.

May This Be So!

In this New Year
Let every heart God's higher comfort share!
Climbing to all the holier heights above—
Hiding dark hate beneath the wings of Love!
And in despite of storm and stress and strife,
Living the larger and the lovelier life!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Guilt.

Dix—if my wife asks you my brand of cigars between now and Christmas, tell her these, and say—
Dealer—Yes.
Dix—Don't charge her over a dollar a box; I'll pay the balance.—Truth.

A Timely Question.

"I can understand how Santa Claus comes down the chimney," remarked Edgar, "but I wonder how he goes up."—Harper's Young People.



HIS ARM WAS AROUND AUNT MILDRED.

getting ready for bed. His mother looked happy.

"My dear," she said, "I am glad to see that you do not hurry through your prayers as you used to."

"No, ma'am," said Willy. "Christmas is week after next, and I have a good many things to ask for."—Inter Ocean.

and he buys me something he wants for himself, and then we trade.—N. Y. Weekly.

That Would Not Suit.

"Let's be married on Christmas, darling," said the impetuous young lover after Miss Fosdick had said yes.

"No, indeed!" replied the far-sighted



CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Bobby—Come to breakfast, sister!
Little Sister (with her new Christmas doll)—No, thank you, Bob; I had my breakfast yesterday morning!—Harper's Bazar.

The Christmas Girl.

The snow has drifted to her brow,
The holly bud has dyed her cheek,
Her eyes, like stars on Christmas eve,
Shine out with glances, coyly, meek.
There's Christmas radiance everywhere
In wreaths of green and berries red;
But, best of all, I gladly note
There's mistletoe above her head.
—Lurana W. Sheldon, in Life.

Wally Reasons.

"I don't see why you don't let me eat all my candy," whined Wally on Christmas morning. "It didn't hurt my stockin' to be full of it, and I'm bigger than it."—Harper's Young People.

young girl. "I'd lose one set of presents."—Judge.

Another Garment Hung.

"Did you hang up your sock last night?"

"No. I hung up my overcoat yesterday to get the money for a present for my best girl."—Puck.

An Unfeeling Man.

"What are you going to give me for my Christmas present?" asked Mrs. Cusmo of her husband.
"About fifty dollars to pay for mine," replied the wretch.—Judge.



Y DOOR stands open wide to-night,
In token of a parting guest,
Who twelve months since, with keen delight,
I welcomed to my homely nest.

He stands there now, wan, wasted, old,
His race quite run, his mission o'er,
And when the midnight hour is tolled
We part, to meet no more.

He came to me in merry guise,
With hopes and promises not few;
Ah! who could look within those eyes
And deem that they were all untrue?

But expectations all have fled,
The promises are broken, too,
The hopes lie withered, crushed and dead—
Not one of all but proved untrue.

And there he stands, decrepit, wan,
Who came to me a merry elf;
A few sands more he will be gone,
And with him gone part of myself.

So come and go the passing years,
That bear us to the silent sea,
But bright with smiles or dim with tears,
They come in love, dear Lord, from Thee.
—Christian at Work.

Sweet Bells of Christmastide.

Christmas bells, chime out triumphant
Over land and over sea!
Send your happy tidings floating
On sweet waves of melody;
Softly tell your tender story,
O'er and o'er and o'er again,
"Glory in the highest, glory,
Peace on earth, good will to men."

To some doubting, weary spirit,
Bring a gentle, holy calm;
May your notes, on hearts sore-wounded,
Fall like consecrated balm.
To some life's storm troubled waters
May they whisper Peace, be still!
And our sleeping souls awaken
With a glad, exultant thrill.

On your wings of music, sweet bells,
Bear our thoughts to Him above;
Teach our hearts to time their pulses
To the rapturous psalm of love.
Oh! ring out all strife and malice,
With the story of His birth.
Ring in Faith, and Hope, and Love,
And peace on earth!
—Claudia Tharin, in Good Housekeeping.

CHRISTMAS IN DARKTOWN.



Parson Jackson—Ephrim, it says in de good book: "Thou shalt not steal."
Ephrim Johnson—I know that, sah, but I've been so lucky I thought I'd gib you one.

Parson Jackson—"The Lawd lubs a cheerful giver."—Judge.

Christmas Time.

I must own that all this fussing's
Rather trying on the nerves;
For a week back I've been running
To the cellar for preserves.
To the loft to bring the hams down,
To the barn for eggs; you see
All our young folks are a-coming
Home to mother and to me.

Dick is coming home from college,
He has holidays just now.
He is going to be a preacher
(He could never learn to plow);
Lucy's coming from the high school,
Ben and Harry from the town,
And we've made Eliza promise
To bring all her children down.

Mother's in a pesky fidget,
And she's fretting all day long
Lest with all her roasts and puddings
Something may perhaps go wrong;
But I just keep on a humming
An old-fashioned Christmas glee,
For the young folks are all coming
Home to mother and to me.
—P. McArthur, in N. Y. Sun.

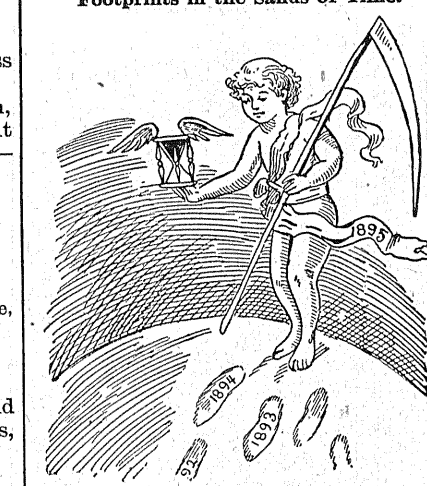
Is or Are.

Ah! Santa Claus, come in, come in,
Your welcome is beyond all measure.
We're glad to have you come and stay.
Your Christmas presents are a pleasure.
—Detroit Free Press.

Enjoyed It.

Dinwiddie—"Did your children enjoy Christmas?"
Larimer—"I should think they did. Had to call in two doctors."
—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Footprints in the Sands of Time.



—Exchange.

The Festivity Not Yet Complete.

Tommy—Come on out an' play.
Eddy—I can't.
Tommy—Why not?
Eddy—I got some Christmas things wot I ain't broke yet.—Chicago Record.



TWINS.

POLLY: HERE'S such a lot that Santa Claus must 'tend to when he b'gins. I feel a little anxious, cause He might forget we're twins.

S'posen he'd peek in at our bed 'Bout 'leven or half-past ten. And say: "There's Dolly Brooks' head, And—Dolly Brooks again!"

And then he'd pull our stockings down, And shake his head, and say: "With such a dreadful stingy frown: 'She can't fool me that way!'"

DOLLY: Poor Polly wouldn't have a thing, How terrible that would be! For every single toy he'd bring He'd s'pose would b'long to me.

Polly! let's take our picture books Before we go to bed, Marked "Polly Brooks" and "Dolly Brooks," And hang them overhead.

Then, when old Santa comes our way, He'll smile the biggest grin, And tiptoe 'round the bed, and say: "What have we here? Ah, twins!"

—Outlook.



CHIP'S CHRISTMAS CHEER.

STACKS of money all around! Stout little can-vass sacks bulging full of gold and tied together at the neck with strong cord; neat little paper rolls of silver dollars piled up in pyramid form, and heaps and heaps of packages of bills counted and done up in little paper bands! Some of these packages were of one-dollar bills and some of five and some of tens; others of twenties and fifties and one-hundreds. They were stacked up at the back of the desk where Thomas Tippy was at work in the bank, for he was a teller of some sort, or underteller, or something which entailed a great deal of work and very little pay, as positions of responsibility often do. As one looked through the little brass-barred window at "Tommy," as everybody in the bank called him, he appeared to be a veritable money king. Wealth was all around. Besides being all over the two 'standing desks between which he worked, it was stowed away in drawers, I have no doubt, and piled up on the floor.

Tommy was hard at work. It was the day before Christmas, and people had been making deposits, and drawing money, and getting drafts, and doing all sorts of things which they will insist on putting off till the last minute. He was writing in an effort to close up affairs for the day, and his arm rested as he wrote on a package of one-hundred-dollar bills when he glanced up and saw at the little grating through which he had to look at the public a pair of big, greedy eyes set in a very small and very wan face. The face itself barely reached above the window-ledge, and Tommy couldn't tell whether it belonged to a boy or a girl, it was so pinched, and hungry, and dirty. The eyes of the face were devouring the money, as the eyes of the poor are prone to do, and the owner of the face seemed lost in contemplation of the gorgeous sight.

Then the eyes saw that Tommy was looking at them and shifted to meet his own. Tommy noted that they were singularly beautiful eyes of brown, with long, curving lashes. He must have been looking into them with a very kindly gaze, for they seemed to read in his look a friendliness that made their owner bold.

"Please, mister," said a small voice, which evidently came from the owner of the eyes, "can't I go on an errun', or something, so's to earn a little Chris'mus stake?"

The owner of the eyes evidently took Tommy for the owner of all the wealth around him, and of the whole institution as well, and had a notion that if he chose he could hand out a bag of gold coin or two or three of the thick slabs



"BEEN A-WAITIN' FER YE."

of greenbacks which were scattered around so promiscuously. This abiding confidence in his greatness on the part of the owner of the small, wan face so

flustered Tommy that he could do nothing for a moment but stare at the big brown eyes and grow red in the face. Finally he said:

"Why, you see—ahem—it's—it's—"

And here the watchman came along and, seeing the ragged little owner of the face, hustled him out with some scornful remarks about beggars. As the little fellow disappeared through the door and down the outside steps Tommy saw a slight figure tattered and shivering. And then the doors swung shut and Tommy turned to his work, with all of his own troubles crowded out of mind and only sympathy for the poor little waif occupying his thoughts.

He forgot all about the load of obligation that was on him and his hopeless struggles to extricate himself from the quicksand of debt into which he had floundered in his efforts to care for his

own, he took down his shabby overcoat from its peg, shook himself into it, put on his hat, and went out of the bank. He noticed that the streets were full of happy, hurrying throngs of people, most of whom had some package or bundle, but he wasn't envious, though he wished for a moment that he might have been able to send to his mother and sister some of the many pretty things he had seen through the shop windows as he walked homeward each evening.

He started west at a brisk walk for he couldn't afford to ride, and it was crisply cold. He hadn't gone far when he noticed a small figure trotting along by his side. He looked at it, and caught two big brown eyes glancing up into his own.

It was the boy who had wanted to earn the "Christmas stake."

way, and they both felt first-rate. Then Tommy said:

"Well, I don't exactly *own* the bank. I've only got an interest in it. Say! To-morrow's Christmas! Know that?"

"Bet I do!" said Chip; "that's w'y I'm a hustlin'. I want to be in with the other good people. I want to eat turkey."

"Well, I tell you," said Tommy, "I don't want any errands done, and I don't know of anything I can give you to do, Chip."

Here the wan little face looked up bravely and the big brown eyes steadied themselves a bit till Tommy had finished.

"But I'll take you home with me, if you like, and you can share my Christmas dinner with me, whatever it may be. How's that; eh, old man?"

The big brown eyes in the little pale

scrubbed him up and fitted him into a back-number jacket and trousers which her own boy had worn years and years ago, before he ran off on a lake schooner and got drowned—then it came dinner time, and oh, dear! what a feast that dinner was to Chip. There wasn't any turkey, but there was the tenderest and best stewed chicken that ever Mrs. Bloomer had cooked, and the gravy was simply delicious. Then there were nice, warm biscuit to split in half and smother with this gravy; and mashed potatoes and homemade bread and butter; and to top off with there was the thickest, and juiciest, and sweetest apple pie that ever was baked. And Chip had two glasses of real milk.

And how his big brown eyes sparkled and his pale cheeks brightened! What a merry little fellow he proved to be, with his quaint sayings and his extrav-



~ ~ A RACE FOR A HOLIDAY DINNER. ~ ~

poor old mother and a helpless invalid sister in a little Wisconsin town. The load had been made infinitely heavier by a sad accident to his mother, which had resulted in a broken limb and which had necessitated nurses and increased doctors' bills and no end of expense during the fall, and Tommy had been obliged to borrow money from a private Shylock in the bank and pay a ruinously usurious interest per month for the same. He had had to send home the big end of his small salary, too, each month, and, what between this and the borrowed money he had run behind in his board, and was in about as desperate a financial fix as a hard-working, honest and faithful employe ever was. Only the extreme kindness of the little old lady with whom Tommy boarded in a little old cottage on a little by-street on the West side enabled him to keep his head above water at all. But he was one of those stout-hearted fellows of whom the great world rarely hears, and wouldn't let himself get sour or cross.

When at last he had straightened everything up and had packed away the bundles of bills, and the bags of gold, and the paper rolls with the silver dollars inside, and had run over in his mind all the good he might do if only a small portion of all this money was his

Tommy stopped short, so did the boy.

"Hello!" said Tommy, cheerily.

"Where did you come from?"

"Been a-waitin' fer ye," piped the small voice, with equal cheeriness.

"T'ought mebbe you might want a errun' run som'ers."

"What's your name?" asked Tommy, in an admiring tone, his face beaming.

"Chip."

"Anything else?"

"Nop. Nothin' but Chip. Ye see, I'm a hustlin' fer myself, an' I hain't had no time to think up names. A little feller like me don't ketch on very easy, you know."

Tommy had started on and this last speech had come from the small figure as it trotted along. He looked down and saw the big brown eyes looking up at him. They were beautiful to look into, and the voice was such a cheery little voice, without a trace of a whine in it, that Tommy felt immensely refreshed.

"And what made you pick me out?" asked Tommy.

"Well, I liked your looks, and—w'y, you own the bank, don't you, an' all that money, an' ev'rything?"

Tommy looked down again and laughed. Chip looked up and laughed. It was right jolly to chum along that

face glistened with the tears that touches of unexpected kindness always produce in sensitive natures, but the voice made a great effort to be as brave and cheery as ever when it replied between shivers:

"I call that—'way up in G, an'—you're a pr—prince o' the blood—you are!"

"Put it there," said Tommy, as he stepped under a gas lamp and held his hand to the little great soul by his side. The cool little hand snuggled confidently in his and the eyes looked back into his own and the bond of intimacy and warm friendship was complete.

Thereafter Tommy held Chip's hand as they tramped along west, and when they reached the side street in which he lived, Tommy lifted the thin little figure in his arms and with Chip's hands clasped round his neck walked into the presence of kind old Mrs. Bloomer. It was meager fare they had that night, considered from the standard of high livers, but Tommy was used to it and it was simply luxurious to Chip.

But the next day, after Tommy had chummed with Chip all forenoon and got friendly and learned all about him—which wasn't much, he hadn't a friend in the world—and after Mrs. Bloomer had taken him in hand and

agant admiration of Tommy! And when dinner was over and Chip was happy as he could be Tommy got out his harmonica and played dead marches till Chip was "mighty nigh to bustin'," as he himself expressed it.

In the evening Tommy took Chip to the theater and sat up in the twenty-five cent gallery, and they had the best time in the world, and wouldn't have changed places with the swell people in the first-floor boxes, not on any account. And when they had gone home and to bed and Chip had snuggled down by his side, Tommy asked:

"What are you thinking about, Chip, old man?"

A small, thin arm stole up over Tommy's breast and hugged his shoulder warmly.

"I was just a offerin' a bet to myself," said Chip, sleepily, "that you wasn't nothin' less'n own brother to Santy Claus. Ain't ye?"

But before Tommy could answer happy little Chip was far aloft on dreamland's delightful sea, and was living over again the pleasures of the day, while in Tommy's heart there crooned a soothing song more sweet and comforting than any millionaire in all the great big city could ever hope to hear.—Kirk La Shelle, in Chicago Mail.

CHRISTMAS AT THE OLD PLACE.



E SAT beside the old-time fire, and in its ruddy gleams, We talked about the old-time things, and dreamed the old-time dreams;

And wife was at her knittin', while I was smokin' slow, But both of us was thinkin' of a Christmas long ago.

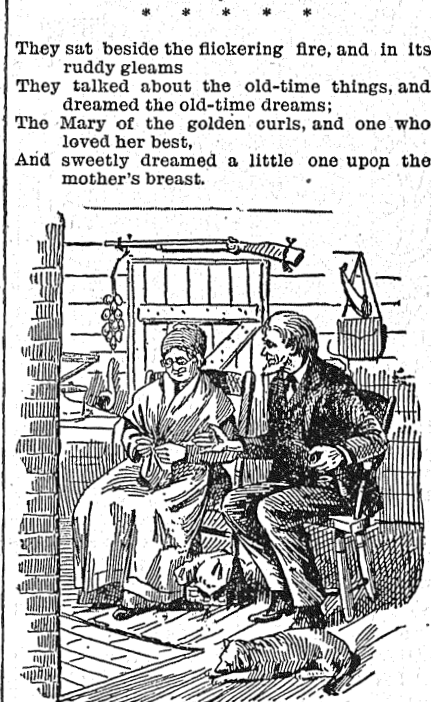
We old folks—well, we ain't so much on Christmas nowadays, Although the Lord has led us 'long on all our wanderin' ways; But, sittin' by the old fireplace, the bright flames seem to glow And light a little face we loved one Christmas—long ago!

A little face—the sweetest face of all the village girls, Like spring's red roses blossomin' rimmed 'round with golden curls; A face we've missed—a face we've missed for many a weary year; (How sweet the Christmas time would be if that dear face was near!)

We didn't think John good enough for Mary, but you see, Her mother—she was always jes' so much too good for me. That though they took and run away—and though it seemed a crime, I said I'd look it over if they'd come back Christmas time.

The house, it seems so lonesome, with only wife an' me; An' Christmas ain't like Christmas now, an' never more will be; An' though we thank the Lord for all, we can't keep back the sighs, An' 'through the sunshine of the years the rain falls 'round our eyes!

They sat beside the flickerin' fire, and in its ruddy gleams, They talked about the old-time things, and dreamed the old-time dreams, The Mary of the golden curls, and one who loved her best, And sweetly dreamed a little one upon the mother's breast.



THEY SAT BESIDE THE FLICKERING FIRE.

And looking in the face of him who leaned above her there, And kissed her cheek, and tenderly smoothed down her golden hair, She said: "We've been so long away from mother, that I know She's lonely in the home we left so many years ago!"

No other words she said, but he kissed back the tears that came, And whispered: "If they loved you then, they love you still the same; The old home must be lonely, though the fire is blazing bright— The little one shall plead for us—they'll kiss him Christmas night!"

And so it was that, while afar o'er the remembered dells Still brightly beamed each Christmas star and pealed the Christmas bells, The wanderers went home, and in its loveliness and light They found a welcome, and a kiss for baby Christmas night! —Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Definite and Specific.

Our resolutions for the new year should be definite and specific. Do not say simply that you will be more liberal, but say just how liberal you will be. Do not say that you will be more faithful, but say just what duties, neglected in the past, you will engage to perform in the future. Do not promise that you will give more of your time to the service of the Master, but decide upon the proportion of your time which you will give. A promise may be almost or altogether worthless because of indefiniteness. Let us deal honestly and reverently with Him whom we serve. Vow and pay.—United Presbyterian.



Santa Claus—Take me up to the roof, boy, I tried to get there in my usual way, but it was no use—my team isn't equal to it!—Puck.

The best loved of all.



THREE new dolls sat on three little chairs. Waiting for Christmas day. And they wondered, when she saw them. What the little girl would say.

They hoped that the nursery life was gay; And they hoped that they would find The little girl often played with dolls; And they hoped that she was kind.

Near by sat an old doll neatly dressed In a new frock, black and red; She smiled at the French dolls—"As to that, Don't feel afraid," she said.

The new dolls turned their waxen heads, And looked with a haughty stare, As if they never had seen before That a doll was sitting there.

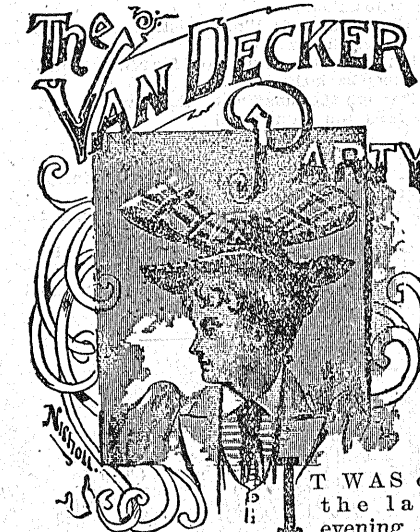
"Oh, we're not in the least afraid," said one, "We are quite too fine and new; But perhaps you yourself will find that now She will scarcely care for you."

The old doll shook her head and smiled; She smiled, although she knew Her plaster nose was almost gone, And her cheeks were faded, too.

And now it was day; in came the child, And there, all gay and bright, Sat three new dolls in little chairs— It was a lovely sight.

She praised their curls, and noticed, too, How finely they were dressed; But the old doll all the while was held Clapsed close against her breast.

—Katharine Pyle, in St. Nicholas.



IT WAS on the last evening of '92 that the Van Decker girls gave their leap-year party. At eight o'clock that evening Miss Margarette Van Decker stood before the glass in the front chamber of the old Van Decker house buttoning her gloves. She was short and plump and almost eighteen, and if she was not exactly pretty she made most people think she was, but Miss Van Decker, or Meg, as she was familiarly called, had a grievance.

"I wouldn't care if it were anybody but Al," she was saying, "but he is always getting the best of me, and last time when he wished me a 'Happy New Year' first he bet a pound of candy he would do it this year. Why, just think," continued this small person, as she snapped the last button into its buttonhole, "he has said 'Happy New Year' to me first every time since I was twelve years old. It seems silly to care, but he does it to tease me; he knows I mean to get ahead of him, and then forget it every time."

The little nose which was inclined to snub went up with a sniff as Meg shook out her red skirts and looked over her shoulder at the place where her train would have been if she had been old enough to wear one. "And boys are so conceited, anyway!" she continued. "If we didn't take pains and outwit them once in awhile they would be simply unendurable. Al shall not be first this time, for I think," she added, firmly, "that when I have once made up my mind to do a thing I can carry it out as well as Al Van Decker or anybody else in the Van Decker family."

"Come, Meg! Hurry up, Amy!" called Bess Van Decker. "The boys will be here in a jiffy, and we must be ready to receive them."

"Come on, Amy, we shall be the last down, as usual," and Meg gave another touch to her crinkly brown hair, flew downstairs and landed with a skip and a twirl at the bottom.

Meg Van Decker was one of the Van Decker cousins, and so was Amy, and so was Bess and Sarah and all the rest of the forty-one of the younger generation of the Van Deckers who lived at the corner. The family formed the principal part of the small suburban settlement and quite ruled it in a social way. Indeed, at this little party there was hardly a guest who was not a cousin, or who did not expect to be a cousin some time.

Of all the dances of '92 there were

none gayer than this leap-year dance, and as the girls, after it was over, were going upstairs Amy said: "Oh, I wish this weren't Saturday night—I don't want to go home—I know I shall never have another waltz like that last one with Al."

The room was in full chatter, for all the girls were crowded into it, trying to find their wraps. But high above the babel rose the voice of Miss Sarah. "Girls, you must hurry! It's twenty minutes to twelve now, and Aunt Annie said if grandma let us have the party here we must all be home and in our beds at twelve. After twelve it's the Sabbath."

"Where's my other gaiter?" cried Meg. "I've got to see Al home myself before Sunday morning. Carriages?" she continued, "did you girls all engage carriages? I didn't. It doesn't pay just to take Al round the corner. Couldn't afford it anyway."

A moment later, when there was a lull, Meg called: "Amy, Amy Van Decker, won't you come here a minute? I want to ask you something."

Amy came, buttonhook in hand, and seating herself on a footstool, began buttoning her boots. Meg lowered her voice: "Have you that old brown dress that you wore at the masquerade last fall, and the hat?" Amy nodded her head, stamping her left foot firmly into the boot.

"Well, I want to borrow them to-morrow morning."

"What for?"

"Oh, it's a joke on Al that has just popped into my head. You know that he bet me that pound of chocolates he would wish me a 'Happy New Year' first again this year. He doesn't expect to see me until the big family dinner to-morrow, and by that time I dare say that I shall be talking so fast I shall forget all about it, as usual. But I am going to dress up so he won't know me, and then in the morning, when the poor children go to his house for the New Year's cakes I am going to get in with a crowd of them and just wish him a 'Happy New Year'! For once I am glad I live in a Dutch New York town, glad there wouldn't be any poor children going around asking for cakes."

Amy laughed and agreed, and Meg tied a gauze scarf under her chin and said: "Now, I think I'm ready. And Amy, you take Harry up to the house, and I will take Al, and then we will meet at the corner and go home together. Mind, now, that you don't let Harry go home with you."

"Come, girls," called Cousin Sarah. "The carriages have been here for ever so long." The girls trooped downstairs to the hall, where the boys were waiting, and with some blushing and much laughter each girl escorted her charge to the carriage, or walked with him, as the case might be.

If Al Van Decker had any idea of taking a slow promenade with Meg, he was soon disabused of the notion, for she started him away at a great pace, saying: "I can't dawdle. It's nearly midnight and we should have been home half an hour ago." And in less than five minutes Mr. Albert Van Decker had arrived at his own door.

"Now, Cousin Meg," he said, "it's my turn."

"Nonsense! There is Amy now, Auf Wiedersehen!" And away sped little Miss Van Decker across the street.

"It didn't take long, did it?" said Meg, as she slipped her arm in Amy's. "That is a girl's way of doing things—right to the point. But I want to be sure about the old gown; have it ready by eight o'clock. I want to go over about nine. Al will come to the door; he always likes to give away the cakes."

"Yes," said Amy. "He did it when he was little; yet suppose he shouldn't answer the bell."

Meg thought a moment. "I'll tell you, Amy. You run over before breakfast and see Aunt Annie. She dearly likes a joke, you know, and she will help us manage it. She'll be sure then to have him at the door. You shall have half the candy. You won't forget, will you?"

"Oh, Al Van Decker, how did you come here?"

"Thought I'd stroll around and see that you and Amy got here all right, and I was just taking the short cut home. And," he added, as the last stroke of twelve from the old town clock died away: "I wish you a very

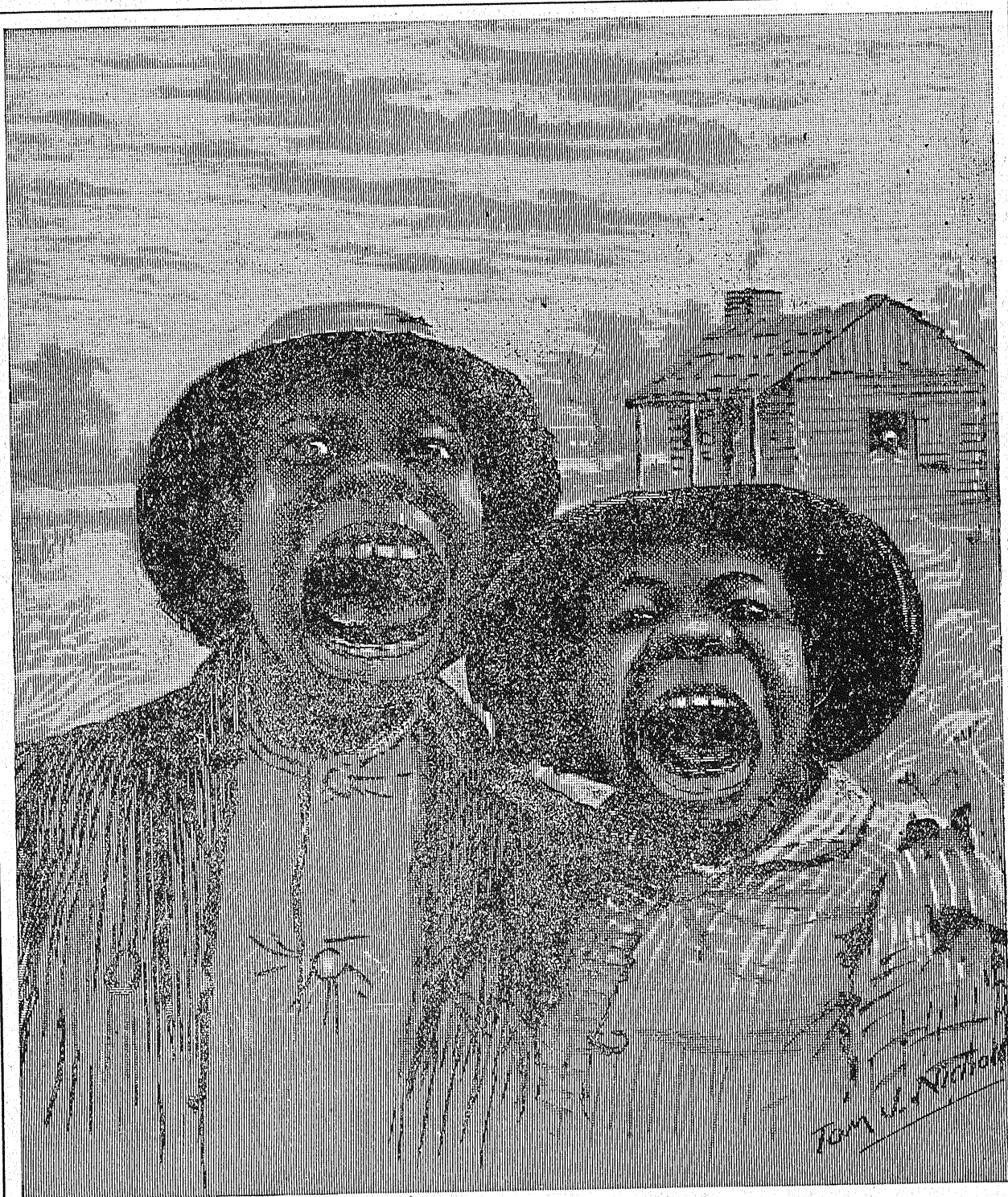
AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

A Time to Seriously Think of Our Faults, Failures and Mistakes.

The close of the year is always a time for serious thought and reflection. The past crowds upon us at such a time with far more than usual intensity and especially forces upon our attention our faults, failures and mistakes. Let us look them squarely in the face and profit by them. The wise man always does this, but the fool never. The latter goes on committing the same follies and making the same mistakes, never profiting by his experience, to say nothing of the experience of others. Every man makes mistakes. It may not be his fault the first time, but it is if he makes the same mistakes a second time. We believe that the secret of success with those who succeed, and the cause of failure with those who fail, will be found largely in the ability and disposition to study the causes of both success and failure, not only in one's own experience but in that of others.

The farmer now has leisure to review the operations of the year, and he should do it candidly and critically. Make a complete analysis of every important operation. Find the weak places in it and trace them to their origin. Nothing will prepare one so thoroughly for the operations of the year to come as this kind of searching investigation.

And while we are about this business we should look just as carefully into our record of moral responsibility. We should be far more anxious to improve character, mind and morals than to improve our farms. Serious study of our weak points and of means to strengthen them is a very profitable business at any time, and if pursued assiduously will strengthen and develop all that is good and admirable in our natures, and make us better, stronger, nobler men and women as the years go by. And the time will come in the life of every one when such a record of honest, earnest, persistent effort to improve will afford far greater satisfaction than anything else in his account with this world. We can wish no better thing for all our readers than that they begin the new year animated by a firm resolve to turn all its experience into profit for themselves, mentally, morally, socially and materially, and then to faithfully carry out the resolution.—Ohio Farmer.



"Ya-ah-ha-ha! Crismus Gift!"

Christmas in the Sunny South.

"Well, the things are up in the garret, and eight o'clock is pretty early to get up, but if you really want them—yes, I will. Good night. Happy dreams!"

Meg turned from Amy's door and

"Happy New Year!"—Florence W. Seoville, in St. Louis Republic.

Easy Enough.

"What I don't understand," said small Jacky, "is that Santa Claus can



EACH GIRL ESCORTED HER CHARGE.

walked back to the crossing; but just before she reached it she saw some one vault the low fence that ran around the lawn. She started, and then stood still.

"Don't be frightened," said a well-known voice, "it's only me."

understand the letters that I write to him when I don't know how to write."

"Ho!" jeered Mollie. "That's easy enough. Santa Claus can read scribbles as well as writin'!"—Harper's Bazar.

more anxious to improve character, mind and morals than to improve our farms. Serious study of our weak points and of means to strengthen them is a very profitable business at any time, and if pursued assiduously will strengthen and develop all that is good and admirable in our natures, and make us better, stronger, nobler men and women as the years go by. And the time will come in the life of every one when such a record of honest, earnest, persistent effort to improve will afford far greater satisfaction than anything else in his account with this world. We can wish no better thing for all our readers than that they begin the new year animated by a firm resolve to turn all its experience into profit for themselves, mentally, morally, socially and materially, and then to faithfully carry out the resolution.—Ohio Farmer.

The Old and the New.

The Old Year laid upon the portals of the past A trembling hand.

And said: "Oh, let me die and be at rest Within thy misty land!"

Then all the years that lived and died before Reached forth, and drew the wanderer safe within the door.

The New Year laid upon the portals of to-day A firm young hand.

And said: "Oh, let me come and live and work Within thy shining land!"

Then all the years that are to be repaid: "This is your world," and drew the youth inside.

—Kathleen R. Wheeler, in Lippincott's.

The Best One.

Editor—I want an original Christmas story. Can you write it?

Writer—Of course not. You'll find the original Christmas story in the New Testament.—Detroit Free Press.

Christmas Bells.

O happy bells! through coming years We hear, in your glad sending, The message still of peace, good-will— All jarring discords blending.

O bells of God! ring on, our souls To grander action serving, Till all our days are Christmas days Of living and of serving.

—Caroline A. Dugan, in Home.

Will Receive Calls.

"Do you expect to receive calls on New Year day?" asked Willie Hicollar.

"Yes," answered Mamie Hollerton; "I'll have to. The telephone exchange where I work wouldn't give me the day off. Isn't it mean?"—Washington Star.

THE OLD YEAR.



IF ALL the old year's days could speak— Just think of it awhile— Would their report bring bitter tears, Or the sunshine of a smile? Ah! could they speak from week to week Of honest work well done, Of well-used powers in study hours, Of fairness in the fun?

Of thankful thought for kindness wrought When homes are rich and glad; Of tender care to give or share Where homes are poor and sad; Of pleasant ways in dark, dull days; Of little, gentle deeds; Of earnest hours among heart's flowers, In plucking hurtful weeds?

Can the year speak of patience meek Where grief has stopped awhile, Of courage bold for weak and old, A loving word or smile? Methinks the year must seem most dear If thus its speech can be; O'erfull of joys for girls and boys— A year of jubilee.

—Mrs. M. P. Butts, in N. W. Christian Advocate.

His Cunning Scheme.

Mr. Drefleshort—Sophronia, I wish you'd look at that paper again and tell me the exact date when that train robbery took place on the Missouri Pacific.

Mrs. Drefleshort—Why, what are you doing, James?

Mr. Drefleshort (who is busily writing letters to various relatives out west)—I want to locate a lot of bundles of costly Christmas gifts—that we didn't send—on that particular train.—Chicago Tribune.

Some New Year Advice.

Don't wait for the wagon while the walking is good.

Don't grieve over spilt milk while there's one cow left in the pasture.

Don't say the world is growing worse when you are doing nothing to make it better.

Don't tell the world your troubles. You can't borrow ten dollars on them.

Don't let the grass grow under your feet. The cows can't get at it there.—Atlanta Constitution.

Old Skinfint's Generosity.

"My dear," said old Skinfint to his wife, "we ought to do something for the poor people around here this Christmas."

"I think so, too. What do you propose to do?" asked Mrs. S.

"Suppose we have our Christmas dinner at night and leave the dining-room shades up, so that they can see our plum-pudding?"—Harper's Bazar.

His Reason.

"How did Charlie come to give up smoking so suddenly?"

"He was afraid it was going to make him disregard the truth."

"How do you mean?"

"He knew he would have to say he was pleased with those his wife would give him Christmas."—Inter Ocean.

Encouraging.

"Grace," he gazed, tenderly, on New Year's eve, "I—I—" when she interrupted him.

"Wait until twelve o'clock," she whispered. "I had enough proposals last year 'o suit anyone, but I want '95 to beat it—so please wait."—Harper's Bazar.

Thinks His Wants Are Covered.

"I've written a letter to Santa Claus," said Willie. "And I think it covers everything I want."

"That's good," said mamma. "What did you ask for?"

"Two toy shops and a candy store," said Willie.—Harper's Bazar.

Remembering the Widow.

"I don't know much about the fatherless," mused Oldsport, reflectively, "but I guess this Christmas season is a good time to remember the widow."

Having arrived at this decision he went down-town and ordered a diamond bracelet.—Detroit Tribune.

Enlightened Philanthropy.

Primus—Jobson is a philanthropist. Secundus—What does he do?

Primus—He's so sorry for poor children who have no Christmas that he spends the year telling them that Santa Claus is a myth.—Puck.

A New Year's Wish.

A Happy New Year to you, little one, Whose Happy New Years are just begun! And may your life be as sweet and true As the wishes, to-day, that are wished for you!—Youth's Companion.



Ring for the joy his advent brings; Ring for the happy songs he sings; Ring for the promises sweet and true With which we gladden our hearts anew.

Ring, bells, ring! for the king is here; Ring, bells, ring! for the glad New Year. He mounts his throne with a smiling face. His sceptre lifts with majestic grace.

The new-born year is a happy fellow; His voice is sweet and low and mellow; With the Christmas holly his head is crowned; With the Christmas blessings we'll wrap him round.

SUNSHINE.



Great Clothing Sale!

—OF—

McDOUGALL,

THE CLOTHIER

STILL CONTINUES.

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DON'T MISS THIS SALE

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Come and be convinced that you can do better here than at any other store in the city.

CASS CITY BAKERY AND RESTAURANT.

Having changed our locality to the Gamble building, we are now prepared to meet the demands of all.

FRESH BREAD.

RYE BREAD,

GRAHAM BREAD,

BUNS, PIES,

CAKES.

WEDDING CAKES BAKED TO ORDER.

Come and try our 15 cent Lunches served at all hours.

M. L. MOORE, Prop.

Main Street, Cass City.

ELECTRIC TELEPHONE

Sold outright, no rent, no royalty. Adapted to City, Village or Country. Needed in every home, shop, store and office. Greatest convenience and best seller on earth.

Agents make from \$5 to \$50 per day. One in a residence means a sale to all the neighbors. Fine instruments, no tools, works anywhere, any distance. Complete, ready for use when shipped. Can be put up by any one, no matter how old or unskilled. Last a life time. Warranted. A money maker. Write W. P. Harrison & Co., Clerk 10, Columbus, O.

HELLER BROS.

Will grind buckwheat on Tuesday's and Friday's of each week until further notice. If you want the best roller buckwheat flour on earth,

Bring us Your Grist.

If you have some nice buckwheat to sell we want it. Simon pure buckwheat flour is what we make and nothing else.

You are in the market for Red Wheat. If you want anything in the milling line, come and see us. We can supply you.

Remember we grind feed every day. We will have a new power corn sheller ready for business soon, then we can grind you out in a hurry.

We are exchanging WHITE LILY flour for from 150 to 300 bushels of wheat per day. If you want the best flour made and the most of it,

BRING US YOUR WHEAT.

We will do the rest come any time, always open.

HELLER BROS.

Varicocele, Emissions, Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, Gleet, Stricture, Syphilis, Unnatural Discharges, Self Abuse, Kidney and Bladder Diseases Positively Cured by

The New Method Treatment—A Wonderful Discovery

200—You can Deposit the Money in Your Bank or with Your Postmaster to be paid up after you are CURED under a written Guarantee!

Self Abuse, Excesses and Blood Diseases have wrecked the lives of thousands of young men and middle aged men. The cause, the workshop, the Sunday school, the office, the professions—all have its victims. For a man, if he has been indulged, because of the future. Middle aged men, who are growing prematurely weak and old, both sexually and physically. Consult us before too late. NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. Confidential.

VARICOCELE, EMISSIONS AND SYPHILIS CURED.

W. S. COLLINS. W. S. COLLINS. W. S. COLLINS.

"I am 29. At 15 I learned a bad habit which I continued till 18. I then became 'one of the boys' and led a life of dissipation. I became nervous and despondent; no ambition; memory poor; eyes red, swollen and watery; pimples on face; hair loose, thinning, weak back; vertigo; dreams and losses at night; weak parts; deposit in urine, etc. I spent hundreds of dollars without help, and was contemplating suicide when a friend recommended Dr. Kennedy & Kergan's New Method Treatment. Thank God I tried it. In two months I was cured. This was six years ago, and never had a return. Was married two years ago and all happy. Boys, try Dr. Kennedy & Kergan's New Method before giving up hope."

S. A. TONTON. Seminal Weakness, Impotency and Varicocele Cured. S. A. TONTON.

"When I consulted Dr. Kennedy & Kergan, I had little hope. I was surprised. Their new Method Treatment improved me the first week. Emissions ceased, nerves became strong, pains disappeared, hair grew in again, eyes became bright, cheerful in company and strong sexually. Having tried many Quacks, I can heartily recommend Dr. Kennedy & Kergan as reliable. S. A. TONTON. They treated me honorably and skillfully."

A Nervous Wreck—A Happy Life.

T. P. EMERSON. T. P. EMERSON. T. P. EMERSON.

"I live on the farm. At school I learned an early habit, which weakened me physically, sexually and mentally. 'Quack' Doctors said I was going into 'decline' (Consumption). Finally 'The Golden Monitor', edited by Dr. Kennedy & Kergan, fell into my hands. I learned the 'True and False' Self Abuse had ruined my vitality. I took the New Method Treatment and was cured. I have since had many patients, all of whom were cured. Their New Method Treatment supplies vigor, vitality and manhood before treatment. Read!"

DETERMINED TO CURE.

READER! Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Has your life been ruined? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. **CURE GUARANTEED OR NO PAY**

16 Years in Detroit. 100,000 Cured. No Risk.

Consultation Free. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion free of charge. Charges reasonable. Books Free. "The Golden Monitor" (illus. treated) on Diseases of men. Includes postage, 2 cents. Sealed.

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. PRIVATE. No medicine sent C. O. D. No names on boxes or envelopes. Everything confidential. Question list and cost of Treatment. Free.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, No. 148 SHELBY ST. DETROIT, MICH.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

We cordially invite you one and all to come and see the largest, prettiest and best stock of Holiday Goods ever shown in Cass City, comprising Imported China, Toys, Plush Goods, Dolls, Books, Handkerchiefs, Japanese Goods, Doll Furniture, Jewelry, Silverware and everything in the line.

JAS. TENNANT.

A WICKED WAG.

Sending an Annoying Letter to Well Known Washington Women.

Some innuendo or practical joker has been taking liberties with the proudest dames and dowagers of Washington, and from letters and telegrams that have been received here it would seem that he has done the same with prominent ladies in other cities. He signs himself Colonel Starberry Fairfax, but that does not appear in the directory, nor is it known to any of the Virginians or Kentuckians who would be likely to have an acquaintance with such a person if he existed. His letterhead reads, "North American Lecturer Bureau, Western Division," but he gives no street or town address, and if any one wanted to answer him he would not know where to direct the envelope. The letters are all uniform and read as follows:

DEAR MADAM—The constant expression of sympathy which is manifested throughout the country for that distinguished but martyred statesman of Kentucky, Hon. W. C. C. Breckinridge, suggests that the people of the land should have an opportunity of hearing his eloquent defense of religion and morality. In response to vehement calls from the women of America it has been deemed wise to place him upon the lecture platform. It is intended to have him lecture in the principal cities under the auspices of a board of national patronesses, one representative lady from each principal city constituting that board. Your name has been suggested for the city of Washington, and unless we hear from you to the contrary by the morning of the first inst. it will be printed as a member of the board and on all the programmes and show bills throughout the country. Please for the west on Wednesday morning. Thanking you in advance for your courtesy, I remain your most obedient servant.

Very naturally the ladies who have received this communication—and they are among the social leaders of Washington—have been thrown into a state of panic, particularly as the writer threatens to accept silence as assent and does not tell where a refusal will reach him. It is not believed that Colonel Breckinridge has anything to do with the affair, but it is supposed to be the work of some wicked wag.—Washington Dispatch.

THE TROUBLESOME SULTAN.

He Will Attempt to Play the Queen Against the Foreign Office and Russia.

One of the first questions in which England and Russia will be strongly urged to take united action in the matter of the Armenian persecutions. The Turks themselves now confess that 2,000 Armenians were slaughtered in what they describe as the suppression of a rebellion. The British foreign office has already made a protest, which is as strong as any form of interference it usually indulges in. It is well known that no diplomatic weapon short of a threat which amounts to an ultimatum has any effect on the Porte. Public opinion in this country, therefore, clamors loudly for extreme measures, and the indications are that the government will be compelled to yield to this pressure.

Popular opinion is also expressing itself in another way. It has been a grievance with the sultan for many years that Queen Victoria has not made him a Knight of the Garter. Over and over again plain hints have been given to successive ambassadors and to distinguished visitors that the distinction of the blue ribbon would be much appreciated by his majesty. Now the sultan has decided to force the queen's hand. He has intimated his intention to send the grand master of ceremonies to England to deliver to her majesty the ribbon, star and insignia of the new Turkish Order of the House of the Family of Osman, which is limited to crowned heads. It was recently conferred upon the German emperor, who forthwith created the sultan a Knight of the Black Eagle. Of course the queen now cannot avoid returning the sultan's compliment by giving him the garter, and it has been privately arranged that the Duke of Coburg shall go to Constantinople in the spring to invest him with this order.

The English press are now voicing strong protests against such a compliment until the sultan grants full justice to the Armenians.—London Cor. New York Sun.

A Tiny Moon's Inhabitants.

The inner moon of Mars is named Phobos and is a tiny satellite only eight miles in diameter. Let us suppose that everything on our earth, which is nearly 1,000 times larger than the little Phobian planet, is to be found on the surface of this miniature moon, reduced proportionately. We find, to begin with, that a terrestrial man of 6 feet, if transferred to Phobos, would be .072 of an inch in height. A good microscope would be necessary to determine the true shape and form of this speck of humanity, and it would be wholly invisible to the unaided eye at a distance of three feet. A ship of the dimensions of the Great Eastern would be but 7 1/2 inches in length if reduced to the Phobian standard, and a duck pond would be a "fathomless ocean" to the Phobian inhabitants of this Mars-like planet. A whale would be as small as a cheese mite, and a real sea serpent, which would be a terror to the Phobian mariner, would be like a section of a hair worm five-eighths of an inch in length. The largest rivers cannot be more than a few feet in breadth and not more than 2 inches in depth. A railway train like the "Chicago flier" could be carried in an earthly carcase, and a city the size of New York could be covered with a blanket!—St. Louis Republic.

Venial French Press.

The wholesale exposure of the venality of the Paris press even in its high places has made a great sensation in the French capital, but it has not surprised those who are acquainted with journalistic methods in this city. Not only shady establishments as the Monte Carlo casino, but many big gambling clubs in Paris and great financial houses as well, have long supplied big annual press subsidy funds to escape annoyance at the hands of blackmailing editors. The demands finally became too great to be borne; hence the revolt and exposure by the victims.—Paris Letter.

COFFINS FOR A SONG.

Social Bidders Seized the Occasion to Lay in Enough for All the Family.

Coffins for 10 cents each! They were great bargains at a public sale today at Hulmeville, near Bristol. So cheap were they considered that a man bought one apparently for each of his children, and Bucks county is tonight flooded with walnut coffins of all patterns.

The property of Lewis P. Townsend of Hulmeville, the defaulting treasurer of the Newportville Building association, was today put up at auction. Townsend was short in his accounts about \$4,000. A crowd of people from that end of Bucks county were attracted by the sale. The auctioneer first knocked down a few horses for a mere song. Then the wagons and carriages went. Other articles of less value about the place brought trivial prices. Townsend did an undertaking business and in his day carried on a good trade. He always kept in store a large number of coffins.

Today, when all the visible stock and personal effects had been disposed of, the auctioneer and his assistant vanished for a moment. A minute later they reappeared bearing a highly polished walnut casket. Mounting his block, the auctioneer began to dilate upon the beauties of the casket.

"Who'll make a bid?" cried the auctioneer. His hearers seemed horrified at the idea for a moment, but the stillness was broken by:

"I'll give a nickel for it."

Laughter greeted this bid, but the auctioneer looked solemn and business-like.

"No telling how soon you may need it," he urged. He looked hard at a thin visaged man who had several times coughed in a sepulchral manner. The man turned away.

"I'll make it a dime," came a timid voice, and the coffin was his.

The ice once broken, the coffins commanded a readier sale. It seemed to be agreed that 10 cents was the top notch figure, and the auctioneer, having bid them up to that sum, would let them go. Frank Brown then started in and bulled the market considerably. Brown took as many coffins as he has children, paying a dime for each. After that the general bidding was lively, and soon the coffins were disposed of.—Philadelphia Record.

DUELING IN EUROPE.

The Unpleasant Adventure of an Easy Going Tourist in Italy.

Nothing could give a more adequate idea of the pass to which dueling has come on the European mainland than the story told by our Roman correspondent of an adventure that lately befell a foreigner on the island of Lido, near Venice. This easy going tourist, landably desirous of foiling all the social wheels within his reach and reducing friction to a minimum, beckoned to the waiter of a restaurant, and, feeling him before instead of after dinner, trustingly asked him what he could conscientiously recommend. The knight of the napkin, who later on appeared in the character of a "knight of honor," instead of honestly replying, "I can recommend you another restaurant," said "an English bliffake," which the tourist forthwith ordered.

When it appeared on the table and the hungry man attempted to ply his knife and fork, he discovered to his disgust that a dynamite bomb would be more to the purpose. He then rang for that unscrupulous waiter and asked him whether the proprietor was new to the place. "No, sir; his father was here before him. Came 35 years ago."

"Did the old man bring that wretched animal with him from which this 'bliffake' was sculptured?" he asked. But the waiter was a sensitive soul and could not stand such talk. "Here is my card, sir. Kindly give me yours, and we'll arrange the matter at an early date."

The challenge had to be accepted, lest something worse should befall, and sabers were the weapons chosen. The upshot of it was that the tourist received a dangerous wound on his right arm, and instead of continuing his journey now lies in one of the wards of a Venice hospital.—London Telegraph.

A Cheese Diet.

An unusual bone of domestic contention was revealed in a Philadelphia police court the other day when Jacob Marmale was charged by his wife with threatening her life. When she had finished, Magistrate Pole inquired of the prisoner what he had to say. "Cheese," remarked Jacob sentimentally. "No impertinence," continued the magistrate. "That ain't impertinence," explained Jacob. "It's the cause of my trouble. The way my wife feeds me you'd think I was a mouse. It's raw cheese for breakfast, toasted for dinner and a Welsh rabbit for supper. It's no wonder I kicked. I felt like I was full of mites." And Jacob wiggled nervously. "The question of mites is a matter of taste," explained the magistrate. "And smell, too," added Jacob reflectively. "It's a wonder our neighbors didn't call in the health department." "Go home, both of you," said the magistrate, "and you, Mrs. Marmale, take cheese off the bill of fare."—Troy Times.

A Girl Angered at Her Mother Dies.

The people of Athol, Mass., are busily discussing what could have been the cause of the death of Carrie Eddy, 13 years old, which occurred on Sunday. It was a case that baffled the skill and care of the town's best physicians. The origin of the trouble seemed to be a fit of ill temper caused by the refusal of her mother to grant her permission to attend an evening's entertainment. The girl refused to speak to her mother, and as time passed the power of speech seemed to leave her, and she commenced to scream and continued to do so in spite of heavy doses of morphine and the efforts of several physicians. A dose of laudanum was finally administered, and the girl sank into a stupor from which no human power could arouse her.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

A LETTER FROM SANTA CLAUS.

To all good people in Cass City and vicinity:

Dear Friends,—I want to inform you through the ENTERPRISE that I am going to make my Headquarters this year at 2 MACKS 2. I have secured one of their big show windows and will erect a booth which I will leave in charge of Charles Daggan, who will show you some very pretty and suitable presents. The display will consist of Ladies' and Gents' Handkerchiefs, Wool and Silk Neck Scarfs, Fur Sets, Muffs, Gloves, Lace and Chenille Curtains, Rugs, Bedspreads, Towels, Etc. Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

SANTA CLAUS.

We will sell 5 lbs. of our 25c. Tea for \$1.00 till after Xmas.

Don't Forget

That we will sell you Clothing cheaper than any house in the county.

OVERCOATS

At Your Own Prices.

Men's, boys' and Child's Suits.

Latest Styles and Lowest Prices.

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.

Best Goods and Lowest Prices.

MEN'S WOOL PANTS,

Worth 1.75 to 2.50, going at 1.25.

COME AND GET PRICES.

2 MACKS

THE REVIEW or REVIEWS

Edited by ALBERT SHAW

IT WAS in April, 1891, that the first number of the American Review of Reviews was printed. The new idea of giving the best that was in the other magazines in addition to its own brilliant, original articles, took America by storm, as it had taken England—though the magazine itself was not at all a reprint of the English edition. It deals most largely with American affairs, and is edited with perfect independence, in its own office.

The Review of Reviews is a monthly, timely in illustration and text, and instantly alive to the newest movements of the day, to a degree never before dreamed of. Thousands of readers who offer their commendations, among them the greatest names in the world, say that the Review of Reviews gives them exactly what they should know about politics, literature, economics and social progress. The most influential men and women of all creeds and all parties have agreed that no family can afford to lose its educational value, while for professional and business men, it is simply indispensable. The departments are conducted by careful specialists, instead of mere scissor-wielders, and scores of immediately interesting portraits and pictures are in each number.

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Besides the special articles and character sketches of thrilling interest and timeliness, the Review of Reviews has these regular departments:

The Progress of the World.—An illustrated editorial review of the month's events which thinking, alert men and women should understand in their proper significance and proportion.

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FOR THE HOLIDAYS. C. SPENCER.

On and after Monday Nov. 19th I will take

1 doz. full form Cabinets for 1.65.

ONE DOZ. BUST CABINETS For \$1.85.

This offer holds good until January 1st.

On less than one dozen regular rates will be charged.

J. MAIER, - - - Photographer.

The Canadian practical Watch maker is now ready with his new stock of

HOLIDAY GOODS,

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles, and notions at prices that defy competition.

Fine Watch

Repairing a specialty.

Watch Cleaned.....75c
Main-spring.....75c
Hair Spring.....75c
24 hour clock cleaned.....50c

All other work neatly done and warranted.

South Main St. Cass City

The First Foot.

BONNIE LASSIE
at the ingests—
The old year is al-
most dead;
Nimble, as by the
blaze she knits,
Her needles throw
off the thread.
The night is cold and
the sky is dark,
And the wind is
wailing so; e;
But 'tis New Year's
and the maid must mark
The first foot to cross the door.

"Rest, Jennie, for the hour is late;
How the wind doth moan and sigh!"
"Mother come knit beside me and wait
Till we see the Old Year die.
My lover true will then come to me,
My love from the Solway shore;
This word he has sent, that his own shall
be
The first foot to cross my door."

"True, Joanie, the old wives say that ill
Or good, for the coming year
Will follow the one who o'er the sill
First steps. But the night is drear—
He can never brave this wind and rain.
So rest, now, and rise before
The day well dawns. When you listen
again
Your first foot may cross the door."

"Knit with me," still the maiden said—
Together they watch and wait;
The cuckoo clock sounds twelve o'clock,
And her lover is at the gate.
"Ah, now," cried Jean, "there's no ill to
fear,
But good luck is for us in store,
Since my lover has braved the night so
drear,
The first to cross our door."

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

A Resolve to Do Better Is a Step in
the Right Direction.

It is true, very possibly, that only
one in a million of these resolutions
ever amounts to anything permanently.
A month, a week, a day, may see the
end of them, and the old sin or delin-
quency or habit may be in the as-
cendant again, sometimes, alas! re-en-
forced and stronger than before, strong-
est to the point of indifference as to
its destruction on the part of him
"breaking his oath and resolution like
a twist of rotten silk."

What is the use? The question rises
in the mind of the owner of the broken
resolution; it can't be helped; the
breaker was made to break; it runs in
the blood; he was given the nature
that experiences temptation; he was
not given the strength to overcome
temptation; you can not change the
spots in the leopard; that is he, if you
want to change him, you want some-
thing other than he, you don't want
him, ancestry is stronger than a desire
to do otherwise; it's of no use. And
thus the trick, the custom, the wholly
undesirable habit, is left to run its
race.

Yet that is but one possibility, and
when this stage of indifference has not
been reached how well it is only to
have made the resolution, whether one
is successful in keeping it or not! Just
as hypocrisy is the tribute which vice
pays to virtue, so the mere making of
the resolution implies the knowledge
of wrong, and of a right exceeding
wrong, and to make a determination to
discard the wrong is already one step
toward embracing the right—is, in
fact, embracing it—is, while being the
resolve, however little way. The re-
solve is the outcome of the best part of
one's nature; the not keeping it is one's
weakness only.—Harper's Bazar.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

A Resolve to Do Better Is a Step in
the Right Direction.

Why Johnny Was Thankful.

Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me
anything you have to be thankful for
in the past year?

Johnny (without hesitation)—Yes, sir.
Teacher—Well, Johnny, what is it?
Johnny—Why, when you broke your
arm you couldn't lick us for two
months.—Life.

New Year's Day in Far Off Japan.

Simple and characteristic outdoor
decorations make a Japanese city or
village beautiful at the New Year
season. One of the most common is the
straw rope. A rope with many wisps
of straw and strips of white paper
hanging therefrom, and other objects,
such as seaweeds, ferns, a lemon
(orange?), a red lobster shell, dried per-
simmons, charcoal, and dried sardines
attached thereto, will be stretched
either between the pine trees or above
the doorway. Each of the articles just
mentioned represents an idea—pine,
bamboo, seaweeds and ferns, being
evergreens, are emblems of constancy;
the straw fringes, according to a
legend often related, are supposed to
exclude evil agencies; "the lobster by
its bent form is indicative of old age or
long life;" the lemon (or orange?) is
called daidai, which word may also
mean "generation [after] generation;"
"the dried persimmons are sweets long
and well preserved; the sardines, from
their always swimming in a swarm, de-
note the wish for a large family;" and
the charcoal is "an imperishable sub-
stance."—Chicago Tribune.

**Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me
anything you have to be thankful for
in the past year?**

Johnny (without hesitation)—Yes, sir.
Teacher—Well, Johnny, what is it?
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Teacher—Well, Johnny, what is it?
Johnny—Why, when you broke your
arm you couldn't lick us for two
months.—Life.



A BACHELOR'S JOYS.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

HAD BEEN LIVING since my birth, fifty-five years ago, in an old-fashioned house, left to me by my father. It contained several apartments, the best of them rented to the family of a schoolmate of mine, who had seen some sad days. A financial crisis had impoverished him, and made it necessary for him to look for less expensive quarters. Being a lonely bachelor, and feeling at home in his family, I invented some trifling excuse for lowering the rent, and thus I kept a friend with me. His wife and daughter seemed overwhelmed with my kindness, showed great feeling, and I had many invitations to take dinner with them. Who would not have been charmed with so much attention from two beautiful ladies! My own apartments were on the third floor. I had cut out two rooms from them, which were rented to two sisters. One was a forewoman in a large establishment, the other a weak, gentle girl, who sewed at home, as I judged from seeing her at her window, always with a needle in her hand.

One day she was gone, but I cared nothing about them. The rent was paid promptly and I had never seen much of them.

New Year's day was drawing near, and, according to my usual custom, I wandered from store to store, in search of something original and costly for my little friend, my schoolmate's daughter! Little? Why, now she was a young lady, 19 years old. Next month she would make her debut, and I must find some pretty jewel to heighten her beauty.



"OH! SIR, WHAT SHALL WE DO?"

I know she is rather vain and super-
ficial, but all young ladies of her age
are more or less vain—and I try to find
some excuse for her. The mother, a so-
phisticated woman, had very little time to
educate the heart of the daughter.
Time will help, I think, as I stop here
and there to admire the exquisite gems
displayed in the show windows to
tempt the buyers. Finally, I see just
what I want—a ring of rubies and dia-
monds. I remember how the girl has
talked about this very ring, with a
longing sigh. How could I have over-
looked the plain hint the innocent child
had given me?

I buy the ring with a childish joy,
and having stored it carefully in my
pocket, I walk out of the shop, to find
myself face to face with the mother and

daughter, who with an enchanting
smile and friendly salute hurry on their
way. I feel like a scholar caught by
his teacher with a cigarette in his
mouth, and I actually put my hand to
my pocket, to hide more effectually the
surprise it contains.

I wander leisurely home, to find the
wife of my janitor in an excited state.
"O, sir, what shall we do?" she
says. "The girl on the third floor is
very ill, and the doctor has just left,
saying that she will not probably live
another week."

"She must be taken to the hospital,"
I answer in a very positive tone. "See
to it at once." I walk upstairs, feel-
ing in a certain measure sorry for the
poor girl. But I soon forget her. She
is only a stranger, and, no doubt, will
be better dead than suffering, and the
hospital is a very good place, so I have
heard.

I now remember my purchase, and,
after locking it again in its velvet
case, I add it in my closet to wait for
the happy New Year's day. Lighting
a cigarette, I sit at my window, dream-
ing of days gone by, when I had
thought of a plain gold ring to adorn
a dear little white hand. I was only
a student then, and full of enthusiasm.
My father's objection cooled my warm
heart, and I soon became an inveterate
bachelor, and a very selfish man—with
only my own pleasure to consider and
no one to care for! But then I had
friends; such good friends, even in my
own house, in whose home there is al-
ways a place for me. Some men are
far less fortunate.

And so I sit and forget even time.
In a week and a half it will be New
Year's. I am invited to my friend's
for the Christmas dinner day after to-
morrow.

The bell rings suddenly and with un-
wonted violence. Who can it be? Rosa,
my old housekeeper—she has been
thirty-seven years with my family—
opens the sitting room door and says:
"Please, sir, a lady wants to see you."

"Let her come in, Rosa." I rise to
meet the visitor. But a flush of an-
noyance comes to my face. It is my
third floor lodger!

"What can I do for you, madam?"

"A great deal, sir. Please, oh please
take back the order to send my sister
to the hospital! I could not go with
her, and it would kill her."

I look at the tall, dignified figure be-
fore me. She stands, because I have
not offered her a seat! Where is my
courtesy? I am ashamed, and I hastily
push an arm chair toward her.

"No, thank you, my sister is ill, and
needs me. I have only come to tell
you that she can not leave the house."
Her tone vexes me, it is so decided.

"I beg your pardon, she must go—
for I do not wish to have a death in
my house, especially not in these days,
when my friends—"

But, heavens! What is that! The
woman reels, and I have barely time
to prevent her from falling to the
ground. What a brute I am! How
could I speak so carelessly about a
death, which would leave her all
alone, and take from her her dearest
and best friend? I should never, never
forgive myself.

Rosa is near at hand, and with her
help I am soon relieved by seeing Miss
Casanova open her eyes again. As
soon as she is able to stand, she says
in a low but cold voice: "I am sorry,
Pardon the trouble I have made you,
sir," and without another word she
walks out like one in a dream, with a
terribly bitter smile on her lips.

I felt so guilty that I stood like a
statue, without a word of apology.
When she was out of sight I
felt vexed at the part I had

played in this tragedy, and to
console myself I went down to my
friend's to talk it over. Just as I was
about to pull their bell, the door was
opened by the maid, who was let-
ting out a messenger with some parcel.
I was such an every-day guest that she
allowed me to step into the parlor, and
went about her own work. This room
was divided from a second one by only
a partition. Hearing voices in the next
room, I concluded that there was some
visitor there, and I sat down, busy with
my own perplexity, and waiting for the
lady of the house. Ten minutes must
have passed when I was recalled to my-
self by the sound of my own name.
I rose involuntarily, but no one came in
and I sat down again, while the voice
went on:

"I am sure I don't mind the harmless
old fool, mamma,—but can't we have
one New Year's dinner without him?
We need another lady, if you insist on
having him, and our dining-room is not
very large."

"But, child," I hear the mother say,
"how can we offend him? He does not
care to have him, but he always sends
such nice presents and flowers. And
then he might raise the rent. Papa says
we must be polite."

"Oh, bother!" says the daughter.
But I hear nothing more; I steal away
like a thief, and close the door gently
behind me, as I return to my bachelor
apartment. How poor, how lonely I
am! My flowers, my presents, buy a
few smiles, a friendly word. It is un-
bearable, the sorrow that has struck
my heart. Since my dear mother's
death, though it is long ago, I have
never felt so lonely and forlorn as now.
I must go out, I must walk, I must see
people. I rush down the stairs, and in
my impetuosity nearly knock down
two men who are coming up.

The janitor's wife directs them up-
stairs, and turning to me she adds:
"The ambulance."

Oh, horrors! The ambulance stands
at the door, and those two men are go-



"WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, MADAM."

ing for the poor girl, according to my
orders. If they reach the door before
I do, the shock of those well-known
uniforms may kill her. I forget my
age and my usually dignified walk,
and hurry upstairs, calling all the
way: "Stop! Wait! Do not go on!" and
I have a sigh of intense relief as one
man turns his head. They wait—I
actually believe with a suspicion that
I am out of my mind, for I hold my hat
in my hand, and must look almost wild
with excitement.

"Please step in here," I say, and I
open my own door.

"Rose, bring two glasses of wine. Sit
down, my good fellows. I am happy
to tell you that the call for the am-
bulance was a mistake. Allow me to pay
you for your trouble, and tell them at
the hospital that it was all a misunder-
standing."

The men accepted my explanation,
thanking me politely, and depart with
a lurking doubt as to my sanity. But
what do I care? The poor girl is safe.
I wonder how she is. Perhaps she
knows of my heartlessness, and dreads
the arrival of the ambulance. Will
Miss Casanova ever forgive me? She
looks so proud, like a queen, more than
like a bread-winner.

"Rosa," I try to look unconcerned,
"how is the sick girl?"

"Shall I inquire?" says the good old
soul, with a glad ring in her voice.
And without waiting for an answer,
she hurries from the room, and I hear
her speak in a subdued voice to some
one outside. She returns to tell me it
is the doctor, who has just gone in to
prescribe for the invalid.

"Tell him to come and see me, Rosa,
when he comes out."

Something has lighted up her dear
old face, and her eyes look kindly into
mine, but she talks little. I am less
lonesome when I look at her, for she
loves her cranky master, I know.

Presently the doctor is ushered into
my library. I find that he is an ac-
quaintance of mine.

"How is the invalid?"

"She has pneumonia, but I am glad
to see a slight change for the better
to-night."

"Thank God!" I say with a profound-
ly sincere accent.

"I did not know you were acquainted
with them."

"Poor girls! I do not know them, but
I am sorry for the poor sufferer!"

"The sufferer, as you call her, is the
least to be pitied. The older one is a
heroine. I knew her in Florence,
when she was still the much-sought
daughter of the rich banker Casanova.
He had a second wife and a little girl
by this second marriage. Do you re-
member her complete ruin? It was
followed by his death. His wife be-
came an invalid from sorrow, and Miss
Casanova, left with two helpless peo-
ple on her hands, sought in vain for
paying work. Florence attracted her,
and she decided to try a place where
no one knew of her former life. She
began at the very beginning, living a
life of sacrifice, but soon reaching a
better position by her industry and in-
telligence. The mother died, blessing
the faithful heart, sure that the de-
licate child left in her sister's care would
be safe. Yes, she has been safe, and I
shall spare no trouble to cure her."

"And these are the women I wanted
to send away!"

I thanked the doctor, and begged
him to let me know if I could do any-
thing for my lodgers. Then, under a
sudden impulse, I confessed to the doc-
tor my heartlessness, and the story of
the ambulance, and how I had deeply
regretted my behavior. Would Miss
Casanova ever forgive me?

The doctor looked almost severe, and
rising he said: "Try and make amends
by leaving the two ladies from this
time unmolested."

He said good-by with much cor-
diality.

The next day a bouquet was brought,
of beautifully fresh cut-roses. It was
intended for my friends down stairs,
but I sent it to Miss Casanova. It
came back with regrets. "The per-
fume might hurt the sick sister."

A proud girl, Miss Casanova. I
never asked after them, but I allowed
Rosa to give me news, which she did
so discreetly that it seemed quite her
own wish to inform me, while I was
really thinking of nothing else all day.
A summons came to me from down-
stairs, but I pleaded a bad cold and ate
my lonely dinner with gusto, to the
high delight of Rosa, who could hardly
believe it to be true.

The invalid became better daily. New
Year's eve arrived, and I heard that all
danger was past, as if it were of a near
and dear relative. Rosa was the bearer
of the good news. Then she confesses
that she has carried the sick young lady
every day some broth, chicken, or
mutton, also beef tea. To-day she has
broiled a little leg of chicken. I listen,
then I jump up.

"And she has not refused?" I break
out. "Not refused? She has accepted,
Rosa?"

"Yes, sir, and to-day, as she has gone
to take some work to the shop, I sat
with the dear, sweet, young lady, in
order that she might not be left alone."

"Oh, you dear good Rosa! Then
you, you have softened the cruelty of
your master?"

"Somehow, I do not care now to be
alone. Of course I send a glass for
my absence from the New Year dinner
of my old friend. I enjoy better eat-
ing by myself!"

A year has gone! Where is the poor,
lonely, tolerated bachelor? Alas, he
is no more!

He sits gravely, a happy husband,
and nods joyfully at Rosa as she an-
nounces dinner.

"Doctor, your arm to Miss Casanova,
and take her in to dinner."

"Miss Casanova" is a dainty, delicate
little damsel, for the other Miss Casanova
is my own sweet wife. She has
forgiven me!

Rosa, all smiles, stands in the door.
I really believe she is as happy as we
are.

As the doctor is to be my brother-in-
law, he has decided to lay down his
arms and be as forgiving as the rest.
My friend downstairs is still there, but
he leaves soon in order to make room
for us. We meet, we bow, we smile
and pass!

No Substitutes

For Royal Baking Powder. The "Royal"
is shown by all tests, official, scientific, and prac-
tical, stronger, purer, and better in every way
than all other Baking Powders. Its superiority
is privately acknowledged by other manufac-
turers, and well known by all dealers.

If some grocers try to sell another baking
powder in place of the "Royal," it is because of
the greater profit. This of itself is good evidence
of the superiority of the "Royal." To give greater
profit the other must be a lower cost powder, and
to cost less it must be made with cheaper and
inferior materials, and thus, though selling for the
same, give less value to the consumer.

LOOK with suspicion upon every attempt to palm off
upon you any baking powder in place of the
"Royal." There is no substitute for the "Royal."

IN BY-GONE DAYS.

Many Roman bracelets had the form
of serpents coiled about the arm.
An onyx seal ring, belonging to an
ancient Athenian, was lately dug up
near Athens.

Blacksmith's tongs and pincers, to-
gether with hammers, have been un-
earthed at Pompeii.

Many pairs of sandals have been
recovered at Pompeii. The soles are
fastened with nails.

Schliemann found at Troy three
silver vases, each six inches high and
beautifully engraved.

Barthen dishes large enough to hold
the carcass of a lamb, were found in
the Pompeian kitchens.

A drum of wood, with one drum-
stick, was not long ago found in a
royal tomb near Thebes.

Have used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil
for croup and colds, and declare it a
positive cure. Contributed by Wm.
Kay, 570 Plymouth Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.

God puts the good man where he needs him
the most.

Stated by H. B. Cochran, druggist,
Lancaster, Pa. Have guaranteed over
300 bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters
for dyspepsia, sour stomach, bilious
attacks, liver and kidney troubles.

Christ was God's idea of what every man
should be.

Fatal neglect is little short of suicide.
The consequences of a neglected cough
are too well known to need repeating.
Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures
a cough promptly. Sold by all dealers
on a guarantee of satisfaction.

Cold is now piped from central stations, like
water or gas.

Sugar Beet Culture in Nebraska.

If you want to know all about it,
the price of suitable land, the cost of
production and the profit there is in it,
write to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger
Agent, C. B. & Q. R. E., Chicago,
Ill.

The love of silver is still making many a man
betray his Lord.

Going to California?

The Burlington route is the only
railway running "personally con-
ducted" excursions to Denver to Colo-
rado Springs, Salt Lake, Ogden, Sacra-
mento, San Francisco, Stockton, Mer-
ced, Fresno, Bakersfield and Los
Angeles at the lowest rates. Pullman
tourist sleeping car through without
change.

Leave Chicago every Wednesday.
Write or call on T. A. Grady, excursion
manager, 211 Clark street, Chicago.

The law kills, but Christ is the resurrection.
Don't forget that your soul may be lost if you
lose your temper.

Butter and Cheese Making Machinery.

Chicago contains the largest manu-
factory in the world for the produc-
tion of butter and cheese making
machinery. The firm is known as the
Davis & Rankin Building and Manu-
facturing Company, at 240 to 254 Lake
street. In the several departments of
its factory are turned out everything
required in the production of butter
and cheese. The farmer can find here,
at insignificant cost, useful devices for
converting his milk into marketable
form, and the community that wishes
to eat a good article of butter, enough
to take care of its entire product is ac-
commodated with equal facility.

Scores of amulets, evidently worn
to keep off evil spirits, have been
found in the ruins of Nineveh.

The Imperial museum of Paris con-
tains over 20,000 stone implements
collected in various parts of France.

The wooden rollers on which the
Egyptians moved their blocks of stone
are to be seen in the Cairo museums.

In Our Great Grandfather's Time.

big bulky pills were in
general use. Like the
"blunderbuss" of
that decade they
were big and clum-
sy, but ineffec-
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tury of enlighten-
ment we have
Dr. Pierce's
Pleasant Pel-
lets, which
cure all liver,
stomach and
bowel derange-
ments in the
most effective
way.

Assist Nature
a little now and then, with a gentle,
cleansing laxative, thereby removing of-
fending matter from the stomach and
bowels, toning up and invigorating the
liver and quickening its tardy action,
and you thereby remove the cause of a
multitude of distressing diseases, such as
headaches, indigestion, or dyspepsia,
biliousness, pimples, blotches, eruptions,
boils, constipation, piles, fistulas and
maladies too numerous to mention.

If people would pay more attention to
properly regulating the action of their
bowels, they would have less fre-
quent occasion to call for their doctor's
services to subdue attacks of dangerous
diseases.

That, of all known agents to accom-
plish this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant
Pellets are unequalled, is proven by the
fact that once used, they are always in
favor. Their secondary effect is to keep
the bowels open and regular, not to fur-
ther constipate, as is the case with other
pills. Hence, their great popularity,
with sufferers from habitual constipation,
piles and indigestion.

A free sample of the "Pellets," (4 to 7
doses) on trial, is mailed to any address,
postpaid, on receipt of name and address
on postal card.

Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDI-
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Playing Cards.**

If you send 15 cents in stamps or coin to JNO.
SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C. R. I. & P.
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sickest pack of playing cards you ever handled.
Beautiful steel engraved Whist Rules accom-
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Cures ST. JACOBS OIL Cures

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,	Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Wounds,	Swellings, Soreness, Headache, Backache,	All Aches, Stiffness, Cuts, Hurts, Frost-bites.
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...WHAT MORE IS NEEDED THAN A PERFECT CURE...

Would you invest \$20 or more? If it is
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Investment Address, for particulars, National
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119 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

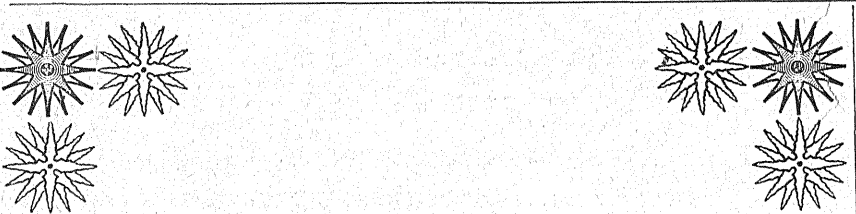
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Successfully Prosecutes Claims
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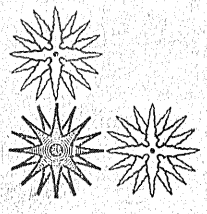
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W. N. U. D.—XII—52.

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Mention This Page.



"You naughty thing! Why did you not get me a Christmas present? I want you to go right down to STEVENSON'S and get me a New Year's present. Why, he is selling some elegant things at cost and many pretty presents away below cost."—Society Lady to her hubby.



Professional Cards.

DR. H. C. EDWARDS, M.D.
GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, with hospital assistant to chairs of Ology and Ophthalmology at University Hospital during 1892. Specialties: EYE, EAR, NOSE, THROAT, CANCERS AND TUMORS. Cancers and Tumors treated by entirely new and advanced methods. No cutting, no blood loss. Cures guaranteed to cases taken. Careful sight examinations made. Glasses and artificial eyes properly fitted and made. Office over postoffice.

I. A. FRITZ,
ENTIST. All work done to the best. It is my aim to make every job of work a blessing to those for whom it is done. My prices are reasonable. No charge for examination. Office over Fritz's drugstore. Not at home on Tuesdays.

A. A. MCKENZIE,
AUCTIONEER, Cass City, Mich. Sales of all kinds promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Sales collected from all points. Terms reasonable. Arrangements can be made at the office of the ENTERPRISE. 63-94.

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AUCTIONEER, Cass City, Mich. Sales of all kinds promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Sales collected from all points. Terms reasonable. Arrangements can be made at the office of the ENTERPRISE.

J. D. BROOKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Reference, Exchange Bank and Cass City Bank. Office in Second story of Exchange Bank block, Cass City, Mich.

Societies.

I. O. F.
COURT ELLKLAND, No. 826, I. O. F., meets on second and fourth Tuesdays of each month at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren are cordially invited.

I. K. REID, C. R.
H. A. PIERCE, REC. SECRETARY.
CASS CITY LODGE, No. 203, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

G. A. STEVENSON, N. G.
GEO. W. SEED, Secretary.
CASS CITY TENT, No. 74, meets the first and third Friday evenings of each month, at 7:30. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited.

P. W. KEATING, Commander.
A. D. GILLIES, Record Keeper.

L. O. L.
CASS CITY LODGE, No. 214, meets on the first Tuesday evening of each month, at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting brothers cordially invited.

P. W. KEATING, W. M.
GEO. W. SEED, Secretary.
H. E. Church—Grant.
REV. JAS. T. GURNEY, Pastor.
GRANTS: Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
DICKINSON: Public worship 2:30 p. m. All are cordially invited.

3-CENT COLUMN.

A NEW match Jersey cow for sale. Enquire of I. K. REID, 1 mile north and 2 1/2 miles west. 12-2-2.

BARGAIN: Small house and lot conveniently located in Cass City. Inquire of J. D. BROOKER.

FOR SALE—Young driving mare, weight 1050 lbs. perfectly sound, kind and gentle. Will give time if wanted. Luling & Jones.

FARM OF 16 ACRES—8 acres with 45 acres improved known as the Doyne farm. 3 1/2 acres Apple. J. C. LAING.

HOUSE for rent. 12-2-2. Inquire of F. MEISER.

WANTED—Parties having hay to sell will give time to their interest to call on me. H. A. M. WEBBER.

REGISTERED Leicester mare for sale at a bargain; also cock stove and heating stove nearly new. W. J. CLOAKLEY.

COME Fine Black Minorca Cockerels also fine breeding pen of S. Wyandottes for sale. S. CHAMPION.

There came into my yard last Sunday 5 sheep and 1 lamb. All have a red mark across the rump. Owner of same is requested to call and pay for feeding and care of same. DANIEL CRONKRIGHT.

HAT snug little house, with 1/4 acre lot and a good stable, just west of railroad track, is for sale, cheap for cash. Inquire at this office.

Cass City Markets.

CASS CITY, Dec. 28, 1894.	
Wheat, No. 1 white	40
Wheat, No. 2 white	38
Wheat, No. 3 red	45
Corn, per bu.	65
Corn Meal, per cwt	1 1/2
Oats, per bu.	28 to 30
Hay, per ton	15 00
Butter, per 100 lbs.	75 00
Feeds, per 100 lbs.	4 50 to 5 10
Grover Seed, per bu.	30 00
Potatoes, per bu.	40 00
Eggs, per doz.	18
Butter, per 100 lbs.	3 25 to 3 50
Beef, live weight	1 50 to 2 00
Mutton, live weight, per lb.	1 1/2
Lamb, live weight	2 1/2
Veal, live weight	2 1/2 to 3 1/2
Poultry—live, per lb.	6 to 7
Chickens—dressed, per lb.	6 00
Chickens—live, per lb.	3 3/4
May, new, pressed	6 00 to 7 00

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

What to give and where to get it is the great question now to decide and I want to help you decide it by inviting you to see my large line of useful articles, such as

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The most popular works in Fiction, Poems, Story Books, 12 mos in cloth covers, 20c, 3 for 50c; in paper covers, 10c, 3 for 25c; Illustrated Books, Webster's Unabridged Dictionaries with the holders, a fine line of

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Perfumes, Games and many other articles suitable for nice presents.

Sheet Celluloid Crape Tissue.

All at prices to suit the times. Be sure and give me a call before purchasing.

T. H. Fritz, - Pharmacist.

KINGSTON.

G. T. Soper is spending a few days at Port Huron.

A. E. Wilber spent Christmas with Kingston friends.

Wanda, youngest daughter of E. A. Randall, is on the sick list.

A brother of Mrs. L. O. Warner is visiting Kingston Friends.

Mrs. H. C. Pelton is spending a few days with friends at Lapeer.

Mrs. L. A. Maynard is spending the holidays with relatives at Elsie.

Wilson Mitchell and wife spent Christmas with friends at Tuscola.

James Van Wagner and family went to Oxford Monday to spend Christmas.

Will and Frank VanVagner put down a well for G. E. Hopps last week.

R. V. Manley spent Christmas with his son-in-law, Rev. Bacon, of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Payne are visiting their daughter at Parma, who is quite sick.

The Christmas exercises at both of the churches here passed off very pleasantly.

Geo. Meidlein and his youngest daughter started Monday morning for Leslie to spend Christmas.

School closed Friday for the holiday vacation. So far as we can hear Prin. Purly has given excellent satisfaction.

The school entertainment on Saturday evening was pronounced a success by those who attended. Receipts about \$15.

Jerry Jacoby held the lucky number on the big stick of candy given away by the Misses Doyle & Deitz on Christmas eve.

Who says Kingston is not booming when nearly every business place is compelled to keep open on holidays in order to supply the needs of suffering mankind.

Dr. Bates made a trip to Canada Thursday and returned Saturday evening. Evidently the Dr. has got so in the habit of making short calls that he does not stay long even when visiting relatives.

Fred Meidlein has returned from his western trip having stayed less than a month. We supposed when he went he was a going to stay all winter. Guess Old Michigan is about as good as any of them.

Mr. and Mrs. Powell have moved into part of the house with old Mr. Matthews, John Matthews and wife having moved into the Baptist parsonage. This may be a little late but we did not learn of it in time for last week's items.

The way of our fair village has not been strewn with roses during its short existence. We understand the village is taking steps toward passing a new set of ordinances with the intentions of having them in such shape they can be enforced.

L. A. Maynard intended spending Christmas with his folks at Elsie but missed the train in Saginaw Monday evening, came back the next morning and well has no wife to cook his meals now, but lives in hopes of her returning soon.—Jan. 2nd.

Miss Mable Blinn was thrown from a buggy Christmas eve, near the railroad at Kingston and was quite badly hurt. She was taken to Mr. Sawyer's that evening and in the morning removed to her home. The accident we are told was caused by a line breaking or becoming unfastened.

Once more the merry wedding bells have sounded in our midst and in the field of this place, and Miss Hattie Irwin, of Wilmet, are the happy parties. The marriage ceremony was performed on Christmas morning by our genial P. M. at the home of Andy Cook. Mr. and Mrs. Canfield left soon after the ceremony was performed for Wilmet.

That death is no respecter of persons or time was again illustrated this week. Mrs. Heman, a daughter of J. B. Curtis, died very suddenly Monday morning at her home near Cass River. The funeral was held Tuesday at eleven o'clock. Mrs. Irwin in the morning in apparent good health, and shortly after to her husband, she was not feeling well and he helped her to the bed where she expired in a few moments.

According to reports we have heard today it must have been well circulated that the village ordinances were N. G. for we are told that drunks, rowdies and rowdism was well represented here Monday evening. It is to be hoped that the village will soon be able to stop some of this. Those who believe some laws are passed, but never to be enforced should be reminded that such is not the case. We believe the law should be enforced or repealed in every case and the ones voting for the same are the ones to see that they are enforced and not wait for some outside party to do so.

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From life. Forty eight of them, each 5 x 7 inches and gems of art, making altogether the grandest calendar in the world. ONLY TEN CENTS for the collection. Don't wait until all are sold. Send order at once to The American Engraving Company, 300 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Subscribe for the ENTERPRISE.

MAILED.

DOERR-MARTIN—At the residence of the bride's parents, near Bethel church, on Tuesday, Dec. 26th, by Rev. S. C. Anderson, John Doerr, to Miss Annie Martin.

LESLIE-WHITE—At the residence of the bride's parents, near Shabbona, on Wednesday, Dec. 19th, by Rev. Jas. W. Fenn, Peter A. Leslie, to Miss Jennie White.

GAGETOWN.

Teskey & Son, county surveyors, of Wilmet, were in town Monday on business.

Miss May Brown has been visiting with Miss Francis Ogle, of Caseville, this week.

H. A. Gifford has commenced taking stock and has made a change in his office desk which improves the looks of things very much.

The drama, "The Yankee Detective" by local talent at Echo Hall, Friday evening last was well played to a good sized audience and each played his part so well that we have no special mention to make aside from the fact that little Hattie Wilkinson was encoored after she sang "My Brother, O my Brother" and after being called out she sang, "Over the Silver Sea." Hattie is destined to be quite a star.

The Ladies of the Maccabees of this place have chosen the following named persons to rule over them the coming year—Lady Com. Mrs. J. W. Bingham; Lieut. Lady Com. Mrs. Dr. Lyman; Record Keeper, Mrs. T. J. Finkle; Finance Keeper, Miss Etta Armstrong; Chap. Mrs. R. Armstrong; Physician, Dr. Lyman; Sergeant, Mr. R. Burden; Mistress at Arms, Miss L. Dompier; Sentinel, Mrs. Haggert; Picket, Mrs. A. S. Palmer; Past Lady Com. Mrs. H. J. Comstock; Installing Officer, Miss Jennie Nelson.

BROOKFIELD.

The entertainment given in the Presbyterian church on Christmas evening by the officers and pupils of the Sabbath school assisted by our best musical talent was a very pleasant affair.

The program opened by an address of welcome by Albert McAllister followed by a choir-song, "Ring ye Bells." At the close of this song—by the Superintendent, "May I request every head to bow." Three little girls knelt on the front of the platform and with uplifted eyes and folded hands repeated the Lord's prayer. Then followed recitations by Miss Bella Taylor, Miss Jennie Crawford, Miss Alice McArthur, Edna Rock, Roy Chisholm, Albert McAllister, in a pleasant manner that pleased the audience, and a dialogue by the young people, "Building the Ladder." The characters were well portrayed and the performance was truly grand. The choir sang, "The Wondrous Cross," "Saint Nicholas," in his fur coat, by his first place in a large arm chair and "Father Time" followed with a dialogue,—"The beautiful story of Jesus," which was carried out very successfully, most all the pupils taking part in it. After this came the distribution of the presents. The Christmas tree glowing under its precious load, was soon stripped of its beauty, its fruit making glad the hearts of young and old. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity and thus passed off one of the most pleasant and successful entertainments ever held in Brookfield.

CEREMONIAL MANNERS IN JAPAN.

Etiquette Has Become Second Nature In the Land of the Mikado.

Given a highly imitative race like the Japanese, and let one undeviating standard be set before them. Then generation after generation will not change by witnessed. The standard will act like that of the French academy on the language of France. Now, at home, in America, we have 50 standards of manners—the reserved and reticent New England manners, the slap you on the back western manners, the demagogue's cutters, the drummer's manners, the man and dried business man's manners—these and dozens of others might be specified. And it must be admitted by even the most patriotic that the man who should try to model his deportment on all these schools at once would come to a somewhat mixed result.

Nothing of this bewildering complexity has ever existed in Japan. From mikado at the top to cooly at the bottom of the social scale one undeviating standard has always prevailed. Originally an importation from China, it has been elaborated through centuries of study of the most elaborate ceremonial etiquette till at last through constant practice it has become second nature. No one ever saw anything else, ever dreamed of anything else.

There was one way of saluting a superior, one of saluting an equal, one of saluting an inferior, and one's head would have been off had he departed from it. No Japanese child ever saw a drummer—saw only prostrate artisans saluting samurai, samurai saluting daimios, daimios saluting shoguns. The whole ceremonial became organized into them as much as their instinctive habits into our setters and pointers, perhaps the best mannered of our population.

Little girls of 10 will one see here whose finish of breeding would have awakened the envy of a duchess at the court of Louis XIV at Versailles. Female servants one will encounter at a dinner in the house of a Japanese gentleman whose grace, charm and dignity are the quintessence of ladylike refinement. "Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle." The simple fact is that the young woman of 20 has been doing the thing for a thousand years.—Christian Register.

A resident of England, who has been three times married, wedded a woman who had been three times a widow. Children were born in all cases, so that children of seven different parentages live under the same roof.

HURON COUNTY.

From Bad Axe Democrat.

This afternoon a man named Henry Winger from near Popple came to Drs. Deady & Jackman's office seeking medical advice. From the symptoms which he described Dr. Jackman judged that he was suffering with Bright's disease.

He according seated him in the operating chair and proceeded to make an urinary examination. He had been in the chair only a few moments when he suddenly collapsed and expired before anything could be done to aid him.

Justice Watkins was at once notified and as we go to press an inquest is in progress.

An accident happened John Nobleski, a farmer living in the southern part of Sigel township, on Saturday afternoon last, which resulted in his death almost instantly. It seems he was engaged in binding a load of straw upon his wagon which stood upon the barn floor, when the pole broke and he fell or was thrown to the floor, striking on a block of wood, breaking his back between the shoulder blades. Coroner Corcoran in company with Dr. Hooper, of Uby, visited the place Sunday morning and upon investigation decided it was unnecessary to hold an inquest.

Sheriff Buchanan is looking for a man named Chester Tibbets, alias Jack Wilson who is wanted for committing a rape on a little twelve year old girl in Brookfield township. The crime was committed last week and before a complaint was made and a warrant issued he had skipped. He is described as being 33 years of age, height about 5 ft. 8 inches, weight about 150 pounds, slightly stooped shouldered, light complexioned and light brown hair. He shaved his whiskers and moustache off about two weeks ago. He has two or three bald spots on his head and usually wears his hair long to cover them. Dresses shabby. All officers and good citizens should use every effort to apprehend and bring the perpetrator of this dastardly crime to justice. If discovered, arrest and wire all communications to Duncan Buchanan, Sheriff.

A very sad and distressing accident occurred on Tuesday at the residence of Henry Datoe in Colfax township. Mr. Datoe had been engaged in clearing and logging a piece of land near the house and just before supper set fire to one of the heaps. While the family were eating supper their little three-year old daughter left the table and went out doors. After Mrs. Datoe had finished eating her supper she went out doors to look for the child and was horrified to discover the little one playing near the fire with her clothes in flames. She at once flew to the assistance of her child and throwing her skirts around the little one endeavored to smother the flames. After several minutes of hard work she succeeded in quenching the flames but not until the little one had been so seriously burned that she only lived about three hours. Mrs. Datoe was seriously burned herself and is completely prostrated by the shock.

NEW YEAR'S BALL.

A General Invitation is extended to yourself and ladies to attend a New Year's Ball, Tuesday, Jan. 1st, 1895, in the Tennant House Rink, Cass City. Bill: Dance, 75c; Supper, 50c. Hostly free to ticket holders.

S. CHAMPION, MANAGER.

READY FOR CHRISTMAS AT FAIRWEATHER'S.

I have the largest stock of Candy, Nuts, Oranges and fruits of all kinds to select from in the city. Also Oysters in bulk or can. Fresh crackers always on hand from 5c. lb. up. Remember I am as cheap as the cheapest in everything in the line of Groceries, Fruits, Vegetables and Confectionary. Give me a call and be convinced. Farm produce bought and sold. Goods delivered promptly.

H. B. Fairweather.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the payment of money due on and secured by a mortgage, dated the 4th day of December 1888 made and executed by Harvey Weaver, (an unmarried man) to E. L. Finney, and recorded in the Register of Deeds for Tuscola county, Michigan, on the 7th day of December, 1888, in Liber 53 of Mortgages, on the 18th day of March, 1894, at ten o'clock in the afternoon, said mortgage premises are to be sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house in the village of Caro, county of Tuscola, and state of Michigan, on the 18th day of March, 1894, at ten o'clock in the afternoon. Said mortgage premises are described in said mortgage as follows, to wit: The north-east quarter of section 15, township 14 north range eleven east, containing 30 acres according to the Government survey, and being in the township of Elk and county of Tuscola, Michigan. Said premises will be sold as aforesaid to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage, the costs of foreclosure and the interest that may accrue hereon between the date of this notice and the day of sale above mentioned. Dated, December 20th, 1894. J. D. BROOKER, Assignee of Mortgage. E. L. FINNEY, Mortgagee.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the payment of money due on and secured by a mortgage, dated the 18th day of March, 1894, made and executed by Harvey C. Weaver, (an unmarried man) to E. L. Finney, and recorded in the Register of Deeds for Tuscola county, Michigan, on the 18th day of March, 1894, at ten o'clock in the afternoon, said mortgage premises are to be sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house in the village of Caro, county of Tuscola, and state of Michigan (that being the place of holding the court for said county) on the 18th day of March, 1894, at ten o'clock in the afternoon. Said mortgage premises are described in said mortgage as follows, to wit: The north-east quarter of section 28 township number 14 north range 11 east, containing 160 acres according to the Government survey, and being in the township of Elk and county of Tuscola, Michigan. Said premises will be sold as aforesaid to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage, the costs of foreclosure and the interest that may accrue hereon between the date of this notice and the day of sale above mentioned. Dated, December 20th, 1894. J. D. BROOKER, Assignee of Mortgage. E. L. FINNEY, Mortgagee.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the payment of money due on and secured by a certain mortgage, bearing date the 28th day of December, 1891, made and executed by Mary L. Parks and Leonard R. Parks, to Orrin K. James, and recorded in the Register of Deeds office for the county of Tuscola, Michigan, on the 24th day of December, 1891, in Liber 11 of mortgages, on page 557, and on the 24th day of December, 1891, at ten o'clock in the afternoon, said mortgage premises are to be sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house in the village of Caro, county of Tuscola, Michigan, on the 24th day of March, 1894, at ten o'clock in the afternoon. Said mortgage premises are described in said mortgage as follows, to wit: The west half of the north-east quarter and the north-east quarter of section five township number 12 north range 11 east, containing one hundred and eleven and seventy-eighth hundredths acres, according to the Government survey, being the township of Kingston in Tuscola county, Michigan. Said premises will be sold as aforesaid to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage, the costs of foreclosure and the interest that may accrue hereon between the date of this notice and the day of sale above mentioned. Dated, December 20, 1894. J. D. BROOKER, Assignee of Mortgage. CURTIS W. McPHAIL, Assignee of Mortgage. 12-24-94.

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Combine to make this Department of as much value and interest as most of the Special Family Papers.

Questions answered on Law, Medicine, Veterinary and other topics free.

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8 20	8 45	7 45	Detroit	9 20	8 40
8 50	9 15	8 15	Ann Arbor	9 30	8 50
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