

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.

H. 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 sweet and true. 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 Caseville 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 Leo 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 Columbia 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 Duffalo on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Fritz spent Xmas with Dentist 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 Marietta, 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 Caseville 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. Berny 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 40 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 L. 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. Fern, 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 cargo 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. Anyone 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. Holler 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; F. K., Geo. Seod; Chaplain, J. P. Hani; 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. Zimicker.

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 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.

BEFORD.

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's 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 S 1/4 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.

MERITANT 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 scheme in France by 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 canal boats along 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; 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 to the Vultures—Christianity and Zoroasterism 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 wise men from the east to Jerusalem."

These wise men were the Parsees or the so-called fire worshippers, 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 most learned and genial of their people on ship board from Bombay to Brindisi.

The Bible of the Parsees, or fire worshippers as they are inaccurately called, is the Zend-Avesta, a collection of the strangest 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, but 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 for 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 worshipping 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 heathen 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, to 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 inner row for the children. The lifeless bodies are left exposed as far down as the waist. As soon as the employes retire from the Tower of Silence, the witnesses, 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. 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.

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 tremulously cross, to the wide open gate 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" of the Parsees 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. Parseesim, 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 Parseesim, 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 clam is commonly taken for an example of all that is unprogressive, but he is by no means a stationary creature. Every year the clam side 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 a 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 files 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 fortunate, 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. "Catherine collarettes" of chiffon or mousseline de soie with long floating erds are tasteful adjuncts for house L. weeks 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.

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"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 buccanering or corsair. In 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 time the commercial nations of the old world began to police these Western seas, and then to 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 sea, 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 cause 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 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 award:

"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 reservoir 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 British might with an 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 sciences; 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."

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

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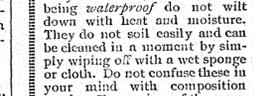
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The Railroad Man, The Clergyman, The Business Man, and all other men who have to look neat while at work, should know about "CELLULOID" COLLARS AND COFFERS. They look exactly like linen, wear well and do not wrinkle. Do not wilt down with heat and 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 them with cheap goods, your mind with composition goods. Every piece of the genuine is stamped like this:



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 which, whether stand-up or turned-down collar is wanted. THE CELLULOID COMPANY, 427-29 Broadway, New York.

Your Watch Insured Free.

A perfect insurance against theft or accident is the now famous Non-pull-out

BOW, the only bow (ring) which cannot be pulled or wrenched from the case. Can only be had on cases containing this trade mark.

Keystone Watch Case Company, of Philadelphia, the oldest, largest, and most complete Watch Case factory in the world—1500 employees; 2000 Watch Cases daily.

One of its products is the celebrated Jas. Boss Filled Watch Cases which are just as good as solid cases, and cost about one half less. Sold by all jewelers, without extra charge for Non-pull-out bow. The manufacturers will send you a watch case open free.

CARSON & EALY

Scrofula in the Neck

Is dangerous, disagreeable and tenacious, but Hood's Sarsaparilla, as a thorough blood purifier, cures this and all other forms of scrofula. "I had a bunch on the side of my neck as large as a hen's egg. I was advised to have it cut out, but would not consent. A friend suggested that I take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I am glad to say that I did, and soon the bunch, Entirely Disappeared. I can truly praise Hood's Sarsaparilla. I know it is an excellent medicine. I have recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla highly in the past, and shall continue to do so." Mrs. ELLA BILLINGS, Red Cloud, Neb.

Hood's Cures

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills; assist digestion, prevent constipation.

WORLD'S FAIR HIGHEST AWARD

IMPERIAL GRANUM

"SUPERIOR NUTRITION - THE LIFE" "THE GREAT MEDICAL FOOD"

Has justly acquired the reputation of being The Salvator of Invalids and The Aged.

CHILDREN

A superior nutritive in continued Fevers, And a reliable remedial agent in all instances of enteric diseases; often in whose digestive organs overabundant such a low and sensitive condition that the IMPERIAL GRANUM was the only nourishment the stomach would tolerate when LIFE seemed depending on its retention. - And as a FOOD it would be difficult to conceive of anything more palatable. Sold by DRUGGISTS, Shipping Dept., JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

NEVER FAILS

Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co. 167 Dearborn St., Chicago.

CATARRH

ELLY'S CREAM BALM opens and cleanses the nasal passages, relieves pain and inflammation, restores the secretions of the mucous membrane, restores the sense of taste and relieves the head. It is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once. A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents. Druggists or by mail, ELLY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

LINEEN

The "LINEEN" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and, being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. They fit well, wear well and look well. Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents. A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs for Five Cents. Name, style and size. Address REV. J. H. BAKER, 27 Franklin St., Boston.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES. On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS in Europe and America.

"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT.

BEST IN MARKET. BEST IN WEARING QUALITY. The outer top sole extends the whole length of the boot, protecting the foot in digging and in other hard work. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM and don't get put off with inferior goods. COLCHESTER RUBBER CO.

REPUBLIC BATTLE HYMN.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord. He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He has loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword. His truth goes marching on. I have seen him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps. They have built him an altar in the evening dews and damps. I can read his riotous sentences by the dim and flaring lamps. His day is marching on. I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel. "As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal: Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel. Since God is marching on." He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat. He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat. Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubilant my feet! Our God is marching on. In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea. With a glory that has passed the岁月的 veil, and the sun and moon and stars. He did to make men holy, let us die to make men free. While God is marching on.

Lady Latimer's Escape.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME. CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

"How fair it is!" she said. Do you know, Audrey, the one dream of my life when I was a child, was to live somewhere near a river, or great fountain or the sea. My home—it was the first time she had ever mentioned it to me—"my home was in the Midland, the green heart of the land, and I longed to live near water all my life. If there is one thing that I love in this world more than another it is that—the sound of falling water. I think it is the sweetest and most musical of all sounds." We stood side by side for some minutes watching the falling spray. Suddenly she raised her beautiful face to mine. "Audrey," she said, "is life worth living? I can not make it out. There are times when it seems to me full of interest; and again, I wonder that people care to live. Do you know what has occurred to me this morning?" "No," I answered, for I could not follow her thoughts. "I am quite sure," she continued, "that I have missed something in my life. I cannot tell what it is. I have missed something that others have what it is? It is the want of it, the desire of it, the longing for it that oppresses me." I knew what the thing she missed in her life was. It was love—but I did not say so to her. "It seems to me," she continued, "that even the birds and the flowers, and the butterflies have this something which I miss."

CHAPTER V.

Lady Latimer was very attentive to her husband; she never omitted any of the duties he expected from her; she answered his letters; she saw that all his papers were cut and prepared for him to read; she was solicitous if he seemed ill; she was solicitous if he was impatient or angry; which happened very frequently; but she never used any loving words to him, and would sooner have thought of flying than of kissing him. They were not even on such affectionate terms as father and daughter, or uncle and niece, and I soon saw that it was want of interest in her life—want of love—that made her sad and thoughtful, tired and wearied, when she ought to have been blithe and gay. It so happened that among the guests staying that July at Lorton's was Lord and Lady Felton, two young people lately married and very much in love with each other still. Lord Felton was deeply in love with his pretty wife; and it was pleasant to see his devotion to her, and her smiling, blushing acceptance of it. I saw that Lady Latimer watched these two incessantly; I saw even the color of her face change when Lord Felton took his wife for a moonlight stroll, when he brought her flowers, when he spoke to her in a caressing tone of voice, when he looked at her as though he thought her the loveliest woman in the world; and when Lady Latimer would grow pale and sigh, and the shadow of great weariness would come over her face, and the shadow in her eyes would tell that something was missing in her life. One morning—a lovely July morning—when to live and to breathe was a luxury in itself, the whole party had gone out together to look at some wonderful Gloire de Dijon roses; they were roses brought to the very highest point of perfection. I remember the groups round the tree discussing them. Lord Felton gathered one and gave it to his wife. "The sweetest rose to the sweetest

UNCLE FRANK'S BEAR HUNT.

"So you think you would like to go bear-hunting with me, do you? Well, well!"

Uncle Frank struck a match, and between puffs of his cigar, as he lighted it, looked quizzically at little Frank. "Yes, indeed!" exclaimed little Frank, who was not so little at all, being thirteen and "nearly half-past," as little Margery said. He pressed closer to Uncle Frank and looked eagerly into his face. "I've heard you tell such lots of stories about bear-hunting, Uncle Frank, and I'm sure you were not so much older than I the first time you went bear-hunting with Uncle Will—your Uncle Will."

OLD BILL TOLD LOTS OF STORIES.

"I was a great deal too young to have patience and knowledge enough to watch for game. To know how to fire off a gun isn't everything."

"No, I know. But I've learned lots about the bear's habits, in school—about where he lives and how he feels, and how he prowls about at night, and all that."

BIRDS AND LIGHTNING.

The question has lately been asked in England whether birds are ever killed on the wing by lightning. Several observers have answered it in the affirmative by recalling instances in which they have actually seen birds thus killed. Doubtless there have been instances to which we are not alluded, but it is not protected from lightning by virtue of its being separated from contact with the earth. But even the mere shock caused by the passage of a lightning stroke through the air near it might be sufficient to kill a bird without any actual electrical contact. How great such a shock is in many cases, every one knows who can recall the crashing sound of a near-by thunderbolt. Some observers assert that birds are peculiarly sensitive to the approach of a thunder-storm, and almost invariably seek early shelter from it, as if fully aware of the peril of remaining upon the wing when there is lightning in the air. But for this exhibition of caution the number of birds killed by lightning would probably be far greater than it is. It would be interesting to know whether birds possess and instinctive knowledge of the danger of perching in tall, exposed trees in the open field during a thunder-storm. A correspondent of the "Companion" has the impression that they are in the habit of congregating in the forest undergrowth and in the shrubbery on such occasions. This might be mainly due, however, to a desire to find shelter from the rain. —Youth's Companion.

A DOG AS LADY'S PAGE.

A new use for the domestic terrier. In South Kensington one day last week (writes a correspondent) I was struck by the manner in which a lady had evidently trained her dog. The streets were dirty. The lady had a parcel in one hand, an umbrella in the other. Her dress, although that women call a short one, would have touched the mud had it not been held up. And it was to this she had trained her Irish terrier. Trotting along on one side, just a pace behind her, he held the trail of her well made gown in his teeth as carefully and as daintily as a retriever carries a game. Never once did the dog allow the dress to touch the ground. It was evidently a daily task carried out to the joint satisfaction of lady and terrier. An enterprising dog dealer might obtain large prices for dogs thus educated to act as my lady's page.—St. James Gazette.

A POPULAR ACTRESS.

Fraulein Alice, the popular actress of Berlin, thus announces her coming marriage: "To all my friends and acquaintances: I desire herewith to make known that I am about to appear in a new character which I have never yet performed. The drama is called 'Marriage' ('Die Ehe'). The part of the hero by Herr Hans one could induce them to adopt European dress now while the styles are so comfortable."

THE PIZNY CATS OF SAMOA.

The Samoan islands are the natural habitat of the most diminutive species of variety of the genus bos now known to the naturalist. The average weight of the males of these lilliputian cattle seldom exceeds 100 pounds, the average being not greater than 150 pounds. The females usually average about 100 pounds larger, and are very 'stocky' built, seldom being taller than a merino sheep. The dwarf cattle are nearly all of the same color—reddish mouse color, marked with white. They have very large heads as compared with their bodies, and their horns are of exceptional length.

A CITY HORSE SCARED TO DEATH.

A dealer in horses recently took to Clyde, N. Y., a lot of horses that had been in use on a New York street railroad. E. H. Cady purchased one. He was driving it home when a traction engine, which horses native to Clyde do not notice any more than they would a sheep, met them in the road. The city horse stopped, looked wildly at the strange thing for a moment, gave a shudder and fell dead in its tracks.

IN THE FIRST CHURCH.

In summer the vicar of Kirk Braden, Isle of Man, holds morning service in the churchyard instead of the church. The beautiful scenery, with the foreground of tombstones and curiously carved granite crosses and the brilliant dresses of the visitors who drive over from Douglas make a picturesque spectacle and attract many worshippers who would otherwise not go to church.

A SERVANT WHO KNEW HER PLACE.

"Did you tell her I was out?" "Yes, sir."

"WHAT DID SHE SAY?"

"What, sez she, 'Do you say that on yer own responsibility or on the responsibility of yer mistress?' and I said on my mistress, for sure I'd not me wud be doing anything on my own responsibility."

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"WHAT DID SHE SAY?"

COMES FROM JAPAN.

MRS. CHIKA SAKURAI WANTS HER COUNTRY REFORMED.

Believes That the Christian Religion Is the Best Means of So Doing, But Has Little Faith in the Ability of Our Foreign Missionaries.

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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!

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 Childrens'

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.

G. W. KEMP & Co., Sebawaing.

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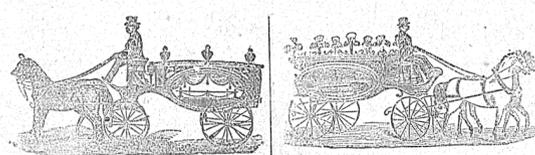
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Of All Kinds.

H. S. WICKWARE.

Best Equipped Blacksmith Shop in the Thumb.

A. A. McKENZIE,



UNDERTAKER & FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

A complete stock of Coffins, Caskets, and Undertaker's supplies on hand. Two Horses 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 plaster of Paris which obstructs the capillary action of the blood vessels and causes the circulation of the blood to be slow 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 five 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, 35c, strictly in advance.

Business locals, 5c. per line first insertion. Cards of Thanks, 25c. each. Resolutions of Condolence, Etc., 10c. 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 Gageton, 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 Gageton.

WEST GIANT.

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 bustling shoeman has moved his shop to Rescued.

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.

Everybody away Tuesday, some to a wedding and some to a funeral.

Mr. and Mrs. A. McGinnou 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. Manly 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.

WEEKLY 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. McMorman, 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 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. Laene 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 its correspondents.

School Report.

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

Number of days taught.....19
Number days attendance.....40
Average daily attendance.....33
Number of pupils enrolled during year.....48

Pupils who were present every day were: Annie Sheufelt, Nana and Allen Kerr, Arthur Cooley, Frank and Edith Finkle, Ella and Lovica Brackenbury, Claude Brackenbury, John Nephi, Amos 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 Lovica 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—
Small farmers remember
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 die 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, carefree way,
There's a living for great and for small:
Though some are so slack
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.....70
No. of pupils enrolled first day.....70
Total days attendance.....2746
Average daily attendance.....36 5-8
No. of cases of tardiness.....62
No. visits by school board.....40

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

Those not absent more than two days were:—Edwin and 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.....\$1.00
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 P. 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 affected. 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. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by T. H. Fritz.

Buckner's Arnica Salve
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."

MRS. HARRY E. STARR, Pottsville, Pa.
Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at \$1.00 bottles for \$5.00, or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhardt, Ind.

W. L. DOUGLAS'S \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING. And other specialties for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys and Misses are the Best in the World. See descriptive advertisement which appears in this paper. Take no Substitute. Insist on having W. L. DOUGLAS'S SHOES, with name and price stamped on bottom. Sold by J. D. CROSSBY.

DEVLIN'S BUSINESS COLLEGE BAY CITY, MICH.
There are many just as good, but none better. Our terms are lower though. Send for catalogue.

The Evening News,

"The Great Daily of Michigan."

The Associated Press and many smaller news gathering agencies, a thousand active correspondents, a large force of city and special reporters, careful and capable editors, thoughtful editorial writers, special contributors and artists, work unceasingly day after day to produce "The Great Daily of Michigan," to say nothing of the hundreds engaged in the printing, mailing, and distribution of over 60,000 papers every day, throughout the State.

Visit the Press Room of the News when in Detroit.

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\$1.25 FOR 3 MONTHS BY MAIL.
Agencies in every village, town and city in the State of Michigan.

65 SHELBY STREET, DETROIT.

MY NEW STOCK OF DRY GOODS

Consists of

- 50 Woolen Fascinators from 25c to 1.00
- 20 pair ladies woolen mitts from 25c to 1.00
- 100 pair Men's woolen mitts 25c to 1.00
- 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 fleeced lined underwear from 45c to 1.00
- Ladies' woolen shawls from 1.00 to 6.00
- Ladies' Beaver shawls from 2.00 to 7.00
- Mens' mufflers at all prices.
- Mens' mackintoshes from 2.50 to 10.00
- Mens' water proof Duck coats from 2.00 to 3.50
- 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
- 40 pair of bed blankets from 50c to 4.00

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.

STOVE DEPT.

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

3 STORY BRICK.

J. L. HITCHCOCK.

SCOURS THE SEAS!

This is what the Noble Ship does.

Scours the Clothes

THAT IS WHAT

ATLAS SOAP

does. One Trial Convinces. Lasts Longest. Costs Less, Does Best Work. PRIZES FOR WRAPPERS.

HENRY PASSOLT, Manufacturer, SAGINAW, MICH.

For Bargains In

Sash Doors, Blinds, Frames, Washing Machines, Moldings, Ironing Boards, Brackets and

GENERAL PLANING MILL WORK.

GO TO

LONDON, ENO & KEATING,

MILL NEAR THE P. O. & N. DEPOT.

Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron R. R. MILLINERY!

In Effect November 18th, 1894.		Standard Time.	
Southwest.	STATIONS.	Northeast.	
P. M. 10:00 A. M.	Saginaw, E. S.	8:15 A. M.	A. M.
12:15 10:15	Rescue	8:45 10:15	
12:37 10:37	Fairgrove	9:07 10:37	
12:59 10:59	Alton	9:29 10:59	
1:21 11:21	Unionville	9:51 11:21	
1:43 11:43	Sebewaing	10:13 11:43	
2:05 12:05	Bay Port	10:35 12:05	
2:27 12:27	DETROIT	10:57 12:27	
2:49 12:49	Eligon	11:19 12:49	
3:11 1:11	Elkton	11:41 1:11	
3:33 1:33	Grassmere	12:03 1:33	
3:55 1:55	Dep. Bad Axe	12:25 1:55	
4:17 2:17		12:47 2:17	

CONNECTIONS.

At Saginaw—With E. & P. M. for Detroit and Toledo, Bay City, Ludington, and Manistee. With D. L. & N. for St. Louis, Alma and Grand Rapids. With H. C. for Owosso, Lansing, Jackson and Chicago and with G. S. & M. for Lansing and Chicago.

At Rescued—With M. C. for Bay City, Lapeer and Detroit.

At Eligon—With P. O. & N. for Caseville, Cass City, Pontiac and Detroit.

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FRANKLIN HOUSE

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It is well before leaving home, whether for business or pleasure, to decide upon a hotel and thereby avoid confusion. When you visit Detroit we would be pleased to have you stop at the Franklin House. It is a first class hotel and a clean bed as modern as any. The house has been renovated from top to bottom, and is now in first class condition.

H. H. JAMES, Proprietor.

Meals, 25c. Lodging, 50c. Per Day, \$1.50.

JOYFUL GREETING

OUR HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT

1894. 1895. T. J. Nichol

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



SNOW-BOUND

It 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.

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

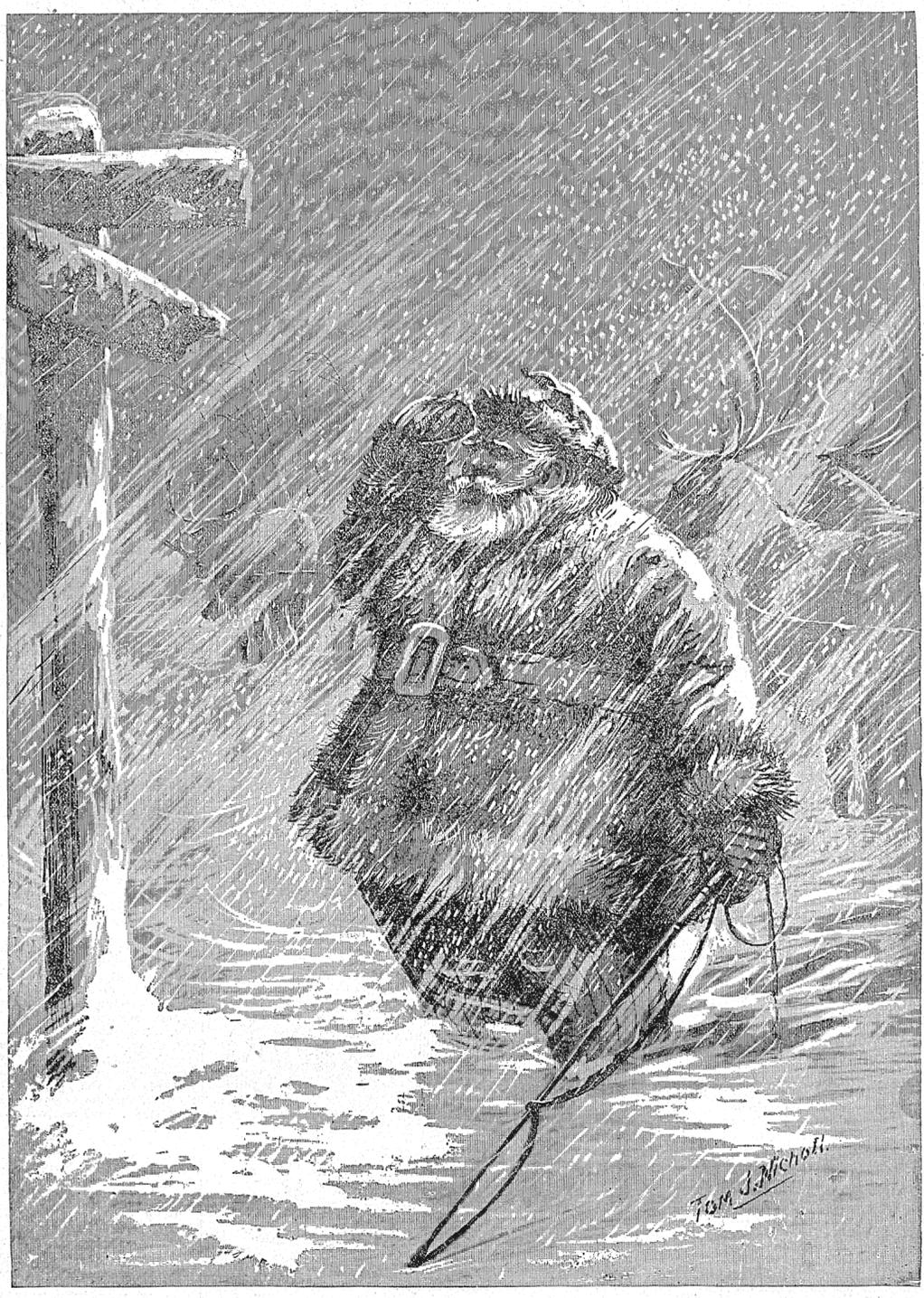


A MEMORY

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 while she sings of that blest Babe,
"In meaneest 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. Grimth, in N. Y. Observer.



SNOW-BOUND.

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.

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: "Whatever 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.

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.

A TAX on incomes: Christmas.—Philadelphia Record.

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.



WHAT YOU WOULD DO. ALL the presents in the world. The wealth of the Christmas cheer.

WHAT HAPPENED LAST CHRISTMAS.



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.

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.

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.

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.

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!"

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.

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.

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.

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."

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



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."



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.

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."

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.

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-foner?"

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.

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 the emelves into an acquiescent pout, we are not obliged to go poking around in a savage graveyards to find out "why we kiss under the mistletoe!"

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.

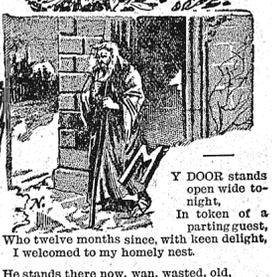
Christmas Giving. You know, and I know, that to thousands of us Christmas has become a season of the year the coming of which we actually dread. Years ago our forefathers looked to it with delight. They thought of it months before. We do, too, only in a different spirit.

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.

Guile. 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.

THE PASSING YEAR.



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.

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."



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

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 a-coming Home to mother and to me.

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. 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.

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.



TWINS

HERE'S such a lot that Santa Claus Must "lend to" when he's bringin' 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 terr'ble 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 t'pote 'round the bed, and say: "What have we here? Ah, twins!" —Outlook.



CHIPS 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 fives 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', er 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

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



"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 crisp 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 biscuits 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.

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.

"Thought mebbe you might want a errun' run som'ers," 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' ever'thing?"

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—y' 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 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 afloat 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.

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.

CHRISTMAS AT THE OLD PLACE.



THEY SAT beside the flickering fire, and in its ruddy gleams, they 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 kissed—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 flickering 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.

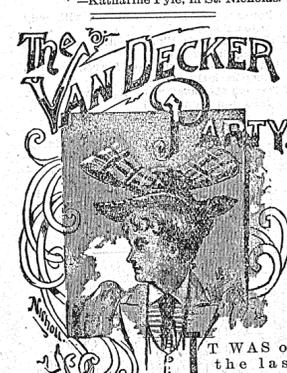


Santa Claus—Take me up to the roof, boy. I tried to get there in my usual way, but it was no use—my team isn't equal to it—Puck.

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.



THE VAN DECKER PARTY. 'T WAS on the last evening of '92 that the Van Decker girls gave their leap-year party.

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?"

"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, else there wouldn't be any poor children going around asking for cakes."

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

"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

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.

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!"

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.

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.

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.

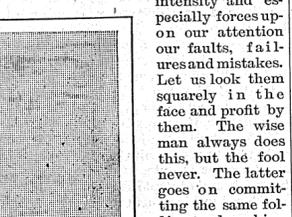
Some New Year Advice. Don't wait for the wagon while the walking is good. Don't grieve over spilt milk while there's one cow left in the pasture. Don't say the world is growing worse when you are doing nothing to make it better.

Encouraging. "Grace," he began, 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.

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 downtown and ordered a diamond bracelet.—Detroit Tribune.

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.

THE OLD YEAR.



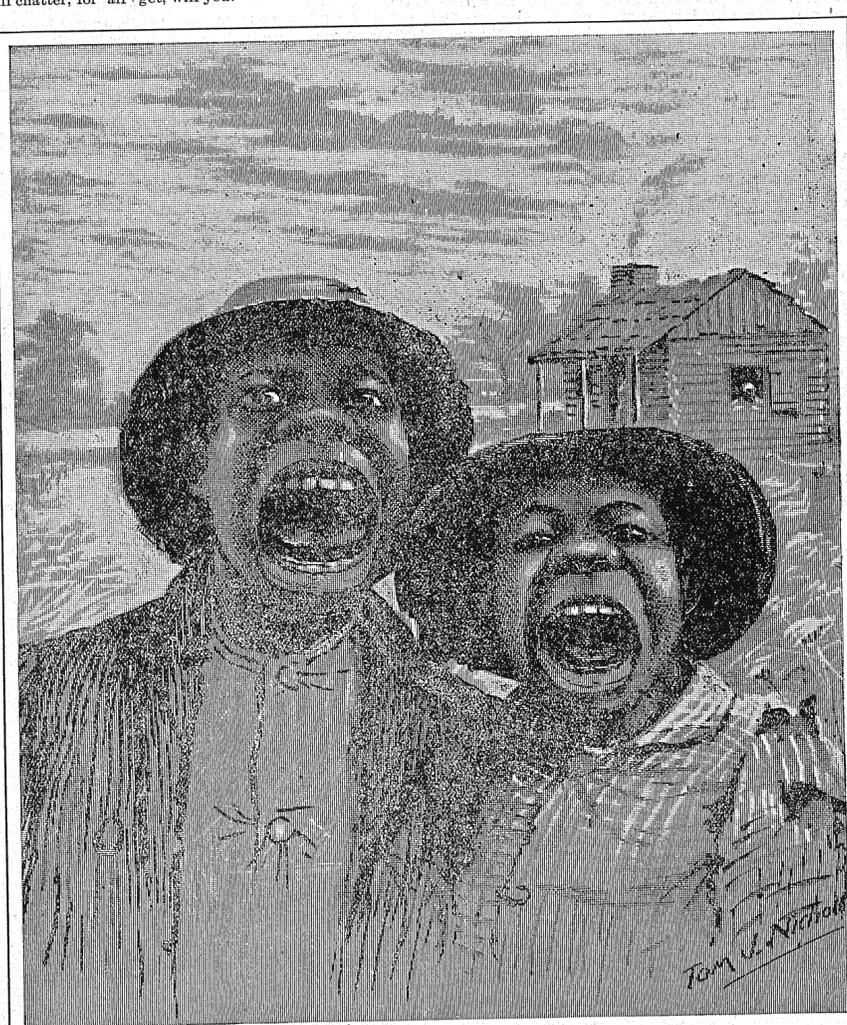
IF ALL the old year's days could speak— Just think of it awhile— Would their report bring bitter tears, Or the sunshine of a smile? Ah! could they speak from week to week Of honest work well done, Of well-used powers in study hours, Of fairness in the fun?

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.

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."

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

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.



"Ya-ah-ha-ha! Crismus Gif!" 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

understand the letters that I write to him when I don't know how to write. "Ho!" jeered Mollie. "That's easy enough. Santy Claus can read scribblin' as well as writin'!"—Harper's Bazar.

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."

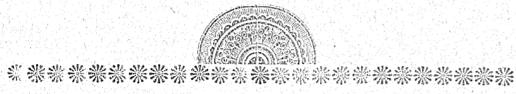
Each girl escorted her charge.



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.

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. 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. 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.



Great Clothing Sale!

—OF—

McDOUGALL,

THE CLOTHIER

STILL CONTINUES.



DON'T MISS THIS SALE



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 value ever offered.
Agents make from \$5 to \$50 per day. One in a residence means a sale to all the neighbors. Fine instruments, no 10% work anywhere, any distance. Complete, ready for use when shipped. Can be put up by any one. Payment of order as required. 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.

We 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.

A WICKED WAG.

Sending an Annoying Letter to Well Known Washington Women.

Some lunatic 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 letter reads, "North American Lecturer Barren, 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 the distinguished but martyred statesman of Kentucky, Hon. W. C. P. 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 patriots, one representative lady from each principal city constituting that board. Your name has been suggested for the city of Washington, and unless you hear from me to the contrary by the morning of the 25th inst. it will be printed as a member of the board. I have heard on all the programmes and show bills throughout the country. I leave 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 tiny 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 usually 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 0.72 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. A city of a whole 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 country. 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.

Some 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 article.

"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, trustfully 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 bifftack," 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 'bifftack' 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 sappers 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 case of domestic contention was revealed in a Philadelphia police court the other day when Jacob Marmelak was charged by his wife with threatening her life. When she had finished, Magistrate Polo 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 mice," and Jacob wiggled nastily. "The question of mice 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. Marmelak, 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.—Syracuse (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

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Edited by ALBERT SHAW

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FOR THE HOLIDAYS, G. 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. MATHER, - - - 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
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All other work neatly done and warranted.

South Main St. Cass City

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.

STATE NEWS NOTES.

A CHAPTER OF THE DOINGS OF MICHIGANDERS.

State Live Stock Breeders' Convention at Lansing—The Government Park at Mackinac Island Will Not Be Sold—A Priest Falls—Briefs.

Michigan Live Stock Breeders. The fourth annual meeting of the Michigan Association of Breeders of Improved Live Stock was held at Lansing, and the meeting was attended by about 75 members.

Mackinac Island Park Will Not Be Sold. Washington: Senator McMillan is now satisfied that neither the house nor senate committees will act favorably on Secretary of War Lamont's recommendation for selling the government park at Mackinac Island.

A Priest Violates His Holy Orders. Rev. Fr. Dupasquier, of Garden, Delta county, is wanted for the alleged seduction of Eva Chaquette, aged 14. The girl's parents have issued a warrant for the arrest of the priest, who skipped.

Lost a Leg. Charles Slater attempted to board a westbound train at Lapeer and was struck by the wheels which passed over one leg below the knee.

MICHIGAN HAPPENINGS.

Berrien county wants to be made a judicial circuit by itself. The Saginaw V. M. C. A. has bought a site for a new building.

Virtie Herrick, aged 12, was killed in a runaway accident at Freeport. Mrs. Jay Hazen, of Novi, was seriously injured near Northville by being thrown from her carriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bennett, of Port Huron, are \$40,000 ahead by the death of a relative in England. Wm. Sharkey, working on Howlett's farm, near Pontiac, was kicked in the abdomen by a horse. He cannot live.

During the past year the river at Detroit has claimed 41 victims, 13 less than last year and one less than in 1892. Ludwig Granzo, who came down with small-pox at Royal Oak, is dead. Granzo was 74 years old. This is the second death in his family.

John Ellis, aged 70, was thrown from a load of cornstalks at Monroe and had the muscles torn from his back bone, and he may die. Burglars climbed around Marshal Eldred's residence at Monroe, entered Dan Dural's saloon and stole about \$300 in money, cigars and whisky.

Charles Dohm, 18 years of age, was struck by a falling limb and was injured so badly that he died. His father was killed in the same way five years ago. Charles Zein, a lad arrested on a charge of assault and battery, escaped from the county jail at Negaunee. He got out through a ventilator leading from the corridor to the basement.

The Swiss council of state has granted the concession asked for to build a railroad up the Jungfrau mountain. The capital has been subscribed in America and in England. An attempt was made to ditch a D. L. & N. train. Several spikes and ties were removed two miles north of Ithaca. The engine and baggage car left the rails, but no one was injured.

Mathias Zeigler, a farmer near Northville was instantly killed by a falling limb from a tree his father was cutting down, crushing his skull. The young man captured the villain unassisted, loaded him into his wagon and landed him in jail. Hems is 40 years old and has a family. Some heartless wretch attempted a wholesale poisoning of live stock on George D. Brennenstul's farm, near Ionia, by putting Paris green in the spring where the stock was watered. Two or three animals died and traces of the poison were easily detected in the drinking place.

Grand Rapids gave a swell charity ball, 200 couples attending.

The small-pox epidemic is at an end at St. Johns. The city had twelve deaths this month and there are now no cases in the city.

A. G. VanHees, of Zeeland, has been elected president of the South Ottawa and West Allegan agricultural society. Hiram Wright, one of the founders of Boyne Falls, and a veteran who drew \$72 per month pension for blindness, is dead.

Diphtheria continues to thrive in West Bay City. There have been three deaths this month and there are now 10 cases in the city. Charles Swanson fell under the wheels in jumping off a moving car at Tustin. His right arm was cut off at the elbow. He may not survive.

Hon. W. R. Burt says that there is no truth in the report that the C. S. & M. railroad is to pass under the management of the Ann Arbor road. Seven unoccupied buildings have recently been burned at Alma. Citizens fear the fire bug will soon turn his attention to more valuable buildings.

The trustees of St. Johns will ask the legislature for a city charter. St. Johns has a population of 3,500 and of 250 villages in the state only three are larger. Jessie Pratt, 75 years of age, of Lansing, was very despondent since the death of his wife and he took a large quantity of gum opium with fatal results.

A. McMillan, retiring commander of U. S. Grant post G. A. R., of Bay City, has been appointed aide-de-camp on the staff of the commander-in-chief, Thomas G. Lawler.

In the Michigan supreme court issues were framed for a jury to pass upon the case brought by the state to collect from Bay County \$131,000 back taxes claimed to be unpaid.

George Randall, foreman of the car repairers at the Grand Rapids & Indiana yard, fell from the top of a coach into a pit filled with dead steam. He was fatally sealed. Joseph Atzenhoffer, for 15 years Michigan Central car inspector at Jackson, became suddenly violently insane and attacked his wife and daughter threatening them both.

The Methodists of Lapeer thought they could remodel their old church, but have decided that they will put \$8,000 on a new structure. It has also been decided to secure a new site. Bell Wardell, aged four years, was badly burned while playing around a bonfire at Diamond. His uncle, Chuck Darling, was also severely burned while trying to rescue the child.

Mrs. Julius Gunther, of St. Clair, was seriously injured at Port Huron. Her horse became frightened at a passing load of hay and ran away. She was thrown out and her left arm was broken.

The ladies of Port Austin have an improvement society which devotes its entire time to improving the appearance of the town. Their latest benevolence is the stringing up of a lot of lamps about the town. The Kirby-Carpenter lumber company has contracted with the St. Paul railroad people to haul 8,000,000 feet of logs from Ontonagon county to Menominee. This is all timber scorched by the fires last summer.

The annual reunion of the old Third Michigan infantry was held at Grand Rapids with a large attendance. Ben J. Dural was elected president, George E. Judd, secretary, and Fred Shriver, treasurer.

The ladies of Port Huron worked for charity by issuing the Port Huron Times, and from extra advertising and street sales of the paper netted \$700 in one day. They issued an 18-page paper, furnishing all the matter in it.

The supervisors of Eaton county by a vote of 19 to 2 decided that the petition for the resubmission of local option were either faulty or fraudulent and refused to call an election. There was talk of prosecuting those who made false affidavits in the matter. John S. Monteith died at his home in Martin township, Allegan county, on October 31 last. Poisoning was suspected, and the body has been dissected and the stomach, liver and kidneys sent to Ann Arbor for analysis. Monteith was rich and leaves a widow.

South Haven voted on the question of bonding the city for \$10,000 for an electric light plant instead of renting of someone else, as now. There was a small majority in favor of bonding, but the charter requires a two-thirds majority. It will doubtless be tried again. Wm. Wickwire, who was recently shot by a masked man at his home near Climax, has identified Michael Callahan as the man he quarrelled with. Callahan was shot by Wickwire on that day, and also swore that he never talked with Wickwire.

While Miner Collins was standing by the shaft in the sawmill of Eugene Allen, at Paw Paw, his overcoat caught and commenced to wind him up, and before the mill could be stopped it tore all his clothing off except one boot and sock and part of his undershirt sleeve and terribly bruised his body. He died in great distress. While the Michigan Central train from the north was running nearly 40 miles an hour between Oakley and Tustin, the train was being taken from West Branch to Ionia to serve a four-years' sentence, threw himself from an open window and nearly escaped, receiving no injuries excepting those caused by the glass in the window. When the train was finally stopped he was nearly a mile away, but was finally overtaken.

Early in the session of the state legislature the members from Jackson county will present a bill requiring the state to return its convicts to the place where they were convicted, and not to turn them loose at the door of the prison at the expiration of their respective sentences. While this law will be urged in behalf of Jackson it also applies to the House of Correction in Detroit, the prisons at Marquette and Ionia and the industrial schools as well. The city of Jackson has suffered serious annoyance, expense and financial loss from the present practice during many years, and it is growing more unbearable every day.

Northport will soon have a new shingle mill which will turn out 1,000,000 shingles for the spring trade.

Jacob Harder, aged 65, a well-to-do farmer, fell dead on the streets of Adrian while blanketing his team.

The University base ball team next season promises to be a corker. They will go into training shortly after the holidays. An electric railroad between Charlevoix and Grand Ledge is one of the possibilities. It will carry passengers and freight.

Samuel Holford, 81 years old, took out a license at the Jackson county clerk's office and subsequently was united in marriage with Hulda Ann Tate, aged 58. Mr. Holford lives at Napoleon. Dennis DeBaker, of Muskegon, went to Grand Rapids last week. It was the first time in 32 years he had been outside of Muskegon county and for 20 years he has lived within the city limits. He is 56 years old.

Fire started in the law office of Geo. D. Barden, at Lake Odessa, and before it could be controlled it burned the bank, postoffice and four other business places. The loss is \$8,000, partially covered by insurance. The La Grange mill dam above Dowagiac went out releasing 600 acres of water. The flood did little damage to the town, but the loss of the dam owner, P. D. Beckwith, is large.

Lumbermen are greatly discouraged on account of lack of snow. The Manistee Lumber company have 5,000,000 feet on skids and were obliged to let most of them melt. Other companies will be obliged to follow suit unless snow comes soon. Judge Padgham, of Allegan, does not take kindly to the arrest of the sheriff and deputies of that county for alleged interference with a United States officer. He calls it a contempt of court and has ordered the prosecuting attorney to investigate the affair fully.

The T. A. A. & N. M. railway company has purchased a branch of the D. L. & N. between Alma and Ithaca, a party of surveyors is at work mapping out a new line through Alma. When the connections are made it will be used as the main line of the Ann Arbor, and will shorten the road about four miles.

Sadie Mitchell purchased a can of kerosene at Lansing, but was given a can of gasoline by the grocer. When she attempted to light a lamp filled with the stuff an explosion took place, in which the girl had her hands badly burned. Her sister Ada threw a blanket about her and extinguished the flames.

John Schuster, a farmer living 10 miles from Detroit, was overcome by smoke and burned to death while trying to rescue his cows from a burning barn. His body was a black, charred mass. His wife, Mrs. Schuster, was a fairly well-to-do German farmer, about 58 years old. He had lived on the same farm 25 years.

A report comes from Bay City to the effect that the new owners of the D. B. C. & A. railroad, which runs from Alcona to Alpena, will expend the road for many miles north of the city of West Bay City, and will also push it north to Cheboygan. It will thus become a strong rival of the Michigan Central for northern tourist business.

Mr. and Mrs. James Clisbe celebrated their golden anniversary of their wedding at Quincy. Mr. Clisbe is the oldest pioneer in the country and has been married 60 years. His wife has lived half a century with his third wife. The family consists of eight children, 20 grandchildren and several great grandchildren. The family has never suffered a death.

While Austin Potts, of Galesburg, was sawing raddles for a thrashing machine, a spark from the engine ignited the straw roof of a temporary structure used as a stable and almost instantly the entire building was in flames. Fearing he would lose his home, Mr. Potts rushed into the flames to stop the manufacture of fuel for the head and hands. The horses were burned to death.

The furniture manufacturers of the state held a session at Grand Rapids, with about 20 in attendance to discuss ways of means to secure desired legislation to stop the manufacture of furniture in the prisons. A committee was appointed to outline a plan of campaign: George H. Hummer, Holland; D. M. Estey, Owosso; George A. Davis, Grand Rapids; George E. Wasey, Detroit; E. W. Wait, Sturgis.

The question of permanent headquarters for the Michigan department G. A. R. is now being discussed, and will in all probability come before the next encampment for action. The two points favored are Lansing and the Soldiers' Home at Grand Rapids. Adj.-Gen. Bennett would make not only the headquarters permanent, but the office of assistant adjutant-general a permanent one during good behavior.

Superintendent of Public Instruction Pattengill says there are in Michigan 677,676 children of school age, with 45,598 enrolled. Number of pupils in select schools 41,717. There are 16,305 teachers employed, of which 13,005 are women. The total wages paid is given at \$3,758,905.56. Male teachers are paid an average of \$48.80, while women are paid but \$34.30. There are 7,900 school houses in the state, worth nearly \$16,000,000.

The ministerial association at Saginaw declares saloons and houses of ill-fame are run in open violation of the law and demands that the law be enforced; that police commissioners do their duty; that Chief of Police Kato be removed and a man take his place who will enforce the law, and that actions against saloons and dive keepers be commenced within seven days under penalty of action being taken to present evidence to Gov. Rich.

Edward Rose, wife murderer, was found guilty of murder in the second degree at Urbana, O., and immediately sentenced for life. Rose killed his wife, Sunday, July 2. A dispatch from Kiobe, Japan, says that the Korean government has announced that the Chinese will be allowed to reside only in the treaty ports of Corea.

The Portuguese government has decided to construct a navy, and with this object in view the sum of £120,000 yearly will be provided for 20 years. United States builders may tender.

NEWS OF ALL KINDS.

EVENTS OF GENERAL INTEREST AND IMPORTANCE.

Turkish Troops Burn and Pillage 34 Villages in Armenia and Commit Awful Cruelties and Kill Men, Women and Children—English Consul Arrested.

More Massacres in Armenia. Berlin: The Cologne Gazette published a letter from Armenia telling of fresh horrors there, including 23 villages laid in ashes, 11 other villages pillaged and 40 priests massacred. Four Turkish garrisons, altogether about 60,000 men, were sent against the Armenians. The attack began on August 18. The Turks were repulsed at first. The massacres began September 5. Those Armenians who submitted unconditionally were bound to stakes and then their limbs were cut off with saws. In other cases the victims were disemboweled and their eyes gouged out. Children were thrown into burning oil and women were tortured and burned to death. The troops plundered and burned the churches. Among those who fell victims to the savagery of the soldiers were 40 priests, who were brutally massacred.

The British consul at Erzerum was prevented from going to the scenes of the atrocities on the ground that he was not safe for an Armenian, he being an Armenian, to approach the places where the troubles had occurred. This did not deter him from making an attempt to learn the truth, but as he was trying to approach one of the devastated villages he was arrested.

New York's Rotten Police System.

New York: The extent of the corruption in the police force of America's largest city was shown when Capt. M. C. Schmittberger, in command of the "Fenderlin" district, told his story on the witness stand to the Lexow investigation committee. His tale in substance was that the entire police system, with the exception of Supt. Byrnes and a few others, was putrescent, that blackmail, intimidation, extortion, bribery and corruption existed everywhere. His charges implicated Inspectors Williams and McAvoy, ex-Inspector Steers, Police Commissioners James B. Martin and John C. Sheehan, Captains Price, Gastlin and Martin, ex-Captain Joseph Kearney, the Wardmen Dunlop, Robert Vail and James Gannon. He testified that a man looking to promotion had to depend upon his "political pull" rather than his record. Appointments were made for cash only, one captain paying \$15,000 for his commission. The captain's salaries and perquisites were about \$1,000 per month.

New K. of P. Organized.

About 25 delegates, representing as many lodges of Knights of Pythias, met at Buffalo and formed the "Improved Order of Knights of Pythias." The convention was held at Buffalo, N. Y., and was held at the Hotel Hamilton. The convention elected officers: Past supreme commander, Charles H. Klee, New York; supreme commander, Geo. Seidensticker, Indiana; supreme vice-commander, Conrad Kromer, New York; supreme scribe, William Brakhaugen, District of Columbia; supreme recording and corresponding scribe, Oscar Schloemann, Michigan; supreme treasurer, F. W. Rossberg, New York; supreme sergeant-at-arms, Oscar Breden, Michigan.

Coal Miners Controversy in Ohio.

The finding of the board of arbitration appointed to close the Massillon, O., mining controversy, is a complete victory for the operators. The board presents an unanimous report abolishing the heretofore existing differential of 15 cents and placing Massillon district on the same basis as the Hocking valley 90 cents. The verdict has excited the great excitement of the miners, who confidently expected at least 65 cents, as they had been offered that price as a compromise before the submission of the question to the board of arbitration. The board of arbitration will not return to work, notwithstanding the decision of the board of arbitration.

Murderous Thieving Tramps in Ohio.

David Moffatt and Will Giles, of Clyde, O., are victims of a gang of tramps, who had possession of a box car on a Lake Shore train. Moffatt, who had been spending the evening with a young lady at Fremont, started to return to his home on the freight car, but the tramps, who were shot. He was stripped of his suit of clothes and shoes, a diamond ring and pin and a sum of money taken, and he was thrown from the moving train. When near Norwalk the tramps attempted to rob Giles, who was a brakeman on the train. He resisted and was shot down. He is in a precarious condition.

G. A. R. National Encampment.

The executive council of the G. A. R. at its meeting at Louisville, Ky., decided that the twenty-ninth encampment of the G. A. R. would be held there during the week beginning Sept. 8. The dedication of the Chattanooga battlefield occurs Sept. 10 and many of those who go to the encampment will wish to attend the dedication also and can combine the trips.

While temporarily insane from an attack of the grip Jacob Kosdach, of Cincinnati, walked to the center of the suspension bridge, leaped into the Ohio river and was drowned.

Louis Shink, a Dayton, O., German, aged 50, while family, being out of work, crawled into the attic at home and shot himself dead, but was not found until after a long search. He held a revolver in his hand.

The epidemic of malignant diphtheria which raged at Ashtabula, O., so fatally, has been brought under control. Several apparently hopeless cases were treated with the anti-toxine remedy and the result was very gratifying. Out of half a dozen cases treated with the new remedy all but one are recovering.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.—Fourteenth day—Another resolution providing for union with Canada was introduced by Mr. Gallinger, of New Hampshire, who stated that he would do anything in his power at any time to further the consummation of such union.

Mr. Sprague delivered a speech in his proposition for a rule to close debate, which was listened to with close attention by many Senators. Mr. Turpie continued his denunciation of the Nicaragua canal bill, stating that it appeared to him to have every indication of a gorgeous bubble in urgent necessity bill, appropriating \$200,000 for public printing and binding, was passed.

Mr. Sprague immediately after the passage of the bill, moved that the committee on the Carlsberg currency bill, in charge of the opposition to the measure, give notice that at the proper time he would offer a substitute. Mr. Sprague delivered the opening speech in favor of the bill. He declared that the committee had given the subject the most careful consideration. It had carefully examined the recommendations of the President and the secretary of the treasury, had called before it some of the ablest financiers in the country, and the result had been the presentation of the pending bill as a measure of financial reform. It was a compromise and as such was not perfect. He said that the committee then proceeded to detail at length the scheme of the bill, reviewing much of the ground which has already been reviewed. While Mr. Sprague was discussing the provision looking to the cancellation of the currency notes of the legal tenders, emphasizing the necessity for this by pointing out that the treasury had issued \$100,000,000 of currency notes to issue bonds to protect the redemption. Mr. Cannon (Rep., Ill.) asked whether it was not true that the \$100,000,000 of currency notes had been issued in reality been used to pay the currency notes. Mr. Sprague replied: "There is nothing in this bill on that subject," responded Mr. Sprague. Mr. Sprague gave notice that he would offer sundry amendments looking to the perfection of the bill. Mr. Cannon (Rep., Ill.) asked whether it was not true that the \$100,000,000 of currency notes had been issued in reality been used to pay the currency notes. Mr. Sprague replied: "There is nothing in this bill on that subject," responded Mr. Sprague. Mr. Sprague gave notice that he would offer sundry amendments looking to the perfection of the bill. Mr. Cannon (Rep., Ill.) asked whether it was not true that the \$100,000,000 of currency notes had been issued in reality been used to pay the currency notes. Mr. Sprague replied: "There is nothing in this bill on that subject," responded Mr. Sprague.

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Washington: Minister Denby cabled the state department that the Chinese government has appointed two peace commissioners, Chang Yin Huan and Shao, who will proceed at once on their mission from Peking to the Japanese capital. Both stand high in Chinese authority. There is some speculation as to whether an armistice will be declared pending consummation of a treaty of peace. Such a course is usual in the case of wars between civilized countries, but there is reason to believe that the Japanese are indisposed to trust the Chinese as the smallest degree of such matters as the amount of the war indemnity to be paid by the defeated country, the guarantee of the independence of Korea, the occupation of Port Arthur and the island of Formosa, have heretofore been left untouched for the discussion of the peace commissioners, and the sole efforts of the United States ministers have been directed to bringing the principals together to discuss terms of peace.

THE MARKETS.

Toledo. Wheat, No 2 red \$ 44 1/2 @ 44 3/4 Corn, No 2 mixed 35 @ 35 1/2 Oats, No 2 white 33 @ 33 1/2 Buffalo. Cattle—mixed shipments 2 85 @ 4 25 Sheep 2 60 @ 2 60 Lambs 3 20 @ 3 45 Hogs, common and rough 4 30 @ 4 35 Cleveland. Cattle, best grades 4 25 @ 4 75 Lower grades 3 25 @ 3 85 Hogs 2 25 @ 2 85 Sheep and lambs 1 25 @ 3 40 Wheat, No 2 red 63 1/2 @ 64 1/2 Corn, No 2 mixed 32 1/2 @ 33 1/2 Oats, No 2 white 31 1/2 @ 32 1/2 Pittsburgh. Cattle 3 75 @ 5 25 Lower grades 4 00 @ 4 15 Sheep and lambs 2 00 @ 3 80 Hogs 3 25 @ 3 40 Corn, No 2 47 @ 47 1/2 Oats, No 2 white 31 1/2 @ 32 1/2 New York. Cattle, good to choice 3 15 @ 4 75 Lower grades 2 25 @ 3 85 Sheep, good to choice 2 00 @ 3 35 Hogs 3 50 @ 4 40 Wheat, No 2 red 63 1/2 @ 64 1/2 Corn, No 2 47 @ 47 1/2 Oats, No 2 white 31 1/2 @ 32 1/2 Chicago. Cattle, best steers 3 75 @ 5 00 Common 2 25 @ 3 65 Sheep 2 00 @ 3 50 Lambs 2 25 @ 4 00 Wheat, No 2 red 63 1/2 @ 64 1/2 Corn, No 2 47 @ 47 1/2 Oats, No 2 white 31 1/2 @ 32 1/2 Mess Pork per barrel 11 05 @ 11 75 Lard, per cwt 6 75 @ 6 80

WEEKLY REVIEW OF TRADE.

NEW YORK.—Dan's weekly trade review says: But for the large exports of gold and uncertainty about the financial legislation, the indication would be more encouraging. Some increase is seen in orders given to manufacturing works, though the force actually at work diminishes. The holiday trade was rather poor at most points, partly owing to mild weather. There is distinctly more confidence shown about the future demand for industrial products, though prices are not better. Money continues to accumulate in New York City and there is no enlargement in the legitimate demand for commercial loans, though some offerings are apparently to be prepared for larger settlements, have excited remark. Prices of agricultural products do not improve. Larger orders for manufactured products have appeared, and yet, except in boots, copper and lower grades of shoes, prices are downward. The failures for the past week were 349 in the United States, against 344 last year, and 29 in Canada, against 154 last year.

NEW YORK.—Hradstreet's review says: The volume of general trade continues small as the month closes. Usually the distribution of weather continues to check the distribution of coal, heavy clothing, shoes and rubber goods in the northern, south and through the central and western states. Improvement in prices is recorded in only a few leading lines—wheat, copper and lower grades of shoes, which have long sold at depressed figures. There are several important staples in boots, copper and lower grades of shoes, which have long sold at depressed figures. There are several important staples in boots, copper and lower grades of shoes, which have long sold at depressed figures.

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THE HOTTEST BATTLE YET.

Japanese Defeat the Chinese Only After Fierce Hand-to-Hand Fighting.

Yokohama: Gen. Vasura (Japanese) attacked Gen. Lung's position seven miles west of Hai Cheng. The position was defended by 10,000 Chinese, who were routed after four assaults. The Japanese force consisted of four regiments of infantry and five batteries of artillery. The fighting was stubborn, the combatants meeting hand-to-hand. The fight was the fiercest that has yet taken place. The Chinese loss is estimated at 400 killed or wounded. The Japanese also suffered severely. London: A dispatch from Kiobe, Japan, says that thousands of Tonghaks defeated the Korean garrison of 300 soldiers at Chhalado, and then burned their houses. The inhabitants of the town fled. It is reported that a number of Chinese were among the Tonghaks. A Japanese paper gives a summary of the losses of the Japanese and Chinese armies up to Nov. 2, exclusive of the battles at Fung Wang Chang, Kin Chan, Talianwan and at Port Arthur. This shows that the Japanese lost about 350 killed 835 wounded, while the Chinese lost 400 killed and 4,500 wounded and 500 of them were made captives. The Japanese have also taken 235 cannon, other arms, 43,000,000 cartridges, besides enough ammunition to last a month. The Chinese lost 20,000 rifles, 3,400 tents, 1,000 horses, 3,000,000 taels worth of gold and silver, 11,705 Amie coins, 2,413 Koku of rice, 5,755 Koku of unhulled rice, and in addition sufficient food to last an army of 20,000 men three days. The Chinese have lost 13 vessels, a torpedo boat, five men-of-war and one of their war vessels captured, which makes a total tonnage of 9,850 tons. The number killed and wounded on the Japanese side at Port Arthur is estimated at over 400, while that of the enemy is estimated at 9,000.

China Sends Peace Envoys to Japan. Washington: Minister Denby cabled the state department that the Chinese government has appointed two peace commissioners, Chang Yin Huan and Shao, who will proceed at once on their mission from Peking to the Japanese capital. Both stand high in Chinese authority. There is some speculation as to whether an armistice will be declared pending consummation of a treaty of peace. Such a course is usual in the case of wars between civilized countries, but there is reason to believe that the Japanese are indisposed to trust the Chinese as the smallest degree of such matters as the amount of the war indemnity to be paid by the defeated country, the guarantee of the independence of Korea, the occupation of Port Arthur and the island of Formosa, have heretofore been left untouched for the discussion of the peace commissioners, and the sole efforts of the United States ministers have been directed to bringing the principals together to discuss terms of peace.

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RANDOM NOTES.

New York city has approved \$100,000 for public baths for next summer. The number of post-offices in the United States increased last year from 68,403 to 68,805. Soldiers in the United States army lose on an average twenty-one days every year from illness. Bangs have practically disappeared in Boston, whence, of course, comes the announcement that the belle now wears her brow decolete. William Anderson lately climbed the flag pole of the Manhattan Life insurance company's building in New York, a distance of 470 feet from the pavement.

The First Foot.

BONNIE LASSIE at the inglets— The old year is almost dead; Nimbly, as by the bias she knits, Her needles throw off the thread. The night is cold and the sky is dark, And the wind is wailing so; 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 wait before, The day will dawn. 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'erhead, 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 delinquency or habit may be in the ascendant again, sometimes, alas! reformed and stronger than before, strong almost 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 something other than he, you don't want him, necessity 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 resolve is the outcome of the best part of one's nature; the not keeping it is one's weakness only.—Harper's Bazar.

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 prawns, 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, denote the wish for a large family;" and the charcoal is "an imperishable substance."—Chicago Tribune.



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 off 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.

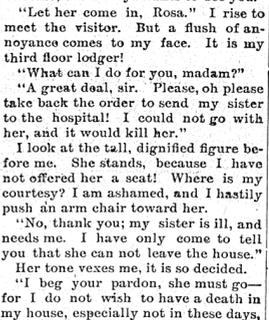


"OH! SIR, WHAT SHALL WE DO?"

I know she is rather vain and superficial, but all young ladies of her age are more or less vain—and I try to find some excuse for her. The mother, a society woman, had 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 diamonds. I remember how the girl has talked about this very ring, with a longing sigh. How could I have overlooked 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, and 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, feeling 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 admiring it again in its velvet case, I lock it in my closet to wait for the happy New Year's day. Lighting a cigarette, I sit at my window, dreaming 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 become 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 always 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 tomorrow.



"WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, MADAM."

The bell rings suddenly and with unwonted 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 annoyance 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 before 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—"

playing on 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 letting 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 myself 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 unbearable, 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 impetuousness nearly knock down two men who are coming up. The janitor's wife directs them upstairs, 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."

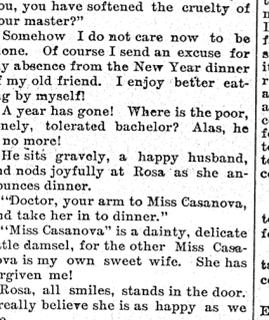
ing for the poor girl, according to my orders. If they reach the door before I do, the shock of those well-known uniforms may kill her. I forget my age and my usually dignified walk, and hurry upstairs, calling all the way: "Stop! Wait! Do not go on!" I have a sigh of intense relief as one man turns 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 ambulance was a mistake. Allow me to pay you for your trouble, and tell them at the hospital that it was all a misunderstanding."

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 acquaintance 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 profoundly 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 remember her complete ruin? It was followed by his death. His wife became an invalid from sorrow, and Miss Casanova, left with two helpless people 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 intelligence. The mother died, blessing the faithful heart, sure that the delicate 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 anything for my lodgers. Then, under a sudden impulse, I confessed to the doctor 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 cordiality. 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 perfume 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 downstairs, 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."



"WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, MADAM."

"Oh, you dear good Rosa! Then you, you have softened the cruelty of your master?" "I do not care now to be alone. Of course I send an excuse for my absence from the New Year dinner of my old friend. I enjoy better eating 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 announces 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!

Clarence—Done anything lately, Cholly? Cholly—Yaas; bought a diawry for 1895 last week and am waiting for New Year's to come to begin it. Awfully tiresome work writing, awfully.

No Substitutes

For Royal Baking Powder. The "Royal" is shown by all tests, official, scientific, and practical, stronger, purer, and better in every way than all other Baking Powders. Its superiority is privately acknowledged by other manufacturers, 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."

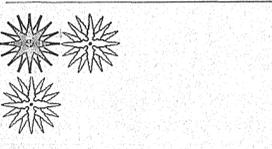
IN BY-GONE DAYS. Many Roman bracelets had the form of serpents coiled about the arm. An onyx seal ring, belonging to an ancient Athenian, was lately dug up near Athens. Blacksmith's tongs and pincers, together with hammers, have been unearthed at Pompeii. Many pairs of sandals have been recovered at Pompeii. The soles are fastened with nails. Schliemann found at Troy three silver vases, each six inches high and beautifully engraved. Earthen dishes large enough to hold the carcass of a lamb, were found in the Pompeian kitchens. A drum of wood, with one drumstick, 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. & Q. R. R., 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 conducted" excursions from Denver to Colorado Springs, Salt Lake, Ogden, Sacramento, San Francisco, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, Bakersfield and Los Angeles at the lowest rates. Pullman tourist sleeping car through without charge. 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 manufacturing plant in the world for the production of butter and cheese making machinery. The firm is known as the Davis & Rankin Building and Manufacturing 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 butter and cheese has enough to take care of its entire product is accommodated 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 contains 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.

The female fly has 16,000 eyes. Cow's Cough Balm is the oldest and best cold cure, cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it. Hope can never die while love lives. "Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents. All lost sinners will go to the same place. If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Wislow's Soreness Syrup for Children Teething. Bananas grow wild in Asia and America. Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—Rev. Dr. BUCHMUELLER, Lexington, Mo., February 24, 1894. A fish swims with its tail, not with its fins. SOME REMARKABLE CURES of deafness are recorded of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Never fails to cure earache. Helmets recovered from Pompeii are of iron, and generally very plain. They were not made for show, but for use. Keys of bronze and iron have been found in Greece and Italy dating from at least the seventh century before Christ. In Our Great Grandfather's Time. Big bulky pills were in general use. Like the "blunderbuss" of that decade they were big and clumsy, but ineffective. In this century of enlightenment we have Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which cure all liver, stomach and bowel derangements in the most effective way. Assist Nature a little now and then, with a gentle, cleansing laxative, thereby removing offending 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 frequent occasion to call for their doctor's services to subdue attacks of dangerous diseases. That of all known agents to accomplish 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 further 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, post-paid, on receipt of name and address on postal card. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

DOUBLE QUANTITY AT OLD PRICE. PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER CURES INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL PAIN. Great Rock Island Route Playing Cards. If you send 15 cents in stamps or coin to JNO. SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C. R. L. & P. R. Y. Chicago, you will receive postpaid the beautiful pack of playing cards you ever handled. Beautiful steel engraved Whist Rules accompany them free. Cures ST. JACOBS OIL Cures Rheumatism, Sprains, Swellings, All Aches, Neuralgia, Bruises, Soreness, Sciatica, Burns, Headache, Cuts, Lumbago, Wounds, Backache, Frost-bites. ...WHAT MORE IS NEEDED THAN A PERFECT CURE... WOULD YOU INVEST \$200 OR MORE? If so, show that you can make \$100 on each \$200 investment. Address, for particulars, National Speculating Investment Company, 119 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. DENISON JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims to Government Land in S. Boston Bureau. 27 1/2 in last war, 1500 judicious claims, atty since

W. N. U. D.—XII—52. When Answering Advertisements Please 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. Was hospital assistant to chairs of Oology 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, DENTIST. All work done equal 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, UCTIONEER. 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
J. H. STRIFFLER, UCTIONEER. 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. References: Exchange Bank and Cass City Bank. Office in Second story of Exchange Bank block, Cass City, Mich.
Societies.
I. O. F.
COURT ELLIAND, No. 226, 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, REG. SECRETARY.
I. O. O. F.
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
K. O. T. M.
CASS CITY TENT, No. 74, meets the first and third Friday evenings of each month, at 7:30. Visiting King Knights cordially invited.
E. W. KATZING, 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.
E. W. KATZING, W. M.
GEO. W. SEED, Secretary.
M. 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. 12-2-94
 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. Luing & Jones.
 FARM OF 1/2 SALE - 2 1/2 acres with 45 acres of timber, known as the Doyne farm. 2 1/2 acres Apple trees. J. L. LAING.
 HOUSE for rent. Inquire of F. MEISER.
 WANTED - Parties having hay to sell will send it to their interest to call on me. 83-4-94. HAS. M. WEBBER.
 LIVERY FOR LEASE - on good estate. For further information address O. K. JAMES.
 REGISTERED Locomotive for sale at a bar gain; also cook stove and heating stove nearly new. W. J. CLOAKLEY.
 FINE Black Minorca Cockerels also fine breeding pen of S. L. 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 - Stagn little house, with 1/4 acre lot and a good stable, just west of railroad track, for sale, cheap for cash. Inquire at this office.

Cass City Markets.

Cass City, Dec. 22, 1894.

Wheat, No. 1 white	40
Wheat, No. 2 white	38
Wheat, No. 3 red	35
Corn, per bu.	65
Corn Meal, per cwt	11 1/2
Oats, per bu.	28 1/2
Rye	30
Barley, per 100 lbs.	75 50
Feed, per 100 lbs.	1 50 2 00
Clover Seed, per bu.	4 50 5 10
Potatoes, per bu.	30 35
Apples, per bu.	60 65
Eggs, per doz.	18
Butter	1 00
Live Hogs, per cwt.	3 25 3 60
Beef, live weight, per lb.	1 50 2 00
Lamb, live weight, per lb.	2 1/2
Veal	2 1/2 3 1/2
Fallow, per lb.	04 10 14 1/2
Turkeys - live, per lb.	6 7 1/2
Chickens - dressed, per lb.	05 06
Chickens - live, per lb.	3 3 1/2
Hay, new, pressed	6 00 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

TOILET CASES, GLOVE AND HANDKERCHIEF SETS, ODOR CASES,

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SHAVING SETS, MIRRORS,

WORK BOXES, WHISK HOLDERS,

PHOTO. CASES, PHOTO. ALBUMS,

AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

SCRAP ALBUMS,

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Of all kinds. In sets - Dickens Works, 15 vols, for only \$4; Thackeray's set, 10 vols, \$3; also George Elliott's Prince of India; Alexander Dumas' works, Victor Hugo's works, "The Five Little Peppers," etc. In History - Redpath, large illustrated, for only \$1.75; Pictorial His. U. S., Life of Grant, Blaine, Lincoln, Washington, Lincoln and others; Latest World's Atlas, \$1. 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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Pocket Bibles, Ladies' and Gents' Pocket Books and Purses, Brushes, Combs, 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 merry 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 we bring bells have sounded in our midst and in an field of this place, and Miss Hattie Irwin, of Wilmot, 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 Wilmot.
 That death is no respecter of persons or time was again illustrated this week. Mrs. D. E. Man, 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 that 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 drunkenness and rowdiness 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 out side party to do so.
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GAGETOWN.

Teskey & Son, county surveyors, of Wilmot, 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; 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; Soutinel, Mrs. Haggert; Picket, Mrs. A. S. Palmer; Past Lady Com. Mrs. H. J. Comstock; Installing Officer, Miss Jennie Nelson.
 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 fire 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 this passed off one of the most pleasant and successful entertainments ever held in Brookfield.
 ONE WHO WAS THERE.
 NOVEMBER.
 CEREMONIAL MANNERS IN JAPAN.

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 fire 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 this passed off one of the most pleasant and successful entertainments ever held in Brookfield.
 Miss Aggie McIntyre is on the sick list.
 Miss Maude Hamilton is visiting friends here this week.
 Mrs. A. Livingston is visiting her daughter at Elkton this week.
 Mrs. James Ellison is visiting her parents and friends at Wardsville, Ont. during holidays.
 The item in our last correspondence should have read that D. Mickle rent a farm near Marlette instead of M. G. Quick.
 J. Hawkins is busy stumping in this vicinity at present. This is a remarkable December when farmers can plough and pull stumps.
 J. Livingston and J. Kirkpatrick have formed a partnership and will get a stamp machine and work at stumping in the spring. We suppose there will not be many stumps left in Novesta after next summer.
 W. B. DeFord, we were not lucky enough to get that joint you spoke of two weeks ago. We think it is a mean man that would steal either sheep or wheat as they are so cheap that it is not worth while carrying them away but people will do some very mean tricks these hard times.
 C. Tibbits, who committed an outrage on a little girl in Huron Co. has been hiding in the vicinity of Snore Island. Last week about twenty of the boys turned out to see if they could capture him but without success. He seems to be living well as they found where he had a fire and cooked some chickens which he got from some persons hen roost. C. D. Striffler and several others were looking for him Sunday but could find no trace of him.
 Subscribe for the ENTERPRISE.

MAIRIED.

DOERR-MARTIN - At the residence of the bride's parents, near Bethel church, on Tuesday, Dec. 20th, by Rev. S. G. Anderson, John Doerr, to Miss Annie Martin.
 LESLIE-WATTE - At the residence of the bride's parents, near Shilbourn, on Wednesday, Dec. 19th, by Rev. Jas. W. Fenn, Peter A. Leslie, to Miss Jennie Watte.

HURON COUNTY

From Bad Axe Democrat.
 This afternoon a man named Henry Winger from near Poppel 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 Ubyly, 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.

THE LAND OF THE MIKADO.

A very sad and distressing accident occurred on Tuesday at the residence of Henry Dafeo in Colfax township. Mr. Dafeo 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. Dafeo 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. Dafeo was seriously burned herself and is completely prostrated by the shock.
 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 no change be 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 sly upon on the back farm western manners, the demagogue's manners, the drummer's manners, the cut 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 to 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 cut 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.

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ORANGE JUDD CO.
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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. Try our 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 Confectionery. 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, (a married man) to Elijah J. Finney, and recorded in the Register of Deeds for Tuscola county, Michigan, on the 7th day of December, 1894, in Liber 75 of mortgages, on the 15th day of March, 1895, at ten o'clock in the afternoon, said mortgage is hereby given to the highest bidder at the front door of the court house in the village of Caro, county of Tuscola, Michigan, on the 15th day of March, 1895, at ten o'clock in the afternoon, 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 said mortgage.
E. H. PINNEY, Mortgagee.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the payment of money due on and secured by a mortgage, dated the 15th day of March, 1894, made and executed by Harvey C. Weaver (an unmarried man) to E. J. Finney, and recorded in the Register of Deeds for Tuscola county, Michigan, on the 15th day of March, 1894, in Liber 75 of mortgages, on the 15th day of March, 1895, at ten o'clock in the afternoon, said mortgage is hereby given to the highest bidder at the front door of the court house in the village of Caro, county of Tuscola, Michigan, on the 15th day of March, 1895, at ten o'clock in the afternoon, 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 said mortgage.
E. H. PINNEY, Mortgagee.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the payment of money due on and secured by a certain mortgage, bearing date the 20th 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 71 of mortgages, on page 557, and on the 24th day of December, 1894, at ten o'clock in the afternoon, said mortgage is hereby given to the highest bidder at the front door of the court house in the village of Caro, county of Tuscola, Michigan, on the 15th day of March, 1895, at ten o'clock in the afternoon, 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 said mortgage.
CURTIS W. McPHAIL, Assignee of said mortgage.

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In Effect Nov. 15th 1894	Standard Time.
GOING NORTH	GOING SOUTH
STATIONS	STATIONS
8 20	9 10
8 50	8 50
9 30	8 30
10 05	8 05
10 50	7 50
11 25	7 25
12 00	7 00
12 35	6 35
1 10	6 10
1 45	5 45
2 20	5 20
2 55	4 55
3 30	4 30
4 05	4 05
4 40	3 40
5 15	3 15
5 50	2 50
6 25	2 25
7 00	2 00
7 35	1 35
8 10	1 10
8 45	0 45
9 20	0 20
9 55	0 55
10 30	0 30
11 05	0 05
11 40	0 40
12 15	0 15
12 50	0 50
1 25	1 25
2 00	2 00
2 35	2 35
3 10	3 10
3 45	3 45
4 20	4 20
4 55	4 55
5 30	5 30
6 05	6 05
6 40	6 40
7 15	7 15
7 50	7 50
8 25	8 25
9 00	9 00
9 35	9 35
10 10	10 10
10 45	10 45
11 20	11 20
11 55	11 55
12 30	12 30
1 05	1 05
1 40	1 40
2 15	2 15
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6 35	6 35
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11 15	11 15
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