

# CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XIII. NO. 8.

CASS CITY, MICH., FEB. 2, 1894.

BY WICKWARE & McDOWELL.

## THE EXCHANGE BANK,

Cass City, Mich.

Responsibility, \$40,000.

Accounts of business houses and individuals solicited.

Interest paid on time certificates of deposit.

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



## CLEARING SALE

—IN—



Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishings.

This is the only Genuine Clearing Sale ever held in Cass City. We need money to pay our taxes and bills coming due; therefore we inaugurate a grand

1/2 OFF

Sale. All Suits and Overcoats are marked in plain figures, and we will cut the price one-half.

Underwear, Gloves, Hats and Caps come in for a big cut.

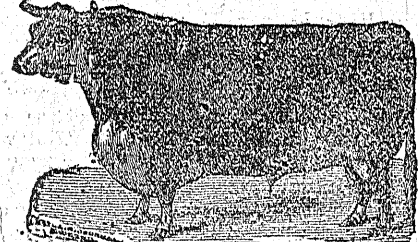
Come early and get your choice as the sale will last but a short time.

McDougall & Co.



## Fresh, Juicy Steaks,

—AT—



Central Meat Market,  
J. H. WINEGAR, Prop.

Meats of all kinds nicely served.

## CASS CITY BANK.

Established 12 years.

Responsibility, \$35,000.00.

There is hardly a day passes but somebody loses money by transacting business in a drawer, box, trunk or hid away in some receptacle where they think it safe from thieves and fire. This is a "back number" way of doing business. It might have done in the days of tallow candles but now we ask you to come up into the electric light and do your business in the modern way. Do your financial business as the thriving business men and farmers do it—

AT THE BANK.

C. W. McPhail,  
Proprietor.

W. S. Richardson, Cashier.

## Make Your Hens Lay.

This is the time to sell Eggs, when they are a good price.

## GROUND OYSTER SHELLS

Are excellent; 2 cts. per lb., \$1.50 per 100 lbs. Also

## Internat'nal Poultry Food

And others. Also

## Condition -- Powders,

Patent Medicines, Etc.

T. H. Fritz, - Pharmacist.

## Attention, Citizens!

The presence of the citizens of Cass City is earnestly requested at a meeting to be held in the Council Rooms tomorrow (Saturday) evening, Feb. 3, at 7 o'clock, for the purpose of considering the necessity of organizing a fire company.

Let every citizen who is interested in the safety of the town be in attendance.

A. A. McKENZIE,  
Village President.

## Caught On The Fly.

Mrs. S. G. Peacock, of Pontiac, is the guest of Mrs. S. J. Wright.

Mrs. O. K. Jones has returned from her visit at Grand Rapids.

A. J. Knapp paid a visit to Detroit the fore part of the week.

Considerable wood is finding a market in Cass City at present.

Mrs. R. E. Gamble has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Gage, near Gage-town.

E. A. McGeorge and wife returned last week from a visit to relatives at Oxford.

W. F. Brown, of Cumber, attended the opening and organizing of Prof. McDougall's dancing academy on Monday night.

Previous to their commencing house-keeping, Landlord Farrar presented Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McDougall, two of his boarders, with a fine, down comfortable.

A Clergyman near Imlay City started his drowsy congregation on a recent Sunday as follows: "My dearly beloved friends, permit me to remind you that I came here to preach, not to act as an umpire in a sleeping match."

Oscar Lenzner, Sen., has completed an iron frame banjo which has the finest tone of any that we have ever heard. The metallic frame seems to give it just the proper "ring," yet the softest strains of music can be played with splendid effect. Mr. Lenzner is truly what the Detroit Journal has called him—a musical genius.

Wm. Schwaderer made a shipment of large cattle last Saturday.

S. A. Cooley, of Caro, was the guest of Miss Hattie Wood on Sunday.

P. R. Weydemeyer called on his brother at Wickware on Tuesday.

Mrs. Henry Kaufman, of Dawson, Dakota, is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. S. Wickware.

Chris. Schwaderer and John Basquet departed last Monday on a prospecting tour to Virginia.

The Gents' Literary Club will banquet at the Tennant House in the near future. A program of toasts is being arranged.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jamieson have moved into the late Nathan Butler farm, west of town. Mr. Jamieson will work the farm for Mrs. Butler.

Billy Considine has been convicted, and Detroiters should devote a day to giving thanks to their efficient and determined prosecuting attorney.

Joe Frutchev, of Detroit, has been visiting at his parental home here since Saturday. Joe reports doing a prosperous commission business in Detroit, despite the "hard times."

Mrs. A. D. Gillies and Mrs. A. W. Seed attended a lecture on the "Indian question," given by a famous Indian orator at Caro on Wednesday evening. They were exceedingly well pleased with the lecture.

The ENTERPRISE was the only paper giving a complete report of the experience of the three Bay Port men last week, and fifty extra copies were disposed of. The Detroit Sunday Free Press reproduced the account in full.

The young ladies of the "Club of Clubs" took themselves for a sleigh-ride Wednesday evening. Some of the boys say that this is the song that they sang: "The G. L. S. lies buried in the past, while the C. of C. goes marching on."

Paul Woodworth, of Caseville, visited at E. H. Pinney's the fore part of the week. Mr. Woodworth is a recent graduate from the law department of the State University, and has entered upon the practice of his profession at the above named place.

Dick Clark has been selling the timber on the Sol. Utter "forty" in Novesta. A number of our citizens have purchased, and are putting in their spare time converting the timber into stove wood. The timber has been disposed of at five dollars per acre.

Prof. E. E. McLaughlin, of Saginaw, came here per announcement, last Monday night, and was successful in securing a class of twenty-two pupils for a dancing academy and school of deportment. The prospects are that the number of pupils will be increased to thirty prior to the opening of the school next Monday night.

One of Dick Clark's teams took fright while standing in front of the Tennant House sample room late Tuesday afternoon, and started on a lively run. They made the circuit of the block three times, finally overturning the light sleighs to which they were attached, and running into their barn. The sleigh pole was forced entirely through an inner door to the barn. The team had just returned from a fifty mile trip, but were bound to show their good keeping.

A young man of Pittsburg has brought a novel suit against an express company charging it with alienating the affections of his affianced. He promised her a gold watch as a Christmas remembrance, bought her a "daisy of a tucker" and forwarded it to her address by the company now made defendant. The watch has never reached her. On its failure to arrive her disappointment was accompanied by a harrowing conviction that her lover had simply been toying with her tender affections and all ceremony was waived in haste to dismiss him. With watch and girl both lost he is going to come as near breaking the company as the merits of his case will permit.—[Free Press.

C. W. McPhail, father and mother, E. F. Marr and family and Miss McCormack visited at Mrs. Joseph Brown's, near Cumber, on Sunday. The sleigh ride—barring the unpleasantness of a break-down at Wickware, the walking of a mile and a half to borrow a pair of lumber sleighs from a farmer, the returning of them, the borrowing of another pair at their destination, the towing of the broken sleighs behind, the necessity of Mr. Marr walking seven miles to lead his horse which was considerably fagged out and the necessity for Mr. McPhail to walk the same distance to keep his horse, which composed the balance of the team, from running away, and a few other trifling inconveniences—was very much enjoyed. Nevertheless they arrived home in time to attend church—next Sunday.

Miss Libbie Randall, of Elkton, has been in town this week.

J. H. Striffler has been ill for two weeks past, but is now able to be around.

H. S. Wickware and family and Mrs. H. Kaufman were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. Y. Kenyon, in Ellington on Sunday.

The Evart Review says: A man who has endeavored for several years to raise money enough to pay off a \$1,000 mortgage on his Hersey township farm by running a saloon in one of the villages in the county, this year raised over 2,100 bushels of potatoes on the place and paid the debt. Moral: Raise less hell and more potatoes if you would succeed.

The farmers will be the principal beneficiaries from road reform, but the benefits will be extended to all classes and its effect upon business must be of the greatest importance. The movement should command the support of every citizen and wherever a man is found with moss-covered ideas of progression he should be an especial object of consideration by his neighbors.—[Rochester Democrat.

Some wise newspaper man has discovered that church sleepiness is to be explained on scientific principles. It is, in fact, a condition of hypnotism, and, so far from indicating inattention to the sermon, shows rather complete absorption by it. Fixing one's mind on the voice of the minister, in the otherwise complete silence of the audience room, produces just the conditions necessary to domination by an other mind, and the nodding head and drooping heavy eyelids are not eloquent of the preacher's dullness, but rather testimonials of his powerful influence.

J. Bilstine and James DeVine, of Gagetown, were arrested Monday night for being drunk and disorderly in the above place, and were placed in the village lock up by Marshal Anyon. The following day they were taken before Justice Purdy. DeVine pleaded guilty and was given his choice of paying \$10 and costs, or going to the county jail thirty days. After considering the hardness of the times he chose the latter, and was escorted to Caro by Deputy Sheriff Striffler. Bilstine will stand trial. While DeVine and Bilstine were occupying the same cell in the "cooler," they got into a fight and the latter was considerably worsted.

The monopoly of the telephone business, due to the patent laws, was ended last Tuesday. On that day the patent on the receiver expired. The original Bell patent on the telephone expired on March 7 of last year, and now that the other patent has expired, both receiver and transmitter will be free to the public. Various manufacturers of electrical apparatus are already at work manufacturing telephones, and now for the first time it is said, it will be possible to purchase a perfect instrument. The immediate result will be a very large extension of the use of the telephone in villages and small towns, and the erection of private telephone lines. A pair of instruments will not cost over \$35 and thousands of persons will avail themselves of the opportunity to put up private wires. The Bell people will probably continue to control the exchanges in cities for a time, but rates will have to come down, or competition exchanges will be established.

"I'm sorry I voted for Cleveland; see the hard times he has made," said a certain voter the other day, and similar statements are to be frequently heard. Such remarks give us that "tired feeling," for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is recommended. It hardly seems possible that any one can believe that President Cleveland is entirely responsible for the present business depression. It has been but eleven months since his inauguration, and for four years prior to that time we had a Republican administration. We are not commending or condemning the policy Cleveland has pursued, but think that statements similar to the foregoing should, at least, be "seasoned with reason." That broad-minded Republican, Ex-Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania, voices our sentiments exactly in the following. He says: "To be candid, I don't believe the depression in business is the result of Democratic policy. This wave of business was coming, and it is only the good fortune of the Republicans that the Democrats got in power in time to be caught by it. It is one of those periodical depressions that regularly affect the country and nothing could have avoided it. I don't believe the Democrats or their policy have anything to do with it. It would have come anyhow, and if Harrison had been elected it might have been worse."

Read in this paper how to get Fifty World's Fair Views free.

J. L. Hitchcock has a new bargain ad. It will pay you to peruse it.

Mrs. Alvers, of Vassar, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. S. Wickware.

A'torney Brooker was in Kingston on Tuesday, taking testimony in a chancery case, as circuit court commissioner. Mrs. Chas. Stacy, nee Nina Brooker, of Akron, has been visiting her parents and other relatives in this vicinity the past week.

Arthur Whitney, who has been employed during the past five months by A. G. Berney, left on Monday for his home at Port Sanilac.

Died, at his home in Cumber on Friday, Jan. 26, George Johnson, aged 12 years. Funeral services at the Cumber Church on Sunday, Rev. McLeod officiating. Undertaker McKenzie was in attendance.

President McKenzie calls a meeting for tomorrow (Saturday) night, for the purpose of considering the advisability of organizing a fire company. Let every citizen who has the welfare of his town at heart make it a point and consider it his duty to be present.

Died, on Jan. 24, at her home in Sheridan township, Mrs. Fletcher, aged 73, mother of John Fletcher. The funeral was held at the Sheridan Presbyterian Church last Friday, Rev. McLeod officiating. A. A. McKenzie was the funeral director in attendance.

Geo. Killins of this place has just completed a deal by which he becomes the owner of the Kingston roller mills. By the trade the former proprietor of the roller mill comes into possession of Mr. Killins' farm east of this place and his house and lot in the village. We wish Mr. Killins every success in his venture.

Mrs. Sarah Marshall, who has been afflicted with several cancers for some time, was recently cured by Dr. H. C. Edwards. She is now able to be around and is apparently as well as ever. C. L. Sheppard, cancer specialist of Findlay, Ohio, was in town the fore part of the week and states that he believes the cure to be a perfect one.

The Detroit Journal has this to say concerning the reported shortage of Ex-County Treasurer, John M. West: "John M. West was elected treasurer of Tuscola county two years ago by his Patron of Industry friends. He was a young farmer without business experience, and when his successor took hold a year ago he found things badly mixed. Last fall the attention of the board of supervisors was called to the matter and a committee was appointed to investigate the books. This committee has just completed its work. Mr. West being assisted by ex-County Clerk Crosby, of Wayne county. They found a shortage of \$1,135.35, and as Mr. West seems to have no available means to make it good, a special session of the board of supervisors has been called to decide some course of action. They will probably instruct the prosecuting attorney to proceed against the bondsmen to make good the shortage."

In reply to our item of two weeks ago, calling the attention of the editor of the Caro Advertiser to a certain article which he had appropriated from the ENTERPRISE columns and "palmed it off as his own," he says: "If these Cass City kids, who have just entered the Smart Alex age, were not the worst newspaper pirates in the country, this would not be considered worthy of notice. The Advertiser never saw the item in the Enterprise, and it was printed in a dozen or more state papers before the Enterprise ever printed it." You're a pretty good "bluffer," Mr. Slocum, but bluffs will not always count. The original copy of the article in question is on file in this office, and if you can produce a newspaper, we care not where it is published, that contained the article prior to or on Dec. 22, 1893, we will present to you a ten dollar bill for your trouble, and acknowledge that we are guilty, as yourself, of plagiarism. The editor of the Advertiser admits that he was not the author of the article, and school-boy fashion, viz: Kid style, attempts to excuse himself by stating, in effect, "Well, I don't care; it was in other papers fore it was in yours." We would not have noticed the Advertiser's appropriation had not that paper, in a fit of jealousy several months ago, accused us of stealing something from its columns, but what it was it has not been able to inform us, though requested to do so. Now, we simply ask the Advertiser to prove up or own up. In the meantime, those desiring their reading "first handed," are cordially invited to become some of our many subscribers. Price, one dollar per year, strictly in advance.

## ANOTHER FIRE!

The Blacksmithing and Woodworking Shop of Adam Muck Burned.—A Favorable Wind Saves a Good Portion of the Village; from Destruction.

After the fire is over,  
After the break of day,  
After the hose's through, "squirling,"  
After the engine's away  
Many the minds that are thinking—  
Wondering where we'd been at—  
Had the wind from the east been blowing,  
At—ter the fire.

Cass City has received the second fire visitation within two weeks, and the blacksmithing and woodworking shop of Adam Muck, which was situated on Oak Street, is in ashes. Had not the wind been favorable, every wooden building, at least, on the entire block would have been destroyed.

The alarm was given by Mrs. Hubble about five o'clock, although she had noticed a small light in the shop some time previous, but thought that a fire had been started in the forge.

By the time the fire apparatus was hauled to the scene, the whole building—which consisted of an upright 20 x 34 feet in size and a lean-to on the entire north side—was a mass of flames. The shop being at the corner of the street and alley and a northwest west wind prevailing, it was possible to prevent the flames from communicating with the Bader building and McCullough's meat market, which were only about 12 and 7 feet distant. A small implement building on the corner across the alley was fired several times, and was by hard work prevented from burning.

Some little delay was caused in locating the engine well at the corner of Main and Oak Streets, it being covered with snow.

Two line of hose was laid, but, as large instead of small "nozzles" were attached to these, the resistance was not great enough to give the water force—the streams thrown being about what might be expected from a common force pump. At the start the suction hose was lowered too far into the well and a small quantity of gravel was drawn into the engine. The engine was apparently found in good shape, and its failure to work properly seems attributable to lack of knowledge or judgement on the part of the manipulators.

Mr. Muck, owner of the building, estimates his loss at about five hundred dollars, with no insurance. The contents of the building consisted of three new lumber wagons, a buggy, wood-working tools, blacksmithing tools, etc. All that was saved was a portion of the blacksmithing tools. Nicholas Gable, who was working in conjunction with Mr. Muck, is also the loser of some tools and other property.

How the fire originated is not known, but it is thought to have caught in some manner from a stove which was located near the northwest corner of the lean-to.

Mr. Muck, with the generous assistance of relatives and numerous fellow citizens, has already commenced to rebuild on the site occupied by the old building, and will soon be ready for business.

While all regret Mr. Muck's loss, the citizens of Cass City have abundant cause to be thankful as, had the wind blown from the east, an entire block of the business portion of the town would undoubtedly now be in ashes.

## The Deadly Parallel.

As written by the ENTERPRISE editor, and published Jan. 12:

It was announced some time ago that Bay county was indebted to the state of Michigan to the amount of \$106,000, but Preceding - Attorney Josen, of that county, has been searching the records at Lansing and claims that instead of the county being indebted to the state, the state owes the county \$87,000. The attorney claims that Bay county is charged with three years' taxes on territory which was detached and added to Arenac county.

## Who's the pirate??

A school ma'am in a neighboring town is devoting \$3.50 per week out of her meager salary to pay for the board and care for a former lover. You might decide at once that such generosity was just like a woman, if it wasn't for the further fact that the fellow is in jail and the teacher is paying his board, in order to keep him there. He promised to marry the teacher, but wouldn't and now he is learing that the matter was no joke with her. A buzz saw is a harmless toy to trifle with as compared to a serious minded school ma'am.—[Mt. Clemens Press.

## RED RUIN!

Caseville Visited by a Severe Fire.—A Total Loss of \$8,000.—The Poss Hotel Saved With Difficulty.—Incendiarism Suspected.

The most serious conflagration that has visited Caseville for a number of years, occurred at 3 o'clock Saturday morning. The store and full stock of general merchandise of John McKinley and the drugstore of Dr. J. W. Jackman are in ashes.

The fire was first discovered by a traveling man sleeping at the Poss House, who noticed flames pouring out of the front of Mr. McKinley's store. A large crowd of citizens was soon on the scene, but as Caseville has no apparatus for extinguishing fire, they were powerless to subdue the flames, which soon communicated to the drugstore and residence of Dr. Jackman. Owing to the intense heat, it was impossible to remove any of the goods from Mr. McKinley's store, but the contents of a store-room and several adjoining sheds were saved. Nearly all the household goods of Dr. Jackman, and a good portion of his drug stock was saved.

M. L. Moore did heroic work with a small hand pump and the Poss House, which was only about twenty feet distant from the burning building and which was set on fire several times, was saved. The furniture and the fixtures in the Poss House were nearly all packed up ready to be moved out. The origin of the fire is unknown, but is thought to have been the work of an incendiary.

Mr. McKinley's loss is estimated at about \$8,000, with \$1,000 insurance, and Dr. Jackman's loss is about \$2,000, covered by insurance.

The stores burned were the only ones of the kind in Caseville, and of course are indispensable. We understand that Messrs McKinley and Jackman, who are wide-awake business men, will rebuild at once.

We are informed that during the fire the indifference displayed by a number of men towards subduing the fire was very noticeable, and that during the excitement consequential of the packing up of the goods in the Poss House, several helped themselves to liquor and became drunk. Such men (?) are to be pitied.

A number of the ladies, among whom we might mention Mrs. Conatour, Mrs. J. Aemman, Mrs. Moore, Miss Buckingham, Miss Pet McKinley, and Miss Tot McKinley, carried water and removed goods with more zeal than many of the men.

Caseville, being without fire protection of any kind, is practically at the mercy of the flames.

It is to be hoped that if this fire originated as suspected, the guilty one may be speedily brought to justice.

## Our Churches.

Pastors and others are invited to contribute. Revival meetings will begin Sunday evening in the M. E. Church.

A very special meeting of the Epworth League to-night, at 7:30 sharp. Teachers' meetings are being held each Monday evening at Mrs. Winegar's.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. Church will meet at Mrs. Andrew Wainmley's next Wednesday, Feb. 7th at 3 p. m. Tea will be served as usual. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

"Ye candlelight meetings" at the M. E. parsonage, on Tuesday evening, was novel and interesting and brought the days of "ye olden tyme" vividly before the minds of those present. The refreshments consisted chiefly of Johnny cake and milk. Proceeds, \$13.

E. Rushbrook will continue the services in the 2 Macks old store building Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday. Services will be held Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock p. m., subject, "The coming of the Lord for his Saints," and in the evening at 7:30—subject, "The Four Judgements."

M. E. Church services, Popple and Grant Circuits, Sunday, Feb. 4.—Preaching by Rev. Jas. T. Gurney, Pastor: Wakefield, 10:30 a. m. Popple, 2 p. m. Grant, 7 p. m. Subject "Especially for Children." Grant Epworth League at 2 p. m. Thursday Feb. 8, preaching at 7 p. m. by pastor at Dickhout. The Sunday announcements as above are permanent.

While attending a dance at Gagetown Tuesday night, Geo. Bigelow got drunk and while in that condition fired a revolver off several times outside the hall in a decidedly dangerous manner. He was placed in the lock-up by Marshal Anyon, who proposes to commence action against him for carrying concealed weapons.



## CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

WICKWARE & McDOWELL, Props.  
CASS CITY, MICHIGAN

THERE were 23,757 medals awarded at the world's fair, and sometime before the present century runs out they will probably be ready for delivery to the owners.

A MASSACHUSETTS thief has been systematically stealing candy birds. The theory is that he carries a ladder, opens second story windows, as there are usually left unfurnished, quietly unhook the cage and carries off the songster. The police have not yet apprehended him.

CALIFORNIA turmen who have taken to the habit of "doping" their horses so the poor creatures run miles and miles defiant of restraint ought to get a dose of their own medicine. Before changing the turmen with the vitalizing fluid it would be well to set their faces towards the sea.

THE spirit of reform has seized the missionary societies of America and an effort is to be inaugurated to make the foreign missions more nearly self-supporting. It is openly charged that many of them live too extravagantly and build churches of a style not justified by their surroundings.

THE latest proposition from Rev. Dr. Talmage's tabernacle is to charge an admission fee of ten cents, and after this proposition goes into effect any worshiper in that temple caught singing

"Salvation is free for you and for me," should at once be arrested, sent off in the patrol wagon and charged with disorderly conduct.

MORE than 250 dispossessed warrants have been derved on New York tenants by landlords during the last few weeks. It is presumed that failure to pay rent was the cause in the majority of cases. This indisposition to practice leniency toward impoverished tenants, is peculiar to New York landlords, no reports of similar proceedings having been received from any other city. Rather than afford shelter to destitute families, or families in arrears for rent, they preferred to allow their buildings to stand idle. This may be business, but in these times the interjection of the milk of human kindness into business is not only commendable but it is what is expected from people who are themselves in the enjoyment of the necessities of life.

THE growth of periodical literature is something unprecedented, and there is hardly a prominent author in the United States who is not tempted away from his books to contribute articles to the Forum, the North American Review, the Atlantic or Century, where his work commands immediate recognition and excellent pay. This is one of the influences against the making of books which is permanently hostile. It marks the special literary development of our own time. It shows that the world of thought moves more rapidly than the world of books, and that the magazines as a quicker means of reaching the public mind, have stepped in front of books and to a certain extent usurped their place.

BOSTON has a modern professor of grammar in the person of Colonel Albert A. Pope, who spends his leisure moments running down errors in schoolbooks. He is about to issue a little volume containing a list of the errors he has discovered and located. It is said that the list reaches up into the thousands. There is a Colonel Albert Pope of Boston who has been for years enthusiastically urging the necessity for smoother roadways in this country. From a fight against the humps in highways to a fight against the humps in school book literature may appear so long a step as to make it seem impossible that the fighter for smoother bicycle roads and the fighter for smoother educational roads are identical. Still, anything is possible in the capital of Beandom.

The organization of the National dairy union will attract attention to the great value and growing importance of an industry which used to be estimated as merely incidental to agriculture proper. The revenue now derived from dairy products is enormous and it is annually expanding in volume. In the West the present proportions of this industry are not up to its possibilities, but it is growing. Careful attention can make it a source of untold riches. It is an interest which can be successfully managed by women and, if properly conducted, it can be made to furnish to the wives of farmers the means of supplying their households with all the necessities and many luxuries. Indeed, in occasional instances the women on farms make more out of their cows and chickens than the men do out of their regular crops. Good butter and cheese and milk, marketed as they ought to be, always bring a fair price.

THE boy on the farm will soon be the farmer. It is well that his earlier impressions of the calling to which he belongs will be such as to make him believe there is no place to live on like a farm, instead of believing it to be the place from which he will escape as soon as he is old enough.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN and his wife recently had an argument. He opened it with a chair and she closed it with an Indian club. The story is not very important, but gains confirmation by Sullivan's emphatic denial.

## TABERNACLE PULPIT.

TALMAGE PREACHES A MOST REMARKABLE SERMON

The Subject Being "Festivity"—"Come, for All Things Are Now Ready." Luke 14:17.—The Beautiful Character of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 22.—The usual large audience assembled to-day in the Tabernacle and listened to a sermon of remarkable power and interest by Rev. Dr. Talmage, the subject being "Festivity." The text selected was Luke 14:17, "Come, for all things are now ready."

It was one of the most exciting times in English history when Queen Elizabeth visited Lord Leicester at Kenilworth castle. The moment of her arrival was considered so important that all the clocks of the castle were stopped, so that the hands might point to that one moment as being the most significant of all. She was greeted at the gate with floating islands, and torches, and the thunder of cannon, and fireworks that set the night ablaze, and a great burst of music that lifted the whole scene into perfect enchantment. Then she was introduced into a dining-hall, the luxuries of which astonished the world; 400 servants waited upon the guests; the entertainment cost \$5,000 each day. Lord Leicester made that, great supper in Kenilworth castle.

Cardinal Wolsey entertained the French ambassadors at Hampton court. The best cooks in all the land prepared for the banquet; purveyors went out and traveled all the kingdom over to find spoils for the table. The time came. The guests were kept during the day hunting in the king's park, so that their appetites might be keen, and then in the evening, to the sound of the trumpets, they were introduced into a hall hung with silk and cloth of gold, and there were tables glittering with imperial plate and laden with the rarest wines. And when the second course of the feast came it was found that the articles of food had been fashioned into the shape of men, birds and beasts, and groups dancing and jousting parties riding against each other with lances. Lords and princes and ambassadors, out of cups filled to the brim, drank the health, first of the king of England and next of the king of France. Cardinal Wolsey prepared that great supper in Hampton court.

But I have to tell you of a grander entertainment. My Lord, the King is the banqueter. Angels are the purveyors. All the redeemed are the guests. The halls of eternal love, frescoed with light, and paved with joy, and curtained with unfading beauty, are the banqueting place. The harmonies of eternity are the music. The chandeliers of heaven are the plate; and I am one of the servants coming out with both hands filled with invitations, scattering them everywhere, and, oh, that for yourselves, you might break the seal of the invitation and read the words written in red ink of blood by the tremulous hand of a dying Christ: "Come now, for all things are ready." "Come now, for all things are ready." There have been grand entertainments where was a taking off—the wine gave out, or the servants were rebellious, or the light failed; but I have gone all around about this subject and looked at the redemption which Christ has provided, and I come here to tell you it is complete, and I swing open the door of the feast, telling you that, "All things are now ready."

In the first place, I have to announce that the Lord Jesus Christ himself is ready. Cardinal Wolsey came into the feast after the first course; he came in booted and spurred, and the guests arose and cheered him. But Christ comes in at the very beginning of the feast; aye, he has been waiting eighteen hundred and ninety-four years for his guests. He has been standing on his mangled feet; he has had his sore hand on his punctured side; or he has been pressing his lacerated temples—waiting, waiting. It is wonderful that he has not been impatient, and that he has not said, "Shut the door and let the laggard stay out!" but he has been waiting. No banqueter ever waited for his guests so patiently as Christ has waited for us. To prove how willing he is to receive us, I gather all the tears that rolled down his cheeks in sympathy for your sorrows; I gather all the drops of blood that channeled his brow, and his back, and his hands and feet, in trying to purchase your redemption; I gather all the groans that he uttered in midnight chill, and in mountain hunger, and in desert loneliness, and twist them into one cry—bitter, agonizing, overwhelming. I gather all the pains that shot from spear, and spike and cross, jolting into one pang—remorseless, grinding, excruciating. I take that one drop of sweat on his brow, and under the gospel glass that drop enlarges until I see in it lakes of sorrow and an ocean of agony. That being standing before you now, emaciated, and gashed, and gory, coaxes for your love with a pathos in which every word is a heartbreak and every sentence a martyrdom. How can you think he trifles?

Ahasuerus prepared a feast for 180 days; but this feast is for all eternity. Lords and princes were invited to that; you, and I, and all our world are invited to this. Christ is ready. You know that the banqueters of olden time used to wrap themselves in robes prepared for the occasion; so, my Lord Jesus hath wrapped himself in all that is beautiful. See how fair he is! His eye, his brow, his cheek, so radiant that the stars have no gleam and the morning no brilliancy compared with it. His face reflecting all the joys of the redeemed, his hand having the omnipotent surgery with which he opened blind eyes, and straightened crooked

limbs, and hoisted the pillars of heaven, and swung the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. There are not enough cups in heaven to dip up this ocean of beauty. There are not ladders enough to scale this height of love. There are not enough cymbals to clap, or harps to thrum, or trumpets to peal forth the praises of this one altogether fair, Oh, thou flower of eternity, thy breath is the perfume of heaven! Oh, blissful daybreak, let all people clap their hands in thy radiant chorus! Come, men, and saints, and cherubim, and seraphim, and arch-angels—all heights, all depths, all immensities. Chorus! Roll him through the heavens in a chariot of universal acclaim, over bridges of hosannas, under arches of coronation, along by the great towers chiming with eternal jubilee. Chorus! "Unto him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, to him be glory, world without end!"

I have a word of five letters, but no sheet white enough on which to write it, and no pen good enough on which to inscribe it. Give me the fairest leaf from the heavenly records—give me the pencil with which the angel records his victory—and then, with my hand strung to supernatural ecstasy, and my pen dipped in the light of the morning, I will write it out in capitals of love: "J-E-S-U-S." It is this One, infinitely fair, to whom you are invited. Christ is waiting for you; waiting as a banqueter waits for the delayed guest—the meats smoking, the benkers brimming, the minstrels with fingers on the stiff string, waiting for the clash of the hoofs at the gateway. Waiting for you as a mother waits for her son who went off ten years ago, dragging her bleeding heart along with him. Waiting! O give me a comparison intense enough, hot enough, importunate enough to express my meaning—something high as heaven, and deep as hell, and long as eternity. Not hoping that you can help me with such a comparison I will say: "He is waiting as only the all-sympathetic Christ, can wait for the coming back of Jesus!"

Now the knees and kiss the Son, Come, and welcome, sinner; come, again, the Holy Spirit is ready. Why is it that so many sermons drop dead—that Christian songs do not get their wings under the people? Beaten often prayer goes no higher than a hunter's "holloa!" It is because there is a link wanting—the work of the Holy Spirit. Unless that Spirit give grapple looks to a sermon, and lift the prayer, and wait the song, everything is a dead failure. That Spirit is willing to come at our call and lead you to eternal life, or ready to come with the same power with which he unhorsed Saul on the Damascus turnpike, and broke down Lydia in her fine store, and lifted the three thousand from midnight into midnoon at the Pentecost. With that power the Spirit of God now beats at the gate of your soul. Have you not noticed what homely and insignificant instrumentality the Spirit of God employs for man's conversion? There was a man on a Hudson river boat to whom a tract was offered. With indignation he tore it up and threw it overboard. But one fragment lodged on his coat-sleeve, and he saw on it the word "eternity," and he found no peace until he was prepared for that great future. Do you know what passage it was that caused Martin Luther to see the truth? "The just shall live by faith." Do you know there is one—just one—passage that brought Augustine from a life of dissipation? "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof."

It was just one passage that converted Hedley Vicars, the great soldier, to Christ: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Do you know that the Holy Spirit used one passage of scripture to save Jonathan Edwards? "Now, unto the king, eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, our Savior, be glory." One year ago on Thanksgiving day, I read for my text: "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever." And there is a young man in the house to whose heart the Holy Spirit took that text for his eternal redemption. I might speak of my own case. I will tell you I was brought to the peace of the gospel through the Syro-Phoenician woman's cry to Christ: "Even the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table." Do you know that the Holy Spirit—most always using insignificant means? Eloquent sermons never save anybody; metaphysical sermons never save anybody; philosophical sermons never save anybody. But the minister comes some Sabbath to his pulpit, worn out with engagements and the jangling of a frenzied door bell; he has only a text and two or three ideas; but he says: "O, Lord, help me. Here are a good many people I may never meet again. I have not much to say. Speak thou through my poor lips!" and before the service is done there are tearful eyes and a solemnity like the judgment. The great French orator, when the dead king lay before him, looked up and cried: "God only is great!" and the triumph of his eloquence has been told by the historians. But I have not heard that one soul was saved by the oratorical flourish. Worldly critics may think that the early preaching of Thomas Chalmers was a masterpiece. But Thomas Chalmers says he never began to preach until he came out of the sick room, white and emaciated, and told men the simple story of Jesus. In the great day of eternity, it will be found that the most souls have been brought to Christ, not by the Bossuets, and Massillons, and Bourdaloues, but by humble men who, in the strength of God, and believing in the eternal Spirit, invited men to Jesus. There were wise scribes—there were excellent orators, I suppose, in the time of Christ, for blind or inflamed eyes. But Jesus turned his back upon them, and put the tip of his finger to his tongue, and then, with the spittle that adhered to the finger, he anointed the eyes of the blind man,

and daylight poured into his blinded cry. So it is now that the Spirit of God takes that humble prayer-meeting talk, which seems to be the very saliva of Christian influence, and anoints the eyes of the blind, and pours the sunlight of pardon and peace upon the soul. O, my friend, I wish we could feel it more and more, that if any good is done it is by the power of God's omnipotent Spirit. I do not know what hymn may bring you to Jesus. I do not know what words of the scripture lesson I read may save your soul. Perhaps the Spirit of God may hurl the very text into your heart: "Come, for all things are now ready."

Again, the church is ready. Oh man, if I could take the curtain off these Christian hearts, I could show you a great many anxieties for your redemption. You think that old man is asleep, because his head is down and his eyes are shut. No, he is praying for your redemption, and hoping that the words spoken may strike your heart. Do you know the air is full of prayer? Do you know that prayer is going up from Fulton street prayer-meeting, and from Friday evening prayer-meeting, and going up every hour of the day for the redemption of the people? And if you should just start toward the door of the Christian Church, how quickly it would fly open. Hundreds of people would say: "Give that man room at the sacrament. Bring the silver bowl for his baptism. Give him the right hand of Christian fellowship. Bring him into all Christian associations." Oh, you wanderer on the cold mountains, come into the warm sheepfold. I let down the bars and bid you come in. With the Shepherd's crook I point you the way. Hundreds of Christian hands beckon you into the Church of God. A great many people do not like the church, and say it is a great mass of hypocrites; but it is a glorious church with all its imperfections. Christ bought it, and hoisted the pillars, and swung its gates, and lifted its arches, and curtained it with upholstery crimson with crucifixion carnage. Come into it.

We are a garden walled around, Chosen and peculiar ground; A little spot enclosed by grace, Out of the world's wild wilderness.

Again, the angels of God are ready. A great many Christians think that the talk about angels is fanciful. You say it is a very good subject for theological students who have just begun to sermonize; but for older men it is improper. There is no more proof in that Bible that there is a God than that there are angels. Why, do not they swarm about Jacob's ladder? Are we not told that they conducted Lazarus upward? that they stand before the throne, their faces covered with their wings, while they cry: "Holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty!" Did not David see thousands and thousands? Did not one angel slay one hundred and eighty-five thousand men in Sennacherib's army? And shall they not be the chief harvesters at the judgment?

There is a line of loving, holy, mighty angels reaching to heaven. I suppose they reach from here to the very gate, and when an audience is assembled for Christian worship, the air is full of them. If each one of you have a guardian angel, how many celestial there are here. They crowd the place, they hover, they flit about, they rejoice. Look, that spirit is just come from the throne. A moment ago it stood before Christ and heard the dignity of the glorified. Look! Bright immortal, what news from the golden city! Speak, spirit blest! The response comes melting on the air: "Come, for all things are now ready!" Angels ready to bear the tidings, angels ready to drop the benediction, angels ready to kindle the joy. They have stood in glory—they know all about it. They have felt the joy that is there, where there are no tears and no groans; immortal health, but no invalidism; songs, but no groans; wedding bells, but no funeral torches—eyes that never weep—hands that never blister—heads that never faint—hearts that never break—friendships that are never weakened. Again, your kindred in glory are all ready for your coming. I pronounce modern spiritualism a fraud and a sham. If John Milton and George Whitefield had no better business than to crawl under a table and rattle their leaves, they had better stay at home in glory. While I believe that modern spiritualism is bad, because of its mental and domestic ravages, common sense, enlightened by the Word of God, teaches us that our friends in glory sympathize with our redemption. This Bible says plainly there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth; and if angels rejoice and know of it, shall not our friends, standing among them, know it? Some of these spirits in glory toiled for your redemption. When they came to die, their chief grief was that you were not a Christian. They said: "Meet me in heaven," and put their hand out from the cover and said: "Good-by." Now, suppose you should cross over from a sinful life to a holy life. Suppose you should be born into the kingdom. Suppose you should now say: "Farewell, O deceitful world! Get thee gone my sin! Fare thee up! He is coming!" I help me or I perish! I take thy promise. I believe thy word. I enter thy service." Suppose you should say and do this? Why, the angel sent to you would shout upward: "He is coming!" and the angel, poised higher in the air, would shout it upward: "He is coming!" and it would run all up the line of light, from wing to wing, and from trumpet to trumpet, until it reached the gate; and then it would flash to "the house of many mansions," and it would find out your kindred there, and before your tears of repentance had been wiped from the cheek, and before you had finished your first prayer, your kindred in glory would know of it, and another heaven would

be added to their joy, and they would cry: "My prayers are answered; another loved one saved. Give me a harp with which to strike the joy. Saved! saved! saved!"

If I have shown you that "all things are ready," that Christ is ready, that the Holy Spirit is ready, that the church is ready, that the angels in glory are ready, that your glorified kindred are ready, then with all that concentrated emphasis of my soul, I ask you if you are ready? You see my subject throws the whole responsibility upon yourself. If you do not get in to the King's banquet, it is because you do not accept the invitation. You have the most important invitation. Two arms stretched down from the cross, soaked in blood from elbow to finger-tip; two lips quivering in mortal anguish; two eyes beaming with infinite love, saying: "Come, come, for all things are now ready."

I told you that when the queen came to Kenilworth castle, they stopped all the clocks, that the finger of time might be pointed to that happy moment of her arrival. Oh! if the King would come to the castle of your soul, you might well afford to stop all the clocks, that the hands might forever point to this moment as the one most bright, most blessed, most tremendous. Now, I wish I could go around from circle to circle and invite every one of you, according to the invitation of my text, saying: "Come!" I would like to take every one of you by the hand, and say: "Come!" Old man, who has been wandering sixty or seventy years, thy sun almost gone down, through the dust of the evening stretch out your withered hand to Christ. He will not cast thee off, old man. Oh! that one tear of repentance might trickle down thy wrinkled cheek. After Christ has fed thee all thy life long, do you not think you can afford to speak one word in his praise?

Come, those of you who are farthest away from God. Drunkard! Christ can put out the fire of thy thirst. He can break that shackle. He can restore thy blasted home. Go to Jesus. Libertine! Christ saw thee where thou wert last night. He knows of thy sin. Yet if thou wilt bring thy polluted soul to him this moment, he will throw over it the mantle of his pardon and love. Mercy for thee, O thou chief of sinners. Harlot! thy foot foul with hell, and thy laughter the horror of the street—oh, Mary Magdalen—look to Jesus. Mercy for thee, poor lost waif of the street! Self-righteous man, thou must be born again, or thou canst not see the kingdom of God. Do you think you can get into the feast with those rags? Why, the King's servant would tear them off and leave you naked at the gate. You must be born again. The day is far spent. The cliffs begin to slide their long shadows across the plain. Do you know the feast has already begun—the feast to which you were invited—and the King sits with his guests, and the servant stands with his hand on the door of the banqueting room, and he begins to swing it shut. It is half-way shut. It is three-fourths shut. It is only just ajar. Soon it will be shut.

"Come, for all things are now ready." Have I missed one man? Who has not felt himself called this hour? Then I call him now. This is the hour of thy redemption. While God invites, how blest the day. How sweet the Gospel's charming sound. Come sinner, haste, oh, haste away. While yet a pardoning God is found.

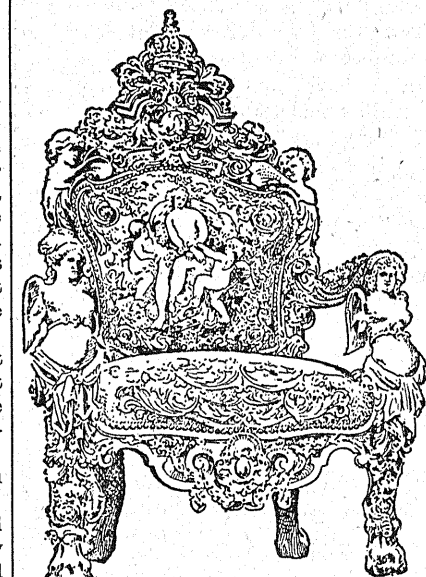
PERSONAL GOSSIP.  
Lord Ebury, born in 1801 and created a baron in 1856, is the oldest peer in the house of lords.  
Father Hyacinthe is preaching in a French Protestant chapel still with the spirit and aim, he says, of a Catholic reformer.  
The queen of Greece is president of a sisterhood devoted to the reformation of criminals and she personally visits prisoners.  
The silver statue of Ada Rehan which Montana sent to the exposition has been on exhibition in one of the big dry goods stores of Boston.  
Lady Gertrude Stock, nun, novelist, marquis's daughter and baker's wife, has just closed in the shelter of a convent in Europe a life of strange experiences. Her husband is in South Africa.  
Mrs. Lydia Reagan, who died in New Orleans at the great age of 102 years, lately, often claimed to have clear remembrance of President Washington, and also to have attended his funeral.  
The khedive of Egypt has presented the national museum in Washington with seven mummies, all covered with the queer inscriptions such as the ancient Egyptians were wont to use to convey their ideas.  
Madame Albani chose that title in honor of Albany, her former home, and Mile Nevada came from the bonanza state. Melba, who is singing at the Metropolitan in New York, hails from Melbourne, hence Melba.  
A lion has arrived in Liverpool for Queen Victoria, a tribute from the emir of Nupe, in recognition of a letter she wrote to him. The emir grant from the wilds of India will be lionized presently by visitors to the London zoological exposition.  
Rev. Dr. Robert Collier preached on a recent Sunday from the text, "How Old Art Thou?" On the previous Friday he attained the age of seventy years, and during the thirty years he has been preaching he has never been enforcedly absent a single Sunday but once, when he was lame. He has never been sick in bed for a single day.  
Father Kenelm Vaughan of England, a Catholic priest who spent three years in a missionary journey through South America, from Panama to Patagonia, addressed the students of Johns Hopkins University the other day on the subject of his adventures. The journey was made on muleback, on the backs of Indians, in canoes, in hammocks and on foot.

## THRONES OF ROYALTY

COSTLY CHAIRS OCCUPIED BY FIGURE-HEADS.

The Seats of State Occupied by the Czar of All the Russias, Emperor William, Queen Victoria and Other Monarchs of the East.

O SUCH FIGURATIVE uses has the word "throne" been put that it scarcely suggests nowadays the elaborate and expensive article of furniture to sit wherein seems destined soon to be the only important prerogative, crowned royalty will possess, even in such a land as Russia. But occasionally an incident, like that one which has just given melancholy prominence to that prince royal among chairs in which mad King Ludwig of Bavaria had dreamed of a long enthroned regality, serves to remind us that the appendage still lingers.



THRONE CHAIR OF THE DEMENTED KING OF BAVARIA.

Ludwig's throne chair was to have been a World's Fair exhibit, but like every other extravagance of its departed owner, proved but an element of discord among all who had anything to do with it. As a consequence it now exists only in detached and costly fragments, like the isolated limbs of some modern statue to the golden god of vanity, deprived of a lion to weep over them. For democracy will not play the part of Niobe when tears are to be shed over the departed state of kings. In this old age of the nineteenth century popular ignorance on the subject of thrones is appropriately dense, in spite of the fierce light poetically charged with the irreverence of beating upon them.

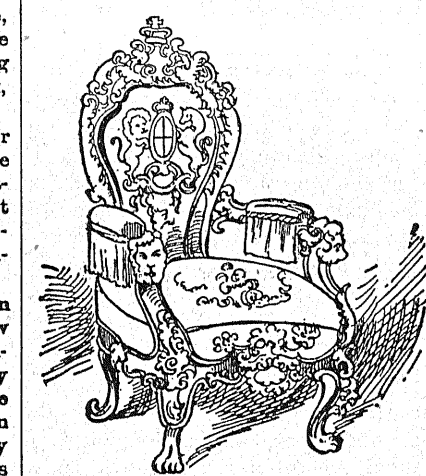
Thus Queen Victoria's subjects, to cite the leading nation among monarchies, are almost universally unaware that the royal lady is entitled to take her seat in a trinity of thrones. As queen of Great Britain she occupies the chair upon which fortunes have been spent and which, hidden beneath cloth of gold and elevated upon a dais of four steps, lives in the history of human glory as the throne of England.

As queen of Ireland there is reserved for her in the Dublin palace of the lord lieutenant a semblance of the shamrock wreathed seat that Emmet apostrophized on the scaffold as the couch of Erin's kings. It is now nothing more than a semblance, for Ireland's real throne has never been occupied but by Ireland's real kings. Tradition has it that the royal chair was spirited away as long ago as the time of that English Henry who, according to the rhyme that any of your acquaintance can repeat, "laid Ireland low."

Be this as it may, there exists a throne, carved of oak and gilded liberally, which bears the ensign of the harp and is tapestried in green. Over it is a wealth of canopy and cloth of gold. Whenever it is rumored that England's sovereign proposes visiting the sister kingdom this reserved seat of royalty is put in readiness for her majesty.

There is theoretically an imperial throne reserved for her majesty at the various Indian courts, but practically nothing of the sort exists.

Returning to the throne of England, that costly article may be said to have a multiple existence. For there are numerous canopied chairs scattered through the royal palaces in which the



STATE CHAIR OF THE QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN.

queen sits on state occasions, and which are all indiscriminately alluded to as thrones.

But the real throne is the imposing thing to which the chamber of the house of lords owes most of the majesty suggested by its present appearance.

It stands amid mountains of tapestry and can easily be seen, when in position, by any visitor. The chair itself is of wood, gold, ivory and silver. So roomy is it that two Queen Victorias could find place there, despite the criticism which attributes to William Dean Howells an intention of calling his forthcoming book "The British Throne," because the royalty upon it is so large and fat.

When it was represented that her majesty had complained of the hard oak and ivory seat as irksome to royal flesh, Mr. Labouchere expressed his willingness to allow the price of a feather bolster.

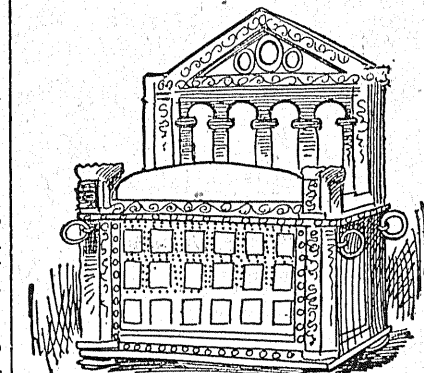
The continental monarchies have been far more liberal in providing throne chairs for their sovereigns than the English people. This is, perhaps, because only British royalty must give an account of how its subjects' money is spent.

Emperor William, upon assuming his prerogatives, gave orders for the construction of two elaborate throne chairs. One was for the emperor of Germany, the other for the king of Prussia. Hardly was the work of making them begun than the young ruler changed his mind and decided that the paternal seats would do.

The present imperial throne chair of the empire of Germany seems never to have been intrinsically appraised, but \$100,000 is hardly an exaggerated statement of what it and its present appointments have cost.

Those who have seen the czar of all the Russias sitting scepter in hand, on his great white throne, agree in pronouncing the sight one of the few impressive things connected with the nineteenth century royalty. The czar, being an absolute despot, can not be said to have an official residence for the chair of state. Wherever he sits is the throne of Russia. But in the palace of St. Petersburg there is an apartment in which his imperial majesty's advisers assemble on such occasions as it suits him to call them together officially. It is described as an immense marble hall, with an inclosure at one end, vaguely suggestive of a cathedral altar.

The thrones of other lands follow the precedents of time and royalty. In Austria Francis Joseph sits in state upon the arms of the Hapsburgs, which decorate the seat of the imperial chair. In Italy there is an elaborate throne etiquette, but the object itself has not much of an air. There is another throne in Rome—that of the sovereign pontiff. Leo on his throne at pontifical high



THE PONTIFICAL THRONE. mass makes Quirinal regality seem shabby.

AN AMERICAN COUNTESS.

Miss Adele Grant Weds the Earl of Essex in London.

Another American addition to the British peerage was made in London recently, when Miss Adele Grant, a daughter of the late Beach Grant, was married to the Earl of Essex.

Miss Grant, whose loveliness has won her an international reputation for beauty, has spent much of her life abroad, going to the most exclusive circles of British and Continental society. Her wealth and beauty have always brought her a number of titled suitors, and at one time she was engaged to the late Miss Adele Grant. Lord Garmoyne, afterward Earl of Cairns, but upon his name being associated with that of an English actress, the engagement was broken.

She is to be a countess, nevertheless, and, what is more, one of unusual prominence, for although her husband is an earl there are earls and there are earls, her future earl being the seventy-third peer in England. The importance of this number will be realized when it is known that the Bradley Martin's earl is the 200th. The earldom of Essex was created in the year 1661, whereas that of Craven is quite modern, and dates only from 1801. This being the case, the future countess of Essex will take precedence over the countess of Craven. On the other hand, the former Miss Cornelia Martin is more fortunate than Miss Grant, for should the first ever have a son he will succeed to the title of earl, whereas no son that the countess of Essex may ever have will enjoy this honor, unless Algernon George De Vere, the son of the late earl of Essex by his first wife, should die. He is now a lad of 10 years.

Worth Going For.

Housekeeper—Trying to get to Boston, eh?

Tramp—Yes, mum; an' if y'll give me a little to help me on my way—

"Now what do you expect to do when you get to Boston? Tell me that."

"I intend, mum, to call on Mr. Atkinson, an' git his recipe for livin' on 10 cents a week."

Some of the fish in the royal aquarium in St. Petersburg have been on exhibition for more than 150 years.



What Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has done for others for nearly two generations it will do for you. If you will try it once you will be convinced that it is the best family medicine, and you will never be without it.

Most of the beautiful things in the world do not talk.

The attention of base ball players who receive wounds of one kind or another every day from bat or ball, is directed to the fact that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best application in use for the cure of cuts, bruises and sprains. 2. cents.

Men may make creeds, but they can't make religion.

"Brown's Rheumatic Troches" are excellent for the relief of Rheumatism or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective. —Christian World, London, Eng.

A woman often tells what she thinks than what she knows.

Have You Asthma?

Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., will mail a trial package of Schiffmann's Asthma Cure free to any sufferer. He advertises by giving it away. Never fails to give instant relief in worst cases and cures with others fail. Name this paper and send address for a free trial package.

Love beats the devil on young hearts, and the tattoo on old ones.

The Modern Invalid.

Has tastes medicinally, in keeping with other luxuries. A remedy must be pleasantly acceptable in form, purely wholesome in composition, truly beneficial in effect and entirely free from every objectionable quality. It really is he consults a physician; it constituted he uses the gentle family laxative Syrup of Figs.

To remove warts, apply sweet oil and cinnamon, which will in time cause them to disappear.

Orchards.

Plant, encourage your neighbor to plant. It takes to dry a bushel of wheat to buy a peck of apples—orchards pay. Stark Bros. share or co-operative orchards furnish without money—an investment for the well-to-do, as well as for men of limited means and providing orchards which otherwise they might never get. A great orchard system on thorough business-like plans—something never before attempted. We practice what we preach, show our faith in our orchards. In our trees—two million trees, co-operative per cent plan, already planted; over two million—over 200,000 acres, share plan and adding over half million a year. Farms with orchards doubling in value annually; a sure income for the able beginners to succeed. Write us. See adv. in another column in this paper.

For sunburn, sweet oil and lime water—two parts oil to one of lime water—will be found very efficacious.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Catarrh is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for testimonials. Address: Dr. J. C. KILMER & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, etc.

First ninth grader—Do you believe in "looking backward"? Second ninth grader—Yes, when the girls are in the gallery.

## "German Syrup"

Just a bad cold, and a hacking cough. We all suffer that way sometimes. How to get rid of them is the study. Listen—"I am a Ranchman and Stock Raiser. My life is rough and exposed. I meet all weathers in the Colorado mountains. I sometimes take colds. Often they are severe. I have used German Syrup five years for these. A few doses will cure them at any stage. The last one I had was stopped in 24 hours. It is infallible." James A. Lee, Jefferson, Col.

## DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT CURED ME.

La Grippe! Grippe! Grippe!

After Effects Cured.

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CONSUMPTION.

## A STORY OF BLOOD.

BY M. E. DRADDON.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

"My friend, do you think I need any payment? What has a lonely old woman with an annuity to do in this world except care for her neighbors? And Rose and Kathleen are to me as my own daughters. Did I not see them when they first entered Paris, footsore and dusty, but so gentle and so pretty in their weariness? Was I not the first to welcome them to this great city, which is now the city of death? Heaven help us! Lie still, and keep your mind tranquil, my friend, and soon as I have given baby his bath—how he loves the water, the dear innocent—I will come and put a fresh dressing on that poor arm."

Madame Schubert was surgeon, nurse, intermediary between the sick-room and the outer world—everything to the Durand household in their affliction.

From his bed in the kitchen Philip heard Kathleen's return—her feeble voice presently talking in low murmurs with Madame Schubert. She was safe; she had returned. Through fire and smoke and carnage she had passed unharmed. Here, at least, was a blessed relief—no burden lifted from their weary hearts. But he, the husband? What of him?

Kathleen told Madame Schubert the story of her pilgrimage; told how she had knelt upon the bloodstained ground where her husband's corpse had lain. But the good Madame Schubert, who would not see any sufficient evidence of Gaston's death. What did it come to after all, this story which Kathleen had heard in the Avenue d'Italie? A young man, nameless, with dark hair and eyes, had been killed with the great cannon. But why should that young man be Gaston Morten?

"There are enough young men in France, my faith, with dark hair and eyes! *C'est un manque pas*," said Madame Schubert.

"My husband! come home!" asked Kathleen.

The good Schubert shrugged her shoulders and shook her head despondingly.

"Alas, no."

"Then he is dead—no matter how or where. He is dead! Do you think that if he was living he would forsake me?" asked Kathleen.

"He may be a prisoner."

"Would to God it were so! But I know; there is something here, touching her, that tells me he fell yesterday—on that spot."

"Kathleen," called a voice from behind the closed door, "Kathleen!"

Rose had heard those murmurs in the next room, and had recognized Kathleen's voice.

Madame Schubert grasped Kathleen's arm as she was going to answer that call.

"Don't go to her yet," she said. "You will frighten her with your ghastly face and your distressed manner. She was very ill yesterday, weak and feverish. She is weak to-day, but the fever is better. She must not be agitated in any way. Go to your room, and wash and change your clothes, and come down presently looking bright and happy."

"It will be easy," said Kathleen, with a ghastly smile. "Yes, I understand."

"And not a word about Gaston or your wanderings. We told her nothing but lies yesterday—told her that you were in your own bed, ill with a cold. Don't deceive her. She is so happy, poor soul, nursing her first baby. Yet, even in the midst of her new happiness, she was full of anxiety about you."

"I will be careful," said Kathleen. "I think I am getting used to sorrow. I ought to be able to hide it."

She obeyed Madame Schubert in every particular, and came back in less than an hour, fresh and bright in her clean cotton dress and black silk apron, her lovely hair brushed to a silky softness, and coiled in a smooth chignon at the back of her head. She smiled as she kissed Rose. She sat beside the bed and rocked the baby on her lap, and talked to him, and cooed at him, and tried to awaken some faint ray of intelligence in the little pink face, which seemed to the mother to be full of soul.

"Do you think he has grown?" asked Rose fondly.

"I think he is wonderfully improved since the day before yesterday," answered Kathleen.

"Improved?" Rose felt inclined to resent the word. Could there be room for improvement in a being so perfect as that child had been from the very first hour of his life?

But Kathleen had vague memories of an unlovely redness and splotchiness in the infant's earliest days of a complexion, and the soft rosy tints of to-day seemed to her a marked advance in baby's development.

Rose lay with her face turned towards her sister, her hand in Kathleen's hand, perfectly happy. Happy in the fulness of her love, albeit still answered forth with sullen thunder, and cannon and mitrailleuse, and chassapott and revolver, still made deadly music in the streets. There was peace here for Rose Durand in the narrow circle of home. She had suffered all anxieties about the outside world to be lulled to rest by Madame Schubert's cheerful assurances. And then, since the birth of the Commune, Paris had grown accustomed to the sound of bombardment, to the smoke of cannon. Poilichelle had made his jokes, the merry-go-rounds had revolved in their orgiastic dances, and the drums had sounded cheerily in the Champs Elysees, albeit Versailles was bombarding Paris. The roar of guns, the noise and havoc of war, had become the every-day sounds of the city. Rose, lying in her curdled bed, windows closed and muffled, hardly knew that the guns to-day sounded louder and nearer.

"Philip will go no more to the barricades," she told Kathleen. "He was wounded in the shoulder yesterday—a very slight wound, pain to Heaven! but enough to prevent his fighting any more."

Kathleen heard with a shudder, remembering that file of prisoners, with fettered limbs and downcast eyes, pale, despairing, submissive. She had heard people say that all who had carried arms against the Republic would be served thus. "*Passes pas les armes*!" The phrase was familiar enough now. A short shift, and your back against a wall, citizen, your waistcoat open, and all eight knuckles pointed at your heart.

"Where is Gaston?" said Rose presently.

"Maman Schubert said he was at the office all yesterday. His newspaper is to be revised now that Paris is more tranquil, she told me. Are you glad of that, Kathleen? I hope he will not preach revolution any more. We have had enough of the Commune."

"Yes, enough—more than enough," said Kathleen, her pale lips quivering as she turned away her head.

All that day the sisters spent together, Kathleen devoting herself to Rose and the baby, smiling upon both; speaking hopeful words; but after dark, when Rose had fallen asleep, Kathleen stole away from the sick room just as Madame Schubert re-entered, after having attended to her own household affairs. Before Madame Schubert had time to ask her a question, Kathleen was gone.

She ran up to her own room, put on her neat little bonnet and shawl, her thick black veil, and then back to those terrible streets, to the stifling smoke, the glare of the conflagration, the tramp of soldiery, the cry of "Stand, or I fire!"

The struggle was over in the center of Paris. The insurgents had retired to Pere Lachaise, Montmartre, Belleville, the Buttes Chaumont. The huge storehouses of Villette filled half the sky with lurid light of the cannon. The Hotel de Ville stood sharply out against the sky of flame and moonlight—a ruin, grand as any wreck of Roman greatness; airy columns, fairy arches, doorways without rooms, spectral corridors, cornices of delicate tracery; and, above all, unharmed, in big golden capitals, the legend, "Liberty! Equality! Fraternity!"

And still roared the demonic thunder of the cannon. Montmartre, from its superior height, rains death and destruction upon Belleville and La Roquette; Belleville, and La Roquette reply with mitrailleuse and shell.

"Any news—any news of Colonel Serizier?" Kathleen asked of a group of women at a street-corner.

But they do not even know who Serizier is. They are full of their own troubles, their own fears. One of these weeps for a husband whom she has not seen for four days; called out against his will—he, the peaceable father of a family—to go and work and fight and die at the barricades.

"Ah, ma bonne!" she says to Kathleen, with streaming eyes, "the Commune was very cruel; and now they say Monsieur Tiliers will be cruel too. Those foolish people have pulled down his house, and that will not help to arrange matters."

Serizier? No; no one in the streets knew anything about Serizier.

What was this dark rumor which the lotterers in the streets repeated to each other with awe-stricken faces? The hostages had been murdered at La Roquette three days ago, slaughtered within the walls of the prison. The Archbishop of Paris, the Cure of the Madeleine, Monsieur Bonfante the President—eighteen victims in all.

Yes, it was true. True also that at five o'clock this afternoon, in the bright May sunshine, another band of hostages—priests, soldiers, civilians—to the number of fifty-two, had been due to death by a savage mob in the Rue Haxo, on the heights of Belleville; but this new horror had not yet become town talk.

It was one o'clock in the morning when Kathleen went home, worn out by wandering up and down the streets, standing at corners or on the bridges listening to the passers-by, to the noise of shot at their doors; but nowhere could she hear anything which threw new light upon the tragedy in the Avenue d'Italie, or the wretch who had planned that bloody deed.

CHAPTER XI.

KATHLEEN'S VOYAGE.

WHIT SUNDAY. May on the threshold of June, the very dawn of summer; but the sun, which hitherto has shone pitiless searching light upon scenes of death and horror, shines no more. Stormy winds, rain, and bluster against the feeble old house in the Rue Giti le Coeur, with a sound and fury as of thunder; the cannonade of heaven takes up the cannonade of earth, and echoes it with twenty-fold power. Tempestuous rain lashes the windows, like the death of a seething ocean. The cannon of Montmartre thunders against the heights of Belleville and Montmartre. The insurgents reply with savage fury, blind, reckless, deluging Paris with shells.

And while the pitiless struggle still goes on upon the heights of Belleville, the day of reprisals has already begun for the insurgents. From Mazas they bring a hundred and forty-eight prisoners, hastily huddled into the prison yesterday morning. The stormy Sunday morning. Waiting in the morning, they are marched to the cemetery of Pere Lachaise, among the trees and the flowers and the marble monuments of the distinguished dead; and there, hard by that common grave where the murdered Archbishop and his companions lie in their bloody shrouds, the Federal prisoners are divided into batches of ten, and shot to death. They die bravely, joining hands and crying, "Long live the Commune!" with their last breath.

In the prison of Little Roquette, at about the same hour, two hundred and twenty-seven insurgents meet the same doom; not quite so boldly, for some of these, said an eye-witness, were snivellers, and begged for mercy.

The final hour has come; those shells are verily the death-rattle of the Commune. Thirty thousand men are said to be concentrated upon this point of Paris, where they have built up giant barricades, almost impenetrable fortresses, communicating with each other by underground passages, a wonder of rough and ready masonry and skill. They are held in this supreme hour by men of desperate courage, men who have sworn not to surrender.

Two o'clock on that stormy Sabbath; and so far there has been neither rest nor respite. Cannon, mitrailleuse, chassapott, thundering, rattling, roaring, hissing; but now as the afternoon wears on there come intervals of silence. The cannonade pauses to draw breath. The sounds of battle seem more remote—they die away in the distance. Then silence.

Silence! Are they all dead?

This is Sunday, the day when the laborer rests from his toil; to-day there has been only one laborer, and his name is Death.

Evening, and for the first time for many weeks and many days no more cannon. A noisy silence of peace! or should we not rather say silence of death?

A column of six thousand prisoners who have surrendered at Belleville slowly drifts along the boulevard; and this is verily the end. Yes, the cup of desolation has been drained to the dregs. There have been the sword to the dogs, and the dogs to the fowls of the heaven and the beasts of the earth to devour and destroy, as in the day of the Prophet; only the dogs have been human dogs, and the beasts have been human beasts; and the whirlwind of the Lord has gone forth with fury, a continuing whirlwind, and it has fallen with pain upon the head of the wicked; and on the head of the good and just, and innocent and gentle also.

The sacred month of May, month dedicated to the holy mother of God, was over—month of May never to be forgotten by the French people, May which has left its indelible mark upon the city of Paris—and now the gates of the city were opened, and the world came to see the work of destruction. English, Americans, foreigners of all kinds went about looking at the ruins, as at Pompeii or Herculaneum, criticising, examining, somewhat disappointed that the have was not more universal.

On the 7th of June came the funeral procession of Monsieur Darboy, the third Archbishop of Paris murdered within a quarter of a century. Under a gray and sunless sky the car with its long train of mourners, soldiers, people, solemnly, silently, defied along the quays, past the still smoldering ruins of palaces and mansions. No roll of drums, no funeral music broke

that awful silence; only the rhythmic tread of the soldiers, the hollow rumble of gun-carriages. In the dumbness of a broken-hearted city, a city reeking with blood newly shed, the martyr was carried to his tomb in the great cathedral—last stage of a journey that had known so many dismal halting-places—from prison to prison, and then to the common grave at Pere Lachaise, from there to the bed of state in the archiepiscopal palace, and now to the final resting-place among the historic dead.

In the Rue Giti le Coeur life had resumed its wonted way, save for one empty place. Rose was again astir, the careful manager, the attentive wife, nursing her baby, busy with her domestic work, cleaning, cooking, keeping the little apartment as neat and bright as of old. There were flowers on the window-sill again, a bunch of flowers on the table at which Philip wrote or read, a bouquet of lilies of the valley, pure, spotless, telling no tale of a ruined city, a humiliated and impoverished nation. Within, by the domestic hearth, all was peace. Philip's arm was slowly mending. He was able even to work a little at the famous carved sideboard in his workshop, or to bring one of the panels into his wife's sitting-room, to sit there by the open window, chiselling a group of fruit, bird or fish, and whilst so busy to himself as he worked, while Rose sat in her rocking chair crooning to her sleeping babe.

And Kathleen, the widowed, the heart broken, what was her life in these days of restored peace? She was very quiet. She bore her sorrow with a silent resignation which was more pathetic than loud walling or passionate tears. But Rose would have said that Kathleen was a little more than a shadow, that slow and heavy step—the step which had once been so light and swift upon the stair—those long intervals of silence and apathy, were not these the indications of a broken heart?

Rose Durand did all in her power to comfort the mourner. She tried to persuade her sister to surrender the apartment on the upper story, and to occupy a little room off the back of the house, but Kathleen would not furnish it, and make it a pretty nest for her darling; and then Kathleen would be her child again, always under her watchful care. She would share all their meals, with them all together, and go out and walk with them, and show them the world of the little one, who showed himself full of intelligence, would soothe and amuse her.

"You are very good, dear," answered Kathleen meekly, when this scheme was pressed upon her; "you and Philip have been all good to me. But I like to live alone, just now. I am not fit company for any one. And again, if—I—" with a profound sigh, "if—he should come back, and find his rooms altered, his books disturbed, it would seem as if I had not really loved him."

Rose was silent. Till this moment she had supposed that Kathleen was absolutely convinced of her husband's death, that the black gown she wore was the sign of hopeless widowhood; but these words told of a lingering hope, and after this Rose no longer urged her sister to give up the apartment. It was better she should go on hoping until the thin thread of hope wore out, than that she should sink all at once into the gulf of an absolute despair. Better, too, that she should have the daily occupation of arranging her rooms, dusting Gaston's books, opening a volume now and then and looking at a page, as if it held his own words. There were pages of Musset's poetry which seemed to speak to her with her husband's voice, so often had he read the lines to her in their brief married life. She knew all his books, and knew the measure of his love for each.

Every morning she put a little bunch of flowers on his writing-table by the window. And yet in her heart of hearts she was convinced that he was dead, and that it was his blood she had been staining the dusty ground in the Avenue d'Italie. A few days, then, when this work of dusting, polishing, and arranging everything was done, she would put on her little black bonnet, with a thick veil over her face, and go out and wander about the streets and the quays, and loiter on the bridges, hearing all that could be heard of the public news. People respected that black gown and bonnet, and the thick mourning veil. She was recognized as one of the many mourners who had been left behind after that awful tide of blood and fire had rolled over Paris. Lonely as she was, young, beautiful, no one molested her. She went from place to place, secure in the majesty of her desolation.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"Whatever Is—Is Best."

I know as my life grows older, And mine eyes have clearer light, That under each rank wrong somewhere, There lies the root of right; That each sorrow has its purpose, By the sorrowing oft unguessed; But as sure as the sun begins morning, Whatever is—is best.

I know that each sinful action, As sure as night brings shadow, Is somewhere, some time, punished, Though the hour is long delayed; I know that the soul is aided, Sometimes by the heart's unrest, And to grow means often to suffer, But whatever is—is best.

I know there is no error For the great supernatural plan, And all things work together, For the final good of man; And I know when my soul speeds onward In its grand eternal quest, I shall cry as I look back earthward, "Whatever is—is best."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Dogs for War.

The Prussian Jager battalions have a number of dogs on trial, all of them being thoroughly trained to seek out wounded soldiers in the field. The experiments so far have had excellent results. A number of men hide a wood or behind hedges, lying on the ground face downwards, and with orders not to move. As soon as the dogs are let loose they begin the search. When they find one of these men they place their forepaws upon the prostrate body and begin to bark, an exercise which is continued till the bearers appear and carry the man off, whereupon the dog starts afresh. Each company of the Laben Jager has about twelve of the dogs. Hunting dogs cannot be relied upon on account of their love of the chase, and therefore sheep dogs or Pomeranian Spitzhunde are chosen for the work.

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A. H. PIERCE, R. S. I. K. REID, C. R.

**I. O. O. F.**  
Cass City Lodge, No. 208, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cordially invited.  
Geo. W. Sreed, Secretary. G. A. STEVENSON, N. G.

**K. O. T. M.**  
Cass City Tent, No. 74, meets the first and third Friday evenings of each month at 7:30. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited.  
ED. KEATING, COMMANDER.  
A. D. GILLIES, RECORD KEEPER.

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Cass City Lodge, No. 214, meets on the first Tuesday evening of each month at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting brothers cordially invited.  
ELIAS McKIM, W. M.

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### A New Enemy.

There was lately shipped to the rooms of the senate agricultural committee a box containing a single plant 5 feet in diameter, 8 feet high and so dense a mass that a mosquito could not crawl through it. The thing was a single specimen of the Russian thistle, which a Washington Star correspondent who saw it describes as the "ugliest, meanest, wickedest weed this country ever has known or can know."

The plant was accidentally introduced into this country 20 years ago by Russian Mennonites in some imported flaxseed. The men had settled in Bon Homme county, S. D., where the pest first appeared. The Canada thistle is a mild and beneficent growth compared to this demon of vegetation. Every specimen, like the one sent to Washington, contains 200,000 seeds, which are blown about like thistle down. The whole mass is covered with sharp thorns, which in a single day scrape raw the feet of horses attempting to draw a plow through a field once possessed by the weed. Dakota farmers cover their horses' legs with leather boots when they plow the thistle fields. Often they abandon many acres altogether.

The pest is moving eastward as rapidly as the potato bug or an army of grasshoppers used to do, and we may look for it in all parts of the country. It is expected that the government will do what it can to exterminate the thistle. Plowing it up in the green state before it goes to seed is said to destroy it, it being an annual.

### Western Editorials.

For vigor of expression, for breezy, lively utterances, the western American editor can read the world a lesson. He has not been toned down by the despotism of conventionality. He employs words which were not in the dictionary originally, but often land there after he uses them awhile, and then they become a part of the standard English language.

For instance, read the following brace of paragraphs from Field and Farm of Denver:

There is no necessity for the large army of thugs and hoboes infesting this city just now, and the excuse made by many of them that they are hoboes because they cannot obtain work should not be accepted as an extenuating evidence by the justice courts or by the public. Work can be obtained by any number of able-bodied men in the farming districts of this state or anywhere in the agricultural localities of the Rocky mountains. True, at this time

of the year the pay will not be as large as it is in sowing or harvest times, but the remuneration for the amount of work done will suffice to keep the men well fed, clothed and supplied with tobacco, a much better condition of affairs than that of loafing about the city like gaunt, starving coyotes, sleeping in foul lodging houses and begging for nickels wherewith to buy food. The man out of work who really wishes to keep his head up will be able to find a job in the country if he conscientiously looks for it.

Very soon Uncle Sam will be called upon to dig down in his jeans for the neat sum of \$1,000,000 for domestic purposes. Indian Commissioner Browning has notified the house committee on Indian affairs that he estimates this amount as necessary to run the dusky establishment for the next fiscal year. The noble red man is not only a nuisance, but a high priced luxury as well. It is time that he were put to work like other domestic animals.

The toadyism of New York city to the English is observable at every turn. In America we have the best light and skies for taking photographs in the known world. For this reason American pictures are superior to those of Europe. The retouching and finishing are possibly more carefully and artistically done in Europe, but the American photograph itself is vastly better. Nevertheless in various picture stores in New York which have portraits of famous people on sale nearly every photograph is foreign, even the photographs of Americans themselves. A stand on one of the leading business streets hangs out a collection of the pictures of distinguished people. One of these is a dim, washed out looking presentation of the late Phillips Brooks, and that picture of Phillips Brooks was actually imported from London, has the stamp of the London photographer upon it, and underneath the portrait the weird and wonderful legend, "Lord Bishop of Massachusetts, Right Rev. Phillips Brooks." The cockney mind evidently cannot get beyond the belief that Episcopal bishops in America are by virtue of their office members of the United States senate. How Phillips Brooks would laugh, even in his grave, if he could be made aware of this exhibition of American snobbery!

When Mme. Albani was last commanded to sing for the queen of England, her majesty insisted that the American singer should spend the night at Balmoral castle, and the invitation is mentioned as a great condescension and an unusual honor. But the honor was all on the other side. Royalty cannot condescend when it honors genius. When Mme. Albani accepted the queen's invitation, it was genius paying a compliment and an honor to royalty. The real kings and queens of the earth are those who have great gifts.

France commences at once to build 32 new warships of various classes. The English, with those already under construction and the ones recently ordered by the Gladstone government, will during the next three years increase their navy by 40 new vessels. Four of them will be large battleships. The new vessels just ordered cannot be built for less than \$30,000,000.

The mother who has not written a book on how to bring up children has reason to congratulate herself.

And now Arizona has joined the lemon growing districts.

### Character as Indicated by Voice.

A curiously interesting paper is furnished to The Arena by Dr. James R. Cooke on character reading from the sound of human voice. Perhaps this kind of delineation will in time become as fashionable as palmistry or chirographic prophecy.

By a sorrowful chance Dr. Cooke is peculiarly adapted to reading character from the sound of the voice, for it has been unfortunately the only way he had to read it. A physician's blunder when Cooke was an infant put out his sight and left him in darkness through the rest of his life. He says when he was only 5 years old he took an intense dislike to a lady merely from hearing her speak. She had a "warm, passionate, liquid voice. Yet when that voice spoke to my soul there was something in it false and treacherous." He could discern whether people were beautiful or the reverse by passing his hand over their faces. He thus tested the lady with the warm, passionate, liquid voice and found she was lovely in looks, but her character was, as his ears had taught him, false and treacherous.

He was brought up in the south, and the voices of negroes were pleasant to him, but when he rubbed his hand over their faces "the feeling of their skin was horribly repulsive." The voices of northern races are sterner than those of southern ones and contain less warmth and passion. Women's voices are more difficult to read than those of men, says the doctor, because they are naturally sweeter, which is a queer reason. Baritone voices, full of fun, merriment and good humor, belong generally to big, intellectual men, who are, however, at the same time governed by the emotional temperament and are therefore passionate and more or less false. They doubtless mean what they say when they say it, but they change their minds with the next swaying impulse. Cooke reads in the voices of such men something earthly and sensual. The courteous, cold, quiet voice belongs to a type of cultivated Englishmen.

Our blind doctor has likewise studied the voices of criminals. He recognizes in those of both men and women convicts often a canting, whining, hypocritical tone. Criminals' voices are frequently sentimental and emotional, exactly as one might expect of persons too weak to do the right thing. One of the most at-

tractive voices the doctor ever heard was low, liquid and tender, full of childish trust apparently. Yet Dr. Cooke noted a false ring in it. Its owner had been four times imprisoned for forgery.

### Good Entertainment For Winter.

Twelve members of a woman's club in New York city are writing a novel. Each one is to write one chapter, so that the tale will be completed in 12 chapters. The ladies are mostly newspaper women and professional writers, so perhaps the novel will not be so desperately bad. But there is no reason why the same idea should not be carried into execution in private clubs and societies. Nothing could be more entertaining than a story written in co-operation by a number of friends.

W. S. Collins mentions in The Outlook that this has already been done in several instances. The writers organize themselves into a body which they call the Novel club. The Novel clubs maintain the utmost secrecy with regard to who writes the chapters. All are pledged to this secrecy till the story is finished and has been read and criticised. A certain member is requested by the chief officer to write a chapter, covering say 10 pages of letter paper, within two weeks. The story is handed then to another member, who reads what has been already written and continues the tale to suit himself. When he has completed his installment, the chapters are handed to another member, who continues it according to his idea, and so on till it is finished. Then it is read aloud.

At the Ladies' club in New York, however, no concealment or reserve is observed. The 12 authors meet and discuss the plot and who shall write the given chapters. Either method would be productive of much entertainment as well as improvement.

The sculptors of Brussels have entertained the public there by designing and modeling wonderful and beautiful snow statues and groups. This plastic material lends itself admirably to the making of flowers, horses, people and any and all objects. Why do not artists and other persons who want a delightful winter amusement in America set themselves to making picturesque snow images and groups? Perhaps it will be the means of developing the latent powers of some future great artist among the boys and girls. Material, in some parts of the country at least, is abundant, and the fun is glorious.

Mrs. Ormiston Chant said a good thing about the American people. It was this: "The prevailing type among your best American men is Roman. The prevailing type among your best women is Grecian. They settle things intellectually and so seriously. Your women seem to have a sense of humor, but they have not been accustomed to use it in developing buoyancy of character, and they worry and hurry too much."

Many as the destitute are in our cities this winter, the per cent of naked and hungry people in London is yet greater.

Weak souls lie down upon the strong ones to be carried. It is better to carry than to be carried.

The continual sneezing of bulls, pimple, and eruptions from which many suffer, indicates an impure state of the blood. The most effective remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It expels the poison harmlessly through the natural channels, and leaves the skin clean and clear.

## Job Printing.

LETTER HEADS,  
NOTE HEADS,  
ENVELOPES.  
BILL HEADS,  
CIRCULARS  
PROGRAMS.  
STATEMENTS,  
SHIPPING TAGS.  
CARDS,  
DODGERS,  
POSTERS,  
AUCTION BILLS.

Our prices are right.  
Work Unexcelled.  
Get our Estimates.

Enterprise Steam  
Printing House,  
Cass City.

## Dishes at Cost

This month, at

### G. A. Stevenson's.

Got to have money and will have it, if dishes at manufacturer's prices will bring the precious stuff.

### DON'T DELAY, BUT COME AT ONCE

And have your pick out of the Largest and Finest Stock of Crockery in the Thumb of Michigan, consisting of

Yellow ware, Rockingham ware, English China, white and gold banded; two elegant patterns Eng. Porcelain.

All must go at factory prices. Remember this month and

### G. A. STEVENSON.

P. S.—Lamps also.

—ANNUAL—

## JANUARY CLEARING SALE!

—OF—

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, CARPETS,

## CLOAKS,

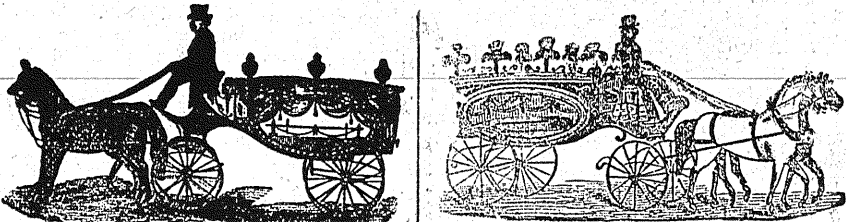
BOOTS AND SHOES, CROCKERY,

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

At greatly reduced prices. Call and see our bargains.

## FROST & HEBBLEWHITE.

## 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.

### Gagetown Furniture and Undertaking Rooms.

A. A. McKENZIE, Proprietor.

A Full Line of Furniture and Undertakers' Supplies, Mouldings and Picture Frames.

All Kinds Repairing Done on Short Notice.

Good Hearses When Desired.

R. BOLTON, Manager, - Gagetown, Mich.

## COLD WEATHER IS HERE!

The undersigned are loaded for bear with everything in the line of

### COOKING - AND - HEATING - STOVES,

All Sizes, Styles and Prices.

## BUILDERS' HARDWARE!

We have an Immense Stock of everything in this line and make as low prices as any of 'em.

We have a tin shop, presided over by an excellent workman, in connection.

## HOWE & BIGELOW.

J. P. HOWE.

N. BIGELOW.



**P.P.P.**  
CURES ALL SKIN  
AND  
BLOOD DISEASES.

**P.P.P.**  
CURES SCROFULA.

**P.P.P.**  
CURES BLOOD POISON.

**P.P.P.**  
CURES RHEUMATISM.

**P.P.P.**  
CURES MALARIA.

**P.P.P.**  
CURES DYSPEPSIA.

**PATENTS**

**C.A. SNOW & CO.**

**J.F. HENDRICK,**  
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN.

**25 Per Cent Off**

**WINTER HATS & BONNETS**

**FELT SHAPES,**

**Big Reduction**

**IN CHILDREN'S CAPS!**

**Mrs. E.K. Wickware.**

**Big Reduction**

**IN CHILDREN'S CAPS!**

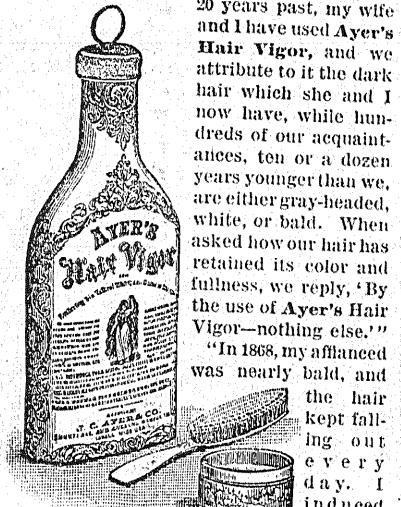
**Mrs. E.K. Wickware.**

**Big Reduction**

**IN CHILDREN'S CAPS!**

**Mrs. E.K. Wickware.**

**A Gentleman**



**AYER'S HAIR VIGOR**

**DON'T**

**NEGLECT YOUR**



**HAVE THEM PROPERLY FITTED BEFORE THEY FAIL YOU.**

**J.F. HENDRICK,**  
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN.

**25 Per Cent Off**

**WINTER HATS & BONNETS**

**FELT SHAPES,**

**Big Reduction**

**IN CHILDREN'S CAPS!**

**Mrs. E.K. Wickware.**

**Big Reduction**

**IN CHILDREN'S CAPS!**

**Mrs. E.K. Wickware.**

**Big Reduction**

**IN CHILDREN'S CAPS!**

**Mrs. E.K. Wickware.**

**Attention, Correspondents!**

We again open the competition for the desk which was contested for (but not successfully) during the week of the fair, and, as this is a splendid time of the year for canvassing, we have but little doubt but what this useful piece of furniture will be "taken off our hands."

We make the conditions of the competition the same as before, viz: Give the desk to the correspondent securing the largest list of new, yearly, cash subscribers at \$1.00 each, providing said list amounts to at least six in number. Contest closes Saturday, March 17, 1894.

As a special inducement you may offer to club the following papers with the Enterprise at the prices herewith given:

Enterprise and Detroit Times-Week Free Press, each one year, \$1.70  
Enterprise and Detroit Tribune, each one year, 1.25  
Enterprise and American Farmer, each one year, 1.10

Sample copies of any of the foregoing papers can be obtained at this office, or, by request, will be mailed. Trusting that it will be possible for you to "push" this matter, we remain,

Yours Truly,  
WICKWARE & McDOWELL.

**HAPS AND MISHAPS!**

As Told by the Enterprise's Corps of Correspondents

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

**CASEVILLE.**

Rather poor sleighing just now, but more coming.

T. Luxton has bought a driving horse and is enjoying the sleighing.

M. L. Moore sports a driving horse which he bought of A. Traver, of Meade, last week.

J. R. Poss is able to be around again after a severe sickness. Also, Jacob Shelden is some better.

Mrs. McKinley received a dispatch that her brother was dying in Canada and took the train at Pigeon Monday morning.

Young Pittinger, from Unionville, came after his father last Friday and took him home. He was very weak. Van Pelt is still at the Conant House and is gaining slowly, as his severe experience on the ice has made him very weak.

**NOVESTA.**

Little Hazel Livingston is quite sick at this writing.

There is a great demand for straw in this locality at present.

J. Livingston and best girl visited friends in Greenleaf Sunday.

Everybody busy since the snow came—getting out wood and logs.

Dr. George Dewey visited friends in Novesta last week. Glad to see George again.

The dance at Chas. Talmage's last Friday evening was a success, and all enjoyed themselves.

Jas. McQuillen is at present working for Mr. Sanford. James says there is no place like Novesta.

Elder Williamson, of Bay City, preached in the Quik school house Sunday morning and evening.

T. Parker has moved his threshing engine to Snore Island and will begin the manufacture of shingles, as he also has a shingle mill.

**WEST GRANT.**

Jno. O'Rourke is suffering from la-grippe.

T. H. Wallace and family Sundayed at Chas. Hartsell's.

J. M. Wmson and family visited at Cosgrove's last Sunday.

Jno. Chisholm has the material on his farm for a new dwelling.

Miss Lula Perkins, of Cass City, is visiting with Miss Carrie Predmore.

A number of Sarah McVicar's friends gave her quite a surprise party Monday night. All had a good time.

A grand entertainment will be given by the Hildran Dramatic Club, of West Grant, in school house district No. 1, Grant, on Thursday evening, February 15. Admission 10 and 15cts. All are cordially invited.

**WILMOT.**

Mrs. John Fifer is dangerously sick.

A Mr. Cooley, of Marlette, has started a gent's furnishing store here.

Force & Dickinson, of Detroit, are again buying heading bolts here this winter.

Miss Moshier, Miss Teskey, and Mr. Clothier attended the reading circle at Cass City Saturday.

Large quantities of wood, saw logs and bolts are being hauled in now days for which there is a good market.

Wilmot Tent, No. 508, installed the following officers on the 24 inst:

Com.—John H. Hartt.  
L. C.—J. W. Calkins.  
R. K.—James McCallum.  
F. K.—Henry Downey.  
Chaplain—H. A. Brintnell.  
Phy.—Dr. Bates.  
Serg.—Orrin Brintnell.  
M. of A.—Henry Shoemaker.  
1st M. of G.—Henry Ogden.  
2nd M. of G.—Edward Farrell.  
Sentinel—A. McArthur.  
Picket—A. B. Hallock.

**ELLINGTON.**

There will be a spelling school at the school house in district No. 1, Friday night.

A number of farmers are now engaged hauling logs into W. A. Bailey's mill yard since the snow.

Dis. No. 1 will soon be free from debt on the new house, as the last bond will be paid this week.

There was a large social party that gathered at C. Fox's last Friday night on invitation of Del Potter.

Mrs. Clara B. Gould, who has been visiting relatives in Denmark for the two weeks, returned home Sunday.

Ruben Alexander, of Denmark, came to J. H. Mosher's Sunday and staid over night, returning home Monday.

W. A. Bailey has teams at work hauling lumber to Caro for J. Tolbert, and if the snow holds on a few days longer will be delivered.

J. H. Mosher and R. Alexander returned home from their summer resort called Rosy Island, three miles from Sebewauing, last Sunday. They fixed up their cottage and built a dock extending two hundred feet in the lake and a pier eight by sixteen feet on the end, which they filled with stone.

**CANBORO.**

Mrs. Bliss is reported better.

What! Chicken pox reported?

At this writing Mrs. John Lown is quite a bit better.

J. Zimmerman and D. Abbie were to Cass City Thursday last on business.

**Ann Arbor to the hospital.** We hope she will not have to stay there long.

A large time at William Murphey's last Tuesday evening. It was an oyster supper. Everybody was well satisfied.

John A. Karr and family wish to hereby express their heartfelt gratitude to the many friends who exhibited their practical sympathy with them in their recent bereavement.

Two of Karrs Corner's prominent men met in Cass City last Monday. They did not collapse but caused an awful whirlwind. Some thought it was Mitchell and Corbett, but the rounds consisted of wind puffing.

**ELMWOOD.**

Good prospects for another run of sleighing.

Miss Flora Walker has returned after spending some time in Caro with friends.

Mr. Whitsell did some ploughing on Jan. 18. Rather an early start for Michigan.

Will Wilson and Jno Crane exchanged horse the other day. Both appear to be satisfied.

Thos. Parker and family, of Cass City, visited with his brother, M. Parker on Sunday.

Jas. Wilson was kicked by a horse Saturday but not injured seriously enough to walk lame.

Thos. Leach returned home from Saginaw last Friday where he has been as a delegate of the F. & A. M.

Frank Hayes is nursing a sprained ankle as the result of a sleigh, on which he was riding, breaking down.

The spelling society has been a success so far and unusually good order has prevailed at all the meetings. The honors have been divided among several of the young people. There will be a spelling contest next Saturday evening between this society and the Ellikland society.

The revival meetings being held in the "Tabernacle" with Rev. Mulholland as minister, were closed Friday night. After eight weeks work, he succeeded in securing quite a number of converts. We understand that the Rev. Mulholland, assisted by Rev. Manley, of Ellington, will start meetings in the Sutton Church this week.

**Do You Like Blizzards?**

If not, why do you remain in the North when you can go South and avoid the blizzards and live with more comfort. You can be out in the Sunshine all the time and have green vegetables from your garden every day in the winter. Fuel costs nothing. It costs less to live and there is more pleasure in living every month of the year along the line of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad than in the North. Lands are very cheap. Now is the time to investigate. Write E. E. Posey, General Passenger Agent, Mobile, Ala.

Buckingham's Dys for the whiskers is a popular preparation in one bottle, and colors evenly a brown or black. Any person can easily apply it at home.

**It may do as much for you.**

Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Illinois 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 all kidney and liver troubles and often gives almost instant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price only 50c. for large bottle. At T. H. Fritz's Drug Store.

**A Quarter Century Test.**

For a quarter of a century Dr. King's New Discovery has been tested, and the millions who have accepted benefit from its use testify to its wonderful curative powers in all diseases of the Throat, chest and Lungs. A remedy that has stood the test so long and that has given so universal satisfaction is no experiment. Each bottle is guaranteed to give relief, or the money will be refunded. It is admitted to be the most reliable for Coughs and Colds. Trial bottles free at T. H. Fritz's Drugstore. Large size 50c and \$1.

**Buckley's Arnica Salve**

The best salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever, Itch, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chills, 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, Druggist.

**Stop Thief!**

Any one whose Watch has a

**Non-pull-out**

bow (ring), will never have occasion to use this time-honored cry. It is the only bow that cannot be twisted off the case, and is found only on Jas. Boss Filled and other watch cases stamped with this trade mark.

A watch case opener, which will save your finger nails, sent free on request.

**Keystone Watch Case Co.,**  
PHILADELPHIA.

**An Open Letter**

**Hard Times Made Easy.**

**P. S. MCGREGORY,**  
CLOTHING, BOOTS and SHOES,  
AND FURNISHINGS.

**J. S. MCARTHUR,**  
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CARPETS,  
CLOAKS, ETC.

CASS CITY, MICH., January 1, 1894.  
**HAPPY NEW YEAR!**

In sending all our friends and customers a New Year's Greeting, we beg to inform them that we will do our share toward making hard times easier to bear. In our new commodious quarters we made extensive preparations for an exceedingly large trade, and, though our sales have been good for the times, they are not up to our anticipations. The result is we have a large stock on hand from which we must realize money. We will begin an Immense Slaughter Sale on Saturday, January 6 and continue till February 20. All who have participated in our previous sales know that when we advertise a big cut in prices we mean it. This sale will be one of the greatest slaughters we have ever offered. Cost of goods will "cut no figure." We must sell. One special feature will be our One Dollar Sale. Come and see what bargain you can get for \$1.00, including Men's, Women's and Boys Boots and Shoes, Men's Pants, Boys' Suits, Plush Caps, Men's Sock Rubbers, and numerous other articles worth 50 percent more. We will sell Men's, Boys, and Children's Suits and Overcoats at unheard-of prices. Boots and Shoes, Underwear, Collars, Ties, Gloves and Mitts, Dry Goods, Carpets, Etc., at a Great Sacrifice. Special attention is called to our Big Cut in Dress Goods. About \$2.50 worth of good, staple styles will go at greatly reduced prices. Ladies' Cloaks will be sold regardless of Cost. Come and get our prices and carry the good news to your neighbors. Our loss will be your gain. Highest market prices for Butter and Eggs.

Yours Respectfully,  
2 MACKS 2.

**WE** now have a shoemaker in connection with our business. All repairing neatly done.

**HARD TIMES**

Are not very pleasant, to be sure, but

**DON'T BE DISCOURAGED.**

We are still doing business at the old stand, and our prices correspond with the times.

Choice Groceries, Chinaware, Bazaar Goods, Etc., comprise our stock and we would be pleased to deal right with you.

**JAMES TENNANT.**

**GREAT REDUCTION SALE!**

Of Dry Goods, from Feb. 1st to Feb. 25.

—MY STOCK OF—

**COOK AND PARLOR STOVES**

Is the Largest in the County and prices the smallest. See my \$11.75 cook, No. 9, size of oven 21x22 inches, weight 300 lbs. It is a hummer and costs less than 4c. a lb.

I have on hand the New and Improved

**WESTERN WASHING MACHINE,**

Price \$5 to \$9. My stock of

**Anti-Rust TINWARE**

Is complete. Experience has proven to me that it's the cheapest.

I am Headquarters for Nails, Barbed and Smooth Fence Wire, Hay Baling Wire of all kinds and Blacksmith Goods. Produce wanted.

**J. L. HITCHCOCK'S** Three Story Brick.

**For Bargains In**

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

**GENERAL PLANING MILL WORK.**

**GO TO**

**& LANDON, ENO & KEATING,**

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



## OUR TWO PENINSULAS.

### NEWS GATHERED FROM THE ENTIRE STATE.

#### Bloody Domestic Tragedy Near Grand Haven—Another Murder in Gladwin County—Items.

The village of Robinson, 10 miles southeast of Grand Haven was the scene of an exciting tragedy. A man named Hawkins caught his wife and a man named Ellsworth in a compromising position recently and was on the lookout for the fellow, who is a taxi-carrier on a "star route," but failed to find him, and then Hawkins tried to murder his wife. He fired at her while she was running from the house, the charge of bird shot striking her in the shoulder and side of the neck and face. Hawkins warned three neighbors who came for the purpose of quieting the fracas to keep away, remarking that he would soon be dead anyway. They failed to heed the warning and continued to close in on him, when he fired at one of them but missed. A neighbor, Foster, then shot Hawkins, filling his body with buckshot.

Hawkins swallowed an ounce of chloroform just after shooting his wife, and soon died. He was not seriously injured by Foster's shot. It was Hawkins' intention to also shoot Ellsworth, the man whom he is said to have caught in a compromising position with his wife, but he failed to find him. It is evident from what can be learned that this man Ellsworth brought about the trouble. If he had been found that night there might have been a lynching. Little is known of Hawkins or wife, and where they came from. Texas last summer and bought the farm where the tragedy occurred. Hawkins was about forty years of age. They had no children.

**Grand Lodge F. & A. M. Officers.** The grand lodge of the Free and Accepted Masons of the third degree session at Saginaw. Grand Master G. E. Dowling, of Montague, presided, and there were present about 600 delegates from 460 lodges—the largest attendance ever noted. The elected officers: Grand master, H. Phillips; Monitors; deputy grand master, E. L. Bowering; Grand Rapids; grand senior warden, J. C. Carlton; grand junior warden, L. B. Winsor; grand secretary, H. S. Noble; grand treasurer, J. S. Conover; grand lecturer, A. M. Clark; Lexington.

The report of the committee appointed a year ago to provide for a special session of the grand lodge to be held in Detroit on the third Tuesday in December next to celebrate the semi-centennial of the formation of the grand lodge was adopted and the matter referred to a committee of seven to prepare a program.

**Pulp Confesses—Another Arrested.** W. H. Culp pleaded guilty before United States Commissioner McGinnis, at Kalamazoo, to passing counterfeit coin, and was held to appear before the United States court at Grand Rapids March 6, in \$1,000 bail.

Ed Smith, colored, was arrested at Kalamazoo for attempting to pass two counterfeit dollars of the same kind as those found in Culp's satchel, and probably from the same dies. He claims he did not know they were counterfeit, but the officer who made the arrest says he tried to secrete one of the dollars and ran.

**Murder in Gladwin County.** At the village of Estey in the township of Bentley, Gladwin county. Andrew Glenn shot and killed James Forster. The men lived together. The shooting occurred early in the morning, but no one was informed until nearly evening. Glenn was then arrested by Deputy Sheriff Benton of Rhineland, and was taken to Gladwin and lodged in jail. Glenn admits the shooting, but claims it was an accident. Others claim that there has been bad feeling between the two for some time, and that the shooting is the result.

**A Remarkable Operation at Ann Arbor.** A remarkable operation was successfully performed in Dr. Fleming Carrow's clinic at the Michigan university, the patient being Mrs. Danbury, of Colon, Mich. The cause of the trouble was a growth of hair filling the hollow part of the skull, just above the eyes, endangering both the eyesight and the brain. The bone of the forehead was sawed so that a V-shaped portion was taken out, the hairy growth underneath in the sinus chiseled out, and then the frontal bone replaced. The patient is recovering nicely.

**Thankful for the Blizzards.** A blizzard from the northwest with driving snow was welcomed by peach growers in the peach belt. They were feeling blue over the warm weather and rain that recently prevailed, fearing the buds would swell and become tender. The trees went into winter in fine condition, and up to date peach and apple trees give promise of an abundant crop.

**Killed by an Engine.** Freddie, the 9-year-old son of Robert Schweickert, of Chelsea, was struck by a Michigan Central engine and instantly killed. There is a double track through the place, and the boy was standing on the south track watching a train that was approaching from the east, and did not hear the train from the west.

The Lake Shore Railroad company has adopted a rule which requires all the main line freight hands to rest six hours at each terminal of their run. Orders have been received from the main offices of the Cleveland Cliffs Company, Cleveland, to start up the Cleveland Hematite mines at Ishpeming. One hundred men from the company's old list were selected for work. This will comprise the force for the present.

Ludington capitalists are figuring on building a summer resort and sportsmen's hotel upon Lake Hamlin, four miles north of that city, this coming season. The large number of traveling men who find recreation and the finest fishing in the world in that vicinity every summer, appears to call for some better means of accommodation than the ordinary farm-house.

### MINOR MICHIGAN NEWS.

Adrian claims the largest flouring mill in the state.

Tecumseh Masons intend to build a temple in the spring.

A lodge of Loyal Americans has been organized at Grand Rapids.

J. W. McCann found several nuggets of gold on his farm near Newaygo.

The D. L. & N. depot at Chadwick's burned to the ground. It is a total loss.

Jerry LeDuke, aged twenty-two, was instantly killed by Escanaba by a falling tree.

Richard Dougherty, of Three Rivers, has converted his wheat fields into a skunk farm.

Blissfield saloons and billiard halls have been ordered closed at 7 o'clock each evening.

Fr. McNamara, of Muskegon, has organized a total abstinence union, which now has 325 members.

A special conference of the Evangelical German Lutheran church of southern Michigan was held at Adrian.

Mrs. Rowan, of Petoskey, organized a live of Lady Macbeths at East Jordan, with a membership of fifty-one.

Jacob Anspach's clothing store at Wyandotte exploded. The loss is \$2,500, fully insured.

Twenty runaway freight cars belonging to train No. 14 on the G. R. & I. R. R. were wrecked at Edgerton. No one was hurt.

The ninth annual session of the Michigan State Assembly, Knights of Labor, will convene at Holland, Feb. 13 and 14.

Allegan wants to be incorporated as a city and will have a special census taken to find out if she has a sufficient number of citizens.

Howard Spohn and Charles Loucks have been arrested at Bay City on charge of wholesale chicken thieving. Mrs. Spohn makes damaging admissions.

The Haskell Home for Orphans, built at Battle Creek under the direction of Dr. Kellogg of the sanitarium, has been dedicated. Bishop Gillespie delivered the address.

Bay City men, headed by W. H. Sharp, propose to put in a plant at Marine City able to turn out 2,500 barrels of salt daily and employing from 75 to 150 men the year round.

Peter Paulson, proprietor of the Menominee House, Menominee, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head at his home. Paulson has been on a protracted spree.

The new inter-urban electric road to be built between Adrian and Ann Arbor is to be known as the "Ghost Line." It is suggested by the intention of having all the cars painted white.

Gov. Rich has appointed Henry A. Hoch, of Detroit, assistant paymaster general with rank of captain. He has also appointed Penton R. McCreery, of Flint, assistant commissioner to the California Mid-winter exposition.

George Bridges and wife went sleigh-riding at Grand Rapids, taking their three-month-old baby with them. After being out half an hour the mother discovered that the child was dead in her arms. It had been smothered.

W. G. Fellars, of Onsted, was arrested for spearing fish in Devil's Lake, and has been sentenced by Justice Groger to pay a fine and costs amounting to \$200 and to jail at Adrian for ten days. Other prosecutions are yet to follow.

Capt. Kemp, of Bangor, Mich., who built a sailboat in 1892 to take his family to Florida, wintering on the Illinois river a year ago, is only half way down the Mississippi. He is held indefinitely in a log jam and has had many hairbreadth escapes.

Mrs. Ed. Silliman, wife of the junior partner of the firm of Martin & Silliman, lumber shippers, of Cheboygan, and her mother, Mrs. Moore, of Cleveland, were found unconscious on a floor being nearly asphyxiated by coal gas from the furnace. Prompt treatment saved them.

Friends of the University at Ann Arbor have already contributed \$5,000 toward the \$15,000 necessary to get the big World's Fair organ. There is little doubt that the remainder will soon be obtained. The organ will be a memorial to the late Prof. Frieze, who was a fine organist.

Judge Person, of Ingham county, has announced that he will certainly call a grand jury. He was going to call one in March, anyway, for the Central Michigan Saving bank matter, but he will call it earlier now, so that the salary amendment scandals may be investigated at once.

The stock of the Mendelson Manufacturing company, at Ludington, including 17,000 pairs of finished and 8,000 pairs of unfinished pants, the machinery, uncut cloth, etc., was sold at sheriff's sale for \$200.

The store and stock of John McKinley, dealer in general merchandise, and the drug store and residence of D. J. W. Jackman, of Caseville, were totally destroyed by fire. The total loss is \$10,000; total insurance, \$2,000. There is no fire insurance in the place, and it was only by hard work that the Ross hotel was saved.

Cadillac's city marshal has warned all keepers of disreputable houses to close up their places and get out of town, bag and baggage, by Feb. 1. A raid at a "moon de jole" netted the city nearly \$200 in fines, and resulted in compelling several "nice" young men to leave town between two days.

Prof. Carrow, of the University, has found that 56 per cent of the Normal school students are affected with hyperopia, 11 per cent with myopia and 7 per cent with astigmatism. Two cases of color blindness were found. He says that the color of paper books and newspapers are printed on must be changed to green.

The business committee of the State Agricultural society decided that the state fair be held on the exposition grounds in Detroit this year, and commence Monday, September 10. The committee will decide later whether the fair shall continue for one or two weeks, but the chances are that it will be for the longer period.

## THE FOREIGNERS FIGHT.

### SLAVS, POLES AND BELGIANS CAUSE BLOODSHED.

#### Coal Miners Who Were Working Attacked and Maltreated—A Vast Mining Territory Terrorized.

Dispatches are received from several places in the Pennsylvania coal fields regarding the riots of unemployed and disgruntled foreign miners of the anachistic stripe.

Woodville, Pa.: A mob of 600 striking coal miners, most of whom were Slavs, Belgians and Frenchmen, went to the Federal & Woodville coal mines on the Pittsburgh, Charles & Youngstown railroad and made a violent assault upon the miners who were at work. Stones and clubs were thrown, and many pistol shots were fired, but no one killed. Several buildings were damaged, windows smashed, cables cut, coal cars and other property destroyed. The rioters then marched on the Stones & Powers mine, where the rioting was repeated. A train conveying deputy sheriffs arrived, but the officers quickly discovered that they were entirely unable to cope with the lawless foreigners, and requested Sheriff Richards, of Pittsburgh to send additional assistance. The mob left for Bridgeville, with the avowed intention of closing the mines at that place. The interior revenue bill, now seems to be inevitable.

Mansfield, Pa.: A battle took place between rioting miners and deputy sheriffs at W. J. Steen's mines on Tom's Run. Several shots were fired and a number of rioters were injured. Franz Joseph Stepiak, a miner, was killed at the Beading mines. Half the members of company K, Fourteenth regiment, were sworn in as deputies, as were 25 Mansfield citizens.

The rioters assembled in Heidelberg and pledged themselves to revenge the death of their comrade by destroying the Bridgeville tipples.

Fr. Wertz, pastor of the Catholic church at Mansfield, says that there are 100 families of rioters in his parish. He attributes the outbreak to their influence.

**Pension Appropriations.** Washington special: The pension estimates submitted by the commissioner of pensions for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1905, are \$189,621,570. The committee on pension appropriations of the house have appropriated \$151,581,570. The appropriations for the current fiscal year are \$166,530,530. The appropriations for the next year, however, are in round numbers about \$15,000,000 less than those for this year. Attached to the report of the committee is a table showing that the number of pensioners on the rolls have increased from 243,735 in 1879 to 906,012 in 1903. During the same time the disbursements on account of the pensions increased from \$35,121,482 to \$159,357,577.

**Convict Who Wants to Die in Public.** Convict John Conroy rose in the presence of the 1,900 prisoners seated at breakfast in the Columbus, O. penitentiary, and announced his intention of taking his own life. Conroy slashed his neck with the knife with which he had been eating, and down the blood poured in a stream. The wound is not fatal. The fellow has a mania for killing himself in public. Once he deliberately sawed a finger off in the prison shops in order that he might not be compelled to work. He is serving years from Muskingum county for having burglars' tools in his possession.

**Pretty Girl Forced to Become a Tramp.** Section men on the B. & O. railroad near Tiffin, O., found two tramps in a house and caused a log jam, upon seeing the section men, cried: "I am a woman! Help me to escape!" It developed that the girl was Mattie Meeks, aged 16, of Ridge Farm, Ill., who had been abandoned five weeks ago by her companion, a man of 100, in her proper attire she proved to be a very handsome girl. She told a terrible story of abuse at the hands of her captor and was returned to her home while the villainous abductor is in jail.

**Gold and Silver Mining in Ohio.** Gold, silver and platinum have been discovered in Spruce Hill near Bourneville, Ross county, O., by A. W. Stretcher, of Xenia, who became wealthy by similar discoveries in California 40 years ago. Springfield capitalists are associated with him. The mine is 100,000 ft. deep. The ore is rich and will begin digging.

At Lima, O., two masked men knocked Joseph Shipman down and robbed him of \$1,500. His skull was fractured and he cannot live.

The Hower oatmeal mills at Akron, O., owned by the American Cereal company, have burned. The loss is \$100,000. The insurance is \$50,000. The origin of the fire is unknown.

The Baltimore & Ohio, Southwestern, Big Four and Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, Ohio railroads, announce reductions after February 1 involving the cutting of salaries of officers as well as office, shop and train men.

At a wedding reception at the residence of Henry Mayer, Cleveland, O., Annie Cowen was accidentally shot by Louis Mayer, who was playing with a small rifle. The bullet lodged in Miss Cowen's brain and she will die.

Ex-Gov. James E. Campbell, of Ohio, now of New York, is a bankrupt. He could not pay a note given while governor of Ohio, and on his examination confessed himself to being penniless. He will return to his old home in Hamilton, O.

A riot in the French chamber of deputies was caused by an attack upon the government for arresting anarchists. M. Thivrier and M. Vaillant shouted "Vive la Commune," but were forced to retire from the chamber.

The U. S. government has struck an anchor snag in the Behring sea seal fisheries matter. The agreement with Great Britain, only applies to vessels flying the British flag, and if Canadian or other foreign poachers sail under any other flag they cannot be molested. The government is now trying to obtain agreements with other countries to recognize the finding of the Behring sea tribunal.

### CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.—Thirty-fourth day.—The Hawaiian question was discussed, but no action taken. The bill repealing the electoral college law came up as unfinished business and Senator Lodge spoke in opposition to it. House.—In committee of the whole the iron schedule on the tariff bill was taken up. Mr. Taylor, of Tennessee, offered an amendment to the bill to exempt the whole iron schedule from the duty on iron ore. The amendment was rejected by a vote of 159 to 107.

Every compromise on a question of principle, he said, involved a surrender of right and had ended in ignominious failure. Every Democratic platform from the foundation of the government until 1892 had declared for protection to American labor.

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