

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

WICKWARE & McDOWELL, Props.
CASS CITY, MICHIGAN

The meanest man in Chicago robbed his dead roommate and sold the corpse to a medical student. You'll have to go to New York to beat that.

Jones, the public executioner of Victoria, Australia, was so gallant as to put an end to his own life lately rather than end that of Mrs. Knorr, who is under sentence of death for wholesale infanticide.

AFTER years of controversy money subscribed in this country for relief of distress in Ireland is about to be released by the bankers in Paris, with whom it was deposited, to escape confiscation by the "government." The delay has been due to failure of the opposing Irish parliamentary factions to agree upon a form of release which the bankers could accept as holding them blameless for its after application. The dispute has been irreconcilable, but it will be forgotten if further quarrels shall not block an equitable distribution of the hoard among those for whom it was intended.

The terrible mortality which characterizes attacks of pneumonia in New York has called forth the information that among the Catskill woodchoppers pneumonia rarely proves fatal and the opinion of a New Yorker who has been on an investigating tour that the cause of the New York mortality may be found in overheated houses and stores and vehicles and consequent bad ventilation. This investigator is not particularly original when he says that foul air slays like a sword, but he is particularly truthful, and what is true about the overheated and foul air of New York houses and homes and vehicles is true of the same kind of air in houses, stores, etc., all over the country.

GERMANY is no better pleased with the equivocal position of the Guolph ruler of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha than England is. Von Caprivi explained to the reichstag that the double allegiance of the duke needed no anxiety. "No German prince could be the subject of any foreign power." In like manner Gladstone explained to the house of commons that the duke would resign his position in the British navy, but would continue to draw his allowance from the revenues because it was "impossible for him to give up his British nationality." It is true that these two statements from the respective premiers are utterly at variance; but in that variance they perfectly agree on the only point of the least importance—namely, that the prince is to take in all the money he can lay hands on in both countries. That is what princes are for.

The musical prodigy "Blind Tom," who is known all over the United States, still lives concealed somewhere in New York city. He was kept in slavery years after the amendment which abolished slavery went into effect. His old master, and after his death his children, made enormous sums by exhibiting Blind Tom through the country. Now, the state of New York is about to pass a law requiring the guardians of incompetent persons to make a yearly accounting, and make known to the court the earnings of such incompetent for that period. Blind Tom's mother is still living in poverty in Georgia, though she is 80 years of age. He has also eleven brothers and sisters, and it is proposed to secure some of the money he earned years ago for his own use and that of his relatives. Tom has not lost his love for the piano, and it is "quite likely" that he may go through the country again giving musical entertainments.

It is full time that the United States government adopted a rational and comprehensive forestry system. The policy of reserving forest lands from settlement or private ownership has at last secured a firm place in the laws. The last administration reserved over 13,000,000 acres. The present administration has already added 4,500,000 acres to this area, and the total in forest reservations is not much below 18,000,000 acres. This is far from being the extent of timber land that should be put under government protection, but it may be considered settled that the reservations will be extended within a few years to include most of the remains of our forests. But it is not enough that forest reserves should be created. They must be rationally used if the country is to get the benefit from them. A forest can, to be sure, serve a useful purpose being let alone, for it preserves the watercourses and feeds the streams that irrigate the farms. But the forest, besides this, can be made to furnish a perpetual supply of timber. The trees are a crop that should be harvested when ripe, and when cleared away should be renewed like any other crop.

The statement that the point of actually killing people has been reached in the Brazilian rebellion leads to the hope that the difficulty will be speedily adjusted. They are not accustomed to that sort of thing in South America.

The latest advocate of Bacon's authorship of Shakespeare avers that Bacon wrote also the works of Marlowe, Green, Peele, Spenser and others. If Bacon began this task on the day he was born he did it all in sixty-one years.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

THE HUMAN FACE IN A SERMON.

A Man's Wisdom Maketh His Face to Shine and the Boldness of His Face Shall Be Changed—Sourness Sweetened.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 25.—In the Brooklyn tabernacle this forenoon, Rev. Dr. Talmage chose for the subject of his sermon "The Human Face," and held his great audience fascinated with the charm of his eloquence, as he discoursed on a subject of universal interest. The text was Ecclesiastes 8:1: "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine and the boldness of his face shall be changed," or, as it may be rendered, "the sourness of his face shall be sweetened."

This little change in our English translation brings out the better meaning of the text, which sets forth that the character of the face is decided by the character of the soul. The main features of our countenance were decided by the Almighty, and we can not change them; but under God we decide whether we shall have countenances, benignant or baleful, sour or sweet, wrathful or genial, benevolent or mean, honest or scoundrelly, impudent or modest, courageous or cowardly, frank or sneaking. In all the works of God there is nothing more wonderful than the human countenance. Though the longest face is less than twelve inches from the hair line of the forehead to the bottom of the chin, and the broadest face is less than eight inches from cheek bone to cheek bone, yet in that small compass God hath wrought such differences that the sixteen hundred million of the human race may be distinguished from each other by their facial appearances. The face is ordinarily the index of character. It is the throne of the emotions. It is the battle-field of the passions. It is the catalogue of character. It is the map of the mind. It is the geography of the soul. And while the Lord decides before our birth whether we shall be handsome or homely, we are by the character we form deciding whether our countenances shall be pleasant or disagreeable. This is so much so that some of the most beautiful faces are unattractive, because of their arrogance or their deceitfulness, and some of the most rugged and irregular features are attractive because of the kindness that shines through them. Accident, or sickness, or scarification may veil the face so that it shall not express the soul, but in the majority of cases give me a deliberate look at a man's countenance and I will tell you whether he is a cynic or an optimist, whether he is a miser or a philanthropist, whether he is noble or ignominious, whether he is good or bad. Our first impression of a man or woman is generally the accurate impression. You at the first glance make up your mind that some man is unworthy of your friendship, but afterward by circumstances being put into intimate association with him, you come to like him and trust him. Yet, stay with him long enough, and you will be compelled to return to your original estimate of his character, but it will be after he has cheated you out of everything he could lay his hands on. It is of God's mercy that we have these outside indices of character. Phenology is one index, and while it may be carried to an absurd extent, there is no doubt that you can judge somewhat of a man's character by the shape of his head. Palmistry is another index, and while it may be carried into the fanciful and necromantic, there is no doubt that certain lines in the palm of the hand are indicative of mental and moral traits. Physiognomy is another index, and while the contour of the human face may sometimes mislead us, we can generally, after looking into the eye and reading the curve of the lip and the spread of all the features, come to a right estimate of a man's character. If it were not so, how would we know whom to trust and whom to avoid? Whether we will or not, physiognomy decides a thousand things in commercial and financial, and social, and religious domains. From one lid of the Bible to the other there is no science so recognized as that of physiognomy, and nothing more thoroughly taken for granted than the power of the soul to transfigure the face. The Bible speaks of the "face of God," the "face of Jesus Christ," the "face of Esau," the "face of Israel," the "face of Job," the "face of the old man," the shining "face of Moses," the wrathful "face of Pharaoh," the ashes on the face of humiliation, the resurrectionary staff on the face of the dead child, the hypocrites disfiguring their face, and in my text the Bible declares, "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine and the sourness of his face shall be sweetened." If the Bible has so much to say about physiognomy, we do not wonder that the world has made it a study from the early ages. In vain the English parliament in the time of George II. ordered publicly whipped and imprisoned those who studied physiognomy. Intelligent people always have studied it and always will study it. The pens of Moses, and Joshua, and Job, and John, and Paul, as well as of Homer, and Hippocrates, and Galen, and Aristotle, and Socrates, and Plato, and Lavater have been dipped into it, and whole libraries of wheat and chaff have been garnered on this theme.

Now, what practical religious and eternal use would I make of this subject? I am going to show that while we are not responsible for our features, the Lord Almighty having decided what they shall be pre-natally, as the psalmist declares when he writes: "In thy book all my members were written: which continuance were fashioned when as yet there was none of them," yet the character which under God we form will chisel the face most mightily. Every man would like to have been made in appearance an Alcibiades, and every woman would like to have been made a Josephine. We all want to be agreeable. Our usefulness depends so much upon it that I consider it important and Christian for every man and woman to be as agreeable as possible. The slouch, the sloven, the man who does not care how he looks, all such people lack equipment for usefulness. A minister who has to throw a quid of tobacco out of his mouth before he begins to preach, or Christians with beard untrimmed, making them to look like wild beasts come out of the lair, yea, unkempt, uncombed, unwashed, disagreeable men or women, are a hindrance to religion more than a recommendation. Now, my text suggests how we may, independent of features, make ourselves agreeable: "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine and the sourness of his face shall be sweetened." What I say may come too late for many. Their countenance may by long years of hardness have been frozen into stolidity; or by long years of crutch and crutch they may have Herodized all the machinery of expression; or by long years of marie they may have been shynessed until their face is as hard as the precious metal they are hoarding; but I am in time to help multitudes if the Lord will. That it is possible to overcome disadvantages of physiognomy was in this country mightily illustrated by one whose life recently closed after having served in the presidential cabinet at Washington. By accident of fire in childhood his face had been more piteously scarred than any human visage I ever saw. By hard study he rose from being a poor boy to the very height of the legal profession, and when an attorney-general for the United States was needed he entered the presidential cabinet. What a triumph over destroyed human countenance! I do not wonder that when an opposing attorney in a Philadelphia court room cruelly referred to this personal disfigurement, Benjamin F. Brewster replied in these words: "When I was a babe I was a beautiful blue-eyed child. I know this because my dear dead mother told me so; but I was one day playing with my sister, when her clothes took fire, and I ran to her relief and saved her, but in doing so my clothes took fire, and the fire was not put out until my face was as black as the heart of the scoundrel who has just now referred to my disfigurement." Heroism conquering physical disabilities! That scholarly regular features are not necessary for making powerful impression, witness Paul, who photographs himself as in "bodily presence weak;" and George Whitefield, whose eyes were struck with strabismus; and Alexander H. Stephens, who sat with pale and sick face in invalid's chair while he thrilled the American congress with his eloquence, and thousands of invalid preachers, and Sunday school teachers, and Christian workers. Aye, the most glorious being the world ever saw was foreseen by Isaiah who described his face bruised, and gashed, and scarified, and said of him, "His visage was so marred more than any man." So you see that the loveliest face in the universe was a scarred face.

And now I am going to tell you of some of the chisels that work for the disfigurement or irradiation of the human countenance. One of the sharpest and most destructive of those chisels of the countenance is cynicism. That sours the disposition and then sours the face. It gives a contemptuous curl to the lip. It draws down the corners of the mouth and inflates the nostril as with a maldor. What David said in haste they say in their deliberation: "All men are liars;" everything is going to ruin. All men and women are bad, or going to be. Society and the church are on the down grade. Tell them of an act of benevolence, and they say he gave that to advertise himself. They do not like the present fashion of hats for women, or of coats for men. They are opposed to the administration, municipal, and state, and national. Somehow, food does not taste as it used to, and they wonder why the poets, or orators, or preachers have no more boys. Even Solomon, one of the wisest, and at one time one of the worst, of men, falls into the pessimistic mood, and cries out in the twenty-first chapter of Proverbs, "Who can find a virtuous woman?" If he had behaved himself better and kept in good associations, he would not have written that interrogation point implying the scarcity of good womanhood. Cynicism, if a habit, as it is with ten of thousands of people, writes itself all over the features; hence so many sour frowns all up and down the street, all up and down the church and the world. One good way to make the world worse is to say it is worse. Let a depressed and forbidding opinion of everything take possession of you for twenty years; and you will be a sight to behold. It is the chastisement of God that when a man allows his heart to be cursed with cynicism his face becomes gloomed, and scowled, and lachrymose, and blasted with the same midnight.

But let Christian cheerfulness try its chisel upon a man's countenance. Feeling that all things are for his good and that God rules, and that the Bible being true the world's formalization is rapidly approaching, and the day when beer mug, and demijohn, and distillery, and bomb-shell, and rifle-pit, and seventy-four pounders, and roulette-tables, and corrupt book, and satanic printing press will have quit work, the brightness that comes from such anticipation not only gives zest to his

work but shines in his eyes and glows in his cheek and kindles a morning in his entire countenance. Those are the faces I look for in an audience. Those countenances are sections of millennial glory. They are heaven impersonated. They are the sculpturing of God's right hand. They are hosannas in human flesh. They are hallelujahs alighted. They are Christ re-incarnated. I do not care what your features are or whether you look like your father, or your mother, or look like no one under the heavens—to God and man you are beautiful. Michael Angelo, the sculptor, visiting Florence, some one showed him in a back yard a piece of marble that was so shapeless it seemed of no use, and Angelo was asked if he could make anything out of it, and if so was told he could own it. "The artist" took the marble, and for nine months slung himself up to work, first trying to make of it a statue of David with his foot on Goliath, but the marble was not quite long enough at the base to make the prostrate form of the giant, and so the artist fashioned the marble into another figure that is to be famous for all time because of its expressive-ness. A critic came in and was asked by Angelo for his criticism, and he said it was beautiful, but the nose of the statue was not of right shape. Angelo picked up from the floor some sand and tossed it about the face of the statue, pretending he was using his chisel to make the improvement suggested by the critic. "What do you think of it now?" said the artist. "Wonderfully improved," said the critic. "Well," said the artist, "I have not changed it at all." My friends the grace of God comes to the heart of a man or woman and then attempts to change a forbidding and prejudicial face into attractiveness. Perhaps the face is most unpromising for the divine sculptor. But having changed the heart it begins to work on the countenance with celestial chisel, and into all the lineaments of the face puts a gladness and an expectation that changes it from glory to glory, and though earthly criticism may disapprove of this or that in the appearance of the face, Christ says of the newly created countenance that which Pilate said of him, "Behold the man!"

Here is another mighty chisel for the countenance, and you may call it revenge, or hate, or malevolence. This spirit having taken possession of the heart it encamps seven deities under the eye-brows. It puts cruelty into the compression of the lips. You can tell from the man's looks that he is pursuing some one and trying to get even with him. There are suggestions of Nero and Robespierre, and Diocletian, and thumb screws, and racks all up and down the features. Infernal artists with murderers' daggers have been cutting away at that visage. The revengeful heart has built its perdition in the revengeful countenance. Disfigurement of diabolic passion!

But here comes another chisel to shape the countenance, and it is kindness. There came a moving day, and into her soul moved the whole family of Christian graces, with all the children and grandchildren, and the command has come forth from the heavens that that woman's face shall be made to correspond with her superb soul. Her entire face from ear to ear becomes the canvas on which all the best artists of heaven begin to put their finest strokes, and on the small compass of that face are put pictures of sunrise over the sea, and angels of mercy going up and down ladders all a-flash, and mountains of transfiguration and noon-day in heaven. Kindness! It is the most magnificent sculptor that ever touched human countenance. No one would wonder the unusual geniality in the face of William Windom, secretary of the treasury of the United States, after seeing him at the New York banquet just before he dropped dead, turning his wine glass upside down, saying: "I may be doing this offend some, but by not doing it, I might damage many." Be kind to your friends. Be kind to your enemies. Be kind to the young. Be kind to the old. Be kind to your rulers. Be kind to your servants. Be kind to your inferiors. Be kind to your horse. Be kind to your dog. Be kind to your cat. Morning, noon and night be kind, and the effects of it will be written in the language of your face. That is the gospel of physiognomy.

A Bayonne merchant was in the south of Europe for his health, and sitting on the front terrace one morning in his invalidism, he saw a rider flung from a horse into the river, and without thinking of his own weakness the merchant flung off his invalid's gown and leaped into the stream and swam to the drowning man, and clutching him as he was about to go down the last time, bore him in safety to the bank, when glancing into the face of the rescued man, he cried: "My God! I have saved my own son!" All kindness comes back to us in one way or another; if not in any other way then in your own face. Kindness! Show it to others, for the time may come when you will need it yourself. People laughed at the lion because he spared the mouse that ran over him, when by one motion of his paw the monster could have crushed the insignificant disturber. But it was well that the lion had mercy on the mouse, for one day the lion was caught in a trap and roared fearfully because he was held fast by ropes. Then the mouse gnawed off the ropes and let the lion go free. You may consider yourself a lion, but you can not afford to despise a mouse. When Abraham Lincoln pardoned a young soldier at the request of his mother, the mother went down the stairs of the white house saying, "They have lied about the President's being homely; he is the handsomest man I ever saw." All over that President's rugged face was written the kindness which he so well illustrated when he

said: "Some of our generals complain that I impair discipline and subordination in the army by my pardons and respites, but it makes me rested after a hard day's work if I can find some good excuse for saving a man's life, and I go to bed happier as I think how joyous the signing of my name will make him and his family." Kindness! It makes the face to shine while life lasts, and after death puts a summer sunset between the still lips and the smoothed hair, that makes me say sometimes at obsequies, "She seems too beautiful to bury."

But here comes another chisel, and its name is hypocrisy. Christ with one terrific stroke in his Sermon on the Mount described this character: "When ye fast be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance; for they disfigure their faces that they may appear unto men to fast." Hypocrites having taken possession of the soul it immediately appears in the countenance. Hypocrites are always solemn. They carry several country graveyards in their faces. They are fearful when there is nothing to cry about, and in their prayers they catch for their breath, and have such general dolefulness that they disgust young people with religion. We had one of them in one of my churches. When he exhorted he always deplored the low state of religion in other people, and when he prayed it was an attack of hysteria, and he went into a paroxysm of ohs and ahs that seemed to demand resuscitation. He went on in that way until we had to expel him from church for stealing his property entrusted to him as administrator, and for other vices that I will not mention, and he wrote me several letters not at all complimentary from the west saying that he was daily praying for my everlasting destruction. A man can not have hypocrisy in his heart without somehow showing it in his face. All intelligent people who witness it know it is nothing but a dramatization.

Here comes another chisel, and that belongs to the old-fashioned religion. It first takes possession of the whole soul, washing out its sins by the blood of the Lamb and starting heaven right there and then. This done deep down in the heart, religion says: "Now let me go up to the windows and front gate of the face and set up some signal that I have taken possession of this castle. I will celebrate the victory by an illumination that no one can mistake. I have made this man happy and now I will make him look happy. I will draw the corners of his mouth as far up as they were drawn down. I will take the contemptuous curl away from the lip and nostril. I will make his eyes flash and his cheeks glow at every mention of Christ and heaven. I will make even the wrinkles of his face look like furrows plowed or the harvests of joy. I will make what we call the 'crow's feet' around his temples suggestive that the dove of peace has been alighting there." There may be signs of trouble on that face, but trouble sanctified. There may be scars of battle on that face, but they will be scars of campaigns won.

"Now," says some one, "I know very good people who have no such religion in their faces." My friend, the reason probably is that they were not converted until late in life. Worldliness and sin had been at work with their chisels on that face for thirty or forty years, and Grace, the divine sculptress, has been busy with her chisel only five or ten years. Do not be surprised that Phidias and Grecian with their fine chisels can not in a short while remove all the marks of the stonemason's crowbar which has been busy there for a long while. I say to all the young, if you would have sympathetic face, hopeful face, courageous face, cheerful face, kind face, at the earliest possible moment, by the grace of God, have planted in your soul sympathy, and hope, and courage, and good cheer, and kindness. No man ever indulged a gracious feeling, or was moved by a righteous indignation, or was stirred by a benevolent impulse, but its effect was more or less indicated in the countenance; while David noticed the physiognomic effect of a bad disposition when he said, "A wicked man hardeneth his face," and Jeremiah must have noticed it when he said of the cruel, "They have made their faces harder than a rock." Oh, the power of the human face! I warrant that you have known faces so magnetic and impressive that, though they vanished long ago, they still hold you with a holy spell. How long since you have lived vent? "Well," you say, "if she had child she would have been ten years old now, or twenty, or thirty years." But does not that infant face still have tender supremacy over your entire nature? During many an eventide does it not look at you? In your dreams do you not see it? What a sanctifying hallowing influence it has been in your life. You can say in the words of the poet: "Better have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." Or, it may have been a sister's face. Perhaps she was the invalid of the family. Perhaps she never went out except on very clear days; and then she had to be carried down the stairs to the piazza, or for a short ride, but she was so patient and cheerful under it all. As that face looks at you through the years with what an elevated and heavenly emotion you are filled. Or, was it a father's face? The storms of life had somewhat roughened it. A good deal of the brightness of the eye had been quenched, and the ear was turned with the hand behind it in order to hear at all. But you remember that face so vividly that if you were an artist you could put it on canvas and it would mean to you more than any face that Rembrandt ever sketched. That face though long ago veiled from human sight is as plain in your memory as though you this moment saw it moving gently forward and backward in the

rocking chair by the stove in the old farm house. Or, was it your mother's face? A good mother's face is never homely to her boys and girls. It is a Madonna in the picture gallery of the memory. What a sympathetic face it was! Did you ever have a joy and that face did not respond to it? Did you ever have a grief and no tears trickled down that maternal cheek? Did you ever do a bad thing and a shadow did not cross it? Oh, it was a sweet face! The spectacles, with large, round glasses through which she looked at you, how sacredly they have been kept in bureau or closet! Your mother's face, your mother's smiles, your mother's tears! What an overpowering memory! Though you have come on to mid-life, or old age, how you would like just once more to bury your face in her lap and have a good cry.

But I can tell you of a more sympathetic, and more tender, and more loving face than any of the faces I have mentioned. "No, you can not," says some one. I can, and I will. It is the face of Jesus Christ as he was on earth and is now in heaven. When preparing my Life of Christ, entitled "From Manger to Throne," I ransacked the art galleries and portfolios of the world to find a picture of our Savior's face that might be most expressive, and I saw it as Francesco Francia painted it in the sixteenth century, and as the emerald intaglio of the sixteenth century presented it, and as a fresco in the catacombs near Rome preserved it, and as Leonardo Da Vinci showed it in "The Last Supper," and I looked in the Louvre, and the Luxembourg, and the Vatican, and the Dresden, and the Berlin, and Neapolitan, and London galleries for the most inspiring face of Christ, and many of the presentations were wonderful for pathos and majesty, and power, and execution; but although I selected that by Ary Scheffer as in some respects the most expressive, I felt as we all feel, that our Christ has never yet been presented either in sculpture or painting, and that we will have to wait until we rise to the upper palace, where we shall see him as he is. What a gentle face it must have been to induce the babes to struggle out of their mothers' arms into his arms! What an expressive face it must have been when one reproving look of it threw stalwart Peter into a fit of tears! What a pleading face it must have been to lead the Psalmist in prayer to say of it, "Look upon the face of Thine Anointed." What a sympathetic face it must have been to encourage the sick woman who was beyond any help from the doctors to touch the hem of his garment! What a suffering face it must have been when suspended on the perpendicular and horizontal pieces of the wood of martyrdom, and his antagonists slapped the pallid cheek with their rough hands, and befouled it with the saliva of their blasphemous lips! What a tremendous face it must have been to lead Saint John to describe it in the coming judgment as scattering the universe when he says, "From whose face the earth and the heaven fled away."

Oh, Christ! Once the Nazarene, but now the celestial! Once of cross, but now of throne! Once crowned with stinging brambles, but now coroneted with the jewels of ransomed empires! Turn on us thy pardoning face and forgive us; thy sympathetic face and console us; thy suffering face and have thy atonement avail for us; thy omnipotent face and rescue us. Oh, what a face! So scarred, so lacerated, so resplendent, so overwhelmingly glorious that the seraphim put wing to wing, and with their conjoined pinions kept off some of the luster that is too mighty even for eyes cherubic or archangelic; and yet this morning turning upon us with a sheathed splendor like that with which he appeared when he said to the mothers bashful about presenting their children, "Suffer them to come;" and to the poor waif of the street, "Neither do I condemn thee;" and to the eyes of the blind beggar of the wayside, "Be opened." I think my brother John, the returned foreign missionary, dying summer before last at Bound Brook, caught a glimpse of that face of Christ when in his dying hour my brother said, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in his likeness." And now unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion, forever and ever; Amen and Amen!

A correspondent of Gameland claims to have seen in Texas an owl lift a rattlesnake a few feet in the air and drop it several times until the reptile was disabled, then the bird grasped the victim and flew away with it. Turkey and Serbia, two countries which have been so often at war against each other during centuries and whose frontiers are not indicated everywhere by natural obstacles, have agreed to mark those frontiers by a continuous line of iron wire. The fire commissioners of Boston are considering the feasibility of putting in a pipe for salt water through the dangerous fire district of the city. The commissioners believe that salt water can be pumped from the harbor for fighting fire with good results. A piece of property in the business center of Chicago was leased recently for ninety-nine years at a rental that establishes the value of the land at \$127 a square foot to-day, \$145 a foot after 1901 and \$169 a square foot after 1906. This is reputed to be the highest valuation of Chicago land yet established. A form of sport very popular in Normandy is that of flying kites, which are, some of them, of very large dimensions. There has been a competition recently at Rouen, on the heights of St. Catharine. The victorious kite rose to the height of 8,500 feet, and would have soared higher but for lack of string.

CHARACTERISTICS. This is told of Tom Reed's schoolboy days: "If anyone knows of any reason why these apples should not touch the lips of Tom Reed, let him speak now, or forever after hold his peace," said he one day right under the master's nose. And he gave a great bite at the first red-cheeked apple in his hand. Quick as a flash, out came the birch, and with equal skill at repartee, the pedagogue said: "If anyone knows any reason why this rod should not warm the jacket of Tom Reed, let him speak now, or forever after hold his peace." "I do!" said Tom. "Name it," replied the master. "Incompatibility!" He did not get that whipping.

A sudden gust of wind took a paragon from the hand of the owner, says the Scottish American, and a lively little Irishman, dropping his hod of bricks, caught the parachute. "Faith, ma'am," said he, "if you were as strong as you are handsome, it would not have got away from you." "Which shall I thank you for first—the service or the compliment?" asked the lady, smiling. "Troth, ma'am," said Pat, again touching the place where once stood the brim of what once was a beaver, "that look of your beautiful eye thanked me for both."

Consume bread, plenty of exercise, and a daily hand friction to stimulate the tissues are the only good remedies for pale cheeks.

Just a Matter of Taste. "Does your mother give you coffee at every meal?" "Tommy—I don't know. "Why don't you?" "Tommy—Well, 'cause mother calls it coffee, but the boarders call it horrid.—Inter Ocean.

Increase in Divorces. There has been an increase of 157 per cent in the number of divorces granted in this country from 1867 to 1886. In the same time there has been an increase in population of 60 per cent.

RARE AND READABLE. Skates with pneumatic tired rollers have been invented. Paris fruit dealers paint their stock to make it appear ripe. All the German warships are to be painted a cinnamon yellow. A one-legged bandit held up a New York man and rifled his pockets of \$60. Reading lamps have been placed on English railways on the penny-in-the-slot plan. At least fifty giants, whose heights range from eight to nine feet six inches, want positions with the Barnum & Bailey show.

Death has been unusually severe to the family of A. J. Stuhlk of Louisville, removing twelve members of the family in the past two years. A German jeweler has introduced a gruesome charm for the watch chain in the form of a tiny receptacle for a portion of the ashes of cremated friends.

A correspondent of Gameland claims to have seen in Texas an owl lift a rattlesnake a few feet in the air and drop it several times until the reptile was disabled, then the bird grasped the victim and flew away with it.

Turkey and Serbia, two countries which have been so often at war against each other during centuries and whose frontiers are not indicated everywhere by natural obstacles, have agreed to mark those frontiers by a continuous line of iron wire.

The fire commissioners of Boston are considering the feasibility of putting in a pipe for salt water through the dangerous fire district of the city. The commissioners believe that salt water can be pumped from the harbor for fighting fire with good results.

A piece of property in the business center of Chicago was leased recently for ninety-nine years at a rental that establishes the value of the land at \$127 a square foot to-day, \$145 a foot after 1901 and \$169 a square foot after 1906. This is reputed to be the highest valuation of Chicago land yet established.

A form of sport very popular in Normandy is that of flying kites, which are, some of them, of very large dimensions. There has been a competition recently at Rouen, on the heights of St. Catharine. The victorious kite rose to the height of 8,500 feet, and would have soared higher but for lack of string.

LOTS OF LIVER.

The Interior Wealth of an All-Around Big Shark.

It is about a big fish that I write, but it is a true story. I saw the fish. I took his dimensions by actual measurement, and I saw his liver. In the annals of Cape Cod, published by the Rev. Mr. Freeman in 1863, he mentions that in 1803 Provincetown had a regulation relating to the carcasses of whales, sharks, horse mackerel, etc., which required that they be towed below low water mark, which would indicate that these marine animals were so common as to be in some degree offensive in warm weather.

Many of them were captured for their oil. Right whales yielded twenty, forty, eighty and sometimes 100 barrels; grampus, one, two or three; blackfish, one barrel; sharks, from one gallon to seven or eight barrels; porpoise, two gallons, and a boatload of dogfish yielded about one barrel of oil.

Now my big fish was called a shark, though he was not of the man-eating or shovel-nosed variety, says the Belfast Age. Mr. N. E. Atwood, a distinguished and practical ichthyologist of Provincetown, pronounced the fish a liver shark, or sea elephant, and considered it rare. The fish was almost entirely white and as handsome in form as a mackerel. He was caught in 1862, inside of what is called Long Point, forming an outer boundary of Provincetown's beautiful harbor.

The fishermen had spread their seines there for mackerel and this big fish had got entangled in them, all about him, so that he was easily pulled to the shore, where the tide left him high and dry. Being at that time engaged in business in Provincetown I was invited to visit the monster and see him cut up for the purpose of extracting his liver. By the way, all the oil of a shark is in his liver, while that of a whale, of course, is in his flesh or blubber. I took a rule and measured this shark, and found his length to be just thirty-one feet, the breadth of his tail was seven feet and his circumference in the thickest part sixteen feet.

I have stated that the liver of this shark weighed two tons, and this is how it was determined. The liver was cut in pieces and pitched into a dory; the dory carried a ton and a half in weight besides the rower, as has been proved, bringing her down to her upper streak; the dory was twice loaded deep with this liver, and so the fishermen thought the weight was nearly three tons, but to be within bounds I concluded to call it two tons, and so it is recorded in this veracious chronicle. After the oil had been tried out I found that it made seven barrels full, and was worth at that time \$800.

Does your mother give you coffee at every meal? Tommy—I don't know. Why don't you? Tommy—Well, 'cause mother calls it coffee, but the boarders call it horrid.—Inter Ocean.

Increase in Divorces. There has been an increase of 157 per cent in the number of divorces granted in this country from 1867 to 1886. In the same time there has been an increase in population of 60 per cent.

RARE AND READABLE. Skates with pneumatic tired rollers have been invented. Paris fruit dealers paint their stock to make it appear ripe. All the German warships are to be painted a cinnamon yellow. A one-legged bandit held up a New York man and rifled his pockets of \$60. Reading lamps have been placed on English railways on the penny-in-the-slot plan. At least fifty giants, whose heights range from eight to nine feet six inches, want positions with the Barnum & Bailey show.

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CLOTHING

At Manufacturers' Prices.

Until further notice, we will sell Clothing at manufacturers' prices. We cannot give you 50 per cent. off because our former prices were not high enough to admit of it.

The cost of our goods cut a great figure, as we buy direct from the manufacturers and save the middle man's profit. Hence can sell you for about what others pay.

SHOES

We have some especially good bargains in Shoes and everything sold at Hard Times Bargain Prices.

NOW IS THE TIME AND THIS THE PLACE

To get most value for your money. Terms—Cash.

GROSBY'S • SHOE • AND • CLOTHING • HOUSE.

GEO. W. KEMP & CO.

DEALERS IN—

Pianos, Organs, Musical Instruments,
SHEET MUSIC AND SEWING MACHINES,
SEBEWAING, MICH.

See the Cut in Prices.

Chicago High Arm	\$15	Domestic	\$30
Star	20	Davis Vertical Feed	30
New Home	25	Wheeler & Wilson, No. 9	30
New American, No. 7	25	Standard Rotary Shuttle	35
Grand Eldredge B.	25	White	35

Singers at Rock Bottom Prices.

We have the exclusive sale of the celebrated

FARRAND AND VOTEY ORGANS,

H. Lehr & Co. Piano Style Seven Octave Organs,
FOR HURON AND TUSCULA COUNTIES.

Our Sewing Machine Warerooms are unsurpassed in the State.
Repairs of all kinds a specialty. All goods sold on
easy terms. Big discount for cash.

G. W. KEMP & CO

HARD TIMES WE DO NOT KNOW

ANYTHING ABOUT.

WHY?

Because our prices are so low. Our Customers do not
mind the times. Come and be convinced and look
over our stock.

We carry a fine line of Candies and Fruits. We are Head-
quarters for Groceries and Provisions.

H. B. Fairweather.

Farm produce bought and sold.

Goods delivered in town.

H. S. WICKWARE

...SELLS...

A 1 VEHICLES Of All Kinds. H. S. WICKWARE.

Best Equipped Blacksmith Shop in the Thumb.

The Best Shoes
for the Least Money.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

\$5, \$4 and \$3.50 Dress Shoe.
\$3.50 Police Shoe, 3 Soles.
\$2.50, \$2 for Workingmen.
\$2 and \$1.75 for Boys.
LADIES AND MISSES,
\$3, \$2.50 \$2, \$1.75

CAUTION—If any dealer
offers you W. L. Douglas
shoes at a reduced price,
or says he has them with-
out the name stamped
on the bottom, put him
down as a fraud.

THIS IS THE BEST \$3. SHOE IN THE WORLD.

WARRANTED

W. L. DOUGLAS Shoes are stylish, easy fitting, and give better
satisfaction at the prices advertised than any other make. Try one pair and be con-
vinced. The stamping of W. L. Douglas' name and price on the bottom, which
guarantees their value, saves thousands of dollars annually to those who wear them.
Dealers who push the sale of W. L. Douglas Shoes gain customers, which helps to
increase the sales on their full line of goods. They can afford to sell at a less profit,
and we believe you can save money by buying all your footwear of the dealer adver-
tised below. Catalogue free upon application. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

A. J. PALMER, Gagetown.
MRS. L. M. HOLMES, Kingston.

THE SPRING CURRY COMB. GLOCK SPRING
Brush. Fits every curve. Used by U. S. Army. Soft as a
feather. Sample mailed, postpaid, 25c. SPRING CURRY COMB CO.,
7 Lafayette St., South Bend, Ind.
(The excellence of this Comb is guaranteed by the Editor of this paper.)

Professional Cards.

DR. N. MCCLINTON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON and Accoucheur.
Graduate of Vic. University 1865. Office
at residence on Segar street. Specialty—Dis-
eases of women and nervous debility.

H. C. EDWARDS, M. D.
Graduate of University of Michigan. Was
hospital assistant to chair of Ophthalmology
and Otolaryngology. Special eye, ear, throat and nose.
Glasses and Artificial Eyes properly fitted.
Office over McDougall & Co's. store.
Not at home on Tuesdays.

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

E. L. ROBINSON,
VETERINARY SURGEON—Office at Edward's
livery barn, Cass City.

J. H. STRIFFLER,
Auctioneer, Cass City, Mich. Sales of all kinds
promptly attended to and satisfaction
guaranteed. Sales solicited from all points,
terms reasonable. Arrangements can be made
at the office of the ENTERPRISE.

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

H. B. BURT,
Auctioneer, Wickware, Mich. Have filed the
 requisite bonds, and am prepared to attend
sales of all kinds. Terms reasonable and satis-
faction guaranteed. Arrangements can be
made at the office of the ENTERPRISE.

Societies.

I. O. F.
COURT ELKLAND, No. 826, meets on the
2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at
7:30 p. m., local time. Visiting brethren in
vicinity are invited to attend.
A. H. PIERCE, R. S. I. K. REID, C. R.

I. O. O. F.
CASS CITY LODGE, No. 203, meets every Wed-
nesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cor-
dially invited.
Geo. W. SEED, Secretary.

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

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

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

An independent newspaper. Published every
Friday morning at the ENTERPRISE STEAM PRINT-
ING HOUSE, Segar Street, Cass City, Tuscola Co.,
Michigan.

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

Business locals, 5c. per line first insertion,
3c. per line each insertion thereafter.
Cards of Thanks, 25c. each.

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

Notices for Charitable Entertainments, FREE.
A reasonable amount of space granted to citi-
zens for the discussion of matters of public in-
terest.

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

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

WICKWARE & McDOWELL.

Proprietors.

OUR MOTTO:
PERSEVERANCE, PROGRESS AND PATRIOTISM.

Physical Culture and Elocution.

"Get the best" must be the motto for
Americans in everything. There is no
doubt of the necessity for physical cul-
ture and elocutionary training in every
school in this country. Young Amer-
icans of the coming generation must be
as beautiful and golden voiced as the an-
cient Greeks, whom perhaps they will re-
semble intellectually. But there are war-
ring factions of bodily trainers. There
are divers so called "systems" of elocu-
tion. Which is the best? Certain in-
fallible signs will guide the seeker after in-
formation straight through all uncer-
tainties.

He may set down two points. What-
ever physical training does not make its
teachers strong, erect, graceful and full
of health and vigor is a failure. If the
teacher who pretends to be so in love
with the science of making muscular
movements express mental emotions is
barrel bodied, round shouldered and sal-
low, bulging out in places where she
ought to go in, hollowing in at places
where she ought to be filled out, then that
system is no good, though she "poses" like
all the gods of Olympus. The direct ob-
ject of physical culture is to give health,
strength and gracefulness for everyday
life, to cure our dyspepsia, our waddling,
our fat or our scragginess and toeing in.
Many wise persons are coming to the
conclusion that the plain, modern
military drill, without any frills at all,
is the best for all these objects.

In elocution, if the teacher speaks with
a manifestly stilted, affectedly sweet or
deep voice and manner, then he or she is
to be sat upon and not tolerated. What
we Americans most of all want is to
learn to open our mouths wider when
we speak, to make the muscles of the
jaws and throat more flexible, to stop
mouthing and nosing our words, and to
let them flow in sweet, clear, even tones,
without being obstructed either in the
back of the throat or the nasal passages.
There, for the average citizen, all "train-
ing" should stop. Of detestable things,
the most to be detested is affectation in
any shape. Better even the crude, mudy,
animallike tones of the boor than affectation.
On the other hand, there is no
charm greater than that of a sweet,
clear, cultivated, magnetic voice.

One hates to see an advocate of the
Irish cause make a fool of himself and
advise Irishmen to blow up Englishmen
with dynamite.

Great Americans.

Who are our great men that are really
typical Americans? Mr. Woodrow Wil-
son undertakes to answer the question
in The Forum. He dismisses Alexander
Hamilton and President Madison as
"great Englishmen bred in America."
On the other hand, however, he classes
Washington, who in many characteristics
resembled these two, as a typical Ameri-
can. He explains it by saying that
Washington was not at all the cold, col-
orless, prudent individuality represented
by his biographers, but was as thorow-
ly American as Jackson or Lincoln.
He informs us that what we take for lack
of passion in him was "but the reserve
and self mastery natural to a man of his
class and breeding in Virginia." The fact
that reserve and self mastery are natural
to them will be news to most men of any
class in Virginia probably.

John Adams and John C. Calhoun
come under Mr. Wilson's category of
great men, but they were not typical
Americans, because they were both pro-
vincial, he says—Adams a New England
provincial, Calhoun a southern one. "In
Henry Clay we have an American of a
most authentic pattern," while Andrew
Jackson, a thoroughly great man, was
altogether of the west, we are told. Clay
and Jackson were somewhat alike, but
Clay had the "art and sophistication of
the eastern politician." If in these days
the eastern politician has more of art
and sophistication than the western one,
Americans are not aware of it.

Franklin Mr. Wilson classes as a "sort
of multiple American." One would say
he was. A greater brain than his never
blessed this country with its wise
thoughts. Robert E. Lee was a great
typical American, too, the writer says.
So was Daniel Webster. Emerson and
Asa Gray, the botanist, belong to the
world, not to America. They "might
have been native to any clime."

Abraham Lincoln, however, Mr. Wil-
son puts as the "supreme American of
our history." Other men belonged to
the east, the west or south. In Lincoln
the elements were combined and har-
monized. He was a genius in the com-
mon thought of the American people
and a genius likewise in the mastery of
fundamental politics. "The whole coun-
try is summed up in him."

The British "A."

It appears to be on us to stay. It is
more persistent than the grip. It is very
catching. The order has gone forth that
it is to be adopted in the public schools.
"It is well, to a certain extent. No doubt
the broad British "a" sounds pleasanter
than our brassy, American flat one. It
is also true that a little of the British
importation goes a good way. With
the zeal of new converts, we are in dan-
ger of overdoing that English "a."

Such words as ask, half, laugh and
grass sound greatly more musical with
the broad "a" than with our old time
flat one. But when it comes to saying
donee, foney, hond and lond we "foney"
that it is running things into the ground.
The truth always lies between two ex-
tremes. The best educated and purest
speaking English people generally do not
say "I foney." They pronounce their a's
about half way between the cockney
broad one and our American flat one.
He, therefore, who would get the best
English pronunciation will not say
"donee." If we could imitate the soft,
pleasant voices of the cultivated English
ladies and gentlemen instead of being in
such a desperate hurry to say "I foney,"
we would do better.

A public decorative league ought to be
formed in every city, village and town-
ship of this country. Its object should
be to improve roads, streets, landscapes,
parks and the inside and outside of pub-
lic buildings. In courthouses, town
halls and schoolhouses there is scope for
all the budding artistic instinct in the
American soul. Public buildings may
be improved by architectural additions,
and beautified by paint and repairs, by
decorating the walls and ceilings and by
the addition of pictures and sculpture.
The farmer will have his share of the
work chiefly in improving the public
roads and beautifying the landscape. He
will first remove from the public view
all unsightly objects and structures on
his grounds. The expenses of the pub-
lic decorative league can always be met
if people are public spirited.

Grip in itself seems not so bad, but its
after effects are sometimes terrible. It
has been the cause of many cases of in-
sanity and suicide. It depletes the whole
system, and if there is a weak spot in the
body anywhere there its debilitating ef-
fects fasten and carry off the victim.
The number of persons of the finest in-
telligence who have been deranged or
carried down to death from the after-
effect of grip is melancholy to contemplate.

Mrs. Coleman, an English woman of
education, supports herself and her hus-
band by making sidewalk pictures in
colored chalks upon London pavements.
Mrs. Coleman illustrates the news from
day to day in her drawings, and the
crowd give her therefore pennies enough
to amount to \$1.25 a day. This is an oc-
cupation yet untried by women in Amer-
ica.

The interstate commerce commission
reports that for 1893, bad as the year
was, the railroads of the United States
netted 3.5 per cent on their capital. This
was more than the farmers of the United
States netted anyhow.

Recent pictures of Bismarck make him
look like a blind old lion.

The story of John Dalton, who shipped
himself inside a stuffed buffalo in an ex-
press car at Joadwood, S. D., will have
a thrilling interest for the next novel for
boys. But his knocking out one of the
animal's glass eyes and filling the place
with the muzzle of a six shooter was
John's undoing. The express messenger
seems to have been an exception to the
kind of express messenger who tamely
submits when a train robber orders him
to throw up his hands. This brave and
nimble young man gave a leap upon the
back of the stuffed imago. The back fell
in, of course, and the messenger calmly
sat upon the robber till the train got to
the next station, when he delivered him
over to prison. He had saved \$50,000.
Dalton's plot was fit for a tank drama,
but it failed.

The London Daily Chronicle has a
word to say about how the Florida au-
thorities expressed their iron determina-
tion to stop the prize fight between Cor-
bett and Mitchell and then did not do it.
The Chronicle remarks gently, "Every
decent person throughout the world
must feel it to be a deep disgrace in
modern society and representative insti-
tutions that American authorities have
proved so pitifully and contemptibly un-
able to prevent the fight." The question
is, Did the "American authorities" really
want to prevent the fight?

Senator Vilas has started a new phrase.
It is "inextricable intertwinement." See
if you can speak it quickly and correctly
the first time. It is a good one to prac-
tice on.

All kinds of orders and blanks kept
in stock at the ENTERPRISE office.

All Free

Those who have used Dr. King's New
Discovery know its value, and those who
have not, have now the opportunity to
try it free. Call on the advertised drug-
gist and get a Trial Bottle, Free. Send
your name and address to H. E. Bucklen
& Co., Chicago, and get a sample box
of Dr. King's New Life Pills Free, as
well as a copy of Guide to Health and
Household Instructor, Free. All of
which is guaranteed to do you good, and
cost you nothing at T. H. Fritz's
drugstore.

See the World's Fair for Fifteen Cents.

Upon receipt of your address and fifteen
cents in postage stamps, we will mail you
prepaid our SOUVENIR POSTERON or this
World's Columbian Exposition. The
regular price is fifty cents but as we want
you to have one, we make the price for-
mal. You will find it a work of art and a
thing to be prized. It contains full page
views of the great buildings, with descrip-
tion of same, and is executed in highest
style of art. If not satisfied with it,
after you get it, we will refund the stamps
and let you keep the book. Address
H. E. BUCKLEN & CO. Chicago, Ill.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve

The best salve in the world for Cuts
Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever
Sores, Tetter, Clapped Breasts, Chilblains,
Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and pos-
sively 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.

It does the work Mr. Chas. Gocha,
Cadyville, Mich., says. "I am asked, 'Did
Bran's Balsam do you any good?' Well I
should say it did! LaGrippe left me with a
serious cough and lung trouble, for which I
took about all the cough remedies I had ever
heard of, without benefit. Mr. Russell, our
Druggist, suggested Bran's Balsam. As
I was a large bottle for 25 cents I took one.
It helped me! I used six bottles and was
cured completely. Cost me \$1.50. Can
heartily recommend it to all great medicine."
25 and 50c. bottles.

Fritz's Drug Store.

Only the Scars Remain.

"Among the many testimonials which I
see in regard to certain medicines perform-
ing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes
HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith
Woolen Machinery Co.,
Philadelphia, Pa., "none
impress me more than my
own case. Twenty years
ago, at the age of 18 years,
I had swellings come on
my legs, which broke and
became running sores.
Our family physician could
do me no good, and it was
feared that the bones
would be affected. At last,
my good old mother
urged me to try Ayer's
Sarsaparilla. I took three
bottles, the sores healed,
and I have not been
troubled since. Only the
scars remain, and the
memory of the past, to
reminde me of the good
Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now
weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and
am in the best of health. I have been on the
road for the past twelve years, have noticed
Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts
of the United States, and always take plea-
sure in telling what good it did for me."

For the cure of all diseases originating in
impure blood, the best remedy is

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Cures others, will cure you

THE "FLINT"

High Grade, Latest Design, Weight 33 lbs.
Price, \$500. Wheels at all prices. Agents
Wanted. Liberal Discounts. Send for Circulars
FLINT BUGGY CO., FLINT, MICH.

STEVENSON'S RACKET

Is in selling goods at a price that

BAFFLES COMPETITION

And makes them weary.

EXTENDED TO MARCH 9, 1894.

- 1 Pail Syrup, 2 gals, 55c.
- 7 bars Bell's Buffalo Soap, 25c.
- 1 lb. Fine Cut Tobacco—a dandy—22c.
- 1 lb. Stevenson's Racket Plug Tobacco, 22c.
- 5 lbs. California Seedless Raisins, 25c.
- 25 lbs. Stevenson's Golden Rod Flour, 44c.
- 5 gals. Electric Head Light Oil, 45c.

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR BUTTER AND EGGS.

Good Delivered.

P. S.—Remember when the time expires Regular Price will
be charged.

HOWE & BIGELOW

KANT KONSICIENTIOUSLY

KOMPLAIN, KAUSE

KASH KUSTOMERS KEEEP

KONTINUALLY KOMING,

KAUSING KONSIDERABLE KOMMOTION,

Asking Kweer Komick Kwestions Concerning Kommodities Kom-
monly Karried by

HARDWARE DEAL'RS

We are better prepared than ever to furnish anything you want in
Cook or Gasoline Stoves, both new process and generators.

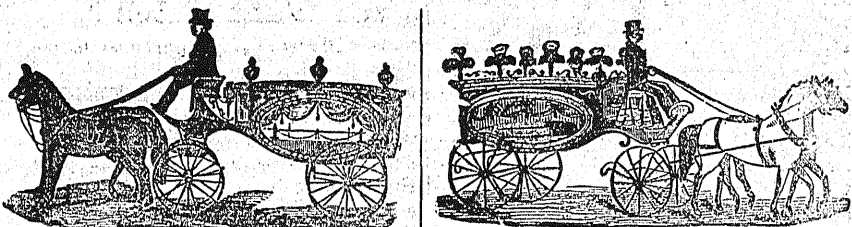
Nails and Builders' Supplies Cheaper Than Ever.

Strictly pure Linseed Oil and the Best Brands of White Lead
always on hand. A car load of Barb Wire will arrive in
a few days. Come and get prices on anything you
may need in our line. Eavetrough will be a
special feature of our Tin Shop the coming
season.

J. P. HOWE.

N. BIGELOW.

A. A. McKENZIE,



UNDERTAKER & FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

A complete stock of Coffins, Caskets, and Undertakers' Supplies on hand. Two
Hearses always in readiness. First door west of McDougall & Co's.

CASS CITY, - - - MICH.

Gagetown Furniture & 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 Hearse When Desired.

R. BOLTON, Manager, - Gagetown, Mich.

ELKHART CARRIAGE and HARNESS MFG. CO.

Have sold to consumers for 21 years,
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RIDING SADDLES and FLY NETS.
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No. 37, Surrey Harness, \$11.00
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No. 3, Farm Wagon, \$43.00

No. 781, Surrey, \$75
No. 77, Road Wagon, \$26
Double Buggy, \$18-25
Farm, \$10 to \$25.50
Bicycle, \$55

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Your neighbor's ENTERPRISE and send
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Nearly 2,400 now insured, with \$2,500,000 insurance.

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Cheap and reliable insurance for farmers. Nearly \$20,000 has been saved the farmers of Tuscola County in four years.

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Unless skilled in the laws of optics, light and refraction?

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Examines eyes by the very latest scientific methods, for all errors of refraction.

No two eyes are alike, therefore each eye must be examined separately. Eyes are frequently ruined by the use of

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Such as are purchased at stores and of peddlers. Glasses furnished at prices ranging from 50c. upwards, according to style of frame and quality of glass.

My Jewellery and Silverware department is full and I am offering goods at hard times prices and if you wish anything in my line call and I will prove it to you.

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FRESH BREAD, BUNS, PIES, COOKIES, WEDDING CAKES BAKED TO ORDER.

Warm or cold lunches served at all hours of the day.

Cass City and Dairy Minnesota flours kept for sale.

I am sole agent for the Gately Donovan & Co., East Saginaw. Bibles, albums, and subscription books; lace and chenille curtains and draperies; silverware, rugs, wringers, clocks, on easy monthly payments or cheap for cash.

Joseph Reuter, Proprietor.

Main St. Cass City.

AN HONEST MAN

WANTED—to sell our STANDARD Teas, Coffees, Spices, etc., to consumers. These goods sell themselves after one trial. Big profit to agents. Write for circular. DETROIT TEA CO., 38 Cadillac Square, Detroit, Mich.

Probate Notice.

State of Michigan, County of Tuscola, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Tuscola, made on the 3rd day of January, A. D. 1894, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Sylvester A. Reuter, deceased, late of said county, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office, in the village of Caro, for examination and allowance, on or before the 3rd day of July next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Tuesday, the 3rd day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days.

JOHN C. LAING, Judge of Probate.

2164

Subscribe for the ENTERPRISE.

It isn't always the full pocketbook that runs over first.

him on the way. He is a dandy and horsemen will do well to see this horse before the season opens.

Chas. Cole, of this place, but "doing time" in Bad Axe, made his escape one day last week and was soon missed. The sheriff drove to Elkton and got there ahead of Cole. When Cole came up to the depot, the sheriff stepped out. Cole said, "Hello! you got here first. I was just out for a little exercise and am now ready to go back to Bad Axe."

GREENLEAF.

Archie Campbell is preparing to make maple sugar as soon as the weather is favorable.

Duncan McGillivray is about to exchange his farm for that of Mr. McPhail, of Novesta. Get some boot, Heck.

Mr. Morganstern, of Detroit, is visiting at John Sullivan's. We understand he intends starting a cigar factory in Bad Axe.

Dan McMullen, of Baraga, Mich., who has been visiting friends in this vicinity for the last week, returned to his home on Monday.

Duncan McGillivray arrived home last week from the Upper Peninsula, where he has been at work in the lumber woods. He reports times very dull.

Finlay Ross has about completed his contract of lumbering for this winter. He has so far banked one and a half million feet of logs and has yet about half a million on skids which he intends to put in before breaking camp.

Neil and Angus McEachin are doing a "land-office" business in the hardwood line, having purchased a half interest of McIsaac Bros. Last week they received an order for 500 cords from a Pt. Huron firm, and they have at present twelve teams hauling to Uby, making two trips daily.

ELLINGTON.

John Alexander went to see friends in Wells Sunday and make a short visit.

Mrs. Angeline Alexander went to Caro last week Wednesday and is now spending a few days visiting friends there.

Frank Malonzo came over from Columbia Sunday and spent Sunday night with relatives here, returning Monday.

A surprise party at Chas. A. Fish's on the evening of the 22nd. It was gotten up by their neighbors to congratulate them on their safe return from their visit out east.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Fish and children arrived home Wednesday afternoon all well after spending three months in New York State and Pennsylvania visiting with relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown, who have been stopping at Levi Whipple's for some three weeks, became the happy parents of a fine baby girl the 19th. Mother and daughter are both doing well.

Owing to the lack of snow to make the sleighing, and the coldness of the weather, the sleigh-ride and dinner of the school in district No. 1, was postponed from Washington's birthday until some time in the future.

Saturday night of last week being the 16th anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bailey a large number of their friends met at their house on that evening and spent a pleasant conversation until after ten o'clock when a bountiful repast was passed around, then there were some good presents brought in, consisting of a good set of chairs, including a rocker, a set of cups and saucers and a handsome lap robe. They were presented to them by Amy Clay in behalf of their many friends. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey kindly thanked their many friends for the presents they had given them. At eleven o'clock the company began to disperse. P. E. Manley and George Gray for a while played upon the violin while others tripped the fantastic toe. All went to their homes feeling well satisfied with the time spent.

ELMWOOD.

H. Dodge was pressing hay part of last week.

B. McCreedy visited our school on Wednesday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Walters began housekeeping this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Perry visited at school Monday afternoon.

R. Pardo and W. A. Lockwood and families were visiting in Grant Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Spittler visited relatives in Unionville the fore part of the week.

Miss Perrin Webster attended the teachers meeting held in Caro on Saturday.

Bert Perry and Alice McCreedy, both of Elmwood, were married on Wednesday last.

We hear that Carson & Ealy, of Caro, have sold the Harkness place to a man by the name of Hayes.

We are patiently waiting for that blizzard that Bro. Wickware predicted. What is wrong? Was the date changed?

OWENDALE.

Geo. Ricker is numbered with the sick at present.

Wm. Duffy, of Caseville, was in this part on Tuesday last.

Thomas Davidson and his best girl visited friends on Sunday last.

Adam Davidson, of Grant, called on friends east of town on Friday.

Thos. Cosgrove was in Cass City between trains Thursday, on business.

Miss Jennie McCullough visited friends east of town on Sunday last.

Archie Leech, of Sheridan, was in town on Wednesday of the past week.

Burt Burton and wife, of Brookfield, visited at T. Cosgrove's on Sunday last.

David Coulter and A. Hughes were in the vicinity of Killmanagh Thursday.

Robert Gill and wife are visiting friends in Saginaw at the present writing.

Thomas Cosgrove and Toney Hughes were in Elkton Saturday evening last on business.

Frank Martin, of Cass City, was in this part looking after clover hulling. Frank is a hustler.

Charley Shores returned to Vassar on Monday, where he expects to remain for the future.

Wm. Rowell, of Cass City, was in this part taking orders for window blinds the past week.

Geo. Mills is in Uby this week looking after financial matters pertaining to the welfare of George.

Jas. Young and Nathan Lundy, of the East Town Line, are talking of going to Virginia shortly.

The many friends of Mr. Kerr, Sen., will be glad to learn of his being some better at the present writing.

R. Ballagh has ordered a car load of western corn which he expects about the middle of the present week.

Jas. Shoofelt was in Caseville Saturday, going by way of Berne and returning via Elkton, the same day.

Toney Hughes and G. Finkle exchanged horses on Saturday last. Toney now drives a matched pair of greys.

A free dance was given at the American house on Thursday evening. Hager & Welch furnished the music. A good time was had.

Thos. Davidson, R. Ballagh, and D. Coulter's teams have been engaged to remove H. D. Hager's household goods from here to Marlette this week.

Jas. Grenach, Edendale's hustling merchant, was in this part on Friday of the past week and effected some business deals before returning.

Angus Crawford was in Caro Wednesday on business and purchased a thoroughbred Durham bull before returning, for which he paid a handsome figure.

Angus Crawford made a sale of seventy hundred weight of thoroughbred Poland China hogs the past week, realizing a nickel per pound. It is said they were bought for a foreign market.

We must mention that Thos. Davidson drove the best looking load of Lady Maccabees to Bad Axe Wednesday, from this burg and its surroundings that was present on that occasion. So says C. S. Graves.

Thomas Cosgrove is in the east this week with a mixed load of fine, stalled stock, for which their owners realized all they certainly were worth, as Tom bears the reputation of being one of the best buyers in the Thumb.

The quiet little home of A. J. Hughes was aroused suddenly one evening the past week at about midnight. Hailing the Justice upon his appearance at the door, he found, a couple quietly awaiting his appearance. They produced the papers that demanded his attention for a few moments at least. The parties interested being an accomplished young lady of about nineteen summers and her devoted lover being an aged gentleman of very fine appearance. The Justice soon demanded the vows that are necessary upon such occasions, after which he granted them compliments and wished them a prosperous journey through life. The happy couple took their departure as suddenly as they came.

Last week's correspondence.

Mrs. McCarty is presently nursing a broken arm caused by a fall on the ice.

Thos. Cosgrove and wife visited acquaintances in Caro Thursday and Friday of the past week.

Andrew McAlister has moved to the Gray farm Town Line, which he leased the past fall for a term of years.

Entertainments were numerous around town on Friday evening of the past week. There was a social hop at the residence of Jas. Shoofelt north and east of town, a taffy pull at C. Chisolm's, a dance at N. Well's, south of the burg. You see our youths had a choice on that fair date.

Mr. Laing, of Grant, has purchased what is known as the J. Etherington farm from J. C. Seelye, of Caro, and is busily engaged moving his farming utensils and feed, before moving his household goods. Mr. Laing comes into our midst well recommended and we venture to say will make many warm friends during his toilsome journey through life.

—ANNUAL—

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.

WE ARE NOT

Offering our entire stock at FIFTY PER CENT. OFF, but some of our goods we are selling as low as that and in the

SHOE, BOOT AND LUMBERMEN'S RUBBER LINE

We are selling at prices regardless of former selling prices, and, on the whole, we claim to be selling staple goods as cheap as the cheapest.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BUY

In order to find that out, but simply come and see our goods and get prices.

We will give you exceedingly low prices on Winter Goods that will soon be out of season, such as hoods, shawls, lumbermen's socks, etc.

Yours Truly,

Laing & Janes.

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,

FOR SALE

LUMBER, SHINGLES

—AND—

THREE HORSES.

J. L. HITCHCOCK.

For Bargains In

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

GENERAL PLANING MILL WORK.

GO TO LONDON, ENO & KEATING, MILL NEAR THE P. O. & N. DEPOT.

Going to Buy a Watch?

If so, buy one that cannot be stolen. The only thief-proof watches are those with



Non-pull-out

BOWS. Here's the Idea: The bow has a groove on each end. A collar runs down inside the bow to the grooves, firmly locking the bow to the pendant, so that it cannot be pulled or twisted off.

To be sure of getting a Non-pull-out, see that the case is stamped with this trademark. It cannot be had with any other kind.

Send a postal for a watch case opener to the famous Boss Filled Case Makers.

Keystone Watch Case Co., PHILADELPHIA.



TO A WAR-WORN BUGLE.

Bugle Horn! Bugle Horn! sing me a song,
Sing of the troopers' valor and the strong;
Sing as you sang on the battle's wild day—
Sing as you sang in the midst of the fray.

Oh, how the sabers flashed and the bayonets
Onward the long line went, firm as a wall
Now they are mingling, the foe and the foe—
Flashes the sabers with blow after blow!

This is a sight for a soldier to see!
Bugle, oh, Bugle! sing loud in your glee!
Sing of the heroes who died in the din,
Sing of the heroes who died in the din.

Those have won glory and lasting renown,
These, fallen here to a hero's bright crown.
Bugle, oh, Bugle! sing honor and praise
To those who were brave through those sad,
darkened days.

—W. D. Dowling.

Last Grand Grapple.

The man who tells you that without Buell Grant would have been lost at Shiloh did not see the last grand grapple on Sunday night. It was while waiting for this final struggle that I saw the grandest sight, save one, that I witnessed during the entire war.

We were placed head downward on a hillside, with a battery or more of guns at the top. We are facing the west. Looking out through the openings the sunshine falls bright and clear on everything. Looking to the right or left we see battalions forming and artillery going into position. A lull in the crash and roar of battle; its stillness is oppressive.

Looking away out yonder—see the flashing, gleaming sunshine on the polished steel in front and on the flanks—it is the coming of the enemy! In close columns by division, with flags fluttering and its army moving in echelon. See how distinct every rifle barrel, bayonet and saber, like the gleam of silver and shimmer of brass! In the very front is a regiment of Zouaves. A grander sight no man ever saw than this coming of the Confederate army. We see the swinging motion noticeable when great bodies of men move together. Thus comes this human battering-ram, with artillery trailing in its ranks, presenting the appearance of a huge monster clothed in folds of flashing steel.

On comes the enemy, in its grand, full pride, sure of crushing the beaten, broken army of the Tennessee, in perfect step with arms at right-shoulder-shift, seemingly conscious of its might. With blare of band and bugle the line advances. We see it coming and wonder if some one will raise a white flag.

I load my gun and lie flat on the ground head downward; with teeth tightly closed I await what seems our sure defeat. Behind the front line comes another, and still another. The woods are alive with them. On they come; soon their lines begin to unfold and develop these movements are executed with exact step, and arms still at right-shoulder-shift.

I live an age in a moment. We are startled by a cannon shot above us—a signal for more. It is answered by a blinding flash—a mighty roar; the earth trembles; something strikes me; a darkness falls about me; smoke and leaves and twigs and gravel and earth fill the air. I start up, affrighted, wondering if the heavens and earth are coming together. It is the "good evening" of Webster's great guns above us to the bold, defiant Confederate host. Artillery along the lines opens, and the final struggle has begun.

No white flag there! Our cannoners are planting their shrapnel where it will do the most harm, and it falls amid the crowded mass of the enemy as true as if it had been carried by hand. The smoke before us lifts and we see beneath it the lines of the enemy with great gaps torn in them, closing up and still advancing. We open upon them a line fire; the guns behind us are still throwing casheots; for the roar deafens and the smoke blinds us for a time. Again it lifts, and we see the gray line staggering under the awful fire it faces. The gunboats take up the fight, but on comes that determined line until only a corporal's guard remains. We look again. It has vanished—gone! Another pushes on, to disappear like the first. Our line is a blaze of fire—it is a volcano. It hurls defiance with its shot at the proud, splendid bravery of the enemy, who die but refuse to retreat.

The fight becomes fiercest; the enemy concentrates his fire, and brings into action every available man and gun. Arms are no longer at the right shoulder, but are being used by experienced men. The stubborn resistance of the seemingly beaten Federal army is a surprise to the legions of Beauregard, who can neither crush nor dislodge the blue. The gray line trembles, almost, as it halts, wavers for a moment and then suddenly falls back, the few that are left firing as they go, until the supporting line is reached. Then we see real discipline in battle. The retreating line halts, closes up, reforms on its support.

See how deliberate and full of action it becomes, maddened at the repulse, and burning to avenge their fallen comrades. The fiery sons of the South are again in perfect form ready to hurl themselves with their angry impetuosity against their tired but undaunted foe. For a moment the gray line is motionless; then all at once it leaps forward with a mighty yell, and sweeps across the bloody space separating the blue from the

gray. Following the yell comes a stream of leaden hail full into our faces.

It is a battle of the giants. A wild cheer from our line is hurled back upon them, and shot answers shot. The roar of artillery is incessant. The crash of musketry is deafening, and the earth trembles from the concussion and shock. Watch the play on the faces of the men! The eye flashes, the face grows wild and grand, the forms round out to their fullest limit, and the plain, dull soldier boy rises into the grandeur and glory of a Homeric god as he springs to his feet, with no thought of white flag or defeat, full of desire to meet and destroy the coming enemy. All individuality is lost in this wild dance of death. The gray line again halts, trembles and is gone, followed by a wild cheer that burst from the heroic line in blue, telling in its own glad way that they are victors on the bloody field.—Blue and Gray.

An Errand of Charity.

During the month of May, 1864, on the Petersburg turnpike, three or four days before the battle of Drewry's Bluff, and about half way between Petersburg and Richmond, Va., my comrade and I, who belonged to the second brigade (Col. Griffin A. Steadman's), second division, eighteenth corps, started off to the left of the turnpike, or in other words, deliberately swung to the left, in accordance with Gen. Grant's tactics of the campaign.

About a mile and a half brought us to a farm house that had been pretty well ransacked before we arrived. Under the barn which had been overlooked, was discovered about a dozen hens sitting quietly upon their eggs, not knowing the order had gone forth "that the rebellion must be put down if it took the last chicken in the Confederacy."

My comrade crawled under the barn and passed out the hens, through which you could see daylight, so far had they been reduced, living on short rations and nobly doing duty for the Confederacy. He kept me busy wringing their necks, after which we tied their legs together, swung them over our shoulders and started back to the turnpike, congratulating ourselves upon what a nice chicken dinner we should have when we got back to our command. But our jubilant expectations were peremptorily demolished by the direct order of a general.

Just as we emerged from the thicket on the left of the turnpike we came in contact with Benjamin F. Butler! The general beckoned to us to come up to where he was sitting on his horse.

After saluting him very respectfully, and trembling very perceptibly, the first question he asked was:

"Where did you get those chickens?"

My comrade, acting as spokesman, replied:

"At the farm-house to the left, about a mile and a half from here."

The next question was a poser.

What are you going to do with them?"

We thought we were in for it, and we should be punished for capturing old sitting hens, whereas nice fat chickens might have passed with the general as legitimate spoils of war. So my comrade replied:

"We are going to take them back to the hospital for the sick and wounded." The hospital was about six miles to the rear.

The general called an orderly, who was mounted, and gave him the following general order: "Orderly, go back to the hospital with these men, and see that they deliver those chickens to the surgeon in charge."

If a cannon ball had struck us we could not have been more crestfallen. The next morning we were escorted back to our commands, where we remained during the battle of Drewry's Bluff, on the morning of the 16th of May, 1864.

I saw General Butler upon one occasion after that, which brought vividly to my mind that lost anticipated chicken dinner.—G. W. Ford, National Tribune.

Needed no Help.

There was no better, more loyal or more fearless soldier than old Jack Dubbin, but he had one fault and that was an overweening fondness for the whisky bottle, or rather for the tents. He had a boon companion whose real name I never knew, but everyone called him "Uncle Si." While in camp old Jack was taken ill of a fever, and, despite the unremitting attention of Si, died. The corpse developed an unusual rigidity after death, and a strange tendency to fly up into a sitting posture. Accordingly on the night before its burial it was stretched out at full length upon a board resting upon two wooden trestles with its head and feet tied down by ropes.

Old Uncle Si insisted upon watching the remains of his dead friend. Shortly after midnight he became very thirsty and stepped out to a neighboring sutler's to procure a drink. During his somewhat protracted absence, two large cats found their way into the tent containing the remains of poor old Jack, and when Uncle Si returned he was naturally indignant at seeing these felines sitting on the corpse—one at the head, the other at the feet.

Seizing a billet of wood from the ground he aimed a powerful blow with it at the pussy sitting at the head. It missed its mark and struck and severed the rope holding down the head of the corpse, which immediately flew up into a sitting posture. Seizing the dead man by the shoulders and forcing him back into a recumbent position Uncle Si exclaimed in an aggrieved tone: "Darn ye, old man, lie down and keep quiet! I'll attend to the cats."—American Tribune.

The heart that has not suffered has not loved.



THE MAN-EATING TREE.

HE next day Carlino and I had decided upon a hunt in the mountains in the mountains that made a jagged outline against the sky off to the south. While we were getting guns and cartridges in to condition for use Ferrara approached and said in his smoothest tones:

"If the seniors went to the valley, down beyond the Contadino pass, they would find where a great panther roams and has been seen many times. I myself saw it but two days ago, but I was unarmed, so I put spurs to my horse and galloped away."

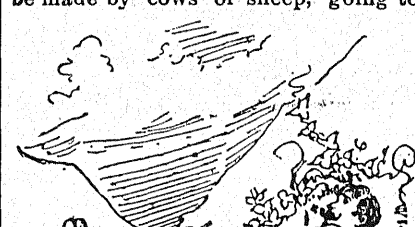
Carlino turned to me with a look of interest. "That's a good idea," he said. "We'll look for the panther first, and if we fail to find him we can try the mountains."

We were about to turn away when Ferrara stopped us with many apologies. "Beyond the Contadino pass," he said, "you will find a narrow trail leading off eastward down the valley. Follow that trail a half mile until you see a huge white cliff a hundred yards to the right. At the foot of that cliff the panther has been again and again. Adios, seniors."

And so Carlino and I went walking off, with swinging stride toward the pass, glad of a day in the woods, and ready for any adventure that came along, except the one that actually did come; for within the next hour we passed through the most horrible experience that ever fell to the lot of mortals, I am sure.

We found the pass—a mere gap in the mountains, not used for travel, as another pass, a few miles further south—furnished the nearest road to the town. The pass was strewn with rough boulders and jagged masses of rock, difficult to make one's way over, and for half an hour we had all the exercise we needed in climbing over and around these obstructions.

At last, however, we were clear of them, and we shouldered our guns again after a brief rest, and went on until we found a trail among the bushes. It was such a path as would be made by cows or sheep, going to



THE MAN-EATING TREE.

and from a watering place, and I was going along paying very little attention to it, when Carlino, who was in the lead, suddenly stopped and muttered, "That is strange!"

I looked over his shoulder, and there, in the yellow sand, was the barefoot track of a man. We easily traced it along the trail for several hundred yards, and then it suddenly disappeared as though the owner of the track had turned off into the thick undergrowth. We both followed it up to that point, and then, missing it, looked at one another and said again: "That is very strange!"

And then we both laughed, and Carlino said: "But it might have been some herdman looking for a stray cow or sheep."

But I noticed that Carlino looked after his cartridges a little more closely, and held his gun in a position to use it, if necessary. And just then the cliff that Ferrara had described came into view, about 100 yards away, and we turned off from the path toward this place, in which the panther had been so often seen.

Scarcely had we started in that direction when we were startled by the long, fierce scream of the panther itself. As nearly as we could judge it was at that very moment at the base of the cliff. We stopped involuntarily at the sound, and then went stealing down the slope, with eyes watchful and nerves stretched to the utmost. Yet we went on and on without seeing it, and suddenly found ourselves at the base of the cliff, which had been hidden by the thick and tangled brush through which we had passed.

Then we stopped and looked around, peering here and there through the bushes. It was easy to see that the spot of ground on which we stood had been the haunt of some wild animal, for all about us bones lay bleaching on the ground. But nothing was to be seen. The face of the cliff, up to a height of twelve to fifteen feet, was covered with the matted tendrils of a dead vine, ap-

parently. It suddenly appeared to me that the panther's den might be back under the cliff, hidden by the vine, and I was about to investigate when behind us, not ten feet away, sounded the horrible scream of the panther.

Both of us whirled and Carlino stepped back a little. In the moment of confusion I failed to notice him, but in an instant he gave a heartrending cry: "Help! help! quick! the tree! the man-eating tree!"

Never will I forget that cry, nor the sight that met my eyes. In stepping back he had stumbled against the dead vine, as I thought it. And then in a moment every tendril became instinct with life, and was twisting and writhing about him with the most horrible snake-like motions, matted around his body and legs, holding his arms tight and drawn across his face and clasped about his throat. Already when I looked around he was helpless. During the single moment while I stood there looking at him motionless with frozen horror, his face began to turn purple. And then all at once I recovered myself a little, and, snatching my hunting knife from my belt, began cutting and slashing at the horrible, writhing tendrils in the effort to cut their victim loose.

But before I had made three strokes something had caught my arm and held it. Then something crawled swiftly about my neck; and then there were others around my hands, over my head, across my face—everywhere. At once I was seized and wherever the snaky monsters touched me they were tearing at my flesh, and a dozen heads seized him and plucked him down, and we were surrounded by a crowd of laborers from the plantation. With long knives they cut and hacked at the limbs that were sucking the blood from our veins, and in a few moments they had us free. How they got us home I never knew.

It was not until the next day that I recovered consciousness, and I was unable to turn in my bed, even, for two weeks. The excoriations on my face and hands left painful wounds, which were a long time in healing, and which made dreadful scars. These have all gone, however, except the one on my neck, which resembles the scar left by a centipede.

As for Carlino, he lay as if dead for several days, and there were times when he was pronounced really dead. Then he went off into fever and raving delirium, and it seemed that he could not possibly recover. After a while, though, he did struggle back into life, but his health was wrecked and he was never again able to walk as much as 100 yards.

How did we happen to be rescued? Why, some of Ferrara's fellow-corvates had heard his muttered imprecations against us, and when we had gone and they saw him sneak away after us, they held a consultation and decided to follow. I have always believed that Ferrara circled around us, got in ahead and imitated the cry of the panther himself to lure us on. I have never been able to find out, however. When I had regained my strength enough to feel some little curiosity, and asked one of my rescuers what they had done with Ferrara, he answered, with the utmost unconcern:

"We gave him to the man-eating tree, senior!"

Discouraging a Sneak Thief.

A sneak thief was recently caught in a lumber camp near Brownwood and the choppers decided to scare the life out of him. They convened a sort of court-martial, warned the crook that conviction meant death, and then proceeded to convict him. The "judge" donned a black knit worsted nightcap belonging to a German but recently over, and sentenced the culprit to death by hanging. A rope was produced, a noose placed around the convict's neck, the other end thrown over a limb, and after the fellow had been given an opportunity to pray he was hauled up until his neck cracked and his toes barely touched the ground. Then they let him down and the biggest man in camp kicked him out of the woods.—Detroit Free Press.

Nothing to Lose.

Hall—it's all right to talk about those rich girls who marry foreign noblemen. The noblemen are the ones who take all the chances.

Ball—How is that?

Hall—Why the girl takes her husband for better or worse, richer or poorer. Nine times out of ten, she knows he can't be any poorer or any worse. What has she to lose?—Life.

A Useful Adjunct.

Guest, tenth story—Porter, what's this rope coiled up in the corner for?

Porter—That's for use in case of fish sale.

Guest, after a look out of the window to the sidewalk—Oh, I see. Very convenient. If a man objects to being burned to death he can hang himself.—Judge.

Britain's Army of the Poor.

Statisticians estimate that in Great Britain there are 700 millionaire families, 9,650 families "very rich," 128,250 families "rich," 730,500 in "moderate circumstances," 2,008,000 "struggling to keep up," and 3,916,900 poor.

HE TOLD A NEW STORY.

BUT THEY SAID IT SOUNDED OLD TO THEM.

How the Colonel's Murderous Boar Was Killed to Death by a Pig That Had Passed Its Life Among a Neighbor's Mules—In Moral Combat.

Four men were sitting about the little station of Lone Rock, cut in Wisconsin, one night waiting for a train. They were on their way up to Richland Center, where court was in session, says the Chicago Herald. They were good friends, as strangers at a railway station usually are, and they were telling each other stories. The last narrative had been about a mule, and that reminded a gentleman from Indiana of a mule his father once had. So he told this story:

"My father was a native of Virginia, but he went to Indiana in the early years and settled in Boone county. He started in to raise hogs, and he did pretty well. But he had one hog that would always get out of the pen and make trouble with the other stock. No matter how high they built that pen he would always climb out—go over it hand over hand, just like a sailor. Then they would put on another course of rails clear around, and in a day or two he would climb over that. Then another course, and in a few days he would get over that, too. So they finally built a pen so high for him that they had to work with ladders to get the top rail on the fence. And yet he went over."

"Next farm to that of my father was one belonging to Judge Bottom. He raised mules. He had the darndest, biggest lot of mules you ever saw. And they could outkick a man at the world's fair. He didn't do a very good business with them for some reason or another, though he deserved to, and he finally fell into my father's debt. But they were always good friends, and father said he would take one of the mules to square the account. The judge agreed to that kind of a trade, but thought he should have some boot. So father gave him a little pig in the bargain. And the judge took the pig home and put it into the lot with his mules. And it stayed there and thrived and got fat. It became a handsome pig, and almost the finest in the county. Every body in the neighborhood was proud of it."

"Well, sir, one time this big, climbing gentleman pig of my father's concluded he was due to climb the fence again, and so over he went. He had tushes about seven inches long, and every time he got out of the pen he killed some other pig. I forgot to tell that in its proper place. Every time he got out he killed another hog; cut it all to pieces with his awful tushes. And so he was going down the road toward the judge's farm, gnashing his terrible jaws and grunting threats at the whole male hog creation. And there he came upon this Adonis among swine from the mule pen of the judge."

"It was Sunday and the people were at services in the schoolhouse. And they looked out of the window and saw with horror the meeting of that terrible swine slayer and the judge's beauty. And they held their breaths with terror as the two came together. The hogs looked at each other for a moment, snapping and sniffing the ground, and then at it they rushed and began tossing at each other in the side, and the people quit listening to the sermon and the preacher quit preaching. And all hands came over to that side of the schoolhouse and looked with bated breath at the fight."

"They expected to see the big hog from my father's place tear his foe to pieces in a moment. But what was their surprise to see the hand-somest of pigs turn about with his tail to his enemy at the most critical moment of the fight, and deliver a kick, exactly like that of a mule, directly between the eyes of the most terrible boar in the country! And the kick was fatal. It was totally unexpected, and it was instant death."

"You say that happened in Indiana?" asked another of the travelers.

"Yes, on my father's farm in Boone county."

"You are a liar. That story started from my grandfather's town in Seneca county, New York. Many a time have I heard it."

"Hold on, there, hold on," said a third man. "Your grandfather's farm be hanged! That story was started in Canada. My father told it to me when I was a boy, and then it was very old. It concerned the earliest traditions of the province of Ontario. This is the way it is—"

"When you fellows git through lying about that pig," said a native. "I don't mind telling you the truth of it. The fight between them pigs went off right out here in Juneau county, and I can prove it by—"

"There comes the train," said the man whose father had lived in Boone county, Indiana. And that was the end of their quarrel.

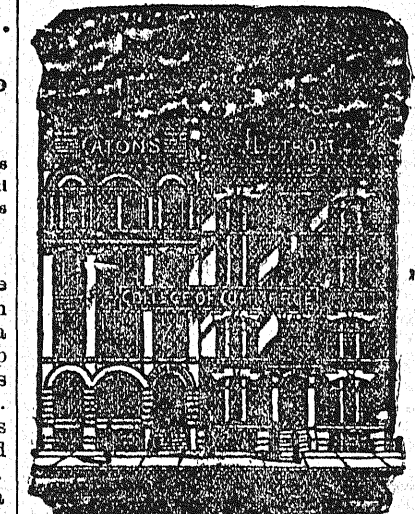
He Has Been Doing It.

"You must make allowance for George," said Mrs. Gargoyle, pleading with her husband to overlook his son's extravagance.

"I do," replied Mr. Gargoyle, "and I think an allowance of \$1,000 a year is amply sufficient."—Detroit Free Press.

Ancient Books.

Some very ancient books are to be found in the sacred relics of Ceylon. They are formed of palm leaves, written upon with a metal pen, and are bound merely by a silken string.



THE MODERN, PROGRESSIVE, BUSINESS TRAINING SCHOOL.

OF DETROIT.

Three hundred students now enrolled. More calls for Book-keepers and Stenographers than we can fill. Graduating scholarship, good either day or evening in the Business, English or Short hand Department, \$60. The most elegantly furnished and equipped Business College in Michigan. Every student satisfied. None but the best teachers employed. Call or send for circulars. M. J. CATON, President, 7-17 Rowland St., between Hotel Cadillac and High School Building.

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SUCCESSORS TO A. T. SLAGHT & CO.

ABSTRACTS OF TITLES

To all Lands in Tuscola Co.

MONEY TO LOAN ON

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IN SUMS FROM

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For long or short time.

Office across from Madler House.

CARO - MICH.

LADIES!

Leave your order for

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FINEST LINE!

LATEST STYLE CARDS

Printed on Short Notice.

ABBOTT'S

EAST INDIAN

CORN PAINT

REMOVES CORNS, BUNIONS,

AND WARTS SPEEDILY.

WITHOUT PAIN.

LEPPMAN BROS.,

DETROIT, MICH.

MADE IN U.S.A.

P.P.P.

CURES ALL SKIN

AND

BLOOD DISEASES.

Prescribed by Dr. J. P. P. as a splendid combination and purifier of the blood for the cure of all forms and stages of Primary, Secondary and Tertiary Syphilis, Eczema, Scabies, Psoriasis, etc., etc.

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DISKASES, Rheumatism, Scrofulous Ulcers and Sores, Glandular Swellings, Rheumatism, Malaria, old Chronic Ulcers that have refused all treatment, Catarrhs, etc.

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CURES BLOOD POISON.

Skin Diseases, Eczema, Chronic Fungus Complication, Mercurial Poison, Tetters, Scald Head, etc., etc.

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Building up the system rapidly. Laid down systems are renewed and whole blood is in the system, causing it to neutralize impurities, etc.

P.P.P.

CURES MALARIA.

Prescribed by Dr. J. P. P. as a powerful tonic and blood-purifying agent, for the cure of all forms of Malaria, etc.

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CURES DYSPEPSIA.

LEPPMAN BROS., Savannah, Ga.

Book on Blood Diseases mailed free

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—A FINE—

160 ACRE FARM

FOR SALE.

Wishing to retire from farming

I offer for sale my farm of 160

acres, situated one-half mile from

the corporation line of Cass City.

The land is clay loam, and is all

cleared and under cultivation.

There are 2 good houses, 2 large

barns, 2 orchards, 200 raspberry

bushes, 2 wells and windmill, and

good fences on the farm.

I only wish to be secure, and

will make terms to suit purchaser

Inquire on premises of

E. B. LANDON, Owner.

Correspondence Solicited.

Patents

THOS. A. SLAGHT & SON

Notice to Contractors.
Sealed proposals, for the building of a brick veneered school house, will be received up to March 7, at 2 o'clock p. m. at which time bids will be opened and contract let to lowest responsible bidder, giving adequate security for the proper performance of the work. Plans and specifications can be seen by calling at the residence of D. G. Wright, Sec. 3, Novesta.

ISAAC HALL,
ED. BEEBEYSEY,
D. G. WRIGHT,
COMMITTEE.

3-CENT COLUMN.

CUSTOMERS wanted for milk. Have fresh milk cows. L. P. ROBT. MILLER.

CHEAP FOR CASH—House and lot 1/2 mile W. of town. Enquire at this office.

FOR SALE—Two forty-acre farms, partially improved. Low prices; easy terms. E. H. PINNEY.

FOR SALE—Cedar rails and posts. 2-23-3 JOHN STRIFFELER.

FOR SALE—Good three-year-old colts; or will exchange for young stock. Will sell on time if desired. J. W. EVO, 1 mile west and 1/4 north of Cass City.

FOR SALE—Timber suitable for barn frames, lumber, etc. Enquire at J. M. Young's store, Gagetown.

FARMS FOR SALE—Two of 120 acres each, three of 80 acres each, three of 40 acres each and one of 20 acres. Also village lots in Cass City. For information address or call on 1-19.

FOR SALE—One horse, cutter and harness. 1-12 M. MCKIM.

FOR SALE—Good farm horse, weight about 1,300 lbs. Cash or time. E. H. PINNEY.

FOR SERVICE—A registered Durham bull. Will stand for season at my barn in town. 1-2-6 J. H. SCHUPP.

FOR SALE—Good house and 2 1/2 acres of land, well situated within the village. Good orchard, well, cistern and fences. 1-2-2 J. S. DEMING.

FOR SALE—House and two lots, located in central part of Cass City. M. M. WICKWARE.

FARM FOR SALE—80 acres with 65 acres improved, known as the Doying farm. 5-12-1 J. C. LAING.

HOUSE TO RENT—Good dwelling house, on Houghton street west, inquire at the ENTERPRISE office. 8-2

MONEY TO LOAN on real estate for further information address O. K. JAMES.

WHITE LEGHORN hens for sale. A. A. P. MCDOWELL.

\$150 BUYS the corner lot on North side of Main St., opposite O. Doying's residence. DR. MCLEAN.

\$600 Buys 80 acres, or will exchange for village property. DR. J. H. MCLEAN.

FOR SALE—One small cook stove. Cheap for cash. Enquire at this office.

STRAW FOR SALE. E. D. BICKFORD.

Cass City Markets.

Cass City, Mar. 2, 1894.

Wheat, No. 1 white 52 1/2
Wheat, No. 2 white 48 1/2
Wheat, No. 2 red 45 1/2
Wheat, No. 3 red 42 1/2
Corn, per bush 37 1/2
Corn meal, per cwt 27 1/2
Oats, per bush 27 1/2
Rye 10 1/2
Barley, per 100 lbs. 90 to 100
Feed, per 100 lbs. 25 1/2
Clover Seed, per bush 4 00
Soybean, per bush 12 1/2
Butter 12 1/2
Live Hogs, per cwt 4 00
Beef, live weight 10 to 11
Smoked Ham—Farmers, per lb. 10 to 11
Mutton—live weight, per lb. 10 to 11
Lamb, live weight 21 1/2 to 22 1/2
Veal 10 1/2 to 11 1/2
Turkey, per lb. 07 1/2
Chickens—dressed, per lb. 07 1/2
Chickens—live, per lb. 04 1/2
Hay, new, pressed 7 00
Wheat, old. 48 to 54
At ROLLER MILL.

Kingston Markets.

Kingston, Mar. 2, 1894.

Wheat, No. 1 white 52 1/2
Wheat, No. 2 white 48 1/2
Wheat, No. 2 red 45 1/2
Wheat, No. 3 red 42 1/2
Corn, per bush 37 1/2
Corn meal, per cwt 27 1/2
Oats, per bush 27 1/2
Rye 10 1/2
Barley, per 100 lbs. 90 to 100
Feed, per 100 lbs. 25 1/2
Clover Seed, per bush 4 00
Soybean, per bush 12 1/2
Butter 12 1/2
Live Hogs, per cwt 4 00
Beef, live weight 10 to 11
Smoked Ham—Farmers, per lb. 10 to 11
Mutton—live weight, per lb. 10 to 11
Lamb, live weight 21 1/2 to 22 1/2
Veal 10 1/2 to 11 1/2
Turkey, per lb. 07 1/2
Chickens—dressed, per lb. 07 1/2
Chickens—live, per lb. 04 1/2
Hay, new, pressed 7 00
Wheat, old. 48 to 54
At ROLLER MILL.

First Methodist Episcopal Church.

REV. S. M. CLARK, Pastor.

Services—Public service, 10:30 a. m. Class meeting, 1:15 p. m. Sabbath school, 12:15 p. m. Young people's meeting, 6:30 p. m. Public service, 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday 7:30 p. m. All cordially invited.

Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron R. R.

PASSENGER TIME CARD.

In Effect November 26th, 1893. Standard Time.

Southwest. STATIONS. Northeast.

A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M.

5 40 10 50 Saginaw, R. S. 8 10 3 10

5 45 10 55 Rees 8 15 3 15

5 50 11 00 Fairgrove 8 20 3 20

5 55 11 05 Alcona 8 25 3 25

6 00 11 10 Unionville 8 30 3 30

6 05 11 15 Sebawaing 8 35 3 35

6 10 11 20 Bay Port 8 40 3 40

6 15 11 25 DETROIT 8 45 3 45

6 20 11 30 Pigeon 8 50 3 50

6 25 11 35 Elkhart 8 55 3 55

6 30 11 40 Grassmore 9 00 4 00

6 35 11 45 Bad Ass. Ar. 9 05 4 05

CONNECTIONS.

At Saginaw—With P. & M. for Detroit and Toledo, Bay City, Ludington, and Marquette.

At Saginaw—With P. & M. for Port Huron, Sand Beach, Minden City and Pt. Huron.

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Because It is so Pure!

That's the great reason why you should know about our salt. It requires the best to produce the best. The good farmer realizes this with his salt; and the butter maker the less wise? Our salt is as carefully made as your butter—made expressly for dairy work; and bright dairy-men everywhere find their butter better made and their labor better paid when they use

Diamond Crystal Dairy Salt.

No matter what brand you have used, just give this a fair trial. It is first in flavor, first in grain, and first in purity. Whether for dairy or table use, you will find it to your advantage to be acquainted with the salt that's all salt.

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



DEFORD.

A great many complaints of hard colds.

Lois Solo continues to improve in health.

George Spencer lost a work horse last week.

Quartly meeting held on the 25th at this point.

Donation for Elder McCreedy last Friday night.

Miss Ruth Putman, of Wells, visits in this locality.

The energetic move business on wheels at present.

David Valentine is at Oxford training horses for his father.

Did you see the beauties of the sky on the evening of the 23?

Merchant Clark's brother-in-law from Jonesville visits him.

There seems to be a very great scarcity of feed in this locality.

Jack Frost found some cellars last week to the loss of their owners.

The end of the case trouble in school district No. 1, Novesta, is not yet.

Everybody hauls wood bolts or cedar, either to this point or Wilmot.

We learn that Howard Retherford will manage the old Valentine farm on Sec. 34, Novesta, the coming summer.

The man who contracted to furnish the school wood for district No. 6, Kingston, failed to connect, so the job must be relet.

Louisa Peasley is still very low. Mr. Peasley has been greatly afflicted with sickness in his family for the past year.

Ben Gemmills runs his saw mill "by spells." James Valentine and Jack Wells do the fine work when she moves.

Wm. and Wesley Wills, who are laboring somewhere up in the Saginaw regions, made a day's visit at their mother's last week.

Bro. Wickware, the blizzard has not touched us as yet. The females that intended to sew and s-p-i-n must be down with the grip.

The morning of the 24th was the cold one of the season in this locality. Ten below zero way the way it showed up through our spectacles.

We notice the clover is elevating itself. Most of it will be above its proper business when spring opens if we have much more thawing and freezing.

G. Martin and Geo. O'Rourke went for more rye brush west of Cass City to-day. Hope they won't call at the town and search for "wet goods" and sugar in it.

James Harrington will leave the townline southeast of here in the spring. We are not certain where he will remove to but think it will be to his new place in Novesta.

We learn that Chas. Hoffman, C. Courly's son-in-law, has secured the s. e. 1/4 Sec. 34, Novesta, and intends moving here from Birmingham next month to make this his future home.

It can not be said so of all men, but Elder McCreedy wears well. The better people get acquainted with him the more they think of him. Of friends he has a dozen to-day against every one he had when he came among his people.

Well, Bro. of Wickware, you and I seem to have arrived at substantially the same conclusion in regard to Doc. Deming's conundrum. But, we think that friend Segar knocked us both out, and no doubt Doc. will agree with us; so let the old gent "take the cake."

A number of the writer's old acquaintances in Oakland county are preparing to colonize in Virginia, and these cold mornings makes us feel like going along. So if you miss our chit-chat some weeks you may know we are down south "rising the d—l among the naggers."

One Thomas Elliott, of Ont., was the owner of a noted stock horse named "St. Lawrence Jake." About three years ago he appointed George O'Rourke, of this neck-of-woods, guard-

ian over said equine. Since that time George has watched the beast with jealous care and made him to sleep on "flowery beds of ease." But as a plant will not flourish in continual sunshine, neither does over-care ensure longevity in the animal kingdom, for last week the stallion sickened and died, and now there is mourning where once joy reigned supreme.

So the Port Huron News thinks that the editor of the Bay City Times, Press knocked Sam Bettos-out without taking off his gloves. That's all in the way you look at it Mr. Port Huron News. You will have to wait till wind into some locality where the "cowboy preacher" is not known if you want to get it into ears so 'twill stick. Sam has crossed swords with bigger editorial fish than Michigan dare boast of, and that too without coming out at the "small end of the horn." That "child" is a majority all alone with either tongue or pen, and when it comes to fistic conclusions its money to marbles that he can "do up" all the editors in Bay City without shedding his overcoat or starting the perspiration on his ministerial brow.

KINGSTON.

Village caucus Thursday.

Village election March 12.

Frank Sagion was in Marlette Tuesday.

Mit Trennaman has moved back to town.

Dan McKinch started for Pt. Huron Tuesday.

The Ladies' Aid met at Mrs. F. C. Lee's this week.

Miss Nora Reid, from Flint, is visiting friends here.

Meetings are being held in the Baptist Church this week.

Dr. Simenton and wife were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Payne on Monday last.

Nedry & Purdy have traded their farm, 1 1/2 miles north, for village property.

David Daugherty contemplates going away for the purpose of learning shorthand.

Tobe Clark has returned from the north woods, where he has been at work all winter.

A party of young people went to Deford last Sunday. Better put an extension on your buggy seat, Doc.

Village property does not seem to be depreciating in value, as H. Mitchell is talking of selling his lively stable for \$650.

To cover the taxes and costs (\$26), upwards of \$100 worth of property from the creamery was sold one day this week.

The social held at King's Hall, on Saturday evening, was well attended and the Baptist Ladies' Aid netted about \$12.50.

Our town seems to be turning out a number of cranks lately: 1st, the church crank; 2nd, the quarrelsome crank; 3rd, the cranky crank.

Doctors Bates and Simenton were called to Wilmot this week to hold a council over Mr. Irvin, of that place. The result of the consultation is not known.

N. Adamson's family and Lucy Bartholomew are sick with putrid sore throat. As it is dangerous and contagious something should be done to stop the spread of the disease.

N. H. Burns, Orvil Harris, Ed. Fulford and Wesley Baker are sympathizing with each other over their afflictions. Each is tenderly nursing a "Job's comforter" on the back of his neck.

Richard Lawrence, of Chicago, is in town, visiting old friends. He resided at this place 17 years ago, and thinks Kingston has improved wonderfully since he went away, a lad of 11 or 12 years.

Andrew Haley, of Dayton, in crossing the railroad track before the freight should pass, hurried his horses over and was thrown out, striking his head on a rail. As a result he had to make his way to the office of Dr. Bates and have a six-inch gash on his head sewed up.

Died, on the 26th inst, of putrid sore throat, James, youngest son of George Meidlein. This is the second death in this family inside of two weeks and they have the sympathy of all in their affliction.

O, death is so sad, broken hearts in their anguish. Think only of those left in sorrow to roam; Of the dark, lonely days filled with longing and sighing.

Of regret for the past and a death-stricken home Of loved ones bereft.

Death is so silent,—from the dark unknown shadows Cometh no word that death's message imparts; Only waiting for life and our love to recall them, Or death to end them at last, and our hearts, In silence will break.

Death is so beautiful—waxen hands folded Peacefully over the still pulseless breast, Lips sweetly smiling back love for our sorrow, Proclaim to our hearts only love, peace and rest In the sweet land beyond.

Savannah, Ga., April 26, 1889.

Having used three bottles of P. P. P. for impure blood and general weakness, and having derived great benefits from the same, having gained 11 pounds in weight in four weeks, I take great pleasure in recommending it to all unfortunate like.

Yours truly,
JOHN MORRIS.

GAGETOWN.

Judd Brown was in Cass City Tuesday.

Chas Maynard made a flying trip to Saginaw Monday.

Mrs. A. A. Young was in Cass City Wednesday on business.

There will be services at the Episcopal Church at 10:30 a. m. Sunday.

Theodore Burden and wife were visiting friends at Caro on Wednesday.

R. S. Brown and wife were the guests of Thomas Leach and family Wednesday.

R. Walmsley, of Cass City, wielded the birch at our district school during Wm. Seed's illness.

Court Elm, No. 1021, will hold a special meeting at G. A. R. Hall Saturday night for work in the degrees.

George Welch and R. S. Brown attended the special meeting of the Masonic fraternity at Cass City on Saturday night.

H. A. Gifford is happy if trade is light. He has finished papering his living rooms and we pronounce it a splendid job. He has also completed his chimneys and stables, and we are wondering "what next?"

R. Hopkins has received four toilet work boxes made by his son Oscar, at Jackson, and they certainly are a marvel of mechanical skill and workmanship. Some of them are composed of nearly a thousand pieces of different kinds of wood. Mr. Hopkins makes the boxes on overtime and has sent them here for sale, a specimen of which is on exhibition at the furniture rooms of R. Bolton, and also at Mr. Hopkins' residence.

Quite a glow was cast over this community Saturday morning when it became known that Mrs. Allen Callison was dead. Mrs. Callison gave birth to a still-born infant Monday morning, the 19th inst, and continually grew worse. Mrs. Callison leaves a husband and eight children to mourn her loss—three boys and five girls—of which the youngest is some three years old. The funeral was held from the house Sunday afternoon, and the remains laid in Grant cemetery. The funeral was a very large one and showed the respect of the community had for the deceased. Rev. J. B. Keith preached the sermon, and Undertaker McKenzie of Cass City, was in charge. I can truthfully say that the sympathy of the entire community goes out to Mr. Callison and his family in their great affliction.

Thomas Kennedy, of Elmwood, came to town Saturday afternoon, thinking he would get a letter from his son Thomas who is working in the lumber woods above Grayling, but in place of getting a letter he received a telegram that his son had been killed by a log and that the body would be held at Grayling until instructions. Mr. Kennedy was so overcome by the sad news which came so unexpected that it was some time before he could get his mind composed enough to execute any plans, but finely he concluded to drive through to Bay City, and so telegraphed parties at Grayling to forward the remains and he would meet them at Bay City. It was first decided to have the funeral on Tuesday a. m., but in such cases there is so much uncertainty that it was finally postponed until Wednesday morning, and as Mr. Kennedy lives several miles from Gagetown we have been unable to get any of the particulars of his death, age, etc., but will try and do so next week.

WEST GRANT.

J. D. Body Sundayed at Mr. Burnett's.

Samuel Ricker is able to be around again.

Miss Edith McCrea returned to Cass City Tuesday.

P. Thompson is hustling ties to the railroad now days.

Jno. McKay, of Sheridan, is visiting relatives this week.

Miss Weldon and Mrs. C. Hallack went to Caro Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. McVicar returned to Bay City last Thursday.

Mrs. McDonald, of Brookfield, was the guest of Mrs. McVicar Sunday.

Miss Gertrude Williamson and H. Hallack are numbered with the sick.

James Maharg has got through lumbering in Linkville, for this winter.

Miss Carrie Fredmore is spending a few days in school in Cass City at present.

Mr. Laing is moving on the farm known as the Jno. Etherington farm in Grant.

M. King has his sawing machine in running order and is cutting wood in this burg.

A birthday party at Mr. Archer's Monday Eve, it being quite a surprise to Clement.

Cora Weldon, teacher in school Dist. No. 1, Grant, is also engaged to teach the winter term.

The first annual entertainment held by the Dramatic Club on the 15th was a grand success. A large crowd was present. Good order and a good time during the evening.

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BERNE.

Mr. Hambacker, of Killmanagh, was in town Tuesday.

Paul Woodworth, of Caseville, was in town Wednesday.

Joseph Schluchter is in Owosso this week attending I. O. F. meeting.

The entertainment given here by the I. O. F., on the 22nd inst, was a success.

Miss Henning, of Sebawaing, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sol. Schluchter Sunday.

Moses Bundsch, of Elkton, was visiting his brother, Ed. of this place, Sunday.

C. W. Leipprandt, H. Hayer and Ed. Bundsch went to Hayes on a pleasant pleasure trip the other day.

E. Paul, foreman of the flax mill, of this place, tells us they will finish working up flax Wednesday for this winter.

H. Domino, Jr., took possession of the hotel here, Tuesday, Sol. Stahl moving back on his farm near Killmanagh.

ELKTON.

A. H. Ale took in Caseville Tuesday.

Miss Alice Fitzgerald is teaching music lessons in Soule.

J. A. Burgess, publisher of Bad Axe Democrat, was in town this week.

Mr. David Winer is preparing to have a ride on the Macabee goat.

Treasurer Moore was at Caseville Tuesday look after taxes for this town.

C. Minter and Geo. Everett who have been arrested for deer killing have had their case postponed for one week.

Elkton schools are having a county examination commencing Feb. 27, and a number from the country schools are attending.

Dan. C. Petorhans, of Caro, agent for the International Encyclopedia, has been spending the past week with his old teacher, C. Nash.

Revival meeting held in the Stout school house conducted by Revs. Upper and Carpenter are proving a success, as they have gained over sixty converts.

A Continued Story.

Down there at Potomac Corners, There lives a youth of fame, With his great education C. H. is his name.

He attends his father's counter, He is a strong youth— A genuine counter-hopper, But has not told