

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XIII. NO. 13.

CASS CITY, MICH., MARCH 9, 1894.

BY WICKWARE & McDOWELL.

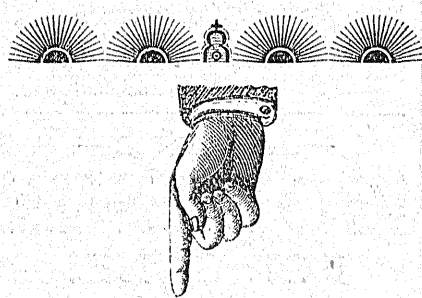
THE EXCHANGE BANK,

Cass City, Mich.

Accounts of business houses and individuals solicited.

Interest paid on time certificates of deposit.

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



McDougall & Co. Have Turned a

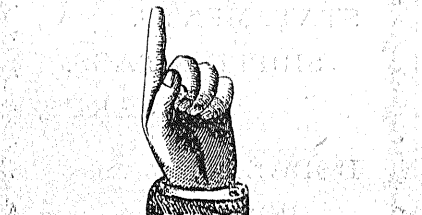
REWINDERS
AND LAMPS

Right Side Up With Care

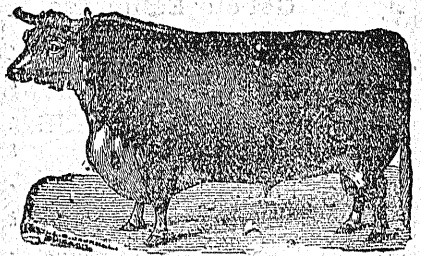
And are now prepared to offer goods to the public at prices

LOWER THAN EVER

Mr. McGillivray's interest in the above firm has been purchased by
J. A. McDougall,
who will continue to do business at the old stand.



McCullough's Market.



Fresh, Salt and Cured Meats always on hand. A call solicited.

J. McCullough, Prop.

CASS CITY BANK.

Established 12 years.

Responsibility, \$35,000.00.

We Pay 4 per cent interest on certificates of deposit if left three months. Money payable at any time without notice.

We Pay 5 per cent interest on money deposited for three months or longer.

We Will sell you a well-secured mortgage at par, drawing from 7 to 8 per cent interest. If you have money to invest buy securities of us, thereby getting the benefit of our experience and just as good a rate of interest.

If You have financial business of any kind to transact, call and see me.

C. W. McPhail.

Proprietor.

W. S. Richardson, Cashier.

CASS CITY

REAL ESTATE

EXCHANGE

C. W. McPhail, Prop.

40 ACRES, 1/2 mile south corporation line, has been sold for \$500. Will take \$250. \$250 cash.

HOUSE and lot in Cass City, well located. Cost \$1,000 to build. Will sell for \$500 if sold within 30 days. \$200 cash. Rents for \$50 per month.

44 FEET corner West and Main Streets—two principal streets in town. Fine chance for agricultural implement business. Will sell for \$2,000. \$100 cash.

TWO fine residence lots, sold for \$300. My price \$125. Cash, \$50.

40 ACRES, 1/2 mile from Deford. Worth \$400. My price, \$225. \$50 cash.

For Sale—The John C. Laing farm, of 120 acres, all improved. Good buildings and orchard, on good road, only four miles from Cass City. Price \$2,000. Cash \$1,000. Balance on easy terms. Apply to C. W. McPhail, Cass City, or owner on premises.

For Sale—Comfortable home only 3/4 of a mile from center of Cass City. 20 acres all improved; 100 fruit trees—all kinds; 10 grape vines; new brick house with 8 rooms; fine bank barn on stone wall \$2,422. Price \$1,700. \$800 cash, balance reasonable time. 7 percent interest. Enquire of Christopher Schwaderer on premises, or C. W. McPhail, agent.

I have recently purchased the John Davis farm, near Shabbona—a 1/2 sq. sec. 23, Evergreen. Good land, 20 acres improved. This farm is worth \$2,000. Will sell for \$1,500. \$500 cash, balance easy terms, interest 7 per cent.

C. W. McPhail.

Tobacco & Sulphur

Insecticide

Will destroy Insects on Rose Bushes and all kinds of House Plants.

Get Ready for Spring.

Also our stock of

WINDOW SHADES

AND

WALL PAPER.

The largest stock and finest patterns that ever came to Cass City, and lowest prices.

T. H. Fritz, - Pharmacist.

AUCTION SALE.

THE undersigned will sell at auction at his farm one mile east and 2 1/2 miles north of Cass City.

On Tuesday, March 20, 1894.

At 12 o'clock sharp, the following property, viz: 14 years old, 2 mares 6 years old, 2 years old, 2 yearling colts coming 2, 2 sucking colts, 4 cows, Durham cow, 5 head of young cattle, 3 calves, 50 sheep, thorough-bred Berkshire brood sow, 9 shoats, 6 young pigs, 50 hens.

Buckeye binder, Deering mower nearly new, new horse rake, Empire seed drill, turnip drill, two horse cultivator, pair spring-tooth harrows, pair forty-tooth harrows, Oliver-chill plow, Grand Rapids plow, 2 corn cultivators, Buffalo scales, fanning mill, wide-groove wagon, bob-sleighs, phonograph, road cart, 2 sets double harness, 2 sets single harness, shovel, plow, forks, shovels and other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms—All sums of \$5 and under, cash. Over that amount, 8 months' time on good approved endorsed notes with interest at 6 per cent. Five per cent. off on cash sales over \$5.

JOHN LANDRIGAN, Prop.

J. H. STRIFFLER, Auctioneer.

MUSICAL.

Prof. Murtough will receive a limited number of pupils for instruction on the violin and guitar. Applications will be received on Mondays at the Tennant House.

E. E. MURTAUGH.

Caught On The Fly.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen And waste its fragrance on the desert air: Full many a tramp in dirt and rags is seen Who might, with pluck, have been a millionaire."

Register to-morrow.

Mrs. John McGrath is seriously ill.

Fred Hubert, of Kingston, was in town on Friday last.

J. D. Crosby was in Bad Axe the fore part of the week.

Laing & Jones have an interesting announcement this week.

F. C. Lee, of Kingston, was in town Wednesday on business.

The ENTERPRISE publishes more correspondence than any other paper in the Thumb.

Mr. and Mrs. MacKenzie, of Petrolia, Ont., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Schooley.

Miss Maggie Miller, of North Branch, has been the guest of Miss Jennie Farrar this week.

Elmer Wright, of Pontiac, called on relatives and friends in town Friday and Saturday.

E. H. Pinney made a business trip to the southern part of the state the fore part of the week.

Merchant Stevenson makes another hard time bargain offer in the grocery line this week. See ad.

George Hillman was called to Rodney, Ont., on Wednesday by the death of his brother Hugh.

J. L. Hitchcock is in Saginaw to-day obtaining plans from an architect for the completion of his new brick block.

A pleasant surprise party was given Fred Reid on Saturday evening of last week, it being his fourteenth birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Shell Mitchell have moved to their farm near Clifford. Toot Travis, who will work for Mr. Mitchell, accompanied them.

Schwaderer Bros. have rented the "Central Meat Market" of J. H. Winegar, taking possession on Monday last. Mr. Winegar will buy stock this season.

Treasurer McLean made his settlement with the county treasurer on Tuesday. Twenty-five hundred dollars was the amount of the state and county tax turned over from Elkland township.

We call a halt in the Cedar Run-Elkland spelling school poetical controversy. All have had their say, and we do not wish to contribute further towards inaugurating an old-time Kentucky feud.

Twenty-one saloons in Allegan county will cease dispensing liquor May 1, when the recently adopted local option law will go into effect. (Detroit Journal.) We wished that we could say as much for Tuscola county.

Peter Bonsteel, aged 77 years, father of Mrs. James Outwater of this place, died at his home in Maple Valley, Sanilac county, February 25. He left an aged widow and eight living children, all of whom were in attendance at the funeral except Dr. S. A. Bonstell, of Denver, Colorado.

L. C. Smith has been visiting friends in town this week. "Lou" has disposed of his drug stock at West Branch, not finding it altogether a profitable investment. He is thinking of conducting a soda fountain and ice-cream parlor in Cass City the coming season, while continuing his pharmaceutical studies.

A tramp called at the house of an old lady in Clyde the other day and asked for a piece of bread, which was given him, whereupon the old lady, who is quite religious, said: "It's not for your sake, but Christ's sake that I give you this bread." The tramp stared her in the face for awhile and answered: "Not for your sake nor for my sake, but for Christ's sake, put a little butter on it." (Bellevue Gazette.)

As will be noticed by an announcement in another column, Messrs Laing & Jones have sold their roller mill to C. W. and J. E. Heller, two gentlemen from Barry county, they taking possession last Friday. The deal has been in progress for some weeks past but the ENTERPRISE has refrained from any mention until the same was consummated. Messrs Laing & Jones, who have had occasion to investigate, do not hesitate to recommend their successors in the milling business as competent mill-men of long experience, and through gentlemen, and they hope that the liberal patronage and good will that has been accorded them will be bestowed upon the new proprietors. Messrs Laing & Jones retire from the roller mill that they may devote their entire attention to their mercantile business.

Cast your ballot next Monday for the best man—not politics.

Chas. Chubb returned on Saturday last from Wallaceburg, Ont.

Lost—A white, silk neck-scarf. Finder will kindly leave same at this office for owner.

County Com. of Schools Reavy is conducting the teachers' examination at this place to-day.

Miss Jane McEachin departed for Inlay City on Saturday last where she will work at dressmaking.

John Waldon was called to London, Ont., by the serious illness of his daughter. There is but little hopes for her recovery.

The paymaster passed over the P. O. & N. R. R. last Saturday, after which many of its employees wore a smile as expansive as a cow boy's hat.

"Kit" Murphy, of Sanilac Center, returned on Saturday last. He did not forget to renew his subscription to the ENTERPRISE before returning.

Suit was brought by J. L. Hitchcock before Justice James Brooker, Sen., on Wednesday to effect a settlement with Wm. Bailey, of Novesta. A judgment of \$300.00, being amount sued for, was rendered plaintiff.

Married, by Rev. S. G. Anderson, on Wednesday, March 7, at the residence of the bride's brother in this township, Benjamin McConkey and Miss Euphonia Tuckey. They will soon leave for the groom's home in Montana. Mr. and Mrs. McConkey are estimable young people and will carry with them to their far west home the best wishes of numerous friends.

A man who has been successful in business will give advice to others only when asked for it. The man who made life partially a success will spend half his time giving advice to others and the man who has made it a total failure will spend all his time forcing his advice upon others and be mad as a homet if they don't take it and call it good.

Village President McKenzie, who retires from that office next week, has made an excellent official. He has demonstrated that he has the welfare of his town at heart, and the duties connected with the office of President have not been slighted. He retires from office with the gratitude of the temperance people for the stand he took in regard to increasing the amount of the liquor bond.

Oscar Lenzner has submitted a copy of the Leipzig (Germany) Daily News for our inspection. The paper is gotten up in magazine form, and consists of twenty pages. It contains about twenty-five columns of advertising, which shows that the value of printers' ink is fully understood in "Faderland." Mr. Lenzner says that the paper contains fifty-one concert announcements. The paper was sent to Mr. Lenzner by his nephew who receives the ENTERPRISE.

John Marshall, of Hillside Stock Farm, lately made the following sales from his herd of Short Horn cattle: To John G. Gettle, of Kilmannagh, young bull, "Duke of Hillside," 10th; to Robert Alexander, of Chandler, young bull, "Duke of Hillside," 11th. Mr. Marshall says that there seems to be a better demand for Short Horn bulls this season than for some years past, many farmers having gotten over their "craze" for sheep, and are showing a disposition to go more extensively into the breeding of cattle.

Chas. Montague has commenced suit against the township of Elkland to recover \$24 drain tax paid by him to Treasurer McLean. Mr. Montague contends, as previously stated in these columns, that the drain through his land was a damage rather than a benefit, hence the suit. Treasurer McLean says that he still has the above sum of money in his hands, and can refund it in two minutes time if absolutely necessary. The case will be tried at the May term of court. F. S. Wheat will argue the matter for Mr. Montague and J. D. Brooker will appear for Elkland township.

While returning from Caro yesterday afternoon, via Vassar, Deputy Sheriff Striffler arrested one John Kelley, a warrant for whose arrest for assault and battery has been out for some time. It will be remembered that warrants for the arrest of three of the Kelley boys and one Rourke on the above charge, were sworn out some months ago by Patrick Toohy, Sr., of Gagetown. Deputy Striffler has been successful up to date in securing the arrest of Rourke and two of the Kelleys, and it is probable that the other Kelley will be brought to justice ere many moon, as Deputy Striffler is a regular "sleuth hound."

The school masters and ma'ams are with us to-day. A teachers' examination is being held at the High School.

Geo. W. Kemp & Co. report the sale of four organs this week. They make another cut in prices, as will be seen by their ad.

The ENTERPRISE labored under a misunderstanding last week in regard to the "assembly" to be given by Prof. Murtough and pupils next Monday evening. The assembly Monday evening is not intended to be as "brilliant" an affair as we pictured it—the "total eclipse" to occur at the end of the term. It is not possible to secure the rink at this time.

Jos. Reuter has purchased a bakery at Sand Beach and will take possession next week. If he is not successful in disposing of his equipment here the business will be conducted for a time by Mrs. Reuter and son. Mr. Reuter during his several years residence in Cass City has proven himself an industrious, upright citizen and a good baker. The ENTERPRISE does not hesitate to recommend him to the people of Sand Beach.

For some little time past David Ross, a farmer living near Deford, has shown signs of insanity. On Wednesday Dr. Dr. McLean was called to see him, and found him in a decidedly dangerous state. Judge of Probate Laing immediately ordered him taken to the county house, and this Deputy Sheriff Striffler did yesterday. He will be kept at the county house for a time, but if no improvement in his condition is noticeable, he will be committed to the Pontiac Asylum. Mr. Ross seems to have lost his mind brooding over religious matters. He is violent at times, kicks the chairs around the house and several times threatened to cut the left ear off his little babe, which member he imagined was "heathen." At other times he prays and reads the bible excitedly. Mr. Ross has the reputation of being a hard-working, industrious farmer, and his present condition is to be deplored. His family consists of a wife and two children.

The senior pupils of our school did themselves proud in the drama, "Under the Laurels," at the Town Hall last Friday night. It was generally known that the participants in the play, with but two exceptions, were to make their first appearance on the stage in a drama, and of course, much real "acting" was not anticipated. But, the audience was very agreeably surprised, as the play was rendered in a manner becoming to much more experienced actors. Excellent judgement had been used in the assignment of the parts, and the make-ups, under the supervision of H. L. Pinney, were splendid. An interior cabin scene, with slanting roof and an old-fashioned fire place, was nicely arranged. Preceding the commencement of the drama, a very amusing pantomime was given, and in this instance, at least, "actions spoke louder than words." Excellent music by Prof. Murtough and his harp player comprised the interlude. The house was well filled, the proceeds amounting to over thirty-three dollars, which, after paying expenses, will leave a nice library, replenishing fund. Prof. Smith, who has directed and assisted the pupils in their undertaking, is entitled to a liberal share of praise.

To the Public.

Having bought the Cass City Flouring Mills of Laing & Jones, the undersigned will continue the business in a manner which, we hope, by square dealing and courteous treatment, will merit the patronage of the farmers tributary to this point. Having had a long experience, both in merchant and custom milling, we feel confident we can please you both in quality and quantity of our work. We will give as much as any first-class mill in exchange for wheat and all other grain. Highest market price paid for wheat and all other grain we can handle. The mill will run every day to accommodate farmers with feed gristing, which will be ground promptly and fine. We solicit a trial of your patronage. Yours respectfully,

HELLER BROS.,

Successors to Laing & Jones.

Letters That Tarry.

The following are the letters un-called for at the postoffice at Cass City, Mich., for week ending Mar. 3:

Miss Vida Churchill, O. Nap. Wm. Emery, A. Fleming.

Persons calling for any of the above please say it is advertised.

A. W. SEED, P. M.

MARRIED.

WATSON—NICKERSON—At the Presbyterian Church, Cass City, on Wednesday, March 7, 1894, by the Rev. Gerrit Huyser, Thomas J. Watson, Jr., to Miss Carrie Nickerson, both of Gagetown.

Here Are Your Tickets.

Village election occurs next Monday, and from present indications will be decidedly interesting—at least as exciting as the present election law will permit.

In response to a call for a "Village Caucus" by Recorder Stewart, there was a large gathering of the citizens at the council rooms on Monday afternoon last, and the following ticket was placed in nomination:

VILLAGE TICKET.

President—Henry S. Wickware.

Recorder—Henry Stewart.

Assessor—Lafayette A. DeWitt.

Treasurer—Walter I. Frost.

Trustees—W. H. Hebblewhite, John A. McDougall, Scott Brotherton.

Members Board of Review—Nolton Bigelow, J. L. Hitchcock.

On Tuesday hand bills were distributed calling an "Anti-Saloon" caucus for that afternoon. There was fully as large an attendance at this caucus as at the previous one. A new method of procedure was adopted by D. P. Deming, who was called to the chair at this meeting, and that was instead of tellers passing around the room to gather up the ballots, those who voted were obliged to deposit their slips at the table, and whoever the chairman and tellers thought were opposed to the "Anti-Saloon" caucus, their votes were challenged. The chairman announced that he had taken his stand in accordance with a law relative to the prevention of the "packing of caucuses." The following ticket was the outcome of this caucus:

ANTI-SALOON TICKET.

President—Anson G. Barney.

Recorder—Henry Stewart.

Treasurer—James L. Hitchcock.

Constable—Charles D. Striffler.

Trustees—Jas S. McArthur, Orrin K. Jones, Edward W. Keating.

Members Board of Review—Nolton Bigelow, William J. Campbell.

Our Churches.

We need not bid for cloistered cell Our neighbor and our work farewell. The trivial round, the common task, May furnish all we ought to ask. Born to deny ourselves—the road To bring us daily nearer God!

Rev. Cole, of Popple, is assisting in special services at Marlette.

Rev. Bullock, of Marlette, filled the Presbyterian Church pulpit at Popple last Sunday in the absence of Rev. Cole.

The first sermon preached by the Apostle Peter to the Gentiles will be E. Rushbrook's subject for Sunday, March 11th, at 3 p. m.

"Jonah: First Great Missionary," is the subject for the Epworth League meeting Sunday evening at 6 o'clock. Leader, Mrs. S. M. Gilchrist.

At a meeting of the Epworth League, on Friday evening of last week, Rev. S. M. Gilchrist, A. A. P. McDowell and Miss L. Blinn were elected as delegates to the State Convention to be held at Saginaw, March 27-29.

The regular monthly meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Baptist Church, will be held at the residence of Mrs. Seeley, on Wednesday, March 14, at 3 p. m. Tea served in the evening as usual, to which all are cordially invited.

The interest in the revival meetings at the M. E. Church is still unabated, although the attendance this week has not been quite as large. Rev. A. Bogen (Evangelical) preached Monday evening and Rev. G. Huyser (Presbyterian) on Wednesday evening. To-night's meeting will probably be the last of the series.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—In accordance with the recommendation of the last General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, next Sabbath will be observed as a day of special prayer for the success of the cause of temperance; the object of the discourses will be to arouse a more lively interest on the subject, and for the promotion of sound Biblical views.

Beginning with next Monday evening a series of special evangelistic services will be held at this church. The pastor will be assisted by different members of the Presbytery. The Rev. William D. Cole, of Popple, will preach every evening during the coming week. The week-day evening services will begin promptly at 7:30 o'clock. A specially cordial and urgent invitation is extended to all habitual non-church-goers to attend all the services.

A person doesn't worry much over the lie he isn't caught in.

Everybody should be trained to tell the truth judiciously.

Abbotts East Indian Corn Paint cures all Corns, Warts and Bunions.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Jermiah Hooper is the newly elected president of Caro.

Mrs. Geo. Patterson, of Sigel township, Huron county, gave birth to triplets last week.

A half hog was stolen from Vassar meat market one night last week. It is evident that the thief is not of the whole hog or none stamp.

Our county seat has another lawyer. Lloyd L. Axford, of Holly, and a recent graduate of the State University, has entered into partnership with F. S. Wheat.

The Caswell Coal Co. will prospect for coal as soon as the frost is out of the ground. They have not decided on a location yet. The discovery of coal means its mining at an early day, the starting up of the salt works and establishment of other industries. It also means another railroad for Caswell. (Cor. Bad Axe Democrat.)

A special from Pontiac to Wednesday's Detroit Journal says: "This city has not been so shocked in years as it was at an early hour this morning, when it was learned that Richard Dawson, a member of the firm of Dawson Bros., engaged in the milling business and patentees of Dawson's pearl wheat flakes, had committed suicide by hanging himself in the packing room adjacent to his office. He was found at 6:20 this morning by Jimmy Scott, an employee of the firm, who immediately gave the alarm. When cut down Dawson was pronounced dead by Dr. B. Calbraith. He was seen on the street this morning shortly after 5 o'clock, so that he could not have been dead long when found. Mr. Dawson was a very popular young man. He was the Democratic alderman from the fourth ward, was a member of the K. O. T. M., and a Royal Arch Mason. He leaves a widow and two young children. He had a large life insurance. He was 40 years of age. Temporary insanity is supposed to be the cause of the rash act, induced by financial embarrassment."

To the Public.

The Cass City Roller Mill, which has for so many years been owned and managed by J. C. Laing, and for the past two years by Laing & Jones, has been sold to C. W. and J. E. Heller, of the southern part of the state, who took possession March 1, and will continue the business under the firm name of Heller Bros. Messrs. Hellers are both practical roller mill men and have served in some of the best mills in the state, and assume charge of the Cass City Mills trusting that they will receive the support of the farmers around Cass City; also the merchants. We have been in a position to know and realize that it is to the advantage of both farmers and merchants of this locality to, as far as possible, patronize the home mill, as it helps to keep up the life of the town, thereby making it a good market point. Thanking all for the liberal patronage that has been given us in the past, we heartily recommend you to the care of Heller Bros., as we feel sure you will receive good values and fair treatment, at their hands. Yours respectfully,

LAING & JONES.

The Last Chapter.

Again our poetry has been answered. And now we know who's blue: This time 'twas written by H's wife, And as usual signed by Hugh.

Well no, Dear Hugh, We do not blow on our education, But if we were all so ignorant, We'd own you as a relation.

And when it comes to living I can do it to the handle, But when it comes to matching you I cannot hold a candle.

And I'll admit I'm quite a fool And that my brain is bad, But then your bit of poetry Don't begin to make mad.

It takes royal blood to blackguard— 'Tis very plain to see— And so I am thankful There's no royal blood in me.

A man of sense we all know, Would take such a joke, And I am very sorry That my lines did you provoke.

My lines seem to hurt you all, Which I did not mean to do; I merely meant them as a "Josh" On Royal-blooded Hugh.

And now I beg the pardon Of Jennie and of Hugh; I think if we should quarrel over that We'd have very little to do.

C. A. H.

Charles Wickware, who has had charge of the county farm during the past year will soon move back to his farm in Ellington township. Mr. Wickware has made an excellent manager of the farm and was well thought of by the inmates of the county house. (Caro Democrat.)



CHARGE OF MINTY'S BRIGADE.

(At Lovejoy Station, Ga., Aug. 19, 1864.)

Trapped was the wary but fearless Kilpatrick, Soberly beset by a jubilant foe. Pouring their broadsides from front, flank and rearward.

Eager to crush his command at a blow. Hear their exultant cheer, As they on flank appear.

Reynolds has massed a division in front of him: Cleburne comes down at the right on the run: Jackson on left and in rear with his batteries, Hurts shot and shell from full many a gun.

"Never surrender," has gone forth the edict. "Never," cries Minty, "while I have a blade: Give me the word and we carve out a pathway. I and my men of the First Brigade."

"Forward, the First Brigade. Charge your batteries!"

This the reply of the gallant leader. While, like an arrow shot out from the bow, Minty's brigade leaped forth on their mission. Each trooper's bosom with armor a row.

Over the hill dashed the galloping squadrons, Striking a chill to the hearts of the foe: Glimmering sabers now throw back the sunlight. Then in warm life-blood they dim the bright glow.

Away the gaps they made. As the fierce cannoneers Shakes the whole earth and blots out the heavens.

Still rode that line of steel flashing its wrath, Like mountain avalanche onward it thundered. Hurting to death all that stood in its path.

Ten thousand men their volleys are pouring Into the ranks that in unequal it. Dared yet to charge the enemy boldly. Though there were six to their one now in sight.

Midst such a metal rain, Valor seems all in vain. Murderous shells exploded about them. Whistling minie-balls screamed through the air.

Emptying saddles and staining the ground— Oh the brave men who are perishing there!

Yet the bold horsemen are eagerly pressing. In where the battalions Jackson doth shield: Sabers are whirling in circles above them. Armed with the vengeance of patriots' wild.

Crash! and the lines are met. Sabers with blood are wet. Steel has met steel, and is drinking the life-blood.

Horses and riders in heaps strew the ground. Rifle and pistol shot whistling about them. Fear through the air, volleyed round upon round.

Minty is heaving his way at the forefront, Swift McIntyre has captured a gun. Bally's own hand is now in the air. Every bold trooper has prodigious done.

Stop the turmoil. Block up its way, though. Cherish no thought, this fierce torrent of stemming.

Minty's Brigade will not be denied. What though an army should block up the pathway. It shall be swept far away on the tide.

Still went the clamor on, still flowed the crimson tide. Still onward the deadly strife hither and yon. "Strike for Old Glory, boys, down with the stars and bars."

You have a road to win, it must be won. Hark, yonder loud hurrah!

Victory's proud lullaby! See the one-stubborn foe, broken asunder. Shattered and bleeding, now flee far away. Sheath your red sabers, your duty is ended. Safe lies the path, you have won the proud day.

—E. A. Whitman.

Stonewall Jackson Before the War.

The late General D. H. Hill, of the Confederate army, who was a close friend of Stonewall Jackson for many years, and his brother-in-law, is the author of a paper in the Century containing much that is new and interesting regarding the famous Confederate leader. General Hill says:

When Jackson first came to the Virginia military institute he was a dyspeptic and something of a hypochondriac. His health was bad, but he imagined that he had many more ailments than he really did have. He had been at a water-cure establishment in the North, and the prescription had been given him to live on stale bread and buttermilk, and to wear a wet shirt next his body. He followed these directions for more than a year after coming to Lexington. Boarding at a public hotel, these peculiarities attracted much attention, and he was much laughed at by the rude and coarse. But he bore all their jests with patience, and pursued his plan unmoved by their laughter. In like manner he carried out strictly the directions to go to bed at nine o'clock. If that hour caught him at a party, a lecture, a religious exercise, or any other place, he invariably left. His dyspepsia caused drowsiness, and often he went to sleep in conversation with a friend and, invariably, without exception, went to sleep at church. I have seen his head bowed down to his knees during a good part of the sermon. He always heard the text of our good pastor, the Rev. Dr. White, and a few of his opening sentences, but after that all was lost.

I remember a witlissat in his expense which caused a good deal of amusement. The faculty of the two colleges was specially invited to attend a lecture of a celebrated mesmerist. Many of the citizens of the town were also present. The lecturer, after doing some surprising things wished to try his hand upon one of the professors. Major Jackson went forward to the stage, but his will was too strong for that of the mesmerizer, and the operator failed to affect him. The operator showed so much chagrin and mortification at his failure that the audience became very much amused, and their fun ran over when a witty daughter of Governor McDonald said in a stage whisper, "No one can put Major Jackson to sleep but the Rev. Dr. White." I believe that Jackson never entirely overcame this drowsiness in church, though in military service his health improved, and drowsiness wore off to some extent.

"The Old Hartford."

For four years the ship that Commodore Farragut loved to call "The Old Hartford," dismantled and desolate, has lain in Rotten Row at Mare Island. Not long ago there came an order for her restoration, and the hulk that bears so many honorable scars was towed to the quay wall. But the order

has been rescinded. The Hartford once more has a place in Rotten Row.

The \$600,000 that was to have been expended in repairs and alterations has been diverted to other channels. The prospect now is that the Hartford will rock idly at her station until time has wrought scars that money cannot efface, and at last be condemned and some speculator profit by the fragments. If there is any sentiment in the navy it is not enough to withstand the pressure of hard times.

The Hartford was built in Charleston in 1858. Trim and staunch she looked then. Her length is 325 feet and beam forty-four. Her speed, with steam and sail, was eleven knots. But the tale of the Hartford begins with 1862, when she left Philadelphia with a battery then considered terrible, to become the flagship of the Western blockading squadron.

What the Hartford, commanded by the intrepid Farragut, accomplished is a part of the story of the civil war, and when a year and seven months later she appeared at New York with the marks of the battle upon her she had already become the "Old Hartford," and the populace gave an ovation intended half for her and half for Farragut, who had guided her through fierce encounters, and from under hostile batteries lining the shores of the waters of the South.

It was at the battle of Mobile Bay that the Hartford fought her way into history. There her deck was crimsoned and strewn with dead, and there for a time she resisted bravely the ponderous rams of the Southern fleet.

But the tale has been told. The Hartford is of the past. Yet there is many a veteran who will feel a personal grief to know that she is to remain neglected, and that the flagship of the Western blockading squadron is only a relic now, her career ended and her glory half forgot.—San Francisco Examiner.

The Veteran's Fate.

The old Texas veteran was dying. For days he lay unconscious in his log cabin. The doctor had given up all hope of his recovery. In a few more hours all would be over. There was nothing for the faithful watchers to do but wait for the end.

How time that seems to take nothing as it passes finally robs us of every thing! There was nothing in the shrunken features and wasted form of the dying man to remind one of the hardy frontiersman who had once been Sam Houston's most daring scout, whose unerring rifle was a terror to the bloodthirsty Comanche, and who had blazed his way with his dripping bow-knife through the ranks of Santa Anna's Mexicans.

Suddenly there came a change over the face of the dying man. There was an eager look on his face as he whispered, "Hurry up, boys, we must come up with them before night!" and his sons, themselves gray-haired men, whispered together. They knew his thoughts had gone back half a century and he was once more with Jack Hayes following the trail of Indians that had captured a white family.

For a few moments the old veteran was so still and motionless that the watchers thought his spirit had fled. Then he clutched the blankets. There was a frown on his wrinkled brow and a gleam in his eyes that would have appalled a demon, as through his clenched teeth, like the growl of a tiger, came the words, "No quarter! Remember the Alamo!" He was again charging the Mexicans on San Jacinto's bloody field.

But look! What a marvelous transformation! An expression of ineffable tenderness, like a gleam of sunshine on some ancient ruin, came over his wrinkled features as he softly whispered, "Little May."

His sons glanced at each other. For more than fifty years that name has never passed his lips. She was his only daughter, who had brought scorn and disgrace to his death. "Come, little one," he whispered with a smile on his lips, "let us go out on the prairie and pick some flowers"—and then he was still forever and ever. Amen!

Self-Confessed Hero.

It was just in front of a large clubhouse, which faces the Brooklyn Prospect park parade ground. She was evidently a stranger in the city, and he was showing her the sights. In the center of the little hill stand two old guns. At the first glance it becomes evident that they have both seen much service. They look very picturesquely.

"And why is this sweet old gun?" she asked naively of her escort, who looked barely 40 years of age.

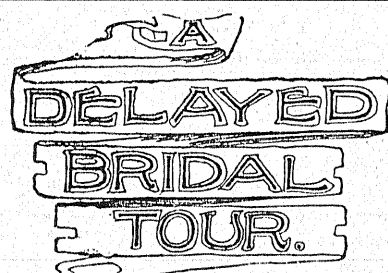
"This gun? Oh, yes, we captured that at Gettysburg, you know. I was the first one to leap upon it, and with my sword alone killed eleven of the enemy. Oh, yes; many a fond remembrance is linked in my breast with this old fieldpiece."

As they walked away, arm in arm, the girl looked confidently and admiringly into the self-confessed hero's face.

He strolled over toward the gun and looked it over carefully. Engraved in large, heavy letters is the following legend: "Taken at Princeton, Jan. 3, 1777."

Battles of the Future.

Writers on military science unite in claiming that future battles will be fought with a series of hot skirmishes along the front. These skirmishes will gradually increase in heat and the number of combatants, reinforcements being sent according to circumstances, until the entire front is involved. Artillery will be used as far as possible, but after the battle is fully under way little use can be made of cavalry save in outflanking. The day of charges in wars is over, on account of the increase of range and effect in cannon and rifles. Little can be predicted of future battles beyond opening, inasmuch as the rest must now be learned by experiment.—New York Ledger.



DELAYED BRIDAL TOUR.

JEREMIAH PLODGETT, tailor of Tarrytown, stepped before the long mirror in his cutting-room in a brand new suit of clothes, and turned himself round and round before the glass to witness the

perfectness of their fit.

"To-morrow," said he—and he must have been talking to himself as he was alone—"to-morrow I shall be the happiest fellow in existence; and Minnie ought to be the happiest girl, for where could she have found a better-looking bridegroom than I shall make, or one that is more forehanded, considering that I've had only my two hands to carve out my fortune with?"

Had Jeremiah had an auditor, he would doubtless have smiled at the idea of the tailor thinking himself good-looking.

He was extremely tall and uncouth in form, with a saw, dried-away skin, and eyes about as expressionless and lustreless as they well could be; and as to his fortune, it consisted of his little shop and a rather pretty cottage, to furnish and repaint which all the surplus cash within the tailor's command had been called into requisition.

"I hope that dandified Will Pomfret, who used to hang around Minnie so, will be at the wedding. It would do me good to see his upper lip droop like a scolded baby's when Minnie re- nounces him, and all the world, for me. Confound the upstart! he'd take her from me at the last moment if he could, and I shouldn't rest entirely easy till the words are said which make her Mrs. Plodgett."

Thus soliloquizing, Jeremiah divested himself of his wedding gear, and proceeded to pack each article with the nicest care into his satchel. Then he took out his purse and counted its contents, to make sure that after taking the short bridal tour he and Minnie were contemplating, he should have enough to stock his pantry with necessary stores.

"There'll be plenty," mused Jeremiah, as he replaced the wallet in his pocket; "and if Minnie doesn't mind taking a basket of lunch, to save eating at the restaurants on the road, we can go on to the Falls."

The next morning, before the rising sun burnished the windows of Jeremiah's hillside cottage, its owner was seated in the cars, and being rapidly whisked away toward Albany, where lived Minnie Roche, his intended bride.

Arrived in the city, Jeremiah repaired to a hotel and donned his wedding apparel.

They were to be married in church, and how his heart fluttered when he thought of the hungry eyes which would be there to devour him.

But when he actually stood before the altar, with fair Minnie blushing so prettily by his side, his heart ceased to flutter merely, and knocked furiously against its ribbed inclosure, while his knees trembled, and seemed about to knock together.

Jeremiah turned once to see if his former rival was there and encountered such a sea of upturned faces that he thought the whole city had turned out to see him married, and he nearly fainted away.

What a relief the poor fellow felt when, the ceremony over, he walked down the aisle with Minnie, and saw Will Pomfret, pale and sad-countenanced, leaning against a pillar.

But just as the happy pair reached the open air, and were about to enter a waiting carriage, the hand of an officer of the law was laid heavily upon Jeremiah's shoulder, and both bride and groom turned pale at the words: "You are my prisoner!"

Too bewildered to speak, or even to think clearly, Jeremiah dropped his arms and turned his eyes appealingly to Minnie, as though he expected that she, being well posted in relation to city manners and customs, could give some explanation; but Minnie was pale and agitated, and her hand clutched her husband's arm convulsively.

As they stood thus for a moment, a woman alighted from a cab, and, followed by half a dozen youngsters of various ages, ranging from sixteen years down to three, came forward, wringing her hands disconsolately and looking unutterable things at Jeremiah.

"Oh, Saul, Saul! How could you do this thing? You have broken my heart—indeed you have, Saul!" And with this the woman, who was far from young, and a very wretched creature, rushed forward and throwing her scrawny arms around the bridegroom's neck, sobbed hysterically, now and then thrusting her gloveless right hand at Minnie's face in a manner well calculated to make the poor girl tremble for the safety of her eyes.

"Oh, Saul, Saul!" again wailed the woman. "How could you leave me and the poor, dear children for that creature? But come back with me now, and all shall be forgotten. The children want their papa. Don't you, darlings?" and the deserted wife wiped her streaming eyes with a corner of her wrap.

"You go to Halifax, and the little lumps, too, for all I care," broke from Jeremiah's pale lips. "If this is one of your infernal city dodges, I shall be glad when I'm out of it again, that's all."

"Which won't be to-night, my pretty bird," said the officer, curtly. "Come—this way. We know what is good for such coves as you."

With a cry between a shriek and a moan, the woman unclasped her arms from Jeremiah's neck, and sank down on the steps of the church. Thus at liberty, Jeremiah quickly put himself in a defensive attitude, and Minnie, covered with shame and confusion, retreated to the side of her father, who now recovered from his astonishment sufficiently to demand an explanation.

"He's my own lawful husband, and has been these years." And the woman swayed to and fro. "He left a week ago, pretending he was going to Chicago, and here he has been and married another woman. Oh, dear! oh, dear! that I should live to see this day!"

Jeremiah's resistance had caused a pair of handcuffs to be put upon his wrists, but he shook them right and left.

"I'm not your husband, and, what's more, I wouldn't be for the world," said he, defiantly.

"Disowned! disowned!" cried the woman, with a tragic air; "and all for that yellow-haired minx!" and she shook her bony hand at the weeping bride.

Minnie's father was perplexed.

"Surely," he said, "there is some mistake. My son-in-law is a young man—too young to be the husband of a woman as old—pardon me, madame—as yourself. Besides, these children must be nearly as old as himself, I should think."

And Mr. Roche ran his eyes over the promising brood.

"Them four"—and the woman pointed at the tallest ones—"belong to my first husband. Dear Henry, you would not have used your Polly thus!"

With this tender apostrophe, the woman raised her eyes upward and seemed waiting an answer from the sky; but the answer not coming, she added:

"These two little dears are Saul's. Don't you see they are just his image?"

"Out upon you, you scandalous old woman!" began Jeremiah, but his words were cut short by the officer, who pushed him unceremoniously into a cab, and taking a seat beside him, gave an order to the driver; and the bridal party, minus the bridegroom, was left standing before the church.

Jeremiah was taken before a pompous official, who looked suspiciously at him through his gold spectacles, listened to the woman's deposition gravely, and ended by sending the forlorn young man to the lock-up to await trial for bigamy.

MET HIS MATCH.

A French Misor Overreached Himself at a Cost of 10,000 Francs.

The famous surgeon, Velpeau, was visited one day at his house during the consultation hour by a marquis renowned for his closeness. Velpeau informed the marquis that an operation was urgent, and that the fee would amount to 4,000 francs. At this the marquis made a very false and left. A fortnight later Dr. Velpeau, while making his rounds in the Hospital de la Charite, had his attention attracted by a face that seemed familiar to him. In answer to his inquiry, it was stated that the patient was a footman of a nobleman in the Faubourg Saint Germain, says Argonaut. The surgeon found that his case resembled in every particular the somewhat unusual one for which the marquis had consulted him a fortnight previously. He refrained, however, from making any comments.

Three weeks after the operation, when the patient was about to be discharged, Dr. Velpeau called him aside and exclaimed: "Monsieur, I am extremely flattered and pleased to have been able to cure you. There is, however, a small formality with which you will have to comply before I can sign your exit; that is, you will have to sign a check for ten thousand francs in behalf of the public charity bureau of your metropolitan district." The patient's face became livid. "You can do what you like about it," continued the doctor; "but if you refuse all Paris will know to-morrow that the marquis de D. adopted the disguise of a footman in order to secure free treatment at this hospital and to usurp the place which belongs by right to a pauper." Of course the marquis paid.

The Two Great Oceans.

In many respects the Northern Pacific ocean resembles the Atlantic. A great warm current, much like the gulf stream and of equal magnitude, called the black stream or Japan current, runs northward along the eastern shore of Asia. Close to the east coast of Japan it flows through a marine valley which holds the deepest water in the world. It was founded at a depth of five and a quarter miles by the United States steamer Tuscaraora in 1875 while surveying for a projected cable route between the United States and Japan. The heavy sounding weight took more than an hour to sink to the bottom. But trial was made of a chain yet more profound, where the lead did not fetch it up at all. It is the only depth of ocean that yet remains unfathomed.

Carrier Pigeons on Sabie Island.

The experiment of putting carrier pigeons on Sabie island, that narrow, low, sandy island lying to the southwest of Cape Canso, N. S., which has been called "the graveyard of the Atlantic," has proved successful. The experiment was tried by the Canadian government as a relief to the islanders, the government steamers making only monthly trips. The homing lofts of the birds is at Halifax, nearly 350 miles from the island, and the flight is made over the stretch of sea in less than a day. One pigeon was out in the heavy storm and lost part of its message, but enough was deciphered to show that all were well on the island that morning.

The Bird Did It.

Mrs. A.—Wasn't it too bad about Mr. Poore? Just as everybody thought he was recovering he received an apoplectic shock.

Mrs. B.—Mercy! How did it happen?

Mrs. A.—Nobody knows. He was found unconscious with his doctor's bill for service in his hands.

Visitors to the British Museum.

The average number of students in the reading-room of the British museum is 651 each day. The attendance in the library and sculpture gallery has been less this year than usual, but the number of visitors to the museum shows an increase of 50,000 over last year.

How He Learned.

"Did you have any knowledge of music before you joined the choir?"

"None whatever."

"Then you learned it by chants, as it were."

breeze—What!—fainted away! Well, stranger, I guess I'll relieve you of your burden. There, just sprinkle a little water in her face so—"

Polly opened her eyes to see her real husband bending anxiously over her.

"Oh, Saul, I knew your heart was true to me, though that vixen beguiled you away from me."

Then, turning her head, her eyes encountered those of Jeremiah, who was beginning to anticipate a favorable ending to his troubles.

The woman gazed from one to the other in blank amazement.

"Well," said her husband, with a light laugh, "which one of us are you going to lay final claim to?"

"Oh, Saul! And you have been to Chicago, and are now married to that other woman after all!"

The man only laughed. Presently he said:

"I rather think, Polly, this gentleman would like his freedom, and we had better be about procuring it for him."

A little later in the day Minnie was rejoiced to know that Jeremiah was her husband, and only hers.

Jeremiah is now the head of a large clothing establishment in his native Tarrytown, and often rehearses for the benefit of his customers, how his bridal tour was delayed by his being arrested for bigamy.

160 World's Fair Photos for \$1.

These beautiful pictures are now ready for delivery in ten complete parts—16 pictures comprising each part—and the whole set can be secured by the payment of One Dollar, sent in advance to the General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, Chicago, Ill., and the portions of pictures will be sent, free of expense, by mail to subscribers.

Remittances should be made by draft, money order or registered letter.

A life is an investment which seldom pays more than one dividend.

South at Half Rates.

On March 8 and April 9, 1894, the Louisville & Nashville railroad will sell tickets for their regular trains to principal points in the south at one single fare for the round trip. These excursion rates take in the principal cities and towns in Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, West Florida and Mississippi. Tickets will be good to return within twenty days, and will be on sale at St. Louis, Evansville, Louisville and Cincinnati on above dates. Through cars from these cities to principal points south. Ask your ticket agent, and if he can not furnish you tickets from your station, write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky.

A person doesn't worry much over the life he isn't caught in.

See Colchester Spading Boots adv. in other column.

Doctors are the statistics of vice.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure is sold on a guarantee. It is the best Cough Cure, 25c, 50c, & \$1.00. Society grinds its axe on charity.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." warranted to cure and money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 10 cents.

Mercy is the feminine gender of justice.

Cole's Cough Balsam is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold cough or anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Progress is the natural form of perpetual motion.

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your blood is bad. A few bottles of S. S. will thoroughly cleanse the system, remove all impurities and build you up. All manner of blemishes are CLEARED AWAY by its use. It is the best blood remedy on earth. Thousands who have used it say so.

"My blood was badly poisoned last year, which got my whole system out of order—diseased, and a constant source of suffering—no appetite, no enjoyment of life. Two bottles brought me right out. There is no better remedy for blood disease."

JOHN GAYN, Dayton, Ohio.

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993	994	995	996	997	998	999	1000	1001	1002	1003	1004	1005	1006	1007	1008	1009	1010	1011	1012	1013	1014	1015	1016	1017	1018	1019	1020	1021	1022	1023
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1396	1397	1398	1399	1400	1401	1402	1403	1404	1405	1406	1407	1408	1409	1410	1411	1412	1413	1414	1415	1416	1417	1418	1419	1420	1421	1422	1423	1424	1425	1426
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A CAREFUL LITTLE MAID.

The people say in Dimpledell—
They've known her from a baby—
There's not a child behaves as well
As little Prudence Maybabe
When anybody looks at her
She curtsies most precisely
Her aunt, Miss Lucy Lavender,
Has brought her up so nicely.
This Dimpledell in Dorset lies,
A village like a toy one.
The tiled roofs rise neat dappled skies
Whose light showers don't assay one
The clean and neat, and green and sweet
The country lanes about it.
And Prudence dwells in Primrose Street—
Inquire there if you doubt it.
She is so careful, she will say—
Lest she should hit, though blindly,
"Aunt Lucy's very well today."
Perhaps I thank you kindly!
"Aunt Lucy—I am not certain quite—
Cream cheese of Farmer Acres."
"I think the turnip to the right."
Will bring you to the bakers'.
She takes the tea-cup from the shelf—
The best cup—and fills it.
And brings the parson's tea herself,
And never, never spills it.
The parson holds it on his knee,
And sips it at his leisure.
"A careful little maid," says he,
Miss Lucy beams with pleasure.
Her slippers ne'er were known to squeak;
Her frills are crisp and snowy;
Her nut-brown hair is sleek and sleek
In wavy ringlets down her brow.
The other children hear the praise—
If criss or careless they be—
Of all the prim and pretty ways
Of little Prudence Maybabe.
The girls whose games she does not share
Unkind opinions bandy.
She's made of china, some declare;
And some, of sugar candy.
Dear little maid! Should she confess,
She's something more than lovely.
This very prim perfection,
Aunt Lucy's only daughter.
—Helen Gray Cone, in St. Nicholas

Stampedes of Cattle.
Among the frequent questions of the tenderfoot in Western cattle lands are, "What causes cattle to stampede?" and "How can they be stopped?" Hundreds and hundreds of cattle, running en masse madly across the prairie, look as if a few men could check them no more than a hurricane. Each animal is then like a runaway horse in a city street, going smash, bang ahead into anything that may be in its course. Nevertheless, a stampede can be stopped, and nine times out of ten is stopped quickly when cow boys are present at the start.

Of course if a stampede goes on unchecked the cattle will run until they drop down from exhaustion. Meantime many fall and are trampled to death, the calves in such cases being nearly all killed.
What causes cattle to stampede? Various occurrences. In some instances the leaders of a herd, perhaps feeling frisky, caper about for a while, then stand and snort loudly. This performance seems to incite others, and a few in every group in sight will follow the example. These are imitated in their turn by some farther away. Finally the whole herd is in motion, becoming more and more excited. Then they "bunch," and in one mass start on their wild race, making the prairie tremble under great clouds of dust.

A man in front of the stampede is in great danger. He may escape by running to one side, or even straight away if he is speedy. But many a man has been killed in the attempt.

When cattle show signs of fright or excitement the cattlemen take their position on all sides of the herd, and commence singing and making all sorts of noises. This in many cases will quiet the herd. If it fails the cow punchers keep riding around the cattle, snapping their long whips until all are rounded up and heading in every direction. This bewilders them so that they know not which way to turn.

When this is done in time a stampede is prevented; but once the cattle get started, the attempt to stop them is full of peril. Yet there are few cow boys who do not ride across the front of the galloping herd, though one false step of the horse means a horrible death to him and his rider.

The cow boys try to turn the leaders, knowing the rest will follow. They are kept continually turning until they close into a small circle and finally are stopped in an exhausted state. Then they are content to lie down and behave themselves.

Although other methods have proved successful in checking a stampede, this is the surest, and is therefore most commonly employed when cattlemen are so situated that they can use it.

What may cause a stampede at one time will check one at another time, as the following true story will serve to show:
A railway surveying party were at work in Kansas among the Flint Hills. Late one afternoon dark clouds were rolling up in the west, streaks of lightning were chasing each other on the bluish-black background, and distant peals of thunder rumbled and echoed.

On the other side of the hills was a party of rangers driving a herd of Southern cattle northward to better grazing ground.

As gloom came on the wind freshened, and big drops of rain fell. The air was filled with birds drinking in the refreshing moisture that broke a monotonous drouth.

The rangers had "rounded up" at the upper end of a little valley, which the surveying party was entering at the lower end, just as the storm burst

furiously. After a flash and a roar the rain came down in torrents.
The surveyors quickly tethered their horses and took refuge under their baggage wagon, every man crouched beneath his blanket for protection.

The worst of the storm had passed and the sky gave more light, when a rushing sound was heard like the continual fall of a heavy body of water. The guide raised his head to listen, frowned slightly, rose, walked away a few yards, shaded his eyes with his hand and looked intently up the valley.

"Git out o' thar quick, boys, and make ready for trouble," he cried. "Taint no use runnin, so keep cool an' make the best uv it. A stampede is on us."

The frightened men got up in an instant and stood huddled together, trembling with fear and drenched by the rain.

"What's to be done?" asked the engineer.
"There's one thing and one thing only. This here bag o' salt uv Bill Hicks 'll have to be thrown away," the guide replied. Before he had finished speaking he put the bag of salt on the nearest horse, mounted and dashed away to meet the advancing herd.

This was a daring adventure, but he knew it afforded the only hope of saving himself and the others.

He rode up within twenty-five yards of the terror-stricken cattle before he turned, tacked to the left, and poured a white stream of salt across their path.

As the leaders slackened their pace, those in the rear came piling down upon them, and many were thrown to the ground. All seemed to have scented and seen the salt, and all were crazy to taste it.

After the guide had gone entirely across their front he turned and tacked to the right. Thus he went from one side to the other until he reached the baggage wagon where the men stood.

By this time the whole herd had slackened its career. Panting and exhausted, the cattle came trotting leisurely around the little party.

"This is one case in ten," said the old hero, as he rode up to the men. Pointing up the valley which was dotted with dead and dying cattle, he concluded with, "That's dead beef enough uv yunder to keep us a-goin' till doomsday."—Nate A. Tefft, in Youth's Companion.

Japanese Schools Without Discipline.
An American girl who went to Japan to teach in the schools says that Japanese children are never noisy in the presence of their elders. To the same effect is the testimony of Miss Bacon, who, in her book, "A Japanese Interior," thus describes her first introduction to the school customs of the country.

After a while the principal comes forward and bows, and all the children bend themselves nearly double in return; then he makes a very short speech and bows simultaneously. It is a very pretty custom, and I do not see why, when a speaker bows to his audience, the audience should not return the compliment. It seems quite the natural and polite thing to do.

The first thing that one notices in a Japanese school, after an experience with American schools, is the absolute absence of discipline, or of any necessity for it. The pupils are all so perfectly ladylike that politeness restrains them from doing anything that is not exactly what their teachers or superiors would wish them to do.

There is no noise in the corridors, no whispering in the classes, nothing but the most perfect attention to what the teacher says, and the most earnest desire to be careful and thoughtful always of others, especially of the teachers.

Mine says that in addition to this there is in the Peereses' school a most remarkably high sense of honor, so that the teacher can be quite sure that her pupils will never be guilty of cheating or shamming, or trying to improve their standing by any false methods. It is very interesting to me, in reading over the names of my class list, to notice that some of them were famous in Japanese history long before Columbus discovered America.

Somehow the centuries of honor in which their families have been held have told upon their daughters, and they are ladies in the finest sense of that much-abused word, even when dressed in such shapeless and dowdy clothes that a beggar woman in America would turn up her nose at them.

A Doubtful Dainty.
In the dingy restaurants frequented by the lower orders of Rome, Florence and Naples, a dish composed of the harmless wood serpent's flesh is regarded as something of a dainty.

Parisians of the inferior classes are also great eaters of fried snakes, and unwillingly so, for the reptiles are palmed off on them as eels. The snakes are caught in the wilder part of the Vincennes wood and brought up to a special market near the Place de la Republique. It is probable, however, that even if the members of the poorer classes who occasionally indulge in fried or stewed eels were apprised of the fraud practiced at their expense they would evince no loathing nor even lack of appetite, seeing that they are ready to devour not only horse flesh, but meat of mule, donkey and dog any day in the week.

His First Party.
Leon had gone to his first party.

"Now children," said the hostess with more hospitality than wisdom, as she led them to the table, "I want you to eat as much as you can."
The little girl that Leon had escorted to the table grew tired of waiting for him.

"Come, Leon," she said, "let's go." "I can't," replied Leon, looking at his well-filled plate, "I ain't half full yet."

A STORY OF BLOOD.

BY M. E. BRADDOCK.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

Her impetuously evolved a corresponding energy in Kathleen, who was tremulous with excitement. Rose understood that there was new life at the end of this sudden journey. Yes, there was a revelation at hand, about Gaston. She kept herself calm and steady while those two others were on fire with excitement. Between them she and Suzon Michel carried Kathleen down stairs to the fly, the three women got inside, Kathleen wrapped in thick shawls. Philip got on the box seat, the driver, in a crack so of his whip they were rattling into the Boulevard St. Michel.

It was a longish drive to the Place d'Italie; but, urged by Suzon, the man got over the distance very quickly. The dull side-street looked unspeakably dreary in the wintry gloom, the lamps burning dimly, the windows showing little light—signs of failure and poverty on every side.

The fly stopped before that empty house which Kathleen had noticed in the summer gloaming. The board was still hanging above it, the door was ajar, and the guide replied, "Before he had finished speaking he put the bag of salt on the nearest horse, mounted and dashed away to meet the advancing herd."

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ness and watching one has time to think; and, in the silence of the night, sometimes, I used to wonder whether it was good for a woman to be an *esprit fort*, whether it was not better to be cheated, even, and to believe in some one up yonder, who can set the riddle of this world right when He chooses—some hand turning the great wheel of destiny yonder behind the clouds. No, Monsieur Durand, I am not all evil!"

It was not till the end of the year that Gaston was well enough to be removed to the Rue Git le Coeur, and, in the mean time, he and his wife occupied the rooms in the empty house near the Place d'Italie, with that good-natured busybody, Madam's Schubert—generally known as *bonne Schubert*—to take of care of them. Suzon Michel went straight from the house where those two whom she had held apart were lost in the bliss of an unhoped-for union, and gave herself up to the police. The account against her name was heavy, and payment in full was exacted. She was despatched with a gang of Communards on board a rotten old ship bound for Cayenne, and in the unutterable miseries of that dreadful voyage she was like an angel of mercy to her fellow-sinners. And at the convict settlement she prosecuted the amon, became the nurse and ministering angel of the fever-stricken wretches in the prison hospital, a source of comfort and of hope to many a dying captive, till the deadly climate did its work, and the pestilence struck her down as it had stricken others—a woman young in years, but old in strange and sad experience; a sinner, but not without hope of pardon.

The dark days of November and December were blissful days for Kathleen. Health and strength returned to her as if by magic; and in a week after her restoration to happiness she was able to help in waiting upon her husband. Another week and she would hardly allow Madame Schubert to do anything for him. In the third week she was walking to and from the printing office of Gaston's old journal, which had been resuscitated under the name of *The Friend of Freedom*, and the proprietor of which was enraptured to receive "copy" from the brilliant pen of his old contributor, given up as lost to literature for ever.

Yes, those were happy days. That poor stricken leg of Gaston, who slumped and shortened, and he would go limping along the road of life to the end of his days; but his mind was clear and vigorous as ever, and his heart was content. During the enforced quiet of those December days he gave a vigorous beginning up to that scheme of a novel which he had mentioned to Kathleen on their wedding-day. But he did not keep his word secret from his wife, as he had threatened. He garnered up no surprises, being in too much need of her sympathy to sustain his pride in himself.

He read the day's portion aloud to Kathleen at night, the last thing, when that good old Schubert, who insisted upon coming every day with her market-basket, smelling of *les Halles Centrales*, to cook and attend upon them—when Madam Schubert had taken her modest little nip of *coq de vie*, put her arm through the handle of her empty basket, and wished them good-night for the sixth or seventh time. Then Kathleen perched herself upon the arm of her husband's chair and nestled her head upon his shoulder while he read his manuscript. It was a love-story, full of passion and fire, and Kathleen felt that it must make a mad, furious success. Nor was she far out in her reckoning, when a man, whose pen has grown bold and brilliant in the work of a lifetime, and who has gathered his laurels in the experience of a youth and manhood spent in the very whirlpool of metropolitan life, and who has read and dreamed and thought superabundantly in his leisure hours and his wanderings to and from when asked a man to give up his leisure and his life, to write a novel for the masses of the day.

"Enough of the hard facts of life—now I will give myself full play in the garden of fancy," the chances are that he will write a grand novel.

Serizier was condemned to death on the 19th of February, 1873, by the high tribunal of war. He appealed against this sentence, setting forth the service which he had done to General Chanzy, on the 19th of March '71, in defending him against the revolutionary mob. It was rumored in the neighborhood of the Bastille that Serizier would not be executed; whereupon an unprecedented agitation arose among the people. The inhabitants of the neighborhood, remembering the agony of terror under which he had lived on account of this man, signed a petition and petitioned for his pardon. The extreme sentence should be accorded to the late chief of the 13th Legion, and entreating that, as an example and a just expiation, he should be executed in front of the prison over which he had ruled, and the very spot where he had presided over the massacre of the Dominicans.

This strange request could not be granted; but Serizier's crimes were of too black a dye to admit of mercy. He and his lieutenant Bobeche were shot on the plain of St. Denis, and his body was thrown into the sea in the following autumn, and obtained a more brilliant success than any book that had appeared since Madame Bovary. There was a fire and a freshness in the style which made the appearance of the story a sensation at the time, and Gaston saw himself released for ever from the treadmill routine of a third-rate newspaper, a man with place and name in the ranks of literature, free to write what he liked, and secure of publisher and public. And as the years wore on—years of peace and prosperity—the two households of the Durands and the Mortemars were undertaken by so much as a passing cloud. Industry, honor, and domestic love ruled in each *menage*, and there was no break in the union between the sisters, albeit, Durand and Rose remained constant to their town quarters in the Rue Git le Coeur, while Gaston and his wife transferred their household goods to a dainty little villa at Passy, where the husband could write in his garden among the birds and flowers, while his young wife guided the footsteps of her yearling baby up and down the little grassplot.

The carved-oak sideboard was bought by Sir Richard Wallace, and Durand's fame as a craftsman and artist was safely established from that hour; and so, where there had been a dark room and a shabby house, there had been storm there was perfect and holy calm.

THE END.
The electric telegraph in its present practical shape was the invention of an American artist, S. F. B. Morse. In old times people sent messages by objects shown on high ground, by lights displayed at night or by bonfires kindled on the hills. Even the wild Indians sent intelligence across the plains by waving a blanket over a fire and thus making a "smoke signal."

In 1825 Morse set up and worked a telegraphic wire. But it was nine years later before he could persuade congress to appropriate money to set up the first line. In 1844 the first message was sent from Washington to Baltimore.

Why He Lacked Style.
Housekeeper—Now, you just get out.

Tramp—You shouldn't judge of me by me disheveled appearance, mum. I came to town in a sleeping-car and neglected to see the porter, mum.

A Hint.
Mother—I can't have that young man staying here so late at night. You must give him a hint of some kind.

Daughter (in the evening)—I am very much afraid something will happen to you on the streets at night. You must be more careful of yourself, and not be out so late. If anything should happen to you, I'd—I'd die.

Burglars Are Good Judges.
Mrs. Skimpss—This part of town is miserably policed. I can scarcely sleep nights, for fear that burglars will get at our spoons.

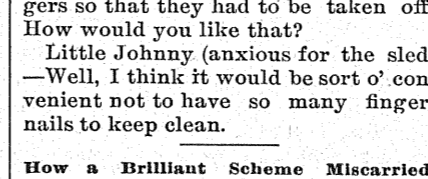
Mrs. Pimpps—Yes, it would be really annoying to come down some morning and find them all broken.

Progressing Slowly.
George—How does your suit with Miss Beautie progress?
Jack—I am pursuing a waiting policy.
"Eh?"
"Yes. I'm waiting for her to—change her mind."

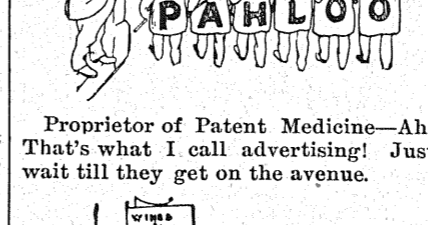
Money Saved, But—
Algy (costing the cost)—Do you—er—always take a chapman along when you go to the theater?
Miss De Pink—My, no never, unless I go with a man. Two seats will be plenty.

Not Easily Dissuaded.
Little Johnny—Mamma, won't you get me a double-ripper sled?
Mamma—I knew a little boy who had a sled of that kind, and the first time he used it he crushed three of his fingers so that they had to be taken off. How would you like that?
Little Johnny (anxious for the sled)—Well, I think it would be sort of convenient not to have so many finger-nails to keep clean.

How a Brilliant Scheme Miscarried.
Proprietor of Patent Medicine—Ah! That's what I call advertising! Just wait till they get on the avenue.



ON THE WAY TO THE AVENUE. (WETTING UP.)
ONE HOUR LATER.



An Astute Policeman.
Chicago Official—I have proof that you saw a man on the streets after one o'clock, and neglected to question him. Policeman—No, but I followed him, saw him enter a house, and five minutes after heard a shrill female voice giving him hail Columbia for being out so late, and so I knew he was a respectable citizen.

Why Cigarettes Kill.
Mrs. Mulhoolly—Th' papers do be always talkin' about cigarette smokin'. Phwy is cigarettes so bad fur th' health?
Mr. Mulhoolly (after a meditative puff at his pipe)—There ain't enough terbacky in 'em.

Horse Sense.
Young Horse—A woman is driving me now, and I can never understand what she wants me to do.
Old Horse—That's easy. A lot of quick jerks backward on the reins means that she wants you to go ahead, stop or back, according to circumstances.

The Place He Preferred.
Judge—You have been found guilty of murdering your parents for their money. Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced?
Billy the Kid—Nawthin', 'cept I think you might send me to a orphan asylum.

Pretty Well Hardened.
Old Lady—Dear me! Won't your children catch their death of cold playing around bareheaded this kind of weather?
Proud Mother—Niver you fear fur them, mum. It's hardened they are. Before Moike lost his money on that sewer contract, we used to live in a steam heated flat.

In His Shoe.
Little Boy—I found out what it was in my shoe that was hurtin' my foot.
Mother—What was it?
Little Boy—A corn.

No Interruptions Likely.
Tired Housekeeper—There! The house is as neat as a new pin at last. I am going to take a nap. Try not to disturb me with your play, my pets.

Little Brother—What shall I do if any one calls?
Little Sister—No need to bother about that. No one ever calls when things are clean.

GROCERS recommend the ROYAL BAKING POWDER because they desire to please their customers, and customers are most pleased when they get the best and the most for their money. ROYAL BAKING POWDER is absolutely pure, goes further, and makes better food than any other leavening agent.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 105 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

MILK WORTH 75 CENTS A PINT.

Prescribed for Consumptive Adults and Delicate Children.
In an important thoroughfare in the West End, London, is the only dairy in and about the city where asses' milk can be procured. This fluid, as is well known, is a valuable remedy in certain complaints, but only the rich can indulge in it freely, for it costs seventy-five cents a pint. The reason for this, as a London reporter found on visiting the milking stables, is its slow production. In the stud of milch asses nine animals were counted and though they are milked four times a day, each animal yields barely two pints through the twenty-four hours. The milk is very thin and slightly sweet, with quite the flavor of cocoanut milk. Consumptive persons and delicate infants are its chief consumers; it is both nourishing and very easily digested. A feature of its therapeutic use is that when prescribed for adults it has to be done in an underhand way, as a natural repugnance exists with most persons against its use. It is told that one fashionable London woman suffered an actual relapse when told what "medicine" she had been drinking in ignorance.

"The winter is our busy season," the manager of the stables is quoted as saying, "especially during the foggy weather, but unfortunately it is extremely difficult to obtain the milk just then. Sold outright to a customer, any of the animals you see here would realize over \$50, and would probably be milked by the patient's own servants, who do not like the job in nine cases out of ten. Many customers, however, prefer to hire an ass at a guinea a week and get all the milk they can; and I have sent several as far as Colchester, Brighton, Exeter and even Scotland, the customer paying all the expenses. Persons who put this costly fluid to curious uses. One lady had two quarts a day regularly for nearly six years, and we could never find out what she wanted it for until after she went to America, when it transpired that the milk was used as a face wash. We also have a military gentleman on our books who orders a pint every morning, and this appears on his breakfast table for ordinary use; while a certain famous dandy has been known to instruct his valet to mix the milk with blacking, so as to impart more than usually brilliant gloss to his shoes.

"About 6 o'clock one evening last winter an elegant carriage and pair drove up to the door and presently two stylishly dressed young men entered the shop and called for a couple of glasses of asses' milk, for which they paid seventy-five cents.

"Both were obviously under the influence of other and more potent liquor, and when about to depart one of them turned to me, saying: 'Can we see the asses?'

"Certainly, gentlemen, I replied, 'go through that doorway and turn to the left and you will meet the stableman, who will be pleased to show you round.'

"Now, it so happened that the moment the first door was opened the swells were confronted with the spectacle of their own unsteady figures reflected in a full-length mirror on the wall, and thinking that this was a premeditated insult both rushed back in a furious rage and smashed every article of china and glass they could lay their hands upon. With the aid of the police, however, I was at length enabled to pacify the hilarious and wrathful couple and agreed to accept \$50 for the damage done."

Keep manglers and feeding boxes clean. When some people get outside of themselves they are lost.

IF YOU WANT TO FEEL A PERFECT CURE PROMPTLY, OF LUMBAGO.
ST. JACOBS OIL WILL DO IT AS NOTHING ELSE CAN DO.

—ELY'S CREAM BALM—Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores Taste and Smell, and Cures Catarrh of the Throat.

Give Relief at once for Cold in Head. Apply to the Nostrils. —It is Quickly Absorbed. 20c. Druggists or by mail, ELY BROS., 55 Warren St., N. Y.

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