

# CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XIII. NO. 17.

CASS CITY, MICH., APRIL 6, 1894.

BY WICKWARE & McDOWELL.

## THE EXCHANGE BANK,

Cass City, Mich.

Responsibility, \$40,000.

Accounts of business houses and individuals solicited.

Interest paid on time certificates of deposit.

E. H. PINNEY, Proprietor.

H. L. PINNEY, Cashier.



## McDougall & Co. Have Turned a

## REMOVAL

## Right Side Up With Care

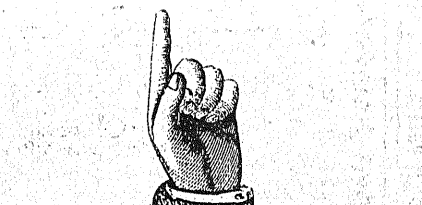
And are now prepared to offer goods to the public at prices

## LOWER THAN EVER

Mr. McGillvary's interest in the above firm has been purchased by

## J. A. McDougall,

who will continue to do business at the old stand.



## THE STALLIONS DELMONT CHIEF, AND ELECTOR H.

Will make the season of 1894 at Cass City. ELECTOR H. is Standard bred, No. 17,924, in American Trotting Register. DELMONT CHIEF has a mark of 2:30; showed times last season in 2:21. For further particulars inquire of W. A. LEWIS or W. J. KILL, Cass City, Mich.

Chattel mortgage notes for sale at the ENTERPRISE office. Tablets of twenty-five, 20c.

### Caught On The Fly.

Frank Smithson called in Gagetown on Sunday. Don't overlook G. A. Stevenson's new ad. this week.

A. Lincoln Kirk at Town Hall next Wednesday evening. Mrs. Gooden visited her parents in Novesta over Sunday.

Laing & Jones are receiving their new spring stock of goods.

A. H. Ale, of Elkton, transacted business in town Wednesday.

B. Himeloch & Co., of Caro, occupy a column of our advertising space this week.

Dr. H. C. Edwards has moved his office to the front rooms over the post-office.

Miss Ross now occupies the rooms over Laing & Jones' store as a dress-making shop.

Mrs. McTavish and son, Willie, left on Saturday for Detroit to remain for the summer.

Mrs. P. Harn left on Wednesday for Toledo, Ohio, to join her husband who is working there.

Mrs. Jas. Ready, of Mt. Clemens, visited her mother, Mrs. Robinson, of this place, last week.

The report of the township elections held throughout the state on Monday show great Republican gains.

Dr. N. McClinton is the new village health officer, being appointed as such by the council on Tuesday evening.

Herbert Frutcher, who is looking after A. Frutcher & Co.'s egg interests at Caro, spent Sunday at his home in this place.

Britton Predmore has moved his household goods to Kingston. Mr. Predmore's house will be occupied by Heller Brothers.

Misses Jessie Crosby and Jane McKenzie attended the teachers' examination held in Caro, on Thursday and Friday of last week.

Don't fail to hear A. Lincoln Kirk, impersonator, humorist and reader, to appear at the Town Hall next Wednesday evening under the auspices of the young people of the Presbyterian Church.

Nicholas Gable is now in the employ of E. McKim, as blacksmith. Mr. Gable, as an iron-worker has the reputation of fully understanding the "biz" and Mr. McKim will loose a patronage by having employed him.

The law and order league, recently organized at Vassar has been making it very unpleasant for wrong doers. The examination of Eliza J. Bray for not removing obstructions to her bar was held last Saturday night. She was bound over to the May term of the circuit court. Bail was fixed at \$200.

A newspaper whose columns overflow with advertisements of business men, has no influence in attracting attention to any building or place in town than any other agency that can be employed. People go where there is business. Capital and labor will locate where there is an enterprising community. No power is so strong to build up a town as a newspaper properly patronized. It will always return more than it receives.—(Rev. Dewitt Talmage.)

W. H. Hobbleswhite, J. H. Winegar, J. A. McDougall, J. S. McArthur, Mrs. G. S. Farrar and daughter Edith, C. B. Edgar, Frank McIntyre, Edwin Eno and M. M. Wickware listened to the debate between Ex-Governor John P. St. John, of Kansas, and Hon. Mark S. Brewer, of Pontiac, on the question, "Resolved, That the administration of government of the Republican party has been and is now worthy of the admiration and approval of the American people." They express themselves as well repaid for their trip.

Hereafter, by an action at the recent township meeting—the annual reports of the Township Clerk and Highway Commissioner, and the proceedings of the various meetings of the Township Board will be published in the ENTERPRISE, that residents of the township may know just what is being done. We would suggest that citizens of the township cut out and paste in a convenient book the reports and proceedings as published from time to time. They would then have a very compact and convenient record of township matters.

Samuel Hingbaum, recently of Vassar will locate in Cass City and engage in the manufacture of cigars. Mr. Hingbaum comes well recommended as a practical cigar-maker, and proposes to sustain his reputation in this respect. He will employ a number of hands, expecting the patronage of home dealers in cigars. While we are not a tobacco advocate, we believe it is our dealer's duty to patronage home factories as much as they can, in preference to outside concerns. By doing this money is kept in circulation at home and our business industries stimulated.

Three of the gentlemen from this place, by the name of McDougall, Winegar and Hobbleswhite, who attended the St. John-Brewer debate at Toledo last Saturday night, became so wrapped up in the flow of eloquence that in going from the opera house to the depot they by mistake took the wrong street, only discovering their error after going a mile into the country. Hearing the engine bell ringing at the depot, a free-for-all foot race was immediately commenced. All went well until about one-third the distance had been passed when a large bull-dog, undoubtedly believing that Mr. Winegar should be handicapped, got across his path and called a halt. It was only after considerable parleying he was allowed to proceed, arriving at the depot nearly exhausted but just in time to get aboard the train.

A. L. Kieff and daughter, of Caro, were in town on Friday last.

Mrs. M. Sheridan returned on Monday from a week's visit at Bad Axe.

Wilson Harrison, formerly of Pinnebrog, will soon open up a tailor shop in the building first door east of E. McKim's shop.

Troy (N.Y.) Times, March 9th, '92: "Mr. Kirk's entertainment last night drew a large audience and was pronounced by all present to be of the first quality."

Attorney J. D. Brooker has let the job of clearing thirty acres on his farm 4 1/2 miles northeast of town, to John Kilburn. Jim proposes to have a good-sized watermelon patch this season, but has requested us to "keep it on the quiet."

Ed. Brotherton had the misfortune to lose one of his team horses last week. The animal was valued at \$200. The veterinary informs us that its death was brought about by overfeeding and too little exercise, a very uncommon disease in this country.

Wm. Wilkinson, proprietor of the Elkland Cheese factory, has for the past month or more been manufacturing a quantity of cheese from the milk of his own cows, having not yet commenced gathering from the farmers. He is prepared to supply the demand of the local merchants with a good grade of fresh cheese and at a price as low or lower than quoted by outside firms. There seems to be no reason why our dealers should not give him their patronage, thus fostering home industries.

Dr. Lee, the throat and lung surgeon is yet at the Exchange and his consultation room is constantly crowded during the day. We have taken the trouble to look the Dr. up before giving him a recommendation to our readers, and find that he has been very successful in other parts of the state, making wonderful cures, and also that he is perfectly honest with those who call upon him and takes no cases which he can not help or effect a cure. The Dr. says that he will be in Caro a greater portion of the coming summer.—Democrat.

Tuesday evening, March 27th, a pleasant time was spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. S. McGregory. The occasion being a farewell reception tendered Mr. and Mrs. Egbert by the ladies of the Baptist Church before their departure for Shepherd, Isabella county. Mr. Egbert having accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church in that place. While we as a Church will miss Mr. Egbert, and particularly the Young Peoples' Union, of which we are proud to have him as a member, we are glad to see him in the hands of God in leading him into a larger field of usefulness, and that our loss will be great gain to the people of Shepherd. Ice cream and other refreshments were served.—(Com.)

There is a man in Monroe county who for many years was an absolute slave of the drink habit. His average being five gallons a day. But it was not whisky or any other intoxicant that he used—only water. Finally his physician told him that he would have to give up his habit or die. On the 20th of last May he swore off, and for days never touched even a drop of water. After a severe struggle he broke himself of his strange habit, and now drinks no more water than an ordinary person. When he started on his reform he weighed 308 pounds, while now he tips the scales at only 188. In two months he lost 100 lbs., his weight often decreasing five pounds in one day.—[Ex.]

Ambrose Thorpe, of Wilnot, has been afflicted for years past with inflammation of the eyes and granular lids. For the past three years he has been blind in the right eye and the left was gradually becoming blind through sympathetic irritation. He came to town on Wednesday and had the diseased eye taken out in the hopes of saving the other. The delicate operation was performed by Dr. McLean, assisted by Dr. Truscott, and Mr. Thorpe's many friends will be glad to learn that the chances of having fair sight in the remaining eye are good. Mr. Thorpe has not been able to do a day's work for the past three years and in walking he had to be led by his little boy.

The Finlay (Ohio) Republican has the honor to say of a citizen of this place, Dr. N. L. McLachlan's renomination for the council by the Republicans of the sixth ward last evening will, of course, retain the valuable services of that efficient municipal legislator to the city for another term of two years. Mr. McLachlan has been a leader in the council, has shown zeal and courage in the people's behalf and almost any citizen who has given an ordinary degree of observation to his municipal affairs can cite instances of money saved to the people through his watchfulness and efficiency. While the services of such a man are available, the people should confirm his consecration to the public service by a large majority.

A certain village in Elkland township will defend a damage suit, and if precaution is not taken immediately the township may become involved in a like suit. We refer to the "Hefel-bower hill," one-half mile south of town. On the west half of this hill, perhaps with serious injury to his horses, rig or himself. Then, too, in case a horse becomes frightened, it is a decidedly dangerous place. We would suggest that this be remedied by the highway commissioner cutting down the balance of the hill to the level of the pit, and depositing the gravel on the road leading from the foot of the hill to the river bridge, after pulling out the cause-way, which persists in coming to the surface ever so often.

Mrs. G. A. Stevenson visited at Vassar and Tuscola last week.

Miss Kinney, of North Branch, has been the guest of Miss Lizzie Bench.

Heller Bros., proprietors of the Cass City Roller Mills, converted 1,200 bushels of wheat into flour last week.

Dogs—those valuable (?) indispensable? animals—killed eighteen sheep belonging to John Waldon Wednesday night. Shoot the dogs!

Miss Matie Higgins, who has been the efficient clerk in J. F. Hendrick's jewelry store for the past two years, has gone to her home at Bad Axe to remain permanently.

At the township meeting it was voted to defend the suit brought against Treasurer McLean and the township, by Chas. Montague, of Caro, to recover the amount of his drain tax on North Branch and Marsh drains.

Elmira (N.Y.) Advertiser, Oct. 13th, '91: "A larger audience never assembled in the First Presbyterian Church, parsonage than at A. Lincoln Kirk's entertainment last evening. As an impersonator few equal and none excel Mr. Kirk."

John McLellan has a new and comfortable hack for his Cass City and Caro stage line. Is this to be attributed to the River ferry-boat agitation, John? We predict an increase in passenger traffic with the new rig.

At the council meeting on Tuesday evening Edwin Fitch was appointed village marshal. We believe Mr. Fitch is a man who will do his duty, as he is given to understand it, without fear or favor. We have now got a good set of ordinances, and let them be enforced to the "letter."

The motion in regard to the raising of money for highway purposes, made at the township meeting, was not generally understood. There were many on the negative side of the house who thought they were voting affirmatively. We were loth to believe that there are any farmers in this section who are opposed to the bettering of our roads.

The ENTERPRISE can hardly compliment Mrs. Kate M. Rittinger too highly on the success of the entertainment given under her direction last Friday evening. Every portion of the evening's program was meritorious and was well received by the audience. The pupils in their several recitations, gave unmistakable evidence of the exceedingly rapid progress they have made under the efficient instruction of Mrs. Rittinger, who, as is well known, is a very talented and accomplished actress.

Misses H. M. Sansbury, H. M. Sansbury and Miss Carrie Hitchcock, who responded to songs, were anchored by the delighted audience. The character songs by Ora Wickware and Winnie McLinton were well sung and acted.

Being "too cute for anything." The cantata, "The Little Gipsy" by the class of little girls, and Herman McPhail as gipsy boy, was very pleasing, showing much careful drill. The comedy, "The Mass Trap," by P. P. McClinton and Miss Irene Phinney, was as well acted as was the situation ridiculous, and the audience was convulsed with laughter. The piano selections rendered by Miss Belle McKenzie, Winnie McLinton, Gertrude Schooley, Florence Clark and Laura Wickware, as interludes, were well received. The evening's program was carried out with scarcely a "jar," and the large audience which had packed the hall to its utmost seating capacity, were highly pleased with the occasion.

The series of lectures delivered by Mrs. Jennie McClurkin, of Fairgrove, on Saturday evening and Sunday, were fully up to the expectations of the most ardent temperance advocates. The temperance trumpet as manipulated by her made no uncertain sound but gave forth notes of warning to the indifferent and notes of cheer to the workers. The attendance at each of the meetings was excellent, numbers having to stand as every available seat was occupied. Rev. Bullock, of Marlette, acted as chairman Saturday evening and Mrs. Winegar, as representative of the local W. C. T. U., filled that position at the other meetings. Each subject, as previously announced, was taken up and handled as can only be done by one who is thoroughly familiar with such a work. The speakers surpassed the liquor traffic to "Goliath" and the W. C. T. U. to "David" and inspired by her remarks, increased hope that this modern Goliath would yet be slain. In the review, on Sunday afternoon, of the "Twenty Years' March," pleasing reference was made to the work of the Crusaders of twenty years ago. Mrs. McClurkin stated that not only was the W. C. T. U. fighting the liquor traffic but that it was also waging war against tobacco, cocaine, opium and all other baneful drugs. The bible was spoken of as the basis of all reform, and the license law shown to be in opposition to the teachings of that sacred volume. In the evening the "stone" to be rolled away was pictured as a huge boulder labeled "liquor traffic" in the way of the train of National prosperity and while comparatively small numbers were endeavoring to move this obstruction, a much larger and stronger body of people were warring over another boulder, not in the way, labeled "Tariff," as to which way to move it or whether it should be moved at all. Many other lucid illustrations and strong points were made but lack of space prevents us entering more fully into detail. Quite a number of new members were secured for the W. C. T. U. and those interested in the cause of temperance, and we trust many who were not interested heretofore, were inspired with new courage to do all in their power to "roll away the stone."

Choice chop feed \$22 per ton at the Roller Mill.

### TOWNSHIP ELECTIONS.

Elkland Goes Solidly Republican.—Reports From Neighboring Townships.

Elkland township again sustains her reputation as a first-class Republican township by electing the entire ticket bearing that name by big majorities. There were cast 139 straight Republican tickets, 46 People's Party and 42 Democratic. There were 98 split ballots.

The following table tells the tale:

SUPERVISOR.	
Egbert B. Landon, r.	183-116
Ira K. Reid, p.	67
George S. Farrar, d.	66
CLERK.	
Henry S. Wickware, r.	183-114
James W. Armstrong, p.	54
Maek M. Wickware, d.	69
TREASURER.	
John H. McLean, r.	191-132
James S. McArthur, p.	59
Eljah H. Finney, d.	54
HIGHWAY COMMISSIONER.	
Jacob H. Striffler, r.	186-124
George Predmore, p.	56
Phillip Koepfgen, d.	62
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.	
James Brooker, r.	181-110
Samuel Jamieson, p.	54
Oscar C. Wood, d.	71
SCHOOL INSPECTOR.	
George A. Striffler, r.	181-112
James Dillman, p.	58
Theodore H. Fritz, d.	63
DRAIN COMMISSIONER.	
Henry Stewart, r.	187-124
Mathew L. Gulick, p.	60
David Law, d.	63
BOARD OF REVIEW, (two years).	
John Bankman, r.	129-57
John W. Muma, p.	57
James Ramsey, d.	59
BOARD OF REVIEW, (one year).	
Norton Bigelow, r.	188-129
William Bentley, p.	59
William H. Hobbleswhite, d.	59
CONSTABLES.	
Henry Ball, r.	182-124
Thomas Sheffer, p.	58
William Kile, d.	58
William Jeffery, r.	182-122
Henry C. Howey, p.	60
Robert Miller, d.	56
Allen C. Hayes, r.	182-120
Patrick Landrigan, p.	62
Angus Ross, d.	56
Henry L. Hulbert, r.	181-120
James Tuckey, p.	61
Jacob Seeley, d.	60

Pathmasters for the several districts of the township were chosen as follows:

No. 1, Calvin Armstrong; 2, Ira McCall; 3, Jno. Gilbert; 4, Alex. Marshall; 5, Wm. McConnell; 6, Jno. Lamunyon; 7, Theo. Burdon; 8, O. Summers; 9, Chas. O. Karr; 10, Levi Delong; 11, Andrew Swiegler; 12, Wm. Ball; 13, Fred Burden; 14, Jno. Benkman; 15, John Turner; 16, Phil. Koepfgen; 17, Jas. Allen; 18, Geo. Predmore; 19, Jas. Dillman; 20, James Brooker; 21, John Hefelbower; 22, Andrew Walmsey; 23, Burt Strickland.

NOVISTA.—Two tickets, People's and Union. The latter ticket was elected entirely with exception of drain commissioner. Majorities ranged from 7 to 74. The new officers are, supervisor, Hiram H. Wilson; clerk, J. R. Lewis; treasurer, M. H. Quick; highway com'r, Wm. O. Young; justice, R. H. Warner; school inspector, Isaac Hall; drain com'r, Robert Brown; board review, Wm. McCracken and Archie McPhail; constables, T. Hall, Wm. McCracken, E. Lewis, C. H. Hall.

KINGSTON.—Republican and Democratic tickets. The latter ticket was elected by one vote, but the balance went Republican with majorities from 31 to 100. There were 90 straight Republican tickets cast and 40 Democratic. The officers elected are, supervisor, John G. Jeffery; clerk, C. E. Rolph; highway com'r, Henry Downey; justice, A. B. Payne; school inspector, L. A. Maynard; drain com'r, N. C. McCarrick; board review, G. Meidlen, Andrew Osburney; constables, S. Mathews, H. Ogden, T. E. Elliott, J. Hawley.

ELMWOOD.—This township had a Union and Democratic ticket. The Union ticket was elected entire, the majority for the head of the ticket being 23. The ticket elected is as follows: Supervisor, J. L. Winchester; clerk, A. J. Palmer; treasurer, Thos. Welsh; highway com'r, Jno. Farnham; justice, Ross Webster; justice to fill vacancy, R. S. Brown; school inspector, Ira Hayes; drain com'r, I. Waidley; board review, W. F. Hayes and D. Van Wagoner; constable, C. F. Stearns; James Watson, F. G. W. Wood, James Wilson.

ELLINGTON.—Republican and People's, the latter being elected by majorities ranging from 22 to 33. There were 43 straight Republican tickets and 63 People's. The new officials are, supervisor, Slade Lazelle; clerk, Edward McKimney; treasurer, Jarvis Turner; highway com'r, H. R. Perry; justice, A. N. Hatch; justice to fill vacancy, Arthur Young; school inspector, Eugene Rodgers; drain com'r, John McCall; board review, Travis Leach and Eugene Rodgers; constables, Emory Cones, C. V. Gould, W. S. Wilbet, N. R. Harrington.

VASSAR.—There were three tickets in the field, Republican, Democratic and Prohibition. The entire republican ticket was elected by majorities ranging from 62 to 150. The new supervisor is William R. Hollenbeck; clerk, Harry C. Dean; treasurer, John W. Gollan.

HURON COUNTY. OLIVER.—Two tickets.—Township and People's. The former ticket was elected with the exception of clerk. Here's the list: Supervisor, A. A. Brown; clerk, John Cranley; treasurer, W. M. Smith; justice, Kasouke; school inspector, H. C. Wales; drain com'r, John Feelings.

board review, D. Howell; constables, R. Cayley, Geo. Leckenby, Thos. Horrin, Geo. Switzer.

GRANT.—Two tickets.—Union and Township. The Township ticket was elected by fair majorities. Here it is: Supervisor, R. C. Hallack; clerk, S. O. Sharrard; treasurer, H. W. Parker; highway com'r, Jas. Drenache; justice, M. W. Moore; school inspector, D. H. Winger; drain com'r, D. McDonald; board review, H. McDermott; constables, M. McKenzie; John Dickout, Charles Taylor, Joseph Body.

BROOKFIELD.—Two tickets.—Township and Union. The entire Township ticket was elected by fair majorities, with exception of supervisor. The new officers are: Supervisor, J. G. Gettel; clerk, John Henderson; treasurer, H. D. Hager; highway com'r, D. Burton; justice, R. Hughes; school inspector, R. McCullough; drain com'r, Benjamin Bears; board review, R. Hughes; constables, D. Coulter, J. D. McKintyre, Jethro Ross, James McKee.

A correspondent thus graphically reports the "struggle" in this township: "The election held in this township resulted in a complete victory for the Republican (Township) ticket. It was a Waterloo. The Union men were routed horseshoe and artillery. Their combined forces were Democrats, Populists and Prohibitionists. Although the campaign was skillfully planned by the young Napoleon of Brookfield, he failed to break the square of the home guards of the Republican forces. Yet sorry for the loss of but one man, our victory is still the more complete as we have rescued from bonds and imprisonment one that formerly belonged to our party and who now stands at the head of the elected officers."

SANILAC COUNTY. AUSTIN.—Austin township elected the following officers: Supervisor, Wm. Robinson; clerk, Albert Hunt; treasurer, J. A. Graham; highway commissioner, T. M. Bradshaw; justice, Edward Hunt; school inspector, M. McCullough; drain com'r, M. Hawsorth; board review, Jas. McMahon; constables, Hugh Hill, Chas. Lowe, Ben. Wells, T. Prayle.

GREENLEAF.—Election passed off quietly, there being only one ticket in the field. The ticket as nominated was elected, except treasurer Alex. Cleland being elected over Dan'l Somerville. The new officers are as follows: Supervisor, James McNeal; clerk, Steward Nicol; treasurer, Alex. Cleland; school inspector, E. M. Sansbury; highway com'r, Archie McCall; justice, Alex. McLellan; drain com'r, Wm. Byers; constables, Archie Gillies, Wm. K. Wilson, David Hutchinson, Wm. Kivil.

LAMOTTE.—Three tickets.—Republican, People's and Democratic. The supervisor on the People's ticket was elected, a member of the board of review on the Democratic ticket, and the balance was captured by the Republicans. Supervisor, James Curry; clerk, Charles Gooden; treasurer, John Jackson; highway com'r, Wm. H. Howell; justice, Robert Bedford; school inspector, S. S. Wilder; drain com'r, D. Innis; board review, T. Richard and Edgar Collier; constables, D. Kennedy, John Russell, Joseph Hobson, R. Harrington.

EVERGREEN.—There was only one ticket in the field, which was elected, with the exception of clerk, Andrew Lorenzen being elected over G. W. Hiberton, the regular caucus nominee. The new officers are, supervisor, F. Auslander; clerk, Andrew Lorenzen; treasurer, M. M. Stone; highway com'r, Henry Van Norman; school inspector, J. McTavish; justice, D. McQueen; drain com'r, T. E. Pringle; board review, C. W. Shippey and Henry McVee; constables, John Benzelton, Silas Bonney, Chris. Schiller, Emmet Holcomb.

### THE FAMOUS DOCTOR COMING TO CASS CITY.

The eminent Japanese throat and lung surgeon, who is temporarily located at the Exchange Hotel, Caro; formerly of New York, who has been meeting with such wonderful success through this state, in order to accommodate his numerous patients around Cass City will, on Monday, April the 9th, open an office in the Tannant House, which is open for one week only. All invalids who visit this eminent doctor during that week will receive services three months free. The doctor has made a profound study of chronic diseases, their cause and cure, and many of the remedies he uses were obtained by him while in Japan. The doctor does not claim to be a cure-all, but comes to the relief of the suffering fortified with a thorough and scientific knowledge of those diseases which he makes a specialty of. All forms of chronic disease are treated, such as asthma, bronchitis, consumption and all diseases of the throat and lungs, headache, brain and nervous exhaustion, heart, stomach, liver, kidney, bladder trouble, neuralgia, rheumatism, skin disease in all forms, catarrh and catarrhal deafness positively and permanently cured by his new Japanese remedy. The doctor will give you a thorough examination, and if your case is incurable he will frankly and kindly tell you. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 8 p. m.

Bring your grists to the Cass City Roller Mill for good flour and square dealing.

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

### Potatoes Wanted.

Commencing Monday, March 13, will be in the market for potatoes. Highest prices paid.

A. A. MCKENZIE.



## CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

WICKWARE & McDOWELL, Props.

CASS CITY, MICHIGAN

They are running an ugly man's show in competition with the beauty show in Brussels. Four to one that the ugly man's show is the more attractive.

Boston wants a subway for rapid transit. It is the only way for Boston to get a straight line between any two points in the city whereby even a race horse could make time.

A horse which participated in a dramatic performance in New York jumped of the stage the other night into the orchestra. The play which will drive a horse to desperation must be a farce-comedy.

A minister was dragged from the pulpit at Birmingham, Ala., and taken to the penitentiary whence as a life-term murderer he had made his escape two years before. Thus are stumbling blocks sometimes thrown in the way of people who manifest a tendency to reform.

There is good news from Cannes for the English yachtsmen. The prince of Wales' Britannia has won the prize of the yacht club of France, beating the Valkyrie. The future king may now grow ambitious and dream about racing the Vigilant. Vigilant vs. Britannia ought to be interesting.

Young Mr. Ruser lately carved his father to death in a particularly cold-blooded manner. When arraigned in court Ruser refused to take off his hat. The prisoner was got into trouble if he continues these tactics. Murder is sometimes annoying, but contempt of court is a serious matter.

There is one man in New York that does not believe in suicide. He stated to the justice that he abandoned his wife because "he was passionately fond of good pastry and that his wife's pies always gave him indigestion, they were so heavy." This comes from marrying a cook. It is much safer to hire one.

A woman at Port Townsend has paid the penalty for being out of the style. Customs officers arrested her and confiscated a bustle knowing that at this date any woman who would wear one of these horrors ought to go to jail. It is hardly necessary to state that the bustle bulged with smuggled goods.

The king of Italy is closing out some of his real estate at bargain prices, but as he retains places at Rome, Turin, Florence, Venice, Naples and Palermo, to nothing of hunting grounds and fish ponds and a few other rural luxuries, he will not be left utterly homeless and homeless. It is not every king that has as many changes of palace as changes of linen.

NOTWITHSTANDING the seemingly unqualified success of the intramural elevated railway in the world's fair grounds, the projectors of a new elevated road in Chicago do not seem disposed to adopt the electric system. Steam locomotives are to be employed. This will be a surprise to many who were confident that the days of steam power for municipal rapid transit were about closed.

REV. THOMAS DIXON, Jr., is a New York clergyman who has evidently been west of Buffalo. At all events he has a clearly defined idea of the greatness and the resources of the West. He realizes that the narrowness and the self-satisfaction of the East are a menace to the nation. But his view is as of one crying in the wilderness. The troglodytes have wrapped their heads in skins and do not hear him.

The naval officer who had charge of the Kearsarge admits now that he did not take observations himself for a day or two before the wreck, but made his calculations on observations taken by a naval cadet. He had not seen any service for seven years before being assigned to duty as commanding officer of this ship. Thus the system of favoritism, which gives long shore duty to favored officers, is doubtless responsible for the loss of a vessel valuable in itself and still richer in historical associations.

PRINCE COLONNA, who died the other day at Rome, is not the husband of Miss Mackay, as was at first supposed. The Colonnas are an ancient family, and it is the head who has passed away. He belongs to the first line, Colonna-Palano, and will be succeeded in his titles, which are many, and his estate, which is small, by his son. The second branch of the family is the Stigliano, and the Mackay alliance was with a nephew of its head, who is merely prince de Galatro, 86 years old, impotent, and now bereft of his means of support.

The humiliated British applicants for admission to the Carlton club in London, who were passed over for William Waldorf Astor of America, may soothe themselves with the reflection that under reversed conditions a similar social phenomenon would be certain to occur in New York. As long as an Englishman is better in New York than an American there is no good reason why an American should not take precedence of an Englishman in London. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways.

## TRUTH WILL RETURN

AND THE RELIGION OF CHRIST WILL LEAD THE PEOPLE.

Dr. Talmage Preaches a Sermon of Special Interest Just Now—Poverty Comes in at the Window When Religion Goes Out at the Door.

BROOKLYN, April 1.—In the Brooklyn Tabernacle this forenoon, Rev. Dr. Talmage preached to a crowded audience, on a subject of unusual interest, as illustrating the sustaining power of religion to those who are in daily contact with the world, its trials and temptations. The text chosen was Psalms 68: xiii.

"Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold."

I suppose you know what the Israelites did down in Egyptian slavery. They made bricks. Amid the utensils of the brick kiln there were also utensils of cookery—the kettles, the pots, the pans, with which they prepared their daily food; and when these poor slaves, tired of the day's work, lay down to rest, they lay down among the implements of cookery and the implements of hard work. When they arose in the morning they found their garments covered with the clay and the smoke and the dust, and besmirched and begrimed with the utensils of cookery. But after awhile the Lord broke up that slavery, and he took these poor slaves into a land where they had better garb, bright and clean and beautiful apparel. No more bricks for them to make. Let Pharaoh make his own bricks. When David, in my text, comes to describe the transition of these poor Israelites from their bondage amid the brick kilns into the glorious emancipation of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold.

Miss Whately, the author of a celebrated book, "Life in Egypt," said she sometimes saw people in the east cooking their food on the tops of houses, and that she had often, seen, just before sundown, pigeons and doves which had, during the heat of the day, been hiding among the kettles and the pans, with which the food was prepared, picking up the crumbs that they might find; just about the hour of sunset they would spread their wings and fly heavenward, entirely unsolled by the region in which they had moved, for the pigeon is a very cleanly bird. And as the pigeons flew away the setting sun would throw silver on their wings and gold on their breasts. So you see it is not a far-fetched simile, or an unnatural comparison, when David in my text says to these emancipated Israelites, and says to all those who are brought out of any kind of trouble into any kind of spiritual joy: "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

Sin is the hardest of all taskmasters. Worse than Pharaoh, it keeps us drudging in a most degrading service; but after a while Christ comes and he says: "Let my people go," and we pass out from among the brick-kilns of sin into the glory of liberty of the gospel; we put on the clean robes of a Christian profession, and when at last we soar away to the warm nest which God has provided for us in heaven, we shall go father than a dove, covered with silver, and its feathers with yellow gold.

I am going to preach something which some of you do not believe, and that is, that the grandest possible adornment is the religion of Jesus Christ. There are a great many people who suppose that religion is a very different thing from what it really is. The reason men condemn the Bible is because they do not understand the Bible; they have not properly examined it. Doctor Johnson said that Hume told a minister in the bishopric of Durham, that he had never particularly examined the New Testament, yet all his life warring against it. Halley the astronomer announced his skepticism to Sir Isaac Newton, and Sir Isaac Newton said: "Now, sir, I have examined the subject and you have not; and I am ashamed that you, professing to be a philosopher, consent to condemn a thing you never have examined." And so men reject the religion of Jesus Christ because they really have never investigated it. They think it is something undesirable, something that will not work, something Pocksniffian, something hypocritical, something repulsive, when it is so bright and so beautiful you might compare it to a chaffinch, you might compare it to a robin redbreast, you might compare it to a dove, its wings covered with silver and its feathers with yellow gold.

But how is it if a young man becomes a Christian? All through the club rooms, where he associates, all through the business circles where he is known, there is commiseration. They say: "What a pity that a young man who had such bright prospects should have been despoiled by those Christians, giving up all his worldly prospects for something which is of no particular present worth!" Here is a young woman who becomes a Christian; her voice, her face, her manners the charm of the drawing-room. Now all through the fashionable circles the whisper goes: "What a pity that such a bright light should have been extinguished, that such a graceful girl should be crippled, that such worldly prospects should be obliterated." Ah, my friends, it can be shown that religion's ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace; that religion, instead of being dark and doleful and lachrymose and repulsive, is bright and beautiful, fairer than a dove, its wings covered with silver and its feathers with yellow gold.

See, in the first place, what religion will do for a man's heart. I care not how cheerful a man may naturally be before conversion, conversion brings him up to a higher standard of cheerfulness. I do not say he will laugh any louder; I do not say but he may stand back from some forms of hilarity in which he once indulged; but there comes into his soul an immense satisfaction. A young man not a Christian depends upon worldly successes to keep his spirits up. Now he prospers, now he has a large salary now he has a beautiful wardrobe, now he has pleasant friends, now he has more money than he knows how to spend; everything goes bright and well with him. But trouble comes—there are many young men in the house this morning who can testify out of their own experience that sometimes to young men trouble does come—his friends are gone, his salary is gone, his health is gone; he goes down, down, he becomes sour, cross, queer, misanthropic, blames the world, blames society, blames the church, blames everything, rushes perhaps to the intoxicating cup to drown his trouble, but instead of drowning his trouble, he drowns his body and drowns his soul.

But here is a Christian young man. Trouble comes to him. Does he give up? No! He throws himself back on the resources of heaven. He says: "God is my Father. Out of all these disasters I shall pluck advantage for my soul. All the promises are mine, Christ is mine, Christian companionship is mine, heaven is mine. What though my apparel be worn out? Christ gives me a robe of righteousness. What though my money be gone? I have a title deed to the whole universe in the promise, 'All are yours.' What though my worldly friends fall away? Ministering angels are my bodyguard. What though my fare be poor, and my bread be scant? I sit at the king's banquet!"

Oh, what a poor, shallow stream is worldly enjoyment compared with the deep, broad, overflowing river of God's peace, rolling midway in the Christian heart! Sometimes you have gone out on the ironbound beach of the sea when there has been a storm on the ocean, and you have seen the waves dash into white foam at your feet. They did not do you any harm. While there you thought of the chapter written by the Psalmist, and perhaps you recited it to yourself while the storm was making commentary upon the passage: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble. Therefore will I not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof." Oh, how independent the religion of Christ makes a man of worldly success and worldly circumstances! Nelson, the night before his last battle, said: "To-morrow I shall win either a peerage or a grave in Westminster Abbey." And it does not make much difference to the Christian whether he rises or falls in worldly matters; he has everlasting renown anyway. Other plumage may be torn in the blast, but that soul adorned with Christian grace is fairer than the dove, its wings covered with silver, and its feathers with gold.

You and I have found out that people who pretend to be happy are not always happy. Look at that young man caricaturing the Christian religion, scoffing at everything good, going into roystering drunkenness, dashing the champagne bottle to the floor, rolling the glasses from the bar-room counter, laughing, shouting, stamping the floor. Is he happy? I will go to his midnight pillow. I will see him turn the gas off. I will ask myself if the pillow on which he sleeps is as soft as the pillow on which that pure young man sleeps. Ah! no. When he opens his eyes in the morning, will the world be as bright to him as to that young man who retired at night saying his prayers, invoking God's blessing upon his own soul and the souls of his comrades, and father and mother and brothers and sisters far away? No, no! His laugh will ring out from the saloon so that you hear it as you pass by, but it is hollow laughter; in it is the snapping of heart-strings and the rattle of prison gates. Happy! that young man happy?

Let him fill high the bowl; he can not drown an upbraiding conscience. Let the balls roll through the bowling alley; the deep rumble and the sharp crack can not overpower the voices of condemnation. Let him whirl in the dance of sin and temptation and death. All the brilliancy of the scene can not make him forget the last look of his mother when he left home, when she said to him: "Now, my son, you will do right; I am sure you will do right; you will, won't you?" That young man happy? Why, across every night there flit shadows of eternal darkness; there are adders coiled up in every cup; there are vultures of despair striking their iron beak into his heart; there are skeleton fingers of grief pinching at the throat.

I come in amid the clicking of the glasses and under the flashing of the handkerchiefs, and I cry: "Wo! wo! The way of the ungodly shall perish. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked. The way of transgressors is hard." Oh, my friends, there is more joy in one drop of Christian satisfaction than in whole rivers of the sinful delight. Other things may be drenched of the storm and splashed of the tempest, but the dove that comes in through the window of this heavenly ark has wings like the dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.

Again I remark, religion is an adornment in the style of usefulness into which it inducts a man. Here are two young men. The one has fine culture, exquisite wardrobe, plenty of friends, great worldly success, but he lives for himself. His chief care is for his own comfort. He lives uselessly. He dies

unregretted. Here is another young man. His apparel may not be so good, his education may not be so thorough. He lives for others. His happiness is to make others happy. He is as self-denying as that dying soldier falling in the ranks, when he said: "Colonel, there is no need of those boys tiring themselves by carrying me to the hospital; let me die just where I am." Oh, do you know of anything, my hearer, that is more beautiful than to see a young man start out for Christ? Here is some one falling; he lifts him up. Here is a vagabond boy; he introduces him to a mission school. Here is a family freezing to death; he carries them a scuttle of coal. There are 800,000,000 perishing in midnight heathen darkness; by all possible means he tries to send them the gospel. He may be laughed at, and he may be sneered at, and he may be caricatured, but he is not ashamed to go everywhere, saying: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. It is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation." Such a young man can go through everything. There is no force on earth or in hell that can resist him. I show you three spectacles. Spectacle the first: Napoleon passes by with the host that went down with him to Egypt, and up with him through Russia, and crossed the continent on the bleeding heart of which he set his iron heel, and across the quivering flesh of which he went grinding the wheels of his gun carriages—in his dying moment asking his attendants to put on his military boots for him.

Spectacle the second: Voltaire, bright and learned and witty and eloquent with tongue and voice and stratagem infernal, warring against God and poisoning whole kingdoms with his infidelity, yet applauded by the clapping hands of thrones and empires and continents—his last words, in delirium supposing Christ standing by the bedside—his last words: "Crush that wretch!"

Spectacle the third: Paul—Paul, insignificant in person, thrust out from all refined association, scourged, spat on, hounded like a wild beast from city to city, yet trying to make the world good and heaven full; announcing resurrection to those who mourned at the barred gates of the dead; speaking consolations which light up the eyes of widowhood and orphanage and want, with glow of certain and eternal release; undaunted before those who could take his life, his cheek flushed with transport and his eye on heaven; with one hand shaking defiance at all the foes of earth and all the principalities of hell, and with the other hand beckoning messenger angels to come and bear him away, as he says: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give me."

Which of the three spectacles do you most admire? When the wings of death struck the conqueror and the infidel, they were tossed like sea gulls in a tempest, drenched of the wave and torn of the hurricane, their dismal voices heard through the everlasting storm; but when the wave and the wind of death struck Paul, like an albatross he made a throne of the tempest, and one day floated away into the calm, clear summer of heaven, brighter than the dove, its wings covered with silver, and its feathers with yellow gold. Oh, are you not in love with such a religion—a religion that can do so much for a man while he lives, and so much for a man when he comes to die?

I suppose you may have noticed the contrast between the departure of a Christian and the departure of an infidel. Diodorus, dying in chagrin because he could not compose a joke equal to the joke uttered at the other end of his table; Zenxis, dying in a fit of laughter at the sketch of an aged woman; a sketch made by his own hand; Mazarin, dying playing cards, his friend holding his hands because he was unable to hold them himself. All that on one side, compared with the departure of the Scotch minister, who said to his friends: "I have no interest as to whether I live or die; if I die, I shall be with the Lord; and if I live, the Lord will be with me." Or the last words of Washington: "It is well." Or the last words of McIntosh, the learned and the great: "Happy!" Or the last words of Hannah More, the Christian poetess: "Joy!" Or these thousands of Christians who have gone saying: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" "O death! where is thy sting?" "O grave! where is thy victory?"

"Oh," you say, "religion I am going to have; it is only a question of time." My brother, I am afraid that you may lose heaven the way Louis Philippe lost his empire. The Parisian mob came around the Tuileries. The National Guard stood in defense of the palace, and the commander said to Louis Philippe: "Shall I fire now? Shall I order the troops to fire? With one volley we can clear the place." "No," said Louis Philippe, "not yet." A few minutes passed on, and then Louis Philippe, seeing the case was hopeless, said to the general: "Now is the time to fire." "No," said the general, "it is too late now; don't you see that the soldiers are exchanging arms with the citizens? It is too late." Down went the throne of Louis Philippe. Away from the earth went the House of Orleans, and all because the king said: "Not yet! not yet!" May God forbid that any of you should adjourn this great subject of religion, and should postpone assailing your spiritual foes until it is too late, too late, you losing a throne in heaven the way that Louis Philippe lost a throne on earth.

When the Judge descends in might, Clothed in majesty and light; When the earth shall quake with fear, Where, oh where, will thou appear?

## LOST THE PRETTY WIDOW.

A Modern Miles Standish Who Made the Mistake of Wooing by Deputy.

The most select circles in Wissahickon society recently had a choice bit of gossip to discuss, and it has finally reached beyond that pretty suburban settlement and reached the Philadelphia Record. The story hinges on the romantic sequel to a request like the one that overturned the social foundations of a certain puritan town when sturdy Miles Standish trusted his wooing to his friend, young John Alden. Miles Standish of the bride he came from the West to wed, while she is enjoying in Boston a honeymoon with the modern John Alden. For some time past Mrs. Minnie Mitchell, a dashing and handsome young widow, has been making her home at 136 Sumner street with her uncle, Samuel Garrett. The gossips have it that she was engaged to be married to a wealthy young Western business man and had accumulated an extensive trousseau in preparing for a second plunge into the troubled sea of matrimony. The date for the marriage ceremony had been fixed. Attention to business prevented the young man, whose name is not yet divulged, from reaching this city till the evening before the day named, and in order that affairs might proceed smoothly on the morrow he had written to the lady's cousin, Francis H. Garrett, a lawyer, requesting him to fix all the necessary legal transactions and procure the license. Rumor, which is a feature of suburban civilization, says that Mr. Garrett, now a man of some 38 years, had been in love with Mrs. Mitchell before her first marriage. Thrown so much in each other's company the old passion revived, and the request brought affairs to a climax, for Mr. Garrett had the license made out in his own name. The Western lover arrived, and was well received by Mrs. Mitchell and the Garrett family, but early the next day the widow and her cousin, Mr. Garrett, flew to Philadelphia, were married by Rev. Dr. B. L. Agnew, and left at noon on an extended wedding trip, from which they have not yet returned. The discarded lover did not feel as badly as might be imagined, but an unmistakable air of disappointment surrounded him as he again boarded the train at Broad street station to go back to his Western home in solitude. The latest news from the young couple was that they were enjoying a happy honeymoon in Boston.

Parrots for Practical Purposes. Parrots have been taught to amuse by their imitation of the human voice, and now their powers in this respect have been made use of for a practical purpose. At almost every station on a German railway the station master has a parrot or a starling so trained that whenever a train draws up at the platform it commences calling out the name of the station most distinctly, and not only this, but it continues doing so while the train remains there. This has been found an excellent mode of informing the passengers where they are.

Strong Language. Baron Maule once rebuked the arrogance of Mr. Cresswell, who had been treating the bench with a lack of courtesy, in the following terms: "Mr. Cresswell, I am perfectly willing to admit my vast inferiority to yourself. Still, I am a vertebrate animal, and for the last half-hour you have spoken to me in language which God Almighty himself would hesitate to address to a black beetle."—Argonaut.

## WHIFFS AND WHIMS.

She—Do you like Wagner's music? He—Oh, yes, since I have become partially deaf.

Tom—How old is your sister Mabel? Ned—Her count, do you mean, or family bible record?

Agnes—Well, I want a husband who is easily pleased. Maud—Don't worry, dear; that's the kind you'll get.

He—Why do you regard marriage as a failure? She—So many make use of it to get money belonging to others.

Fogg—Come, Figg, have a smoke. Figg—I'll die first. Fogg—Oh, well, every man to his liking. I'll do my smoking before I die.

Caller—Has Dr. Killquick many troublesome cases on hand? Office Boy—No, his patients never last more than three or four days.

Mrs. J.—Are there any good dry goods advertisements in the paper this morning? Mr. J.—Really, I don't know. I usually read the other part.

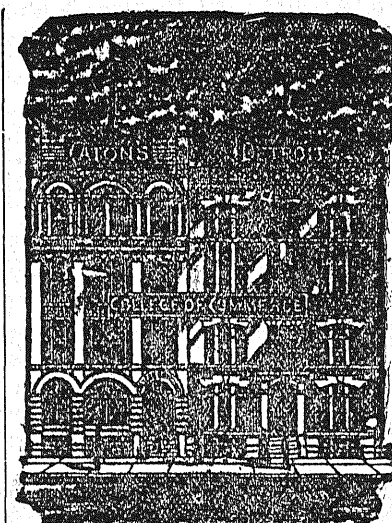
"Now, Eliza, you've been searching my pockets again. It's not right. When did you ever see me search your pockets?" "Never. I defy you to do it."

"Talk about professional etiquette," remarked a lawyer yesterday. "I met a doctor a few days ago. 'How are you?' he asked. 'Oh, pretty well,' I replied, and the next day I got a bill for \$2."

"So you admit that you feel better for having gone to church?" "Yes." "Was it the music?" "No." "The sermon, then?" "No! no! I worked off two plugged nickels I'd had for six months."

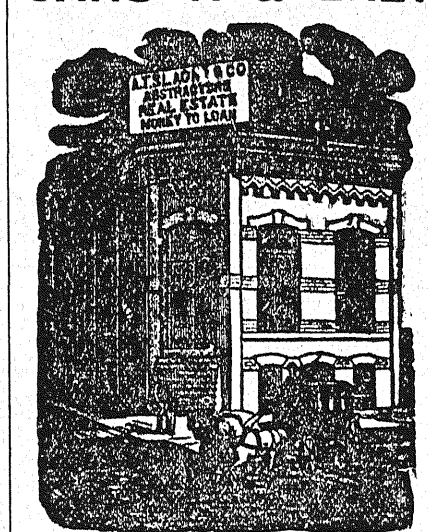
Swedish women often work as farm laborers. Those who have babies carry them on their backs in a leather bag, as Indian squaws carry their young. This plan permits the mother to use both hands at her farm work.

Visitor—How beautifully still the children sit while you talk to them. Sunday School Superintendent—Yes, I've got them pretty well trained. I told them right at the start that every time I caught a boy squirming around in his seat while I was making a speech I would talk ten minutes longer.



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**H. C. EDWARDS, M. D.**  
Graduate of University of Michigan. Was hospital assistant to chair of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology. Specialties: eye, ear, throat and nose. Glasses and Artificial Eyes properly fitted. Office over McDougall & Co's. store.

**I. A. FRITZ,**  
DENTIST. All work done equal to the best. It is my aim to make every job of work a business to those for whom it is done. My prices are reasonable. No charge for examination. 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. A. Reference: Exchange Bank and Cass City Bank. Office in second story of Exchange Bank block, Cass City, Mich.

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

**I. O. O. F.**  
CASS CITY LODGE, No. 208, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cordially invited. G. A. STEVENSON, N. G. Geo. W. SEEN, Secretary.

**E. O. T. M.**  
Cass City Tent, No. 74, meets the 1st and 3rd Friday evenings of each month, at 7:30. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited. ED. KEATING, Commander. A. D. GILLIES, Record Keeper.

**L. O. L.**  
Cass City Lodge, No. 314, meets on the first Tuesday evening of each month, at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting brothers cordially invited. ELIAS MOYIM, W. M.

## CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: One year, \$1.00; six months, 60cts.; three months, 35cts., strictly in advance.

Business locals, 5cts. per line first insertion, 3cts. per line each subsequent insertion. Cards of Thanks, 25cts. each. Resolutions of Condolence, Etc., 25cts. per line. Items announcing Entertainments, Etc., where money is to be derived, 5cts. per line. When bills are ordered a notice will be given free.

Notices for Charitable Entertainments, FREE. A reasonable amount of space granted to citizens for the discussion of matters of public interest.

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

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

**WICKWARE & McDOWELL,**  
Proprietors.

OUR MOTTO:  
PERSEVERANCE, PROGRESS AND PATRIOTISM.

## A BIASED REPORT.

The debate which occurred between Ex-Governor of Kansas, Hon. J. P. St. John, and Hon. Mark S. Brewer, one of the leading Republicans of the State of Michigan, at Pontiac last Saturday night, and which was listened to with considerable interest by fully six thousand people, was mentioned in only one of the Detroit dailies—the Detroit Journal—which devoted about a quarter of a column to giving a biased, erroneous, misleading and unscrupulous account of the affair. The Journal's report first says that "the Prohibitionists had a chance to show the stuff they were made of, and did it in a way to disgust all fair-minded people." In this statement there is not one particle of truth. Mr. Brewer, who had the affirmative side of the debate, opened by an hour's discourse, eulogizing the record and policy of the Republican party. Mr. St. John, as the negative speaker, utilized his hour's time in endeavoring to show that the record and policy of the Republican party was not "worthy of the admiration and approval of the American people." Both Mr. Brewer's first talk and his opponent's talk were friendly yet earnest. There was tremendous applause on both sides and, as the Journal says, some "hissing," but it was noticeable that the most of this disrespectful demonstration came from a crowd standing up in the back part of the room. The Journal says that Mr. Brewer charged his opponent with deliberately misquoting official figures, and even manufacturing some. Mr. Brewer made no such accusation whatever—possessing too much honesty and sense for that. Mr. St. John had all his proof with him, which consisted of official documents, a copy of James G. Blaine's "Twenty Years in Congress," and a copy of the Pontiac Gazette (Republican) of 1878. Mr. Brewer had dwelt at considerable length on the present panic, which had been brought about by the Democratic party since going into power one year ago, and Mr. St. John used the Gazette's administration. In quoting from these references, Mr. St. John gave the page, section, paragraph, etc., from which such quotations were made, and invited his opponent to examine them to see that he quoted aright. Mr. Brewer, as affirmative speaker, had a half hour

in which to close, which time was occupied principally in speaking of local matters pertaining to the Prohibition war now on in Pontiac. He stated that if he could have a half hour more time he would be pleased to answer the many points his opponent had brought up. Mr. St. John was willing to grant the affirmative speaker the extra time, providing he could have fifteen minutes more time. But this was not agreed upon. The Journal further stated that when St. John rose to close he was greeted with a "boquet of hisses." This is another outlandish statement. Anyone who is at all acquainted with the rules of debate, know that the affirmative debater speaks first and last, and the negative speaker but once, and in this instance the rules of debate were observed. The remark of a prominent Pontiac Republican when coming out of the opera house, as overheard by the writer, voiced the prevailing sentiment of the crowd who had congregated to hear the debate. He said: "Mark (Mr. Brewer) can make a first-class Republican speech, but he's no match for St. John in debate." Why did not the Journal or the other Detroit papers publish the speeches in full and let the people judge for themselves? Echo answers, "Why?" When a dog show is held, a cock fight or a pugilistic encounter occurs within twenty-five miles of Detroit we will expect these great dailies to send reporters and artists to the scene and devote columns to giving an elaborate account of the educating (?) and elevating (?) events. Not until those bigoted papers that persist in suppressing everything that does not strictly conform with their old-time, stereotyped ideas; not until members of the different political parties can lay down their prejudices and step out of the party ranks long enough to view issues fairly and squarely, not until then, will our country prosper as it should. Different periods in the history of a nation require different measures, and we care not what party brings about these reforms so long as they are wrought.

**COUNCILS AND LIQUOR BONDS.**  
As it is likely that liquor bonds will soon be submitted to our council for their approval or disapproval, we give space to the following from the "Guide,"—a monthly journal published at Kalamazoo, devoted to legal news and public affairs, and which is recognized authority—touching upon the subject:  
"The question has frequently been asked as to the extent of the power of common councils of villages and cities in accepting and rejecting bonds offered by persons intending to engage in the liquor traffic. The letter from a correspondent in another column voices the general desire for information on this subject. A great many people seem to think that if the bond is in legal form, and is properly executed by the principal and sureties, and if the latter justify as to their responsibility in writing and under oath, such justification being endorsed on the back of the bond, as required by law, that a council is bound to accept the bond, and permit the proposed business to be carried on. It is safe to say, that under the general tax law, and in the absence of all special provisions in the charter and ordinances, that the council has full power to reject the bond on the ground that it is not satisfied with the financial responsibility of the sureties. But it cannot base the right to reject on the ground that the location of the proposed saloon is not suitable, or that the character and standing of the would-be saloon keeper are objectionable. In other words, the mere fact that the sureties make oath as to their responsibility, does not make it incumbent on the council to accept the bond. If, upon investigation, the council is not satisfied with the sureties and their responsibility, it is within the discretionary power of the council to reject the bond, and require others who will be satisfactory. Township boards of course possess the same powers in this regard. The exercise of this right has been directly affirmed by the supreme court of this state, as will be seen by an examination of the case of McHenry vs. Tp. Board of Chippewa, 31 N. W. Rep. 602, (65 Mich. 9), and the cases there cited."

In reply to the question, "In the case of an incorporated village, is it essential that sureties live within the corporate limits of the village?" the Guide says:  
"The sureties on a liquor dealer's bond must be male residents and freeholders of the village in which it is proposed to carry on the business; but in the case of a druggist's bond, residence and ownership of real estate anywhere in the county is sufficient."

The ENTERPRISE does not publish the foregoing thinking to "post" our council on the subject, but that readers generally may have an idea of the law in regard to liquor bonds.

"The Progress of the World" of the April Review of Reviews contains a timely discussion of the question why the English game of politics is more exciting than the American game. This question is suggested anew by the resignation of Mr. Gladstone and the intense interest aroused by that episode among Americans, to the partial neglect of Washington politics. Other topics covered in "Progress of the World" are, the Seigniorage bill, filibustering in Congress, the outlook for bimetallism, the Wilson bill in the Senate, Louisiana and free sugar, the Senate report on Hawaii, the triumph of the Brazilian republic, the Bluefields incident, the prosecution of election crimes, the present position of the Democratic and Republican parties, the fight against the House of Lords,

the Russo-German commercial treaty, the services of the late Dr. Poole of Chicago, the death of Louis Kossuth, and many matters of international interest.

## School Report.

Report of school taught in District No. 2, Elkland, for the month beginning March 5 and ending March 30, 1894:

Number of days taught..... 20  
Number of pupils enrolled..... 46  
Average daily attendance..... 30.9

The following have been present every day during the month: Maggie Davis, Hattie Wilkinson, Neil Blair, Mary Schwegler, Archy and Byron Law, Verner Bird and John Ross. Absent one day: Ora Bird, Bennie Schwegler, Lizzie Marshall, Mary McDonald, Birdie Marshall and Freddie Jans. Absent two days: Ethel and Viola Martin, John Jans and Arthur Helwig.

JENNIE A. WATSON,  
Teacher.

## I'LL TELL YOU

If you want to escape the rigorous Michigan winters, move to Virginia, where you will find splendid climate and excellent soil. Land can be purchased at astonishingly low prices, situated in the heart of a northern settlement and in close proximity to churches, school houses and stores. Just the locality for early truck farming. Excellent transportation facilities for your produce, both by rail and water. Round trip tickets to Virginia points have been placed on sale at very low rates for those desiring to view these lands. For prices and location of land, ticket rates and rates on household goods address

E. R. DAVIDSON,  
Nor. Pass. Agent C. H. V. & T. Ry.,  
80 Henry St. Detroit, Mich.  
W. H. FISHER, G. P. T. A.,  
Columbus, Ohio. 4-62

**Specimen Cases.**  
S. H. Clifford, New Castle, Wis., was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepard, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve and his leg is sound and well.

John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle of Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at Fritz's.

## A Household Treasure.

D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house on his family, as always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it if procurable. G. A. Dykeman, Druggist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years, and it has never failed to do what is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested. Trial bottles free at T. H. Fritz's Drug Store. Regular size 60c. and \$1.

## Bucklen's Arnica Salve

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

Did you see the Epworth League stationery at the ENTERPRISE office? Leagueurs should not be without it.

Office of  
J. F. Greer,  
County Judge,  
Green Cove Springs, Clay Co.,  
Fla., May 23d, 1891.

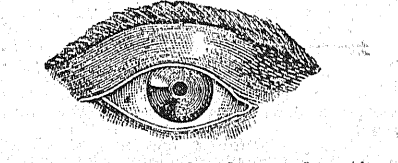
Gentlemen:  
Twenty-three years ago I was attacked with inflammatory rheumatism. I was attended by the most eminent physicians in the land. I visited the great Saratoga Springs, N. Y., and the noted Hot Springs at Arkansas, and many other watering places, and always consulting with the local physician for directions; finally came to Florida ten years ago.

About two years ago I had a severe attack of rheumatism, was confined to my room for twelve weeks and during the time I was induced to try P. P. P. (Pearly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium), knowing that each ingredient was good for impurities of the blood. After using two small bottles I was relieved. At four different times since I had slight attacks and I have each time taken two small bottles of P. P. P. and been relieved and I consider it the best medicine of its kind.

Respectfully,  
J. F. GREER.

## DO YOU KNOW

That no person is capable of treating the



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

## Hendrick & Anker

Examine 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

## Improperly Fitting Glasses.

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 Jewelry 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.

**HENDRICK & ANKER,**  
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS.

## LOOK + LOOK

A T

## MY NEW STOCK OF

**Spring Dry Goods,  
Boots and Shoes,  
Shelf Hardware,  
Pumps and Gas Pipe,  
Garden and Field Seeds,  
June Clover Seed.**

3 STORY BRICK. **J. L. HITCHCOCK.**

## FIRES Should Not be Numerous

When water is so plenty and "hose" can be had at Laing & Janes' so cheaply, as follows:

Ladies' Cotton Hose, black, 8c. per pr. or 3 prs. for 25c.	Misses' Cotton hose, blk, 10c. per pr. " " " 15c. per pr. " " " 20c. per pr. " " " 25c. per pr. " " " 30c. per pr. " " " 35c. per pr. " " " 40c. per pr. " " " 45c. per pr. " " " 50c. per pr. " " " 55c. per pr. " " " 60c. per pr. " " " 65c. per pr. " " " 70c. per pr. " " " 75c. per pr. " " " 80c. per pr. " " " 85c. per pr. " " " 90c. per pr. " " " 95c. per pr. " " " 1.00 per pr. " " " 1.05 per pr. " " " 1.10 per pr. " " " 1.15 per pr. " " " 1.20 per pr. " " " 1.25 per pr. " " " 1.30 per pr. " " " 1.35 per pr. " " " 1.40 per pr. " " " 1.45 per pr. " " " 1.50 per pr. " " " 1.55 per pr. " " " 1.60 per pr. " " " 1.65 per pr. " " " 1.70 per pr. " " " 1.75 per pr. " " " 1.80 per pr. " " " 1.85 per pr. " " " 1.90 per pr. " " " 1.95 per pr. " " " 2.00 per pr. " " " 2.05 per pr. " " " 2.10 per pr. " " " 2.15 per pr. " " " 2.20 per pr. " " " 2.25 per pr. " " " 2.30 per pr. " " " 2.35 per pr. " " " 2.40 per pr. " " " 2.45 per pr. 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## THE BUGLE-CALL.

Bugler, bugler, what shall you blow  
Over the harvest and over the snow?  
Children are crying, "O give to us bread."  
Widows are languishing over their dead;  
Pity them, bugler, pity and blow  
Blessings and bounties wherever you go.

Bugler, bugler, where shall you lead?  
Into the mansions of money and greed,  
Into the parlors where pleasure is king,  
Into the mans where the multitudes win?  
Sound the swift summons that none may say  
Nay?  
"The poor you have always: rise, help them  
today."

Bugler, bugler, what shall you blow?  
Songs that have thrilled in the face of the foe  
Songs that shall trob in the heart and the  
brain,  
While our brave banners go flying again—  
Flying unfurled in the marches of peace:  
Blow, blithely, bugler, and give us increase!

Bugler, bugler, war is away,  
Play up the songs of a happier day:  
Many there sleep who went marching with you,  
Under the daisies and under the dew;  
Rally, O bugler, rally us to play  
Honor to those who are passing away!

Bugler, bugler, what shall you blow?  
Cheers for our heroes wherever they go,  
Cheers for their deeds, for their sorrows a  
tear.  
Safe in our hearts be the things they hold dear!  
Bugler, bugler, this shall you blow,  
Over the harvest and over the snow!  
—LACE BROOKLINE SNIDERWOOD.

## The Great Hesper

BY FRANK BARRETT.

### CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"But he did not take account of the fact that the door by which the girl enters the house is at the back of the right block, and that the stairs by which she would ascend to the first floor bring her to the landing between Sir Edmund's room and Miss Lascelle's. Thus, though carrying out her father's instructions to the letter, she must inevitably make her attempt upon Miss Lascelle's room and not upon yours. Look at your plan."

"I follow you perfectly well," I said, astonished by the ingenuity of his explanation, which had made a perfectly incredible supposition possible—nay, for the moment, probable. I was forced to admit that this explanation was feasible, yet I could not believe that Lola, who seemed sincerely attached to me, would consent to aid in my ruin merely at the instigation of her father, whose authority she habitually disregarded. I said this to Van Hoesck.

"It is because she is attached to you—because she loves you," he replied, with emphasis, "that she would readily enter into her father's project to rob you of the diamond. The diamond is her enemy—it has separated you from her, and placed you side by side with Miss Lascelles, for whom she has manifested a jealous hatred from the very first. What could be more gratifying to her savage disposition than to take away the diamond that has created this difference between you and her, and reduce you to once more to her level. It is the only hope she can have of getting you away from Miss Lascelles, and restoring the former condition of equality upon which your companionship with her rested."

"Again I was compelled to admit the force of Van Hoesck's argument. "But why," I asked, "should Brace trust such a perilous undertaking to his daughter?"

"For an obvious reason," he replied. "If you caught her in the act of robbing, you would not raise your hand against her; if you caught him, you would blow his brains out. For her you would find excuse; for him none."

"In this there was truth also. "Talking that," he continued, "what arms do you keep about you for defense?"

"None," I replied. "I thought so. Take this," he said, drawing a long clasp-knife from his breast-pocket. He showed the spring with which the narrow blade opened, and the catch which locked it at the back of the horn handle, and made me promise to close it, or my defense, no matter who attacked me. I also promised to close my window, which I habitually kept open at night, and to secure the fastening of that, as well as the door, before going to bed. Finally he exacted that I should once more inclose the Hesper in the leather case and strap it to my wrist the last thing at night."

The Judge did not return until dusk. He was untroubled, and his general appearance indicated a pursuit through rough and thorny ways. "I have seen the Kid," he said; "but she would not listen to reason; and not being afeared of spilling her clothes, she naturally got the best of the argument, and played it low down on her father."

He advocated starving her into better behavior, and would have the door closed to cut off her communication with the dairy, but Miss Lascelles would not listen to this; she would not yield to fear, and declined to change her room or alter her ordinary habits.

When night came Van Hoesck said to me, after we had separated from the rest—

"This is no time for sleep, Thorne; we must watch through the night, whether you like it or not, if it is only for Miss Lascelle's sake."

I readily agreed to this and for an hour we walked on a part of the lawn from which I could see Edith's window. Then the rain which had been drizzling for some time, fell heavily and forced us to go in. I might have been occupied with speculation for half an hour or more when I heard a scream of terror that I could not doubt came from the wing in which Edith lay. In an instant I opened the door and ran through the corridor. The doors in the picture gallery were open. As I drew aside the curtains which closed in the staircase corridor of the left wing, I saw Sir Edmund come from his room with a lamp. The door of Edith's room exactly faced his; it was wide open; all was dark within.

"What is it, my dear, what is it?" he called, as he entered the room.

There was no answer. I followed to the door. Sir Edmund was standing by the bed looking around him in blank dismay. "She is gone," he gasped. "The door was wide open—"

The bed stood away from the wall. I bade Sir Edmund look on the further side.

There was scarcely room for him to pass between the foot of the bed and the wall, but as he lowered the light, he said, in quick alarm:

"She is here—unconscious—ring the bell for the women."

I ran to the bell and rang it violently; then from the stairs in the cross-gallery I called to the servants to come down. In the meanwhile Sir Edmund had raised Edith and placed her on the bed, where she lay like one dead.

The housekeeper told me to leave the room. I went to the door, and stood there trembling from head to foot.

There was a long period of terrible suspense, and then I heard the dear voice murmur, and my heart bounding with joy, I ventured forward that I might see the life once more in her beautiful face. Sir Edmund stopped me on the threshold.

"Thank God!" he said fervently, "she has come back to us; but the women say she must be kept quiet. Go back to your room, my dear fellow, and we will talk it all over at breakfast time. Good night, good-night."

### CHAPTER VIII.

Ignorant of what had occurred in Edith's room before her cry for help, I paced my room, thinking how terrible the fright must have been that made her faint a second time, and despite her belief in the unreality of these mysterious appearances.

"Your turn will come," Van Hoesck had said to me, and these words came back to my mind. I asked myself if the repeated attacks upon Edith might not be part of a complicated scheme to obtain the diamond. Such a plot was the more possible because it seemed impossible. An act of larceny succeeds or not, according to the skill with which the conjurer fixes our attention on a false train of operations while he works out the actual feat. As I made these reflections, I took the Great Hesper from the pouch on my waist strap, and buckled it in its case upon my left wrist; then I doubly locked the door, so that there was no match beside it on the table, and finally opened the long-bladed knife Van Hoesck had given me, and stuck it between the mattress and the side of the bedstead.

The room was thickly carpeted and oak-paneled. The furniture—with the exception of the toilet arrangements and a low, saddle-backed chair—was antique and of oak. The bedstead was particularly wide, with four carved pillars carrying a baldachin and heavy curtains of some thick broadcloth stuff, looped at the foot, but hanging loose at the head; it faced the oriel.

Between the right side of the bed and the wall was a square table—on which stood the lamp—with the saddle-back chair beside it. On the left-hand side of the bed was a tall carved black press. A large chimney, with a sculptured mantel and an open hearth, faced the door. A screen shut off the washstand, which stood to the left of the oriel. A broad settle with a valance, and covered with a stuff similar to the hangings of the bed, ran around the three-sided recess formed by the window—curtains of the same kind shut off this recess. A corner cabinet, with folding-doors in the lower part, fitted the angle of the walls to the right; between this and the door was a deep, wide, and long chest, and above it a large mirror. An escritoire, a high-backed chair, and a set table, completed the furniture. There was no door but the one open upon the corridor, and no window save the oriel.

In the early part of the night I described these particulars to Hoesck, at his request, and he made me examine the press, the chest, the hangings of the bed, the settle; everything, in fact, which might afford a hiding-place to I or another.

I had even gone down upon my knees, and looked under the bed to appease his anxiety. And yet no vague uneasiness possessed me, no raised the lamp shade, and looked round the room. The dark oak wall, the somber hangings, the pain ceiling overhead, absorbed the light, and the black void on the opposite side of the bed, where the light from the lamp was intercepted by curtains; I could not see even outline of the great press.

I readjusted the shade, turned wick higher, and, half undressed threw myself upon the bed. I was not afraid—in strength I was a man for any natural foe, and I did not yet lie in the existence of any other yet I felt myself infected with Hoesck's presentiment of calamity.

It was well suited for a that bed, with its pall-like to conceal the lurking murder. Tic-tac, tic-tac, tic-tac tic-tac.

My ear had become so far the brisk movement of it that the slightest sound was above it. And a sound slight I heard. To my mind, dwelling th assassins, it sounded like the shing of a dagger from its scabbard. Turning my head toward from which the sound seemed to come, I fancied I saw the he tain move; it was between the lamp. The movement

slight as the sound. If it was a fact that I heard one, it was a fact that I saw the other.

I drew myself up gradually, and leaning forward, I suddenly lunged back the curtain with my left hand; there was no resistance to my hand; nothing to be seen beyond but the lamp burning steadily on the table the saddle-back chair, and the dim outline of the big chimney-piece.

I got upon my knees, and pushed the curtain flat against the wall, to be sure that there could be no possibility of anyone concealed in the heavy folds—to assure myself that my suspicions were utterly without foundation.

This end of the room was comparatively light, and the saddle-back chair was so placed as to preclude the possibility of anyone hiding beyond it.

If the curtain had indeed moved, it must have been by a hand under the bed. It was easier to believe that I had been mistaken in seeing the light movement than to suppose I had overlooked a concealed thief when I looked under the bed to satisfy Van Hoesck; so I let the curtain fall, and sat down again.

My thoughts still dwelt upon the idea of assassination. Setting aside the idea of an intrigue in which Lola was concerned, there was yet nothing preposterous in Van Hoesck's presentiment. There were eight or ten servants in the house, and undoubtedly everyone of them knew of the marvelous treasure in my keeping. They would tell their friends in the adjacent village, the keepers, the tradespeople—in a few days the story would be carried about and made known to hundreds; and was there none among them whose cupidity might take practical form?

It was quite possible that under this very roof there was one with the ingenuity and daring to plan and execute the robbery. A servant intimately acquainted with the arrangement of the rooms and the peculiarities of the building would probably know of the external means of communication between the bay and the oriel windows. Without this knowledge, no one, it seemed to me, would dare to attempt the passage at night and in the dark; but with that knowledge, and possibly some previous practice, the feat was sufficiently practicable. In that case, Edith might actually have seen what she had since attributed to imagination.

A cause is sometimes discovered by examining the effect. Now what effect had been produced by these attacks? The first had frightened Edith excessively; the second—for only to a second fright could I attribute her scream of terror—had brought her father and myself from our rooms. Instantly something like the truth flashed upon my mind:

To bring me from my room was the very object with which an attack upon Edith had been made.

Unriddling the mystery with this key, I assumed that the thief had watched me close the door upon Van Hoesck and return to my room; that, after securing me sufficient time to get into bed, but not to fall into sound sleep, he had made the attack upon Edith, opening her door beforehand to provide a speedy means of escape and to allow her cry to be more distinctly heard; that, having succeeded in terrifying her, he had sped down the stairs in the left block, passed through the library and dining-room, and ascended by the stairs in the right block about the same time that I might be supposed to have reached Edith's room, and that, reckoning upon my keeping the Great Hesper under my pillow, and leaving it there in my alarm upon Edith's account, he had expected to have possessed himself of a treasure. If what I thus assumed was the fact, then indeed this plan might have succeeded.

"Alice Carneal, the dam of Lexington, when mated with Boston, was an unsuccessful race mare. She was fast, but possessed a highly wrought, nervous organization. No matter how carefully she was prepared for an event when taken to the track on which she was to run she lost her appetite, broke out in a profuse sweat, and lost her form. Nevertheless, she produced, all in all, the greatest race horse bred on American soil. Her high-strung, nervous organization was a happy 'nick' for the sluggish blood. Tom Bowling, the son of Lexington and grandson of Boston, had all the speed of the great family and all of their vices. It took four men, two on each side, to get him on the track, to begin with. When turned loose he would try to crush his rider's legs against the railing. Forced from one railing, he would work his way over to another; if foiled, he would attempt to tear with his teeth his rider from his seat. He was a hard horse to get off. McGrath, his owner, used to say to me: 'Blackburn, if he is anywhere near prepared to go drop the flag and let him take his chances.' Nine times out of ten he would get off, whether he faced the field or not, as soon as he saw they were moving, and it was, indeed, a great field of horses that he could not catch before they had rounded the first turn. Unlike most of the Boston blood, he rarely needed whip or spur to urge him to run up to his limit. In the stable Bowling was a savage."

"He killed or mutilated three men, and in his old age was sold for \$60. When so old that he was a mere shadow of his former self he

## THE KING OF THE TURF.

BOSTON, MOST FAMOUS RACE-HORSE OF HIS TIME.

Peculiarities of the High-Spirited Sire of Lexington and Other World-Beaters—Every Morning for a Year He Had to Be Helped to Rise.

An interesting and instructive conversation with an almost any topic is Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky. On the subject of the blood horse, to his admirers, he is fascinating. The Blackburns have bred running horses for generations, and have imported several famous stallions and mares. Blackburn's Whip, Shark, Lance, Woodpecker, Boston, Edgemoor, Gray Eagle, Wagner and numerous other old-time thoroughbreds were either owned by the older Blackburn or made seasons at his plantation.

It was the Blackburns of Kentucky, the Bowies of Maryland, the Hamptons of South Carolina, and the Johnstons, Bottses and Doswells of Virginia who laid broad and deep the foundations on which rest the modern blood horse of the United States. These gentlemen invested their money liberally, took great pains in importing costly animals from England in sailing vessels, and frequently met severe losses by storm and shipwreck. Senator Blackburn can vividly recall some of the old-time thoroughbreds.

"The great Boston," remarked the senator, reflectively, while seated in a group of notable lovers of the horse, "died in my father's stable. I well remember the morning he died. I was a lad at the time. I went to the stable as usual and found it locked. I heard 'Old Milo,' the groom, inside, and after pounding on the door with considerable force, it was swung open just far enough to admit me. I was no sooner in than Milo was out and the door locked on me. As soon as I took in the surroundings I was as scared a boy as you ever saw. Boston had just died, and the walls of the stable were bespattered with his blood. I yelled lustily to be let out. Finally Milo released me, much to my relief.

"Boston had been ailing for some time more the result of old age than any specific disease. The immediate cause of his death, however, was pneumonia. Boston was not a sweet-tempered horse, and his get, to the remotest generation, partake, more or less, of his sulky temper. Lexington, his greatest son, was very much like him in temper. Even when old and sightless, you entered his paddock, he would lay back his ears, bare his teeth, and make for you.

"Boston was a sluggish horse, and frequently had to be punished to make him run up to his full limit. Sometimes, if punished, he would not run at all; that is, he would kick. At other times he would hang at the post until he saw the field was well off, when suddenly he would wheel and make chase. He could generally overhaul a field before it had gone a mile. He was a four miler, not a four furlong horse. He frequently ran a race of eleven miles and doubtless could have run twenty if specially prepared for the distance.

"For one year before Boston died he had to be helped to rise in the morning by a squad of slaves. While being groomed he was very ugly. Milo was a giant in size and strength, but I had seen the old horse seize him in the back when he was cleaning his forelegs and toss him out of the stable door. After he was lifted up each morning and cleaned and his blood got fairly into circulation, Milo would put a boy on his back and send him out for his regular exercise. The bones of Boston and those of the progenitors of the great racing families of to-day, lie under the sod on the old plantation or are buried on the one adjoining Boston, but I had seen the old horse seize him in the back when he was cleaning his forelegs and toss him out of the stable door. After he was lifted up each morning and cleaned and his blood got fairly into circulation, Milo would put a boy on his back and send him out for his regular exercise. 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W. J. CLOAKEY.

**Our Churches.**

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"The Difference Between Law and Grace" will be E. Rushbrook's subject Sunday, April 8th, at 3 p. m.

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**BAPTIST CHURCH.**

The regular monthly meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society, of the Baptist Church, will be held at the residence of Mrs. McGregory, Wednesday afternoon next, April 11th, at 3 p. m. The members are particularly requested to

Mr. Rothernal, of Elkton, was in town Tuesday on business.

6c. No work done by the month.  
S. CHAMPION.

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