

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

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CASS CITY, MICHIGAN

At last a sea serpent has ventured near enough to man to have had his tail cut off with a broad ax. Unfortunately the severed tail wriggled from captivity back into the uncomfortable deep, but for the instruction of doubters the broad ax can be placed in evidence at any time.

It is evident that the revival of business has not yet struck the royalties. Lilluokalan is trying to sell her birthright for \$20,000, King Behanzin is in jail at St. Pierre, Martinique, and King Malletto is racing through the underbrush with several hundred insurgents a short length behind. The sultan of Johore has not been heard from lately, but at last account he was wandering around London disguised as a second trombone trying to evade a deputy sheriff who wants to serve him with papers in another breach of promise suit. Altogether it has been a hard winter on the king industry, and our old friend Lo Bengula seems to have come off luckier than most of his fellow reigners. He is dead.

The principal of a boy's academy in Middletown, N. Y., has inaugurated the policy of having jury trials in which the pupils shall be the jurors in all cases of offences against school discipline. The young men are thus given some practical experience in deciding as to the weight of evidence. In the first case the jury unanimously voted a verdict of acquittal. In the next a verdict of guilty was rendered, and a severe punishment was recommended. The experience gained in jury duty is undoubtedly educational in its effects, and the young men from the Middletown school will in after life be better fitted for jury duty than are the majority of those on whom it is imposed only after they become grown men.

A woman of Dunkirk, New York, in a hurry to move into weeds, sent for the undertaker while her husband was still dying. When the front door-bell rang in response to her summons and she answered the call, she found the man of woe just adjusting several yards of black crape to it. "Wait awhile," she exclaimed interrupting his work, "Henry isn't dead yet, but he can't last long. Come in and take off your coat; he won't keep you waiting long." The undertaker complied, but his candidate, like Charles II., was an unconscionable long time dying, and so he did up his emblems of woe and took his departure. The wife did not become a sure enough widow till the next day. The whistling of the funeral barked meats set forth the marriage feast.

Ah, ha! The bicycle rider gets his rights at last. Justice Wheeler of Chicago, says that wagons must go around bicyclists. This puts things on the proper basis. It has long been conceded that the pedestrian has no rights that the cyclist is bound to respect. He must run for his life when the shrill blast of the whistle announces the approach of the lordly wheelman. But hitherto there has been some difficulty in reducing cabmen, truck drivers and other stubborn plebeians to proper subjection. These persons have shown a disposition to contest the claim of the wheelman to sole and exclusive possession of the planet. Justice Wheeler has remedied all this. Henceforward no jehu may venture to stir so long as there is a bicycle in sight. This is well and proper. All that is now necessary is a decision forbidding railroad trains, cable cars and fire engines to dispute the right of way with the apostles of the whirling wheel. That will fix things just right.

The "Wizard of Menlo Park," whose other name is Edison, is reported to have come to the conclusion that sleep is entirely unnecessary and may be wholly eliminated from physical economy by the use of electricity. This idea, if sleep has been only a necessity because the methods of maintaining an artificial light have been so crude and imperfect that man has sought sleep simply to get rid of the use of the tallow candle, the whale-oil lamp or the flickering pine knot. Now he has come with his electric light and proposes to restore man to his pristine condition of sleeplessness, when the victim of insomnia will be able to poke jokes at his sleep neighbor. It is probable that Edison's success with his sleep annihilator will be equal to that of the man who put green goggles on his horse's eyes and filled his manger with fine shavings, but just as he was ready to announce the success of his experiment in feeding horses the brute upon which he practiced died of starvation. So Mr. Edison's man will die from exhaustion just about the time he has learned to live without sleep.

A man in Washington who stole \$40,000 has been sentenced to jail for four years, but is out on bond. A San Francisco man not long ago stole forty cents and is serving a term of twenty years. It is all in the method and the size of the haul.

The book that was made the vehicle for smuggling a \$4,000 bracelet to the daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan was Moody's sermons on "The Higher Life." In the higher life there will be neither marriage nor smuggling for marriage.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

DR. TALMAGE TALKS ABOUT HOME RELIGION.

Love Is the Corner-Stone of the Family Structure—The Christian Home Is Likened to a Kingdom of Joy and Gladness.

BROOKLYN, April 15.—In the great audience which assembled in the Brooklyn tabernacle this forenoon, were many strangers. Rev. Dr. Talmage chose for the subject of his sermon, "Home Religion," taking his text from Luke viii: 33: "Return to thine own house, and show how great things God hath done unto thee."

After a fierce and shipwrecking night, Christ and his disciples are climbing up the slaty shelving of the beach. How pleasant it is to stand on solid ground after having been tossed so long on the billows! While the disciples are congratulating each other on their marine escape, out from a dark, deep cavern on the Gadarene hills there is something swiftly and terribly advancing. Is it an apparition? Is it a man? Is it a wild beast? It is a mania who has broken away from his keepers, perhaps a few rays on his person, and fragments of stout shackles which he has wrenched off in terrific paroxysm. With wild yell and bleeding wounds of his own laceration, he flies down the hill.

Back to the boats, ye fishermen, and put out to sea, and escape assassination. But Christ stands his ground; so do the disciples; and as this flying fury, with gnashing teeth and uplifted fists, dashes at Christ, Christ says, "Hands off! Down at my feet, thou poor sufferer," and the demoniac drops harmless, exhausted, worshipful. "Away, ye devils!" commanded Christ, and the 2,000 fiends which had been tormenting the poor man are transferred to the 2,000 swine which go to sea with their accursed cargo.

The restored demoniac sits down at Christ's feet and wants to stay there. Christ says to him practically, "Do not stop; you have a mission to execute; wash off the filth and the wounds in the sea; smooth your disheveled locks; put on decent apparel and go straight to your desolated home, and tell your wife and children that you will no more frighten them, and no more do them harm; that you are restored to reason, and that I, the Omnipotent Son of God, am entitled hereafter to the worship of your entire household. Return to thine own house, and show how great things God hath done unto thee."

Yes, the house, the home is the first place where our religious gratitude ought to be demonstrated. In the outside world we may seem to have religion when we have it not; but the home tests whether our religion is genuine or a sham. What makes a happy home?

Well, one would say a house with great wide halls, and antlered deer-heads, and parlors with sculpture and bric-a-brac, and dining hall with easy chair and plenty of light and engravings of game on the wall, and sleeping apartments commodious and adorned. No. In such a place as that, gigantic wickedness has sometimes dwelt, while some of you look back to your father's house, where they read their Bible by the light of a tallow candle. There were no carpets on the floor save those made from the rags which your mother cut night by night, you helping wind them into a ball, and then sent to the weaver who brought them to shape under his slow shuttle. Not a luxury in all the house. But you can not think of it this morning without a tearful and grateful emotion. You and I have found out that it is not rich tapestry, or gorgeous architecture, or rare art that makes a happy home.

The six wise men of Greece gave prescriptions for a happy home. Solon says a happy home is a place where a man's estate was gotten without injustice, kept without disquietude, and spent without repentance. Chilo says that a happy home is the place where a man rules as a monarch of a kingdom. Bias says that a happy home is a place where a man does voluntarily what by law he is compelled to do abroad. But you and I, under a grander light, give a better prescription: a happy home is a place where the kindness of the Gospel of the Son of God has full swing.

While I speak this morning there is knocking at your front door, if he be not already admitted, one whose locks are wet with the dew of the night, who would take your children into his arms, and would throw upon your nursery, and your sleeping apartments, and your drawing-room, and your entire house a blessing, that will make you rich while you live, and be an inheritance to your children after you have done the last day's work for their support, and made for them the last prayer. It is the illustrious one who said to the man of my text, "Return to thine own house, and show how great things God hath done unto thee." Now, in the first place, we need religion in our domestic duties.

Every housekeeper needs great grace. If Martha had had more religion she would not have rushed with such bad temper to scold Mary in the presence of Christ. It is no small thing to keep order, and secure cleanliness, and mend breakages, and achieve economy, and control all the affairs of the household advantageously. Expenses which run up, store bills will come in twice as large as you think they ought to be, furniture will wear out, carpets will unravel, and the martyrs of the fire are very few in comparison with the martyrs of housekeeping. Yet there are hundreds of people in this church this morning who in their homes are managing all these affairs with a composure, an adroitness, an ingenuity, and a faithfulness which they never could have reached but for the grace

of our practical Christianity. The exasperations which wear out others have been to you spiritual development and sanctification. Employments which seemed to relate only to an hour have on them all the grandeur of eternal history.

You need the religion of Christ in the discipline of your children. The rod which in other homes may be the first means used, in yours will be the last. There will be no harsh epithets—"you knave, you villain, you scoundrel, I'll thrash the life out of you, you are the worst child I ever knew." All that kind of chastisement makes thieves, pickpockets, murderers and the outlaws of society. That parent who in anger strikes his child across the head, deserves the penitentiary. And yet this work of discipline must be attended to. God's grace can direct us. Alas for those who come to the work with fierce passion and recklessness of consequences. Between severity and laxity there is no choice. Both ruinous and both destructive. But there is a healthful medium which the grace of God will show to us.

Then we need the religion of Christ to help us in setting a good example. Cowper said of the oak: "Time was when settled on thy leaf a fly could shake thee to the root. Time has been when tempest could not." In other words, your children are very impressionable just now. They are alert; they are gathering impressions you have no idea of. Have you not been surprised sometimes, months or years after some conversation, which you supposed was too profound or intricate for them to understand—some question of the child demonstrated the fact that he knew all about it?

Your children are apt to think that what you do is right. They have no ideal of truth or righteousness but yourself. Things which you do knowing at the time to be wrong, they take to be right. They reason this way: "Father always does right. Father did this. Therefore this is right." That is good logic, but bad premises. No one ever gets over having had a bad example set him. Your conduct more than your teaching makes impression. Your laugh, your frown, your dress, your walk, your greetings, your goodbyes, your comings, your goings, your habits at the table, the tones of your voice, are making an impression which will last a million years after you are dead, and the sun will be extinguished, and the mountains will crumble, and the world will die, and eternity will roll on in perpetual cycles, but there will be no diminution of the force of your conduct upon the young eyes that saw it or the young ears that heard it.

Now I would not have by this idea given to you that you must be in cold reserve in the presence of your children. You are not emperor; you are companion with them. As far as you can, you must walk with them, skate with them, fly kite with them, play ball with them, show them you are interested in all that interests them. Spensissip, the nephew and successor of Plato in the academy, had pictures of joy and gladness hung all around the school-rooms. You must not give your children the impression that when they come to you they are playful ripples striking against a rock. You must have them understand that you were a boy once yourself, that you know a boy's hilarities, a boy's temptations, a boy's ambition—yes, that you are a boy yet. You may deceive them and try to give them the idea that you are some distant supernatural effulgence and you may show them off by your rigorous behavior, but the time will come when they will find out the deception and they will have for you utter contempt.

Aristotle said that a boy should begin to study at 17 years of age; before that his time should be given to recreation. I can not adopt that theory. But this suggests a truth in the right direction. Childhood is too brief, and we have not enough sympathy with its sportfulness. We want divine grace to help us in the adjustment of all these matters.

Besides that, how are your children ever to become Christians if you yourself are not a Christian? I have noticed that however worldly and sinful parents may be, they want their children good. When young people have presented themselves for admission into our membership I have said to them, "Are your father and mother willing you shall come?" and they have said, "Oh yes; they are delighted to have us come; they have not been in church for ten or fifteen years, but they will be here next Sabbath to see me baptized." I have noticed that parents, however worldly, want their children good.

So it was demonstrated in a police court in Canada, where a mother, her little child in her arms—sat by a table on which her own handkerchiefs lay, and the little babe took up the handkerchiefs and played with them, and had great glee. She knew not the sorrow of the hour. And then when the mother was sent to prison, the mother cried out, "Oh God, let not this babe go into the jail. Is there not some mother here who will take this child? It is good enough for heaven. It is pure. I am wicked. Is there not some one who will take this child? I can not have it tainted with the prison. Then a brazen creature rushed up and said, "Yes, I'll take the child." "No, no," said the mother, "not you, not you. Is there not some good mother here who will take this child?" And then when the officer of the law in mercy and pity took the child to carry it away to find a home for it, the mother kissed it lovingly good-bye, and said, "Good-bye, my darling; it is better you should never see me again."

However worldly and sinful people are, they want their children good. How are you going to have them good? Buy them a few good books? Teach them a few excellent catechisms?

Bring them to church? That is all very well, but of little final result unless you do it with the grace of God in your heart. Do you not realize that your children are started for eternity? Are they on the right road? Those little forms that are now so bright and beautiful when they have seated in the dust there will be an immortal spirit living on in a mighty theater of action, and your faithfulness or your neglect now is deciding that destiny.

There is contention already among ministering spirits of salvation and fallen angels as to who shall have the mastery of that immortal spirit. Your children are soon going out in the world. The temptations of life will rush upon them. The most rigid resolution will bend in the blast of evil. What will be the result? It will require all the restraints of the gospel, all the strength of a father's prayer, all the influence of a Christian mother's example, to keep them.

You say it is too early to bring them. Too early to bring them to God? Do you know how early children were taken to the ancient Passover? The rule was just as soon as they could take hold of the father's hand and walk up Mount Moriah they should be taken to the Passover. Your children are not too young to come to God. While you sit here and think of them perhaps their forms now so bright and beautiful vanish from you, and their disembodied spirit rises, and you see it after the life of virtue or crime is past, and the judgment is given and eternity is here.

A Christian minister said that in the first year of his pastorate he tried to persuade a young mechanic of the importance of family worship. Some time passed, and the mechanic came to the pastor's study and said: "Do you remember that girl? That was my own child; she died this morning very suddenly; she has gone to God. I have no doubt, but if so, she has told him what I tell you now; that child never heard a prayer in her father's house—never heard a prayer from her father's lips. Oh if I only had her back again one day to do my duty! It will be a tremendous thing at the last day if some one shall say of us, 'I never heard my father pray; I never heard my mother pray.'"

Again I remark, we want religion in all our home sorrows. There are ten thousand questions that come up in the best regulated household that must be settled. Perhaps the father has one favorite in the family, the mother another favorite in the family, and there are many questions that need delicate treatment.

Tyranny and arbitrary decision have no place in a household. If the parents love God, there will be a spirit of self-sacrifice, and a spirit of forgiveness, and a kindness which will throw its charm over the entire household. Christ will come into that household and will say, "Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them; wives, see that you reverence your husbands; children, obey your parents in the Lord; servants, be obedient to your masters," and the family will be like a garden on a summer morning—the grass-plot, and the flowers, and the vines, and the arch of honeysuckle standing in the sunlight glittering with dew.

But then there will be sorrows that will come to the household. There are but few families that escape the stroke of financial misfortune. Financial misfortune comes to a house where there is no religion. They kick against divine allotments; they curse God for the incoming calamity, they withdraw from the world because they can not hold as high a position in society as they once did, and they fret, and they scowl, and they sorrow, and they die. During the past few years there have been tens of thousands of men destroyed by their financial distresses.

When a queen died, her three sons brought an offering to the grave. One son brought gold, another brought silver, but the third son came and stood over the grave and opened one of his veins and let the blood drop upon his mother's tomb, and all who saw it said it was the greatest demonstration of affection. My friends, what is the grandest gift we can bring to the sepulchres of a Christian ancestry? It is a life all consecrated to the God who made us and the Christ who redeemed us. I can not but believe that there are hundreds of parents in this house who have resolved to do their lifetime duty, and that at this moment they are passing into a better life, and having seen the grace of the gospel in this place to-day, you are now fully ready to return to your own house, and show what great things God has done unto you.

Though parents may in covenant be, And have their heaven in view; They are not happy till they see Their children happy too.

May the Lord God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, the God of our fathers be our God and the God of our children forever.

Nothing Lost by Being Polite.

A jaguar in one's path would seem to be as undesirable a guest as a lion, and it is hard to know how to treat it. A story is told of a South American Indian finding himself suddenly confronted with a fine specimen of a jaguar that stood right in his way only a few feet ahead. There was little time to think over the situation, and it would probably have been certain death to turn and flee.

PAT PUTS OUT THE FIRE.

Trained to Extinguish Small Blazes He Finally Saves His Owner's House.

A South Side young lady has a dog—a bull terrier—whose intelligence entitles him to honorable mention. This dog's name is Pat. He was originally christened Patrick McPhelim O'Leary Kilduff, in honor of a notable line of "terriers" from which he descended, but around the house he is known simply as Pat.

Now Pat has recently distinguished himself in a way that gives him a right to wear the badge of the Chicago fire department. His story, as his owner gives it to the Chicago Times, is this: Among the accomplishments in which Pat has been drilled, as a part of the liberal education to which every self-respecting dog is entitled, is that of extinguishing fire. He was first taught to put out the flames of a burning match by clapping his paw on it.

Then a bit of paper would be ignited and thrown at his feet, and the size of the paper was gradually increased until he was able to stop a conflagration that had enveloped a whole newspaper. It didn't matter how dry the newspaper was it could not burn fast enough to discourage Pat.

But dogs, like people may be clever without being useful. Pat seemed to realize this and to chafe under conditions that gave him no opportunity to earn his salary. But at length the opportunity came. One day the family went away from home and left the house in Pat's charge, while a carpenter was making some repairs in an upper chamber. When the carpenter had completed his work he departed, leaving Pat alone in the house. The remainder of the story is based on circumstantial evidence, but it is not the least trustworthy for that. The carpenter, who was an inveterate smoker, undoubtedly dropped a burning match or spark from his pipe as he was about to leave, and the pine shavings on the floor were soon in a blaze, with the prospect that the house would soon be in ashes. But Pat "stood on the burning deck, whence all but he had fled," and taking the situation in with a quick mental grasp that would have been a credit to Fire Marshal Swenie, he pounced upon the flames and soon had them under control, though not until he had been rightfully singed and had sustained one or two painful burns.

When the family returned the evidence of Pat's brave struggle to save the house was too plain to be mistaken.

Proof Positive.

A member of a well-known club in London lost his umbrella in the club, and was resolved to draw attention to the circumstance. He caused the following notice to be put up in the entrance hall: "The nobleman who took away an umbrella not his own on such a date is requested to return it." The committee took umbrage at this statement, and summoned the member who had composed it before them. "Why, sir," they said, "should you suppose that a nobleman had taken your umbrella?" "Well," he replied, "the first article in the club rules says that 'This club shall be composed of noblemen and gentlemen,' and since the person who stole my umbrella could not have been a gentleman, he must have been a nobleman.—Argonaut.

Meteorological Item.

"Do you have much Indian summer in Colorado?"

"Yes, we have a great deal more Indian summer than you do here in the East."

"I wonder why that is so?"

"Because we have more Indians, I reckon."

JESTS AND JOKELETS.

The Impecunious—It is just as easy to love a girl with money as to love one without it. The Heiress—But it isn't so easy to get her.

Binks—What a magnificent library you have! Winks—Yes. When I think of the pile of money I've sunk in that collection of books it makes me feel quite intellectual.

Little Girl—I wish I was a princess. Don't you wish you was a prince? Little Boy—No, I don't. "Why not?" "Cause a prince has to wear his Sunday clothes every day."

She—Do you really and truly love me, Harry? He—Love you? Why, I even have a fondness for that nuisance of a brother of yours. She—Oh, Harry! You have made me so happy!

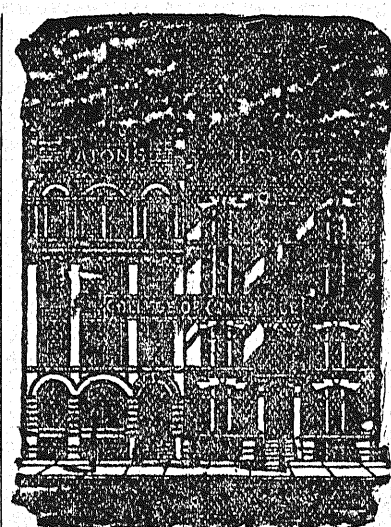
Mamma—Now Freddie, when you come to the table I want you to act like a little man. Freddie—Ah, what is the use of acting like a little man when you get served like a little boy?

"Mamma, dear," said Janet, at what time in the day was I born?" "At 2 o'clock in the morning." "And what time was I born?" asked Janet. "Not until 8 o'clock." "Ah," cried Janet, "my birthday's longer than yours."

"Well," said Jack, "what's the use of being born before it's time to get up?"

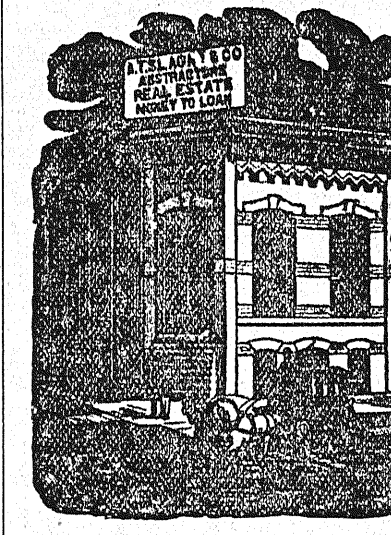
Preceptress—I think you might as well take your daughter out of our seminary, Mrs. Malap. Hardly a day passes that she doesn't make a faux pas that is the talk of the whole school. Mrs. Malap—Well, maybe, if she's got as far advanced along as making one a day, she probably don't need to stay in school any longer."

When a Williamsburg papa went home from the city a few evenings ago he found his five-year-old daughter in a state of great excitement. She bustled about full of a valuable secret and eager to be questioned; for an important domestic event had occurred in the house next door during the day. "What is the matter, Bessie?" asked the father. "Oh, papa!" she replied, "you can't guess who was born to-day!"



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MICHIGAN NEWS.

NEWS IN BRIEF FROM THE TWO PENINSULAS.

The Jury in the Case of Ex-Secretary of State Jochim Could Not Agree on a Verdict After Over Ten Hours' Deliberations—Other Briefs.

During the second day of the trial of ex-Secretary of State John W. Jochim, the prosecution sprang a great surprise by resting their side without producing any testimony of importance. Marcus Petersen and Frank Potter were called but were only asked a few unimportant questions. The prosecution refused to call Gov. Rich and several other witnesses to the stand, but the defense held that they should at least be produced in court. The defense produced a number of witnesses who testified as to Jochim's good reputation. Two or three other witnesses were examined on minor points. Then the defendant—John W. Jochim—was called. He swore that his first experience on the state canvass was upon the Richardson-Bell case in February, 1893; he then signed tabulated sheets prepared by clerks. His next sitting as a member of the board was April 20, 1893, and then he was told by his deputy—Lindholm—that the returns were not ready to sign. He never examined the original returns from the counties; did not in any way direct the work of his clerks in tabulating the returns. On May 16, 1893, he signed the return as the presence of Lindholm and Capt. Spencer; he did not verify their correctness, but signed them as Lindholm placed them before him; did not even know how many canvasses he signed; had no doubt as to their correctness; he had no intention of defrauding the state by accepting the increased salary and believed the amendment had carried. In the cross examination by the prosecution it was developed that he was densely ignorant as to the duties of the executive clerk and other employees and also as to his own duties. He did not know it was his duty to publish the election returns until he was shown a newspaper supplement in the grand jury with the published returns in his name. He learned afterward that his deputy attended to it. Jochim said he knew a crime had been committed, but where, when and by whom he did not know.

The two following days were taken up in the arguments of the attorneys. The jury disagreed. Ex-Secretary of State John W. Jochim does not yet know—legally—whether he is innocent or guilty of defrauding the state. Michigan by signing a fraudulent canvass of votes cast on a constitutional amendment to increase his salary to gether with the salaries of several other state officials. The case which attracted great attention throughout the state came to a close much sooner than was expected, but the result was a sorry disappointment to both sides.

Judge Person's charge to the jury was very clear and concise, occupying about three-quarters of an hour in its reading. It was fair and considerate. Judge Person said the duty of canvassing and correctly determining the result rested with three important state officers, whose duties, as defined by the statute, were given. He advised the jury that it was the personal duty of those officers to examine the tabulation. "The respondent," said the court, "is charged with making a false public record with intent to defraud. It stands admitted that he made a false record, but that may be true, and he still be innocent. Intent is the basis of guilt. Respondent made a false certificate. By virtue of that certificate money was illegally drawn from the state treasury. Did John W. Jochim intend to defraud the people when he signed the false record? If he believed it was correct then he cannot be found guilty."

The point in this case, it was said, is not a broad one. It is simply a question of intent. If Jochim's heart was right and he acted in good faith, he must be held to be innocent, but if his heart was dishonest or dishonorable, he must be held guilty. If the facts are consistent with the theory of innocence, acquittal must follow.

F. A. Baker asked the court to charge that the jury must determine whether Jochim signed the canvass, knowing it to be false, as alleged in the indictment. This was done, the court added, however, that if Jochim's heart was right, sign a true canvass, and purposely avoided an investigation in order not to defraud a false one, he is guilty. If a false record was made by intentional avoidance of an investigation, when it was suspected to be false, it was equivalent to a knowledge of its falsity.

It was exactly 9:30 o'clock a. m. when the jury was conducted to the jury room, and the crowd in court room soon vanished. At 3 p. m. word was sent out that the jury was in agreement, but Judge Person said he would like to have the jury deliberate farther. At 8:45 p. m. Judge Person mounted the bench and the jury was called in. In response to questions Foreman Armstrong said they could not reach an agreement; that the jury had stood six to six all day, and that the division was on a question of fact. Judge Person then dismissed the jury for the case and the term and adjourned court.

Dr. Chas. Norton, who keeps a drug store at Kilmory, was arrested and charged with selling liquor without a license. He gave bonds for his appearance at the next term of the circuit court. There will be an altercation against all saloonkeepers in Alcona county who neglect to pay their license after May 1.

Frank Leach was crushed to death by a rolling log at Niles. His body was terribly mangled. He was sawing one of a pile of logs where the ground is on an incline. The logs began to roll down hill, one of them passing over his body. He was 24 years old and was married a year ago.

The state military board in session at Detroit made a choice of a site for the encampment of the Michigan National Guard. Lansing, Owosso and Battle Creek had bids in the former offering a bonus of \$2,000. This bid captured the most votes and Lansing will get the encampment. It will be held on the Sweet farm of 110 acres, two miles from the capitol.

University Professor Dead.
Corydon L. Ford, M. D., LL. D., professor of anatomy and physiology in the University, died at Ann Arbor. He had recently handed in his resignation and the day before his death delivered his last lecture. On his way home he was stricken with apoplexy. He did not recover consciousness but quietly passed away.

Prof. Ford was born August 29, 1813, at Lexington, Greene county, N. Y. The deceased received his early education in the district schools. At seventeen years of age he commenced teaching school, which he continued for nine winters, thereby receiving the means to study medicine. On Jan. 25, 1842, he graduated from the Geneva Medical college and on that day received the appointment of full demonstrator of anatomy, which position he held for seven years. In June, 1854, he was appointed to a professorship of his favorite branch at the University of Michigan. The ability of the deceased was marked and in his prime he was considered the best lecturer on anatomy in the United States.

Dr. Ford left an estate estimated at \$250,000. His will bequeaths \$90,000 to the University of Michigan, the income to be used to purchase books for the general library and \$3,000 to the Students' Christian association. About \$7,000 is bequeathed to relatives. The remainder of the estate is to be divided among numerous religious and missionary associations of the Congregational denomination.

A Mysterious "Burglary" at Saginaw.
About \$2,000 worth of jewelry and a number of other valuables were taken from the safe of the Wells-Stein Mercantile company of Saginaw. The affair is shrouded in mystery, but Newell B. Parsons, manager of the concern, was arrested on suspicion of having something to do with the affair. He was arraigned and held under \$7,000 bail. The evidence against Parsons is mostly circumstantial, a policeman having seen huge volumes of smoke issuing from his chimney on the night of the theft, which smelled like burning paper and leather. Parsons was the only one who knew the combination of the lock.

Since the death of the partners of the firm Parsons has been practically in charge of the business, which is now known as the Michigan Mercantile company. The young man's social standing has given the affair a sensational interest that is added to by the air of mystery that the police throw around the matter. The jewelry belonged to the firm of Parsons and C. W. Stone and C. W. Wells. It is alleged that a check for \$5,000 which the company dishonor was paid by a Saginaw bank to Parsons.

Grand Receiver A. O. U. W. Has Skipped.
J. W. Wood, ex-treasurer of Calhoun county, and grand receiver of the A. O. U. W., has been missing since March 26. He left his house in Marshall, going to Battle Creek. Since that time nothing has been seen or heard of him. Not making his monthly report to the A. O. U. W., he was suspended, and his late partners, F. C. Stone and C. W. Wells, it is alleged that a check for \$5,000 which the company dishonor was paid by a Saginaw bank to Parsons.

The Little Cooper Lost.
The schooner Little Cooper was wrecked off Cheboygan, Wis., and Ed. Olsen, one of her crew was drowned. The Cooper tried to make port but was obliged to anchor outside. The waves kept sweeping over her deck, and at midnight the forecastle and mainmast were swept away and she began filling with water. At daylight, and before the life saving crew could respond to her signals of distress, the Cooper suddenly rolled over. Olsen was washed clear of the wreck and the crew of the schooner, the crew of the tugboat, Capt. Fred Lorenz and the balance of the crew managed to cling to the side of the upturned craft until the lifeboat reached the wreck. After a hard struggle all were rescued and safely landed at their life saving station. The schooner is a total wreck.

Arbor Day Proclamation.
Governor Rich has issued the following proclamation: "I hereby designate Friday, April 27, 1894, as Arbor Day. The proper observance of this day in the planting of trees, shrubs and flowers will result in beautifying and adorning our homes and highways and is most earnestly recommended. To inculcate a love of the beautiful in nature, should be a pleasant duty for the teachers in our public schools, and it is hereby recommended that the exercises in our schools upon that day be of such a character as will impress its beneficial object upon the minds of the pupils."

A Six-Year-Old Michigan Heroine.
A remarkable degree of presence of mind on the part of a 6-year-old girl is reported from Prescott. Little Olive Jones caught her foot between the planing and rail at a D. & C. A. crossing. A train was coming. She saw she could not get loose in time, so she placed the other foot outside the rail and leaned far over. After the first wheel had passed over the foot the little heroine got it past away out, after the second wheel she had no trouble in getting it clear, for it was only a pulp. Olive did not even faint, and will soon recover.

The barn of Abraham Badow, at An Gres, burned to the ground, consuming a cow, a heifer, and a yoke of oxen, besides hay and grain.

Honorable Harrison Geer, the well known politician and lawyer of Lapeer, has decided to remove to Detroit, where he will engage in corporation practice.

NEWS IN GENERAL.

GATHERED FROM EVERYWHERE AND BOILED DOWN.

A Million Dollar Fire at Buffalo and Probable Loss of at Least Twelve Workmen's Lives—Disastrous Storm off New Jersey's Coast.

The plant of the American Glucose company, burned. The loss will be about \$1,000,000. The insurance is \$585,000. The works of the company consisted of an 11-story brick building used for the manufacture of glucose and starch, an eight-story brick building used as a power house and as a place for making the cattle feeding product, an eight-story brick building used as a refinery and an eight-story store house. The fire was discovered in the dynamo room of the main building shortly after 7 p. m. by the engineer. In 10 minutes the whole 11 floors were on fire, flames were bursting through the windows and darting from the roof and half an hour later the building was destroyed. The four house was completely destroyed. The refinery and the storehouse went next and by 11 o'clock there was nothing left of the mammoth establishment but a few tottering walls. The glucose works was owned and controlled by C. J. Hamlin, the famous trotting horseman and his sons.

There were perhaps 125 men at work. It is known that some of the men escaped by the fire escape and some by the roof. A great many men were at work on the upper floors, and it is feared that some were cremated. Four were badly hurt in jumping.

LARKIN. The full extent of loss of life by burning of the American Glucose works is still uncertain. About eighty men were at work in the building when the fire broke out, but how many escaped and who among them perished cannot yet be determined.

Inquiries have been made by relatives for twelve workmen who are missing and supposed to have been burned or crushed to death. The loss, although over-estimated in the early reports, is still larger than the city has experienced in fifty years. It is now estimated that the loss to the glucose works proper will not exceed \$600,000.

\$15,000 For Miss Pollard.
At last the end has come to the odorous breach of promise case brought by Miss Madeline Pollard against Congressman W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, at Washington, D. C. The vile, disgusting testimony brought in by the various witnesses of all degrees, from the keeper of a cold house of ill-fame to the widow of a member of congress and the prominent defendant, has been thrust before the people of the whole country in the daily press. The hot-blooded southern lawyers had contended for his bearing through the entire hearing, gave a very pointed charge to the jury, bearing principally upon the point that sentiment, public opinion or a public wrong had nothing to do with the case.

To suit it all up if a contract of marriage was not made, or if it was agreed to with the understanding that it was not to be carried out, the verdict should be for the defendant. If a contract had been made and broken they were to be held liable for the damages as they saw fit. Their verdict must be formed upon the preponderance of evidence.

The jury retired at 3:07 o'clock. At 25 minutes before 5 o'clock there was a rush for the plaintiff's seat. Judge Bradley and the jury entered at one door, Col. Breckinridge, his son and Col. Phil Thompson at the other. There was some delay in waiting for the other parties and there was an intense silence. During the interval the jurors looked on as solemn as the proverbial judges, while Col. Thompson and the gray haired defendant conferred in whispers. Five minutes passed before Attorney Carlisle, representing Miss Pollard, entered. Judge Bradley requested the jury to retire from the courtroom. Then the verdict of \$15,000 for the plaintiff was announced. There was no expression of approval or disapproval from the crowd. Col. Breckinridge himself rose to make a motion for a new trial and the court adjourned. The jury took fifteen ballots before reaching their conclusion. The difference was mainly over the amount of damages to be granted, and there was but one man on the jury who favored the defendant.

Col. Breckinridge was very cool after the verdict had been rendered. He walked away with his counsel, talking with them, but declined to speak for publication, as did his attorney, Miss Pollard, who was not present at closing scenes, was somewhat excited but not hysterical while awaiting the result, and, as a woman always does, broke into tears when she heard the verdict. She declined to be interviewed, and her attorneys said that she was anxious to efface herself from the public sight as far as possible, now that the case had ended. That Miss Pollard will not be financially bettered by the result of her case is probable, because it is well understood that she was paid on trial that Col. Breckinridge has no property. He has lived up to his income for years, and although his wife has money, it does not seem likely that she will care to expend it to satisfy this judgment.

Fifteen millions of dollars were spent in New York city for the support of the poor during the year ending Feb. 28, 1894, \$5,000,000 more than in any previous year.

At Honolulu Admiral Irwin hauled down his flag and transferred the command of the vessels at the station to Admiral John Walker, taking his own place on the retired list of the navy.

Isaac Bassett, assistant door-keeper of the senate for the past forty years, was taken suddenly ill and is unable to be at his post of duty. He is past 60 years of age, and it is doubtful if he will ever recover.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE—Ninety-eighth day.—Senator Hale spoke in opposition to the tariff bill. From his study the bill three times were apparent viz: "First, it is a bill to protect the south and the west, it is a bill to aid the manufacturer at the expense of our own manufacturer and producer. Second, it is in every particular that deals with the products of the dominion of Canada, as brought in competition with the products of our own people along the Canadian border, a simon pure, almost unadulterated bill for the benefit of Canada and to our corresponding hurt. Continuing, he said: "The provisions of the bill strikes down the whole scheme of reciprocity, under which additional trade has been growing up with foreign countries. A strong point in Mr. Hale's speech was the inevitable annexation of Canada, and he laid great stress upon this. He discussed the probability of future amalgamation and asserted that the McKinley law was hastening the union. He continued: "The Wilson bill and the amendments reported by the senate committee throw over all this advantage and indefinitely postpone political union of the two countries. Senator Hale concluded his speech on a parliamentary question prevented any business being transacted.

SENATE—Ninety-ninth day.—Senator Kyle introduced a joint resolution proposing a constitutional amendment relative to marriage and divorce, which was referred to the committee on judiciary. The urgent deficiency bill was taken up and the last paragraph to provide for uniformity in the letting of government contracts for supplies at Washington, gave rise to considerable discussion, as did also the paragraph for the printing of an abstract of the proceedings of the senate. Senator Kyle introduced a bill providing for Sunday labor or engage in any amusement on Sunday, to the disturbance of others in any territory, town, village or place subject to the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States on the ground and controlled by C. J. Hamlin, the famous trotting horseman and his sons.

SENATE—One hundredth day.—The urgency deficiency bill was taken up, and Mr. Cochrane offered an amendment which was agreed to, appropriating \$45,000 for the mint at Philadelphia. The urgency deficiency bill was taken up, and Mr. Mitchell, of Oregon, was then recognized and spoke on the tariff bill. House.—The urgency deficiency bill was taken up, and Mr. Mitchell, of Oregon, was then recognized and spoke on the tariff bill. House.—The urgency deficiency bill was taken up, and Mr. Mitchell, of Oregon, was then recognized and spoke on the tariff bill.

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MANY MEN DROWNED.

Fearful Gales Blow Along Old Atlantic's Shore.

Special from Manassquan, N. J.: The furious gale and high tides which have prevailed here have left a mark all along the Jersey coast. The wind blew a full gale all day, the high seas roaring and pounding and foaming with a mighty rage. In the height and fury of the storm the three-masted schooner Albert V. Smith, was driven ashore at a point midway between Seagirt and Manassquan. Less than half an hour after the vessel struck she was pounded into kindling wood by the seas which broke over her. Eight men, it is said, composed the crew none of whom have been seen since their boat was wrecked and it is impossible that any man of that crew has survived to tell the tale of his experience in the awful gale. The vessel was of 272 tons burden. She was built in 1873 at Kennebunk, Me., and was owned by Albert W. Smith, of Providence, R. I., from which place she sailed. She was bound for Providence from Philadelphia.

Special from Long Branch, N. J.: For 24 hours the most severe northeast gale, with heavy rain and snow, in fourteen years, prevailed along the coast, causing much damage to shipping. At Morgan the tide was higher than it had been known in ten years. At Matawan and Keapport the tide backed up to such an extent that the meadows surrounding these places are all inundated and some of the smaller vessels which have been lying at their docks have broken loose and drifted out upon the meadows, so that when the storm abates and the tide falls they will be left lying high and dry.

Directly opposite the Highland Beach station the three-masted schooner, the Kate Marlee, came ashore this morning in a storm. It was at first reported that the entire crew of 12 men were lost, but later reports show that two of the men were saved.

Four Fatally Burned With Hot Metal.
A hydraulic plunger on a converter at the Middleport steel plant, at Pomery, O., broke precipitating 8,600 pounds of white hot metal among 60 workmen from a distance of 15 feet. Ten were burned, four fatally. Those who will discuss Jack Hayden, burned about the head and shoulders; Orlando Gray, boy, breast and neck; William Cozens, colored, arm burned off; Stephen Weeks, eyes burned out.

The hot metal scattered for 50 feet in all directions. The clothes were burned from all within reach. All the fatally injured are single men, except Cozens, who has a large family.

Two men named Roswell and Van Oort quarreled at Holland. The latter was seriously if not fatally stabbed.

THE MARKETS.

New York.
Cattle—Natives..... \$1 10 @ \$1 50
Hogs..... 50 @ 55
Sheep..... 40 @ 45
Lamb..... 40 @ 55
Corn—No. 2 red..... 43 1/2 @ 43 3/4
Corn—No. 2 white..... 40 @ 40 1/2
Oats—No. 2 white..... 35 1/2 @ 36
Cattle—Good to Prime..... \$3 65 @ 4 00
Lower grades..... 2 65 @ 3 50
Hogs..... 4 00 @ 4 50
Sheep and Lambs..... 3 00 @ 3 50
Wheat—No. 2 red..... 50 1/2 @ 51
Wheat—No. 2 white..... 48 1/2 @ 49
Oats—No. 2 white..... 35 1/2 @ 36
Cleveland.
Cattle—High grade..... \$4 00 @ 4 50
Common..... 3 00 @ 3 75
Hogs..... 4 75 @ 5 00
Sheep and Lambs..... 3 00 @ 3 50
Wheat—No. 2 red..... 58 @ 59
Wheat—No. 2 white..... 56 @ 57
Corn—No. 2..... 41 @ 42
Oats—No. 2 white..... 35 @ 37
Pittsburg.
Cattle—High grade..... \$4 00 @ 4 50
Common..... 3 00 @ 3 75
Hogs..... 4 75 @ 5 00
Sheep and Lambs..... 3 00 @ 3 50
Wheat—No. 2 red..... 58 @ 59
Wheat—No. 2 white..... 56 @ 57
Corn—No. 2..... 41 @ 42
Oats—No. 2 white..... 35 @ 37
Toledo—Grain.
Wheat—No. 2 spot..... 50 1/2 @ 50 3/4
Wheat—No. 2..... 48 1/2 @ 49
Corn—No. 2..... 41 @ 42
Oats—No. 2 white..... 35 1/2 @ 36
Mess pork per lb..... 12 1/2 @ 12 7/8
Lard per cwt..... 7 55 @ 7 60
Detroit.
Cattle—Good to choice..... \$3 75 @ \$4 00
Lower grades..... 3 00 @ 3 75
Hogs..... 4 00 @ 4 50
Sheep..... 3 50 @ 3 75
Wheat—No. 2 red..... 57 1/2 @ 58 1/2
Wheat—No. 2 white..... 55 1/2 @ 56 1/2
White spot No. 1..... 57 1/2 @ 58 1/2
Oats—No. 2 white spot..... 36 1/2 @ 37 1/2
Hay—Timothy..... 11 00 @ 11 25
New Burdett per bu..... 2 30 @ 3 00
Butter—Dairy per lb..... 10 @ 12
Eggs, fresh, per doz..... 10 @ 11
Ducks..... 9 @ 10
Turkeys..... 9 @ 10

WEEKLY REVIEW OF TRADE.
New York, April 16.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: Business improvement meets many obstacles and is retarded by the war in Spain. In recent weeks, S. I. Co. have checked the improvement in building and some other trades, and severity of cold has caused closing of some iron works, while a strike of all bituminous non-workers is ordered and may prove serious. More favorable crop reports than were expected, which justify larger hope for next fall, have arrested the upward tendency in prices of products. The renewal of gold exports occasions some disquietude. But the gradual exhaustion of goods in the hands of dealers makes the consumption of the people more distinctly felt, and apparently larger, and this demand increases with the gain in number of hands at work. It cannot be said that uncertainty as to the monetary situation has been relaxed, but there is an evidently growing impression that there will be no important legislation on the currency or the tariff. The impression, whether erroneous or not, influences the action of many. On the whole, though progress is still obstructed by uncertainties, it has not been arrested. The most serious is the uncertainty as to the monetary situation. The failures the past week have been 218 in the United States, against 189 last year, and 54 in Canada, against 22 last year.

The home of Mrs. E. S. Bates, at Kalamazoo, was discovered on fire in two places at 2 o'clock a. m. She was nearly suffocated by the smoke, but was removed to the home of a neighbor. Mrs. Bates says the house was robbed. Over \$30 was taken from the bureau drawer, and two beds were set on fire. It's a great wonder that she was not perished in the flames. She thinks that she was chloroformed. She heard men talking near the house at midnight last night. A carriage in her barn was stuffed with paper and set on fire. Mrs. Bates lives alone and often has quite a large sum of money in the house.

Royal Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Taking Time by the Forelock.
An anxious mother once took a child to a physician to have him pass judgment on a very ugly shaped jaw. The lower one protruded, and they did not set well together. The doctor assured her that that, or most such blemishes, could be treated if the patient were taken young enough. In this case the child has grown to be a pretty woman, with a well-formed mouth as anyone could desire.

A Matter of Canning.
The latest addition to Americana abroad is the smart saying of a New York girl, quoted in the Evening Sun, to an Englishman who took her in to dinner. "I sometimes wonder what becomes of all the peaches in your country," he asked. "Oh, we eat what we can, and can what we can't," answered the ready-tongued maid.

They All Kept Entries.
Keeping a diary was a confirmed fashion among the literary Romans. Most of them carried little tablets tied at their belts, in which they kept memoranda of their doings, so as to forget nothing when they came to write up the record at night.

Sacrificed to Vanity.
The scarlet tanager, by many considered the most beautiful bird in America, has become so rare that it is seldom seen. The milliners have almost exterminated them.

German Emigration.
Fewer German emigrants left the port of Hamburg, the great point of emigration, during last year than in any year since 1819. The total number was but 58,873, against 130,010 in 1892 and 144,382 in 1891. During 1893 11,319 Scandinavian emigrants left the port of Christiania, and all but nine were bound direct for North America. More than five thousand had their passage prepaid by friends in America.

W.C. Rogers m.d.



It will, perhaps, require a little stretch of the imagination on the part of the reader to recognize the fact that the two portraits at the head of this article are of the same individual, and yet they are truthful sketches made from photographs, taken only a few months apart, of a very much esteemed citizen of Illinois—Mr. C. H. Harris, whose address is 1101 Chicago Avenue, Rock Island, Ill. The following extract from the letter written by Mr. Harris explains the marvelous change in his personal appearance. He writes: "Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery saved my life and has made me a man. My home physician says I am good for forty years. You will remember that I was just between life and death, and all of my friends were sure it was a case of death, until I commenced taking a second bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' when I became able to sit up and the cough was very much better, and the bleeding from my lungs stopped, and before I had taken six bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' my cough ceased and I was a new man and ready for business."

I now feel that it is a duty that I owe to my fellow-men to recommend to them the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' which saved my life when doctors and all other medicines failed to do me any good. I send to you with this letter two of my photographs; one taken a few weeks before I was taken down sick in bed, and the other was taken after I was well. These two photographs are faithfully re-produced at the head of this article.

Mr. Harris's experience in the use of "Golden Medical Discovery" is not an exceptional one. Thousands of eminent people in all parts of the world testify, in just as emphatic language, to its marvelous curative powers over all chronic bronchial, throat and lung diseases, chronic nasal catarrh, asthma, and kindred ailments. Eminent physicians prescribe "Golden Medical Discovery" when any of their dear ones' lives are imperiled by that dread disease, Consumption. Under such circumstances only the most reliable remedy would be depended upon. The following letter is from a gentleman, a prominent physician of Stamps, Lafayette Co., Ark. He says: "Consumption is hereditary in my wife's family; some have already died with the disease. My wife has a sister, Mrs. E. A. Cleary, that was taken with consumption, she used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and to the surprise of her many friends, she got well. My wife has also had her hemorrhages from the lungs, and her sister insisted on her using the 'Golden Medical Discovery' to pay postage."

A complete treatise on Throat, Bronchial, Lung Diseases, also including Asthma, and Chronic Nasal Catarrh, and pointing out successful means of home treatment for these maladies, will be mailed to any address by the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, N. Y., on receipt of six cents in stamps, to pay postage.

Luncheon.
The following passage occurs in Best's "Personal and Literary Memorials," 1829, page 307: "The word 'lunch' is adopted in that 'glass of fashion, Almack's, and luncheon' is avoided as unsuitable to the polished society there exhibited." When I was a boy, in the forties, I was in the habit of saying "lunch," but was sternly corrected, being told that "luncheon" was the "genteel" word.

German Emigration.
Fewer German emigrants left the port of Hamburg, the great point of emigration, during last year than in any year since 1819. The total number was but 58,873, against 130,010 in 1892 and 144,382 in 1891. During 1893 11,319 Scandinavian emigrants left the port of Christiania, and all but nine were bound direct for North America. More than five thousand had their passage prepaid by friends in America.

Sacrificed to Vanity.
The scarlet tanager, by many considered the most beautiful bird in America, has become so rare that it is seldom seen. The milliners have almost exterminated them.

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W.C. Rogers m.d.



It will, perhaps, require a little stretch of the imagination on the part of the reader to recognize the fact that the two portraits at the head of this article are of the same individual, and yet they are truthful sketches made from photographs, taken only a few months apart, of a very much esteemed citizen of Illinois—Mr. C. H. Harris, whose address is 1101 Chicago Avenue, Rock Island, Ill. The following extract from the letter written by Mr. Harris explains the marvelous change in his personal appearance. He writes: "Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery saved my life and has made me a man. My home physician says I am good for forty years. You will remember that I was just between life and death, and all of my friends were sure it was a case of death, until I commenced taking a second bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' when I became able to sit up and the cough was very much better, and the bleeding from my lungs stopped, and before I had taken six bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' my cough ceased and I was a new man and ready for business."

I now feel that it is a duty that I owe to my fellow-men to recommend to them the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' which saved my life when doctors and all other medicines failed to do me any good. I send to you with this letter two of my photographs; one taken a few weeks before I was taken down sick in bed, and the other was taken

LOVABLE GIRLS.

Girls that are fair on the heartstone,
And pleasant when nobody sees;
Kind and sweet to their own folk,
Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls,
That know what to do and say;
That drive with a snail or a soft word
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense,
Whom fashion can never deceive;
Who can follow whatever is pretty,
And dare what is silly to leave.

The girls that are wanted are careful girls,
Who count what a thing will cost;
Who use with prudent, generous hand
But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts;
They are wanted for mothers and wives;
Wanted to cradle in loving arms,
The strongest and truest of lives.

The clever, the witty, the brilliant girl
There are very few, and hard to find;
But O! for the wise, loving, home girl,
There's a constant and steady demand.

The Great Hesper.

BY FRANK BARRETT.

CHAPTER IX.

That sound warned me that the end was near. Not content with taking the diamond, the scoundrel intended having my life—to remove the possibility, if possibility existed, of being identified as the thief by me.

He set about his work with devilish circumspection. I heard the metal rings clink as he took up the fallen curtain from the floor and folded it, and the bed creaked as he got upon it. As he approached from behind, he steadied himself by setting one hand upon my shoulder, then he laid the folded curtain over my other shoulder, and his bony knuckles touched my chest as he arranged the stuff over my breast. I knew what that meant; it was to prevent the betraying blood from spurting up his arm.

In the pause that followed, I fancied he must be turning up his sleeve, as a butcher does who has a beast to slaughter.

A thousand thoughts whirled in my mind in that brief space; but a great awe came upon me as I felt his hand firmly grasp my left shoulder, for then I realized that I was on the very brink of eternity.

A feeling of regret for the ill use I had made of many days—for the loss of Edith, and the world which she had filled with joy and hope; a deep and tender wish for her happiness, and the welfare of the companions who had toiled with me to win the Hesper, took the place of terror, and it was with something like resignation that I awaited death.

As he grasped my left shoulder, I felt him lean over my right, and the next moment he stabbed me.

He had not used sufficient force, for the knife point stuck in one of the ribs under my left breast and went no further.

He pulled the knife out and tried again, but this time the blade scarcely punctured my skin.

Then seeing that the thickness of the doubled curtain was too great an impediment, he unfolded and rearranged it, passing his hand over my breast and pressing his fingers here and there to ascertain whether he had got it right for his purpose. It was then that, my nature revolting against this heinous refinement of cruelty, I prayed like Samson for strength, and made one more effort to break my bonds.

The twisted sheets and firm knots withstood the strain, but the effort saved my life. The calculating villain knew that I must exhaust my strength in a few minutes, and would not risk breaking his knife or getting smeared with my blood as I writhed.

And presently my force gave out, and all hope leaving I ceased to struggle, and was calm as a cat on a hot tin roof, when he once more touched my shoulder.

But in that moment of dread silence, when his knife must have been raised to strike the final blow, the door-handle turned, and I felt his grasp relax—nay, his fingers trembled as they lay on my shoulder.

There was an interval of a minute, and the door-handle turned again; then a voice that I recognized as Lola's spoke in a low tone outside.

"Are you there—you?" A moment's pause, and she added, "You ain't sick, are you?"

She had come to my door and heard me writhing against the post.

What would the rascal do now? His hair still trembled. It gave me courage, for it showed that he feared discovery, and I knew that he would not risk his own neck for the mere pleasure of killing me. I put out my strength again, making the bed-post snap under my strain.

"Shall I sing out?" Lola asked, a little louder and with an accent of alarm.

The hand slipped from my shoulder and down my arm as the villain stepped from the bed. His position was getting more perilous. If Lola "sang out" there would be little chance of his making off with the diamond.

I had loosened the towel that bound my head and gagged me. I wriggled about furiously, worked the fold out of my mouth, and got my chin above it, breathing freely for the first time since I had been tied up. At the same moment I heard the key turn in the door, and I knew that the murderer intended to let Lola in and silence her.

"Take care, take care!" I shouted, as loudly as the towel that still covered my face would permit.

Another wriggle, and I felt that the upper part of my face was uncovered. Moreover, I distinguished a long gray patch before me. The curtain of the oriel had been drawn back; the light had sensibly increased during the time occupied by the events I have narrated.

I almost fancied I saw the silhouette of a man's figure against the

grayness. It moved, and I was sure that my eyes were not deceived; it disappeared, and almost immediately afterward I heard a fall upon the terrace below. The man had dropped down a distance of fifteen feet from the window—a drop of not more than six feet for an ordinary man hanging from the ledge.

The feeling of relief, combined with exhaustion caused by my frantic efforts, was too much for me. I was giddy and sick, my eyes closed, the sweat stood cold upon my face, every muscle gave way and quivered, only the bonds upon my body kept me from falling.

"Saint hurt, are you, dear?" were the first words I heard. It was Lola's voice, very gentle and trembling.

"No; you have saved me," said I. She gave a little mean of delight, and her hands, which had been busily tugging at the knots, stopped in their work.

She threw her arms around my neck, and, pressing her face against my breast, sobbed.

CHAPTER X.

Brace's door was unlocked. He to all appearance was sound asleep with his face to the wall. I shook him, and he turned over I said:

"Get up; the Hesper is lost."

"Lost! as how?" he asked, sitting up.

"Stolen—taken from me."

"Where's Israel?"

I told him of Van Hoes's terrible presentiment, and the circumstances under which he had left the house.

"We will find him, pardner," said the Judge, in his slow, sententious manner, which was queerly at variance with his speed in hurrying into his clothes. "We will find him, and see if his presentiments will go so far as to explain what's become of the diamond. Let up what has happened, pardner. Reel it off. I am all awake."

I narrated briefly the events of the night while he completed dressing. Lola, standing by the window, listened in silence. There was just enough light to reveal the mischievous exultation that sparkled in her eyes.

"Here's a vigilance committee job, if ever there was one," said the Judge, hastily lacing his boots. "I ain't lighted on anything so much like California since the good old days. Now, sir, if you air ready, we'll hunt up Israel, the prophet. He's got to tell us sumthin' more about this than we know on."

It was striking 5 o'clock when we quitted the house. The Judge left me to look about the garden and its vicinity for Van Hoes; he himself struck out at once for the wood, taking Lola with him. The girl would have stayed with me, but her father had her hand in his, and there was no getting away from that grip.

After exploring the garden, I took the path that led to the lodge, as being the one that Van Hoes frequented when alone. The Judge, however, was not up, but, passing through the open wicket into the road, I came upon a laborer, trudging along to his work with a pick upon his shoulder, and a tin flask in his hand.

It was half-past five, or perhaps a little later.

"Have you passed a blind gentleman on the road?" I asked.

"I ain't passed 'im," he answered; "but as I come by the cross-roads I see some 'un, as looked gen'lmanlike, kind 'or fumbling his way along the road down by Harley bottom."

I knew the cross-roads; they were nearly two miles distant. It was incomprehensible to me how Van Hoes had strayed so far from the Abbey; but the laborer's description left little room for doubt that it was Van Hoes he had seen, and I started at once in the direction indicated.

I could not see Van Hoes from the cross-roads, but on turning the angle of the lane at the foot of the hill, I perceived him feeling his way with painful slowness, and on the side of the hedge-row, 100 yards in advance. Hearing my step, he turned, and recognizing it, he came to meet me. He seemed to forget the danger of making a false step, and advanced with eager quickness—his whole body partaking the expression of anxiety imprinted on his features.

"Is it you, Thorne?" he cried.

"Yes," I replied.

"What has happened?"

I waited until I got up to him, then putting my hand on his shoulder, I said:

"I have bad news for you Van Hoes."

He trembled violently under my hand, and opened his lips to speak, but no sound came; his condition was pitiable, and to keep him no longer in suspense, I said:

"I have lost it. It has been taken from me."

"Who has taken it?" he asked, in a thick, husky voice.

"I cannot say. I could not see the man who robbed me."

He was silent for a time, and then his feelings found expression, at first in exclamation, then in incoherent sentences, broken up with words of Dutch where the English tongue failed to give sufficient force to his anger and mortification. He assailed me with every kind of invective, accused me of cowardice, of complicity in robbing him, of I know not what baseness and heartlessness—indeed, it seemed as though the blow had deprived him of reason for a moment. At length, when his passion was somewhat exhausted, he said:

"And what is your defense?"

I took his arm, and as I led him up the hill toward the cross-roads, I went over the story once more. When I was telling him how Lola

had come to my rescue, he stopped me.

"That is a lie!" he exclaimed; "for she has been with me."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "Impossible, according to your story, but it is the truth for all that. I got off the path and could not find my way back. She led me to a road—God knows where!—and left me."

"When?"

"How can I tell? The night has been an age."

"Granting she lead you for an hour—and you would scarcely suffer her to lead you longer—that would allow her to return to the Abbey, and come to my rescue at the time I speak of."

"Have it as you will; it makes no difference now. She got me out of the way, and that was her object in being there. Go on."

I came to the end of my narrative and then suggested that the theft might be traced to one of the servants.

"Anything to shield Brace," he said bitterly; and then, stamping his foot, he added, "You know he took it!"

It was useless reasoning with him in his present condition.

"You stand convicted by your own statement," he continued; "what ordinary thief would be fool enough, having obtained the diamond, to wait there, risking discovery and jeopardizing his own life—for the sake of butchering you? If Brace was the thief, such a thing is possible; for he must kill both you and me to profit by the possession of the diamond. Where is he now?"

"With Lola, in the woods looking for you."

"Are you three hunting together?"

"Be reasonable, Van Hoes," I said.

"I am," he replied; "leave me here."

I made no reply; and we stood there in the middle of the road, he quaking with fear and turning his head from side to side to catch the sound that might confirm his fears. He looked like a hunted beast, that knows not which way to escape the hounds.

"What's that?" he asked under his breath quickly. "There's some one on the road. It's his step. If you have any mercy save me from him."

While I was turning to look up the road, to see if his fears were justified, he groped about until he caught hold of my arm.

I had heard no sound, but his finer sense was not at fault. On the brow of the hill, which we were now descending, stood the gaunt figure of Brace. The light of the rising sun shone upon him, but we stood in the shadow of the wood, where the mist still hung over the sodden earth.

"I do not hear him; where is he now?" Van Hoes whispered.

"He is standing on the hill, a couple of hundred yards behind us. He does not see us."

"If we could but get to the Abbey! Forget what I said, Thorne. Have pity on me," he murmured.

I saw no possible reason for refusing compliance with this request, and, taking his arm, I led him along that side of the road where the shade was deeper.

But, before we had gone a dozen yards, a shrill whoop rang through the echoing woods to our right, and Van Hoes again stopped.

I looked in vain over the brake for Lola, whose cry I recognized; but, glancing up the road, I perceived that the Judge had heard the signal, and was coming after us. At the same moment Van Hoes, starting forward, cried:

"Quick, quick—he sees us—he is coming down upon us!" and then, after another dozen yards, "do you want him to overtake us that you stick to this cursed road?"

"I am looking for a path; we can not push through the brake," I replied.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Columbia River an Uncertain Stream.

The few steamboat men on the upper Columbia river in Eastern Washington, and others acquainted with the stream, express grave doubts of its ever becoming a safe and certain highway, although enthusiastic residents of that region count much on its utilization as a means of transportation for the development of the country. The principle trouble is in its erratic changes of course, its rise and fall and its shifting banks. The boats of the company navigating the river between Wenatchee and the Okanogan river are constantly meeting with mishaps, owing to the difficulties of navigation. Three were laid up in one week last month.

He Knows His Place.

"How does the old man look upon you as a prospective son-in-law?"

"Don't know yet. Haven't got far enough along to sound him."

"He can't be blind to the fact that you are an accepted bean?"

"Well, no; that's plain enough as far as the bean is concerned; but I seem to be playing second fiddle all the time."—Kansas City Journal.

Genuine or Bogus Diamonds.

Make a small dot on a paper, then look at it through a diamond. If you can see but one dot, you can depend upon it that the stone is genuine; but if the mark is scattered or shows more than one, you will be perfectly safe in refusing to pay ten cents for a stone that may be offered to you for \$500.

Limitations of Literature.

Little Boy—What is your papa? Little Girl—He's a literary man.

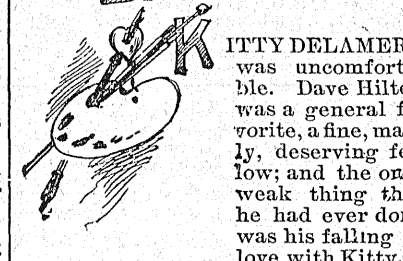
"What's that?"

"He writes."

"What does he write?"

"Oh, he writes most everything except checks."

RECORD OF A BASE ACT.



ITTY DELAMERE was uncomfortable. Dave Hilton was a general favorite, a fine, manly, deserving fellow; and the only weak thing that he had ever done was his falling in love with Kitty. She was a handsome girl, blonde and stately, with a fair, sweet face bearing no trace of craft or evil in it; but, heartless and utterly incapable of loving any one but herself, or of appreciating the unselfish devotion that was offered her, she led Dave on through a whole summer, suffered all his attentions, went out only with him, might even have married him, if George Maryatt had not presented himself at that time as a suitor.

As his expectations were greater, Kitty threw over Dave without scruple; even assumed a look of astonishment when he referred to the encouragement that she had given; was very gentle, very sweet, very cold and utterly inexorable.

I never saw a man so thoroughly beaten down as Dave looked the morning he left us. He had lost not only her, but his faith for a time in women; for he could not yet reason coolly and say: "Not that all women are false, but this one deceived me. My judgment was in fault."

The indignation was intense; for we were all personal friends of Dave, and Kitty's cold serenity and utter absence of even a twinge of remorse was infinitely provoking. She was so wise, however, so quiet, so patient, and had such childish ways, and, above all, was so marvelously pretty, that the men could not do less than be civil to her; and as she cared nothing whatever about the girls, they found their indignation thrown away, and comforted themselves with the reflection that at least she had not entangled George Maryatt, who had gone away to the West without proposing.

Kitty, however, took her defeat philosophically, and just at this juncture came down Paul Danforth. His arrival was a surprise to all and a mystery to me; for early in the summer he had sketched his summer campaign and the "Pines" had by no means entered into his calculations. He was an intimate friend of Dave's; it was to him that Dave had gone on leaving us; and, duly weighing all these considerations, I could not but wonder what evil angel had sent him among us.

From the first Kitty was not a little struck by his appearance; for he was not a man to be lightly esteemed. Not handsome, but with a face capable of an infinite variety of expressions, superbly formed, possessed of a tact almost womanlike, a deep melodious voice and brilliant eyes; not the man to whom I would willingly have given a sister or a daughter—he was too worldly wise, too cold in spirit, too

plain, than was wads.

"Perhaps you are not the wisest of interpreters. I am not conscious of having given you cause for any such assertion. It is unjust in you to say so."

Kitty sank back with a little sigh. "Are we friends?" he asked, with a soft look, rare on his face.

"Do you believe me?"

"I think Dave should be capable of taking care of himself. I am not sworn to do battle for him. I shall have enough to do to take care of myself."

"You persist in thinking so, then?"

"Thinking what? You are obscure."

"That I was unfeminine—a flirt."

"What will you wave? How can I but believe you? It is hardly necessary to say that I do. You have not answered me yet. Are we friends?"

Kitty put out a little hand silently, and Paul, taking it into his grasp, pressed and kissed it.

From that time they were, I hardly know what it seemed rather a vassalage than a flirtation. Paul's caprices equaled those of a most inveterate coquette. At one time he was devoted to himself, and Kitty bloomed out at such times with a loveliness truly surprising, because of the expression of an emotion the least selfish of any feeling that she had ever experienced; at others he was cold, distant, almost unkind, devoting himself exclusively to others, and these alterations, perplexing to us all, were visibly on Kitty's health and spirits.

She was thoroughly subdued, this veteran coquette, this cold-hearted girl. Paul chose to prefer the ugliest and most unbecoming dress in her wardrobe, and she wore it till we hated the sight of it. He insisted that she looked best with her hair plainly dressed and she put all the superb golden mass behind her ears and lost half of her beauty in consequence.

At last he addressed her in words of love, carelessly, as one who was sure of his prize; and she caught at the declaration eagerly, complaining at the same time that he but half loved her.

She doubted perpetually, required perpetual reassurances, assurances that Paul gave sometimes carelessly, sometimes refused pettishly. On one of these occasions, Paul said to her:

"You distrust me strangely. Do you dread retributive justice? Is it that you remember Dave Hilton?"

"Why do you speak of him? I never loved him."

"But do you love me?"

"Love you? You are my life!"

"And if I should deceive you, as you did Dave Hilton?"

"I cannot imagine it. I would not believe it; but if such a thing could be, I should not die—people don't die so easily—but live. Oh, why do you suggest such things? I had rather die than know you were false."

"But say I were; say I hated you for a cruel wrong done to my dearest

friend; say I had sworn to wreck your life as you have wrecked his; say that—"

"Paul; are you mad, or am I? Why do you talk like this? Why do you look so?"

"I have taken off the mask. At last you see me as I am; at last you hear me say what has so long been in my heart, and know the truth, and Dave Hilton is revenged."

Kitty rose, white as death and trembling in every limb, tried to speak, staggered, stretched forth her hand and fainted.

Paul rang the bell, consigned her to the servant's care and left the house. She has never seen him since.

NOT IN ANY WAY A FAILURE.

"The People's Palace" in London Founded by Walter Besant.

A report was recently started by English newspapers that "The People's Palace" in the east end of London was a failure. This is the institution which was suggested to the philanthropic people of England by "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," the novel written by Besant and Rice. The rumor, which has been printed in some American papers, is denied by Besant as follows in the London Queen:

There is not in any single department of the palace, that I can discover, the least note of failure. As regards the educational side, the evening classes are crowded. There are classes in science, trade and workshop, engineering and building, special subjects for women. There are about a hundred of these classes, with students numbering nearly 2,000. There is a practical day school for boys numbering 400. There is a students' circulating library, and there are social and reading-rooms for the students. The palace possesses a gymnasium, which is one of the finest in the country. Attached to gymnastic exercises are "studios" in single stick, club and boxing gloves. On two days in the week the girls have the gymnasium for themselves. Well, but how about the recreations of the palace? Let us take a list of the amusements for one week. Monday, a costume recital of "The Daughter of the Regiment"; Tuesday, girls' annual swimming entertainment for women only; Wednesday, students' night; Saturday, popular ballad concert. On three nights in the week the beautiful winter garden is open from 6 to 10 p. m. As for the clubs and societies that belong to the place, there are many—cricket, cycling, football, ramblers, swimming, tennis, rowing, photography, sketching, and boxing clubs. The library receives an average of 1,500 visitors a day; it has all the newspapers and journals; it has about 15,000 volumes, and it has recently been enriched by Harry Quilter's donation of the "Wilkie Collins" Collection of Fiction. In short, the palace is a busy hive of working and playing bees. It is a living active center of light and leading.

How He Knew.

Johnny—When Mr. Hankinson comes this evening—"

Willie—Mr. Hankinson ain't coming this evening. This is Mr. Ferguson's evening.

Johnny—I'll bet you my watch against your gun.

Willie, after a severe struggle with his conscience—No, I won't take it. It's wrong to bet when you've got a sure thing. I know it's Mr. Ferguson's night, 'cause I saw Laura in the parlor a while ago turning the clock back two hours.

A Left-Handed Compliment.

Adams—Have you never observed that sons are frequently not like their fathers at all?

Brown—Yes, that happens in a great many families.

"Were you personally acquainted with my father?"

"I was not intimate with him; but I am satisfied that he was a very intelligent gentleman.—Texas Sittings.

A Last Resort.

Little Boy—I want you to write me an excuse for being late to school yesterday.

Jeweler—Eh? You are not my son.

Little Boy—N-o, but mamma says I had plenty of time to get to school, so I guess the clock you sold her doesn't go right.

Proper.

"I always suspected that cashier," said a member of the board of directors.

"Maybe he'll turn up," said another. "You can't always judge a man by his appearance."

"No. But in a case like this it is pretty safe to judge him by his disappearance."

Very Like.

Jack—Did it ever strike you that a marriage is very similar to a house on fire?

"No. Why?"

Jack—Well, they both rise from a spark, and the result is about as dangerous in both cases.—Judge.

The Bunco Steerer's Victim.

Paying Teller—We don't know the party who drew this draft. He has no money in this bank.

Mr. Hayseed—Don't know him? Why, the old gentleman told me he was a brother-in-law of George Gould.—Texas Sittings.

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 an orphan asylum.

friend; say I had sworn to wreck your life as you have wrecked his; say that—"

"Paul; are you mad, or am I? Why do you talk like this? Why do you look so?"

"I have taken off the mask. At last you see me as I am; at last you hear me say what has so long been in my heart, and know the truth, and Dave Hilton is revenged."

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