

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XIII. NO. 23.

CASS CITY, MICH., MAY 18, 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.

CASS CITY BANK.

Established 12 years.

Responsibility, \$85,000.00.

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

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

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

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

C. W. McPhail.

Proprietor.

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CASS CITY

REAL ESTATE

EXCHANGE

C. W. McPhail, Prop.

THE John Davis place, Sec. 23, Evergreen, 80 acres A1 land, 70 improved, is yet unsold.

Offer this 80 at a great bargain and on easy terms—\$1,500, \$500 cash.

105 ACRES of the Brown Farm, located only four miles from Cass City, yet unsold. Fine high land, 60 acres improved. Only \$1200; \$315 cash.

C. W. McPhail.

FOR SALE

8 Acres of Wall Paper.

Sale commences promptly at 7 o'clock a. m., each day, and continues till 9 o'clock p. m.

Remember

This is no accumulation of old stock but all Bright, Fresh Goods.

INGRAINS,

With plain side wall and figured ceiling. Borders that are simply "out of sight," and they are going to, for prices just right.

Don't Forget That we also have the most complete line of Window Shades and can please you with prices. Ask for them.

Alabastine and Gypsum, any shade or quantity desired.

T. H. Fritz, - Pharmacist.

O I C U

Are coming to refresh yourself at.

Smith's Ice Cream Parlors.

I have opened up in W. J. Cloakery's building and am now ready to serve you with any of the latest

Summer Drinks.

My syrups are made from the pure unadulterated juices of the fruit.

OXFORD ICE CREAM

Sold by the quantity at 30c. per qt. or \$1. per gal. Varnor's Ginger Ale is healthy and invigorating, as also are the Phosphates of Pineapple, Raspberry, Strawberry, Lemon and Orange. Everything served in a neat and tasty manner.

L. C. SMITH.

Persons desiring a gallon or more of Oxford Cream please give me a few hours' notice.

Caught On The Fly.

J. C. Seelye is now in the employ of A. Frutcher.

The street sprinkler has been "off duty" this week.

Already the "wee" boys bathe in the creek west of town.

Geo. Reuter and Joe Gaffney left for Sand Beach Tuesday.

C. Roadhamer, from near Elkton, was in town on Monday.

Wm. Adair and family visited in Grant the latter part of last week.

Rev. B. P. Wade moves to Elkton today, where he will be pastor in charge.

Landon & Webber, implement dealers, talk "horse sense" in a new ad this week.

Miss Emma Landon, of Lansdown, Ont., is here on a visit to her brother and sister, D. J. Landon and Mrs. J. H. Eno.

Laing & James have, this week, put a general merchandise wagon on the road. Fred Mitchell is manager of the same.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wallace have moved to Pittsburg, Mich., where Mr. Wallace will assume management of a harness shop for a gentleman there.

Mrs. J. G. Evans, who has been visiting in St. Joseph, Missouri, for several months, returned last week and was a greatly surprised to find that her husband and children had moved from Oliver township to Cass City.

A. H. Ale, who recently sold out his banking interest at Elkton, is at present in Detroit, but is likely to accept the position of cashier in a banking house at Kansas City at an early date. Mr. Ale is a competent, trustworthy and affable business man, and will fill a position of this nature in a highly satisfactory manner.

The latest social fad is known as an "extortion social." The way it works is this: A committee of six is appointed to assess fines, and none but they are informed of the rules until some infraction has cost him or her two cents. There are no foot-catchers, awkwardness at the table, for married men talking to other men's wives, and in fact for nearly everything. If a person thinks a fine unjust he appeals to a jury, but the jury-men cost two cents each.

At a recent meeting of the Township Board it was voted to paper and paint the clerk's office and paint the wood work in the hall. This is a step in the right direction, but we regret that no provision was made for smoothing the plastering, repairing the papering, the walls and ceiling of the hall. This is certainly needed as badly as the wood work needs painting. Perhaps when the clerk's office is put in respectable shape the contrast between this room and the hall will be so great that the Board will see fit to do something near a complete job.

The Chas. Guinness Elite Company has been giving nightly entertainments in the Town Hall in this place since Saturday evening last, with exception of last night, when rain interfered. The attendance previous to Tuesday night was barely large enough to pay the expenses of the company. We can account for the lack of patronage in no way but "hard times," as Mr. Guinness demonstrated when he visited this place about a year ago that he possessed exceptionally rare ability as an impersonator and amusement entertainer in general. With the assistance of Miss Donna Sol and Harry Richardson much has been added to the interest of his entertainments. Mr. Guinness, not being billed for any other town, has remained in Cass City the remainder of the week, and, weather permitting, will give an entertainment to-night. He will also give a matinee to-morrow afternoon, and a final entertainment in the evening. The matinee will commence at 3:30 o'clock, and the admission has been fixed at the very reasonable figures of five cents for children and ten cents for adults. Mr. Guinness is certainly deserving of a liberal patronage.

Census Enumerator Stewart, of Elkland township, will be around next month. We print below a few of the questions he will ask. A refusal to answer on your part may result in a fine of \$50 or six months residence at the county jail. No one need have any fear that the enumerator "will give him away," as the law says that if he does he shall be fined \$300 or sent to jail for 30 days, or both fined and jailed according to the extent of the "give-away" and the mercy of the court. The questions how old, what color, sex, name, occupation, where born, where father and mother were born, will be rapidly fired at you. Then the official will take breath and want to know how many children if any your step mother had, if you had a step mother, and also how many your own mother had. Writing down your replies, he will then look you in the face and want to know whether you are single, married, widowed or divorced. He probably will not ask whether you are engaged, as the statute does not require the question to be answered. Then he will want to know if you can read or write, whether you are subject to fits, crazy or a fool, also whether your eyesight is good, and if you can hear. If you are dumb he will know it before this, but he must ask the question just the same. A wise provision in the law directs inquiry as to who is the "head" of the family. This is well and will doubtless expedite the work of the enumerator in many families where the question "who is the head" is a matter in dispute.

C. D. Striffler had the misfortune to lose his grey driving mare by colic on Wednesday.

Homer Frost, a student of the Agricultural College, is home to spend a ten days' vacation.

Job Caswell, who lives on section 8, Evergreen, lost his house and its contents by fire Tuesday morning.

The Driving Park Association are improving their grounds by building a fence around the inside of their race track.

Miss Belle McArthur has been ill this week. Her position in our schools is being filled by her sister, Miss Vina McArthur.

John Korth has greatly improved the appearance of his shop and residence by fresh coats of paint. J. W. Armstrong did the job.

C. W. McPhail has sold to William Lamb, this week, forty acres on section 28, Novesta. Mr. Lamb will build a house on his new purchase and occupy the same in the fall.

A helpful little Petosky boy, anxious to aid his mother in the spring house-cleaning, found a lot of paints in the barn and while his mamma was attending one of those Petosky conversations he painted the furniture, and they now take at the family cat seven different and distinct colors.

The pupils of the different departments of our schools are preparing to give a "Union School" entertainment in the Town Hall next Friday evening, May 25. The program, which will be a literary and musical one, promises to be quite interesting. The proceeds of the entertainment will be used to purchase supplementary reading for the various departments. Let the pupils receive every encouragement in their worthy efforts.

An exchange gets down to the bottom facts when it says that a young fellow with practical knowledge in his head, skin in his teeth, and health in his body, is his own recommendation, diploma and reference. Mix him up with sixty million of others and you will find him again, as he will have the merit of being at the top. Throw him naked on a desert island, and he will be at the head of something. He does not go whining up and down the land, blaming fortune and saying he has no chance, but goes out again and does it better.

McLean & Wales is the name of the new banking firm at Elkton, being successors to S. Ale & Son, the change occurring about a week ago. The members of the firm are gentlemen who are well and favorably known to most of our readers—being Dr. J. H. McLean, of this place, and H. C. Wales, formerly of this place but who for about a year has been in charge of the bank in which he now one of the proprietors. Mr. Wales, who will act as manager of the bank, is a thorough, scrupulous business man—a person whom the patrons of the bank will find agreeable to deal with. The bank is established on a safe basis, and a general banking business will be transacted.

A contented, satisfied farmer says: "We have heard a great deal of talk about the hardships of the farmers but nothing has been said about the many advantages the farmers enjoy in the way of securing the best of things in the land in the way of something to eat. I speak knowingly because I am a farmer myself, and farmers generally should think of these things when they complain of hard times. The farmer produces his own meat and vegetables, and so gets the very best. He makes his own butter and has his own milk. He knows how the cow that produces them is fed, and is sure that the articles are pure. He raises wheat but does not take it to the mill to be ground, as his forefathers did. He takes it to the elevator and sells it, and buys the best patent roller process flour for his home. For the money and comfort received, the farmer works less than any other man. He only works about five months in the year, and spends the other seven around the fire in the house. I include the care of the stock. The five months covers the work in the field. I am satisfied with it, and would not exchange it for anybody's lot."

The suit brought by Mrs. Jane Gage, through her attorney J. D. Brooker, against the P. O. & R. Co. for damages for personal injuries received by her horse becoming frightened and jumping off a steep embankment while crossing the defendant's track near Gageton, was brought on for trial in the circuit court last week, and resulted in a verdict for Mrs. Gage of two thousand dollars damages and costs of suit. The trial began Wednesday afternoon and concluded Saturday noon with the above result. The counsel for plaintiff claimed that the company having crossed the highway it was its duty to restore the same to its former safe condition as near as possible and that this the company had never done, but on the contrary, had crossed the highway which was then in a safe condition and in so doing had left the highway at the crossing in a dangerous condition for public travel. The counsel for the defendant on the other hand claimed that the crossing was in a safe condition at the time of the injury and that the plaintiff was guilty of contributory negligence and, therefore, could not recover. Judge Beach instructed the jury that contributory negligence was in their case a question for them to decide, and the case was so submitted to them. The case will evidently be taken to the supreme court as it a rule of railroad companies to carry such cases to the courts of last resort. The case was probably one of the hardest fought that has been tried in this county for some time and the attorneys are entitled to credit for the manner in which the trial was conducted.

Don't overlook the new adv. of Crosby's Boot, Shoe and Clothing House.

The residence of Mrs. Haines, north of the Presbyterian Church, has been nicely repaired.

Paul Walsh and son, of Canboro, are constructing an oven at Wm. Grigware's bakery this week.

Miss Libbie Randall, of Elkton, has been visiting her parents west of town, and friends in town, this week.

Schwaderer Bros. recently purchased two head of cattle from Henry Dodge, of Elmwood, for which they paid one hundred and fifteen dollars.

D. D. McArthur, a student of the Agricultural College and editor-in-chief of the "Speculum," the college paper, is spending a ten days' vacation at his parental home west of town.

The Holly Advertiser is now nineteen years old, but is as vigorous as any Vol. 1, No. 1 that ever appeared to fill a "long-felt want." Mr. Sloum gives his countrymen a good paper and well deserves his success.

Wm. Lewis, who has A. Frutcher's paces, Barney C. and Milo, in training at this place, as well as two other racers, had the misfortune to fall into a cistern several days ago, receiving so much of a shaking up that he has since been somewhat "under the weather."

The members of the Michigan Press Association with their families will take a trip down the St. Lawrence this summer, the time set for the trip being the first week in July. The party will have the novel experience of shooting the rapids, visiting the Thousand Islands, view the places of historical interest in Toronto, Quebec and Montreal. The White Mountains or the Adirondacks will be visited on the homeward trip. A trip to Florida, with various stops en route, was the program successfully carried out last year.

The Memphis, Mo., Democrat publishes the following obituary of an aged resident: "George Wollard is dead, and dying went as straight to hell as an arrow shot from a bow. For 74 years he had lived in this town. During that time he has opposed every one who would tax him a cent more than he opposed schools; he never gave a cent to church or charity; his influence was always on the Devil's side. He left an estate worth \$50,000 and a life that smells to heaven." Mr. Wollard will not be missed in his new residence. Nearly every community can furnish one or two settlers of the same build.

The name of Deputy Sheriff C. D. Striffler, of this place, is receiving favorable mention in Republican circles as their next candidate for sheriff. He considers himself justified in announcing his candidacy for that position by the liberal encouragement and promise of support which he has received. Mr. Striffler, as constable of this township for several years, and as deputy sheriff, has made a most excellent official, and his exceptional line support, shrewd and uncompromising "line of law" is by no means confined to this locality. We believe him to be a gentleman who, as an official, can be relied upon at all times to do his duty with no fear or favor, and as sheriff of this county would perform the duties of that office in a very satisfactory manner.

Prof. T. A. Conlon, formerly principal of the schools at this place, but for the past two terms superintendent of the Eaton Rapids schools, has been re-engaged to act in that capacity at a salary of \$1,200. The Journal, of that place, speaks in the following highly complimentary manner of Mr. Conlon: "The schools under the present management are enjoying the greatest prosperity in their history. The superintendent, Prof. T. A. Conlon, has shown in the two years in which he has had charge of the schools, a remarkable aptitude for the work. He has a natural faculty for enlisting the interest of pupils and drawing from them their best work. In the high school he has had an exceptionally fine support from Principal Bishop and Misses Kellogg and Collier, all teachers of rare ability."

Calling at the Cass City creamery on Saturday last, we were greatly surprised with the neat and business-like appearance which both the exterior and interior of the building presented and with the excellent condition of things in general. Not many weeks ago the building presented a decidedly weather-beaten appearance, and the machinery and other fixtures inside were in a state of rusty dilapidation, but since Messrs. Randall & Albertson purchased the plant—presto change! The building has been nicely repaired both inside and outside and all the creamery machinery overhauled, polished and put in first-class shape. The office part has been papered, the wood work—which is of cherry—finished in oil, and furnished with a steam radiator, new desk, sofa and comfortable chairs. Mr. Albertson, who is the active member of the firm at this place, informs us that he has got the promise of the cream of 700 cows, which he considers quite encouraging for the commencement. We believe that the creamery should receive the hearty endorsement and support of every farm wife, and of every farmer who loves his wife. It affords them a way to realize practically as much for their cream as though they spent hours in back-ache labor, converting the same into butter of good, not so good and bad qualities. The creamery man, who makes a special study of butter-making, sees to it that the cream is kept at the proper temperature, has every facility, including steam power, for the manufacture of good butter on a wholesale plan, should be allowed to relieve the already over-worked woman of the farm of this portion of her labor. The creamery will be put in operation next Monday, May 21, and four wagons will be put on the road for the gathering of the cream.

G. M. Cross, of Owendale, was a caller in town Tuesday.

Messrs. Marr and McPhail cycled 10 1/2 miles in 50 minutes on Sunday.

At a meeting of the Directors of the T. H. & S. Fair Association last Saturday, W. D. Schooley was appointed superintendent of the races at the coming fair. It was decided to have the Association become a member of the American Trotting Association, thus the track this season will be governed by the rules of that society. This, it is thought, will tend to make the races more satisfactory all around. Various other committees were appointed at this meeting, and preparations in general have been commenced for another successful fair.

Neighborhood News.

E. P. Rowe, of Mayville, will open up a general store in the "Little Mark" building, at Bad A. postoffice.

J. L. Brennan, editor of the Sand Beach Democrat, has been appointed postmaster at that place.

Burglars broke into the depot at Yale Saturday night and made away with a quantity of plug tobacco.

A new postoffice has been established four miles west of Uby. It is called Rappin and Duncan Paul is postmaster.

The M. E. Society, of Caro, has been successful in raising the necessary amount to pay for their new church—\$1,200.

The U. P. Church at Deckererville, Sanilac county, which originally cost \$2,300, was recently sold to the Presbyterian society of that place for \$800, the amount of a mortgage indebtedness.

A barbed-wire fence now keeps pedestrians off the Court House lawn at Caro. The editor of the Advertiser, who, in attempting to seal the fence while taking a "short cut" got hung up by the seat of his trousers, assails the editor in his paper, and says that this "barbarous method of keeping people off the grass is a relic of the Dark Ages and must go."

Our Churches.

"Is it necessary to be baptized to receive the remission of sins? and Can the Holy Ghost be received without the laying on of hands?" will be E. Rushbrook's subject for Sunday, May 20th, at 3 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Sunday, May 20: Morning, "Worship God;" Evening, "Power of United Action."

A roll call service will (D. V.) be held at McConnell's School House, Greenleaf, on Wednesday afternoon and evening, May 23rd, especially for the members of the Cass City Baptist Church living east of the county line. Addresses will be made by the pastor and others. The roll of membership will be called and responses by one minute address, a text of Scripture or a verse of a hymn, will be expected. Services at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and 7:30 in the evening. Everybody come! Bring your lunch for supper.

M. E. CHURCH.

Preparations are being made for Children's Day.

"Trusting in His Mercy" will be the Epworth League topic Sunday evening, Leader, Miss Lottie Randall.

Rev. Jas. T. Gurney reports that a very interesting session was enjoyed at the itinerants' Club of the Detroit Conference at Onisco, last week.

A Junior League has been inaugurated at the Grant M. E. Church, under the presidency of the pastor. The young Leaguers seem highly delighted.

The "hard times" social given by the Epworth League, on Tuesday evening, at W. T. Schenck's, was a very pleasant and enjoyable affair. Notwithstanding the cloudy weather the attendance was good and nearly \$10 was realized.

Communicated.

Will you please correct the item that appeared in the Gageton items two weeks ago, in regard to the result of the revival meetings held at the M. P. Church in Gageton. Instead of ten accessions to the church there were thirty-four with more to follow.

The third quarterly meeting of the Methodist Church of Gageton Circuit will be held at the Williamson school house, May 19 and 20, commencing Saturday, at 2 o'clock p. m. sharp. There are a number to be baptized on Sunday in the Pigeon River, baptism to follow morning service. Rev. W. Mulholland, of Cass River circuit will be with us to assist in the services.

J. B. Keith, Pastor.

Letters That Tarry.

The following are the letters un-called for at the postoffice at Cass City, Mich., for week ending May 12:

A. E. Stevens, A. J. Williams, Elias Bill, Marcus Karr.

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

A. W. SEED, P. M.

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

Nice Messina Lemons only 20 cents per doz. at Smith's parlors.

Oranges have gone up. Buy nice ones of Smith for only 28 cents per doz.

Use Wells' Laundry Blue, the best thing for Laundry use. Each package makes two quarts. 15c. Sold by G. A. Stevenson.

Subscribe for the ENTERPRISE.

Council Proceedings.

COMMON COUNCIL ROOMS, Cass City, May 15.

Regular meeting of the Common Council of the village of Cass City.

Meeting called to order by President Wickware.

Roll call. Present—President Wickware and Trustees Bentley, Brotherton, Frutcher, Hebblewhite, McDougall and Striffler.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

The committee that has in charge the Lafayette damage suit submitted a report which, on motion of Trustee Hebblewhite, was accepted and adopted.

A communication from M. D. Mills, wanting to furnish oak lumber for sidewalks, was received and the matter referred to the Street Commissioner with instructions to get prices and submit same at next meeting of the council.

Report of committee on streets and sidewalks:—

MAJORITY REPORT.

Your committee to whom was referred the petition for sidewalk on west side of Leach Street, commencing at Main Street and running south to Houghton Street, beg leave to submit the following report: We hereby recommend the sidewalk in question be not built nor granted to petitioners.

J. H. STRIFFLER,
S. BROTHERTON,
Committee.

MINORITY REPORT.

To the Common Council of the village of Cass City: As a member of the committee on streets and sidewalks I herewith beg leave to submit a minority report on the matter of building a sidewalk on the west side of Leach Street, between Main and Houghton Streets. I hereby recommend that said sidewalk be built, and the prayers of the petitioners granted.

WM. BENTLEY,
Member St. and Sidewalk Com.

On motion of Trustee Hebblewhite the minority report was accepted and adopted.

Frank Herr asked council to have Sixth Street graded. On motion of Trustee McDougall the matter was referred to the committee on street and sidewalks.

The committee on streets and sidewalks submitted a verbal report on wells to the effect that the wells were in a bad condition and recommended that the well near the Baptist Church and the one farthest east on Main Street be made same as those built last year. On motion said report was accepted and adopted.

The account of Jacob Maier for 70 cents was then allowed and the Recorder instructed to draw an order for the amount.

On motion of Trustee McDougall the Street Commissioner was instructed to fill up the hole in the alley back of the Tennant House barn.

The President referred the matter of free vaccination to the committee on finance, with a request that they submit a report on same at next meeting.

Trustee Hebblewhite offered the following resolution:

WHEREAS, The minority report of the committee on streets and sidewalks, with reference to a sidewalk on the west side of Leach Street has been adopted, therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Common Council hereby authorize a sidewalk to be built on the west side of Leach Street, commencing at Main Street thence running south to Houghton Street, in accordance with the provisions of ordinance number four, being an ordinance relative to the construction and maintenance of sidewalks on the public streets of the village of Cass City and the duties of Street Commissioner in relation thereto, which said ordinance was passed and adopted the 19th day of December, 1893, said sidewalk to be completed by the 28th day of June, 1894, which said resolution was adopted.

On Motion of Trustee Striffler the Recorder was instructed to purchase 100 feet of "Jacket" hose from C. E. Woodruff, of Chicago, at a price of 70 cents per foot, the same to be due and payable September 1st, 1894.

On motion of Trustee Bentley the ways and means committee was instructed to report at next meeting the amount of money necessary to be spread upon this year's tax roll, at next meeting.

The liquor bond of Maggie Sheridan as principal, with Michael Sheridan and Harvey C. Weaver as sureties, was then presented, accepted and approved by a vote of yeas and nays as follows:

Yeas—Trustees Brotherton, Frutcher, Hebblewhite, McDougall and Striffler. Total, 5.

Nays—Trustee Bentley, 1.

On motion of Trustee Striffler council adjourned.

HENRY STEWART, Recorder.

No reason to be without healthy fruit to eat with your morning repast when you can buy bananas for only 20 and 25 cents per dozen at Smith's.

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

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

Shilo's Cure, the great Cough and Croup Cure, is in great demand. Pocket size contains twenty-five doses only 25c. Children love it. Sold by A. W. Seed, drugist.

You will get all wool Stocking Yarn at the Marlette Woolen Mill for 90c. per lb. Other goods in proportion.

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Subscribe for the ENTERPRISE.

NEW GOODS ARRIVING!

NEW AD. NEXT WEEK!

J. A. McDOUGALL.



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 1/4; showed miles last season in 2:21.

For further particulars inquire of W. A. LEWIS or W. J. KILLE, Cass City, Mich.

Karl's Clover Root will purify your blood, clear your complexion, regulate your bowels and make your head clear as a bell. 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 by A. W. Seed.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

WICKWARE & McDOWELL, Prop.

CASS CITY, MICHIGAN

At the request of a sturdy Chicagoan a highwayman put his gun back in his pocket...

In illustration of a point in favor of restriction of the sale of firearms an English statesman aimed a pistol at the head of Lord Salisbury.

This sun of prosperity begins to shine again upon the leading states of continental Europe.

The doctor who said a person dying of small-pox these days commits suicide is perfectly right if suicide can be termed a sin of omission as well as commission.

The outbreak of cholera in Portugal reminds the world again that eternal vigilance is the price of exemption from this plague.

It would seem from the recent decree that the marriage between French diplomats and women of other lands have lately become rather frequent.

NEW HAMPSHIRE is trying a forestry experiment, and the first annual report of the forestry commission of that state has just been published.

The problem of grade crossing has been satisfactorily solved in the city of Elizabeth, in the heart of which formerly two great railroad lines—the Pennsylvania and the New Jersey Central—crossed each other at grade.

A MESSENGER boy, in telling of his troubles, says: "If a boy gets cheated out of \$1, instead of taking \$1 from his wages they take \$2. I call that stealing."

The Philadelphian whose wife is a member of twenty-four clubs may not enjoy much conjugal felicity, but he is saved the necessity of telling how hard the office is working him when he gets home at 11:45 p. m.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

TALMAGE PREACHES ON THE REAL CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

"Behold Thou Art Fair, My Love," Sets Forth the Feeling of Jesus Christ Toward His Church—Must Always Be Ahead of the Times.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 13, 1894.—The tabernacle was crowded to the doors to-day when Rev. Dr. Talmage took for the subject of his forenoon sermon a passage of scripture which has been made the subject of much discussion and various interpretation by modern theologians.

"Higher criticism" says that this book of Solomon's Song is love-scene, a forlorn maiden sighing for her beau. If so, it is an unclean and debauched utterance inserted in the pure word of God and is not fit for common reading.

Oh my friends, we need to break away from slavery to ecclesiastical custom. We dare not sing if anybody hears us. We dare not preach unless we have rounded off our sentences to suit the criticism of the world.

It was not through any spirit of personal courage or reckless adventure that I came, from one of the warmest and most congenial pastorates in Philadelphia that a man ever enjoyed, to this then most uninviting field; but it was the feeling that God had called me to the work and I was sure he would see me through.

I have thought that it might be profitable to us to state briefly what kind of a church we have been trying to establish.

In the first place, I remark that we have been trying to build here a Christian church—distinctively such; in other words, a church where we should preach the Lord Jesus Christ and him crucified. My theology is all gone into five letters—Jesus, Jesus, the pardon of all offenses. Jesus, the foundation for all structures. Jesus, the balm for all wounds. Jesus, the eye-salve for all blindness. Jesus, the guide through all perplexities. Jesus, the hope for all discouragements. Jesus, the reform for all wrongs. I have faith to believe that there is more power in one drop of the blood of Jesus Christ to cure the woes of the world than in an ocean full of human quackery.

Do you ask more minutely what we believe? I can tell you. We have no dry, withered, juiceless theology. We believe in God, the Father Almighty, the Father of our spirits, the Father of the distressed, the home for the homeless, the friend for the friendless. We believe in Jesus Christ, able to save to the uttermost, pardoning the guilty, imputing his righteousness to the believer. We believe in the Holy Ghost, the comforter, the Sanctifier, cheering up the heart in life's ills, and kindling bright lights in every dark landing place. We believe that the whole race is so sunken in sin that nothing but the omnipotent arm of God can ever lift it out. We believe in grace—free grace, sovereign grace, triumphant grace, eternal grace. We believe in a Bible—authentic in its statements, immaculate in its teachings, glorious in its promises. We believe in heaven, the abode of the righteous; and in hell, the residence of those who are soul-suicides—of their own free choice refusing the divine mercy. We believe in the salvation of all men who accept Christ by faith, be they sprinkled or immersed, worship they in cathedral or in log cabin, believe they in Presbyterianism or Episcopacy, dwell they under Italian skies or in Siberian snow-storms, be they Ethiopian or American. All one in Christ. One Lord, one faith, one baptism, on the way to one heaven. We built this tabernacle for the purpose of setting forth these great theories of the Gospel of the Son of God. Would that we had been more faithful in the pulpit! Would that we had been more faithful in the pew!

I remark, further, that we have tried here to build a church distinctively unconventional. Instead of asking, as some people are disposed to do, how other people do it, we have asked the question how people do not do it. Imperious custom has decided that churches shall be angular, cheerless, gloomy, unsympathetic, forgetting that what men call a pious gloom is impious, and that that church has the best architecture where the people are the most comfortable, and that that is the most efficient Christian service where the people are made most sick of sin and most anxious after Christ and heaven; and so we called the architects together for our first church building, and said, "Give us an amphitheatre"—that is, a large family circle, gathered around a fireplace. For many years we had felt that an amphitheatre was the only proper shape for an audience room. The prominent architects of the country said, "It can not be done. You need a church building." And so we had plan after plan of churchly buildings presented; but in due time God sent a man who grasped our idea and executed it. So far from being a failure, it satisfied our want, and all our three churches were built on the amphitheatre plan, and scores of churches all over the country have adopted the same plan.

And, my brethren and sisters, we fail in our work just in proportion as we try to be like other churches. We believe that God intended every church, like every man, to be individual, gathering up all its peculiarities and idiosyncracies, and hurrying them all toward some good and grand object. In other words, no two churches ought ever to be just alike. Here is a church, for instance, whose object it is to prepare philosophers and artists and critics for heaven. God speed them in the difficult work! Here is a church, on the other hand, that proposes to bring only the poor into the kingdom of Jesus Christ, looking not after the rich. God speed such a church in its undertaking! But there is a larger idea that a church may take—bringing in the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant, the high and the low; so that kneeling beside each other shall be the man faring sumptuously every day, and the man who could not get his breakfast. God speed such a church!

Oh my friends, we need to break away from slavery to ecclesiastical custom. We dare not sing if anybody hears us. We dare not preach unless we have rounded off our sentences to suit the criticism of the world. We dare not dress for church until we have examined the fashion plates, and would rather stay at home than appear with a coat or a hat not sanctioned by custom. When will the day of deliverance come to the church of God, when, instead of a dead religion, laid out in a catalogue of insincerity, we shall have a living, bounding, sympathetic, glowing Christianity?

I remark, further, that we have tried here to build and to conduct a cheerful church. While, as you know, we have not held back the terrors of the law, and the sterner doctrines of the gospel, we have tried in this house to present to this people the idea that the gladdest, brightest, happiest thing in all the universe is the Christian religion. There is so much trouble in the world; business men have so many anxieties; tolling men have so many fatigues; orphans have so many desolations—for God's sake, if there be any bright place on earth, show it to them. Let the Church of Jesus Christ be the most cheerful spot on earth. Let me say that I do not want anybody to come whining around me about the Christian religion. I have no faith in a religion made up of equal parts of wormwood, vinegar, and red pepper. If the religion that is presented to us be a depression, we will get along better without it. If it be a joy, let it shine out from your face, and from your conversation. If a man comes to my house to talk of religion with lugubrious countenance, and manner full of sniffe and dolourousness, I feel like saying to the wife, "You had better look up the silver before he steals something." I have found it an invariable rule that men who profess faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, priding themselves at the same time on their sanctimoniousness, always turn out badly. I never knew an exception. While those who are the most consistent, the most useful, and the most conversational, have perfume in their conversation, and heaven in their face.

The happiest Christians that I have ever known have been persons from 60 to 80 years of age. By that time people get over the shams and pretenses of society, and have no longer any patience with anything like imposture in religion. O Christian! how dare you be gloomy? Is not God your Father? Is not Jesus Christ your Savior? Has not your path all through life been strewn with mercies? Are you insensible to the fact that there are glories awaiting you in the better land—doxologies of celestial worship, eternal chorals, tearless eyes, songs that resound under arches of strength, and hosannas that clap their hands at the foot of the throne? Is it nothing to you that all the hills of heaven are radiant with the faces of those who have gone up from you, and who are waiting for your coming, ready to keep you eternal holiday? Is there nothing in songs that never cease, in hearts that never ache, in splendors that never die, to make you glad? Then take no more mercy at the hand of thy God! Give back the marriage-ring of love that Jesus put on your finger in the day of your espousal! Plant no more of the flowers of heaven where there ought to be nothing but nettles and nightshade!

We try to make this church a cheerful church. A man on Saturday afternoon stands in his store and says, "How shall I meet these obligations? How can I endure this new disaster that is coming upon me?" He goes home, Sabbath morning finds him in the house of God. Through the song, through the sermon, through the prayer, the Lord Jesus Christ says to that man, "O man! I have watched thee; I have seen all thy struggles. It is enough; I will see thee through; I will stand between thee and thy creditors. I will make up in heavenly treasures what you have lost in earthly treasures. Courage! man! courage! Angels of God, I command you to clear the track for that man; put your wings over his head; with your golden scepters strike for his defense; throw around him all the defenses of eternity!" What is the consequence? That business man is strengthened. He goes to the store next day feeling that God is with him and ready to deliver. That same Sunday there is a poor old woman in the church hearing the Gospel. Oh! how shrunken she is! She wears the same dress she wore twenty years ago. How faded it is, and how out of date! She sits and listens as well as she can. Her eyes are so dim she can not see half-way across the church. Her ear is so imperfect that she can only catch occasionally a note of the psalm or a word of the preacher. Some one sitting next to her gives her a book and holds the place for her. She says, "Thank you, miss, thank you!" She holds the book close up to her eyes, and with a voice all full of tremors, sings: Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the bills near me roll, While the tempest still is high; Hide me, O my Savior hide, Till the storm of life is past. Safe into the haven guide— Oh! receive my soul at last.

Oh! receive my soul at last. And Jesus says to her, "Mother, are you weary?" And she says, "Yes, Jesus, I am very tired." Jesus says, "Mother, are you poor?" And she says, "Yes, I am very poor. I can not sew any more; I can not knit any more. I am very poor." Jesus says to her, "Mother, would you like to rest?" She says, "Yes, Lord, that is what I want—rest." "Courage, mother," says Jesus, "I will see thee through." She goes home. The next morning, in the tenement house, some one dwelling on the upper floor comes to her room and knocks. No answer. The door is opened. She is dead! The night before, the chariots of God halted at that pillow of straw, and Jesus kept his promise. He said that he would give her rest, and he has given her rest. Glory be to God for the height, the depth, the length, and the breadth of such Christian comfort! Oh! that we might have such joy as that which inspired the men at the battle of Leuthen. They were singing a Christian song as they went into battle. A general said to the king, "Shall I stop those people singing?" "No," said the king; "men that can sing like that can fight." I would that we had a singing church, a joyful church, a jubilant church, a comforting church; for then we would have a triumphant church. I remark, further, that we have here tried to build a church abreast of the times. It is all folly for us to try to do things the way they did fifty or a hundred years ago. We might as well be plowing with Elijah's crooked stick, or go into battle with Saul's armor, or power a canal boat to an express train, as to cling to old things. What we most need now is a wide-awake church. People who are out in the world all the week, jostling against this lightning-footed century, come into the church on the Sabbath, and go right to sleep unless they have a spirited service. Men engaged in literary callings all the week, reading pungent, sharp writings, can not be expected to come and hear our ecclesiastical gadflies. If a man stays at home on Sundays and reads the newspapers, it is because the newspapers are more interesting. We need, my brethren, to rouse up and stop hunting with blank cartridges. The Church of God ought to be the leader, the interpreter, the inspirer of the age. It is all folly for us to be discussing old issues—arraigning Nero, hanging Absalom, striking the Philistines with Shamgar's ox-goad—when all around about are inequities to be slain.

Did I say that a church ought to be abreast of the times? I take that back. The Church of God ought to be ahead of the times—as far in advance as the Cross of Christ is ahead of all human invention. Paul was a thousand years ahead of the day in which he lived. The swift-footed years that have passed since Luther died have not yet come up to Luther's grave. Give inquiry four thousand years the start, and the feet of Christianity are so nimble that if you will but give it full swing, it will catch up and pass it in two bounds. The Church of God ought to be ahead of the times.

Then She Was Not So Charmed. "I'm so glad I'm going to be your wife, Mr. Jones—I mean Charley," said "the only woman he ever loved," after he had asked and been accepted. "Most of your people live in Cleveland, you know, and I have never met them. But I have met your sister who lives in Toledo several times, and like her very much." "Why, I have no sister in Toledo or anywhere else," he said, wondering what it meant. "Is that so?" I don't understand it at all. That charming young widow, Mrs. Van Smart, said she was your sister, and you had another one across "the river." "Oh, she was just joking you, my darling," he replied while a confused flush crept over his face. Since then she has found that the "charming widow" was a sister by reflection, and she is not so charmed with her.—Toledo Blade.

A Utterance. Daughter (pleadingly)—I am sure you will like George. He is the most conscientious young man I ever knew. Father (a business man)—Then don't you dare to marry him! You'll starve to death!

WILD CRANBERRY BOGS.

The Stretch of Marshes in the Puget Sound Country.

The entire Puget sound country and the coast of Washington is dotted with wild cranberry lands. These lands are found throughout all the woodland sections, and when once under cultivation produce the most abundant crops of hay, grain and vegetables. In fact, there are no lands more prolific and fruitful.

All up and down the rivers of the sound country, and in the heavy wooded districts in the interior away from any stream are found acres of these peculiar tracts. The wild cranberry in this country is not a success, as are most all other kinds of wild fruit. Patches are found, however, that are very prolific, and each fall wild cranberries are picked by the Indians and white settlers in the remote districts. In Pierce county on the military reserve, opposite Point Defiance, is a considerable cranberry marsh where once used to be gathered many bushels of the wild berry.

Up in Snohomish county on the Stillquamish river, wild cranberry marshes are found in great numbers. One fine marsh, near the postoffice of Oso, has recently been drained and cleared of the old vines, and is now one of the finest ranches in the state for its size. Farther up the river, near the head, are some very large marshes, which produce bushels of berries. In the Hood's canal country and through parts of Clallam county, are acres and acres of these fertile places.

The greatest trouble the settler has to contend with in reclaiming them is to get them properly drained and cleared for the plow of the larger roots and spongy growths, which always overlay the ground to the depth of a foot or more. No successful effort has ever been made to cultivate cranberries here, but they are successfully grown in the southern part of the state. The following description of the farm was written for the Oregonian a few days ago:

The cranberry tract embraces 830 acres, much of which is natural cranberry marsh, or "bog," producing quite an abundance of wild cranberries. These marshes, in their natural state, are covered with water more than half the year, and very much resemble what we call "beaver dam land," the "muck" or decayed vegetation, being from one to several feet deep, making a soil unsurpassed in purity. The preparation of this land for cranberries is very expensive. In the first place it must be thoroughly ditched, and these ditches must be so arranged by means of flood gates that the land can be flooded or irrigated when necessary. Then the heavy sod of wild cranberries and coarse grass must be removed, and the ground covered with sand to a depth of from six to ten inches, after which the cranberry cuttings, being from one to several feet deep, making a soil unsurpassed in purity. The preparation of this land for cranberries is very expensive. 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IN THE FLAT COZY



HEY were two jolly girl bachelors. For several years they had worked together, lunched and dined and breakfasted together, shared one another's secrets and been inseparable companions. Me a who knew them called them ideal women. When one felt sad and heart sick and given over to the little moods that make a girl wretchedly, miserably woebegone, the other was always there to comfort or laugh the tears away.

Flat Cozy, with its tiny corners filled with downy sofa cushions; was the resting place for more than one weary friend, who would drop in during the evening for a cup of fragrant tea and a comfortable chat. The little brass tea kettle would hum a busy roundelay and join in the arguments as sturdily as if its fat little body contained a fairly good pair of lungs. Margaret was the elder of the two girls. She was always the same good natured, laughing Margaret, but was, nevertheless, a young woman with ideas of her own and any amount of willful determination. Their men friends raved over Margaret's pretty face, but she sadly lacked the graceful, pretty ways that so soon disappear when a girl enters the busy world of business. As to Dorothy, the other girl—well, she wasn't what one would call a pretty girl. Her nose was a trifle too saucy and her mouth could have been smaller. But she had wonderfully soft and fluffy hair that curled around her ears and then piled itself in a silky knot on the top of her head. Her eyes were always bright and were of that tender brown that one seldom sees. And she would wander through Flat Cozy as softly as a butterfly moves among a garden of daffodils. During her working hours she was modestly demure and would never have been noticed at all, but for the reason that she wore such plain and unassuming gowns. But at home, in the Flat Cozy, she would dress herself in marvelous costumes of white material, with ever so many ruffles of filmy lace and knots of palatial ribbons.

"We must be nice old spinsters, Margaret dear," Dorothy used to say. "Or cross old maids, with corkerewy curls and plenty of cats and parrots, you know, because if you were to marry and leave me I'd die from loneliness and I'm sure you couldn't live without me."

"Indeed, I could not," Margaret would answer. "But I feel sure that you will be the first one to desert our little nest."

"How can you say such dreadful things?" and Dorothy's mouth would pucker up in a most melancholy manner.

Jack Ryerson was an artist. Not at all like the fascinating fellow in the story books, who wears velvet coats and lives on crackers and ale in a dusty and romantic studio, but a well-built man who was employed in the art department of a common place pub-



IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW. lishing house. He recognized Margaret's stately carriage and her well-chiseled features, but his artist's soul was quite enraptured with Dorothy's quaint little figure and dainty manners.

"Sometimes I think that Dorothy isn't a real live girl at all," he once remarked to Margaret. "When she stood in the doorway a moment ago, with her head tilted to one side and her hair looking so pretty, I couldn't help wondering if I were not actually looking at some old painting."

Dorothy was very fond of Jack. They used to have jolly times when she posed for his pictures, and in fact Jack Ryerson's sketches of pretty girls were unrivaled and the envy of all his fellow-workers. After each of their little sketching sessions Dorothy would tell Margaret all about what Jack said and how he said it and what she said back. But one evening after Jack had gathered up his crayons and departed, Dorothy marched off to her own room without the customary chat. Margaret was alarmed. She brought out the mandolin and sang several street ditties in the hope that Dorothy would emerge from her den to have her ruffled spirits smoothed down. But no Dorothy appeared. It was after midnight and Margaret has been asleep for some time when she is aroused by a white-robed figure that glided silently to her side, slid two very cold arms around her, and with a dismal little tremble sobbed: "Maggy, darling, I'm so wretched and unhappy!"

"Dorothy," Margaret gasped, "you'll catch your death; go right back to bed

and go to sleep. Do now, there's a dear."

"Sleep?" queried Dorothy. "I can't sleep. I haven't slept for a week. I got some powders from Dr. Hall to-day and he said that I was just nervous and tired out and needed rest, but he doesn't know anything, anyway. He—"

"Is it Jack, Dolly?" and Margaret looked into the fine brown eyes that shone in the moonlight.

"I don't know myself," Dorothy doubtfully replied, "but I presume it is. I feel as if I hadn't a friend in the world when he's not with me, and I'm too happy to breathe when he is here (Margaret smiled just then), and that is what makes me wild and that is what makes me hate myself so." And then, with her heart unburdened and her face all damp, she buried her head on Margaret's shoulder.

Things were never quite the same after that. Somehow Margaret seemed less sympathetic and Dorothy felt that she was no longer interested in her foolish affairs. Jack and Dorothy began to find comfort in the silly little quarrels that only those who are in love indulge in.

At last, one day their argument ended most unfortunately, and, though Jack wasn't really serious, Dorothy felt sure he was and was quite broken-hearted.

"You do make me so unhappy," she pouted. "I almost wish that you'd grow down yourself or hang yourself—or do anything so that I'll never see you again. You keep me perfectly miserable all the time."

"Dolly! Sweetheart!" Jack pleaded. "Forgive me. I was only teasing you. I love you with all my heart." Then noticing her sneering smile, he said desperately: "But you don't believe it?"

"No, I don't," Dorothy answered pettishly. "How many girls have you said that to? How far down on the list do I come? Really, now, but don't tease your conscience trouble you. How did you think of the feminine hearts that you have broken? But presume you have become hardened to it," and then Dorothy started up a series of hysterical bursts of merriment.

"Dorothy, I can't understand you," was all Jack said, and he slowly gathered together his scattered pencils, put them in his pockets, and departed without another word.

As he went out into the shadows of the street he was half inclined to rush back and entreat her to believe him. He did love her. To be sure, he had told other girls that he loved them, but his regard for them had never been just like the affection he had for Dorothy. He would give his life for that moody, tearful bit of femininity that he had left curled up in a big arm chair. He kept saying to himself in an insane sort of fashion: "I love you, Dorothy, I love you." Then when he found that he had wandered for blocks with the chill air cutting his face and making his ears tingle, he laughed silently and said: "But I'll tease her. I'll pretend to make love to Margaret. By jove! Why didn't I think of that before?"

A few days after that Dorothy was missed from her desk at the office and for the first time since the beginning of their friendship Margaret lunched alone. During the long hours Dorothy wandered around the Flat Cozy, now picking leaves from the geraniums in the window, now standing before the large mirror in the dressing case. She would smile pityingly as she looked and laughingly whispered to the image that mocked her every movement: "He doesn't love you! How could he? He doesn't! He says that he does, but he really doesn't!" And then she would wander back to the little desk and turn over and over the envelope addressed to Margaret in the writing that she knew quite as well as her own.

But when Margaret went home that night Dorothy was quite like her old self. There was a bright spot on either cheek, and Margaret thought she had never seen Dorothy look sweeter. After dinner they sat before the grate fire, Dorothy with her head in Margaret's lap and Margaret's arms around her. They talked over every happy hour they had spent together. They laughed over the played child-like games as they munched chocolates that Margaret said grew in her jacket pockets. And when the time came to say good-night, and Dorothy had kissed Margaret as was her custom, Margaret puzzled over the tear that had fallen on her hand.

Dorothy had planned it all that afternoon. Three powders, Dr. Hall had said, would cause the death of a ten-year-old child, and she had all the powders that he had left with her—there were ten at least. He had cautioned her so carefully, for the medicine was very strong, and an overdose would surely prove fatal. Yes, she felt that she was wicked. Jack loved Margaret. He didn't love her, with her plain face and moody ways. It was Margaret. How could she have been so blind? He knew that she, Dorothy, loved him, so he said all those pretty things to comfort her.

She slipped into the pink elderdown gown that Jack so admired. She fixed her hair after the fashion that he professed to like liked best. Mechanically she folded and put away all the stray garments that were lying around the room. From her glove box she took a package that contained several folded bits of paper. Her gloves! They had never looked so pretty before. Her fan, but—then Margaret could use it. How her temples throbbed! What made her choice so? Her hands were damp and her heart seemed bursting with grief. Oh, yes, she had almost forgotten. She must say her prayers—she had never neglected them—so she knelt down beside the white bed. For some reason she couldn't frame the words. She would get as far as "Thy kingdom come,"

and she would seem to forget and would mutter: "Dear old Jack! When I am dead you can marry Margaret and forget all about silly Dorothy. I would not love you if I could help it and I don't want you to love me because you are sorry for me."

At last she arose. How cramped her limbs were! There were the powders. Taking the cover of her porcelain powder box, she emptied the contents of all the white papers in it. Her hands trembled when she raised it to her lips, but she grew strong and in a moment was staring vacantly at the little cover with its feathery coating of powder. The bed seemed so far away. She tottered toward it. How soft the pillows felt! She was so sleepy, too. What sweet music she heard, and who had brought all the flowers that were floating through the air? There was an odor of jasmine. Jack was so fond of jasmine. Jack! Why, there was Jack! Dear Jack! He did love her, after all. It wasn't Margaret at all. If she could only run her fingers through his hair, but somehow she couldn't move her hands. Ah! Jack came closer then. Yes, yes, it was really Jack. She felt his warm breath against her cheeks, but she couldn't see him any more. Everything was so black and dark. Jack's lips met hers. With a happy smile she drifted into the mysterious "valley of the shadow."

THE VAMPIRE BAT PEST.

One of the Chief Drawbacks to Cattle-Raising in Central America.

There are some drawbacks to the Isthmian cattle business that would rather astonish the American cowboy were he to go there. The chief of these is the vampire bat, says a Sun correspondent writing from Panama. One reads stories of the vampire bat sucking the blood of human beings, and at least two books by naturalists of repute say that these bats do such human blood. Vampire bats are found by the thousands in Vergagus and Ciriguai. I asked at every place for a person whose blood had been sucked by vampires, but could not find a soul. And yet people sleep out of doors without even a blanket to protect them—slept bare-headed and barefooted. The vampire had every chance to alight on the human big toe, as he is said to do, and, while soothing the foot with his fanning wings, to suck out the life blood. I could find no such case, however, nor had that observant Englishman, C. Preedy, ever found any. But the vampire is the pest of the cattleman. He is particularly fond of veal blood, but older stock and horses, colts, mules and burros all suffer. I did not catch a vampire at his work, though I saw hundreds of them, but the cattleman all tell the same story. The vampire settles somewhere on the back of the beast in the pasture at night, and then, while the animal is fast asleep, he comes out and, with his wings to aid, and from a circular piece of skin one-quarter of an inch in diameter. Through this hole he sucks the blood till satisfied. One wound would be of little consequence, nor would the loss of blood do much damage were that all, but a half dozen vampires may feast on one poor calf or on the back of a saddle horse in one night. The calf is badly weakened by the loss of blood, while a saddle horse so served is worthless until the wounds are entirely healed. But this is not the worst result of the bite. The region swarms with a pestiferous fly that soon after daylight finds the wound and lays eggs in it. Unless the wound is properly cleaned and dressed with a waxy salve within forty-eight hours after the vampire's attack the animal will be destroyed by the progeny of the fly. The percentage of calves thus killed is large, in spite of the watchfulness of the cow herders.

His Backsliding Still in Evidence.

Among the manuscripts unearthed at Fayoum, in Egypt, and now under examination at the British museum, one has lately been deciphered which possesses a peculiar interest for students of early Christian history. It is a certificate issued during the Decian persecution in the third century to some faint-hearted Christian that he has fulfilled the requirements of sacrificing to the gods. The subject in this case is a man of 72 years, "a scar over right eye-brow." The document is made out in regular official form, duly signed and attested. This is the only specimen of its kind that has yet been discovered.

Not Much on Distance.

"Friend," said the candidate to the fellow at the gate, "how far is it to the next settlement?"

"About half a acre."

"And how far is that?"

"Well, hit's a right smart ways."

"I mean how many yards?"

"Well, that ain't any yards 'tall tell you get thar, an' then you'll strike Bill Spurlin's yard an' six yard dogs, all loose an' a-hungry!"

No Discount for Backsliding.

Hicks—Mr. X. Horter, the evangelist, is doing a good work. They say he has made a hundred converts in his two meetings.

Wicks—And how many of them will stick?

Hicks—Oh, that doesn't make any difference. Horter, you know, gets \$50 a night and there's no discount for backsliding.

A Substitute for Glass.

A translucent waterproof pliable material called duraline is being used in some parts of Europe and Australia as a substitute for glass for roofing large buildings. It is easily bent, can be cut with strong scissors and is said to be weather and heat proof.

PERFUMES IN ALL AGES.

APPRECIATED BY THE EARLIEST KNOWN RACES.

Egyptian Marts for Perfumes—Famous Jewish Fragrant Gums and Spices—Perfumer Shops in Greece—Scents in Elizabethan Times.

It is difficult to realize how universal was the knowledge and use of perfumes in ancient and medieval times. The early physicians freely prescribed sweet odors, especially in nervous diseases, and understood what science is teaching to-day—that certain flowers and scents are not only beneficial to health, but will ward off pestilence and develop ozone. The great love of the ancients for flowers was owing to their fragrance as well as for color, and when they offered to their gods garlands and wreaths of blossom, it was not alone for their beauty, but that the spirit and soul of the flower might be wafted as incense to the divinity.

Egypt was a great mart for perfumes. Joseph was sold to a company of Israelites who came from Gilead with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh to Egypt. Women made themselves beautiful through the use of essences and rare perfumes, and wore necklaces of scented beads like the Chinese women of to-day. Greeks were received in chambers strewn with flowers, and slaves poured a delicious stream of perfumes over their heads, and hung garlands of roses, lotus, crocus or saffron flowers around their necks, while odoriferous gums were burned in little vases. When the ceremony of anointing was over, each was presented with a lotus flower, which was held in the hand during the entertainment. The dead were not forgotten, for the embalmed mummy was saturated with perfumes and spices, and sweet scents were burned before their statues. The incense-bearer was prominent in religious ceremonies, and the priest offered perfumes to the gods and anointed their images. Three kinds of incense were burned to Ra—aromatic gums at dawn, myrrh at noon, and six ingredients at sunset. An oil filled with camphor incense and sweet herbs was sprinkled with perfumed oil and burned on an altar to Isis.

TURN GYPSIES.

Birds Have to Go on Foraging Expeditions for Food.

There are some birds that depend almost entirely for their means of subsistence upon the light-winged summer flies that love the sunshine. These the economy of our cold season does not provide for. The tree-creepers and the tits, insectivorous in their propensities, are content to seek food in the crevices of bark up and down the branches of old trees, in the cracks of walls, in and out among the stones and bricks of old buildings, peering, probing, pecking at the creatures that have thought to get through the cold weather by hiding. Not so our migrant singers. Many of them, like the swallows, eat only such things as they can catch in their swift flight open-mouthed, through the air, says the Cornhill Magazine; these are few and far between in the raw cold atmosphere of winter here. Swift and swallow, nightingale and cuckoo, warbler, wheatear, hinchin, blackcap, wren, flycatcher, and all the merry troupe of strolling singers, must follow the sun and the creatures that follow the sunbeams to lands that are sunny in winter.

THE JEW'S LOVE OF PERFUMES WAS AS GREAT AS THEIR LOVE OF GOLD AND PRECIOUS STONES, SAYS THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Their priests, before morning and evening, sweet incense compounded after minute directions, stact (myrrh), onycha (an odoriferous shell), and galbanum (a sweet gum), and this they were not permitted to use in private life. The holy ointment was made of myrrh, cinnamon, calamus, and cassia. The Hebrews perfumed their beds with myrrh, aloes and cinnamon, and scented their hair and beards with myrrh, cassia, aloes and frankincense. Attached to their necklaces were small gold or silver boxes, or an alabaster vial filled with musk, attar of rose, balsam, saffron or precious spikenard. So indispensable were perfumes considered for the bridal toilet that the Talmud directs one-tenth of a bride's dowry to be set apart for the purchase of scents, and the path of the bride was strewn with flowers and watered with essences. The queen of Sheba introduced the "balm of Mecca" into Judea, and the shrub from which it was obtained was cultivated there until the fall of Jerusalem. Only one plantation of this shrub exists—in Arabia Petrea, the annual yield of which is but three pounds. The famous "balm of Gilead," once so common and now so rare that only the sultan can be supplied, is distilled from the amyris, a bush which formerly covered the mountains of Gilead.

Like the Egyptians the Greeks understood the charm of fresh flowers, and graced their feasts with masses of bloom and color and decorated their persons with garlands and wreaths to add natural perfume to the scented garments.

An Athenian host was not content to perfume his dining hall, but scented his drinking vessels with myrrh and had his slaves sprinkle essences upon the guests. One entertainer made himself famous by letting four scented pigeons fly into the banquet chamber, dropping different odors from their wings. Like the houses of Queen Anne's time and the modern European cafe, the perfumers' shops of Athens were centers for gossip on art, intrigue, love and politics. According to legend the art of perfumery spread in Greece through Helen of Troy, who owed much of her beauty to knowledge of sweet essences.

Perfumes were never richer nor more costly than in Queen Elizabeth's time.

The queen was very fastidious in her choice of scents, and Cecil, taking advantage of this, once excited himself from a hazardous position by declaring that a package of letters which she was about to open—his secret correspondence with James of Scotland—held an evil odor. At her ladies were acquainted with the secrets of the still room and could concoct essences from their favorite flowers. Sweet candles were burned in the bed rooms, sweet cakes were thrown upon the fire to diffuse gentle odors, cosmetics were kept in fragrant tin coffers, rose water was used for the complexion, pastillos de Bocco—a kind of scented lozenge—kept to sweeten the breath, bottles of perfume called "ceasing bottles" were carried, pomanders hung from the girdles and chains, perfumed bracelets and necklaces of musk-balls were

ST. JACOBS OIL Is the MASTER CURE for . . . PAINS AND ACHES.

NOT ALWAYS FIT.

Some Laughable Anecdotes of Lafayette's Welcome in 1824.

When Lafayette, in 1824, made his memorable tour through the United States, many amusing incidents occurred. Lafayette spoke but little English, and understood less. He had retained a few phrases, such as "Thanks!" "My dear friend!" "Great country!" "Happy man!" "Ah, I remember!" And, though he usually uttered these in an effective manner, they were sometimes ludicrously malapropos. At Halifax the cortege was met by General Daniel, who had stationed a company of soldiers by the roadside, flanked by the ladies who had assembled to do honor to the guest of the state. It had been arranged that the ladies should wave their handkerchiefs as soon as Lafayette came in sight, and when Daniel exclaimed, "Welcome, Lafayette!" the whole company was to repeat the words after him. Unluckily, the ladies misunderstood the program and waited too long, says Argonaut, only to be reminded of their duty by a stentorian command of "Flirt, ladies, flirt, I say!" The general, as he walked down the line to meet the marquis, equally misunderstanding their part, the soldiers, instead of shouting, "Welcome, Lafayette!" in unison at the close of the general's speech, repeated the sentence one by one in varying tones down the line. General Daniel, frantic at this burlesque of his order, vainly attempted to correct it; but as he unfortunately stammered when he was excited, his "Say it all to-to-to-together!" could not overtake the running fire of "Welcome, Lafayette!" which continued all along the line. "Great country! great country!" replied Lafayette, turning to General Polk, who was vainly trying not to smile. Recognizing an old acquaintance, Lafayette greeted him with great effusion: "Ah, my dear friend, so glad to see you once more! Hope you have prospered and had good fortune all these years!" "Yes, general, yes; but I have had the great misfortune to lose my wife since I saw you." Catching the "wife," Lafayette guessed at the date of her recent marriage, and, patting his old friend affectionately on the shoulder, he exclaimed: "Happy man! happy man!"

Query has been made as to the nationality of Mme. Adeline Patti, who was recently referred to as a Spanish-American.

She was born in Spain, of Italian extraction, came to America at the age of one year and had her early musical training in this country, and at present pays taxes to England on a castle in Wales.

Western American Secretary.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad has now ready for distribution a sixteen-page portfolio of scenic views along its line, in the size of the Western Railway lately issued. They are only ten cents each and can be obtained without delay by remitting the amount to GEO. H. HERRFORD, Gen. Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Faith is a sure support at all times. No matter where it steps, it always stands on solid rock.

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ST. JACOBS OIL Is the MASTER CURE for . . . PAINS AND ACHES.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Kate Field originally intended to go upon the operatic stage, and was a pupil of Manuel Garcia, who taught Jenny Lind.

Dr. Horace Howard Furness keeps his scholarly interest in Shakespeare fresh by reading one of the great dramatist's plays every day.

At Rugby school in England, recently, portraits of Arthur Hugh Clough and "Tom" Hughes were unveiled by the bishop of London.

M. Carnot will complete his term as president of the French republic December 3. His salary for the last seven years has been \$250,000 a year, besides allowances.

John W. Atwood of Providence, R. I., died of apoplexy induced by a fit of anger because the court had forbidden him to marry for six months after granting him a divorce from his first wife.

BERKHAM'S PILLS have a pleasant coating, dissolving the taste of the pill without impairing its efficacy. 25 cents a box.

Foreigners are looked on with suspicion in China.

E. A. ROOD, Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured my wife of catarrh fifteen years ago and had no return of it. It's a sure cure." Sold by druggists, 75c.

When you bid your sin goodbye don't shake hands with it.

In 1850 "Brown's Bronchial Troches" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

It is exercise alone that supports the spirits and keeps the mind in vigor.—Cicero.

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

England has 787,515 paupers.

Stillo's Consumption Cure is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. 25c, 50c, & \$1.00.

Garlic was known 4,000 years ago.

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

Colorado Gold Mines. If you wish to know all about the late wonderful strikes send fifty cents for a year's subscription to the Gold Miner, Denver, Colo.

Nothing but the infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life.—John Ingelhart.

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MOTHER'S FRIEND

Lessens Pain

Insures Safety to Life of Mother and Child.

"My wife, after using 'MOTHER'S FRIEND,' passed through the ordeal with little pain, was stronger in one hour than in a week after the birth of her former child.

—J. J. MCGOLDRICK, Bean Station, Tenn.

"MOTHER'S FRIEND" robbed pain of its terror and shortened labor. I have the healthiest child I ever saw.—MRS. L. M. AHERN, Cochran, Ga.

Sent by express, charges prepaid on receipt of price, \$1.50 per bottle. Book "TO MOTHERS" mailed free.

Sold by All Druggists. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES CATARRH

PRICE 50 CENTS. ALL DRUGGISTS.

PISO'S CURE FOR GENUINE WHEAT ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use as Directed. Sold by Druggists.

1,000,000 ACRES OF LAND

for sale by the SATISFACTION & DULUTH RAILROAD COMPANY in Minnesota. Send for Maps and Circulars. They will be sent you FREE.

Address: HOPEWELL CLARKE, Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

W. J. DOUGLAS'S SHOE

equals custom work, costing from \$4 to \$6, best value for the money in the world. Name and price stamped on the bottom. Every pair warranted. Take no substitute. See local papers for full description of our complete lines for ladies and gentlemen or send for 77-illustrated Catalogue containing full particulars. Write to W. J. DOUGLAS, Boston, Mass.

Scott's Emulsion

taken immediately arrests waste, regardless of the cause. Consumption must yield to treatment that stops waste and builds flesh anew. Almost as palatable as milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

FREE!

THIS KNIFE! Fine Steel. Keen as razor. Good, strong handle. Mailed free in exchange for 25 Large 12oz Heads cut from Lion Coffee Wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine Promotions. WOODS' GREAT PEACH, 450 Huron St., Toledo, O.

FREE! Madame FACE BLEACH

Appreciating the fact that thousands of ladies of the U. S. have not used my Face Bleach, on account of price, which is 25¢ per bottle, and in order that all my good friends should know I will send a Sample Bottle, safely packed, all charges prepaid, on receipt of 25¢. Madame Face Bleach removes and cures absolutely all freckles, pimples, moles, blackheads, sallowness, acne, eczema, wrinkles, or roughness of skin, and beautifies the complexion. A City Agent, and benefits the complexion. Write to Mrs. A. RUPPERT, 9 E. 14th St., N. Y. City.

FREE! International Hand Cream Separator.

200 lbs to 300 lbs capacity. Send for separator guaranteed first class, send for full particulars. Write to Mrs. J. M. Davis & Kankian, 1116 & 1118, Chicago, Illinois.

DENISON JOHN W. HORTER'S

Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Patent Office. 15 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, any since.

Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron R. R.
PASSENGER TIME CARD.

In Effect November 25th, 1913. Standard Time.

Southwest.	STATIONS.	Northeast.
A. M. P. M. A. T.	Dep. A. M. P. M. A. T.	
5 40 50	Saginaw, E. S.	8 10 30
5 45 55	Reese	8 15 40
5 50 00	Falgun	8 20 45
5 55 05	Alton	8 25 50
6 00 10	Union	8 30 55
6 05 15	Schwaning	8 35 00
6 10 20	Bay Port	8 40 05
6 15 25	TRIPOLI	8 45 10
6 20 30	Pigeon	8 50 15
6 25 35	Elkton	8 55 20
6 30 40	Grassmore	9 00 25
6 35 45	Dep. Bad Axe	9 05 30

At Saginaw—With E. & P. M. for Detroit and Toledo, Bay City, Ludington, and Marquette. With D. L. & N. for St. Louis, Alma and Grand Rapids. With M. C. for Orono, Lansing, Jackson and Chicago and with C. S. & M. for Lansing and Chicago. At Reese—With M. C. for Bay City, Lapeer and Detroit. At Pigeon—With P. O. & N. for Cassville, Cass City, Pontiac and Detroit. At Bad Axe—With E. & P. M. for Port Austin, Sand Beach, Minden City and Ft. Huron. Trains leaving Bad Axe at 7:30 a.m. and Detroit at 4:35 p.m. are through expresses. Via P. O. & N. and D. L. & N. M. Railway, delivering and receiving passengers at depot of latter company in Detroit, foot of Grand River, between 10th and 11th Sts. M. V. McBERT, Superintendent. W. J. HERBERT, A. G. F. & P. A.

Pennac, Oxford & Northern Railroad.
PINK TABLE.

Trains run on Central Standard Time.

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THE STATE NEWS.

DOINGS AND HAPPENINGS IN MICHIGAN.

Prisoners Make a Bold Attempt to Blow Up Jackson Prison With Dynamite. The Small-Pox Epidemic Spreading.

One of the most desperate attempts of prisoners to escape from the state prison at Jackson was followed by the prompt action of the guards.

The convicts of the new west cell block had been taken to a meeting, and were being marched back to their cells when one of them motioned to Guard Horning as though he wished to speak to him.

But one mill is now idle at Alpena, that of the Constocks. There are seven mills now in commission in that town.

Grand Rapids bloods will wear knickerbockers instead of trousers and will urge their lady friends to don "bloomers."

Charles Wortman died of lockjaw at Milford. He ran a nail in his foot about a week ago or so. He was about 17 years old.

Wm. Conkay was arrested at Detroit and taken to Ann Arbor for stealing a dog belonging to Mrs. Walker, of the latter place.

The State Agricultural society will put up \$5,000 for horse races at the fair on the Detroit exposition grounds next September.

Port Huron cyclists have to pay license and display tags on their wheels. They were killing too many people on the streets.

Harry Smith was drowned near Menominee while at work on the drive. He was 23 years old and had been married only a few months.

Business men of Edwardsburg raised \$2,000 for the purpose of keeping the Swedish furman plants, which is expected to open at once and employ fifty men.

The Canadian "Soo" canal will be opened for service June 30. It is 900 feet by 60 feet and will have a water depth of 20 feet and 3 inches. It was commenced in September, 1892.

Elmer Ansonnet a farmer, living in the vicinity of Birmingham, caught a sneak thief making off with \$40 that belonged to him. Mr. Ansonnet caught the thief and he was sent to Pontiac.

The "Big Four" railroad is building a new dock and warehouse at St. Joseph, Mo., for the accommodation of their flour trade between that place and Duluth, and will be over 200 feet long.

Judge Gouverneur Morris died at Monroe, aged 83. He was born in Springfield, Vt., and his grand uncle was Gouverneur Morris, who was the author of the constitution of the United States.

A competitive examination will be held at the senate chamber in the city of Lansing on Friday, June 8, for the election of a candidate for a cadetship at West Point from the Sixth congressional district.

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An electric car ran into Mrs. John Waller on the viaduct at St. Joseph, seriously injuring her and a lady friend. The lady was wheeling a baby carriage. It was hit by the car and broken to pieces, and did not awaken the lady.

Anthony Brouwer, a steamer in Grand Rapids, was instantly killed. His team, becoming frightened, ran away, and colliding with a telegraph pole, he was thrown from the wagon, breaking his neck and knocking his brains out. He was a single man.

The body of Lars Larson, a civil engineer who had been missing from his home in Menominee since April 27, was found in the bay. He had threatened to drown himself several times. Larson was 50 years old and leaves a widow and several grown children.

Joseph Hermann, of Calumet, became suspicious of two men hanging around his jewelry store and laid for them. About 1 a. m. he saw four men trying to break in and he promptly fired. Jack McCarthy stopped one bullet and was caught but the others escaped.

Josie Bryant, an 18-year-old domestic, employed by Bert Rorick, of Seneca, attempted suicide by taking Paris green. She was a bound-out girl from the Adrian industrial school, and her home is in Manistee. An unfaithful lover at Seneca had made her despondent and jealous.

Charles Salisbury, a stonemason, of Grand Rapids, while breaking a boulder with his hammer felt a sharp pain in the abdomen. A doctor was sent for and it was found that a silver pin from his steeple had passed entirely through the man's body, penetrating several intestines. He was taken to a hospital.

Col. Patrick J. Sheahan, of the Fourth regiment Michigan National guard, and police justice at Detroit, resigned in session at Grand Rapids, elected officers as follows: President, Mrs. Emily B. Ketcham, Grand Rapids; vice-president, Mrs. Martha E. Root, Bay City; recording secretary, Mrs. Helen A. Meurs, Vermontville; treasurer, Mrs. L. Woodhams, Detroit; auditor, Mrs. George A. Perry, Charlotte, and Mrs. Nellie Lyons, Zilwaukee.

Holland will put in an electric fire alarm system.

MIDOR MICHIGAN NEWS.

Alpena is thinking of a street railway. Port Huron school children must be vaccinated.

Cheboygan will spend \$100,000 in municipal improvements this year. Twenty Port Huron saloons have closed owing to inability to pay the license.

Willie Brown, aged six years, was drowned by falling into the river at Tawas City.

All bids for the erection of a water tower at the Kalamazoo asylum were rejected as being excessive.

Jerry Mahoney, aged 60 years, suicided at Manistee. Laudanum. Despondency from the drink habit.

Mill owners at Evert have offered F. W. Elliot and A. C. Bath, of Hillsdale, a bonus to establish a mill there.

J. H. Copas has purchased the old woolen mill property at Owosso and will at once erect a cold storage building.

But one mill is now idle at Alpena, that of the Constocks. There are seven mills now in commission in that town.

Grand Rapids bloods will wear knickerbockers instead of trousers and will urge their lady friends to don "bloomers."

Charles Wortman died of lockjaw at Milford. He ran a nail in his foot about a week ago or so. He was about 17 years old.

Wm. Conkay was arrested at Detroit and taken to Ann Arbor for stealing a dog belonging to Mrs. Walker, of the latter place.

The State Agricultural society will put up \$5,000 for horse races at the fair on the Detroit exposition grounds next September.

Port Huron cyclists have to pay license and display tags on their wheels. They were killing too many people on the streets.

Harry Smith was drowned near Menominee while at work on the drive. He was 23 years old and had been married only a few months.

Business men of Edwardsburg raised \$2,000 for the purpose of keeping the Swedish furman plants, which is expected to open at once and employ fifty men.

The Canadian "Soo" canal will be opened for service June 30. It is 900 feet by 60 feet and will have a water depth of 20 feet and 3 inches. It was commenced in September, 1892.

Elmer Ansonnet a farmer, living in the vicinity of Birmingham, caught a sneak thief making off with \$40 that belonged to him. Mr. Ansonnet caught the thief and he was sent to Pontiac.

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OVER 100 PEOPLE INJURED

By an Explosion of a Huge Tank of Benzine at a Fire in Bradford, Pa.

The barrel house at Emery's refinery, at Bradford, Pa., was destroyed by fire. The loading racks and five oil tank cars standing on a side track were also burned.

The explosion was followed by a panic. In the stampede men as well as women and children were thrown down and trodden over by the flying masses.

Thirty-five of the firemen were burned so that the skin peeled off their faces and hands and the hair was singed off their heads and feet.

The total number of those burned and injured in the stampede will reach a hundred persons. With all the suffering the property loss did not exceed \$5,000.

Information was received later that the army had reached Covington, near the western state line. Their coal and water supply was exhausted and they had gone into camp.

The industrialists continued on their wild journey passing all obstructions until they reached Horace, Kan. There they found an eastbound passenger train and were held by the police.

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DOINGS OF COXEYITES

WHAT THE COMMONWEALERS ARE UP TO.

The Washington Contingent Forced to Leave the Capital City by the Health Authorities.—Big Meeting of Sympathizers in Denver.

Stole a Train in Colorado. Pueblo, Colo.: A Rio Grande railroad engine was taking coal, the fireman being off the engine, when it was suddenly surrounded by fifteen of the men under Gen. Sanders, who came in from Cripple Creek as a Coxeys band.

The engine and ran the locomotive down to the Missouri Pacific yards, where there were six coal cars. The whole band boarded these cars, and attaching the Rio Grande engine started for the east at a lively gait. The engine passed Nespetta going fifty miles an hour. The superintendent ordered an engine car overturned in a cut at Oley so the runaways can get no further than that point.

A train started from Pueblo with deputy marshals and thirty officers to overtake the band. The seizure prevented the movement of United States mails.

LATER.—The Coxeys passed the obstruction at Oley by building a track around it. They encountered another at Arlington, where four engines had been ditched, but they also were allowed to pass. The Rio Grande water in the stolen engine gave out and the "industrialists" were obliged to obtain a supply from a well, carrying it in their dinner pails and coffee cups.

Topoka, Kan.: A special bear-hunting party, headed by the deputy marshals and thirty officers, started from Atchison, and is awaiting the arrival of Marshal Neely, who is on his way from Fort Scott. It is the plan, when he arrives, to capture the Coxeys and deputy marshals and start west over the Missouri Pacific to intercept Sanders. Mr. Wegener has made application to Gov. Lewelling for his influence in gathering together an effective force of deputy marshals, and the governor has agreed to do so.

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CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.—121st day.—The credentials of Senator-elect Gear, of Iowa, were presented by Senator Allison. The tariff bill was taken up. Mr. Hearst took the floor and proceeded to call the Democrats down in great style for their action on the bill.

He roared the bill, and then turned to his supporters. He spoke of methods used by the so-called "conservative" Democrats to secure concessions in the form of higher duties, and concluded by declaring that Democratic Senators who would support the compromise bill agreed upon by the Democratic caucus would violate the constitution and their oaths.

This statement brought Mr. Gray to his feet. He demanded to know what the Massachusetts Senator meant by such a charge—a charge, he said, which was unworthy of Mr. Hearst. "Very well," said Mr. Hearst, "I cannot be intimidated by a little bluster. But I will explain. I mean to say that for a Democratic Senator who subscribed to the doctrine of the Chicago platform that a tariff for protection was robbery, who went to the people affirming his allegiance to that platform, and who now comes here seeking and obtaining protective duties, I mean to say that for such a Senator there is no escape from the logic that he violates both his Senatorial oath and the constitution."

Senator Gray made a very bitter reply. Senator Palmer, of Illinois, also spoke. Mr. Hearst for the moment desisted, and the bill was taken up. The Senate, while not all that was desired by all Democrats, was a step in the right direction.

Mr. Hale, of Maine, also spoke the bill. Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, the author of the old war tariff, while he had no objection to the bill, his place, a smile playing about the corner of his lips. As he had on previous occasions said something in derogation of the Democratic tariff measure he desired now to say something in praise of the bill.

Mr. Hearst, however, would not be so easily satisfied. He declared that the bill was not acceptable to the Republican side, and which would pass the Senate unanimously. The Senate adjourned to one o'clock.

SENATE.—122d day.—At the conclusion of the routine business Mr. Allen, of Nebraska, called up his resolution for the appointment of special committees to investigate the alleged interference with the Coxeys demonstration on the capture of the Alton. Mr. Allen spoke with feeling. Mr. Sherman replied and then the tariff bill was taken up. There was a running discussion of the bill by Messrs. Jones of Arkansas; Chandler, Vest, Hale, Harris and Mills. Mr. Lodge offered his amendment to the bill, which was adopted. The resolution to investigate the alleged police chubbing on May 1, then came up, but no action was taken.

The tariff bill was then taken up. Several amendments of the chemical schedule were discussed. At 2:40 the debate was interrupted in order that the resolutions on the death of Representative Britton, of Maryland, were presented. Appropriate resolutions were adopted, and the Senate then, as a further mark of respect, adjourned. HOUSE.—The session of the House opened at 10 o'clock. The speaker, Mr. Bland, of Missouri, presided. The House adjourned.

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SENATE.—124th day.—Mr. Quay introduced a bill "to establish a code of laws in the District of Columbia," and it was read and returned to him. Mr. Allen tried hard to secure some action on his Coxeys investigation bill, but in vain. Mr. Foster's industrial depression resolution was briefly discussed and the bill was passed. The resolution on the chemical schedule was first, and the Jones "compromise" amendment to change the duty on boracic acid from 25 cents per pound to 2 cents per pound was adopted. Mr. Chandler said in his opinion it was unwise to go ahead with the consideration of the tariff bill until the Senate and the country was informed upon what principle the bill was framed. It had been changed, torn and patched with protective tariff, free trade and revenue tariff duties until it was neither one nor the other. Mr. Hearst, the Jones "compromise" amendments on chrome, citric and tannic acids were adopted. The House adjourned.

SENATE.—125th day.—A considerable amount of business of a local or personal interest was disposed of before the tariff bill was taken up. Mr. Hearst, of Massachusetts, said that despite the fact that for years this chamber had rung with a Democratic denunciation of the tariff, the Democrats, save and excepting one, had agreed, so he understood in caucus, to vote for a prohibitive duty on refined sugars. Surely Democratic tariff reformers must be hard driven when they were forced to swallow their own words for so many years. Mr. Platt's observations on the sugar tariff roused some of the Democrats and he was soon seen in a controversy. A few items of the chemical schedule were disposed of, and in each case the amendments agreed to were those of the Jones "compromise" measure. HOUSE.—District Day. The only important bill passed was one giving the Washington, Alexandria & Mt. Vernon Electric Railway company an entrance into Washington. The resignation of Representative Barnes Compton, of Maryland, was laid before the House, after which was passed authorizing a bridge over the Monocacy river at Homestead, Pa.

Crocker's resignation from the leadership of Tammany has been accepted. Wm. McLeary, a farmer living west of Sanford, hanged himself in his barn. Business troubles and despondency.

A co-operative colony is to be established by New York and Chicago laborers in the St. Joaquin valley, California. The colonists will buy 2,500 acres of fruit land and settle 15 families on it.

Gus Meeks, his wife and four children, were waylaid and all murdered while crossing their own farm near Brownsville, Mo. The murderers have been caught and lynching will follow. Meeks had been a witness in a cattle stealing case and his testimony had convicted the thieves.

Henry Herbert Aspinth, Q. C. M. P., secretary of state for the home department of Great Britain, was married at London to Miss Margot Tennant, the young lady who is said to have suggested to the author the titular character in E. B. Washburn's "Dodo," and was one of the originators of the somewhat mysterious social body known as "Souls."

TALMAGE BURNED OUT.

The Famous Brooklyn Tabernacle Destroyed—A Loss of Over \$1,000,000.

Just after the morning service and while Dr. Talmage was shaking hands with members of his congregation, flames burst out between the pipes of the organ and within 10 minutes the big tabernacle, at Brooklyn, N. Y., was doomed to destruction.

Adjoining the church was the Hotel Regent, eight stories in height, with a frontage of 90 feet on Clinton avenue and extending back 200 feet to Waverly avenue. The fire spread from the Tabernacle to this hotel and then to the dwelling houses on Greene avenue and Waverly avenue opposite the church. The wind carried the blazing cinders in such quantities in a southeasterly direction that dwelling houses on Washington avenue, two squares away and also the Summerfield Methodist church were set on fire by them. The total loss reaches over \$1,000,000.

It was nearly 20 minutes before the firemen arrived on the scene and then half a hundred streams of water were turned upon the blazing pile. But the church was doomed and every effort was devoted to saving adjoining property. In a short time the bare walls of one of the costliest structures of Brooklyn remained standing. Within half an hour the magnificent Hotel Regent was seen to have joined the Tabernacle on the road to destruction. The great hour of the burning had no time in making their escape. They waited only to snatch up a few valuables and run, but wearing apparel and other effects had to be left to the greedy flames. The loss on the Hotel Regent was about \$1,000,000. The manager, but this will be largely increased by the individual losses to the guests. The loss on the church is for far short of \$500,000. Russell Sage, who has a mortgage of \$75,000 on the church property and is also the owner of the site on which it stood, is fully insured.

The trustees of the Tabernacle have decided to rebuild the church, but not on the same site. The insurance and other available assets would enable them to pay off all their debts. Then according to the plan, they would raise \$200,000 and within a year would begin to build. About \$70,000 it was thought would be sufficient for the site and a less expensive building would be erected. It was decided that Dr. Talmage's tour around the world should begin as arranged; to start for Philadelphia and proceed from there to Atlanta, Ga. After visiting some of the great cities he will go to San Francisco and will sail from there to Honolulu, going afterwards to New Zealand, Australia, England and other foreign countries.

THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various commodities including Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, and Wheat.

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Nervous Prostration.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Gave Nerve Strength and Good Health.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has helped me wonderfully. For three years I have been doctored but could not get cured. Soon after beginning to take Hood's Sarsaparilla there was a change for the better. In a short time I was feeling properly. For several months previous I could not lie down to sleep on account of my heart trouble and."

Nervous Prostration. I now rest well and am able to do work of whatever kind. If I had not tried Hood's Sarsaparilla I do not know what would have become of me." Mrs. S. BRADDOCK, 404 Erie Avenue, Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. Horrible Cannibalism in India. The fact that there



RETRIBUTION.

Upon the porch most drowsily is stretched the setter sleek and red, While circles wild a honey-bee Among the roses overhead.

The Story of a River.

"Not for ourselves were born, but for our race." A little river was born one day at the foot of a lofty mountain.

And the river listened eagerly to the sun's stories of the great sea, with its tossing, foam-capped waves and its wondrous tides.

Every day the river grew more and more impatient to reach the sea. It no longer gossiped and laughed away the long, happy hours of the day, but hurried away as fast as it could toward the voice that seemed to be ever calling, calling.

One day a queer thing happened. Men came with great rocks and laid them right in the path of the rushing waters. In vain the river hurled itself like a mad creature against the firm wall.

Was it better so? Bravery of St. Bernard. A fire broke out one night not long since in a house in Macon, Ga.

Returning to the house, it went to the nursery, and began tugging away at the baby's cradle, the poor animal being too blinded by the smoke to see that the infant had already been removed.

Harvard's Blind Student. Although completely blind, Everett Chauncey Bumpus, of Quincy, Mass., is now a member of the freshman class of Harvard university.

THE BABY'S HAIR.

Deep hid away the little boy: Deep in his heart the key. So slight a thing can hold it seem, So much of misery.

The Great Hesper.

BY FRANK BARRETT.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

"When we parted company in the wood," he said, "I hunted around for Israel, as was my intention, you will remember. I found him crawling through the ferns.

"I had hold on him by the arm. All of a sudden, he flings himself round, grapples on to me, and 'fore I'm aware of anything, I'm on my back, and his two thumbs is inter my wind-pipe.

"I didn't know no pond, but I ketched sight of the Kid sneakin' off, and I jest sneaked at 'em, her, takin' Israel along case he might make a mistake in his jography.

"In a few minutes the chipmunk caller was besieged by them. Some ran all over his person, others under him, and still others ran up the tree against which he was sitting.

"Now the shooting-match began. The little creatures seemed to realize their hopeless position; they would endeavor to come down the trees and flee away from the deadly aim of the youthful hunters.

The Traveled Alphabet. The game called "The Traveled Alphabet" is played as follows:

A Verse About the Kilkenny Cats. Some one has put the story of the Kilkenny cats into verse as follows:

Harvard's Blind Student. Although completely blind, Everett Chauncey Bumpus, of Quincy, Mass., is now a member of the freshman class of Harvard university.

The Great Hesper.

"No," she replied, "the night was too thick; but he was about the size of the man I saw the night before going from one window to the other in the left hand side of the house."

CHAPTER XVII.

As the spring advanced, Brace turned his eyes daily to the mountain tops.

"On the seventh he returned. 'The time's come,' he said; 'the snow's gone' away sharp, and the rocks is already squittering down, but glory be, the hole's open.

"I was up to my old lot in Peter-ville for a bit of a refresher during my little holiday, sir; and you're no idea how nice the old place do look now, supposin'—as we ain't got nary blessed thing to do for the next week, we kinder take a look around arter that stone we used ter think such a lot of—jest for curiosity's sake."

"I heard beside the swirling and dashing noise in our rear a muffled roar, that seemed to come from the very bowels of the earth. I almost fancied I felt the rock vibrating under my feet.

"You're right," said Brace, when I gave him my impression; "and the roar you hear is that stream shootin' down thousands of feet to the bottom of the great hole. If it warn't for the darned mist," he added, holding up the torch, which revealed a few feet above our heads of the granite wall by our side, "you'd see that we're standin' right between the two sides of the divide we looked at last night. We air standin' right over the canyon, with per'aps four or five thousand feet of nothing under us, on a lump of rock that's tumbled down from up above, and wedged itself here, 'cause somethin' stopped its goin' further, and it do tremble, I allow. It ain't solid; it's moved a lump since I knew it in the old days, and one of these days a chunk from up above will come down and start it off for good an' all."

Irrepressible Curiosity. Sir Thomas Robinson was a tall, uncouth man, and his appearance was rendered still more striking by his hunting-dress, which consisted of a dark green jacket, buckskin breeches, and a position's cap.

Where They Went. Mrs. Parker—Norah, what became of those cards Mrs. Van Alstyne and Miss De Mortimer left here yesterday?

Swallows and Martins are as nice in their choice of bath-water as any "professional beauty;" nothing but newly-fallen rain-water thoroughly pleases them, and if tempted to bathe, it is generally by some shallow pool in the road which an hour's sun will evaporate.

Don't Blame the Cook

If a baking powder is not uniform in strength, so that the same quantity will always do the same work, no one can know how to use it, and uniformly good, light food cannot be produced with it.

All baking powders except Royal, because improperly compounded and made from inferior materials, lose their strength quickly when the can is opened for use. At subsequent bakings there will be noticed a falling off in strength. The food is heavy, and the flour, eggs and butter wasted.

It is always the case that the consumer suffers in pocket, if not in health, by accepting any substitute for the Royal Baking Powder. The Royal is the embodiment of all the excellence that it is possible to attain in an absolutely pure powder.

It is always strictly reliable. It is not only more economical because of its greater strength, but will retain its full leavening power, which no other powder will, until used, and make more wholesome food.

That Was Different. Fond Husband—Three hundred dollars for a dress? It is preposterous. You cannot afford to wear such clothes.

Blighted Affections. "Why did you name \$100 as the damages in your breach of promise suit?"

A Failure. She—Is marriage a failure? He—I have found it so. She—How long have you been married? He—Not at all. Girl refused me on the spot.

Sturgeon. Sturgeon, for their size, are the weakest of all fish. They are found in some parts weighing over a ton, but are perfectly helpless when attacked by a sword fish the size of a herring.

From away up in British North America comes the following greeting to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y.

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