

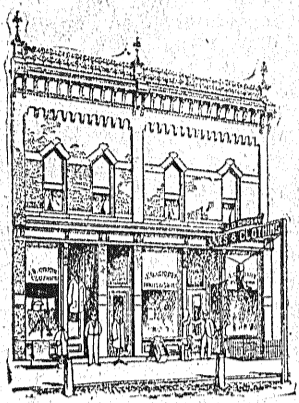
CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XIV. NO. 4.

CASS CITY, MICH., JAN. 4, 1895.

BY A. A. P. McDOWELL.

SHOES.



Clothing

TO THE PUBLIC:

I wish to thank you for your very liberal patronage and to show that I appreciate it I will commence to-day the

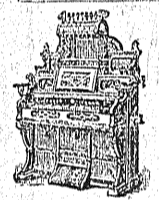
Greatest Clothing Sale Ever Held

In the County. Come in and see the Largest and Newest Stock at unheard of Low Prices. I will sell you an Overcoat, Ulster or Suit of Clothes cheaper than any man in this neck of the woods. A few dozen Men's Boots and Ladies' Fine Shoes at less than cost. To see is to believe. Come in and see.

J. D. CROSBY,

SHOES AND CLOTHING, CASS CITY.

Terms, Strictly Cash.



STOP! STOP!

And see the new styles of

PIANOS, ORGANS and SEWING MACHINES.

We are better prepared than ever to satisfy you in anything in the music line and the nicest line of Organs and Pianos that has ever been shown in the Thumb. Call and see them. We are sure we can satisfy you in prices. Terms as low as \$3 per month on Organs, Pianos \$5 per month in any style or make. Sheet music of all description furnished on short notice, and bear in mind we have the World Best, the genuine SINGER SEWING MACHINE. You can get everything in our line at hard times prices. Give us a call and be convinced.

W. J. CLOAKY & CO. CASS CITY.

ASS CITY BAKERY

AND RESTAURANT.

Having changed our locality to the Gamble building, we are now prepared to meet the demands of all.

FRESH BREAD.
RYE BREAD,
GRAHAM BREAD,
BUNS, PIES,
CAKES.

WEDDING CAKES BAKED TO ORDER.

Come and try our 15 cent Lunches served at all hours.

M. L. MOORE, Prop.
Main Street, Cass City.

C. SPENCER.

The Canadian practical Watch maker is now ready with his new stock of

HOLIDAY GOODS,

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles, notions at prices that defy competition.

ne Watch

Repairing a specialty.

Watch Cleaned.....75c
in spring.....75c
r Spring.....75c
our clock cleaned.....50c

All other work neatly done and warranted.

South Main St. Cass City

THE EXCHANGE BANK,

Cass City, Mich.

Responsibility, \$40,000.00

Accounts of business houses and individuals solicited.

Interest paid on time certificates of deposit.

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

Established 1882. I. B. Auten, Cass City.
John F. Seeley, Caro.

THE CASS CITY BANK.

AUTEN & SEELEY

(Successors to C. W. McPhail.)
Responsibility, \$50,000.00

We, the undersigned, have purchased the Cass City Bank, and desire the business to continue without interruption in the future as in the past. All notes in favor of said bank can be paid to, or arranged with us, and all deposits in said bank are guaranteed by us, and will be paid in usual course of business, and the certificates of deposit will be paid when due, or renewed on favorable terms. Mr. C. W. McPhail will continue to manage the business during the month of January, and Mr. W. S. Richardson will continue as cashier.

I. B. AUTEN,
JOHN F. SEELEY.

To My Friends and Customers:

As will be seen by the above statements of Auten & Seeley, I have sold my banking business to them. I expect to remain in Cass City most of the time during the winter. I take this method of extending to you all my thanks for your custom and patronage during the 18 years that I have been engaged in business here; and hope to be honored with a call from each of you before my departure. I am personally thank you and bid you good by. While I regret that I am about to leave the county in which I was born; the village in which I have lived so many years with all its friends and pleasant memories; I hope to again establish myself in a milder climate and larger place, where the natural advantages and facilities will be better.

For a town of its size Cass City is equalled by few and excelled by none, and I look forward to the time when it will be surrounded by one of the finest farming countries in the United States. My successors are so well known as gentlemen with ample capital, ability and strict integrity, that anything that I could say would not add to the high esteem in which they are held by the people of this locality.

As per statement above the deposits are assumed and guaranteed by them, and in their hands your money is safe. Again thanking you for many favors I have received, and wishing you all a happy and prosperous New Year, I am, Respectfully Yours,
C. W. McPHAIL.

T. H. Fritz has been confined to his house several days by a severe attack of rheumatism.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Calendar for 1895 is out and may be obtained at the drug stores. It is one of the most beautiful that the firm has ever issued and the edition was the largest ever printed and is a concern, being over ten millions of copies.

The officers of Hazel Hive, L. O. T. M. are: Past Lady Com. Lizzie McLean; L. Com. Ellen Landon; R. K. Rose Tennant; F. K. Lizzie Schooley; Sergt. Mag. J. Hendrick; M. A. Mary Davenport; Chap. Iva Fritz; Picket, Florence Gooden; Sen. Belle Brotherton; Med. Ex. Dr. J. H. McLean. Public installation of officers will be held at the Rink, Wednesday evening, Jan. 10th. Great Lady Com. Hollister, of Detroit, will be present.

The Caro Democrat and Advertiser of last week called the attention of the Tuscawanna Mutual Insurance Co. to the fact that Vassar was trying to capture the above named company. They called a mass meeting of the members in the vicinity of Vassar to meet at that place on Monday last, the result of which we have not yet learned. All members who have an interest in this company should attend the annual meeting on Tuesday, Jan. 9, at Caro, at which time Vassar will make the effort to secure the "plum." There is no reason why the head office of this company should be moved to the southern part of the county, the best insurance they have is in the north half of the county, while four-fifths of all the fires they have suffered have been in the south half of the county, and three-fourths of that number within a few miles of Vassar. The north half of the county should be well represented at the annual meeting.

Caught On The Fly.

"Tis now about the time of year
When each friend, overboard,
Tries off this question in your ear,
"Where did you catch that cold?"
School commenced Wednesday.

Mrs. Tims is very low at this writing.

Fred Kile returned to Pontiac this week.

Mrs. W. J. Marshall is confined to her bed.

Frank Ellis is under the weather this week.

Owen Marr visited Caro friends last week.

Chas. Frost received a ferret by express to-day.

Frank Pierce is again in the employ of E. McKim.

A. J. Palmer, of Gagetown, was in town yesterday.

O. J. Withy is again in the employ of Landlord Farrar.

D. McIntyre, of Argyle, was a caller in town yesterday.

O. L. Ballard, of Marlette, did business here this week.

Sam Champion made a large shipment of game this week.

Duncan and Miss Effie MacArthur visited in Bad Axe last week.

The ball given in the rink on New Year's night was well attended.

P. S. McGregory, of 2 Macks 2, transacted business in Kingston Thursday last.

Miss Della Beach, of Saginaw, is visiting her parents here during the holidays.

Rev. S. G. Anderson was a delegate to the Baptist Convention at Bad Axe Wednesday.

Meeting of the directors of the Tuscawanna Mutual Insurance Co. Tuesday, Jan. 8.

O. C. Wood received a pair of Black Minorcas by express to-day from the southern part of the state.

Little drops of water make no great display; but little drops of printer's ink turn the tide away.

John Young has returned to the home of his step father, G. Hillman, as for an absence of seven years.

Miss Maggie McDougall, who is now teaching at Grayling, Mich., is visiting relatives and friends in town.

Wm. Anderson, a student of the State Agricultural College, visits his parents at this place at present.

New advs. this week:—Laing & James, T. H. Fritz, 2 Macks and Mrs. E. K. Wickware; also Cass City Bank.

C. McNulty, of the Empire Drill Co., of Jackson, Mich. is here negotiating the sale of the Doying farm.

Mrs. Odell, wife of the late Dr. Odell, of Ann Arbor, returned to her home this morning.

Chas. Lundy and wife, of Ypsilanti, were the guests of Mrs. A. Randall several days during the past week.

Arthur Calbeck, of Caro, has been the guest of Miss Etta Tennant this week. He made the trip on his wheel.

Henry Colborne, of Bay City, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Chas. Sherman. Henry was formerly one of our youths.

Old and young, to the number of about two hundred, enjoyed a skate on the river New Year's day. No fatalities.

We again remind our advertisers that changes of advertisements must be brought in not later than Wednesday noon.

Mrs. Moore, an aged lady of Grant township died yesterday. She will be buried Sunday. Services will be held at Bethel church.

Mr. and Mrs. James Tennant left for Oxford Tuesday morning to visit the latter's mother. Mrs. Tennant will spend a fortnight there.

The W. C. T. U. will hold their next parlor meeting at the home of Mrs. Edgar, on Friday, Jan. 11th, at 2:30 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

Louis Anderson attended the teachers Association, at Lansing, last week and went from there to Three Rivers to resume his duties as instructor in the public school.

Mrs. J. E. Patterson has just returned from Detroit where she has been for the past week visiting all the principal fashion emporiums learning the different modes of making ladies' and children's garments.

The cold blasts of winter are upon us and even those who have plenty and to spare realize its severity. How must it be with those who are clothed but scantily and oftentimes hungry? Would it not be well for those who can to contribute a little to those who suffer, however small the offering? It would certainly be appreciated. Let there be some united effort in this line.

No man is too poor to take his home newspaper, says an exchange, and it is false economy to get along without it. Hardly a week passes that something does not appear in its columns that will be a financial benefit to its subscriber, and by the end of the year he has made or saved from one to twenty times its subscription price. The city paper does not take the place of the home paper, although some people seem to think they do. The city papers are right in their way, but they don't give you what you are most interested in—your county news. You can not learn from them when and where public meetings are to be held, who are dying and who are marrying, who are moving out, who wants to sell land—in fact hundreds of items which might be of particular importance for you to know. Such matter city papers cannot furnish but the home papers can and do. If you can afford but one paper, by all means take one that is published in the village in which you live.

Miss Maggie Ross visited Caro last week.

Mrs. J. E. Heller is very ill at this writing.

Miss Lizzie Beach visited at North Branch last week.

A. J. Knapp is spending the week at his parental home at Ypsilanti.

Miss Jessie Crosby returned to the state normal, Ypsilanti, on Wednesday.

Mrs. I. A. Fritz and Lola returned from a visit to Millington friends on Monday evening.

The G. A. R. Post is preparing to present "The Confederate Spy," in this place in the near future.

H. Mickle, of Detroit, is spending holiday vacation with his parents one mile south of the village.

Don't overlook the item regarding the annual meeting of the Tuscawanna Mutual Insurance Co.

Mrs. Mary Lathrap, of Jackson, state president of the W. C. T. U., died yesterday morning at 10:30, aged 55 years.

M. M. Wickware and Miss Rose Anderson spent New Year's with the latter's sister, Mrs. R. L. Holloway, at Caro.

W. F. Brown, of the Uby-Courier, and G. W. Livingston, a student of Ann Arbor University, were callers at this office on Monday.

Mrs. Cook, formerly Miss Una Chambers, now of Mason, Mich., is spending the holidays with her parents at the village.

W. P. Seed attended the meeting of the Teachers Association held at Lansing last week. He reports a very enjoyable and beneficial meeting.

Mrs. E. K. Wickware, milliner advertiser 15 per cent off on trimmed and untrimmed hats till March 1st. Located nearly opposite Hitchcock's.

The officers elect of the I. O. O. F. are:—N. G. Daniel McGilvray, V. G. Wm. Bentley; Rec. Sec., W. J. Campbell; Fin. Sec., H. S. Wickware; Treas., J. L. Hitchcock.

Rev. P. G. Robertson, former pastor of the Baptist Church here, died at Middleville, Dec. 29th. The society here passed appropriate resolutions of condolence last Sabbath morning.

We have received from Chatfield, Woods & Co., of Cincinnati, a natty little primer called "Points for Printers," replete with information valuable to newspaper men and printers.

C. W. McPhail announces that he has sold three of the four stoves advertised in the Enterprise two weeks and has had many inquiries regarding the lumber. Still some argue that advertising does not pay.

Wednesday morning, Jan. 2nd, Chester C. Hall and family of Novesta township started for Ullman's Ridge, Mo. Mr. and Mrs. Hall have been residents of Novesta for nearly thirty years and was well respected by all who knew them. Mrs. Hall was a member of the Ladies Aid and M. E. church and will be greatly missed here. The best wishes of hosts of friends go with them to their new home.

During the past few weeks we not only have sent out a large number of subscription accounts, but have urged delinquents through these columns, to pay up. Those who have responded have our sincere thanks, but many have not and we will be forced in some instances to take legal proceedings unless a speedy settlement is made. We have much dislike to follow such a course but when we know of those who are well able to settle their accounts and do not do so, necessity compels us to take such steps.

On Monday last three deaths occurred in our village—Mrs. W. H. Meritt, Mrs. Angus Johnson, and Mrs. Elias McKim. In each case a time and rush of work prevents us giving details as we would wish, but if the friends will furnish us particulars we will gladly publish obituaries next week. Mr. Meritt's funeral was held in the Presbyterian church, Wednesday morning, Rev. Anderson officiating and Rev. Fenn assisting. Mrs. Johnson's funeral was held in the same church Wednesday afternoon conducted by Rev. Baxter. Mrs. McKim's funeral took place at the M. E. church yesterday morning conducted by Rev. Fenn.

The following is the law on stray animals, and it could with profit be cut out and put away for reference: If you take up a stray animal you must within ten days give notice to your township clerk, who must make an entry of the same; then you advertise the animal in your local paper, and sixty days after such advertisement has appeared, you apply to a justice of the peace to sell the animal. He issues a warrant to the constable who gives ten days notice by posters and you get all your expenses. The penalty of taking a stray animal and not giving a notice is \$5, and besides the owner can come upon your place and take it away without paying you.

The Middletown Sun publishes the following regarding Rev. P. G. Robertson, whose death is briefly mentioned in another column:—Peter Gallawa Robertson was born at Peterboro, Ont., Oct. 14, 1836. At the age of 21 he dedicated himself to the Baptist ministry. After six years spent at Woodstock college he graduated with honors, and started for his first field of labor, Osgoode, and afterwards successfully labored in Bothwell, Springfield, Wingham and Aurora, all in Ontario. He was then induced to visit Cass City, Mich., and labored with good results in Welch Avenue church, Grand Rapids; Plymouth, Lapeer, and about one year ago located in this village. He leaves a widow, four sons, five daughters and a host of friends to mourn. With the exception of the eldest son and daughter, all were present to pay their last respect. The funeral services were held at the parsonage on Christmas morning, and the remains interred in the Old Fellows' cemetery.

Important Business Change.

Our readers will no doubt be much surprised to learn of the fact that C. W. McPhail, one of our most prominent and enterprising citizens, and for the past thirteen years proprietor of the Cass City Bank, has sold his banking business and buildings to Messrs. Auten & Seeley, of Caro, who took possession with the commencement of the New Year.

Mr. McPhail located in Cass City March 20, 1877, engaging in the mercantile business—in the building now occupied by G. A. Stevenson—in company with J. D. Wilsey, both coming here from Caro. He was the active member of the firm, and conducted the business with as much energy and zeal as has characterized his business career ever since. At this time Cass City contained but one hundred and forty inhabitants and the nearest railroad station was at Vassar—thirty miles distant.

April 18, 1882, the firm commenced a banking business in connection with their store, and a short time afterwards Mr. McPhail purchased the site now occupied by his present neat and pleasant bank building and residence, and engaged in the business alone. By strict attention to "details" his venture was a success from the start, and from a modest beginning the business has steadily grown to its present extensive proportions.

Mr. McPhail is a business man in every sense of the word—his business transactions with his numerous patrons being characterized by a strict adherence to business principles, thereby not only promoting his own interests, but guarding well the interests of those who entrusted their wealth to his keeping. As a citizen he has always identified himself with every enterprise that, in his judgment, would tend to advance our town, and opposed as strongly all that appeared to him as detrimental. Being possessed with a keen foresight in matters of this nature, we are not loth to give him considerable credit for the success of enterprises of which he was one of the investigators.

Mr. McPhail is yet undecided as to his future intentions, but has several tempting opportunities to engage in business in Detroit, some one of which he may take advantage of after some prospecting. He has only words of praise for the town which has been his home so long, but desires to locate in a broader field for his abilities.

Mr. McPhail will continue to make Cass City his home for the coming year, and will, to some extent during that time, engage in real estate deals.

While we regret the loss of Mr. McPhail and family, we wish them every success wherever their new home may be.

The new proprietors of the Cass City Bank are well known citizens of Tuscawanna county. Mr. Seeley is the proprietor of the Tuscawanna County Bank at Caro, one of the proprietors of the bank of Post & Seeley at Bad Axe, and a shareholder in the Vassar Woolen Mills. He is also the owner of a large amount of real estate in this and adjoining counties. Mr. Auten has been the efficient and trusted cashier of Mr. Seeley's bank at Caro for the past eight years, and is spoken of as a good citizen and an agreeable business man.

Mr. McPhail will continue to manage the business until February 1, and W. S. Richardson will also continue to act as cashier.

Stock Your Farm.

Stock your farm with fruit and ornamental trees. For the purpose of stimulating fruit growing in the vicinity of Cass City, I will furnish fruit and ornamental trees next spring delivery at wholesale prices. Standard apple trees 12½ cts.; peach trees, 12½ cts., and all other stock at proportionately low rates. All orders must be in before March 1st.

A. G. BERNEY.

Every Day

Excursion rates to Virginia, Fla., the Carolinas, Mexico, California the South are in effect upon the Central Lines. Consult O. C. L., 1-4-10

Home Seekers' Excursion.

On January 8th and February 5th, agents of the Ohio Central Lines will sell Home Seekers' Excursion tickets to Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana at one fare for the round trip, with limit of 30 days to Virginia and North Carolina points, and 20 days to other points. See agents Ohio Central Lines.

1-4-3

Subscribe for the ENTERPRISE.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

A. C. Graham has moved his family from Freiburgers to Port Huron.

Seventeen people are being cared for at the Sanilac county's poor farm this winter.

Someone, on evil intent, placed a larry on the F. & P. M. track at Uby one day last week and the regular passenger train collided with it. No serious damage, however.

Philo Morse, who shot Wm. Cox near Reece August 5th last, was last week discharged from custody by the Saginaw courts, owing to extenuating circumstances in the case. Cox has recovered from his injuries.

"Billy" Ford, of Wilmot, was in town Monday. He is a member of the Wilmot fire department and when the alarm was sounded he rushed pell-mell down State Street with a bucket in his hand and the hose cart was left far in the rear. Billy simply forgot himself and thought for a short time that he was on duty in his own village.—[Caro Democrat.

Our Churches.

Union services for the week of prayer will be held as follows:—Monday and Tuesday evenings at the Baptist church, Wednesday and Thursday evenings at the Presbyterian church and Friday and Saturday evenings at the Methodist church.

METHODIST CHURCH.

The meeting Sunday evening at six o'clock will be a union meeting of the young peoples societies and will be in charge of the B.Y.P.U.

T. Ciemo, a student of Albion College, delivered a very interesting address on "Missions" last Sunday evening. Some startling facts and figures were presented and the cause of missions here will doubtless receive an impetus by the delivery of such an address.

Happenings on the Hill.

"That favorite hill where students want to climb and pay their homage to Dame Learning's shrine is peopled now."

Each at her desk with accustomed grace,
Seeks knowledge with the rest
And keeps her place.

Now is the time for new pupils to enroll.

Ellis Thomas has entered school this term.

School commenced Wednesday after the holidays with a large attendance.

Education is all that we do for ourselves and all that is done for us for the express purpose of perfecting our natures.

Obituary.

Mrs. Angus Johnson passed from this life on Monday last, after a very short illness, borne with Christian fortitude and patience, without murmur or complaint, with full assurance that the end would be crowned with victory through her trust and confidence in Him in whom her faith from earliest womanhood had been placed.

To the many friends and neighbors who gave their help and sympathy, the Rev. Mr. Baxter for his eloquent and appropriate sermon, the choir for its suitable music so well rendered and to all that contributed by their presence in the last sad rites to her remains, I beg hereby to express my sympathies.

ANGUS JOHNSON.

KARRER'S CORNERS.

Hannah Muma is on the sick list. Geo. Charter is logging his swamp at present.

A. A. McVicar was at Mr. Ward's last Tuesday.

James A. Muma has returned to White Rock.

A. Marshall spent New Year's with his brother John.

Several of the boys had a good time in Mud Lake New Year's.

James and Levi Muma attended the Ohio Cedar Run spelling school last Saturday evening.

We hear that Mr. Flint is going to leave us. Well Ed, if it is so, good bye and good luck to you wherever you go.

MAKING.

ALL-KRER—At the residence of the bride's parents, Bad Axe, on Wednesday, December 28th, by Rev. Campbell, W. E. Allen to Miss Nellie E. Kerr.

HALL—McINTYRE—At the M. E. parsonage, Caro, on Wednesday, Dec. 28th, by Rev. M. W. Gifford, Isaac Hall to Miss Maggie L. McIntyre, daughter of Novesta.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

A. A. P. McDOWELL, Publisher.

CASS CITY, MICHIGAN.

A SUSPICIOUS Buffalo contemporary thinks that from the way Napoleon is working the papers he is getting ready to lecture. This is an error. Napoleon is dead.

A SUM of money invested judiciously in advertising space is as good as the same amount at compound interest, for the profitable results from a good ad on one day will be retained and added to the next day, and so on through the year.

SEVERAL foreign war vessels were at or near Port Arthur when that stronghold was captured by the Japanese, and the fact that none of the officers of the vessels have reported to their respective governments that great atrocities were committed there is pretty good evidence that they were committed, or at least that they have been grossly exaggerated.

THE state department has discovered that there is no boundary line between Canada and the United States on that part of Lake Erie between Point Pelee and Kelley's island, and that an international commission will have to be appointed to close it up. Until this is done there appears to be an opening for some Canadian annexation if she cares to avail herself of it.

BEGGING seems to have become a profession, and the shrewd beggar often realizes as much per day as the carpenter or blacksmith can earn by hard labor. People seem to be susceptible to the whims of the beggar, and often give to him when they feel that they are being imposed upon. This is perhaps because most people are charitably inclined, and they would rather give to several unworthy beggars than to feel that one deserving unfortunate had been slighted by them. But be that as it may, begging is on the increase, and proves quite remunerative to the skilled hypocrite, who plies the nefarious practice.

By and by it will dawn upon the crooks who murder people in order to get the insurance upon their victims' lives that even the best of them is embarking upon a fool's errand. There is, perhaps, no criminal work which is beset by more difficulties. The frauds from which the companies suffered in former years have made them doubly suspicious, and resulted in the establishing of what is practically their private detective forces. In actually crooked cases the assassin has not only to elude the civil authorities; he must also evade the private detectives working with unusual zeal because of the rivalry between the two.

THE new constitution of New York permits the use of ballot machines and one has been tried with satisfactory results. The voter presses a knob opposite the name of each candidate he wishes to vote for and the vote is automatically recorded and counted. No printed ballots are used, no clerks are necessary, repeating is a mechanical impossibility and the moment the polls are closed the footings are ready for the press. It is claimed that by the use of this ballot machine an election can be held quicker, cheaper, and with less chance of error than by the present method though this very fact may delay its adoption.

THE launch of the American line steamship St. Louis marks a new departure. Some years ago, it is true, four small vessels were built for ocean service, but they were quickly outclassed by the advance made on the other side. It has long been a matter of humiliation that this great country of ours should be obliged to play second fiddle and practically no fiddle at all to England. There is an enormous amount of money going across the water every year for carrying passengers alone. The American line intends to get some of it and keep it here, and with American yards capable of turning out the finest workmanship, and with intelligent legislation at Washington this nation ought to pick up some of the trade she has lost.

PERHAPS no product of the farm has attained as fairly a remunerative price to the same extent as cheese. Since the present cheese season opened 1,319,000 boxes have been exported from New York and 1,725,000 boxes from Montreal. The bulk of the shipments in Montreal were produced in Ontario and the eastern townships of Quebec. Some of that exported from New York also was made in Ontario. Canadian cheese outranks American cheese in the markets of Great Britain. Our farmers might grow less wheat and produce more cheese to advantage. Cheese making does not exhaust the land, it grows wheat. Canada exports nearly 120,000,000 pounds annually and finds it more profitable to produce it even on the best lands in Ontario about Woodstock, Ingersoll, Stratford and London.

PRINCE WALDEMAR of Denmark threatens to divorce his wife because she smokes cigarettes. Yet he is said to be given to the crime of coloring meerschaum pipes, which is well-known to be one of the most odiferous occupations that man is heir to.

AFTER Miss Pollard has vainly tried to secure honest employment for a few months she will understand that the world forgives a man and then evens up matters by kicking the woman into the street and bolting the door in her face.

"PALACES OF INDIA."

DR. TALMAGE ON THE THEORIES OF MOHAMMED.

Gen. Nicholson's Siege of the Walled City Filled with Devils—The Unequal Struggle Between Briton and Sepoy—Spread of God's Truth.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 30.—Continuing his series of round the world sermons, through the press, Rev. Dr. Talmage to-day chose for his subject, "Palaces of India," the text being: Amos 3:2, "Who store up violence and robbery in their palace." In this day when vast sums of money are being given for the redemption of India, I hope to increase the interest in that great country, and at the same time draw for all classes of our people practical lessons, and so I present this fifth sermon in the "round the world" series. We step into the ancient capital of India, the mere pronunciation of its name sending a thrill through the body, mind and soul of all those who have ever read its stories of splendor, and disaster, and prowess—Delhi.

Before the first historian impressed his first word in clay, or cut his first word on papyrus, Delhi stood in India, a contemporary of Babylon and Nineveh. We know that Delhi existed longer before Christ's time than we live after his time. Delhi is built on the ruins of seven cities, which ruins cover forty miles with wrecked temples, broken fortresses, split tombs, tumble down palaces, and the debris of centuries. An archaeologist could profitably spend his life here talking with the past through its lips of venerable masonry.

There are a hundred things here you ought to see in this city of Delhi, but three things you must see. The first thing that I wanted to see was the Cashmere gate, for that was the point at which the most wonderful deed of daring which the world has ever seen was done. That was the turning point of the mutiny of 1857. A lady at Delhi put into my hand an oil painting of about eighteen inches square, a picture well executed, but chiefly valuable for what it represented. It was a scene from the time of mutiny; two horses at full run, harnessed to a carriage in which were four persons. She said: "Those persons on the front side are my father and mother. The young lady on the back seat holding in her arms a baby of a year, was my eldest sister and the baby was myself. My mother, who is down with a fever in the next room, painted that years ago. The horses are in full run because we are fleeing for our lives. My mother is driving, for the reason that father, standing up in the front of his carriage, had to defend us with his gun, as you there see. He fought our way out and on for many a mile, shooting down the Sepoys as we went. We had somewhat suspected trouble and become suspicious of our servants. A prince had requested a private interview with my father, who was editor of the Delhi Gazette. The prince proposed to come veiled, so that no one might recognize him, but my mother insisted on being present, and the interview did not take place. A large fish had been sent to our family, and four other families, the present offering of thanks for the king's recovery from a recent sickness. But we suspected poison and did not eat the fish. One day all our servants came up and said they must go and see what was the matter. We saw what was intended and knew that if the servants returned they would murder all of us. Things grew worse and worse until this scene of flight shown you in the picture took place. You see the horses were wild with fright. This was not only because of the discharge of guns, but the horses were struck and pounded by Sepoys, and ropes were tied across the way, and the savage halloo, and the shout of revenge made all the way of our flight a horror."

The books have fully recorded the heroism displayed at Delhi and approximate regions, but make no mention of this family of Wagentreibers whose flight I am mentioning. But the Madison "Athenum" printed this: "And now! Are not the deeds of the Wagentreibers, though he were a round hat and she a crinoline, as worthy of imperishable verse as those of the heroic pair whose nuptials graced the court of Charlemagne? A more touching picture than that of brave men contending with well-nerved arm against the black and threatening fate impending over his wife and child, we have never seen. Here was no strife for the glory of physical prowess, or the spoil of shining arms, but a conquest of the human mind, an assertion of the power of intellect over the most appalling array of circumstances that could assail a human being. Men have become very in front of sudden and unexpected danger, and in ancient days so much was a matter of heroics and mere tactics that we read in immortal verse heroes struck with panic and fleeing before the enemy. But the savage Sepoys, with their hoarse war cry, and swarming like wasps around the Wagentreibers, struck no terror into the brave man's heart. His heroism was not the mere effusion of despair, but, the thing of his wife, child and wife standing upright that he might use his arms better."

As an incident will sometimes more impress one than a generality of statement, I present the flight of this one family from Delhi merely to illustrate the desperations of the times. The fact was that the Sepoys had taken possession of the city of Delhi, and they were, with all their artillery,

fighting back the Europeans, who were on the outside. The city of Delhi has a crenulated wall on three sides, a wall five and one half miles long, and the fourth side of the city is defended by the River Jumna. In addition to these two defenses of wall and water, there were 40,000 Sepoys, all armed. Twelve hundred British soldiers were to take that city. Nicholson, the immortal general, commanded them, and you must visit his grave before you leave Delhi. He fell leading his troops. He commanded them even after being mortally wounded. You will read this inscription on his tomb: "John Nicholson, who led the assault of Delhi, fell in the hour of victory, mortally wounded, and died 23d September, 1857. Aged 35 years."

With what guns and men Gen. Nicholson could muster he had laid siege to this walled city filled with devils. What fearful odds! Twelve hundred British troops uncovered by any military works, to take a city surrounded by firm and high masonry, on the top of which were 114 guns and defended by 40,000 fanning Sepoys. A larger percentage of troops fell here than in any great battle I happen to know of. The Crimean percentage of the fallen was 17.48, but the percentage of Delhi was 37.9. Yet that city must be taken, and it can only be taken by such courage as has never been recorded in all the annals of bloodshed. Every charge of the British regiments against the walls and gates had been beaten back. The hyenas of Hindooism and Mohammedanism howled over the walls, and the English army could do nothing but bury their own dead. But at this gate I stand and watch an exploit that makes the page of history tremble with agitation. This city has ten gates, but the most famous is the one called Cashmere gate. Write the words in red ink, because of the carnage! Write them in letters of light, for the illustrious deeds! Write them in letters of black, for the bereft and the dead. Will the world ever forget that Cashmere gate? Lieutenants Salkeld and Home and Sergeants Burgess, Carmichael and Smith offered to take bags of powder to the foot of that gate and set them on fire, blowing open the gate, although they must die in doing it. There they go, just after sunrise, each one carrying a sack containing twenty-four pounds of powder, and doing this under the fire of the enemy. Lieut. Home was the first to jump into the ditch, which still remains before the gate. As they go, one by one falls under the shot and shell. One of the mortally wounded, as he falls, hands his sack of powder with a box of lucifer matches to another, telling him to fire the sack; when with an explosion that shook the earth for twenty miles around, part of the Cashmere gate was blown into fragments, and the bodies of some of these heroes were so scattered that they were never gathered for funeral, or grave, or monument. The British army rushed in through the broken gate, and although six days of hard fighting were necessary before the city was in complete possession, the crisis was past. The Cashmere gate open, the capture of Delhi and all it contained of palaces, and mosques, and treasures was possible.

of whom Mr. Gladstone spoke to me so affectionately when I was his guest at Harvard, England, has lifted a monument near this Cashmere gate with the names of the men who there fell inscribed thereon. That English lord, who has seen courage on many a battlefield, visited the Cashmere gate, and felt that the men who opened it with the loss of their own lives ought to be commemorated, and hence this cenotaph. But, after all, the best monument is the brick wall, with the deep gorges in the brick wall on the left side, made by two bomb shells, and the wall above, torn by ten bomb-shells, and the wall on the right side, defaced, and scraped, and plowed, and gullied by all styles of long reaching weaponry. Let the words "Cashmere gate," as a synonym for patriotism, and fearlessness, and self sacrifice, go into all history, all art, all literature, all time, all eternity! My friends, that kind of courage sanctified will yet take the whole earth for God. Indeed, the missionaries now at Delhi, toiling amid heat, and fever, and cholera, and far away from home and comfort, and staying there until they drop into their graves, are just as brave in taking Delhi for Christ as were Nicholson, and Home, and Carmichael in taking Delhi for Great Britain. Take this for the first serene lesson.

As that night we took the railroad train from the Delhi station and rolled out through the city now living, over the vaster cities buried under this ancient capital, cities under cities, and our traveling servant had unrolled our bed, which consisted of a rug and two blankets and a pillow; and as we were worn out by the sightseeing of the day, and were roughly tossed about on the uneven Indian railway, I soon fell into a troubled sleep, in which I saw and heard in a confused way the scenes and sounds of the mutiny of 1857, which at Delhi we had been recounting; and now the rattle of the train seemed to turn into the rattle of musketry; and now the light at the top of the car deluded me with the idea of a burning city; and then the loud thump of the railroad brake was in dream mistaken for a booming battery; and the voices at the different stations made me think I heard the loud cheer of the British at the taking of the Cashmere gate; and as we rolled over bridges the battles before Delhi seemed going on; and as we went through dark tunnels I seemed to see the tomb of Humayun in which the king of Delhi was hidden; and in my dreams I saw Lieut. Remy, of the artillery, throwing shells which were handed him, their fuses burning; and Campbell, and Reid, and Hope Grant covered with blood; and Nicholson falling while rallying his wavering troops; and I saw dead regiment fallen across dead regiment, and heard the rattaplan of the hoofs of Hodgson's horse, and the dash of the Bengal artillery, and the storming of the immortal Fourth column; and the rougher the Indian railway became, and the darker the night grew, the more the scenes that I had been studying at Delhi came on me like an incubus. But the morning began to look through the window of our jolting car, and the sunlight poured in on my pillow, and in my dream I saw the bright colors of the English flag hoisted over Delhi, where the green banner of the Moslem had waved, and the voices of the wounded and dying seemed to be exchanged for the voices that welcomed soldiers home again. And as the morning light got brighter and brighter, and in my dream I mistook the bells at a station for a church bell hanging in a minaret, where a Mohammedan priest had mumbled his call to prayer, I seemed to hear a chant, whether by human or angelic voices in my dream I could not tell, but it was a chant about "Peace and good will to men." And as the speed of the railroad slackened the motion of the car became so easy as we rolled along the track that it seemed to me that all the distress, and controversy, and jolting, and was of the world had ceased; and in my dream I thought we had come to the time when "The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Half here at what you have never seen before, a depopulated city, the city of Amber, India. The strange fact is that a ruler abandoned his palaces at Amber and moved to Jeypore, and all the inhabitants of the city followed. Except here and there a house in Amber occupied by a hermit, the city is as silent a population as Pompeii or Herculaneum; but those cities were emptied by volcanic disaster, while this city of Amber was vacated because Prince Joy Singh was told by a Hindoo priest that no city should be inhabited more than a thousand years, and so the ruler 170 years ago moved out himself, and all his people moved with him. I will not go far into a description of brazen doorway after brazen doorway, and carved room after carved room, and lead you under embellished ceiling after embellished ceiling, and through halls precious stoned into wider halls precious stoned. Why tire out your imagination with the particulars, when you may sum up all by saying that on the slopes of that hill of India are pavilions deeply dyed, tasseled and arched; the fire of colored gauds cooled by the snow of white architecture; bath rooms that refresh before your feet touch the marble; birds in arabesque so natural to life, that while you can not hear their voices, you imagine you see the flutter of their wings as you are passing; stoneware translucent; walls pictured with hunting scene, and triumphal procession, and jousting party; rooms that were called "Alcove of Light," and "Court of Honor," and "Hall of Victory;" marble, white and black, like a mixture of morning and night; alabaster, and lacquer work, and mother of pearl; all that architecture, and sculpture, and painting, and horticulture can do when they put their genius together was done here in ages past, and much of their work still stands to absorb and entrance archaeologist and sight seer. But what a solemn and stupendous thing is an abandoned city. While many of the peoples of the earth have no roof for their head, here is a whole city of roofs rejected. The sand of the desert was sufficient excuse for the disappearance of Heliopolis, and the waters of the Mediterranean sea for the engulfment of Tyre, and the lava of Mount Vesuvius for the obliteration of Herculaneum; but for the sake of nothing but a superstition which the city of Amber is abandoned forever. O, wondrous India! The city of Amber is only one of the marvels which compel the uplifted hand of surprise from the day you enter India until you leave it. Its flora is so flamboyant; its fauna so monstrous and savage; its ruins so suggestive; its idolatry so horrible; its degradation so sickening; its mineralogy so brilliant; its splendors so uplifting; its architecture so old, so grand, so educational, so multipotent, that India will not be fully comprehended until science has made its last experiment, and exploration has ended its last journey, and the library of the world's literature has closed its last door, and Christianity has made its last achievement, and the clock of time has struck its last hour.

Every tiny protuberance on a branch of coral represents a living animal, which grows from it like a plant.

"CALL HER DOUSCHKA"

SAID THE CZARINA WHEN MISS PICKENS WAS NAMED.

Romantic Story of the Daughter of Minister Pickens—Born in the Imperial Palace of the Romanoffs—Was a Court Pet.

HE RECENT death of the czar of Russia brings to mind the fact that he was intimately associated with one of the most remarkable diplomatic incidents connected with any country. It was the part played in great national affairs by an infant—an American infant—and the only alien ever born in the imperial palace of Russia. In 1856 Francis W. Pickens, the brilliant young senator from South Carolina, married Miss Louise Holcomb, then the most beautiful and cultivated, graceful and popular woman in Washington society. She was a Texan, of an old Virginian family of wealth, and had received the highest culture then thought necessary for a woman, attending the leading institutions in this country and Europe. She was the favorite of President Buchanan, and he appointed young Pickens minister to St. Petersburg in 1857. Mrs. Pickens created a sensation immediately on her arrival at the court of the Romanoffs by her grace, brilliancy, easy and amiable manners, and her artless, democratic lack of conventionality. It was a surprise to the assembled courtiers of Europe to see a woman throw aside that social caste which binds a Russian in social bonds closer than those that hold a Hindoo, and yet be petted and encouraged in this by the empress and emperor. She completely won the hearts and close friendship of Empress Maria and Alexander II. In 1868, just before the birth of the daughter of Minister and Mrs. Pickens, the empress and emperor insisted that the American minister make his home in the imperial palace with the Czarowitz Nicholas. And the empress exacted a promise that she should be god-mother to the child and should have the privilege of giving it one of its names, and that it should be called and known by the name she gave it. When a beautiful, golden haired, hazel eyed little girl opened her eyes for the first time in this world they were dazzled by all the splendor that gleams and glares in an eastern palace, and her ears were first saluted by a salute of artillery and the distant boom of cannons and by the blare of trumpets, for a national salute had been ordered fired and the imperial band ordered to play in honor of the occasion. Never before nor since had such honor been paid to an alien child. And when the day for the christening came there was anxiety in the hearts of mother and father, for, in addition to the names they were to bestow on their little girl, was to be one yet unknown to them and by which they had agreed to call the child. The ceremony took place in the imperial chapel and was performed by the Metropolitan of the Greek church—the first ceremony of the kind in that chapel for a foreigner. At the impressive moment when the bishop took the dimpled and smiling young southerner in his arms and asked "Please name this child?" Mr. Pickens gave the names by which she was to be christened and then turned to the empress. All was hushed and amid the solemn silence the empress said in a clear and distinct voice:

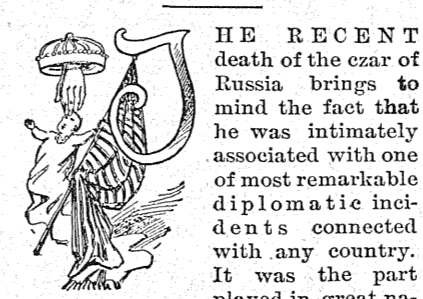
"Her name shall be 'Douschka.'" There was a murmur of admiration and pleasure from all present, and the young mother turned, with tearful eyes toward the empress and the latter astonished all of the assembled royalty by pulling the head of the minister's wife down, placing an arm around her neck and kissing her. "Douschka," means "Sweet Little Darling." It was the personal friendship and influence of Minister Pickens and his wife (mostly the latter) that brought about those close and amiable relations between the United States and Russia, the liberality of which astonished all the world, and which have been maintained to this day.

A big turkey gobbler escaped from one of the down town groceries in Anderson, Ind., the other night, and roosted on a two-story residence. The next morning he flew down and hit the big ten-by-ten foot plate glass in the Hotel Anderson front, center. He went through like a flash, leaving a hole which, by after measurement, showed that it was not large enough for his body to pass through. It was a clean cut—as though a bullet had passed through—and the glass was not cracked in any other place. Strange to say that while the glass was a third of an inch thick, the gobbler was not in the least injured. Local scientists are unable to solve the mystery.

'A Bullet in His Head Thirty Years.' The case of George Sackett, of Adair county, Iowa, a veteran in the civil war, from whose head Dr. Sampson, removed a minie ball Thursday, is an exceptional one. For thirty years he carried in his head a minie ball weighing nearly an ounce. The exact location of the ball was never known until the day of the removal. It never bothered Sackett until recently, when an abscess formed in the nasal passage and the discharge from the nose became irritating. This enabled the doctor to locate the ball in the fleshy part of the head back of the eye near the nasal passage. The operation performed was successful and Sackett experienced no serious results.

About Stuttering. It is safe to say that out of every 1,000 children in the Boston schools, seven stutter or stammer. Of all boys in schools, 1.12 per cent are stutters, while only .49 per cent of all girls stutters. This is in accord with observations of European experts, who say that three or four times as many boys as girls stutter habitually.

Wants the Whipping Post. Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry addressed the final session of the convention of the humane societies in favor of introducing the whipping post into the State of New York, to be used especially in the punishment of those who are cruel to children.



with a most loving letter of congratulation. In 1860, at the same election that made Mr. Lincoln president of the United States, Minister Pickens was elected governor of South Carolina. He hastened to resign his diplomatic office and return home, with his wife and daughter, to assume the governor's office in the state of his ancestors. And when the message was sent in reply to an inquiry from Gen. T. G. Beauregard to fire on Fort Sumter, it is said that the fingers of 3-years-old Douschka pressed the button that sent the fatal reply. Thus were her infantile ears, that had been first saluted in honor of her birth, startled in her own country by the roar of cannon that should be the signal found for a civil war whose like had never been in the world, and the echoes of whose shots would not cease to reverberate in the corridors of time for a thousand years.

The City of Odessa. Odessa, which is frequently described as the Liverpool of Russia, and which in point of trade and prosperity ranks as the most important city of the empire, has just been celebrating the centennial anniversary of its foundation. Built on territory ceded to Russia by Turkey in 1792, the foundations of the present city were laid in 1794, and when, at the beginning of the century, the French emigre, the Duc de Richelieu, arrived upon the scene to assume his duties as governor-general—a post to which he had been appointed by Emperor Alexander—there were only 400 houses and about 6,000 inhabitants in the place. To-day the population is over 300,000, of whom no less than 150,000 are Hebrews, and there is no city in the empire more bountifully endowed with magnificent public buildings, or where the inhabitants are possessed of greater wealth, mostly amassed by commerce.

About Mrs. "Fred" Vanderbilt. Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt, or "Mrs. Fred" as she is endearingly termed by her intimates, is the prettiest of the Vanderbilt women. She is also the youngest. She is tall and slender, with pretty blonde hair and blue eyes. She has beautiful hands, of which she takes very great care, wearing gloves upon all possible occasions. Although she entertains elegantly, it is not frequently that she gives dinners, teas or receptions. There is one entertainment which she instituted a few years ago at Newport which always takes place when August comes round. It

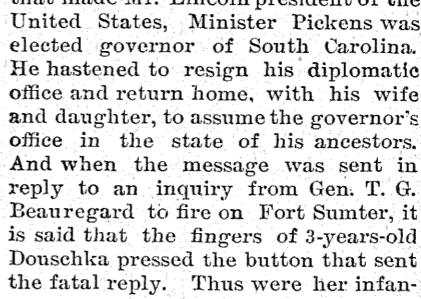
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THAT'S QUEER!

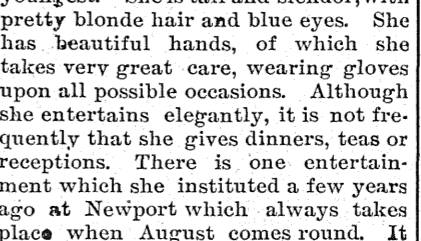


You say a collar and cuff that are waterproof? Yes. And perspiration will not affect them? Yes. And when dirty you need only wipe them off with a wet cloth or sponge? Yes. Wonderful! How are they made? A linen collar covered on both sides with waterproof "CELLULOID." Looks exactly like a linen collar. Is it the only waterproof collar and cuff made? No, but it is the only one made with the linen interlining and consequently the only one that can give entire satisfaction, because it is the best. How can I know that I get the right kind? Because every piece is stamped as follows:

TRADE MARK. Inquire for that and reject anything else, or you will be disappointed. Suppose my dealer does not have them? He probably has, but if not, send direct to us, enclosing amount. Collars 25c. Cuffs 50c. State size, and whether collar wanted is stand-up or turned-down. THE CELLULOID COMPANY, 427-29 Broadway, NEW YORK.

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Non-pull-out Keystone Watch Case Co., PHILADELPHIA.

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Sewing Machines at special low prices to reduce Stock. And seeing an incredible display around the features of the machine, he added, "Will you bet that, before we rise from the table your watch or some other valuable will not be taken from your person?"

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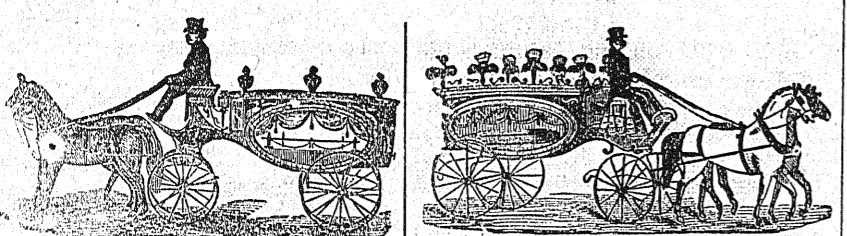
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A complete stock of Coffins, Caskets, and Undertaker's supplies on hand. Two Hearse always in readiness. First door west of McDougall & Co.'s, CASS CITY, MICH.

It's a Little Thing
but the world is made up of little things. It is merely a little dirt and a little time and a little more of the same that make common salt impure. It is merely a little care and a little better system in salt-making which gives to

Diamond Crystal Salt

its absolute purity, its exceedingly fine grains and its delicious flavor. It is a little difference in price—about 5 cents per year per person—that gives you the best and purest salt—"The salt that's all salt." Economy sometimes means paying.

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A. A. P. McDOWELL,
Proprietor.

OUR MOTTO:

PERSEVERANCE PROGRESS AND PATRIOTISM

THAT BOY JIM.

He was the "devil," that boy Jim. Couldn't do anything good with him. Rough and ragged, for mischief ripe. Running errands, distributing type. Putting the neighbors on their heads. With brand new "furniture," "sings" and "loads."

From early morning to evening dim. He was the "devil," that boy Jim!

Editor whaled him—all no good! Head as hard as a stick of wood. Just burst out in a loud "Hoory!" And went right on his don't care way. But once—when the train was passing by. And the editor's child on the track—oh, my! He rushed with his same don't care Right in front of the engine there!

Child was saved, but where was Jim? With flaming lanterns they looked for him. While the people trembled and held their breath.

"Under the engine, crushed to death!" Jim! He had given his life away! Not much need of their tears for him.

"He was an angel, that boy, Jim!"

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

A CLEVER PICKPOCKET.

He was a Russian and Alarmed and Surprised a Grand Duke.

One day, at the dinner table of a grand duke, the French ambassador extolled the dexterity of his fellow countrymen, as exemplified, among other things, in the cleverness of the Paris pickpockets.

"I should not wonder if the St. Petersburg pickpockets could give them a start," replied the grand duke. And seeing an incredible display around the features of the ambassador he added, "Will you bet that, before we rise from the table your watch or some other valuable will not be taken from your person?"

The ambassador accepted the wager for the fun of the thing, and the grand duke telephoned to the chief constable asking him to send at once the cleverest pickpocket he could lay his hands on. The latter was to receive the full value of every article he managed to "amox" and be allowed to go unpunished.

The man came and was put into livery and told to wait at table along with the other servants. The grand duke told him to give him a sign as soon as he had accomplished the trick. But he had to wait a long time. For the ambassador, whose watch was the article to be experimented upon, always kept on the alert, and even held his hand to his forehead when conversing with the most distinguished guests at the table. At last the grand duke received the preconcerted signal. He at once requested the ambassador to tell him the time. The latter triumphantly put his hand to his pocket and drew forth a potato, instead of his watch! There was a general burst of laughter, in which the ambassador himself joined, though with a wry face, for he was unmistakably annoyed. To conceal his feelings he would take a pinch of snuff—his snuffbox was gone! Then he missed the seal ring which he had carried about with him in a little case. Amid the hilarity of the guests the sham lackey was requested to restore the articles, but the grand duke's merriment was changed into alarm and surprise when the thief produced two watches, two rings, two snuffboxes, etc. His imperial highness made the discovery that he himself had been robbed at the same time. —New Blatt.

Albuquerque, N. M., was named by the Spaniards from a town of the same name in Spain, which took its title from Alphonso d'Albuquerque, a famous Portuguese soldier.

COMMERCIAL VALUE OF SERMONS.

A Great Divine of London Makes a Departure and Stirs Up a Hornets' Nest.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, pastor of the City Temple, has been expressing high indignation because some newspapers printed extracts from a sermon without his permission. The irate preacher of the gospel of Christ even declared, "The man who reports a sermon without the preacher's permission is a thief." He explains frankly that the preacher may desire to sell the sermon or preach it elsewhere on the next Sunday. "A Dick Turpin of a reporter" prevents this.

This strong language provokes many unkind remarks about the gentleman who, since Spurgeon's death, has been considered by many as London's greatest pulpit orator. It really does seem that the soul saving business, like all other things English, has got down to a strictly commercial basis. Some rather awkward extracts from holy writ, including quotations from the lips of the preacher of the sermon on the mount, an authority usually held in quite high respect at the City Temple, have been brought to Dr. Parker's attention this week by the London press. Some, even of the parishioners of this gentle follower of Jesus, have been disturbed by his words. Thus one writes to The Times:

"Dr. Parker's letter causes me some qualms of conscience. A few weeks back I was able to pour consolation into the heart of an old friend, who was in great mental affliction and bodily weakness, by reciting to him some singularly beautiful sentences I had heard from the City Temple pulpit. I confess it escaped me that I ought to have charged my friend 5s. 6d. for the use of the preacher's halo for wounded souls and transmitted the money to the owner of such mental medicine. I think Dr. Parker will see that, even in these godly times, the public are not yet ready for viewing what they are told is the house of God as a shop and the proclamation of the everlasting gospel as a trafficking in marketable goods. Doubtless Dr. Parker's letter will help the people to see him and his work in the right light."

Others put the pertinent inquiry whether Dr. Parker is greater than his Master. It is recalled by the newspaper men that in his earlier days he not only welcomed the presence of reporters, but used to beg editors to send them, and when none came he was not above summarizing his sermons himself and sending reports to the newspaper offices. No man, in fact, knew better than Dr. Parker how to utilize the newspaper for gratuitously advertising himself. When, a few years ago, he aspired to fill Henry Ward Beecher's pulpit, he took immense pains to obtain the assistance of all the agencies engaged in the business of cableing news to the American press.—London Letter.

DRIVEN TO CANNIBALISM.

Eskimos, Surprised by the Winter That Follied Peary, Eat Each Other.

Intelligence is given by a whaling captain to a Dundee paper of a most gruesome discovery in the arctic regions. In the beginning of August, while the Dundee whalers Aurora, Balena and Esquimaux were in Prince Regent's inlet searching for white whales, they landed a party in Elvin bay. The men on landing found near the water's edge a ring of dead bodies of Eskimos, who had evidently died of starvation.

Before death the members of the party had been driven to the awful extremity of cannibalism. Some of the bodies were untouched, others were partially eaten, and clean picked bones lay near. One body was decapitated, and the head was found some distance away. The remains were in a comparatively good state of preservation.

It is supposed that the party had been surprised by winter and had failed to get away from a district which is destitute of game and very barren. The crew of the Balena bring home many relics of the unfortunate Eskimos.

The Metamorphoses of a Bust.

English sculptors are not half up to date, perhaps because our fewer political changes have not sharpened their wits. The Parisians are just now laughing at the vicissitudes of a bust of Louis XIV over the colonnade on the east side of the Louvre. When Perrault erected the colonnade, the bust was an exact likeness of the "Roi Soleil," but under the first empire the official sculptor chipped off the flowing wig and pared the nose down to the Napoleonic proportions. When the Bonapartes came back, the wig was replaced and the necessary hump put on the nose, but both were removed during the hundred days. But after Waterloo the peruke and the aquiline nose were restored, and the troubled bust had rest, though now that the subject has been raised possibly M. Casimir-Perier may wish to add his moustache to the long suffering work of art.—Building News.

Advice From a Puppant Phenologist.

The fall of Capri was predicted at least by one observer. This is Mr. Donovan, a phenologist who had studied the young emperor's head and found it sadly lacking in "concentrativeness." A man with such a head must have changes, and so Mr. Donovan predicted a year ago that Capri would speedily go the way of Bismarck. The phenologist's advice to Prince Hohenzollern is as follows: "In order to keep the emperor out of mischief his love of travel should be encouraged as much as possible. He should go to Chicago next year and then in turn be persuaded to visit Asia, Africa, Australasia and South America. By this means he will let off his desire for change and restlessness in a harmless way." —Westminster Gazette.

News in the Ads.

At this season of the year advertisements become a news item. In every household there are those who are looking for holiday bargains.—Printers' Ink.

The sale of 5 cent novels, descriptive of the improbable adventures of Indian fighters or the superhuman sagacity and adventure of impossible detectives, is by no means confined to the small boys of New York. A reporter loitering in a Park row book exchange was surprised to observe one of the most eminent jurists of the day overhauling a pile of this trash. He had laid aside "Broken Plums' Last Shot," "Old Cap Collier Among the White Caps," "The Boy Magician in Madagascar," "The Young Nihilist" and "Frank and the Aztec Treasure."

"What are you going to do with that stuff, judge?" the reporter asked. "Going to read it all. It is my way of going on a spree. When I get actually worn out and run down over the study of abstruse legal problems and reach that stage when I carry my professional labor into my dreams, I just knock off for a day or two, lay in a lot of this kind of rubbish, run down to my Long Island home and just lie back and revel in the absurdities of this class of literature. It requires no mental effort whatever to peruse them, and the amusement afforded is unbounded. I get clear away from the world of deeds, mortgages, bonds, partitions, trusts and other vexations and simply allow my mind to go off on a little spree. No bad effects follow this mild form of dissipation. In fact, I am really rested by it. Try it yourself some time." —New York World.

Our Clubbing List.

We have made arrangements with the publishers to club the following publications with the ENTERPRISE at the very low prices named and our readers should avail themselves of this excellent opportunity of procuring a supply of good reading. These prices are to new subscribers and old ones who pay up.

ENTERPRISE and Detroit Weekly Tribune.....\$1.50.
ENTERPRISE and Michigan Farmer.....\$1.70.
ENTERPRISE, Toronto weekly Mail and Farmers Fireside.....\$1.60.
ENTERPRISE and Toronto Saturday Mail (illus.).....\$2.00.
ENTERPRISE and Detroit semi-weekly Journal.....\$1.60.

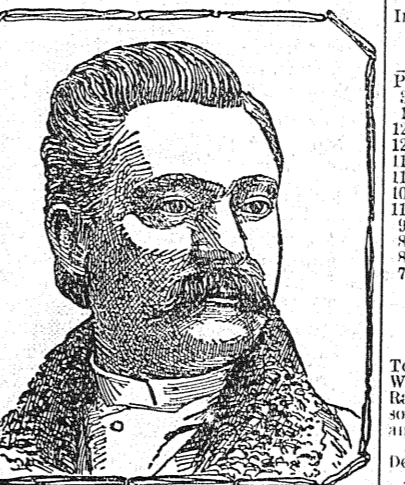
Marvelous Results.

From a letter written by Rev. J. Gunderson of Minneapolis, Minn., we are permitted to make this tract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist Church at River Junction she was brought down with Pneumonia, succeeding LaGrippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottles free at T. H. Fritz's, Drug Store.

Four Big Successes.

Having the needed merit to more than make good all the advertising claimed them, the following four remedies have reached a phenomenal sale. Dr. King's New Discovery, for consumption, Coughs and Colds, each bottle guaranteed—Electric Bitters, the great remedy for Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, and Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are a perfect pill. All these remedies are guaranteed to do just what is claimed for them and the dealer whose name is attached herewith will be glad to tell you more of them. Sold at T. H. Fritz's drug store.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve
THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by T. H. Fritz.



Tired, Weak, Nervous Could Not Sleep.

Prof. L. D. Edwards, of Preston, Idaho, says: "I was all run down, weak, nervous and irritable through overwork. I suffered from brain fatigue, mental depression, etc. I became so weak and nervous that I could not sleep. I would arise tired, discouraged and blue. I began taking Dr. Miles' Nervine and now everything is changed. I sleep soundly, I feel bright, active and ambitious. I can do more in one day now than I used to do in a week. For this great good I give Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine the sole credit. It cures."

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at 50c. per bottle, or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

PATENTS OBTAINED
THIRTY-FIVE YEARS EXPERIENCE. Examination and Reports Free. Prompt attention. Send Drawing and description to L. BAKER & Co., Atty's Washington, D. C.

The Evening News,
"The Great Daily of Michigan."

YOUR HOME PAPER cannot be replaced by even greater publications from larger cities; they cannot supply completely the many items of home news that are of the greatest interest, but for State, National, and world wide news, the greater paper must be looked to. The Detroit Evening News stands as the leader in the State, and should go hand in hand with your home paper.

The Evening News,
DETROIT, MICH.

Agencies in every village, town and city in the State of Michigan.

MY NEW STOCK OF DRY GOODS

Consists of

50 Woolen Fascinators from 25c to 1.00
20 pair ladies woolen mitts from 20c to 1.00
100 pair Men's woolen mitts 25c to 1.00
100 pair Men's flannel lined gloves from 25c to 1.25
10 pairs of Men's Moca gloves from 1.25 to 1.75
50 suits of Ladies fleec lined underwear from 45c to 1.00
Ladies' woolen shawls from 1.00 to 6.00
Ladies' Beaver shawls from 2.00 to 6.00
Mens mufflers at all prices.
Ladies mackintoshes from 2.50 to 10.00
Mens' water proof Duck coats from 2.00 to 3.50
Several pieces of all wool cassimere goods 40 inches wide at 35c to 40c per yard.
The best values ever offered.
Home made yarn 45c to 60c a pound.
40 pair horse blankets from 1.00 to 6.00
40 pair of bed blankets from 50c to 4.00

I have a complete line of worm goods in Ladies' and Gents' footwear and the best wool boot and rubber combination for 2.00, in the county. Call for them. This combination I also have in boy's wear.

STOVE DEPT.

My stove department consists of over 100 cook and parlor stoves. See them before you purchase.

3 STORY BRICK. J. L. HITCHCOCK.

ATLAS SOAP
CLEANS RAPIDLY, THOROUGHLY, ECONOMICALLY.
ATLAS SOAP.
Best for GENERAL LAUNDRY and FAMILY WASHING. Thousands of Ladies say so. Take no other from your Grocer. BEAUTIFUL PICTURES GIVEN for the Return of Outside Wrappers.
HENRY PASSOLT, Manufacturer, SAGINAW, MICH.
ATLAS SOAP.

For Bargains In

Sash Doors, Blinds, Frames, Washing Machines, Moldings, Ironing Boards, Brackets and GENERAL PLANING MILL WORK.

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

Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron R. R.

PASSENGER TIME CARD.
In Effect November 18th, 1894. Standard Time.

Southwest.	STATIONS.	Northeast.
P. M. P. M. A. M. A. M.	Dep.	P. M. P. M. A. M. A. M.
3:15 10:15 10:20	Saginaw, E. S.	3:15 10:15 10:20
1:37 4:09 4:48	Reese	8:45 4:01 11:40
12:34 4:19 5:25	Fairgrove	9:07 4:08 12:47
12:30 4:29 5:15	Akron	9:15 4:09 1:00
11:40 3:48 5:57	Unionville	9:30 4:54 1:40
11:05 3:57 6:40	Schwanitz	9:45 4:02 1:15
10:10 3:47 7:16	Bay Port	10:10 4:03 1:15
11:50	DETROIT	
9:15 7:28 8:00	Flint	10:25 5:22 6:55
8:40 7:46 7:46	Elkton	10:40 5:34 7:25
8:20 7:39 7:39	Grassmere	10:47 5:41 7:55
7:30 7:30 7:30	Dep. Bad Axe	11:05 6:00 8:08

CONNECTIONS.
At Saginaw—With F. & 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 Owosso, 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 Fairgrove—With F. & P. M. for Port Austin, Sand Beach, Minden City and Ft. Huron.
Trains leaving Bad Axe at 7:40 a.m. and Detroit at 4:30 p.m. are through express, via P. O. & N. and D. C. H. & M. Railways, delivering and receiving passengers at depot of latter company in Detroit, foot of Brush street.
M. V. MEREDITH, Superintendent.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE
IS THE BEST.
NO SQUEAKING.
And other specialties for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys and Misses are the Best in the World.
See descriptive advertisement which appears in this paper.
Take no Substitute.
Insist on having W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES, with name and price stamped on bottom. Sold by J. D. CROSBY.

DEVLIN'S BUSINESS COLLEGE
BAY CITY, MICH.
There are many just as good, but none better. Our terms are lower though. Send for catalogue.

FIFTEEN PER CENT OFF.
On all Trimmed Hats, Bonnets, etc., trimmed Felt Shapes until March 1st. A good assortment to choose from.
Yours Respectfully,
Mrs. E. K. Wickware.
Nearly opposite Hitchcock's.

FRANKLIN HOUSE
DETROIT, MICH.
It is well before leaving home, for business or pleasure, to stop at the Franklin House, where you will find the most comfortable and pleasant accommodations. The house has been renovated from top to bottom, and is now in the best of condition.
Respectfully,
H. H. S. S. S.
Main, 35c. Lodging, 50c. Per Day, \$1.50.

General or local Agents. \$75 a week. Exclusive territory. The Ladies' Dress Maker, Washable dishes for a family in one minute. Washer, press and drier done without wetting the hands. You should have this. Bright, polished dishes, and cheerful smiles, no more. No stained, unclean hands or clothing. Superior, warranted, Greenleaf, durable, warranted, Greenleaf, durable, warranted, Greenleaf.

Great Clothing Sale!

—OF—

Mc DOUGALL,

THE CLOTHIER

STILL CONTINUES.

DON'T MISS THIS SALE

Come and be convinced that you can do better here than at any other store in the city.

How the Great Detectives Easily Seize Upon the Evidence.

"Officer Slouth," said the great chief of the western city, "what report have you to make on your murder case?"

Slouth—Arrested a woman and locked her up, sir—

"Ah, good. Any clues?"

"Took a file of officers in and told her her husband had given the whole thing away!"

"Ah, ha! Did she show any confusion?"

"Yes, indeed. Said she was confused to know what he gave away, whom he gave it to, and why the fool man didn't sell it!"

"And did she show any concern?"

"Yes, sir. She said she had only \$4 in her pocket, but if we wanted that!"

"Anything further?"

"Then we ran her husband down in his place of business."

"Was he startled?"

"Very much. Wanted to know what it meant."

"We locked him up and told him his wife had given the whole thing away!"

"Was he confused?"

"Not a bit. Said we lied; that his wife was too blank stinky to give anything away."

"Well?"

"We told him she had confessed that he murdered the man!"

"Hah! Then he confessed?"

"Yes! Said he was ready to confess that!"

"Good! Good! Go on, sir."

"We were the most disgusting and pigheaded lot of idiots he had ever met."

"And you learned nothing from either about the murder?"

"Nothing."

"Not the faintest clue?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"And what are you doing now?"

"We have imprisoned both of them on suspicion."

"Good! Keep a close watch on them. We are on the right track. Make them confess if possible."

And the sun, piercing the shadows of the prairie bunch grass, was not more vigilant than was the march of Slouth.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A QUEER DISTINCTION.

It is That of a Man Who Was Once Swallowed by an Alligator.

Edward Rowland enjoys the distinction of being the only person living who was swallowed by an alligator. The saurian swallows his prey whole and digests it at leisure, and it is this characteristic that Rowland owes his life.

When a boy, his parents owned a winter home near Sanford, Fla., which is near Dunn's creek, where there are still more alligators than can be found in any place else in Florida.

At the time mentioned, it was literally swarming with the huge reptiles, and the largest ever killed were secured here, one measuring over 15 feet in length.

Young Rowland had gone with his parents to a point on the St. Johns river, near the mouth of Dunn's creek, and had wandered away from them. Suddenly a huge gator emerged from a small lake and started toward a creek, coming immediately past the bank, where the boy was seated on the bank, kicking pebbles. The child started to run, but stumbling fell head first immediately in front of the reptile, which swallowed him at once.

Young Rowland's screams were heard, and the parents reached the scene just in time to see the disappearance of their son down the huge throat of the saurian. The father, never dreaming that the boy was not killed, shot the alligator, the ball, fortunately, striking him in the eye and penetrating the brain.

The feet of the boy were protruding from the mouth of the dead alligator, and with the thought of only obtaining his remains for burial the reptile was cut open. There were signs of life, and after several hours of hard work the father succeeded in resuscitating the boy, the only serious injury being to his ankles, which had been crushed by the reptile's teeth when he was in the throes of death.

Since that time Rowland has been a cripple, but only to the extent of having to wear steel braces on his ankles.—Rome Hustler.

Eye Treatment of Epilepsy.

Scarcely any discovery of modern medical science is more valuable than that treatment of the eye may lead to the cure of epilepsy. In the New York Medical Journal Dr. Ambrose L. Ranney gives full details of the treatment of the eye which he has adopted with 25 patients. The correction of the eyes has led to the cessation of the epileptic seizures. Most of these patients had been drugged with bromides for years without any cure. Some of the cases treated were of long standing. One patient had suffered for 24 years from epilepsy. Seven years have now passed since his eyes were treated, and he has had no return. Another patient had such violent paroxysms that he had to be confined in a padded room while they lasted. He is now cured. A third has been in perfect health and a partner in a large business for three years.

Comical Names of Great Men.

Calderon de la Barca has quite an imposing sound, yet literally translated it reads Ship's Copper; Tompato (Papa) means Chained Soldier; Dante stands for Stag's Hide; Giovanni Boccaccio, Jack Bigmouth; Bramante, the famous architect, despite his melodious appellation, appears in the character of a Whiner, and Max Piccolomini is nothing more or less than a Little Dwarf.—Deutsche Warte.

But Perhaps He Does.

A Chicago photographer has eloped with another man's wife. He can hardly expect the abandoned husband to look pleasant.—Washington Post.

THE SEAL QUESTION AGAIN.

It Is Claimed That the Paris Rules Have Resulted in Regular Slaughter.

The very first year's trial of the Paris restrictions seems to have resulted in an appeal from the United States to other nations to stop pelagic sealing in Bering sea altogether next year. In proof of its good faith our government, it is reported, would suspend its own seal killing entirely on the Pribilof islands at much loss of revenue, and perhaps at the risk of having to indemnify the lessees of the islands.

The fact is that our friends, the Victoria sealers, overdid their business during the last season, and the new Paris rules enabled them to overdo it. They began with a great outcry against the rules, holding a meeting and intimating that their occupation was gone. This, however, was possibly intended for effect on the British parliament. But when it had no effect they went to work at the beginning of the season with their customary energy, and the result was that of breaking all records in their year's catch. They took, according to the published statements, about 95,000 seals. These represent presumably a still larger number of seals slaughtered, though not quite so large an excess as if firearms had been used. Add the number taken by American vessels, as well as by the Russian and Japanese, and it will be seen that the slaughter of the animals during the year must have been enormous.

How large a proportion were secured in Bering sea does not appear by the statements thus far made public, but it has been said that the Triumph, which made the champion catch, surpassing in fact anything before known, obtained more than two-thirds of her seals within the waters of Bering sea within seven weeks, although those were not open until Aug. 1.

The result of the investigations made by Mr. Hamlin of the treasury department confirms the views entertained by our own navy officers in the patrol fleet that the animals are fast diminishing, and that the Paris rules are not checking the diminution. The consent to a year's halt in pelagic sealing by all nations is perhaps the best remedy for existing evils. The next question is as to how many nations will agree to this proposal. It would be better if the restriction should apply to both sides of the north Pacific, by the co-operation of Russia and Japan, but England's acquiescence in the arrangement would alone justify our government in carrying it out.—New York Sun.

MUST LEARN TO SMOKE.

Those Women Who Will Persist in Occupying the Seats of the Smokers.

A few months ago the Philadelphia street car companies began running smoking cars in response to a popular demand for them. It has been found almost impossible to keep women out of these cars, and, to make matters worse, the smokers, unable to resist the claims of politeness, have been cheerfully surrendering their seats to the women. Things have now got to such a pass that the latter have become masters of the situation.

"Day by day," says an observer, "the feminine travel upon the smoking cars has increased. That man is lucky who can now cling to the edges of the car and fondly hope that he may smoke in peace after the long journey is over and he has reached the secluded precincts of his office or home. The women not only claim the smoking car as their own, but they have begun to stare coldly at such men as now venture timidly into the cars which were prepared especially for them."

The question whether the men have a right to smoke in a smoking car in the presence of women has been settled by the latter in the negative, and an offender was actually ejected from one of these cars the other day by a man accompanying an indignant woman. What makes the persistence of the women singular is that the smoking cars are much less comfortable and attractive than those provided for general use. The Philadelphia newspapers are courageously supporting the men in this emergency and urging them to stand on their rights. "The women," one newspaper makes bold to say, "must yield the cars to men, or they (the women) must learn to smoke."—New York Post.

The Price of Bikes.

The price for 1895 bicycles has been quite definitely settled for the coming season, as many of the leading manufacturers have announced their determination to list their wheels at \$100. There are many exceptions, however, and some of the prominent makers will adhere to their 1894 lists, while other manufacturers will put their list price below \$100.

There is, however, an almost universal expression from manufacturers in regard to the quality of their machines, which indicates that there will be a general improvement in material, workmanship and finish all along the line.—Iron Age.

Consanguinity in Germany.

Despite the warnings of medical authorities, marriage between blood relations continue to an alarming degree in Germany. During the last year there were upward of 3,000 such marriages, 1,423 being between first and second cousins, 111 between uncles and nieces and 16 between nephews and aunts. The proportion of these consanguineous alliances to the total of marriages recorded is 1 to each 149 matrimonial unions.—Berlin Letter.

Mrs. Cleveland.

Mrs. Cleveland, it is understood, will retire from society this winter in anticipation of an interesting event which is to occur in March next. Several ladies of the diplomatic corps will be missed this winter for the same reason, including the beautiful American bride of the French ambassador, Mrs. Yu, the Chinese minister's wife, and Mrs. Ariaga Laza of the Guatemalan legation.—William E. Curtis in Chicago Record.

J. S. McARTHUR.

P. S. McGREGORY.

OUR

BIG CLEARING SALE

Will open Monday, Jan. 7, and continue

TWO WEEKS ONLY.

This Sale will take in everything we have in our Mammoth Double Store and will be one of the Largest Slaughter Sale ever held in Cass City.

The most interesting cut will be in

DRESS GOODS.

We have a

\$2,500.00 Stock

In staples, which will be sold regardless of cost.

Don't fail to get one of our

CLOAKS OR CAPES

At Sale Prices.

The lowest prices ever given on Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps, Carpets, Curtains, Etc., will be given during our sale.

Call early and get best selection.

Respectfully,

2 Macks.

Nervous, Despondent, Diseased Men!

Emissions, Varicocele, Seminal Weakness, Self-Abuse, Syphilis, Gleet, Stricture, Unnatural Discharges, Loss of Vital Fluid in Urine, Impotency, Sexual and Mental Weakness, Kidney and Bladder Diseases Positively CURED. DR. NO. PAY! 16 YEARS IN DETROIT. 200,000 CURED.

Like Father, Like Son.

Young or Middle Aged Men—You have led a life of indulgence in the vices of early youth. You feel the symptoms stealing over you. Self-abuse, or later excesses have broken down your system. Mentally, physically and sexually you are not the man you used to be or should be. Look to the future. Will you heed the danger signals? Are you nervous and weak; despondent and gloomy; speckle before eyes; back weak and kidneys irritable; palpitation of heart; dreams and losses at night; weakness of arms; weakened manhood; pimples on face; eyes sunken and cheeks hollow; poor memory; cureless hemorrhoids; Varicocele; tired in morning; lifeless; distrustful; lack energy, strength and ambition. Our New Method Treatment will positively cure you. It will make a man of you and life will open anew. We guarantee to cure you, or refund all money paid. No names used without written consent. \$1,000 paid for any case we take and cannot cure!

SNATCHED FROM THE GRAVE!
A Warning From the Living.
Emissions Cured. "At 15 I learned a bad habit. Had losses for seven years. Tried four doctors and nerve tonics by the score, without it benefit. I became a nervous wreck. A friend who had been cured by Drs. Kennedy & Kergan of a similar disease, advised me to try them. I did so, and in two months was positively cured. This was eight years ago. I am now married and have two healthy children." C. W. LEWIS, Saginaw, Mich.

Varicocele Cured. "Varicocele, the result of early vice, made life miserable. I was weak and nervous, eyes sunken, bashful in society, hair thin, dreams and losses at night, no ambition. The 'Golden Monitor' opened my eyes. The New Method Treatment of Drs. Kennedy & Kergan cured me in a few weeks." I. L. PETERSON, Ionia, Mich.

Syphilis Cured. "This terrible blood disease was in my system for eight years. Had taken mercury for two years, but the disease returned. Eyes red, pimples and blotches on the skin, ulcers in the mouth and on tongue, bone pains, falling out of hair, weakness, etc. My brother, who had been cured of Syphilis and Stricture by Drs. Kennedy and Kergan, recommended them. They cured me in a few weeks and I thank God I consulted them. No return of the disease in six years." T. E. ALLISON, M. D.

A Minister Speaks. "The Rev. W. E. Sparks, of Detroit, says: 'I know of no disease so injurious to the mind, body and soul of young men as that of Self Abuse. I have sent many victims of this insidious habit to Drs. Kennedy & Kergan for treatment. I can heartily endorse their New Method Treatment which cured when all else failed.'"

A Doctor Recommends It. "I know nothing in medical science so efficient for the cure of Syphilis and Stricture as the New Method Treatment of Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. Many cases which had baffled scores of physicians were cured in a few weeks. I have seen this with my own eyes and know it to be a fact." W. P. M. JACKSON, Mich.

Reader—Have you been guilty? Has your blood been diseased? Are you weak? Do you desire to be a man? Are you contemplating marriage? Our New Method Treatment will positively cure you. Cures Guaranteed or No Pay! Consultation Free!

No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion free of charge. Charges reasonable. Books Free—"The Golden Monitor" (Illustrated), on Diseases of Men. Enclose postage, 2 cents. Sealed.

—No names used without written consent. Private. No medicine sent C. O. D. No names on boxes or envelopes. Everything confidential. Question list for home treatment at cost of treatment, Free.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, 148 SHELBY STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

READY FOR BUSINESS AT FAIRWEATHER'S.

I have the largest stock of Candy, Nuts, Oranges and fruits of all kinds to select from in the city. Try our Oysters in bulk or can. Fresh crackers always on hand from 5c. lb. up. Remember I am as cheap as the cheapest in everything in the line of Groceries, Fruits, Vegetables and Confectionary. Give me a call and be convinced. Farm produce bought and sold. Goods delivered promptly.

H. B. Fairweather.

TABLETS AND PAPETIERES, AT the ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

JAS. TENNANT.

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS

—AND— BAZAAR GOODS.

Goods delivered free.

HELLER BROS.

Will grind buckwheat on Tuesday's and Friday's of each week until further notice. If you want the best roller buckwheat flour on earth.

Bring us Your rist.

If you have some nice buckwheat to sell we want it. Smoother pure buckwheat flour is what we make and nothing else.

We are in the market for Red Wheat. If you want anything in the milling line, come and see us. We can supply you.

Remember we grind feed every day. We will have a new power corn sheller ready for business soon, then we can grind you out in a hurry.

We are exchanging WHITE LILY flour for from 150 to 300 bushels of wheat, per day. If you want the best flour made and the most of it.

BRING US YOUR WHEAT.

We will do the rest come any time, always open.

HELLER BROS.

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OFFICE AND GET PRICES

On job printing before going elsewhere.

Also a complete line of stationery at prices that will astonish you. Give us a call.

SEGAR ST. - - - CASS CITY.

STATE NEWS NOTES.

A CHAPTER OF THE DOINGS OF MICHIGANDERS.

Michigan Knights of the Grip Meet at Grand Rapids.—State Teachers' Association meeting at Lansing. Alcohol and a Match Nearly End a Man's Life.

"Do Boys Want to Sell Goods, Sen."

The sixth annual meeting of the Michigan Knights of the Grip was held at Grand Rapids, with a large attendance. The business houses were handsomely decorated with banners and bunting in honor of the visitors and hands were at the depots to greet them as they arrived, and committees were there to escort them to the hotels. Reports read at the business session showed that the knights now number 1,349, a gain of 522 during the year; the death benefit fund receipts were \$4,000, and expenditures, \$4,000; general fund receipts, \$1,860.83, and disbursements, \$1,015.87. A banquet in Lockery hall was attended by nearly 1,000 persons.

At the second day's session the proposed change in the assessment from \$1 to \$2 was pigeon-holed. Resolutions were adopted favoring 5,000 mile interchangeable books. The parade turned out well, and was applauded all along the route. The number of officers was spirited: President, Maj. R. W. Jackson, Detroit; vice-presidents, one from each congressional district, A. S. Degollia, Detroit; M. J. Moore, Jackson; L. D. Dickinson, Hillsdale; Grant S. Bennett, Kalamazoo; Jerry Wolman, Grand Haven; D. C. Slaght, Flint; Frank Mosher, Port Huron; George W. Shaw, Saginaw; J. H. Cummings, Muskegon; J. J. Evans, Bay City; Scott Woodward, Traverse City; Otto H. Degenes, Marquette; secretary, G. F. Owens, Grand Rapids; treasurer, J. F. Frost, Lansing; directors, Saml. Simons, Saginaw; J. F. Hamill, Jackson; F. M. Tyler, Grand Rapids, John R. Owen, Detroit.

Better Protection for Game and Fish.

About thirty sportsmen from various sections of the state attended the meeting at Lansing at which the organization of the Michigan State Fish and Game Protection League, was perfected. President Judge John J. Speed, of Detroit, presided. As the result of the session of the league, prepared and presented to the legislature prohibiting all spring shooting; making a uniform open season for deer in both peninsulas from Oct. 10 to Nov. 1; making the open season for grouse, quail and partridge from Oct. 1 to Nov. 1; prohibiting the killing of rabbits; save in the month of October, and prohibiting the use of ferrets in hunting rabbits; making violations of the game laws circuit court offenses; prohibiting shooting from sail or steamboats or naphtha launches; providing a penalty for killing more than two deer a season by any one person and prohibiting the shipment of deer unaccompanied by a license; prohibiting killing them on open season for trout from May 15 to September 15; providing that bass shall be taken only by hook and line; requiring the meshes of nets to be large enough to permit the escape of small fish; prohibiting spearing in inland waters; prohibiting the selling of brook trout or grayling; prohibiting the use of nets in St. Clair river and calling for the repeal of all local fish laws.

Boy Blew His Head Off: Father a Maniac.

Henry Gillespie, a farmer residing at Tompkins Center, went to Jackson with some friends to purchase a coffin for his 14-year-old son, Guy Gillespie, and became a raving maniac. His suffering was frightful, it requiring several strong men and two physicians to hold him. Grief over the shocking death of the son is the cause of Mr. Gillespie's insanity. The youth was preparing to go out hunting and borrowed an old shotgun at a neighbor's. He loaded the gun in the kitchen, bade his mother an affectionate good-bye and went outside, where an instant later the gun was discharged and blew the whole top of his head off.

Wielders of the Birch.

The forty-fourth annual meeting of the Michigan State Teachers' association was held in Representative hall at Lansing. President Grawn's address dwelt upon the need of more strict compulsory education laws, and the need of the provision of free text books, etc., by every school district in the state so the education might be free. He said 174,361 children of age, in Michigan alone, are growing up in ignorance and these will some day be a menace to our free institutions. Judge Grawn presented the question "Do Our Public Schools Prepare for Citizenship." Numerous other addresses were made, one by Rep.-elect Donovan of Bay county.

Want Michigan to Annex Mackinac Island.

Col. J. S. Rogers, of Orchard Lake Military academy, has a plan for the annexing of Mackinac Island to the state of Michigan, to be used as a military and naval camp for the state troops. The scheme is to obtain the transfer of the island from the United States to the state. The colonel speaks of a precedent in the transfer of Ison Rouge, La., and has little doubt as to the ultimate success of the plan. It has been said by Surgeon-General Hammond of the army that the island is one of the healthiest spots in the country and it would make an ideal place for the state troops, arranged with fortifications, etc., as it is. Several military men of the state are interested in the project.

His Head Cut Off by an Elevator.

William Morgan, a carpenter at the Morton house, Grand Rapids, was instantly killed in a new freight elevator. He was on the elevator and started it upward, put his head out and was caught by the floor above and decapitated. He leaves a wife and six children.

The Sand Beach division of the F. & P. M. railroad is doing an enormous business. This branch is said to be one of the best paying lines of railway in the state, and it is authoritatively reported that it will be made a standard gauge during the coming summer.

MURDER AND SUICIDE.

A Farmer Kills His Wife With a Stick of Wood and Then Cuts His Throat.

The residence of Mathew Palmer, near Millington, was the scene of a bloody murder and suicide. Palmer having struck his wife Sarah with a piece of stove wood, crushing her skull, took a jackknife and cut four gashes in her throat, and then cut his own throat from ear to ear in two strokes. His two youngest boys were witnesses of the double crime and in their endeavors to prevent the crazed father from accomplishing the deeds both were completely covered with their parents' blood.

Palmer was owner of 80 acres of good land entirely free from debt. He was 48 years of age, and the wife 49. They were the parents of four boys and three girls. The cause of the deed seems to be known to the family and friends, but they are trying to keep it a secret. One of the most common theories is that Palmer thought his wife and children were trying to ruin his financial position by drinking, but had become partially insane.

Circuit Judges of Michigan.

The State Association of Circuit Judges met in the supreme court room at Lansing and discussed methods of spoke and judge administration of justice in the state. The president, Judge F. J. Russell, of Hart, said that better provisions should be made for the care of prisoners between the ages of 16 and 21, so that they will not be expelled from the state. He also put forth the idea that sentences for similar offenses should be more equalized. When juries were present Judge Russell would have the court hold its sessions several hours per day and hold the lawyers down to business. Gov. Rich made a few remarks, recommending that judges and prosecuting attorneys be required to prepare a full statement covering the case of every prisoner convicted and sentenced, which should be filed with the governor, to enable him to judge the case correctly when pardon was asked for. Judge E. D. Kinne, of Ann Arbor, who charged the Carpenter, of Detroit, advocated more care on the part of the courts in granting naturalization papers. Judge Frazer, of Detroit, urged his associates to give the selection of juries more careful attention.

Saloonists Want a Sunday Opening Law.

The saloonkeepers of the state, members of the Michigan Liquor Dealers' Protective association, have several amendments to the present liquor law. They will offer for the consideration of the legislature. According to Thomas J. Navin, attorney for the association, these amendments will ask for a uniform \$300 tax and permission to sell liquor on civic holidays. Two years ago the liquor dealers failed to pass their amendments and since that they have been steadily working towards securing influence enough to pass the bill. Frank Kirsch, the treasurer of the Detroit union, said: "We will ask for amendments permitting us to keep open on all holidays excepting Christmas and Thanksgiving Day. We will also ask that our places of business be permitted to be kept open on Sundays after 1 p. m. until 7:30 p. m. These amendments are already prepared and will be placed immediately in the hands of the Detroit delegation for presentation at the legislature."

Priests Cannot Control C. M. B. A. Affairs.

Rev. Bishop Foley, of Detroit, has rendered a decision of importance to the C. M. B. A., in which he is sustained by Mgr. Satali. At the recent election of officers of Branch No. 17, of the C. M. B. A., of Kalamazoo, T. P. Gleason, of the Kalamazoo Daily News, was elected president. Rev. Frank A. O'Brien, pastor of the parish, informed Mr. Gleason that he would object to his installation unless he did his full duty as a priest. Mr. Gleason refused to do this and the bishop appealed to the bishop and the papal delegate, submitting his case. He declared that he took his children from the parish school because their progress was not satisfactory to him, but that they received proper religious instruction both at home and in Sunday school. Bishop Foley has decided in favor of Mr. Gleason.

Ecceania's Chief of Police in Trouble.

Chicago has been filled with the city chief of Ecceania against Chief of Police Elmer. He is directly charged with shielding houses of ill-fame and refusing to arrest the keepers after charges had been preferred against them. He was not satisfied with a sensation, and before the investigation ends several prominent business men are liable to be mixed up in an ugly scandal. The charges were filed by Night Policeman Campbell, whose progress was not satisfactory to him, but that they received proper religious instruction both at home and in Sunday school. Bishop Foley has decided in favor of Mr. Gleason.

Business Troubles Cause a Suicide.

Lester Baldwin, a well-to-do farmer near Hillsdale, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head with a revolver. He was living on his father's farm with his father. He was at work in a tool house near the dwelling when he committed the deed. His father, in a field near by, heard the shot and hastened to the spot, but his son was dead when he reached him. Business troubles supposed to be the reason for self-destruction.

Saginaw Minister Arrested for Libel.

Rev. Wm. Knight was arrested in his study at the First Congregational church at Saginaw, by sheriff Messner, on a suit instituted by Mayor W. B. Mershon, charging him with libel spoken from the pulpit. The writ being issued by Judge McKnight allowing him to be held to bail in the sum of \$500.

The people generally hardly realize the splendid work being done for the blind of Michigan by her state institution for their training. Blind children are boarded and taught free of charge. During the convention at Adrian of the state society of corrections and charities, a most interesting exhibition of the work of pupils from the school for the blind at Lansing was given, and four pupils gave illustrations of their learning. Anyone knowing of a blind child, or one nearly blind, who is unable to learn in the public schools, should encourage the parents or guardians to send the afflicted one to the school at Lansing. Tuition and board are free.

MICHIGAN HAPPENINGS.

Ann Arbor is to have a \$20,000 opera house.

The dry, freezing weather is killing wheat near Flushing.

Mrs. Glen Carr, a bride of four days and only 19 years old, died suddenly at Centerville.

While cleaning the canal at the "Soo" a diamond valued at \$500 was fished out from the rubbish.

George Robertson, of Detroit, has been appointed keeper of the stationery room at the state capital.

Dr. A. M. Hume, of Owosso, has been appointed surgeon of the Third regiment M. N. G., with the rank of major.

Lumbering operations near Indian river are at a standstill for want of snow, and camps have discharged their crews.

Five Negaunee ruffians pitched into Policeman Piggott and nearly killed him. Help came in time to save Piggott's life.

Alpena's lumber cut during the year past was 102,000,000. The cut has declined steadily from 1899, when it was 219,915,000 feet.

The Michigan Police and Sheriff's union will meet in Grand Rapids, January 22. They will discuss methods of divorcing the police system from politics.

Grand Rapids is getting excited over the cigarette curse. All the small boys are now smoking them. A uniform tax of \$200 a year on dealers is projected.

There is an abundant supply of fire clay just north of Flushing and Saginaw parties have purchased a portion of the land and have a gang of men at work on it.

A sensation has been created in Rush township, Shiawassee county, by the alleged elopement of Adam Truax, a well-to-do farmer with Nellie Hayes, the family domestic.

It is alleged that the latest move on the part of the law and order league at Ann Arbor is to have the names of all the beer drinking students published in the local paper.

Nett Streeter, a Grand Ledge business man, was postmaster three years ago at Delta. A short time ago he received word from Washington that at the time of his settlement he owed the government one cent. Mr. Streeter remitted, and his bondsmen again breathe easy.

Frank Barto, a deaf mute, was found unconscious in a lumber yard at Dundee. His head was badly cut and received several teeth were knocked out and there is probable fracture of the skull. Barto said he was robbed, but he had \$15 secured in his clothes which was not found.

Emmet Burley, while crossing the Rogue river railroad bridge at Childs-dale, was struck by a passenger train and thrown upon the ice below. He probably suffered agony for some time and then expired. The accident was not discovered until the dead body was found. Burley left a family.

Charles B. Haigh was arrested at Allegan charged with forging a draft for \$35 on the Commercial Savings bank of Marquette. The young man drew rather high and bragged of the money he was making as a singer in Chicago. He is a son of ex-Deputy Oil Inspector Haigh, of Kalamazoo.

Port Huron bakers declare they are content to allow the price of bread to remain at 2 cents a loaf, say they are making great profits and are buying their bread now instead of making it themselves.

Henry McGill, a farmer living six miles south of Traverse City, was struck by a C. & W. M. north bound express and instantly killed. Alfred Robbins, a lad riding with him, jumped and was bruised but not seriously injured. The wagon was smashed and one of the horses badly hurt.

Grand Rapids furniture manufacturers complain that while they have sent out so many carloads of goods during the past year as the year previous, the result in dollars and cents has been vastly different. They have hope for a good trade now, however, as stocks are everywhere reported low.

The State Horticultural society was in session at Lowell. Four new societies have been organized the past year making 19 in all. The following officers were elected: President, E. W. Reid, Allegan; members executive committee, C. G. Monroe, T. T. Lyon, both of South Haven.

A woodsman, locally known as "Dead-eye Dick," while in a fit of delirium tremens, got out of bed at Lake City wearing only a shirt, and ran through the streets a quarter of a mile to Dr. Hill's house. He was met by the doctor but brushed by him into a parlor full of ladies and gentlemen. He was arrested and properly clothed.

Mayor Fisher, of Grand Rapids, has returned from an extensive eastern trip. He visited all the large cities and is loaded to the muzzle with municipal government statistics. He gave special attention to the study of electric lighting. While in New York the mayor was an interested listener to the proceedings of the Lexow committee.

The Lig Four will enter into a contract with Benton Harbor to gain the right of way through the center of the business section to reach their property in Big Four marsh, along the St. Joseph river. The company will establish smelting works, car shops and other improvements, employing regularly not less than 500 men. The citizens will now withdraw their protest against the right of way.

Mrs. Maggie W. Ferguson, who keeps a large millinery store in Jackson, reports the loss of a case of diamonds worth \$2,500, including two earrings, each containing a stone worth \$300. The jewels were taken while Mrs. Ferguson was in church. That night she missed them and has been conducting a still hunt ever since without success. Several parties have been arrested on suspicion.

George W. Stone, receiver of the Central Michigan Savings bank at Lansing, has resigned. He says he is tired of the kicks of depositors, who think the dividends are not coming in fast enough.

NEWS OF ALL KINDS.

EVENTS OF GENERAL INTEREST AND IMPORTANCE.

United States and Spain on the Verge of a Hot Fight Over the Tariff Question.—Seven Negroes Killed in a Race War in Georgia.

Tariff War With Spain.

Washington: Interesting developments are expected soon as a result of the strained relations between the United States and Spain over the tariff. In levying duties Spain arranges countries in two columns. The first column includes those who have not entered into satisfactory treaty arrangements with Spain. Until recently Brazil was the only country on the globe which Spain had put into this column, all other countries being in the second column, which includes those having satisfactory treaties. The United States now joins Brazil in Spain's "first column." Secretary Gresham has rejoined, directing Minister Taylor, at Madrid, to notify the Spanish government that if the United States is to be placed in the "first column" this country will retaliate. If the secretary carries out his threat, President Cleveland will issue a proclamation closing American ports to the products of Spain. The first effect of this will be to stop the export of raw sugar from Cuba, which is seven-eighths of all the raw sugar used in American refineries. The other eighth comes from Louisiana and Hawaii, but it is said that it will be possible to make up this seven-eighths. It is asserted, therefore, that the retaliation would close refineries off from their supplies and close them up, throwing 20,000 employees out of work. The ultimate effect of the war would be to raise the price of sugar from three cents to six cents per pound, thus making the public bear the burden.

The remedial effect of Spain's action has already proved disastrous to the American trade in flour and this trade has passed almost exclusively into the hands of Canada. Under the old reciprocity arrangement with Spain the American flour was shipped to Cuba in great quantities. But when the United States tariff raised the duty on Cuban sugar, Spain responded by raising the duty on American flour. The "first column" duty on flour is \$4.75, while the "second column" is \$5.84. As Canada is in the second column she enjoys an advantage of 75 cents a barrel on flour and this has proved ample to allow Canada to wrest the Cuban flour trade away from the United States.

Bloody Race War in Georgia.

Joseph Isom, one of the most prosperous farmers and best citizens of Brooks county, Ga., was murdered by a mob of Negroes. He was taken out of his house and killed. The killing of Isom was a part of a plot to kill all the whites who were in the posse which a few weeks ago arrested Jesse Jeffreth for the killing of T. Moulton. Isom was one of the most popular men in the county. He lived in a part of the county where the Negroes outnumbered the whites, and the killing created a great deal of excitement. When it developed that the "gang" of Negroes had sworn to kill other white men, the whites gathered together and the work of death and destruction began. Seven Negroes were killed by one posse of whites and four by another, and as a result the whole county is in arms, the whites against the blacks, and a bloody race war is imminent.

LATER.—The trouble in Brooks county, Ga., is over. The Valdosta soldiers were ordered to Quitman by the governor. They found the soldiers and the citizens assured them that there would be no more trouble, and they returned to Valdosta.

Michigan Man Wants Out of the Heaven.

James Ogilvie, an old man who sold his property at Alpena, Mich., eight years ago for \$2,500 and went to Rockford, Ill., with his wife to spend the balance of his life in luxury at the Schweinfurth "heaven," turning the cash over to the wife, and she had a place for good, although the wife refuses to go with him. Ogilvie tells startling stories of the life led by the 30 or more angels at the "heaven." He complains that in his case, as well as with 29 other men, dissent, as he made in their food, barely enough being given them to subsist on, while Schweinfurth and a few of the favored ones live on the fat of the land. Ogilvie complains that Schweinfurth's notes for \$1,500, given him two years ago, and he is now looking for his cash.

Burlington, Vermont, Badly Scorching.

A fire which started in the lat shed connected with a big lumber yard owned by J. E. Dyer, at Burlington, Vt., was not got under control until it had done damage estimated at \$150,000. From the lat shed the flames spread to the surrounding lumber and about six acres was burned over. A heavy wind carried the fire to the mill, owned by W. & G. E. Crane, which were burned. Twenty cars standing on the Central Vermont tracks, loaded with lumber and merchandise, and the Central Vermont engine house were also burned. Almost 2,000,000 feet of lumber was destroyed.

Tongahs Burn Korean Towns.

Yokohama: Although Japanese rule is accepted by the Koreans generally, the Tongahs are still active. They have captured Lai Ju, capital of the province of Haido. They expelled the governor and installed one of their number in his place. Three towns in southern Korea have been burned by them. Their numbers are increasing, they getting reinforcements from the Tiger hunters.

Dentist Charged With Counterfeiting.

A. D. Cady, a dentist formerly of Toledo, was brought from Kenton on a charge of counterfeiting. In an office there the officers found molds for casting halves, quarters, dimes, nickels and \$5 gold pieces, and spurious coins were on his person. He practically admits his guilt, but is not believed to have had accomplices.

Dr. L. E. Jones and James Dalton, while driving from Whitehall to Montague, missed the bridge and drove into the river, drowning the horse and barely escaping themselves.

JACK FROST IN THE SOUTH.

\$6,000,000 Damage to the Florida Orange Crop—Coldest Weather Since 1835.

The cold wave which swept over the south coasted a loss of fully \$6,000,000 to Florida. Young orange groves from one to four years old are ruined all over the state and many older trees killed. The winter crops of vegetables are killed outright and the strawberry vines and pineapple plants very seriously damaged. Reports from 51 correspondents in the orange districts of the state indicate that at least 1,800,000 of unpicked oranges are solid globes of ice and more than 300,000 boxes of oranges in warehouses and plying in the streets are frozen. About 5,000,000 boxes of this season's crop were still on the trees. Reports from the interior of the state show that the cold weather has been general and has extended from one end of the peninsula to the other. Tomatoes, cabbage, peas and all vegetables in the northern end of the state are ruined except the pineapple plantations, which are not much injured. There was hardly a house in Jacksonville in which the waterpipes were not frozen solid. All the shrubbery and tropical plants in the public parks and private gardens were killed and many trees blighted. The temperature was the lowest since 1835.

Birmingham, Ala.: The worst snow storm ever known in Alabama came with the blizzard. Six inches of snow fell. The weather was very severe and much suffering among the poor is reported. Many cattle are starving in barren sections and two Negroes were frozen to death at Attala. At Birmingham snow almost blocked traffic. It is feared that much damage will be done in the mining and the bursting of water pipes and flooding the mines.

Memphis, Tenn.: From six to eight inches of snow is reported from the middle and West Tennessee, Arkansas, North Mississippi, Louisiana and West Alabama, with a steady drop in temperature.

Spain is Backing Down.

Washington: The government of Spain, in an earnest desire to avert the threatened tariff warfare between Cuba and the United States, has under serious and favorable consideration the cession to Cuba of the privilege of arranging her own revenue budget, including tariffs with the United States. This Cuba budget is to be subject to the approval of Spain. The negotiations now progressing at Madrid are partly on these lines, but the state department authorities are proceeding nevertheless with their retaliatory plans as they do not believe Spain's concession to Cuba can be carried out and made beneficial to us for some months to come. The great importing houses of the Atlantic cities are clamoring at the doors of the state department and threaten to appeal to congress for some speedy action to protect their business. They represent that at present the United States is losing a trade of 700,000 barrels of flour per annum, and of our commerce in machinery, formerly supplied by the Cubans exclusively in the United States, all of the hardware and a large proportion of the potato trade, a very important part of our exports to the West Indies.

STARVING AND FREEZING.

Hundreds of Destitute Suffering in the Drought-Stricken Portions of Nebraska. Special dispatches from Western Nebraska tell of the destitution and distress prevailing among the inhabitants of the drought-stricken districts. Terrible destitution exists in Perkins, Chase, Dundas, Lincoln, Hayes, Hitchcock and Frontier counties, and the worst feature is the people in several localities are afflicted with scurvy for want of wholesome food. Railroad men report that since the cold snap no less than 12 people have perished in these counties for want of food and fuel. Hundreds of families are without coal, and the poor people have a hard time to keep from freezing to death. In Perkins county destitution is complete. Over 600 families are appealing for help. Very few farmers have any stock left, having let their horses and cattle roam or driven them out of the state to prevent starvation.

Turkey Says Uncle Sam Can't Investigate.

Constantinople: The sultan of Turkey has made final reply to the application of United States Minister Terrell for permission to have Consul Jewett make an independent inquiry into the Armenian troubles. The sultan positively declined to allow the consul to accompany the commission. Consul A. W. Terrell, the American minister, and the sultan had a conference on the subject of Consul Jewett accompanying the Turkish commission to investigate the Armenian atrocities with this result. The French delegate has started for Erzerum.

13 Men Killed in a Collision.

London: By a collision between the Manchester express and a goods train near Chelford, 13 persons were killed and 70 injured, 17 of whom were severely hurt. The express train was proceeding at high speed for Chelford. The high wind started a freight car down grade on a side track and sent it on the main line as the Chelford express passed. The freight car drove two carriages off the track and the next three in the express were tumbled after them.

New Steel Works to Employ 3,000 Men.

General Manager Suppes of the Johnson company's steel plant at Lorain, O., is authority for the statement that a deal has been closed between his company and the Carnegie Steel company, by which the latter acquires a large amount of land adjoining Black river, Lorain, opposite the Johnson plant, on which immense steel works, employing over 3,000 men, will be erected during the coming year.

Convict Shot by a Guard.

J. S. Temple, of Columbiana county, guard in the penitentiary at Columbus, O., shot and killed Joseph O'Day, a prisoner of Cleveland, for forgery. O'Day and two other prisoners assaulted the employee because he refused them for infraction of the rules.

The miners employed at the Anderson, O., mines have declined to accept the rate of 60 cents per ton fixed by the arbitration committee, and are idle. It is thought that all the miners in the Massillon district will soon cease work.

41 BURNED TO DEATH.

A Christmas Entertainment with an Awful Ending.

A most horrible accident occurred at Silver Lake, Lake county, Ore., at a Christmas entertainment in which 41 persons were burned to death and 16 severely injured, five of whom will die. A large crowd had assembled in Christmas tree festival. While the festivities were at their height, some one climbed on a bench from which point he expected to get a better view of what was going on. In doing so his head struck a lamp hanging from the ceiling, overturning it. The oil immediately caught fire and everything in the room being dry and of an inflammable nature, the room was soon a mass of flames. The confusion was so great that the people began scrambling in a wild endeavor to reach the door. Women and children were trampled under foot and as there was only one exit to the hall and the fire being between the majority of the crowd and the door many rushed headlong into the flames.

Silver Lake is a small village in Lake county, Oregon, of about 100 inhabitants and it is 150 miles from the nearest telegraph office.

Superintendent Byrnes Resigns.

The Lexow investigating committee, which has unearthed so much corruption in New York City municipal affairs that the whole United States has been shocked, has adjourned subject to call of the chairman. Among the last official acts of the committee was the resignation of Superintendent Byrnes, the famous head of New York City's police, and he, at the conclusion of his inquiry, sprung one of the biggest sensations of the entire session, by handing a letter to Chairman Lexow and said that it was a copy of what he had sent to Mayor-elect Strong early this month. It was his resignation from the force—of which he has been a member for the last 33 years—swearing to end the continual conflict between the commissioners and himself in his endeavors to secure absolute discipline. The department is honeycombed with abuses which had been growing for 30 years, and they could only be remedied by radical legislation. Local politicians, they claimed, were the curse of the department. Although he had done his utmost to procure substantial information as to corruption and bribery, he was unable to get it and was forced to resign.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which he estimated at \$500,000, was made by speculation, he said, in Wall street, through the Goulds. His purchases of real estate were also very profitable.

THE MARKETS.

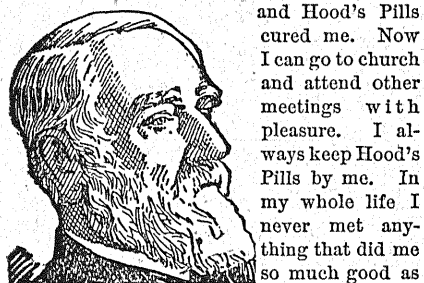
Toledo.
Wheat, No 2 red..... 51 @ 54 1/2
Corn, No 2 mixed..... 43 @ 43 1/2
Oats, No 2 white..... 32 1/2 @ 32 1/2
Butte.
Cattle—mixed shipments..... 3 00 @ 5 15
Sheep..... 2 50 @ 3 00
Hogs..... 4 00 @ 4 25
Common and rough..... 4 40 @ 4 60
Cincinnati.
Cattle, best grades..... 4 25 @ 4 75
Lower grades..... 2 25 @ 3 85
Hogs..... 2 00 @ 2 25
Wheat, No 2 red..... 50 @ 50 1/2
Wheat, No 2 mixed..... 48 @ 48 1/2
Oats, No 2 white..... 30 @ 30 1/2
Pittsburg.
Cattle..... 3 75 @ 5 25
Hogs..... 4 00 @ 4 75
Sheep and lambs..... 2 00 @ 3 00
Wheat, No 2 red..... 52 1/2 @ 53
Wheat, No 2 mixed..... 50 1/2 @ 51
Oats, No 2 white..... 31 1/2 @ 32
Cincinnati.
Cattle, good to prime..... 4 15 @ 4 75
Lower grades..... 2 25 @ 3 85
Hogs..... 4 25 @ 4 75
Sheep..... 2 00 @ 2 25
Wheat, No 2 red..... 50 @ 50 1/2
Wheat, No 2 mixed..... 48 @ 48 1/2
Oats, No 2 white..... 30 @ 30 1/2
New York.
Cattle, poor to prime..... 3 00 @ 5 40
Hogs..... 4 75 @ 5 00
Sheep..... 2 00 @ 3 00
Lambs..... 2 75 @ 4 50
Wheat, No 2 red..... 51 1/2 @ 51 3/4
Wheat, No 2 mixed..... 49 1/2 @ 49 3/4
Oats, No 2 white..... 31 1/2 @ 31 3/4
Lard, per cwt..... 6 70 @ 6 75
Chicago.
Cattle, best steers..... 3 00 @ 4 00
Common..... 2 00 @ 3 00
Hogs..... 4 00 @ 4 50
Sheep..... 2 00 @ 2 50
Lambs..... 2 25 @ 3 25
Wheat, No 2 red..... 54 1/2 @ 55
Wheat, No 2 mixed..... 52 1/2 @ 53
Oats, No 2 white..... 31 1/2 @ 32
Lard, per cwt..... 6 70 @ 6 75
Detroit.
Cattle, good to choice..... 3 75 @ 4 25
Lower grades..... 2 25 @ 3 85
Hogs..... 4 25 @ 4 75
Sheep..... 2 00 @ 2 25
Lambs..... 2 25 @ 3 25
Wheat, No 2 red..... 54 1/2 @ 55
Wheat, No 2 mixed..... 52 1/2 @ 53
Oats, No 2 white..... 31 1/2 @ 32
Lard, per cwt..... 6 70 @ 6 75

WEEKLY REVIEW OF TRADE.

NEW YORK.—Bradstreet's trade review says: The conclusion of the holiday trade brought a moderate reaction in the market. The dullness noted in preceding weeks, however, the claim the outlook for trade during the late winter and early spring is very conservative. But in some lines, notably heavy textiles, the recent cold weather has stimulated sales, and reports from retailers west and south indicate that stocks are low almost everywhere. Traveling salesmen, with few exceptions, are now on the road. Industries are shut down in many instances to make repairs on the stocks and owing extremely low prices for industrial staples, the wage movement leads downward. Quotations for staple merchandise show more firmness with sugar, cotton, wheat, corn, steel, tin, copper and tobacco practically unchanged. Prices on American cereals, records a fractional advance; print cloths and other staple cottons are lower. Special returns to Bradstreet show a net decrease within the year of about 2,000 individuals, firms and corporations established in business throughout the country, but owing to decrease in the number of failures, the commercial death rate is only about 27 in every 100 engaged in business in the four years preceding 1897. It is also shown that 78 banks are reported suspended in 1897, as compared with 104 the year before, owing to \$1,482,000, in contrast with \$7,000,000 in 1893.

Pains in the Back

"I had been afflicted for several years with what the doctors called **Diabetes**, and suffered terribly. The pain in my back was agonizing in the extreme. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me. Now I can go to church and attend other meetings with pleasure. I always keep Hood's Pills by me. In my whole life I never met anything that did me so much good as Hood's Sarsaparilla. 'Experience teaches a dear school, but fools will learn by no other.' I was once foolish enough to listen to a druggist who claimed to have something superior to Hood's, and took another medicine. If I had thrown my dollar in the street I would have been a gainer."



Mr. John Branstetter Hood's Sarsaparilla. "Experience teaches a dear school, but fools will learn by no other." I was once foolish enough to listen to a druggist who claimed to have something superior to Hood's, and took another medicine. If I had thrown my dollar in the street I would have been a gainer."

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

SAID IN JEST.

Maude—What is the trouble between Alice and Kate? Ethel—Why, you see Alice asked Kate to tell her just what she thought of her. Maude—Yes. Ethel—Kate told her.

Stranger—Policeman, how often do the electric cars pass this corner? Policeman—Well, if you are trying to take a nap, they go by every two minutes; but if you want to go somewhere, you have to wait half an hour.

Spencer—Somebody told me that Russell Sage spent half an hour looking for a cent he dropped the other day. Ferguson—I don't believe that story. Spencer—Why not? Ferguson—I don't believe he ever dropped a cent.

Mrs. Porkly—I often wonder how people manage to understand each other in France. Mrs. Gotham—How absurd! Mrs. Porkly—I don't think it absurd at all. Both my daughters speak French, and they can't understand each other.

The thoroughly up-to-date soda water fountains of the first class now include so many beef steaks, and clam juice and other brothlike beverages that at several of them one sees bottles of Worcestershire sauce and Tabasco, just as on a restaurant side table.

Frauline Roeser, a resident of Halle, Germany, has donated her whole fortune—150,000 marks personal property, besides a valuable piece of real estate—to her native city for the founding of an orphan asylum, reserving for herself only a small life-tenure until her demise.

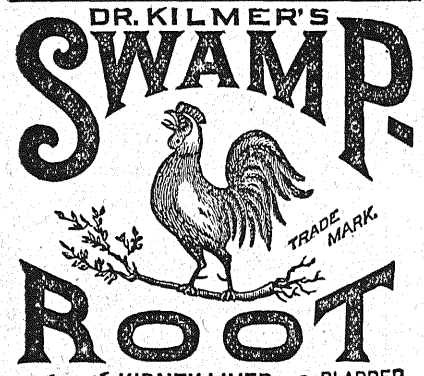


KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.



Rheumatism
Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflammation, gravel, uric acid or catarrh of the bladder.

Disordered Liver
Biliousness, headache, indigestion or gout, SWAMP-ROOT invigorates, cures kidney difficulties, Bright's disease, urinary troubles.

Impure Blood
Scrofula, malaria, general weakness or debility, SWAMP-ROOT builds up quickly a run down constitution and makes the weak strong.

At Druggists 50 cents and \$1.00 Size. "Invaluable Guide to Health" Free. Consultation free. DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.

MY COMRADE.

There's a memory growing deeper
As the ruthless years go by
Of a silent, nameless sleeper
Who was not afraid to die.
And his martyred face shines ever
Through the gloom that wraps the river—
Ah, death cannot discover
That battle-wedded tie!

No sword his hand was waving,
No strap his shoulder graced,
When his strong soul was braving
The conflict's fiery waste.
But he clutched his musket tightly,
And his bayonet glittered brightly,
And his foot was firm and sprightly,
As the line went on swift-paced.

When the sulphurous smoke-clouds drifted
Along the stricken field,
By luminous breathings lifted,
As thunderous voices pealed—
Where death was win and with lightning,
Was sped with tumult's frictioning,
Was pent with horrors heightening,
While the nation went and wondered
And none recall—but I.

They trembled—but, undaunted,
Held on that pitiless way
To the guns they were mounted,
Their tattered flags that day.
But where the swath was deadly,
In that rare, roaring medley,
His blue and spotted red tie,
My own brave comrade lay.

No praise for him is given
On a granite proud and high,
Who could not be a craven.
Who did not fear to die.
His sleep is with the hundred
Who fell where volleys thundered,
While the nation went and wondered
And none recall—but I.

Yet as the years grow older,
To the guns they were mounted,
That brother grow, and bolder,
The record of his fame
What though a tardy payment,
Ye gods, the martyr claimant,
His soul in shining raiment,
Its heritage shall claim!

—James Pitts, in the American Tribune

Lady Latimer's Escape.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

CHAPTER VI.

After hearing that story, I understood; and while I loved Lady Latimer the better for it, it made me the more anxious over her.

It was so natural for her to long for someone who would be kind to her, who would give her flowers and whisper sweet words to her all young girls must have the same desire. But what unutterable woe it would cause if she found this someone now! And in some vague way this fear became the shadow of my life. Not that there was any seeming cause for it. Lady Latimer was not in the least degree a flirt; she was far too spiritual and too earnest for that. Many visitors came to Lorton's Cray—some she talked with; but I never saw, on her part, the least approach to a flirtation, never a light look or word. At times, if it happened to her, as in the case of the Feltons, a young husband who was much in love with and very attentive to his wife, she would look wistfully at them, and she would say to me, "How happy a well-beloved wife must be!" and my answer was always a very dry, brief "Yes."

I was as young as she herself, yet I saw the danger that lay before her, and she evidently did not. She missed something in her life, but she did not see the breakers ahead in consequence of that miss, as I saw for her.

From that time there came into my love for her a sense of protection. Although there was no difference in our ages, I felt much more like her mother than anything else, the sense of responsibility was so great upon me.

The month of September came round, and with it a large company of guests. The shooting at Lorton's Cray was considered excellent. I remember the morning when Lord Latimer came up from his letters with a glow of satisfaction.

"Lionel is coming," he said, "and he is bringing a friend with him, Colonel—Colonel North. I wish he would write more plainly. Why, that must be North who is heir at law to all the Dudley Gordon estates. They will be here to-morrow evening. I am glad that Phillip North is coming."

Lady Latimer looked pleased and interested. Neither of us had thought that the coming of these two visitors would be a turning point in both our lives. I had thought much of the coming of Lionel Fleming. If it was possible for a human being to be in love with a niece, I look wistfully at her. I went to look at it every day, and every day admired it more. I desired greatly to see the original. I found myself often repeating his name—Lionel Fleming. I wondered if he had changed much; I wondered if he would talk to me, if he would be kind to me. The picture's eyes looked so true and so full of courage—would the real eyes look as pleasantly at me as they did? Quite suddenly all my questions were answered, all my wonder ended. There came an afternoon in September when the sunset was of extraordinary beauty; Lady Latimer asked me to go out on the lawn with her to watch it. It was a scene of most wonderful beauty; the whole of the western sky was aflame. Surely such colors were never mixed before; purple and gold, rose and amber, scarlet and blue—the most gorgeous of hues, the richest tints. The sun set over the river, and the water had caught and reflected all the wondrous colors.

"Did you ever see anything so lovely?" asked Lady Latimer; and as she spoke, coming as it were out of the lurid light the sunset threw upon the earth, we saw the figures of two men slowly approaching us. "That is Lionel Fleming," cried Lady Latimer. The next minute they were with us. I shall never forget the scene—the flaming evening sky, the richly colored water of the river, the strange light that brooded over the earth, the dark, handsome faces of the two men, their grand athletic figures standing out in bold relief against the sky. I heard the few words of greeting between Lady Latimer and Lionel Fleming, and I heard the introduction of

Colonel North; both gentlemen were introduced to me, and then it seemed all a dream.

I could fancy that the beautiful face in the picture had descended from the frame and was near me in the strange evening light. The eyes that sought mine were as true and as brave, the same kindly head with its clusters of dark hair, the same beautiful mouth with its fine bold curves, the same broad shoulders and noble figure; but he, the real man, looked older than the picture.

Let me confess it; my heart went down before him. He had not been talking to me ten minutes before I thought to myself that there was no man like him, and that I would rather have even his most distant acquaintance than the love of any other. It was not that I was very romantic or easily won, but it seemed to me that I had known him long. It was my picture-lover came to life, and if it had not been for that picture, for my love and admiration of it, all would have been different; but I had dreamed of that face for long weeks, just as I had repeated the name.

No foolish idea came to me. True, to my thinking, he was a great hero, a great prince, as far above me as the stars are above the earth. I did not think to myself that I would try to charm him. No false notions entered my mind, but I confess humbly my heart went out to him. It seemed as though my life suddenly grew complete; a vague, delicious happiness took possession of me. None of this was shown in my manner. Lionel Fleming walked by my side and talked to me. I seemed to have gone away into fairy-land. I had forgotten the sunset and the river, Lady Latimer and the colonel. I had forgotten everything in the wide world except Lionel Fleming. I did not even know what he was saying, and I answered him at random "yes" or "no."

The first thing that aroused me was the sound of a laugh—a clear, beautiful, silvery laugh, with a ring of true enjoyment in it, such as I had never heard from the lips of Lady Latimer before. I turned to look at her; she was talking to Colonel North, and there was a brightness in her face new to me. Colonel North was a very handsome man; not like Lionel Fleming—a fine, tall, soldierly man, with an erect, almost haughty bearing. He looked like what he was, a soldier and a gentleman. He had fine dark eyes and dark brown hair; his features were handsome and distinguished; he had the air of one born to command. I noticed especially the strange whiteness of his hands. I liked him—no one could help it; he was always pleasant and kind to me. We walked slowly back to the house. I have never seen the sun set over the river without recalling every detail of that evening. We all four went into Lady Latimer's boudoir for a few minutes, where we took some tea—dinner was at eight—and still the strange feeling of something unreal was over me.

We had a delightful half hour, then Lionel Fleming went in search of Lord Latimer, Colonel North to his room, and Lady Latimer and myself went to her room.

"The dressing-bell has just rung," she said. "Oh, Audrey, stay just five minutes and tell me what dress to wear."

And that was the first time since I had known her that Lady Latimer ever mentioned dress to me. I looked at her in wonder.

"I want to look nice to-night," she said. "You see, we have a large dinner party."

On the previous evening the dinner party had been even larger, and she had been perfectly indifferent over her dress, wearing exactly what her maid had prepared for her without comment.

I thought this interest in her toilet was an excellent sign, and in my wise fashion I tried to encourage it.

"I like you best in blue," I said; "it suits your fair, rose-leaf complexion and golden hair; and of all textures, I prefer velvet. It takes such beautiful lights and shades; then pearls go best with blue velvet."

"Thank you," she said, cheerfully. I was delighted when I saw how bright and interested she was. At dinner there was quite a change in her. All her weariness and fatigue had disappeared; her eyes were bright as stars. She was radiantly lovely, her voice had another ring, her laugh was music. It was the happiest dinner party we had had at Lorton's Cray.

Colonel North was one of the best talkers I had ever heard; graphic, terse, entertaining, he completely enchanted us. He had read much; his thoughts and ideas were so vigorous, so noble. I saw Lady Latimer's eyes fixed on him, and when he had finished speaking, she drew a deep breath like one released from a spell. The gentlemen were not long before they followed us. As a rule, Lady Latimer did not expect herself much to entertain her guests, but to-night she was all fire and animation; she talked and laughed; she abandoned her accustomed place by the window and came to the piano. It turned out that Colonel North had a superb tenor voice. Why a man so strong, tall, and vigorous should be a tenor instead of a deep bass was a puzzle to me.

Clear, deep, ringing, full of passion and music, I have heard no other voice like it. He sang one or two charming love songs, and I could not help thinking to myself that he could sing the heart from the breast of any woman. I saw Lady Latimer standing quite still near the piano, a faint flush on her face, her eyes fixed on him.

The last beautiful words died away, and I was startled by the expression of Lady Latimer's face. She looked as though she had awakened, as

though some great and novel discovery had come to her. Her eyes were a startled expression, her beautiful lips were parted. Startled, wondering, almost confused at her sudden awakening, she crossed the room and came to me. She clasped one of my hands in her own.

"Audrey," she said, "that song has roused me from a long sleep. I know what I miss in my life, what I miss and others have; it is love; and she looked at me with shining eyes. 'I did not know it before,' she continued, 'I know it now; it is love.'"

CHAPTER VII.

It is not my own love story that I am writing; if it were, I should have to tell what a bewilderingly happy month this September was to me. I said to myself that I resembled one of those who worship sun, moon, and stars, yet never expect to get near them. I might have called my love story "The Romance of a Star;" I had just as much hope as though I loved one of the golden eyes of heaven and wished to win it—just as much. But I was utterly happy. I did not look forward; I never asked myself what would happen when September ended; I never asked myself what I should do when he was gone. I lived in the present.

Captain Fleming was especially kind to me. I could not help noticing that he spent as much time with me as was possible. We met always at breakfast-time, and very often before. I liked the lawn in the morning, I liked to watch the sunlight over the river, I liked the early song of the birds; and he had the same taste, so that we often met by the white gate where the syringa-trees stood and which led down to the river. We were always, I remember, equally surprised at meeting, and just a little shy.

At breakfast-time he generally secured a place near me. Then Lady Latimer, if the day were fine, would drive over to some appointed place and take lunch for the sportsmen. How many happy hours we spent in the woods and among the heather! Then would come dinner, and the long, happy, brilliant evenings. It was more than fairy-land; it was earthly paradise. Of course, September would pass, and they would go, but no need to think of that now; let the glorious sun of the present shine on. There was a large party in the house, but though I knew them, knew who they were, and that much of the duty of entertaining them fell on me, I was hardly conscious of their existence. I had eyes and ears only for the man who was so much like a picture just stepped from its frame. It was not my fancy—a new light came into his voice when he spoke to me; but of course it meant nothing more than the sun means when it gives royal light and warmth to a flower.

He would be Lord Latimer some day, master of Lorton's Cray and all its broad lands; he would marry some one in his own sphere, some great lady with gold and lands of her own, and then—

Let me be happy while I could; it is not every one who secures one month of perfect bliss from a life-time. I did.

When the mists of happiness and love, wonder and delight, began to clear from my own brow, I perceived a great change in Lady Latimer. All the weariness that had lain over her young beauty like a shadow had vanished; she was simply radiant, her eyes bright as stars, her face flushed with the faintest tints of health. I could have fancied that even the sheen of her golden hair had grown deeper. She who had been so listless that nothing interested her, went about now with sweet snatches of song and sweet smiles on her lips, interested in everything, full of grace, of vigor and of kindness. She was most patient and forbearing with Lord Latimer; she seemed to live and move in an atmosphere of perfect gladness and content. At first I did not see or understand; afterwards I knew well enough what was the cause.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bride and Groom Deaf and Dumb.

A curious wedding took place at Romford Abbey church, England, recently, both parties being deaf and dumb. A deaf and dumb clergyman was expected to officiate, but he was prevented by illness from attending. This caused a little anxiety to the couple, and a search was made for a lawyer to give advice, so that the contract might be perfectly valid, but one could not be found. However, a clergyman, with the assistance of a bride's brother, who acted as interpreter, proceeded with the ceremony. Prayer books were placed in the hands of the bride and bridegroom, and each made signs by pointing as the passages were read. Then when responses were required to the questions the parts were submitted in writing, and read and duly signed and witnessed. These documents will be kept in the abbey as mementoes of the wedding.

They Want Rainmakers.

India, on the Colorado desert, 130 miles south of Los Angeles, had but .73 of an inch of rain in 1890. Usually about three inches fall in a year in one or two storms. The lowest temperature in winter is 35 and the highest in summer 116. It has a mild and delightful climate in winter for invalids. The town is thirty feet below sea level.

Clear, deep, ringing, full of passion and music, I have heard no other voice like it. He sang one or two charming love songs, and I could not help thinking to myself that he could sing the heart from the breast of any woman. I saw Lady Latimer standing quite still near the piano, a faint flush on her face, her eyes fixed on him.

The last beautiful words died away, and I was startled by the expression of Lady Latimer's face. She looked as though she had awakened, as

GREAT GRAIN AREA.

HOW WHEAT IS RAISED IN THE ARGENTINE.

Thirty-six Cents Per Bushel the Cost of Production in the South American Republic—Trade Now Controlled by England and Germany.

With a view to giving American farmers and others who are desirous of knowing the actual agricultural state of Argentina some data of a reliable nature upon the capabilities of this rival in wheat growing, United States Minister Buchanan recently took a trip of 2,600 miles through the South American republic.

"What is the country like in comparison with the United States?" the Buenos Ayres correspondent of the New York Herald asked him.

"With the exception of Tucuman and Cordoba," he replied, "it appears to me, in a great measure, like Nebraska of some fifteen years ago, with this difference: You do not find here, as there, thick timber along the streams. The woods here are open, but in the north frontier of the republic, I am told, timber grows very dense. There is practically no timber on the hills that I have seen, other than in the province of Tucuman. In Santa Fe the soil is generally very good. It is loose and easily worked. In several places there are tracts covered with immense ant hills, so close that it would be tough work to cultivate these lands. In Tucuman the soil in the valleys and on the mountain slopes is a rich, black loam. It is well watered and its products are of a semi-tropical nature. Sugar, rice, tobacco and a variety of other articles are grown. Between Rio IV and Buenos Ayres, a distance of 500 miles, the country is as level as Southern Illinois, with a soil like that of Northwestern Nebraska. Very few people live outside the cities and towns. One can travel for miles and not see a single hut or house or sign of human habitation. There are no barns or ranch buildings, such as we are accustomed to see in the United States. The dwelling houses are of very rude construction, built of coarse brick or adobe, and sometimes a few sheets of corrugated iron loosely put on end; in fact, the looks of the houses are depressing, and their interiors anything but comfortable. But in speaking of these houses it must be understood that I do not refer to the homes of the land owners, many of which are imposing in their structure and fitted up with comforts of every description."

"Are there many small farms in the province you visited?"

"No, there are very few indeed. The estancias (ranches) are too large by far to be properly cultivated. I visited one of these estancias that has forty square leagues, or 360 square miles. I do not think there were 1,000 acres under any sort of cultivation. The balance was pasture, with a scanty not only of water but also of windmills and wells. In the province of Santa Fe, thirty miles from the capital, and even to a distance of fifty miles from the same point, land suitable for wheat and flax sells for about \$600, paper, for fourteen squares on fifty-eight acres. In Southern Cordoba land is worth \$50, paper, a hectare, or about two and one-half acres. On this land, with irrigation, the farmer can cut four crops of alfalfa in one season; six tons to a cutting is the average yield per hectare. In Tucuman land suitable for sugar cane, situated near the river, sells for \$400, paper, per hectare. In Buenos Ayres there are sales by auction of large tracts of land situated in the different provinces at prices ranging from \$25 to \$45 per hectare."

"Practically nothing but wheat, flaxseed and alfalfa is grown, with a little corn and a few small crops of a cereal type. Wheat can be produced at a lower cost here than in the United States, because the people who grow it can and do live on food that would seem to our farmers and field hands next to nothing. I think it can be safely asserted that under existing circumstances and conditions wheat can be grown for about thirty-six cents per bushel, figuring the gold premium at 300 and the yield per acre at thirteen bushels."

"I think this country has only begun to export—that is to say that the ability of the country to constantly increase its varied products is, to my mind, clear, but while it will yearly increase its output and become a prominent competitor with other countries, I believe it will require very big changes in the methods of farming, as well as in the introduction of a population of skilled and practical farmers of which type there are but few in the republic. There are certainly excellent opportunities for the establishment of colonies of the class of agriculturists, but none should think of coming from the United States without thoroughly investigating and looking over the ground themselves. The Argentine people are hospitable and kind."

"A branch of one of our strong banks, or of some large mercantile house having a knowledge of the wants of South American trade, located in Buenos Ayres, would, if affording financial facilities, be a big success from the moment it opened its doors. It would afford the means of more direct intercourse and become a link in a commercial sense between the two countries. More especially would such an institution become a medium for American manufacturers to ascertain the standing of firms in Argentina, and expand the volume of trade that is now in the hands of a few English houses. When it is known that a firm in Buenos Ayres is sold by a New York house that the goods asked for

must be paid for before shipment, and goods of a similar type, but inferior, can be procured from a German or English house in Europe on a credit of from three to four months, how can Americans hope to do any business?"

WHERE IS HIS HOME?

An Interesting Question to the Dweller on a Boundary Line.

A surveyor's line cut the dwelling house of George F. Perry of Maplewood squarely in two, says the Boston Journal. But the house still stands for all that, and the nightly rest of its occupants is in no wise disturbed because of the division. The line is the boundary between the town of Melrose and the city of Malden and all of a sudden the two municipalities have set up vigorous and conflicting claims for the possession of Mr. Perry's freehold and incidentally the taxes levied thereon.

For some years past the owner of the house has been paying his taxes to Malden. Now the Melrose assessors have looked over the ground and determined that the property comes within their jurisdiction. In future they will send a bill to Mr. Perry, and furthermore they have presented a bill to the city of Malden for the refunding of all the money, to the amount of about \$60, that he has paid into the Malden treasury. It is nip and tuck between the two places and Mr. Perry looks serenely on. To be sure he has a tax bill from both Melrose and Malden in either pocket, but it is tolerably certain that he will not be required to pay them both.

There is one comforting assurance to Mr. Perry, whose sympathies all go out to Malden, and to whom Melrose is an alien land—his Malden citizenship is unimpaired, for the boundary line almost exactly bisects the bed in which he sleeps at night, and that it is which determines the place where he lives. The fortunate thing about it is that his head—his thinking place—and the pillow lie peacefully on the Malden side.

Melrose surveyors, with fell intent, have planted their theodolites at the boundary stone in front of the Perry mansion on Swain's Pond avenue, and are squinting with all their might across the fence, and have figured and figured in the attempts to gerrymander Mr. Perry's bed into Melrose territory. They have, metaphorically, cut through his knees, his waist and his neck, but his head remains triumphantly in Malden, and the assailants, crestfallen, have limbered up their machines and hied them back to Melrose to concoct fresh schemes.

Afternoon Tea.

They were at an afternoon tea, and each held in her delicately gloved hand a cup of amber fluid, which she sipped daintily with a souvenir spoon. But their technical knowledge of tea would have made a tea expert's hair stand on end. "I like Padma best," one of them was saying sweetly. "Do you?" said the other; "now I prefer Solong, because there is no nicotine in it." "Talking of tea brands?" asked a society bride flutteringly, "I just adore Boohoo; it's made in China, you know." "Well, afternoon tea is good enough for me," warbled a society bud who didn't know anything but real knowledge, and wouldn't bother her wavy head with tea kinks. But the hostess, who had served Formosa, and Souehong, and Bohea sighed to think of the ignorance that sometimes existed in social circles.—Detroit Free Press.

Precaution.

After a row with his wife, who violently expressed a wish that he was dead, an Irishman said: "Oh, it's a widow you're wantin' to be, is it? Bedad, I'll take good care you're no widow as long as I live."—London Tit-Bits.

PASSING LEVITIES.

"So mamma's little man was at the head of his class to-day?" Little Man—Yes'm. "It was because you studied the lesson well, wasn't it?" Little Man—Nope. Johnny Jones was home, sick.

"Thackins has retired from politics." "Yes. He told me he was weary of the uncertainties of a public career." "That wasn't it, though. What he got tired of was a sure thing on defeat."

Miss—Want more wages? I thought you were being well paid, considering that I do about half the work. Domestic—You forget, mum, how much it costs me for advertisin' fer new situations.

Sergeant—Meier, just imagine yourself to be standing sentry at the outposts one evening. Suddenly a figure approaches you from behind and you feel yourself clasped by a pair of powerful arms. What call will you give? Soldier—Come, Marie, let loose!

First Actor, pulling the trigger of a revolver six times—Dia, you miserable villain! Second Actor—Your pistol has missed fire, Sir Rudolph, but I am smitten with remorse for my many crimes, and will die, according to your wish. Then he rolled on the stage in agony, while the curtain slowly descended amid the cheers of the audience.

The spectacle lasso from Boston had taken a country school in the Southwest, and about two or three weeks after she had begun teaching, one of the trustees visited the school. "Well, how are you getting along?" he asked. "Very nicely, now, thank you," she replied, "but it was very hard at first." "Is that so?" "Oh, yes, you see in the beginning I tried moral suasion as a coercive measure, but failing in that I resorted to a tangible instrumentality." "A what?" gasped the simple-minded trustee. "A tangible instrumentality," she repeated sweetly, "a good, stout, hickory switch, don't you know?"

FOREIGN FORTUNES.

A RUSSIAN THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

Several Millions for More Pocket Money—The Wealth of the Demidoffs Beyond Calculation—How Peter the Great Paid a Blacksmith.

In order to appreciate the sensation which has been created throughout the length and breadth of the English empire by the news of Captain McCalmont's entry into possession just three weeks ago of the \$200,000,000 bequeathed to him seven years ago by his uncle Hugh, the Lombard-street banker and stock-broker, it is necessary to take into consideration the fact that this vast sum of money comes to him absolutely unfettered and without any charge whatsoever upon it. It is to all intents and purposes pocket money—or, as the duke of Devonshire calls it, "male pin-money"—free for him to dispose of in whatever manner—short of criminal—that he may see fit. As such it is absolutely unique in the United Kingdom, and the case of Captain McCalmont is without parallel among his countrymen.

English millionaires whose property is fettered by so many enforced expenditures must regard with sentiments of envy a man in the position of McCalmont, whose lot can only be compared to that of the immensely wealthy foreigners who go to England for the purpose of spending their incomes which they derive abroad—that is to say, incomes free from any charge in England. It is Russians in particular who have hitherto aroused the greatest feelings of jealousy in London. Like the English millionaires, those of the czar's dominions mostly derive their revenues from landed property. While the Briton, however, devotes a large part of his gross income towards improving his possessions and to the amelioration of the lot of his tenants in one way and another, the Russian on the other hand, extracts every farthing that he can from his property, and spends it upon himself, the result being that agriculture in Russia is going from bad to worse, that formerly fertile and productive estates have now become barren and impoverished, and that, while the peasantry are in a state of misery bordering on famine, the nobles themselves have been obliged to mortgage or sell their lands, and are at the end of their financial tether. Of course, there are some exceptions, such as, for instance, the Yousouffs, the Demidoffs and the Scheremetieffs. The wealth of the Demidoffs is so vast that it is beyond calculation, and strangely enough, the fortune is of relatively recent creation, its founder having been a country blacksmith in the days of Peter the Great. It was while traveling in the Ural mountains that the latter broke one of his most valuable English pistols. A village blacksmith mended it so quickly and so well that the czar was delighted, and asked the man's name. "Demidoff," he said, as he rode off.

The poor man was beginning to think that Peter had forgotten him when there came an official document adorned with the imperial seal, granting him the freehold of a great tract of crown land in the neighborhood of the village. Demidoff went to work on his new property, and found there inexhaustible mines of iron, silver and malachite. Young Elm Demidoff—he does not bear in Russia the Italian title of prince—generally prefixed to his name by foreigners—is at the present moment the richest man in the world. Princess Yousouff, with her great turquoise mines, coming next in rank. Fortunately, both of them are more free-handed and generous than their respective immediate predecessors as head of the family, the late Anatole Demidoff and the late Prince Yousouff having been renowned for their meanness and avarice, of which almost incredible stories are related. Austria and Germany resemble England in that their land owners devote a considerable portion of their revenues to defraying what they so rightly regard as English charges upon the estate. Most of the large fortunes in both empires are in land and mineral property, says the New York Tribune. Those of Prince Pless and Count Hohenk-Donnersmarck in Northern Germany, and of Prince Liechtenstein and Prince Montenuovo in Austria, being enormous, even according to English and American ideas. For the most part, however, the German and Austrian estates are heavily incumbered. That of the Esterhazys, for instance, once the richest and largest in the dual empire is mortgaged up to the very hilt. There, as in England, whenever a man acquires a fortune, either in trade, speculation or industry, he immediately invests a goodly portion, if not all his wealth, in an estate with a view of achieving the social prestige that invariably attaches there to a land owner.

In France there are practically no large fortunes left, save those of the sugar refiners, Say and Lebauzy, and Henri Schneider, the ironmaster, of Creusot, who is the Gallic counterpart of Herr Krupp, of Essen. Great territorial possessions and estates are now almost unknown, the entire land being divided up into small holdings, this being the inevitable result of the abolition of primogeniture, and the obligation upon each father to bequeath his property in equal proportions to his children. It is difficult to know from what sources the French aristocracy derives its revenues. It is certainly not from land, and the presumption is that there are far more members of the aristocracy in trade or allied thereto by marriage than came to avow it.

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