

1-4 OFF NEXT WEEK

CROSBY'S

Great Clearing Sale

BOOTS AND SHOES.



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.

CASS 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 Luncheon 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, and notions at prices that defy competition.

Fine Watch

Repairing a specialty.

Watch Cleaned.....75c
Main Spring.....75c
Hair Spring.....75c
24 hour clock cleaned.....50c

All other work neatly done and warranted.

South Main St. Cass City

FANCY STATIONERY.

A fine line of new samples kept at the

ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

O. W. O. Hardman, Sheriff of Tyler Co., W. Va., appreciates a good thing and does not hesitate to say so. He was almost prostrated with a cold when he procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He says: "It gave me prompt relief. I find it to be an invaluable remedy for coughs and colds." For sale by T. H. Fritz, Druggist.

EXCHANGE BANK,



Cass City, Mich.

Accounts of Business Houses and Individuals Solicited.

Interest paid on time Certificates of Deposit.

It is the aim of this bank to confine all of its Capital to this vicinity, that it may assist in the development of this section of the country.

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

Established 1882.

I. B. Auten, Cass City.

John F. Seeley, Caro.

L. C. Blair, Boston Mass.

THE

CASS CITY BANK.

Auten, Seeley & Blair.

(Successors to C. W. McPhail.)

Responsibility, \$75,000.00

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.

L. C. BLAIR.

145

If you wish to sell your farm or village property list it with

C. W. McPHAIL.

Property advertised without cost to owner unless sale is made.

....

FOR SALE---

25 FARMS.

Every one bargains.

FLINT & PERE MARQUETTE R. R. TIME CARD.

In effect Nov. 13, 1894.

P. M. A. M.	SAND BEACH DIVISION.	A. M. P. M.
6 00	10 00 Att. Port Huron...Dep	10 20 4 20
4 45	8 55.....Crowswell.....	11 20 5 50
4 25	9 50.....Crowswell.....	11 40 6 10
3 05	6 40.....Sand Beach.....	1 20 7 25
3 14	7 01.....Bad Axe.....	1 05 7 15
2 31	6 05 Dep. Port Huron...Att	1 05 8 00
P. M. A. M.		P. M. P. M.
8 00	10 15 Att. Port Huron...Dep	8 50 4 15
8 02	9 20.....Yale.....	9 40 5 11
7 57	8 55.....Brown City.....	10 12 5 35
7 18	8 40.....Marquette.....	10 28 5 55
7 07	8 30.....Clifford.....	10 48 6 05
6 48	8 10.....Mayville.....	10 56 6 25
6 27	7 47.....Vassar.....	11 17 6 47
6 50	7 10.....Saginaw.....	11 55 7 05
6 20	6 25 Dep. Bay City...Att	11 55 7 35
P. M. A. M.		P. M. P. M.
8 55	7 40 Att. Port Huron...Dep	10 10 6 15
2 25	6 32.....Memphis.....	11 20 7 17
1 46	6 15.....Berrelle.....	11 43 7 34
1 44	6 06.....Smiths.....	11 58 7 49
1 20	5 50 Dep. Almont...Att	12 20 8 00
P. M. A. M.		P. M. P. M.
1 15	5 45 Dep. Saginaw...Att	12 25 8 00

PATRIARCH, Traffic Manager, Saginaw, Mich.

1-18-95

Don't place your order for commercial printing until you get prices at the ENTERPRISE office.

Caught On The Fly.

The cold world lies wrapped in a mantle of snow, Where the bleak northern winter reigns king, And even the shortest month seems much too long While we're waiting to welcome the spring.

What's the matter with your taxes? Giles has a change of adv. this week.

Mrs. Wm. Fairweather has been ill for some time.

J. D. Brooker is doing business in Caro to-day.

Henry Stewart returned from Canada last Monday.

Try the new process bread at M. L. Moore's bakery.

Geo. Schiebel, of Bad Axe, was in town yesterday.

Wm. Smithson, our drayman now drives two horses.

W. J. Gamble, of Caro, drove to our town on Wednesday.

W. J. Campbell did business in Kingston Wednesday.

T. H. Fritz is again confined to the house with rheumatism.

Peoples Party caucus to-morrow at the town Hall at one o'clock.

Mrs. J. W. Macomber is having a severe attack of the asthma.

W. C. Sanford, of the P. O. & N. R. R., stopped off here Monday.

Nellie Mickle was in Port Huron and Imlay City a few days last week.

Hendrick & Anker say a few words about defects of vision this week.

Ice fourteen inches thick and of a good quality is cut from our river.

G. S. Farrar was in Gagetown visiting his daughter, Mrs. Purdy, last week.

Morris Kirby has now obtained the agency for the Singer Sewing Machine Co.

Jas. and Sam Baker, and H. Grumbly, of Elkton, did business here yesterday.

Miss Jennie Fairweather, of Imlay City, is the guest of her brother, Wm. Fairweather.

Alice Mahoney and Annie Law were in Gagetown on Tuesday night and remained till Thursday.

W. A. Patterson, of Pt. Huron, has been in town, hustling for the Singer Sewing Machine Co.

James E. Patterson has returned from the north woods at Hunt Spencer looking hale and hearty.

Rev. Anderson has returned from Van Wert, Ohio, where he has been looking after business.

Advice is like snow—the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

E. H. Pinney improves the appearance of his adv. card by securing a neat cut of his bank building.

J. F. Seeley and I. B. Auten, of Caro, and L. C. Blair, of Boston, our new bankers, registered at the Tennant House on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Withey, of Port Sanilac, who drove over last week, became snow bound and were obliged to stay until Wednesday.

Despite the severe weather and high-winds full of snow, the Epworth League social, of Bethel church, was a thorough success. Proceeds, \$15.

M. M. Wickware sends us a few lines regarding the riot in Detroit Saturday, and states that it was the most disorderly meeting ever held in Detroit.

Mrs. Wm. Hutton has effected the sale of her eighty-acre farm, three and one-half miles south and east of town to G. Soupholm. Consideration, \$1,300.

J. D. Crosby offers goods at one quarter off. See adv. It will now be in order for some of his competitors to offer goods for "less than one-quarter off."

"Americans hens have been on a strike. France is helping Canada supply us with eggs." Would it not be well to pay more attention to egg production.

O. C. Wood is preparing to erect a commodious barn as soon as the weather opens up. The basement will be of stone and the barn will have modern conveniences.

Iris Hitchcock had the misfortune to have the last three fingers of her right hand cut to the bone while fooling in the meat market. Dr. Edwards dressed the wounds.

Mrs. Louise A. Lurck of Alma, W. G. M. O. E. S. will be here Wednesday evening Feb. 6th, to install the officers elect of Semper Chapter, and instruct them in the work.

Robt. Charlton has rented the farm of Duncan Morrison north and east of town. Mr. Morrison will have a public sale on Wednesday, Feb. 20 at twelve o'clock. J. H. Striffler, auctioneer.

Dr. G. A. Frazier, of Venice, Mich, is in town on business

Robt. McCready, of Elmwood, was a pleasant caller this morning.

Robt. Dixon and Frank Sagion, of Kingston, were in town Monday.

Slaughter sale at Lang & Jones' the year around. See their new adv.

S. H. Bradshaw and N. C. McMahon, of Cumber, called in town yesterday.

Joe. Frutchey, of the firm of Harris & Frutchey, Detroit, is in town, doing business.

In this issue B. Himelhoech & Co., of Caro, announces a Great Blue Mark Sale. Read what they say.

A prohibitionist petition is being circulated by the local W. C. T. U. and is being numerously signed.

Hard times are good for a nation; they teach economy and thrift; they mean easier times in the future.

Choice table apples are scarce and command a high price. This should induce farmers to raise a better quality of fruit.

R. A. Robinson now runs a free delivery, having purchased Wm. Fairweather's equine. Consideration \$2— in trade.

It costs no more in the long run to have a broom, dust pan and brush on every floor in the house than it does not to have them. And it saves ten thousand steps a year.

Lodges would do well to bear in mind that the ENTERPRISE has the agency of the Whitehead & Hoag Co., New Jersey, manufacturers of ribbon badges, badge bars, etc. See samples at this office.

The live and enterprising firm of Landon, Eno & Keating, are still improving their planing mill plant. The latest is a steam radiator in the finishing department which facilitates their work greatly.

Lo, and behold; we saw a cutter on our streets made without iron and nails. If more would make an effort in this line, times would not be so hard, notes would not be so plentiful, mortgages would be scarcer and the farmers richer.

Saturday night's train did not arrive here until near Monday morning and several hours were spent in shovelling north of the depot before the snow plow arrived and cleared the way. Trains are now running on their usual time.

Word has been received from Detroit that Mrs. Samuel Delearee formerly of this place, has appeared for a divorce from her husband who is regularly drunk. Mrs. Delearee conducts a barber shop on Ichigan Avenue.

The size of an advertisement should never be limited by the size of the establishment. A small man who talks well and convincingly often gets along in this world better than the big man who stands still and expects people to admire him because of his size.

It will be observed that the Republican county convention is called for Cass City and will be held in the afternoon of Feb. 13th. This will certainly ensure a tremendous success for the annual meeting of the Lincoln Club to be held here the same evening.

The entertainment given last Friday night by the Presbyterian young people in the Town Hall was very well patronized and the entertainment given was of a very enjoyable nature. Our reporter's attention was completely taken by one of the "stars" that we cannot give details.

J. P. Howe has returned from California, looking hale and hearty. He reports his family in fairly good health. The farmers are just picking their oranges this month. The weather there is similar to our June weather.

On his return home the first snow was seen in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Early Monday morning 12 degrees below zero and not anything freezes in Dr. Truscott's barn where he keeps his noble mare, Nellie. What a comfort to one of God's noblest creatures, standing alone in a place of rest. Lots of feed saved to the owner and how those useful creatures would thank their owners if they could talk.

Lexington: A big flow of gas was struck Friday on the farm of Irving Carpenter near here while he was boring for water. It was so strong that it threw clay and tools to a distance of sixty feet into the air. Joseph' Jackson, one of the workmen, was nearly drowned by the deluge of water.

Our town enjoys a well deserved reputation as a live stock market, so that farmers from the vicinities of Argyle, Bad Axe, and other places bring their stock to our dealers, who have an established trade. No shipments were

made last week owing to the low state of the market, but a quantity of stock was brought in and kept over.

He didn't read the papers for they hadn't any news, at least they didn't coincide with his special views; and when he came to town one night with criticism ripe, he climbed an electric light pole to light his ancient pipe.

He hadn't read the papers but he knew just what was best; he simply touched the wires and—well, now he's aid to rest.

The Sioux City Nursery and Seed Co. are preparing to do a big business next season and the ENTERPRISE has just turned out a large order of printed material for them. The company is fortunate in securing such an able manager as Mr. Law, at this point, and Cass City is also fortunate in securing one of the company's warehouses.

The editor of a paper is the most closely criticised individual of any in the community. To escape criticism he would have to be a member of all the churches and of none; a prohibitionist and drunkard at the same time; a philanthropist and a miser; a genius and a fool; a hypocrite, a backbiter, rascal and the opposite of each. No one can fill the bill and the fellow who would try has our sympathy.—Ex.

J. W. Murphy has made an addition to his valuable flock of pure bred Oxford Downs, having purchased four ewe lamb and a buck lamb from the noted flock of H. Arkell, of Guelph, Ont., whose exhibits took nearly all the first prizes at the World's fair, his pen of Oxfords taking the sweepstakes over all other breeds. Mr. Murphy had the choice of his lambs. He is determined to keep up the farm of Maple Grove Stock farm for good sheep in the future as in the past.

One of the most common reasons given by merchants for not advertising is that "business is too dull." As well decide not to eat, because you are too hungry. The only object a merchant has in advertising is to improve his business. If a dealer has all the business he cares to do, there is no use to advertise. If a man is so sick that there is no use of his taking medicine, there is little hope for him. Similarly, when a man's business is so poor that advertising will not stimulate it, wants to keep his eye out for the sheriff—something is liable to happen.—[Ex.]

The town and country is being thoroughly billed with hangers and large programs, for the rendition of "The Confederate Spy," on Feb. 8th under the auspices of the G. A. R. and the management of J. W. Macomber. Considerable pains is being taken to make this play a success and the old soldiers deserve to be well patronized. The cast of characters was published last week and the names of those who take the prominent parts is a sufficient guarantee that each part will be well played.

Quarterly meeting services at the Evangelical Church will begin this evening and conclude on Sunday. Presiding Elder, J. A. Frye, of Alma, will be present. Sunday morning's service will be in German and the evening service in English.

METHODIST CHURCH.

Rev. A. Bogen, of the Evangelical Church, preached here Sunday evening and assisted in the revival service.

The special services still continue and good is being accomplished.

The children's service on Sunday morning, conducted by the pastor and Mrs. J. M. Truscott, superintendent of the Junior League, was intensely interesting and thoroughly enjoyed by all who were present. We hope to attend another such service soon.

The topic for the Epworth League Sunday evening will be "The Golden Candlestick." Leader, Arthur Whitney.

NOTICE.

The undersigned committee will receive sealed bids, for furnishing material and completing basement of M. E. Church according to plans and specifications now in hands of committee and to be seen at store of T. H. Fritz. All bids to be in hands of committee by 9th day of Feb. 1895. Committee reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

W. J. CAMPBELL, Com.

T. H. FRITZ.

Mrs. Emily Thorne, who resides at Toledo, Washington, says she has never been able to procure any medicine for rheumatism that relieves the pain so quickly and effectually as Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and that she has also used it for lame back with great success. For sale by T. H. Fritz, Druggist.

WE ARE PAVED

WITH

GOOD INTENTIONS.

We can save you money.

This may be seen by calling at our store, first door east of Town Hall.

We invite you especially to look at our Woollen Goods that we are offering this week to the trade at very low prices.

30-in. Outings at 5 cents.

Did you ever hear of such a thing. Caro is not in it. Everything in proportion.

Butter and Eggs,
Trade or cash.

Republican County Convention.

A republican convention for the county of Tuscola will be held in Cass City, Michigan, on Wednesday, the 13th day of February, 1895, commencing at 1 o'clock p. m. local time for the purpose of electing eleven delegates to attend the republican state convention to be held at Detroit on the 21st day of February. Also to nominate a candidate for County Commissioner of schools and transacted other business.

Each township will be entitled to one delegate for every 50 of the total vote cast for governor at the last general election and one additional for each fractional 25 votes or upward.

The several townships are entitled to delegates as follows:

TOWNSHIP	VOTE	DELEG.	TOWNSHIP	VOTE	DELEG.
Arden	250	5	Indianfield	566	11
Ashland	250	5	Junata	215	4
Albion	250	5	Koylton	107	3
Almer	250	5	Kingston	307	6
Columbia	250	5	Tuscola	201	4
Denmark	250	5	Millington	201	4
Dixton	250	5	Novesta	103	2
Edland	250	5	Tuscola	201	4
Ellington	131	3	Vassar	420	8
Ellsworth	208	4	Waterford	244	5
Fairview	308	6	Wells	107	3
Freemont	308	6	Wisner	109	2
Gilbert	161	3			
			Total		110

Dated at Caro this 29th day of Jan. 1895.

N. M. RICHARDSON,
W. H. STARK,
C. W. McPHAIL,
County Committee.

Our Offer.

The long winter evenings can be very profitably devoted to reading, but there are some things that we must read the year round. One of these is a local paper: the best in the county is before you. Another is good home paper of general circulation, such as "Womankind," for instance, which comes once a month filled with the best things for the busy housewife. We are able, by special arrangements with the publishers, to offer "Womankind" for a year to every paid-in-advance subscriber to our paper, for ten cents and we are glad to do so, for we are convinced that no home paper in America contains more of practical value to women. Bright stories, clever poems, the latest fashions, news of woman's work everywhere, articles on "Motherhood," "Cultivation of Flowers," a woman's parliament for the discussion of matters of interest, are a few of the bright features of "Womankind." To the head of the house we offer on the same terms "Farm News," an able agricultural paper, edited by a practical farmer (Miller Purvis, Esq., late state lecturer of the Ohio Farmer's Alliance), and filled each month with suggestions from able correspondents, that make it an absolute necessity to every wide awake farmer. Tell your neighbors about this offer. A sample copy of both papers may be obtained by addressing the Hosterman Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

A. A. P. McDOWELL, Publisher.
CASS CITY, MICHIGAN.

When the New England cashiers take to looting banks too, it's about time we stop alluding to that section as the land of steady habits.

To all apparent purposes some of the china in the English cabinet will be demolished before the nightingale or the lark wakes the English echoes again.

The first appearance of a Russian grand duke in a court of law is in a suit for damage against a man who sold to the grand duke a dog for \$5,000, which dog appears to have been far from sound in health.

According to a learned scientist a lump of coal weighing a pound has in it energy enough to lift its weight a thousand miles high. This potent energy is frequently manifested in the elevation of the price to about that altitude.

The orange-growers of Florida know how to work a misfortune to their advantage just as well as do the Delaware peach-growers. Oranges that were worth but \$2 a box before the late Florida frost now command \$4 and \$5 a box.

It is comforting to know that nearly 70,000,000 young lobsters were turned loose in Massachusetts waters last year, but depressing to reflect that they will be destroyed for the most part before they have attained even a legal growth. Our industry in undoing all the good we do is almost phenomenal.

The overproduction of cotton is admitted, and a reduction of the acreage, with the substitution of other crops, is desirable; but the thing of greatest advantage in that respect would be an increase of local manufactures, and it is encouraging to observe that this view is rapidly becoming a general one among those who have most interest in the matter.

The woman burglar has made her appearance in Baltimore. Women have worked into every legitimate branch of business, but it was hardly supposed she would join the ranks of the festive burglar. By the way, what would the fair burglar do if she were creeping around through the house with a lantern in her hand looking for valuables and a mouse ran across the floor?

Your old friend, the grip, has appeared in New York and may be expected to set the West sneezing before many days have passed. While the doctors have not yet succeeded in finding the germ, they have found a way of counteracting its serious influences, and the grip no longer has terrors for the multitude. Ordinarily simple remedies, quick and prudent, reduce the grip to the mild nature of a cold in the head.

About 800 cheese factories in Wisconsin are reported to be making "filled cheese," that is cheese from milk which has had the butter fat extracted from it and cottonseed oil substituted in its place. The similarity between "filled" and genuine cheese is so close as almost to defy detection, but the effect on the consumer is very different. It is charged that "filled" cheese is a prolific cause of dyspepsia and as such its manufacture should be prohibited by law. How much of this is the result of scientific analysis and how much the mere outcry of rival cheese-makers it is perhaps too soon to say.

An old rhyme has it that "the king of France with twenty thousand men marched up the hill, and then marched down again." Some such objectless excursion seems to have been made by the king of Korea. It is gravely announced to the world that he marched to his holy ancestral temple in the capital city and proclaimed the absolute independence of Korea against all rulers whatsoever. "I can call spirits from the vasty deep," said Glendower. "Aye, but they come when you do call them?" was asked of him. The king will have to go a little further than a mere proclamation to make his country's independence a reality.

If the inhabitants of the Indiana, Illinois and Missouri flat countries, where a spoonful of quinine is regarded as about as essential to the breakfast bill of fare as a cup of coffee, in order to go through the day without an acute paroxysm, would but cease drinking water from their surface wells, would either put down artesian wells or else thoroughly boil every drop of water and sterilize every drop of milk that touched their digestive organs, it is confidently believed that the fever and ague districts of these great states would become as salubrious as mountain regions. Medical men are becoming more and more convinced that malarial trouble is not an atmosphere, but a water-born disease.

The difference between Mr. Gould's estimate and the state's estimate as to the amount the estate should pay as an inheritance tax amounts to \$190,000, the latter insisting on a tax of \$700,000. The very difference as to the amount of the tax would be ample fortune for several persons.

Just as the New York pantata was smoothing down his ruffled choler, and getting ready to take life calmly once more, it appears that the Lexow committee did but adjourn to allow the grand jury to get in its work.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

DANGER OF PESSIMISM THE SUBJECT THEREOF.

I Said in My Haste All Men Were Liars.—Psalms 116:11—Even David Was Sorry for the Insult He Had Offered to His Fellow Men.

WINDLED, BETRAYED, persecuted David, in a paroxysm of petulance and rage, thus insulted the human race. David himself falsified when he said: "All men are liars." He apologized and says he was unusually provoked, and that he was hasty when he hurled such universal denunciation. "I said in my haste," and so on. It was in him only a momentary triumph of pessimism.

There is ever and anon, and never more than now, a disposition abroad to distrust everybody, and because some bank employes defraud, to distrust all bank employes; and because some police officers have taken bribes, to believe that all policemen take bribes; and because divorce cases are in the court, to believe that most, if not all, marriage relations are unhappy. There are men who seem rapidly coming to adopt this creed: All men are liars, scoundrels, thieves, libertines. When a new case of perfidy comes to the surface, these people clap their hands in glee. It gives piquancy to their breakfast if the morning newspaper discloses a new exposure, or a new arrest. They grow fat on vermin. They join the devils in hell in jubilation over reprobation and pollution. If some one arrested is proved innocent, it is to them a disappointment. They would rather believe evil than good. They would like to be on a committee to find something wrong. They wish that as eyeglasses have been invented to improve the sight, and ear trumpets have been invented to help the hearing, a corresponding instrument might be invented for the nose, to bring nearer a malodorous pessimism says of the church, "The majority of the members are hypocrites, although it is no temporal advantage to be a member of the church, and therefore there is no temptation to hypocrisy." Pessimism says that the influence of newspapers is only bad, and that they are corrupting the world; when the fact is that they are the mightiest agency for the arrest of crime, and the spread of intelligence, and the printing press, secular and religious, is doing the nations free. The whole tendency of things is toward optimism, and the gospel of Smash-up. We excuse David of the text for a paroxysm of disgust, because he apologized for it to all the centuries, but it is a deplorable fact that many have taken the attitude of perpetual distrust and anathematization. There are, we must admit, deplorable facts, and we would not hide or minimize them. We are not much encouraged to find that the great work of official reform in New York city begins by a proposition to the liquor dealers to break the law by keeping their saloons open on Sunday from 2 in the afternoon to 11 at night. Never since America was discovered has there been a worse insult to sobriety and decency and religion than that proposition. That proposition is equal to saying: "Let law and order and religion have a chance on Sunday forenoons, but Sunday afternoons open all the gates to gin and alcohol, and Schiedam schnapps, and sour mash, and Jersey lightning, and the variegated swill of breweries and drunkenness and crime. Consecrate the first half of the Sunday to God, and the last half to the devil. Let the children on their way to Sunday schools in New York at 3 o'clock in the afternoon meet the alcoholism that does more than all other causes combined to rob children of their fathers and mothers and strew the land with helpless orphanage. Surely a strong drink can kill enough people and destroy enough families, and sufficiently crowd the almshouses and penitentiaries in six days of the week without giving it an extra half day for pauperism and assassination.

Although we are not very jubilant over a municipal reform that opens the exercises by a doxology to rum, we have full faith in God, and in the gospel, which will yet strike all iniquity as the Atlantic ocean melts a flake of snow. What we want, and what I believe we will have, is a great religious awakening that will moralize and Christianize our great populations, and make them superior to temptations; whether unlawful or legalized. So I see no cause for disheartenment. Pessimism is a sin, and those who yield to it cripple themselves for the war, on one side of which are all the forces of darkness, led on by Apollyon, and on the other side of which are all the forces of light, led on by the Omnipotent. I risk the statement that the vast majority of people are doing the best they can. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of the officials of the municipal and the United States governments are honest. Out of a thousand bank presidents and cashiers, nine hundred and ninety-nine are worthy the position they occupy. Out of a thousand merchants, mechanics and professional men, nine hundred and ninety-nine are doing their duty as they understand it. Out of one thousand engineers and conductors, and switchmen, nine hundred and ninety-nine are true to their responsible positions. It is seldom that people arrive at positions of responsibility until they have been tested over and over again. If the theory of the pessimist were accurate, society would long ago have gone to pieces, and civilization would have

been submerged with barbarism, and the wheel of the centuries would have turned back to the dark ages. A wrong impression is made that because two men falsify their bank accounts, those two wrong doers are blazoned before the world, while nothing is said in praise of the hundreds of bank clerks who have stood at their desks year in and year out until their health is well nigh gone, taking not a pin's worth of that which belongs to others for themselves, though with skillful stroke of pen they might have enriched themselves, and built their country seats on the banks of the Hudson, or the Rhine. It is a mean thing in human nature that men and women are not praised for doing well, but only excoriated when they do wrong. By divine arrangement the most of the families of the earth are at peace, and the most of those united in marriage have for each other affinity and affection. They may have occasional differences, and here and there a season of pout, but the vast majority of those in the conjugal relation, choose the most appropriate companionship, and are happy in that relation. You hear nothing of the quietude and happiness of such homes, though nothing but death will, them part. But one sound of marital discord makes the ears of a continent, and perhaps of a hemisphere, alert. The one letter that ought never to have been written, printed in a newspaper, makes the most of the millions of letters that crowd the postoffices, and the down the mail carriers, with expressions of honest love. Tolstoi, the great Russian author, is wrong when he prints a book for the depreciation of marriage. If your observation has put you in an attitude of deploration for the marriage state one or two things are true in regard to you; have either been unfortunate in your acquaintanceship, or you yourself are morally rotten. The world, not as rapid as we would like, but still with long strides, is on the way to the scenes of beatitude and felicity which the Bible depicts. The man who can not see this is wrong, either in his heart, or liver, or spleen. Look at the great Bible picture gallery, where Isaiah has set up the pictures of abstinence, girdling the world with cedar, and fir, and pine, and boxwood, and the lion led by a child; and St. John's pictures of waters and trees, and white horse cavalry, and tears wiped away, and trumpets blown, and harps struck, and nations redeemed. While there are ten thousand things I do not like, have not seen any discouragement for the cause of God for twenty-five years. The Kingdom is coming. The earth is preparing to put on bridal array. We need to be getting our anthems and grand marches ready. In our hymnology we shall have more use for Antioch than for Windham; for Ariel than for Naomi. Let "Hark! from the Tombs a Doleful Cry," be submerged with "Joy to the World, the Lord is Come!" Really, if I thought the human race were as determined to be bad, and getting worse, as the pessimists represent, I would think it was hardly worth saving. If a thousand of years of gospelization no improvement has been made, let us give it up and go at something else besides praying and preaching. My opinion is that if we had enough faith in quick results, and could go forth rightly equipped with the gospel call, the battle for God and righteousness would end with this nineteenth century, and the twentieth century, only five or six years off, would begin the millennium, and Christ would reign, either in person on some throne set up between the Alleghenies and the Rockies, or in the insinuations of mercy and grandeur set up by his ransomed people. Discouraged work will meet with defeat. Expectant and buoyant work will gain the victory. Start out with the idea that all men are liars and scoundrels, and that everybody is as bad as he can be, and that society, and the church, and the world are on the way to demolition, and the only use you will ever be to the world will be to increase the value of lots in a cemetery. We need a more cheerful front in all our religious work. People have enough trouble already, and do not want to ship another cargo of trouble in the shape of religiosity. If religion has been to cure a peace, a defense, an inspiration and a joy, say so. Say it by word of mouth, by pen in your right hand, by face illuminated with a divine satisfaction. If this world is ever to be taken for God it will not be by groans, but by hallojahs. If we could present the Christian religion as it really is, in its true attractiveness, all the people would accept it and accept it right away. The cities, the nations would cry out: "Give us that! Give it to us in all its holy magnetism and gracious power! Put that salve on our wounds! Throw back the shutters for that morning light! Knock off these chains with that silver hammer! Give us Christ—his pardon, his peace, his comfort, his heaven! Give us Christ in song, Christ in sermon, Christ in book, Christ in living example!"

As a system of ethics, religion has never gained one inch of progress. As a technicality, it begets more than it irradiates. As a dogmatism, it is an awful failure. But as a fact, as a reinforcement, as a transfiguration, it is the mightiest thing that ever descended from the heavens, or touched the earth. Exemplify it in the life of a good man or a good woman, and one can help but like it. A city missionary visited a house in London and found a sick and dying boy. There was an orange lying on his bed, and the missionary said, "Where did you get that orange?" He said, "A man brought it to me. He comes here often, and reads the Bible to me, and prays with me, and brings me nice things to eat." "What is his name?" said the missionary. "I forget his name," said the sick boy, "but he makes great speeches; over in that

great building," pointing to the parliament house of London. The missionary asked, "Was his name Mr. Gladstone?" "Oh, yes," said the boy, "that is his name; Mr. Gladstone." Do you tell me a man can see religion like that and not like it? There is an old-fashioned mother in a farm house. Perhaps she is somewhere in the seventies; perhaps 75 or 76. It is the early evening hour. Through spectacles No. 8 she is reading a newspaper until toward bedtime, when she takes up a well worn book, called the Bible. I know from the illumination in her face she is reading one of the thanksgiving Psalms, or in Revelation the story of the twelve pearly gates. After awhile she closes the book, and folds her hands, and thinks over the past, and seems whispering the names of her children, some of them on earth and some of them in heaven. Now a smile is on her face, and now a tear, and sometimes the smile catches the tear. The scenes of a long life come back to her. One minute she sees all the children smiling around her, with their toys, and sports, and strange questionings. Then she remembers several of them down sick with infantile disorders. Then she sees a short grave, but over it cut in marble: "Suffer them to come to Me." Then there is the wedding hour, and the neighbors in, and the promise of "I will," said the young Southerner. "Many 'possums down your way?" The look in his eyes deepened to a hungry expression, and they seemed to widen with visions of things afar.

"Possums?" replied the Baltimorean; "possums? More 'possums down your way than you can shake a stick at."

The North Carolinian sat down again at his desk, but he didn't take up the papers lying scattered before him. Instead of returning to his work, as he should have done, he stared out of the window. He sighed again, a long, lingering sigh.

"Have any 'possums down your way?" asked the man from Illinois, who sat next to him.

"Any 'possums? Huh!" he replied. "More 'possums than most anything else, 'cept toons. Lots of 'possums down our way, and the more 'possums the more 'possums."

"Last time I went 'possum hunting was one night in October," he went on. "There was my uncle, my two cousins (boys of about my age), a couple of negroes, an ax, four of the best 'possum dogs you ever saw, and a jug of snake medicine. We went two or three miles straight through the woods, cutting our own paths for most of the way, until finally the dogs took the scent, and we threw ourselves down on the ground in a little clearing and waited for them to track. The dogs cool, clear nights when the country down there looks as if the fairies had made it in the night and it would all melt away before the sun in the morning. My uncle, under the influence of the time, the atmosphere and possibly the medicine of which we had all partaken, grew talkative. And by the way, we do some chemical work down there in a retiring sort of way, compounding restoratives and tonics of-of—that nature—that you can't beat anywhere. We have just a little of the best whisky in the world down home. Well, as I was saying, the old gentleman mellowed a little, and narrated a few perfectly true facts concerning the days of his youth. I happened to be lying where the light fell on my face, and he kept staring at me with his big gray eyes and telling me how much I favored my father. Then he would tell a yarn about some devilment he and my father used to get into when they were boys at school together, then he'd laugh and take another drink. As I was saying, he got pretty mellow and prattled away quite a lot.

"Way in the distance we could hear the dogs hot on the scent. For a while their barking would grow fainter and fainter as they traveled from us; then nearer and nearer as the trail led them in our direction. My uncle turned and listened intently for a moment.

"Damn those dogs," he said, "they have separated and Tige has crossed the river."

"Everybody jumped up. 'I never heard of such a fool trick,' said my older cousin. 'But,' said the younger, 'he's after a 'coon.'"

"By Jupiter, he is," said my uncle. "Bob, blow the horn."

"Bob obeyed, and after a few blasts of the horn we could hear the dogs returning. They soon broke into the clearing, running up with a fine affection of innocence and modest merit. All except Tige. He sort of tried to hide behind himself. But my uncle called him."

"Tige! come here, sir. You are the biggest foot 'possum dog I ever saw in all my born days."

"Tige looked up in mute protest. His big eyes were clearly pleading for mercy."

"Tige, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I'll never take you on a 'possum hunt again. You don't know how to hunt."

"That settled it. Tige straightened up, gave my uncle one long, reproachful look, lifted up his voice in one indignant howl of protest, stuck his tail between his legs, and went home. We went on with the hunt and caught five 'possums that night, but some of the pleasure seemed taken out of it. We all kind of missed Tige."

"Did the dog really go home?" asked the man from Illinois.

"Yes, he went home and crawled under the house and stayed there for three days. We all coaxed and talked nice to him, but it was no use. He was insulted, his dignity as a 'possum hunter had been wounded, and he just wouldn't give in."

Only when all gathered around and my uncle made the most elaborate and courteous apology in the presence of the entire family

HUNTING 'POSSUMS.

THEY FLOURISH WITH COONS AND PERSIMMONS.

The Man-From-North-Carolina's Reminiscences of a Dog Whose Feelings Were Hurt—Circumstances Demanded a Public Apology.

The clerk from Baltimore came around with his overcoat on, his hat in his hand, and a broad smile of anticipated pleasure illuminated his face. He said he was "goin' down home fo' a few days," and further said that he "didn't reckon he'd be back much befo' next Friday."

"Goin' to hunt any?" asked the North Carolinian, with a wistful expression. For reasons, chiefly financial, the North Carolinian couldn't get home to hunt, and he was too young to be able to conceal his disappointment.

But the grin on the Baltimorean's face deepened and widened at the last question, says the Chicago Times, and he seemed to chuckle all over as he said: "Oh, a little huntin', I guess."

"What you goin' for, quail?" "Yes, some quail."

"Huh," said the young Southerner. "Many 'possums down your way?" The look in his eyes deepened to a hungry expression, and they seemed to widen with visions of things afar.

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did he come out. And even then he wasn't himself for days."

The North Carolinian sighed again, looked disconsolately out of the window, picked up his papers, and pretended to go to work.

WALKING IN THE RAIN.
A Form of Open-Air Exercise That Has Certain Attractions.

"What am I going to do?" repeated the returned exile; "why I'm going to take a walk in the rain. It's a trick I learned in 'Hengland, dear boy,' and it's one of the most charming forms of exercise on top of this green earth. You see my costume, well, it's the dead copy of that in which a Cornish squire of my acquaintance used to walk in rainy weather over the downs that make up most of his estate."

"My laced shoes, you perceive, come well up the ankle, have heavy cork soles and have just been treated to a good rubber-in of cold cream. I have stout woolen stockings and knickerbockers on, so as to avoid the contact and flapping of the wet trousers, and this cape mackintosh comes down pretty near to my heels. My underclothing is thick but not heavy, and my clothes are of rough tweed that wouldn't be damaged if you let 'em lie in a stream for a week. Instead of a collar I wear a light silk scarf around my neck, over which I turn my coat collar and button it up so. This hat is waterproof fore and after."

"Umbrella? Why, of course not. That would destroy the very spirit, the very joy of the experience—which is to feel the rain beating in your face, the wet wind whistling about your ears and the weather banging you about generally. You may not like it at first, but you soon will, and then you'll find there's a sort of wild joy about the thing that you can't resist."

"Catch cold? Why, of course not. In fact, a course of walking in the rain is one of the best preventives against taking cold. So long as you're moving briskly there's no danger of taking cold, no matter how wet it may be. It's the standing or sitting in wet things that's dangerous, and so you must walk from the time you leave the house until you get back; and then, when you do get back, strip off everything and give yourself a good rub. And if, as you put on your dry things, you do not feel a new man with a new zest for the struggle of life, then I don't know a banana from an express wagon."—N. Y. Sun.

Reward of Enterprise.
That was a good article you had in the paper this morning, Mr. Wronnder, giving the details of the methods by which an expert burglar opens a combination lock without having to blow the safe to pieces," said the editor. "I have instructed the cashier to give you \$10 extra for it. Sorry to part with you, Mr. Wronnder, but we shall not need your services any longer."

"Wh-what?" gasped the reporter. "You give me \$10 extra for that article and then discharge me?"

"Yes, sir. I discharge you for knowing how to write it."—Chicago Tribune.

No Doubt He Got Some.
As Burton, the comedian, was traveling on a steam boat down the Hudson, he seated himself at the table and called for some beefsteak. The waiter furnished him with a small strip of the article, such as travelers are usually put off with. Taking it upon his fork and turning it over and examining it with one of his peculiar, serious looks, the comedian coolly remarked: "Yes, that's it; bring me some."—Argonaut.

IN FAR COUNTRIES.

During the last two centuries the wealth of Great Britain has increased forty-fold.

France has more persons over sixty years of age than any other country. Ireland comes next.


The inhabitants of Hellas, in Greece, are fond of butter cheese from sheep's milk. It is semi-liquid. Cows are used as beasts of burden.

It costs \$100,000,000 to maintain the army in Spain, and only \$1,500,000 to educate the children. It is the exception to find a Spanish farmer who is able to read or write.

In a hurricane at Bathurst a mass of timber weighing eight tons was detached from the showground pavilion and carried 200 yards. The timber in the pavilion was all splintered like matchwood.

A meteorite, weighing 190 pounds, has been found on the salt marsh east of Mulga, near the mouth of the River Blackwater, in Ireland. The workmen came upon an ancient boat imbedded under five feet of dense black bog, and measuring twenty-three feet long, four feet wide in the center, tapering to two feet nine inches at each end.

At last the English channel can be crossed at night with comfort and decency. The line from Southampton to Havre has put on the first of a number of new steamers, which, in the place of a common cabin, into which all the passengers are huddled, are divided up into state rooms, as on the trans-Atlantic boats; their speed is 10½ knots an hour, and they make the trip between midnight and 6 in the morning, giving travelers a chance to sleep.



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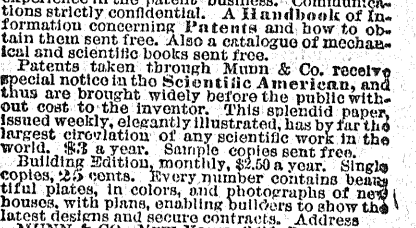
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It is strange, but so, that the English don't know how to speak what they call their own language. If they do, they don't know how to spell it. I am not referring now to the "lower" classes, who take such unwarranted liberties with the letter "h," but rather to the

It was a long way to town, the day was warm, and the sun beat down on the load with considerable strength. Farmer Matthewson had entered the city and was driving along the street, looking out for kindling wood customers, when a handsomely dressed woman approached the curb to ask him the price of the load.

The farmer turned his horse up to the sidewalk and had just laid down the reins when an explosion occurred. The bung of the cider barrel flew out with great force and, as luck would have it, landed

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