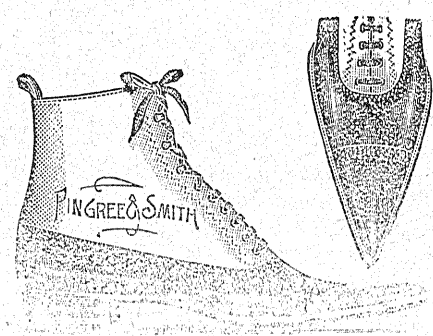


CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XV. NO. 2.

CASS CITY, MICH., DEC. 20, 1895.

BY A. A. P. McDOWELL.



CHRISTMAS FOLLY

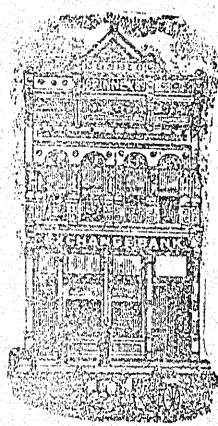
Lies in delaying purchases until assortments are broken. In buying at the last minute whatever you see. In buying for looks not quality. The satisfaction of the giver and receiver is enhanced by the early well chosen gift. Reliable goods at just prices are what I offer. I offer the grade of goods you would like to receive for a Christmas present. Ladies' and Men's

WARM AND FANCY SLIPPERS.

A nice well made pair of shoes for the children, wife or husband. Neck Ties, Neck scarfs, gloves. A nice plush cap at (50c.) A suit of clothes for the husband and boys.

J. D. CROSBY, THE SHOE and CLOTHING MAN.

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.

I. B. Auten, Cass City. John F. Seeley, Caro.
L. C. Blair, Boston Mass.

CASS CITY BANK.

Auten, Seeley & Blair, Props.

Established 1882.

A general banking business transacted.

Foreign Exchange Bought and Sold.

Drafts issued payable in any Country in the World.

Money loaned on Real Estate.

Collections a specialty.

W. S. RICHARDSON, CASHIER.

SPECIAL SALE.

For the balance of the year

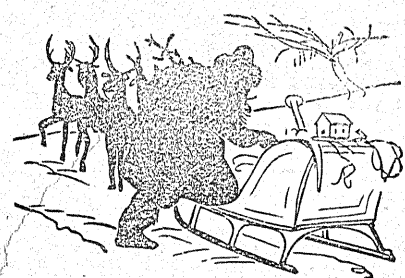
Childrens Overcoats for 75c. up.

Special prices on Men's and Boy's Clothing.

A fine line of Neck Scarfs and Ties at wholesale prices.

SHOES AND RUBBERS, High in Quality, Low in Price.

A few pair of those fine Seal, Bear and Wolf Gloves left.



Santa Claus

Will Make his Headquarters at

2 Macks 2

This year. So don't fail to call and see his beautiful line of presents for Christmas. He has everything in the line of Handkerchiefs, Scarfs, Ties, Beautiful Rugs, Drapes, Towls, Spreads and Notions.

FUR AND CLOTH CAPES,

Ladies' and Misses' Jackets will be sold regarding of what they cost, on Saturday, Dec. 21st. Don't forget our Saturday Sales.

2 MACKS 2.

Caught On The Fly.

Avery Lee was at Elkton on business Monday.

Stanley Hess, of Caro, is the guest of T. H. Fritz.

Herb Frutchey has returned from his eastern trip.

A new roof is being placed on the P. O. & N. R. R. water tank.

Mrs. John Hutton, of Pontiac, visited friends here this week.

Messrs. A. and J. Frutchey drove to Linkville on Wednesday.

R. O'Dell, of Elmwood, was a caller at this office Wednesday.

T. M. Southworth and E. A. Blakeley, of Elkton, were in town Sunday.

Miss Maggie McDonald, of Owendale, visited friends here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Tennant and son, Park, called on Caro friends Sunday.

Miss Mary Fisher is assisting at Jas. Tennant's Bazaar during the holidays.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society meet at the M. E. Church this afternoon.

M. H. Quick left on Saturday for a visit to friends at Jasper N. Y., and Randall, Ohio.

Pres. Porter and Treas. Murphy, of the P. O. & N. R. R., passed over the road this week.

Don't wait till the printers are dead before you think of paying up; do something for them now.

Joe Frutchey, of Harris & Frutchey, Detroit, spent a few days at his home here during the week.

Mrs. Win. Kile has moved her dress-making rooms to the Stevenson building, south side of Main street.

Rev. C. D. Eldridge will conduct religious services at the McQuillen school house on Sunday afternoon next.

As the night for the I. O. F. meeting falls on Christmas eve it will be postponed until Monday evening, Dec. 30.

We were in error last week in stating that Miss Boughner had returned to Argyle. It should have read Pontiac.

A Christmas party will be given in the Tennant House Rink on Christmas eve. Reid & Allen will furnish music.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman, of Vassar, passed through here on Tuesday to look after Presbyterian church interests at Pigeon.

A load from Rescue attended the M. E. revival meeting on Monday evening. Rev. Allen and wife were among the number.

Miss Edith Bond and John McPhail, of Cass City, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Bond over Sunday.—[Fairgrove Record.]

Miss Grace Bradshaw, who has been employed by Mrs. Jas. Tennant for several months past, has returned to her home, southeast of town.

The Baptist Sunday School is planning to give their Christmas entertainment on Christmas night. An excellent program is being prepared for the occasion.

Sam Striffler, of Argyle, was in town Wednesday on his way home from Ann Arbor, where Mrs. Striffler recently underwent an operation at the hospital. She is doing nicely at present.

The Fairgrove Record is a new candidate for public favor. It is a neat four paged paper, six columns wide, is spicy and has a good advertising patronage. Amos Bond is at the helm as editor and manager.

Services appropriate for Christmas will be held at the Baptist Church next Sunday. In the morning the pastor will preach on "The Profound Mysteries of the Birth of Christ". Subject of lecture for next Sunday evening will be "God, the Manner and Place of his Existence."

It is a mortal shame to hitch a horse in the biting winds without a blanket after driving him for miles over the rough roads. Not many do it but occasionally such an unfeeling wretch is found. If he doesn't make it warm for the horse, we hope to see the law make it warm for the owner.

John Wellman, of Marlette, hired a man named Brady to drive his team on Monday. On Tuesday Brady took a load to Lamotte Corners and then skipped with the team. He was traced to a point six miles this side of Novesta Corners where the trail was lost but officers are still in pursuit.

The union lyceum held at the high school room each Friday evening is arousing no small degree of interest. On Friday evening last the room was completely filled, the attendance being the best so far this season. The debaters decided that it was more advantageous to be tall than short. Tonight's program will be found in another column.

J. H. Eno and son, Forest, accompanied by Miss May Landon, leave tomorrow morning for Lansdown, Ont., where they will spend some time with friends and relatives.

Caro Advertiser.—W. J. A. Heartt is still confined to his home by illness. Sometimes his condition is considerably improved and then he suffers a relapse and his condition is such as to cause his friends much apprehension.

Our premature winter received a severe setback the first of the week. It began to soften up on Monday evening and by Wednesday the greater part of the snow had disappeared. While we regret the loss of our sleighing there can be no doubt as to the benefit which will result from the moisture and rainfall.

The following are the officers elect of the L. O. L. No. 214: W. M., A. D. Gillies; D. M., R. A. Brown; R. Sec'y, G. W. Seed; Fin. Sec'y, J. H. Eno; Treas., E. W. Keating; Chaplain, N. McClinton; Cond., Robt. Miller; Asst. Cond., M. Morrison; I. T., James Wallace; O. T., N. Morrison; M. of C., Robt. Miller.

The holiday edition of the Eaton Rapids Journal is a very creditable one, both to the publishers and their advertising patrons. Among the portraits of its leading men we notice that of Prof. T. A. Conlon, who has filled the position of Supt. of Schools there for over three years very successfully. Previous to that time he held a similar position here.

Rev. Sam Bettos is seeking notoriety by informing the papers of Indiana that he is going to Cuba to help the patriots win in their fight for freedom. He has a boat that will be fitted up for the purpose. Sam is sharp enough to stay away from any danger to himself, though he is very reckless with his talk.—[Marlette Leader.]

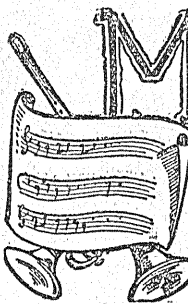
The white, smooth roads of Rome put us Americans to shame. Muddy roads mean malaria; muddy and rough roads mean cruelty to animals—thousands of horses are killed yearly through bad roads—and dusty roads mean lung troubles. I wish that every school in this country could be taught the necessity of good roads and how to make them. "The children of to-day are citizens of to-morrow."—[S. K. Bolton.]

The revival meetings still continue at the M. E. Church and despite the unfavorable weather this week the interest has been well maintained. During Sunday evening's service eight penitents presented themselves at the altar. Sunday's services will be the last of this series and Rev. MacLachlan will leave on Monday to engage in similar work at Morenci. The topic for Sunday morning will be, "The Spiritual Beehive," for evening "The Last Day."

We give below a few pointed remarks from the North Branch Gazette which might apply to Cass City:—"Some men are enterprising when it doesn't cost anything to be that way. Don't be afraid to go down in your sock a little. It costs money to have waterworks and electric lights which of course is the reason we don't have them. If these things were free, the fellows who now do the kicking against them would tumble over one another to be the first to get the benefits to be derived. It's no disgrace to die, but it's an imposition on the public to be half dead and let on you're alive."

W. J. Moore, of Elmer City, of telephone fame, has been in town two or three days and has all but completed arrangements with our business men whereby we shall have in operation in the near future a telephone exchange. It is the intention to run a line from the P. O. & N. depot to E. F. Marr's store and connect therewith all private lines. To accomplish this a stock company is being formed and is far enough advanced to insure the success of the project. There can be no question as to the quality of Mr. Moore's telephones and this move is a step in the right direction. We understand that Mr. Moore contemplates moving his factory to a larger town and we would suggest Cass City to his consideration.

We clip from Friday's Detroit Journal the following item:—Last night Frank Kile, of Cass City, and Miss Anna La W., 917 River-st., were married in the sheriff's parlors, Justice J. Blair Simpson, under arrest for crimes against women, performing the ceremony. Sheriff Collins and family, the parents of the bride and several others were present. Mat Steyskal acted as best man. Mr. Collins had refreshments served making it a very notable jail wedding. Young Kile was arrested on complaint of the girl, and the two days in jail convinced him that it would be just lovely to get married. The bride procured the license and arranged other details. The young couple received the best wishes of all as they departed, and thanked Sheriff and Mrs. Collins for the kind treatment shown them.



USIC and elocution attracted a large number of our citizens to the Presbyterian Church on Saturday evening last, Miss M. McLean, of Saginaw, having been secured to assist home talent. The church

was well filled with an appreciative audience and the program was well rendered. The choir of the church had prepared two anthems with violin, cornet and organ accompaniments which were excellent. Solos, duets, medleys, etc., by home talent gave variety to the program and were each worthy of special mention would space allow. The elocutionary numbers given by Miss McLean were well received and the varied selections exhibited the various powers of her voice exceptionally well. It sometimes occurs that first-class elocutionists make a poor impression upon their audiences through lack of judgment in making their selections but such was not the case Saturday evening. True, one or two numbers had been given previously but that did not belittle their value or acceptability. "Mamma's Little Boy" and "The Little Green Cucumber" were mirth provoking while "The Fall of Pemberton Mill," given as a reading, and "Sister and I," were deeply emotional. Other numbers were equally well rendered. The entertainment was concluded by an instrumental quartette. The proceeds amounted to \$22.

Lady Macabees, Attention!

The L. O. T. M. will hold a special review on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 26th, at 2 p. m., for the purpose of electing officers and transacting any other business that may come before the meeting. R. K.

BIDS WANTED.

The undersigned will receive sealed bids for fifty cords of green beach and maple wood three feet long; also twenty-five cords of same wood twenty inches long; all to be good sound body wood, to be delivered on school grounds in Cass City on or before March 1st, 1896; all bids to be in by Dec. 23rd, '95. The School Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. Dated this 11th day of Dec., 1895.

12-13-2 E. B. LANDON, Director.

P. O. & N. Railway Rates.

Cheap rates of fare to all Michigan points. Tickets will be sold to all prominent points at one fare and a third, or two cents per mile each way. Tickets will be sold Dec. 24, 25th, 31st, 1895 and Jan. 1st, 1896. All valid up to and including Jan. 2nd, 1896, giving our patrons an opportunity to visit their friends.

To Taxpayers.

I will be at my store each Friday to receive taxes. W. D. SCHOLEY, 12-C Township Treas., of Elkland.

To Taxpayers.

I will be at the Exchange Bank, Cass City, on Dec. 21st and at Deford on Dec. 28th to receive taxes.

N. HAMILTON, Treas. Novesta Tp.

You can't make "bushels of money" by mining; it is sure to come by quartz. See the pint.

Diseased blood, constipation, and kidney, liver and bowel troubles are cured by Karl's Clover Root Tea. For sale by T. H. Fritz, druggist.

Mud on your boots is like a letter. It requires a stamp to get it started.

The best cough cure is Shiloh's Cure. A neglected cough is dangerous. Stop it at once with Shiloh's Cure. For sale by T. H. Fritz, druggist.

See the samples of correspondence stationery at the ENTERPRISE office. Something extra fine.

For Pneumonia.

Dr. J. C. Bishop, of Agnew, Mich., says: "I have used Foley's Honey and Tar in three very severe cases of pneumonia the past month, with good results." For sale by T. H. Fritz, druggist.

The reason why whiskey is sometimes spelled with an 's' is because some people can take it with 's'.

The farm mortgage may not be an inspiring influence in your affairs, but it takes a great degree of interest.

Don't bet, for you are sure to lose. If you lose money it makes you financially poorer. If you win money it makes you morally poorer.

At a recent marriage in one of the Providence churches the contracting parties were thirty minutes behind time, and the organ pealed out, "Oh dear! what can the matter be?"

Subscribe for the ENTERPRISE.

DISCOVERED A SKELETON.

Boys while Skunk-Hunting Find the Skeleton of Sidney Preston.

On Tuesday while two boys were hunting skunks on Jas. Sutton's place, six and one half miles west and one mile north of town, their dog found the skeleton of a man and called their attention to it. The flesh was badly decomposed and identification not easy by his clothes but a watch was found and recognized as one which had been drawn at a raffle last spring by one Sidney Preston, who formerly owned a fifty-acre farm at Carr's Corners, near Watrousville, and lived thereon.

About three years ago Preston had some trouble with his wife and they parted but it appeared to trouble his mind continually. On June 3rd last Preston left Mr. Butts, of Watrousville, where he had been working, and went to Reader O'Dell's, in Elmwood township, Mr. O'Dell being an old neighbor and acquaintance. He arrived there at 6 a. m., June 4th, but finding that Mr. O'Dell was away from home, he left in the evening saying he would go to Geo. Sharp's in Akron township. He never reached there and his disappearance remained a mystery up to the finding of the skeleton on Tuesday. He was about thirty-eight years of age. His wife and four children are still living.

It is supposed that Preston committed suicide by taking poison, as no marks of violence could be found. He had only gone a mile and a half from O'Dell's and the skeleton lay in a popular thicket. H. Youmans, justice of the peace, was summoned and an inquest was held on Wednesday. The result has not yet been learned.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Marlette contractors are desecrating the Sabbath and arrests are threatened.

Columbiaville has another paper—the News. Roy McCluskey is the publisher.

Crosswell is playing her cards for a branch of the F. & P. M. R. R. from that point to Sanilac Center.

John Decker, of Lamotte, has bought the machinery of the McGill saw mill at Marlette and will use it in his Lamotte mill.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Annie Pierce to editor Brown of the Uby Courier for the 26th of the month.—Bad Axe Tribune.

Charles Swales spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Swales, four miles east of this place. He returned to Pigeon Monday, having been reinstated as statiod agent at that place.—North Branch Gazette.

The Sanilac Centre grist mill suffered in its transit from Kingston, in unloading at Kingston, from the car, one of the heavy flour rolls was permitted to take a tumble to the frozen ground smashing the casing and breaking the pulleys, while one of the teamsters upset his load near White Creek school house when two more rolls were smashed.

The court in the case of ex-Representative John A. Moll, of Minden City, charged with forgery, has held him for appearance in the Circuit Court, and fixed the bail at \$500, \$250 recognizance and \$250 more surety. Moll has emaciated since the proceedings against him. Public sentiment is changing in his favor.

Wm. Landon, of Brown City, received ninety days in the county jail from Justice Dafo. Landon's father, who farms near the village, came to town and swore out a warrant charging his son with threatening to shoot him. William's defence was that his father was whipping one of the smaller children wrongfully, and that he simply interfered in the child's behalf.

Union Lyceum.

The following is the program to be given Friday evening Dec. 20.

Recitation.....Edith Pinner
Review.....Miss C. Livingston
Story.....Cash Wood
Parody.....Edith Wilkinson
Oration.....Eli Travis
Recitation.....Ida Gamble
Autobiography.....Jessie Guiles
Newspaper.....Dick Landon
Essay.....Mattie Deming
Recitation.....Mabel Wilkinson
Article.....Pres. Massellink

He Makes Faces.

J. Maier is taking one dozen cabinet photos for \$1.50; also one dozen cabinets and one life-size portrait framed for \$5. This offer holds good till February 1st. He is not making three or four grades of portraits but only one, and that good and natural.

Read Contracts and Notices of Contract to let, at ENTERPRISE office.

Christmas and

Christmas Gifts

Is the all absorbing question for the next two weeks.

To double our sales to turn our large stock of HOLIDAY GOODS into Cash. Consisting of Handkerchiefs, Mufflers, Hose, Dress Goods, Men's and Ladies' Slippers, Children's Shoes, Ladies' Shoes, Men's Shoes, Underwear, Shawls, Fascinators, Caps, Pocket Books, Combs.

These goods must be converted into Money before the first of the year. In order to do this we will cut the price in all the above goods. So in goes the knife.

Handkerchiefs, regular 25c. fancy corners, embroidered corners, open work, different patterns, different styles, all our 10, 15, 20 and 25c. handkerchiefs go at 5 cents.

Mufflers, all our 50c. wool, silk strip, mufflers go at 25c.
Hose, our 20 and 25c. all wool and our 15c. mixture go at 15c.

DRESS GOODS.

Here is where the knife has penetrated deep. Cotton Plaids and very pretty styles they are, price 10 to 12½, now 5 cents per yard.

Wool mixed, 27 inch, also a few pieces of 32 inch goods regular 18 to 20c. won 12c. a yard.

All Wool 50 inch Tricot, regular price 55c. Remaining shades Tan, Grey and Myrtle Green, will close out at 35c a yd. These goods are 50 inch wide.

IN GROCERIES.

We will make special prices from now to the first of the year. You know what a special price means with us. Goods at Wholesale.

Regarding Poultry—For this year chickens dressed, just the feathers off but nothing in the crops, head on etc. Will pay in trade 5½ for old chickens and 5½ to 6 for young; geese 6c. ducks 6½ to 7c. turkeys 6½ to 7c. Delivered on 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20th Dec.

GILES.



As we have a large stock of

CAPES AND JACKETS

which we would like to close out before the holidays, we will make special inducements to buyers. If you are in need of a Jacket or Cape call and look our line over before buying.

Our stock of...

Neckscarfs, fascinators and Handkerchiefs are complete.

DRESS GOODS.

In our stock of Dress Goods we have cut the profits clean off and will give you the greatest bargains ever offered.

FROST & NEBBLEWHITE.

Butter and eggs wanted.

Attention, Camrades!

Milo Warner Post No. 232 will elect officers for the ensuing year on the 25th of Dec., 1895. Let every man be in his proper place on that date. Important business will come before the Post.

By order of D. P. Deming, P. C.
Fresh Stationery at this office.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

A. A. P. McDOWELL, Publisher.

CASS CITY, MICHIGAN.

The public to the Chicago editor: "A penny for your thoughts!"

The Cuban situation is brighter; General Maceo was killed only once yesterday.

"Clothes do not always make the man," but they frequently make the bloomer girl.

The Denver Post calls the Chicago University "a well of learning." An oil well, as it were.

William Onion of London has been convicted 326 times; evidently a man of strong convictions.

If football games can bring in \$40,000 in gate receipts, why don't Corbett and Fitzsimmons enter college?

A mob of lynchers which is led by prayer is no improvement on the old-fashioned kind. Murder can't be sanctified.

At last Florence Blythe has been awarded the four millions left by her father. Yes, kind reader, Florence has a husband.

Garza has bobbed up in Cuba. When last heard from Mr. Garza was being killed in Honduras, Nicaragua and Guatemala.

Now the Valkyrie is said to be for sale. Here is a rare opportunity for some one wanting a good, steady, slow-going family craft.

One of the comets most recently discovered has a tail 10,000,000 miles long. That should be able to keep the flies off the rest of the universe.

The New York Tribune calls for "some fresh men in the police management." "Freshness" is what ails your police management now.

Nature is occasionally guilty of misdirected energy. Earthquakes are busy in Greece, while they should be over in Turkey shaking things up.

The Buffalo Times says: "The molar-jerk war is over." We don't know what this means, but infer that the war was won by the fellow who had the biggest pull.

If Mr. and Mrs. Harold McCormick begin married life with a balance of \$35,000,000 in the bank, we advise the wolf to quit prowling about their back door for awhile.

Now they tell us that Mrs. Henry Barnes, of Fulton, N. Y., is something like \$11,000 short in her accounts, and that she didn't care much for bicycles or bloomers either.

Considerable discussion is going on concerning the right of railroads to form a pool. Why shouldn't they do so? They could easily use their watered stock for that purpose.

There no longer can be any doubt about it; presidential booms are being inflated this year with the same old material. Those spellbinders are great pneumatic pumps.

The Duke of Marlborough and his bride are in Granada; probably trying to test the romantic results of a conjunction of the honeymoon and the silvery rays of Luna that brighten the shadows of the Alhambra.

Max O'Rell says he saw the finest and most beautiful types of womanhood in the streets of Buda-Pesth and in the drawing-rooms of Dublin. It is evident that Max doesn't expect to make any more lecture tours in this country.

Rev. R. B. Pope, of Steubenville, Ohio, has discovered a new way to fill his church. He hangs posters in the saloons, and these posters give all the particulars of the service to be given on the following Sunday. It don't bring out as big a crowd as the "bloomer racket," but, as one deacon said, "it just nicely fills up the church." Still there are those who pretend to think advertising doesn't pay.

The plans for developing the new navy of the United States go on continually. Bids are about to be opened for two more battle-ships. By act of congress, approved March 2, 1895, provision was made for the construction of two battle-ships, to cost, exclusive of armament, not more than \$4,000,000 each, one of which was to be built on the Pacific coast or on the waters connected therewith, provided responsible bids could be obtained from that locality. Congress further required that one of these battle-ships should be named the Kearsage. A special provision had to be made by congress for this, as under the law ships of this size must be named for states, and congress alone can modify this requirement.

A New York paper says that "it is the proudest, happiest moment of Paderewski's life when, after he finishes playing, he stands bowing before an audience of enthusiastic and hysterical women." Bosh! Watch him a half hour later in the box office, counting up.

Anarchists are charged with shooting the bowwow presented by the czar to Emperor William, and no doubt they will be severely dealt with, guilty or not guilty. It isn't every royal person who has pups to give away, and William may never get another pet.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE PETTY ANNOYANCES OF LIFE" THE SUBJECT.

Golden Text: "Moreover the Lord Thy God Will Send the Hornet Among Them Until They That Hide Themselves from Thee Are Destroyed."

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 15, 1895.
—Dr. Talmage today chose for his discourse a theme that will appeal to most people, viz.: The petty annoyances of life.

It seems as if the insectile world were determined to exterminate the human race. It bombards the grain fields and the orchards and the vineyards. The Colorado beetle, the Nebraska grasshopper, the New Jersey locust, the universal potato-bug, seem to carry on the work which has begun ages ago when the insects buzzed out of Noah's Ark as the door was opened.

In my text, the hornet flies out on its mission. It is a species of wasp, swift in its motion and violent in its sting. Its touch is torture to man or beast. We have all seen the cattle run bellowing under the cut of its lancet. In boyhood we used to stand cautiously looking at the globular net hung from the tree branch, and while we were looking at the wonderful covering we were struck with something that sent us shrieking away. The hornet goes in swarms. It has captives over hundreds, and twenty of them alighting on one man will produce death.

The Persians attempted to conquer a Christian city, but the elephants and the beasts on which the Persians rode were assailed by the hornet, so that the whole army was broken up, and the besieged city was rescued. This burning and noxious insect stung out the Hittites and the Canaanites from their country. What gleaming sword and chariot of war could not accomplish was done by the puncture of an insect. The Lord sent the hornet.

My friends, when we are assailed by great behemoths of trouble, we become chivalric, and we assault them; we get on the high-mettled steed of our courage, and we make a cavalry charge at them, and, if God be with us, we come out stronger and better than when we went in. But, alas, for these insectile annoyances of life—these foes too small to shoot—these things without any armorial weight—the gnats and the midges and the flies and the wasps and the hornets! In other words, it is the small stinging annoyances of our life which drive us out and use us up. In the best-conditioned life, for some grand and glorious purpose God has sent the hornet.

I remark, in the first place, that these small stinging annoyances may come in the shape of a nervous organization. People who are prostrated under typhoid fevers or with broken bones get plenty of sympathy; but who pities anybody that is nervous? The doctors say, and the family say, and everybody says, "Oh, she's only a little nervous; that's all!" The sound of a heavy foot, the harsh clearing of a throat, a discord in music, a want of harmony between shawl and the glove on the same person, a curt answer, a passing slight, the wind from the east, any one of ten thousand annoyances opens the door for the hornet. The fact is that the vast majority of the people in this country are overworked, and their nerves are the first to give out. A great multitude are under the strain of Leyden, who, when he was told by his physician that if he did not stop working while he was in such poor physical health he would die, responded, "Doctor, whether I live or die, the wheel must keep going round." These sensitive persons of whom I speak have a bleeding sensitiveness. The flies love to light on anything raw, and these people are like the Canaanites spoken of in the text or in the context—they have a very thin covering, and are vulnerable at all points. "And the Lord sent the hornet."

Again, the small insect annoyances may come to us in the shape of friends and acquaintances who are always saying disagreeable things. There are some people you cannot be with for half an hour but you feel cheered and comforted. Then there are other people you cannot be with for five minutes before you feel miserable. They do not mean to disturb you, but they sting you to the bone. They gather up all the yarn which the gossips spin, and retail it. They gather up all the adverse criticisms about your person, about your business, about your home, about your church, and they make your ear the funnel into which they pour it. They laugh heartily when they tell you, as though it were a good joke, and you laugh too outside.

These people are brought to our attention in the Bible, in the Book of Ruth. Naomi went forth beautiful and with the finest of worldly prospects, and into another land; but, after awhile, she came back widowed and sick and poor. What did her friends do when she came to the city? They all went out, and instead of giving her common-sense consolation, what did they do? Read the Book of Ruth and find out. They threw up their hands and said, "Is this Naomi?" as much as to say, "How awful bad you do look!" When I entered the ministry I looked very pale for years, and every year, for four or five years, a hundred times a year, I was asked if I had not the consumption; and, passing through the room I would sometimes hear people sigh and say, "A-ah! not long for this world!" I resolved in those times that I never, in any conversation, would say anything

depressing, and by the help of God I have kept the resolution. These people of whom I speak reap and bind in the great harvest-field of discouragement. Some day you greet them with an hilarious "good-morning," and they come buzzing at you with some depressing information. "The Lord sent the hornet."

When I see so many people in the world who like to say disagreeable things, and write disagreeable things, I come almost in my weaker moments to believe that a man said to me in Philadelphia one Monday morning. I went to get the horse at the livery stable, and the hostler, a plain man, said to me, "Mr. Talmage, I saw that you preached to the young men yesterday." I said, "Yes." He said, "No use, no use; man's a failure."

Perhaps these small insect annoyances will come in the shape of a domestic irritation. The parlor and the kitchen do not always harmonize. To get good service and to keep it, is one of the greatest questions of the country. Sometimes it may be the arrogance and inconsiderateness of employers, but, whatever be the fact, we all admit there are these insect annoyances winging their way out from the culinary department. If the grace of God be not in the heart of the housekeeper, she cannot maintain her equilibrium. The men come home at night and hear the story of these annoyances, and say, "Oh, these home troubles are very little things!" They are small, small as wasps, but they sting. Martha's nerves were all unstrung when she rushed in, asking Christ to scold Mary, and there are tens of thousands of women who are dying, stung to death by these pestiferous domestic annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet."

These small insect disturbances may also come in the shape of business irritations. There are men here who went through 1857 and the 24th of September, 1869, without losing their balance, who are every day unhorsed by little annoyances—a clerk's ill manners, or a blot of ink on a bill of lading, or the extravagance of a partner who overdraws his account, or the underselling by a business rival, or the whispering of store confidences in the street, or the making of some little bad debt which was against your judgment, just to please somebody else.

It is not the panics that kill the merchants. Panics come only once in ten or twenty years. It is the constant din of these every-day annoyances which is sending so many of our best merchants into nervous dyspepsia and paralysis and the grave. We are not a national commerce fell flat on its face, these men stood up and felt almost defiant; but their life is going away now under the swarm of these pestiferous annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet."

These annoyances are sent on us, I think, to wake us up from our lethargy. There is nothing that makes a man so lively as a nest of "yellow jackets," and I think that these annoyances are intended to persuade us of the fact that this is not a world for us to stop in. If we had a beam of everything that was attractive and soft and easy, what would we want of heaven? We think that the hollow tree sends the hornet, or we may think that the devil sends the hornet. I want to correct your opinion. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Then I think these annoyances come on us to culture our patience. In the gymnasium, you find upright parallel bars—upright bars, with holes over each other for legs to be put in. Then the gymnast takes a peg in each hand and he begins to climb, one inch at a time, or two inches, and getting his strength cultured, reaches after awhile the ceiling. And it seems to me that these annoyances in life are a moral gymnasium, each worming a peg with which we are to climb higher and higher in Christian attainment. We are to learn to see patience, but it cannot be learned in fair weather. Patience is a child of the storm. If you had everything desirable, and there was nothing more to get, what would you want with patience? The only time to culture it is when you are lied about, and sick and half dead.

"Oh," you say, "if I only had the circumstances of some well-to-do man I would be patient, too." You might as well say, "If it were not for this water I would swim;" or, "I could shoot this gun if it were not for the charge." When you stand chin-deep in annoyances is the time for you to swim out toward the great headlands of Christian attainment, so as to know Christ and the power of his resurrection, and to have fellowship with his sufferings.

Nothing but the furnace will ever burn out of us the clinker and the slag. I have formed this theory in regard to small annoyances and vexations. It takes just as much trouble to use for usefulness and for heaven. The only question is, whether we shall take it in the bulk or pulverized and granulated. Here is one man who takes it in the bulk. His back is broken, or his eyesight put out, or some other awful calamity befalls him; while the vast majority of people take the thing piecemeal. Which way would you rather have it? Of course in piecemeal. Better have five aching teeth than one broken jaw; better ten fly-blister than one amputation; better twenty squalls than one cyclone. There may be a difference of opinion as to allopathy and homeopathy; but in this matter of trouble I like homeopathic doses—small pellets of annoyance rather than some knock-down dose of calamity. Instead of the thunderbolt give us the hornet. If you have a bank, you would get a great deal rather than fifty men would come in with checks less than a hundred dollars than to have two depositors come in the same day each wanting ten thousand dollars. In this latter case you cough and look down to the floor, and you look up at the ceiling, before you look into the safe.

Now, my friends, would you not rather have these small drabs of annoyance on your bank of faith than some all-gathering demand upon your endurance? But remember that little as well as great annoyances equally require you to trust in Christ for succor, and for deliverance from impatience and irritability. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." In the village of Hamelin, tradition says, there was an invasion of rats, and these small creatures almost devoured the town, and threatened the lives of the population; and the story is that a piper came out one day and played a very sweet tune, and all the vermin followed him—followed him to the banks of the Weser; then he blew a blast and then they dropped in and disappeared forever. Of course this is a fable; but I wish I could, on the sweet flute of the Gospel, draw forth all the nibbling and burrowing annoyances of your life, and play them down into the depths forever. * * *

I go into a sculptor's studio and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very gentle stroke—click, click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way; I must do it this way." So he works on, and after awhile the features come out, and everybody that enters the studio is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal nature. It is click, click, click! I wonder why some great providence does not come, and with one stroke prepare you for heaven. Ah, no; God says that is not the way. And so he keeps on by strokes of little vexations, until at last you shall be a glad spectacle for angels and for men.

You know that a large fortune may be spent in small change, and a vast amount of moral character may go away in small depletions. It is the little troubles of life that are having more effect upon you than great ones. A swarm of locusts will kill a grain-field sooner than the incursion of three or four cattle. You say, "Since I lost my child, since I lost my property, I have been a different man." But you do not recognize the architecture of little annoyances, that are heaving, digging, cutting, shaping, splitting and ingloriously your moral qualities. But may sink a ship. One lumber match may send destruction through a block of store-houses. Catherine de Medicis got her death from smelling a poisonous rose. Columbus, by stopping and asking for a piece of bread and a drink of water at a Franciscan convent, was led to the discovery of a new world. And there is an intimate connection between trifles and immensities, between nothings and everything.

Now, be careful to let none of these annoyances go through your soul unarraigned. Compel them to administer to your spiritual wealth. The scratch of a sixpenny nail sometimes produces lock-jaw, and the clip of a most infinitesimal annoyance may damage you forever. Do not let any annoyance or perplexity come across your soul without its making you better.

Our Government does not think it belittling to put a tax on small articles. The individual taxes do not amount to much, but in the aggregate to millions and millions of dollars. And I would have you, oh Christian man, put a high tariff on every annoyance and vexation that comes through your soul. This might not amount to much in single cases, but in the aggregate it would be a great revenue of spiritual strength and satisfaction. A bee can suck honey even out of a nettle; and if you have the grace of God in your heart, you can get sweetness out of that which would otherwise irritate and annoy.

A returned missionary told me that a company of adventurers rowing up the Ganges were stung to death by flies that infest that region at certain seasons. I have seen the earth strewn with the carcasses of men slain by insect annoyances. The only way to get prepared for the great troubles of life is to conquer these small troubles. What would you say if a soldier who had just loaded his gun, or to go into the conflict because it was only a skirmish, saying, "I am not going to expend my ammunition on a skirmish; wait until there comes a general engagement, and then you will see how courageous I am, and what battling I will do?" The general would say to such a man: "If you are not faithful in a skirmish, you would be nothing in a general engagement." And I have to tell you, oh Christian men, if you cannot apply the principles of Christ's religion on a small scale, you will never be able to apply them on a large scale.

Polycarp was condemned to be burned to death. The stake was planted. He was fastened to it. The faggots were placed around him, the fires kindled, but history tells us that the flames bent outward like the canvases of a ship in a stout breeze, so that the flames, instead of destroying Polycarp, were only a wall between him and his enemies. They had actually to destroy him with the pincers; the flames would not touch him. Well, my hearers, I want you to understand that by God's grace the flames of trial, instead of consuming your soul, are only going to be a wall of defense, and a canopy of blessing. God is going to fulfill to you the blessing and the promise, as he did to Polycarp: "When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned." Now you do not understand; you shall know hereafter. In heaven you will bless God even for the hornet.

The Force of Example.
"I do not believe any man ever yet genuinely, humbly, thoroughly gave himself to Christ without some other finding Christ through him."—Phillips Brooks.

WOMEN OF ST. LOUIS.

SOME WEALTHY DAMES OF THE GREAT MOUND CITY.

Who They Are and What They Are Worth—Annie Russell Allen and Her Enormous Fortune—Mrs. Julia Maffit and Others.

St. Louis Correspondence.
ROBABLY THE wealthiest St. Louis woman is Mrs. Annie Russell Allen, who spends most of her time in Pittsfield, Mass., the birthplace of her husband, Thomas H. Allen. It is difficult to get the exact figures which represent the immense resources of Mrs. Allen, but she is possessed of several millions.

Although she appreciates the wealth which Providence has bestowed upon her, she does not lose her rest at night puzzling her brain as to the prospect of making another million or two to keep her from want. Mrs. Allen has between \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000, it is said, and she brought the bulk of this



MRS. J. L. D. MORRISON.

great fortune to her husband, having received it from her father, Mr. Russell. Mrs. Allen invested the money judiciously, and increased it materially, having been the projector and builder of the Iron Mountain railroad, of which she was president for many years. Mrs. Allen has spent most of her time in Pittsfield, her husband's old home, since his death, where she occupies a very handsome residence. She had several sons, one of whom died under very sad circumstances several years ago. Her other sons, Russell and George W. Allen, are men of standing and reputation outside of their inheritance, one of them having been mayor of St. Louis and the other an artist of considerable fame. Mrs. Allen's fortune is in railroad stocks and shares and real estate, a part of her income coming from the rental of one of the largest hotels in the city, half of which she is said to own, besides other valuable properties. Personally Mrs. Allen is rather tall and stately, her features regular and her expression denoting firmness and decision of character, while her manner has the repose and gentleness of the woman of breeding and culture.

Mrs. Julia Maffit, widow of Dr. Maffit, who died about thirty years ago, leaving his young widow with several children to share the responsibilities of a large estate, inherited her estate from her father, one of the early French settlers, who came here with Pierre LaCade, and established what was known for years as the American Fur company, who traded with the Indians, and thus laid the foundation for a vast fortune. As a young girl Miss Julia Chouteau was a belle and beauty much sought after, but she bestowed her heart and hand upon a young physician, endowing him also with her colossal fortune, which has greatly increased since that time. Mrs. Maffit lived dur-



MRS. EMMA COPELIN.

ing her youth in her father's residence, which occupied the site upon which the Four Courts has since been built. Mrs. Maffit also resided for many years in one of the two houses which occupied the site upon which the William Barr Dry Goods building is situated. This building is partly owned by Mrs. Maffit, and is known as the Julia Building. She and her brother, Charles P. Chouteau, own the property from which she draws a rental of \$5,000 a month. The rest of her fortune is invested in bonds and stocks and she owns most of the Olive Street Cable railway. She has six children, two of her sons are unmarried and her daughter, Miss Emily Maffit, is still at home with her mother. Mrs. Maffit is very quiet in her taste, and lives in strict retirement in the handsome and old-fashioned residence on Eighteenth and Locust streets. While her daughters were in society Mrs. Maffit entertained lavishly at times and during the archbishop's jubilee she gave a handsome reception in his honor, which is still remembered as

one of the handsomest given during that festive week.

Although Mrs. Maffit's income is said to be a thousand dollars a day, she is so unostentatious one would never know it. She is devoted to her church, and every morning when able she attends early mass, her daughter usually accompanying her. Another custom which she has cherished, and which is followed by her daughters, is that of devoting one hour each day to the poor. Her home is magnificently furnished with the best taste, and her wardrobe is composed of the best fabrics, though quiet in tone and color. As a young woman Mrs. Maffit had dark hair and eyes and a fine complexion with a charming manner. She still has a good complexion and converses fluently, being a perfect type of genteel, cultured, dignified Christian womanhood.

Another very rich woman of this city is Mrs. Rebecca Sire, whose fortune is invested principally in real estate. She is a very commanding looking woman, with snow-white hair, and although a widow at the present time, she has been married twice. She was Miss Rebecca Ewing as a girl, and married a Cheateau, who was also connected with the American Fur Co. Her late husband was Capt. Sire, who left her the immense fortune she now owns, and with which she does a great deal of good. She occupies a handsome residence on Thirty-fifth and Pine streets with her niece, Miss Anna Green, and she is one of the most prominent workers in the Grand Avenue Presbyterian church, of which she has been a devoted member for many years. As a girl she was considered one of the belles and beauties of her period.

Mrs. Josephine Schnaider is one of the wealthiest women in the city and is a widow. Her fortune reaches the million figure, and was left her by her late husband, a rich brewer. She resides on the South Side in an old-fashioned residence and does not take an active part in society. She is very generous to her church and the poor.

Another wealthy widow is Mrs. Adele Morrison, widow of the late Col. Don Morrison.

As Miss Adele Sarpy, Mrs. Morrison was a belle and beauty, and she inherited her fortune from her father, who was also interested in the American Fur Company, several times mentioned as the foundation of the fortunes of noted St. Louisans.

On the night of Miss Sarpy's marriage to Col. Morrison her father gave her one hundred thousand dollars in gold. Mrs. Morrison's fortune amounts to nearly a million now and she is an excellent woman of business. For many years she has been a leader of society, but since the marriage of her beautiful daughters she has lived more quietly.

Mrs. Lucy V. Ames has a very large

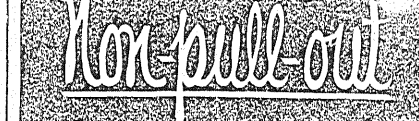
fortune, which is invested in stocks and bonds. She came into possession of her wealth at the death of her husband, and manages a great deal of her business herself. She owns one of the handsomest country homes about St. Louis, known as "Notchcliffe," which is fitted up handsomely and luxuriously. Mrs. Ames dresses very handsomely, and during the winter months spends much of her time in her Lindell boulevard town residence. Personally Mrs. Ames has a very attractive face, her fine eyes full of intelligence, and her daughter is also a very beautiful and fascinating woman.

Mrs. Emma Copelin, widow of the late John G. Copelin, who resides in one of the handsomest mansions on Lafayette avenue, is a very rich woman. She is said to be worth several millions, her father, the late John J. Roe, having made an enormous fortune as a pork packer and steamboat owner. Mrs. Copelin is co-heiress with a brother who has been invalid for many years and doubtless at his death she will inherit his large fortune. Mrs. Copelin is a member of the Second Presbyterian church and presented the church with a \$20,000 organ not long ago, and it is said she has made a large contribution toward the new church which the members are building. Mrs. Copelin is a clever financier, and takes an active interest in her business affairs. She is affable and courteous in her manners, and dresses well with taste and judgment. She has traveled a great deal, but is domestic in her taste. Mrs. Grace January, who is at present abroad, is another very wealthy woman. She is the widow of the late Jesse January, and was Miss Grace Valle, a famous beauty in her girlhood. She has a fortune amounting to \$5,000,000, much of which came from the Granite Mountain mines. It was after her husband's death that the bulk of her fortune came to her, and she also inherited a fortune from her father. Mrs. January is still a young and handsome woman, and is admirable in every duty of life.

Mrs. Jane Lindsay, widow of the late Capt. A. J. Lindsay, has a large fortune, inherited from her mother, Mrs. Octavia Boyce, who was one of the Millanphy heirs.

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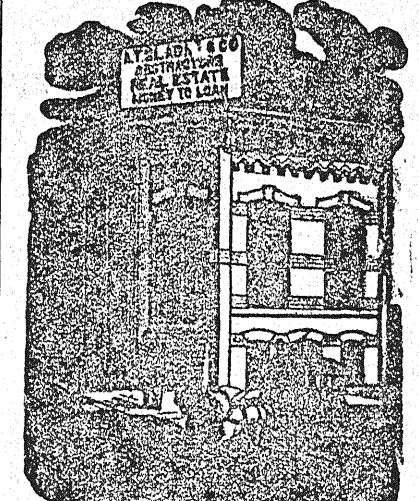
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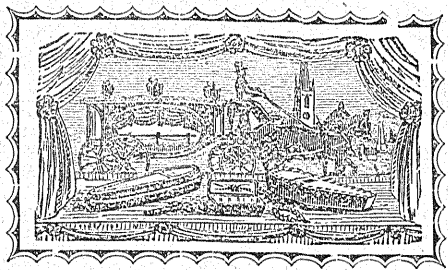
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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: One year, \$1.00; six months, 60c.; three months, 30c., strictly in advance.

Advertisements.

All changes of advertisements must be sent to this office NO LATER than Wednesday noon of each week, else they can not be inserted in that week's issue. Reasonable rates are charged for display advertisements. Local notices in our paid local column are five cents per line for first insertion. Notices of festivals, lectures, concerts and all entertainments of a money-making character are 25c. a line. Resolutions of respect are charged for at the rate of one dollar for each insertion. Cards of thanks are twenty-five cents for each insertion.

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

A. A. P. McDOWELL,
Proprietor

OUR MOTTO:

PERSEVERANCE PROGRESS AND PATRIOTISM.

To All Concerned.

Something of Especial Interest to all Our Readers.

On and after the first day of February, 1906, all subscriptions to the ENTERPRISE must be paid in advance.

We have reached this decision after long deliberation, but believe it to be the better plan for our subscribers as well as ourselves.

Statements will be sent to each subscriber in arrears and we expect them to settle up as soon as possible.

Notice will be sent out to subscribers a short time previous to the expiration of their subscriptions in order that they may not overlook their renewals.

We trust all will take kindly to this new system and we shall ever endeavor to make the ENTERPRISE the people's paper.

Yours Truly,
A. A. P. McDOWELL,
Publisher.

HAPS AND MISHAPS!

As Told by the Enterprise's Corps of Correspondents

All the Chit-Chat From the Country Round About Briefly Told For Busy Readers.

CANBOSHO.

H. Wettlaufer is still on the sick list.

Mrs. Lown was called to Gagetown Friday to attend Mrs. Gray, who was very ill.

Supervisor Halleck was in town Saturday attending to and looking after the poor of the town.

Geo. Putman, who had his leg broken some time ago, has been very careless, consequently he is paying for his folly.

Quite a number of our Lady Macabees visited Cass City lodge last week. They report being royally entertained. They hope some time to be able to receive their sisters and treat them in like manner.

Mrs. Mary Bliss, whose illness has been reported, died Saturday morning, Dec. 14th. Her pain during her illness was very excruciating, which she endured with great patience. Her remains were laid to rest in the Williamson cemetery Dec. 16th.

CASEVILLE.

A. J. Baker and wife left for Pontiac on Monday.

Mr. Owen, from Owendale, was in town Monday.

Work commenced on the electric light plant Monday.

The band will have a dance in the K. O. T. M. Hall Friday night.

There will be a Christmas tree at both churches on Christmas eve.

Mrs. R. Morrison has gone to Bad Axe to spend Christmas with her parents.

R. Morrison, editor of the Caseville Critic, left Monday for a business trip to Dakota.

Wm. Orr and wife, of Day Port, drove over to Caseville on the ice on Sunday, to visit Mr. Orr's father and mother.

Sam Owen is in town and has more callers than any other person in town. The men that work in his mill are still calling on him for pay.

Will Upthegrove is walking around, notwithstanding there is thirty seven shot in his knee. The doctors only extracted three out of the forty that went in.

Dude Mintline has been on a protracted spree for some weeks. He took his wife to Saginaw to the hospital, returning last Saturday, and has ended his spree for a while if not forever, by cutting his throat. The wind pipe was cut in two. The doctors have no hope of his recovery. Mrs. Mintline is still in the hospital. Mr. Mintline is the wreck of a once fine man, well liked by everybody, and the men that led him on are getting rich. When will Christian men and women get their eyes opened to see that there is work as well as prayer needed to save such men, and take the curse from our fair land.

OWENDALE.

H. D. Hager was in town Tuesday. J. D. Owen took in Gagetown Sunday.

Will Owen was in Cass City Monday last.

N. H. Wells drove to Rescue Tuesday last.

Bert Tanner spent Saturday and Sunday in Cass City.

Mrs. Gibson, south of here, is very ill at present writing.

Frank Farnum visited his father, west of Gagetown, Sunday.

A Sunday School has been organized here. Joy to the town again.

Albert Gowen and wife were the guests of Adam Cotter Sunday.

NOVESTA.

Mr. Dennis is visiting his brother in Caro this week.

Seed and Orr are busy drawing their lumber from Snore Island to town these days.

M. J. Sanford is canvassing for A. J. Hall, who is doing an extensive business in enlarging photographs, at his residence in Novesta.

Geo. Smith and Frank Lawrence are visiting the former's father in Verona at present. Mr. Smith intends bringing back a team of colts with him.

Mr. Justin disposed of one of his work horses last week. He thought it was too hard a winter to feed the horse for all the good it was and good horses being so cheap.

M. H. Quick left for York State Saturday, for a couple of week's visit with his mother and other friends there. Alfred Goodall tends to business at the farm until he returns.

LINKVILLE.

S. Lobsinger was home on Sunday.

P. Proper went to Detroit last week. Shingle mills are on the go in our vicinity.

E. F. Hess was in Owendale on Sunday last.

A little more snow would make better sleighing.

John McCallum and family were in Grant on Sunday.

Chas. Maier, with his pede, went to Pigeon on Sunday.

The young people of this place are practicing pieces for their Christmas doings.

Bartholomew Bros. are skidding and hauling elm logs to Liken & Bach's mill at this place. The boys are hustlers in all their work and business.

A sleigh load of young people of this place went to Pigeon to church Sunday evening, Dec. 8th. Everything went smooth on their way there, but on the way back, the driver must have went to sleep and upset them in the ditch. No lives lost, but some ladies' hats were squeezed rather hard, so they claim.

The editor had occasion to visit Linkville on Tuesday and although business matters in that hamlet seemed rather quiet the citizens were cheerful and hospitable. The stove mill of Liken & Bach is not running at present, as it is too early in the season, but some logs have already been brought in and more will follow as soon as the weather permits. We found the stove jointers merrily handling the "sticks" in the yards. At the general store of D. Croop, the genial E. F. Hess was found "on deck" ready to meet all demands upon his large and varied stock. He is also postoffice clerk. Then Wm. Gage who is so well known and highly respected hereabouts, has a neat little grocery at the west side of the railroad, in addition to his elevator and grain trade. Wm. was in his usual cheery mood and his estimable wife was busily occupied with her correspondence connected with the Ladies' Circle, in which she is a leading spirit. Jas. Walters, of Elmwood, dropped in while we were there and, judging from his order placed for kerosene, soap and tobacco, he was acting as supply agent for a logging camp. The village smithy, Burt Clark, appeared to be the busiest man in town and, with his "wee bairn" as helper, well able to wait on all patrons. We wish the "bushwhackers" success in getting in a big yard of logs and hope next time we call to hear the hum of the stove mill and see business present a livelier aspect.

Your Boy Won't Live A Month.

So Mr. Gilman Brown, of 34 Mill St. Mass. was told by the doctors. His son had lung troubles following Typhoid Malarial, and he spent three hundred and seventy-five dollars with doctors who finally gave up saying: "Your boy won't live a month." He tried Dr. King's New Discovery and a few bottles restored him to health and enabled him to go to work a perfectly well man. He says he owes his present good health to Dr. King's New Discovery, and knows it to be the best in the world for lung troubles. Trial bottles free at T. H. Fritz, druggist.

The first English watches had weights and were used as pocket clocks. They had only one hand, and required to be wound up twice a day. The dials were of silver and brass, while the cases were unglazed, but opened at the back and front, and were four or five inches in diameter—about the size of a common desert plate.

ELMWOOD.

Miss Letitia Hayes returned home last week.

J. Spittler was calling in Unionville Friday last.

Doll and Bert Hendrick are cutting wood in Novesta.

Mrs. N. Lacene and Maud Bailey were in Caro Saturday.

Mrs. R. Webster returned from her visit in Cass City Saturday.

Miss Fannie Ibbotson, of Brookfield, visited relatives here last week.

Orvil Ware has moved into the Simmons house for the winter.

Large crowds attend the society meeting each night. More than can be seated in the house.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Eastman stopped several days with L. H. Huffman's on their return from Millington.

A load of young folks attended the meeting at the Quick school house in Novesta Sunday evening.

Will Wilson was home from the woods part of last week getting a pair of new sleighs ironed for the business.

The following letters are unclaimed at the Elmwood P. O.: Dan Clark, Duncan Cruikshank, E. F. Ketchum, Mrs. Ruby A. Loth and Arlie Smith.

Frank Allard had a cow badly choked on a piece of frozen cabbage one night last week. Vet. Dodge performed an operation removing the obstruction very successfully.

A gentleman named Havelin while enroute from Millington to Mr. Lorenz in Novesta Saturday, had one of his team taken sick and stopped at L. H. Huffman's. Vet. Dodge was called but too late, as the animal died that night. Congestion of the brain and paralysis was the cause. Mr. Havelin says this is the second horse he has lost in about a month.

DEFORD.

Will Horner has gone back to Detroit.

Wm. Patch has a new stamp machine.

Mrs. Powell, of Capae, visits her father, Hiram Lester.

Some of our farmers east of here draw their grain to Marlette.

Merchant Croop is having trouble with some of his customers.

Dave Mosher's family, of Wilmot, visited Will Patch last Sunday.

Ten-cent supper New Year's night at Mrs. McArthur's. It is for the Ladies' Aid.

There was a wood bee for our preacher last Thursday. Poor turnout. Better try again.

Mrs. Lorne Martin, of Avoca, who visited friends east of here, has returned to her home.

Marriage reported at Novesta Corners. If true, Mills are one less and Gage's one more plenty.

Agar Bros. did a big job of threshing last week for a lot of small farmers who had gathered their grain into the large barn on "Snivling Ranch," Sec. 35, Novesta.

Jim Clark mourns the loss of a fine dog. A heartless neighbor found the canine at his place and killed him for his hide. Such people should be taught a lesson in the courts.

Friend bard, of Elmwood, we are pleased with your thoughts in verse, "The Lumbermen of the Cass." But not being a pioneer we were aware that our appreciation must fall short. So to-day we pocketed the ENTERPRISE, put a clean clay pipe in our face and visited some neighbors who settled here in the 60's and let me assure you the poetry struck them just in the right spot. Two of these I seen had "trove upon the Cass" and slumbered in the "Wanigan." They declared there was no "Dodge" about the narrative but that everything was given fair and square. Long may your brain be fertile and your fingers nimble with the pen, old chum.

FREE PILLS.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and Stomach Troubles. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c. per box. Sold by T. H. Fritz, Druggist.

A neighborhood fuss spreads faster than smallpox.

A tree is a model of politeness. It always makes a bough before it leaves.

Any one who has children will rejoice with L. B. Alford, of Painfield, N. J. His little boy, five years of age was sick with croup. For two days and nights he tried various remedies recommended by friends and neighbors. He says: "I thought sure I would lose him. I had seen Chamberlain's Cough Remedy advertised and thought I would try it as a last hope and after two doses am happy to say that he slept till morning. I gave it to him next day and a cure was effected. I keep this remedy in the house and as soon as any of my children show signs of croup I give it to them and that is the last of it." For sale by T. H. Fritz, druggist.

SHABBONA.

Amasa Vanorman has lost both his horses.

Sleighting not very good. Snow too thin on roads.

John Parrot has been buying hay east of Argyle. He gets it for 80c. per ton.

At the residence of James Penner, beaugh on the 7th, a son. Mother and son doing well.

Thomas Brown has a very sick horse and we heard yesterday that he was not expected to live.

Mrs. Anson Proctor returned home to Lamotte yesterday having recovered from her late sickness.

The M. E. Class at Shabbona have raised about \$350 toward building a church the coming summer.

There has been a wholesale grocery agent in town selling groceries to the farmers at greatly reduced rates. Go light, boys. He is a stranger.

The report of the black fox being killed near Shabbona is a rumor we do not give much credit to. There are too many stories about it and no two alike.

Brother correspondent of Deford, when we wrote about the churches at McHugh's school house we meant just what we said. The place mentioned is located two miles south and one mile east of Novesta Corners, in the township of Evergreen. As to the McCue school, there is no such school in our town. Deford scribe must be mistaken in the place.

"It is a pleasure to sell Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," says Stickney & Dentler, druggists, Republic, Ohio. Because a customer after once using it, is almost sure to call for it when again in need of a medicine. We sell more of it than any other cough medicine we handle, and it always gives satisfaction." For coughs, colds and croup, it is without an equal. For sale by T. H. Fritz, druggist.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made for more than thirty days in the payment of money due for interest on and secured by a certain mortgage made and executed by Edwin Karr and Minnie F. Karr his wife, to Luther E. Karr dated the first day of November, 1894, and recorded on the twelfth day of November, 1894, in the office of the Register of Deeds, for the County of Tuscola, Michigan, in Liber 80 of Mortgages on page 122. That by reason of said interest money having become due and remaining unpaid for more than thirty days, the whole sum secured by said mortgage under the conditions thereof has, at the option of said Luther E. Karr become due and payable, and is hereby declared to be due and payable and there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice on said mortgage, the sum of one thousand six hundred and eighty dollars and eighteen (18) cents. Now therefore, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises in said mortgage described at public vendue to the highest bidder on Monday, the second day of March, 1895, at one o'clock in the afternoon at the front door of the court house in the village of Caro, Tuscola County, Michigan. Said court house being the place wherein the Circuit Court for the County of Tuscola is held. The said mortgaged premises are described in said mortgage substantially as follows to-wit: The south half of the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter and the southwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section two, (2) town ship number fourteen (14), north range eleven (11) east, being the township of Elkland, in the County of Tuscola, State of Michigan. Said premises will be sold as aforesaid to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage, the costs of foreclosure and the interest that may accrue on said mortgage between the date of this notice and the day of sale above mentioned.

Dated, December 6th, 1894.
J. D. BROOKER, LUTHER E. KARR,
Attorney for Mortgagee. Mortgagee.

Professional Cards.

I. A. FRITZ,

DENTIST. All work done equal to the best. It is my aim to make every job of work a blessing to those for whom it is done. My prices are reasonable. No charge for examination. Office over Fritz's drugstore. Not at home on Tuesdays.

A. A. MCKENZIE,

AUCTIONEER, Cass City, Mich. Sales of all kinds promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Sales solicited from all points. Terms reasonable. Arrangements can be made at the office of the ENTERPRISE. 8-9-94

J. D. BROOKER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Bank. Reference: Exchange Bank and Cass City Bank. Office in second story of Exchange Bank block, Cass City, Mich.

Societies.

I. O. F.

COURT ELKLAND, No. 226, I. O. F., meets on second and fourth Tuesdays of each month at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren are cordially invited.

Ed. BROTHERTON, C. R.

F. RIDGE AY, Rec. Secretary.

I. O. O. F.

CASS CITY LODGE, No. 203, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

Wm. BENTLEY, N. G.

W. J. CAMPBELL, Secretary

K. O. T. M.

CASS CITY TENT, No. 74, meets the first and third Friday evenings of each month, at 7:30. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited.

E. W. KEATING, Commander.

SAM F. BIGELOW, Record Keeper.

L. O. L.

CASS CITY LODGE, No. 214, meets on the first Tuesday evening of each month, at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting brothers cordially invited.

D. J. LANDON, W. M.

GEO. W. SEED, Secretary

Landon, Cno & Keating

Are now prepared to furnish

Artificial Stone Sills,

POTATO CRATES AND

Patent Adjustable Gables.

They will take a back seat

from none in work usually

done at a

First-class Planing Mill,

Near Depot, Cass City.

Cass City Bakery

AND RESTAURANT.

FRESH BREAD.

CREAM BREAD,

GRAHAM BREAD,

BUNS, PIES,

CAKES.

Baking done to order. Come and try our 15 cent Lunches served at all hours.

M. L. MOORE, Prop.

Main Street, Cass City.

Holidays Goods.

MY

STOCK

IS

NOW

COMPLETE

and a share of your patronage

is solicited.

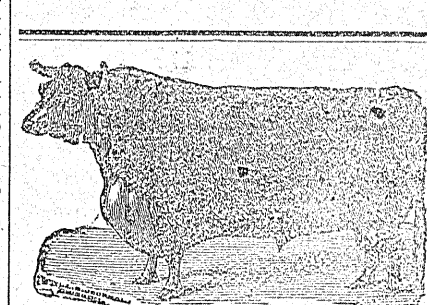
Something extra in China-

ware.

Also Lamp Goods, Dressing Cases, Albums, and a large assortment in other lines of

Holiday Goods.

JAS. TENNANT.



Choice Cuts of Fresh Meats

always to be had at the

Red Front Meat Market,

HENRY BECKER, Prop.

Latest

Fall

Styles

Just received, which will be given customers

At Prices that are Right.

WILSON HARRISON.

TAILOR.

HOME BAKERY.

Jas. N. LaRue is doing business at the old stand on Main Street, opposite Town Hall.

Nice Fresh Bread

Always on hand.

Pies, Cakes, Etc.

Lunches served. Ice cream in season.

DEVIL MAD.

The Devil is jealous of Christmas because so many people make it a holiday and give presents in remembrance. Won't he rave and spit fire when he sees our stock of

Christmas Presents

This year consisting of elegant China Ware, and Lamp Goods that can't be beat in the Thumb both in style, quality and price.

In Jardeniers

We defy competition, and in other presents our store is chuck full. You have got to see in order to appreciate them, especially our five and ten cent counters. Will take in exchange for presents the single standard of this country. But prefer free and unlimited coined Silver (Parity 16 to 1) because it is the money of the poor.

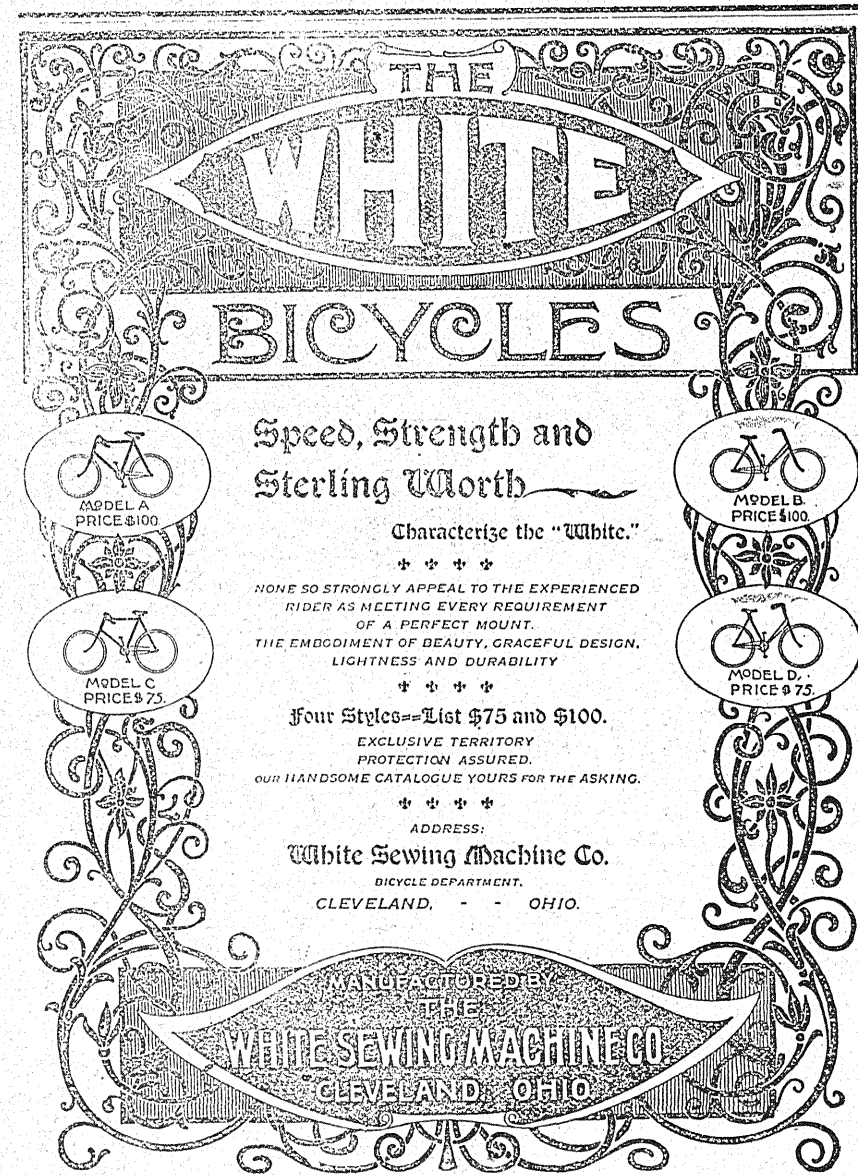
National Bank Bills will do, but if you have not got either bring your Butter, Eggs, Pumpkin Seed or any produce that I can handle.

Yours

FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS,

G. A. Stevenson.

P.S.—Last year I sold nearly one thousand pounds candy. This year I want to sell over that amount if price and quality will do it.



THE WHITE BICYCLES

Speed, Strength and Sterling Worth

Characterize the "White."

None so strongly appeal to the experienced rider as meeting every requirement of a perfect mount.

THE EMBODIMENT OF BEAUTY, GRACEFUL DESIGN, LIGHTNESS AND DURABILITY

Four Styles—List \$75 and \$100.

EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY PROTECTION ASSURED.

OUR HANDSOME CATALOGUE YOURS FOR THE ASKING.

ADDRESS: White Sewing Machine Co. CLEVELAND, OHIO.

MANUFACTURED BY WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO. CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Only a Bird.

BY MARY C. JOHNSON.

Only a bird, a little sprite
That made the wildwoods ring
With the silvery note
From its merry throat.

In the early, glad some spring,
Wee bosom red, black shiny head,
And eyes with a soft warm light.

Only a bird—Dame Fashion heard,
And her proud lips curled in scorn;
"To my taste," said she, "twould better be
If a bird on the hat was worn."

So she sent her maids on their fendish quest
To roam the woodlands through,
To tear the wings from the mother's breast,
For no pity their cruel hearts knew.

Alas! for the homes in the woodland bowers,
Where their vandal feet had trod,
For the dew shone red on the weeping flowers,
And the blood-stains marked the sod.

But never a word of pity stirred
The heart of Fashion cold,
The ears of Beauty never heard
The terrible tale that was told.

Told by the weeping flowers in the glen
Where their voices have ceased to ring,
Told by the shrieking wee birds in the nest
Unwarned by a mother's wing.

Only a bird, a ghostly thing
That sat in a milliner's shop,
With ruffled plumage and stiffened wings
And a miserable cotton crop.

A tuneless throat; alas! alas!
Held stiff by an ugly wire,
And staring, expressionless eyes of glass,
That emit no sparks of fire.

Only a bird, a little sprite,
That made the wildwoods ring
With the merry notes
From its beautiful throat.

In the early, glad some spring,
Stuffed bosom red, black shiny head,
And eyes with a crazy stare.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

Conducted by the Ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Pungent Points.

WESTERLY TRIBUNE RIPPLES.

You may dare to be a Daniel
When the people are so kind
That they wouldn't hurt a Daniel
Should he want to speak his mind;
When the Daniels are so plenty
That you never would be known,
You'll dare to be a Daniel, yes,
And dare to stand alone!
But you'll not be God's kind.

The following statement in a business letter just received gives the truth in a nut shell: "I left the Democrat party and joined Prohibition because I believed that, as a member of the Methodist church and as a Christian, it is my duty to throw all my influence, which includes my vote in favor of truth and right." Men of Republican politics and other than Methodist church relations can easily fit this declaration to themselves.—Monitor.

The path of heroism and honor is covered with votes "thrown away" by men of principle. The path of obliquity and oblivion is worn deeply by the feet of the great majority. He who weakly or wickedly saves his vote shall lose it; but he that "throws his vote away" in behalf of Christ and humanity shall have it.—Searchlight.

Republican morality in the country and a wide open howling saloon on Sunday in New York City is nothing new. It is only the composite photograph of the old deacons who are one thing at home and another thing when they go to town; one thing in prayer meeting and Sunday School, and something else on election day.—New York Facts.

St. Johnsbury, Vt., knows how to make prohibition prohibit. When a man is found drunk in that model city, he is kept in jail until he tells where he bought his liquor, then they go for the liquor sellers. Fairbanks, the scaled man, works the same plan. A drunken employe gets discharged, but if he testifies against the seller he holds his job.—Ex.

There is more politics in Christ's sermon on the Mount than there ever was, is now, or ever will be; in all the platforms of all the political parties, from the birth of Cain to the death of the devil.—Contestant.

High license is not new: If it please the king let it be written that they (the Jews) may be destroyed. And I will pay ten talents of silver in to the hands those who have charge of the business, to bring it unto the king's treasures. And the letters were sent by posts into all the king's provinces to destroy, kill and cause to perish all Jews, both young and old, little children and women in one day, even upon the thirteenth day of the twelfth month, which is the month of Adar, and to take the spoil of them for a prey."—Esther iii, 9 and 13.

The man who awakens in the night and sees a burglar entering his neighbors premises has a duty to perform. That duty is to try and prevent the robbery. The fact that the night is cold or stormy, or that he is in need of rest constitutes no valid excuse. It is still his duty to save his neighbor. Failure to do what he can under such circumstances, makes him an accomplice of the burglar. Just so, the man who seeing his neighbor, or his neighbor's son in danger with the liquor traffic, neglects to put forth every exertion in his power to save him from that danger, becomes the accomplice of the rum seller.—Westerly Tribune.

The saloons bring sorrow to thousands of homes where peace and plenty would have reigned if the dens of infamy were closed.

When the break comes in the old political parties, what a rush there will be in the Prohibition camp! Come now and avoid the rush.

Truth needs not champions, but followers. Sharp sayings are not always refined. Boys get on board the Prohibition train. A sober crew and not a rum-seller on board. It's a through train to Washington and it will surely get there.

The Prohibition party of a state is never organized until the election districts are organized and in constant communication with state officers.

The Prohibitionist who talks about voting for any of the whiskey party's candidates needs to take some backbone gruel to enable him to stand up straight.

There is renewed activity all along the line. Prohibitionists cannot be killed off so easily as some think. They have some good staying qualities about them.

Some circumstances are better goods than guides. Sympathy and Severity seldom go hand in hand.

Keep your wound covered, and it may heal without a scar.

"Specials" don't run on regular time; likewise genius.

Not till the gloaming comes, can we see the stars.

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, druggist.

A very grave wrong is being perpetrated against the American public by a reprint of one of the English commercial dictionaries—a wrong that cannot be excused by the exigencies of commercial rivalry. As is well known, in all unabridged dictionaries it is necessary to give the definitions of certain indelicate words. Eighteen of these words (selected out of a vocabulary of over 300,000 terms in the Standard) have been collected and printed with their definitions by the reprint of this English dictionary, and circulars containing them are being distributed among teachers, school trustees, and parents all through this country, stirring up a filthy agitation that will end, unless frowned down by the public press and other leaders of public opinion, in setting people of prurient minds and children everywhere to ransacking dictionaries for this class of words. It is the business of a dictionary to record words, not to create, nor to destroy them; to answer inquirers concerning the spelling, pronunciation, and meaning of all words that are used to any considerable extent, not to obliterate those it does not fancy. The publication and distribution of these circulars is a gross assault upon public decency. An agent who attempts to exhibit such a printed circular surely should not be listened to for a moment; he is a public enemy, and should be turned from every decent door.

A Holland Case.

The people of New Holland, O., have been wonderfully surprised recently by the almost wonderful cure of a daughter of Mr. John Orabod, who for a long time has been afflicted with fits, or epileptic convulsions. The affliction seemed more dreadful because of the natural brightness of the child. Doctors and other medicines failed to effect any lasting benefit, and one seemed hopeless until a bottle of Dr. Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer was providently handed to Mr. Orabod and from the use of it and only two full bottles of the Remedy, the girl has been completely cured of the affliction which threatened to blight her life. Fortunately there are but few cases of epileptic fits, but we venture to say that they who read this will feel like new beings after a thorough use of Dr. Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer; it is a nerve food, restores physical vigor and muscle.

If yours is a case of shattered nerves, frequent headache, perhaps nervously cross, troubled with sleeplessness, a tired feeling in the morning, debilitated, all worn out feeling, promptly use the great remedy, for it will cure you, and also ward off the most serious sickness or breaking down which your symptoms indicate. It is warranted sure to relieve and cure nerve troubles as represented. For sale by T. H. Fritz, druggist.

A little Boston girl who had recently learned to repeat the Lord's prayer was asked by her mother if she knew the meaning of "Forgive us our trespasses." "Why, yes," she replied; "it means excuse us for going on the grass."—[Boston Gazette.

One 50 cent bottle of Pine Root Cough Syrup cures four in one family. Imlay City, Mich., Feb. 20, 1894. T. H. Holden, Imlay City, Mich.

Dear Sir—We have used Pine Root Cough Syrup in our family with the best of success. Four of us were cured with one bottle, and my wife's was a hard, dry one caused from a gripple, while mine has troubled me at times for the last fifteen years. I can heartily recommend it. Samuel Wilber, Imlay City, Mich.

A woman should be amiable, benevolent, charitable, domestic, economical, forgiving, generous, honest, industrious, judicious, kind, loving, modest, neat, obedient, pleasant, quiet, reflecting, sober, tender, urbane, virtuous, exemplary, wise and zealous. And a man ought to match her.

For Horsemen.

Benj. Ingerson, of Hutton Ind., says he had not spoken above a whisper for a month, and one bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar restored his voice. It is used very largely by speakers and singers. For sale by T. H. Fritz, druggist.

LITTLE BOOKS.—Cotton Mather said, that since he had given away many little books, God had given to him many great books. Great books have their value, but little books are far more important for common use; and while students may need the great books, the people need the little ones. Busy men and women have no time for long stories. All the books of the Bible, as written, were little books. Thousands of people who cannot read large volumes would gladly read brief, pointed tracts and pamphlets. Persons interested in scattering "small books on great subjects," will do well to examine the different numbers of the Anti-Infidel Library, published by H. L. Hastings, 47 Cornhill, Boston. Most of them are 5 or 10-cent pamphlets, in readable type, but so packed with facts that they contain as much information as one would often find in a book costing a dollar. The circulation of some of these publications has been enormous, nearly seventy tons of a single one of these little tracts have been printed. We do not often see "third million" on the title page of any publication, but persons who are curious can see it by sending five cents to H. L. Hastings, Boston, Mass., for a copy of the pamphlet, "Will the Old Book Stand?" or by sending twenty five cts. for an assorted package of his Anti-Infidel tracts.

Fine Root for Consumption.

Attica, Mich., Dec 26, 1893. T. F. Holden, Imlay City, Mich.

Dear Sir—My wife has been sick for five months. Some say she had consumption. Whatever it was, she had a bad cough and before she took the Fine Root Cough Syrup she would spit about a pint of nasty matter stuff in twenty-four hours; but since she took the Fine Root Cough Syrup I find her cough to be very much better and she does not expectorate one tenth as much as she did in one hour before taking your Cough Syrup. I can heartily recommend it to any one in need of a cough medicine. Yours respectfully, Thomas Liott.

We keep up the memory of our illustrious dead by putting their pictures on our postage stamps. They are then on everybody's tongue. Even the great Washington has in death what he never knew life, the indignity of being constantly licked and having his head punched.

Mr. Ira P. Wetmore, a prominent real estate agent of San Angelo, Texas, has used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in his family for several years on occasion required, and always with perfect success. He says: "I find it a perfect cure for our baby when troubled with colic or diarrhea. I now feel that my outfit is not complete without a bottle of this Remedy at home or on a trip away from home. For sale by T. H. Fritz, druggist.

It takes moral courage to say "I don't know," and whether the following anecdote is true or not it illustrates a phase of character that is not uncommon: "Father," said a young Hibernian, "What's a gondola?" "A gondola, is it?" "Yes." "It's a kind of vegetable that grows in Italy and tastes something like a puttater." "Yes, father, and what's a sultan?" "A sultan, is it?" "Yes." "A sultan is a musical instrument that perform like a hand organ." "Thank ye, father, and what's a giraffe?" "A giraffe, did ye say?" "Yes, a giraffe." "A giraffe?" "Well, now, Jimmie, it's a good while since I studied aljabry, but if I remember it's one of them things that the haythens sit down on when they drink their tay."

THE SAGINAW WEEKLY NEWS

Is sent to any address for 75 cents a year. This price includes any of its premiums. Complete telegraphic news service. Reliable foreign and local markets. Full accounts of all local happenings. A correspondent in every town in this section. 307 TUSCOLA ST., SAGINAW, MICH.

Our Clubbing List.

We have been fortunate enough to secure terms with a number of first-class periodicals so that we can give the rates mentioned below to all new subscribers and old ones who pay one year in advance:—

ENTERPRISE and "Everywhere" one year.....	1.40
ENTERPRISE, Word and Works and Hicks Almanac for '96.....	1.80
ENTERPRISE, Monthly Illustrator and Home and Country one year.....	2.50
ENTERPRISE and Scientific American.....	3.60
ENTERPRISE, Toronto Mail (or Empire) and Farm and Fireside until Jan. '97.....	1.50
ENTERPRISE and Thrice-a-week New York World.....	1.75
ENTERPRISE and Michigan Farmer.....	1.70
ENTERPRISE and Twice-a-week Detroit Free Press, one year.....	\$1.80
ENTERPRISE and Detroit Twice-a-week Journal, one year.....	1.70

SEND ME

A Description of Farm Acquire, City, Village or other property you wish to sell or trade, stating exactly what you wish to sell or trade for, with 50 cts. and I will list your property in my "COMPENDIUM" for one year and send you it and each supplement thereto containing lists of property other parties are wishing to buy or trade. You are then placed in direct communication with the owners and save commission. Your name is published. Each description is listed by number and I give you an application address of owner of property you desire. By looking through the "COMPENDIUM" you will be sure to find a customer. Address:

ANDREWS REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE, Floyd E. Andrews, Sole Proprietor, 12-13-15 MORLEY, MICH.

SOME VALUABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!

Parlor Stoves	\$2.00 to \$4.00
Parlor Cook Stoves	8.00 to 15.00.
Kitchen Cook Stoves	8.00 to 50.00.
Nickle Plated Tea Kettles	75c. to 1.50.
Nickle Plated Tea Pots	50c. to 1.00.
Nickle Plated Coffee Pots	50c. to 1.00.
Crystalized Zinc stove boards.	50c. to 1.00.
Oil Cloth Stove Rugs	25c. to 1.50.
Oil Cloth Table Rugs	1.00 to 1.50.
Foot Warmers	35c.
Soap Stone Pancake Griddle	75c. to 1.00.
Boys and Men's skates	25c. to 1.00.
Ladies' Skates	75c. to 1.00.
Lamp Oil Stoves	75c. to 1.00.
Boys Pocket Knives	5 to 25c.
Men's Pocket Knives	25c. to 1.00.

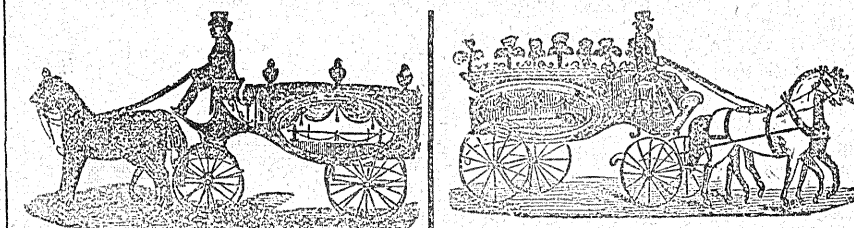
DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT.

An endless quality of handkerchiefs 25 to 1.00; Men's Neck Scarfs 20c to 1.00; Ladies' Fascinators 50c to 1.00; Children's Hoods 25c to 75c; Ladies' wool mitts, also silk 20c to 1.00; Ladies' Shawls 1.00 to 5.00; Table Scarfs 75c to 1.00. And any quantity and at any price for comfortable and blankets. My Stock of Mens' and Ladies' Felts, Foot wear is complete. All kinds of produce taken in exchange for merchandise.

Wood For Sale—

J. L. HITCHCOCK.

A. A. McKENZIE, The Pioneer Undertaker.



The calamity that has befallen our village in the form of Typhoid Fever has warned me to be forearmed. I have therefore secured Metal Caskets of the most modern invention. They can be shipped to any part of the world without any danger to the public in the worst form of contagious disease. They are so constructed that they can be placed in an ordinary casket and deceased can be viewed at any time while in transit with a guarantee that there is no danger of the disease being communicated. They can be seen at my rooms any time and will gladly explain the modern improvements over others.

A. A. McKENZIE,

CASS CITY, - - MICH.

NEW - OVERCOATS - AND - SUITS

Just Received at

JAMES REAGH'S.

I have just received a new and complete line of

FALL AND WINTER OVERCOATS

which I am offering at a very small margin over the cost of manufacturing

My line of suits are all new and neat fitting garments, and all desiring a neat and dressy suit at a very low price should not fail to look them over before buying.

I have also a full line of —

HATS and CAPS

all in the latest styles. Ties, Gloves, Collars and Cuffs to suit the trade.

JAMES REAGH.

Candy, Nuts and Oysters. Still they go and have got to go before 1896.

Cass City Mills

2000 lbs. Candy.

400 lbs. Nuts.

30 Gallons Oysters.

Will be ready to grind buckwheat Nov. 1st. Also will have in place a new CORN AND COB CRUSHER

To grind corn and cob for feeding purposes. Corn shelled and ground to suit you.

Feed Ground Every Day.

Remember us with your wheat gristing. We give you more flour and better flour than any mill in the thumb.

Yours for business,

H. B. Fairweather.

HELLER BROS.,

Take the Enterprise

And read all the advertisements carefully. Look and see who holds out the most tempting offers. Then govern yourselves accordingly.

It will also relieve you of that "tired feeling" to peruse its newsy columns and will make the long winter evenings pass pleasantly.

Take Down Your Dictionary

And see what Webster calls a "bargain." He says it's "a gainful and satisfactory transaction." Here's a Webster bargain—the ENTERPRISE to each new subscriber from now until Jan. 1st, '97, for \$1. Subscribe at once.

Remember

That good health, strong nerves, physical vigor, happiness and usefulness depend upon pure, rich, healthy blood. Remember that the blood can be made pure by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. \$1; 6 for \$5.
Hood's Pills cure biliousness, headache, etc.

Great Reduction in Time to California.
Once more the North-Western line has reduced the time of its trans-continental trains, and the journey from Chicago to California via this popular route is now made in the marvellously short time of three days. Palace drawing-room sleeping cars leave Chicago daily, and run through to San Francisco and Los Angeles without change, and all meals en route are served in dining cars. Daily tourist sleeping car service is also maintained by this line between Chicago and San Francisco and Los Angeles, completely equipped berths in upholstered tourist sleepers being furnished at a cost of only \$3.00 each from Chicago to the Pacific coast. Through trains leave Chicago for California at 6:00 p. m. and 10:30 p. m. daily, after arrival of trains of connecting lines from the East and South. For detailed information concerning rates, routes, etc., apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

The true epic of our times is not arms and the man, but tools and the man—an infinite water kind of epic—Carlyle.

To California in Through Tourist Sleepers.
These sleepers leave Dearborn Station, Chicago, every Wednesday at 11:30 a. m., via Washburn and Chicago via St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern, Texas & Pacific and Southern Pacific railways running through to Los Angeles and San Francisco without change. First-class sleeper leaves Chicago daily on same train for City of Mexico with one change at Laredo. This sleeper lands you in Hot Springs the next day at 12:15 p. m., four hours and forty minutes ahead of any other line. No snow or ice via this great Southern Route. This is the only line from Chicago that can offer this excellent service. Call or write to any ticket agent the Washburn or connecting lines for printed matter showing time, route, rates, descriptions of cars, etc., or C. S. CRANE, G. P. & T. A., P. O. PALMER, A. G. P. A., St. Louis, Mo. or W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

The wisest woman that you talk with is ignorant of something that you know, but an elegant woman never forgets her elegance.—Holt.

A GRAND TRIUMPH.

Baffled Many Times but Success Comes at Last.

(From the Grand Rapids Press.)

The following incident would be hard to believe if it had not occurred right here in Grand Rapids, and investigation by our representative has placed it beyond the reach of doubt. These are the facts in detail: Mr. J. H. White, of the Haystack Place, has been an instructor in penmanship in different business colleges for the past fourteen years. He says: "Last October I was suddenly taken ill. I consulted a physician, who said the pain was from 'gravel' stones, gradually growing worse; the pain was in my back and side. My back swelled up in a great ridge, and I finally grew so bad that I was taken to bed, as helpless as a child. I passed blood, and when the pain was at its worst I was like one crazy. The doctor injected morphine to give me relief, but further than that he said he was powerless, and nothing would do me any good but a surgical operation. I believe my flesh was literally cooked in the attempts to relieve my agony, everything was used, mustard plasters, turpentine, hot cloths and all such things. I was in this condition, given up by the doctor, and almost out of my mind with suffering. I commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and really I felt easier in 20 minutes. After about two hours I had a passage of urine, and passed blood and some 'gravel' stones, which greatly relieved me. I rapidly improved. I took in all six boxes, and I feel to-day entirely well. Mine has been a wonderful case. I feel that I cannot say anything strong enough for Doan's Kidney Pills. My great wish is that they may become well known. They will prove a boon to mankind.

For sale by all dealers, price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

World's Fair! HIGHEST AWARD.

IMPERIAL GRANUM
Many competing FOODS have come and gone, and have been missed by few or none, but the popularity of this FOOD steadily increases! Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE! John Carter & Sons, New York.

When to say "No."

When the clerk tries to get rid of some other binding by calling it just as good as the



Bias Velveteen Skirt Binding.

Simply refuse to take it. No binding wears or looks as well as the "S. H. & M."

If your dealer will not supply you, we will.

Send for samples, showing labels and materials, to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City.

DR. RISO'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup, Throat Lozenges, etc.
In time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

caped from prison more than once, and at the worst I can face death. But the thought of Camilla's fate is more than I can bear."

He paused, and then went on in a low, agitated voice:

"My friend," he said, "have you ever seen a French convict-ship? I have. It is many years ago, but the recollection of those stifling cages and the mass of scarcely human misery huddled behind the bars is a nightmare with me to this day." Dick's breath hissed in and out through his teeth.

"Silence!" he said sternly. "Not another word, or I strike!" The colonel did not flinch.

"Strike, and welcome," he replied, "if you think that will save her."

"No," said Dick, "nothing that I can do will save her; it would take the sacrifice of my honor, and that I can not offer nor she accept."

"Your honor?" said the colonel. "Surely it is too late to speak of that now."

"Why so? Why late?"

"Because it has long been compromised beyond retrieving."

"What do you mean?"

"In my dear Estcourt," said the colonel, in his most serious and realistic tone, "I see that you do not understand the gravity of your position. Let me put it briefly before you. You will remember that one day in March last I wrote a letter asking you to join in this expedition of ours, and naming a place of rendezvous in case of your assenting to my proposal. You kept that appointment, and were then and there introduced to your fellow-conspirators."

"Nonsense!" interrupted Dick. "You know I wrote the same evening to explain that mistake."

"Indeed?" replied the colonel, coldly. "It is odd that my servant never brought the note to me."

"No," cried Dick, remembering the shadow on the blind in Bedford Square. "No, but I saw you take it from the letter-box yourself."

"Unfortunately," said the colonel, "I have no recollection whatever of doing so. If I ever did it, I feel sure that nothing will recall it to my mind, and as no one else seems to have known of the existence of the letter, I fear that this part of your argument breaks down for want of corroboration."

"No matter," retorted Dick, triumphantly; "I can prove, for all that, that I never thought of accepting, for I didn't get your letter until after I came back from Russell Street."

"Excuse me," said the colonel, "but your own servant has sworn that you opened it before 11 o'clock that morning."

"Sworn? My own servant? To whom?"

"To me. She mentioned the matter when I called for you one day before leaving town, and told me that you had scolded her and quarreled with your lawyer, Mr. Wickerby, about the seal of the letter, which she is certain you broke yourself."

Dick was silent, and turned in his chair with an angry and impatient movement. He remembered too well the overwhelming manner in which Mr. Wickerby had marshaled the evidence against him that afternoon, and was staggered to find how fatal had been his contemptuous disregard of that worthy gentleman's advice. Clearly the battle was going against him here, and he felt back upon his third line of defense.

"What is the use," he cried, "of arguing about that? If the truth were known, I believe you broke the seal yourself. But what does it matter now? The best proof that I scorned your reasonable offers is that I came away directly afterward on business of another kind."

"I see no evidence of that," replied the colonel; "you sailed without it, it is true, but you rejoined us at Cape Verd, and have come with us to St. Helena."

"Not of my own knowledge or free will. I sailed for the same reason as every clerk in the Admiralty knows, and this letter will show beyond dispute." And he took from his pocket the paper containing the instructions for his voyage, and held it up.

"The colonel did not offer to read it. 'I am very much afraid,' he said, 'that that letter never saw the inside of the Admiralty; and as for his majesty's ship Niobe, I know that she is in the Madras roads, bound from stem to stern, with her full complement of officers and men.'"

"Look here," said Dick, with ominous calmness, "let me tell you this. I came here innocent, and I am going back innocent. You have, by shameful deceptions and devilish cunning, brought me with you so far, but nothing you say or do or threaten can move me a hair-breadth farther. Without my help your plot will fail, and you yourself know well. And when you are in Malcolm's hands we'll see whether he'll believe you or me first."

The colonel did not betray it by so much as the trembling of an eyelid; but this last stroke of Dick's was a downright blow, and might, if not parried, mean the ruin of his whole fabric of ingenious policy. His manner, accordingly, became lighter and more indignant.

"Come, come, my dear Estcourt," he said, "you are taking the matter too seriously. I don't think you realize what it is I am asking of you. I don't, of course, expect you to take any responsibility for our plan, or to do anything which could be construed as a breach of duty or the rules of your service. I only ask you, in the absence of Captain Worsley, to take command of the Speedwell for twenty-four hours, and bring her to anchor off the island here until tomorrow night. On Sunday morning we shall be ready to sail again. What we do in the meantime can not be laid to your charge—if, indeed, it were ever discovered—for you know nothing of our designs, as we would all bear witness in case of need."

Dick rose. "Colonel de Montaut," he said, in a stern, incisive tone, "I have borne with you so far, and I am ashamed of my own patience. Every word you utter is a fresh insult," he exclaimed, with a sudden fury in his eyes; "and if you do not leave me instantly, before God I will avenge myself!"

The colonel unlocked the door without a word. With great alacrity he slipped out and locked it again on the other side. As he did so he heard a light footstep hastily retreating. He followed immediately, and was in time to see the door of Camilla's cabin softly closed. He approached noiselessly, and listened outside in his turn. She was sobbing, and if the colonel had not been somewhat flustered by his late unceremonious dismissal, so keen an observer would have noted that her sobs were the quick, half-laughing utterance of intense relief. But he was not now concerned with Camilla's feelings. He had Estcourt yet to conquer, and he went off in search of Johnstone to help him in the struggle.

The colonel explained the position to him from beginning to end. "Now," he said in conclusion, "you see the one thing absolutely necessary. So long as he hopes to clear himself with Malcolm he will defy us. Once let him commit himself too far for that, and he is ours body and soul."

"What do you want him to do?" asked Johnstone. "You give it a name, and I'll have him meet with a fatal accident. The two men spoke together for a moment in a low voice and then entered the saloon. Dick started up as they came in; he looked tired and grim; his cheeks were sunken, and furrowed with lines that told of anger and determination.

"Perhaps," said the colonel, "you have now thought matters over and are prepared to reconsider your decision. I do not wish to be unreasonable, and I am ready to meet you halfway; all I now ask is that you should demand permission to anchor from your old friend Sir Pulteney Malcolm. It is a most natural request to make, and in fact no more than is really necessary for the safety of the vessel in such weather as this."

Dick kept a scornful silence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BICYCLE ETIQUETTE.
What Is Regarded as Good Form by Experts on the Wheel.

An authority on bicycle etiquette lays down the following rules: "In mounting, the gentleman who is accompanying a lady holds her wheel, she stands on the left side of the machine and puts her right foot across the frame on the right pedal, which at the time must be up; pushing the right pedal causes the machine to start and then, with the left foot in place, the rider starts ahead—slowly at first, in order to give her cavalier time to mount his wheel, which he will do in the briefest time possible. When the end of the ride is reached the man quickly dismounts and is at his companion's side to assist her, she, in the meantime, assisting herself as much as possible. This is done—that is, dismounting—in the most graceful style by riding slowly and when the left pedal is on the rise, the weight of the body is thrown on it, the right foot is crossed over the frame of the machine and with an assisting hand the rider can easily step to the ground. In meeting a party of cyclists who are known to each other and desire to stop for a parley, it is considered the proper thing for the men of the party to dismount while in conversation with the ladies. As to the furnishings of the bicycle, to be really swapper it must be fitted out with a clock and a bell, luggage carrier and a cyclometer, the latter being an absolute sine qua non to the woman who cares for records."

Fine and Ruffled Lawn.
The use of fine and ruffled lawn has extended to the skirt and some new models are made to fall open in front over a petticoat of flounced lawn. A voluminous Louis XVI. beruffled flounce of the same lawn completes a gown that except for the large sleeves would be characteristic of the close-shouldered period. Certain it is that if looseness of bodice and befrillment of skirt prevail, there will be a change in sleeves. For fashion has, after all, her idea of proportion, and she never dictates the swelling of more than one feature of a gown at a time.

Kaine Claims the World's Hose Record.
The World's record is claimed by the Dirigo hose company of Ellsworth, Maine, which the other day ran 210 yards to the engine house, then 233 yards with the hose reel, and the hose to the hydrant and nozzle to the

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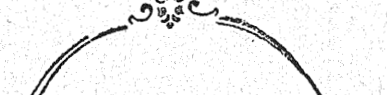
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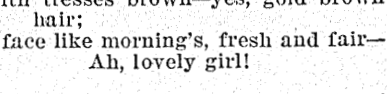
A maiden fair, beyond compare, with tresses brown—yes, gold brown hair; A face like morning's, fresh and fair—Ah, lovely girl!

Those eyes of blue—they must be blue! A heart that beats forever true, A form divine, fair maid, have you—My soul's a-whirl.

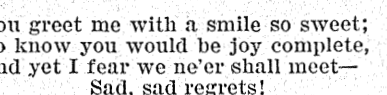
You greet me with a smile so sweet; To know you would be joy complete, And yet I found you in a pack Of cigarettes!

—Geo. V. Hobart.

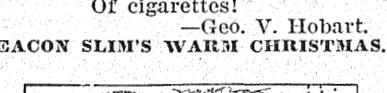
DEACON SLIM'S WARM CHRISTMAS.



"It's a cold night outside, boys and girls, but we'll soon be feeling warm and happy here."



"In fact, it's uncommonly warm!"



"Pesky hot!"



"A draught of lemonade is excellent for people who are overcome by the heat, or excitement."



Lost Quotations.
Boarding house tariff rates this season are about as follows: "Wish you merry Christmas, sir" from the cook, one new calico dress and one handkerchief; smile and "A very merry Christmas to you, Mr. Griggs" from the second girl, silk handkerchief and a lace cap; especially sweet smile and "Hope you'll have a happy Christmas and a merry New Year, sir," from the table girl, pair of earrings and two-dollar gold piece; bill and "Merry Christmas" from the landlady, \$15. No reduction given on account of the weather.

He Guessed It.
"Say, Smike," said a punster fiend, "what kind of log should a ship use on Christmas day to measure its rate of speed?"

"Why, a Yule log, of course, Yule loghead," quickly answered Smike, who was a punster fiend himself.—J. H. Williams in Judge.

FOLLOWING FANCY.

How the Up-to-Date People Find Pleasure in Winter.

People are fanciful and it is Fancy, after all, that is happiness, and the positive which dictates to the world. Some one fancies that the cozy fire at home and the environment of favorite books is enough to make life worth living during the winter months. That will do for the way worn, weary, easily satisfied, old-fashioned man and woman, but the up to date cavalier and the new woman require a change—many changes in fact, and they seek in the dull winter days to find the climate they wearied of in spring and wished would pass away in summer. Sitting behind frosted window panes and gazing on the glistening snow crystals they sigh for the warmth and brightness they love better now than a few short months ago and, in no other country may these whims, these fancies be so easily gratified as in America. Absolute comfort in these days, and in speed and safety, too, instead of the wasted time and discomforts of the not distant past. Ponce de Leon who sought the fountain of Eternal Youth on the shores of Florida consumed many of the precious days of later life, and died before attaining the great prize. De Soto was lured in the same direction and found at Hot Springs, by the aid of Uleah, the dusky Indian maiden, the wonderful product of the "Breath of the Great Spirit," but before he could return home and apprise his friends of the great discovery and enjoy the certainty of gold and youth, which he believed he had in his grasp he fell a victim to the miasma of the Great River and found a grave in its muddy depths. To-day the seeker after health simply boards one of the magnificent trains of the Missouri Pacific System, and after something to eat and a nap, wakes up to find himself in this delightful winter Resort, ready to embrace health which seems to be invariably renewed by the magic of the air and water. In De Soto's time the secret of the Fountain of Life was sedulously guarded by the savages, but now a hospitable people opens its arms to receive the tourist whether his quest be for health or amusement. Fancy sometimes tires of Hot Springs, strange as it may seem, but Fancy says "the fields beyond are greener" and the climate of San Antonio is more desirable and thus another ride into another palace, and new scenes and new faces please the eye and satisfy the restless cravings of this master of man. Thus from the Father of Waters to the waves which wash the western shore of this great country the tourist is led by a whim, but most delightfully captive. Mexico has been described as the Egypt of the new world, and the comparison is fitting, and he who dare not face the dangers of the deep, and prefers to retain his meals as well as his life, should make the journey to the land of the Montezumas, and there learn the story of the ages within the faces of a people which change less in the passing years than any other on the Western Continent. This is the land of Sunshine and Color; of history and romance; and as bright eyes will smile at you from under bewitching head gear as may be found in Castile or Arragon.

Fancy carries one to California of course, and this journey, as it once was termed, is now so easily performed as to have lost all of its terrors and left only a most emphatically delightful trip to be the subject of many future conversations. The land of fruits and flowers and fair women; Fancy can ask no more after this tour unless it has been satisfied for once; and still it is Fancy which takes the wearied traveler back to the home and the familiar surroundings and the friends and loves of home. There he may contemplate new journeys and new diversions, but there lingers in his memory a pleasure he would not part with, and he hopes soon to again enjoy the comforts afforded by this Great System of Railway which has taken him safely out and brought him safely home and has not robbed him of the joys which Fancy brings.

F. P. BAKER.

OSTRACIZED DIVORCEES.

Duke of Marlborough's Mother One of the Three Socially Recognized.

Although divorce is just as much a recognized legal institution as marriage in all countries of Europe, save Italy, yet divorced women, even when the decree has been granted in their favor, are pitilessly excluded from every royal and imperial court of the old world, says a correspondent in the New York World. There are but three exceptions to this rule, namely, that of the marchioness of Blandford in England, the Countess Tassilo Festetics in Austria, and the lovely Duchess Rignano at Rome. And of these three only the marchioness of Blandford is, strictly speaking, a divorcee; her marriage to the late duke of Marlborough having been dissolved in consequence of his flagrant immoralities and well-nigh incredible cruelties. Of the other two the Countess Festetics, sister of the duke of Hamilton, had her first union with the now reigning prince of Monaco annulled by the vatican on the ground that she had been wedded under compulsion; while the Duchess Rignano, sister of Prince Doria and favorite lady in waiting of Queen Marguerite, is merely judicially separated from her noble husband, who has been cast off by his own relatives.

The Pilgrim.
(Holiday Number.) Full of bright sketches—poetry and illustrations—entirely original, new and entertaining. Mailed free to any address on receipt of six (6) cents in postage stamps. Write to Geo. H. Heafford, Publisher, 415 Old Colony building, Chicago, Ill.

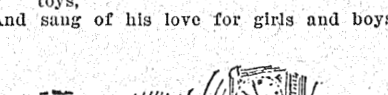
Mrs. J. Willard Babbitt of Ypsilanti is starting a movement for the erection of a statue of ex-Gov. Alpheus Felch of Ann Arbor.

TWO BRIGHT BOYS.

They Lay a Deep Plot to Capture Santa Claus.

Last night was bleak and dark and drear, And the merry old saint had left his deer, Oblivious to harness a mule to a cart, Forging, "I'll make it with an early start." So he started out on his yearly round With a list of places where children abound. His load was heavy and he missed the snow, Which formerly brightened the ruddy glow

Of his face—but he thought, and smiled, That his mission was sacred to many a child, So he chirked to the mule and rattled his toys, And sang of his love for girls and boys.



There was no saint with gifts to bestow, And then for an hour the sprites that stare Were hanging the stockings, empty as though

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