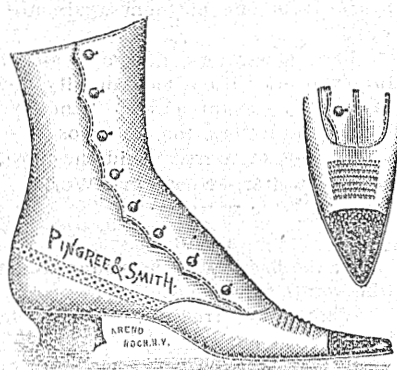


CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XV. NO. 33.

CASS CITY, MICH., JULY 24, 1896.

BY A. A. P. McDOWELL.



AT COST
CLOTHING.

All Summer Suits at Cost.
Just received a new consignment of the famous Fast Black worsted.

SHOES!

All the High Grade Low Cut Shoes at Cost.

J. D. CROSBY,

THE SHOE AND CLOTHING MAN.

HAPPY HOME

Don't forget we are on hand with a big line of Happy Home Guaranteed Clothing. If it does not give satisfactory wear money will be cheerfully refunded. If any one offers suits claimed to be worth \$16 for \$8.00 come to us and get as good with a guarantee as above for service for only \$7.50. We have men's suits from \$2.50 up. Nice suits in children's from 50c. up. A large line of

SHOES, HATS, CAPS, FURNISHING GOODS,
Etc. at lowest prices. Best men's 25c shirt to be found in the market. Highest market price for butter and eggs.

2 MACKS 2.

SPECIAL PRICES

-IN-

Ladies' Misses' Walking Shoes
For the next Thirty Days at

Frost & Hebblewhite's

We also have a few broken lines in Ladies' Shoes, which we will close at 25 per cent. off.

Just received—a large invoice of Japan Tea, which we will offer to our customers at 25c. It is the regular 35c. Tea.

Butter and Eggs Wanted.

Subscribe for the ENTERPRISE Now.

LOOK HERE!

SPECIAL SALE

Of Tablets, Croquet Sets, Hammocks, Etc.

Headquarters for

PERFUMES,

Toilet Articles,

Tooth Soaps, Brushes, Etc.

Physicians' Prescriptions

And Family Recipes a specialty.

T. H. FRITZ,

Pharmacist.

Church Directory.

EVANGELICAL—Services begin with Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Y. P. A. meeting 6:45 p. m. English services every Sunday evening. All are invited. Rev. J. M. Bittner, Pastor.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Preaching services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday. Class meetings follow morning service. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior League at 3:30 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Prayer-meeting at 7:30 on Thursday evening. Rev. J. W. Fenn, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN—Sunday preaching services, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior League at 3:30 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. Rev. B. J. Baxter, Pastor.

Special Campaign Offer

The Twice-a-week
Detroit Free Press
and the Enterprise
Both 4 months for 50c.

The Free Press is the leading semi-weekly of Michigan. It will be of special advantage to you during the presidential campaign, as it is published twice a week (every Tuesday and Friday) and consequently is almost equal to a daily paper. It combines all the news with a long list of interesting departments, unique features and occasional illustrations.

Do not hesitate, but send in your order at once, as this offer holds good only until August 31, '96. Sample copies sent free on application.

Address,
Enterprise, Cass City, Mich.

The paper that has the largest circulation and has the most beneficial influence, is the paper of tobacco.

STOP

And have a refreshing draught from my New Soda Fountain. It will assist in relieving you of

That Tired Feeling

Or, if you will step into our

ICE CREAM PARLORS

We will be pleased to serve you with that delicious delicacy. If you wish cream for Sunday leave your orders early.

J. C. LAUDERBACH.

LENZNER gives 20 lessons on organ for \$5. One hour to one and one-quarter to each lesson. Pianos tuned. 5-5

Caught on The Fly.

Warn't much on readin' the papers—
Said they never had any news;
There was bread to buy, an' they all come high.

An' he didn't have money to lose.
Warn't much on readin' the papers—
Heap rather walk than ride;
Put up once at a big hotel—
Blowed out the gas an' died?

—Atlanta Constitution.

Chas. Frost has returned from Oak Bluff.

Calvin Ale is assisting in the post-office.

Dr. Merodith, of Caro, called here Tuesday.

F. C. Lee, of Kingston, was in town Monday.

Miss Florence Clark is visiting in Bad Axe.

Thrashing machines are numerous in this section.

Robt. McIntyre is spending a week at Oak Bluff.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Fritz called on Carottes Sunday.

Read "Stevenson on the Gold Standard" on last page.

John Clark returned Tuesday from a trip to Wisconsin.

Mrs. Dr. Morris, of Gagetown, visited in town Sunday.

Miss Bertha Wood called on friends in Deford last week.

Work has commenced on the new concrete crosswalks.

Miss Etta Gamble, of Sebawaing, is visiting friends here.

Miss Winnie McClinton is visiting friends at Alma, Mich.

John A. Young, of Detroit, visited friends here last week.

Mrs. John Murphy has been quite seriously ill for some time.

Mrs. Powell, of Argyle, called on friends here during the week.

Miss Annie Zinnecker is visiting her brother, George, at Owendale.

J. D. Brook's residence is being rapidly pushed to completion.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Mudge, of Caro, called on friends here Sunday.

Epworth League monthly business meeting next Tuesday evening.

Prof. Bates and wife, of Caseville, visited friends here on Sunday.

Chauncey Campbell was home from Caseville Sunday on his wheel.

N. L. Wales, of the Elkton Advance, was a caller in town Saturday last.

Our cooper, Jas. Outhout, sent 150 apple barrels to Kingston this week.

Misses Gertie Duggan and Jane McKenzie left for Oak Bluff yesterday.

Miss Minnie Ross, of Detroit, is being entertained by Mrs. E. McKim.

Cole Monroe and Chas. Schenck cycled to Caseville and back Sunday.

Mrs. W. D. Schooley and her daughters have returned from their Ontario trip.

Miss Lizzie Monroe has been re-engaged to teach a school near Marlette.

The masons are at work on the foundation of T. H. Fritz's new residence.

Mrs. C. M. Webber and Mrs. W. Wallace called on Gagetown friends Monday.

D. Tyo's barber shop is receiving a fresh coat of paint and will also be repapered.

Rev. Halliday, of Caseville, is introducing Jerome Travis' helps to Bible study here.

Thos. Bancroft, of Canboro, made a canvass of our town last Friday in the interests of the fraternal picnic on August 27th. He was quite successful.

Dr. P. L. Livingston and Prof. H. E. Gordon, of Caro, were callers in town on Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. Bentley and Claud, and Miss Minnie Atwell went to Oak Bluff Wednesday.

Miss Lola Fritz has been spending some time with Rev. Reeve and family of Kingston.

"A merciful man is merciful to his heart." For sequel read W. D. Schooley's adv.

Miss Melissa and Dan Wade, of Shabbona, were the guests of O. C. Wood on Sunday.

Misses Gertie Schooley and Iris Hitchcock and Mrs. H. C. Edwards went to Oak Bluff Tuesday.

Mrs. Wm. Helwig and Miss Lillie Striffler left Tuesday morning to visit friends at Carson City.

H. S. Wickware and A. G. Berney, with their households, have joined the company at Oak Bluff.

A Gleaner sermon will be preached at the Sharrard school house this Friday evening, July 26th.

Frank Sheffer treated the ENTERPRISE force to some fine apples the other day. Come again.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Nettleton have moved to Toledo, O., where Mr. Nettleton has secured a situation.

Joel M. Jones, of Detroit, spent a portion of the week looking after his business interest hereabouts.

W. S. Richardson and Clark McKenzie cycled to Caseville on Saturday evening last, returning Monday.

Misses Eva and Laura Wickware left last Saturday for Oak Bluff, Caseville, to join the rest of the Cass Cityites.

Randall & Albertson have been shipping apples this week. So far about 300 barrels have been handled.

Chas. Duggan and Harry Outwater wheeled to Oak Bluff on Tuesday, the former returning Wednesday evening.

Treas. James would be pleased to have taxes paid at once. Otherwise he will call personally upon delinquents next week.

Miss Lottie A. Wadsworth, who has been visiting at D. Law's for the past two weeks, has returned to her home in Lapeer.

We have got the slickest post office building in the Thumb and don't you forget it. The office will be moved Saturday.

Miss Ina Mills, daughter of Dr. C. F. Mills, who has been instructing a musical class in Pt. Huron, is visiting her friends here.

H. D. Lanson was in town Wednesday in the interests of the Chicago Gas and gasoline engines, manufactured by the J. J. Norman Co.

Here's your chance! The ENTERPRISE and your choice of the Detroit Free Press or Tribune four months for 50 cents. Come early, etc.

A new sidewalk has been laid in front of the Predmore property on Oak St. and other changes made which improve the appearance thereof greatly.

A new sidewalk has been laid in front of A. H. Ale's vacant lot on Main Street and a high fence erected which is a great improvement to the appearance thereof.

The Ladies' Aid will have an ice cream social at Mrs. Chas. Pettinger's, one mile west of the McHugh school house, next Monday evening, July 27. All are invited.

The premium list for our fall fair is now in the hands of the printer and will be issued as soon as possible. Our fair will last four days this year and will be held Sept. 29, 30 and Oct. 1 and 2. Remember the dates.

It looks as though Editor Slocum, of the Caro Advertiser, has "run against a snag" in attempting to "squelch" John McCracken, judging by John's reply in this week's Democrat. We rather guess John can hold his own.

Three car loads of live stock were shipped from here last Saturday, one of them being a double-decked car, by Wm. Fairweather and Schwader Bros. Mr. Fairweather went with the stock to Buffalo, returning Tuesday noon.

A farmer from near Caro visited our town Monday to learn prices on farm produce and found that he could do better here than at the county seat. Accordingly he returned here yesterday with a load of produce. D'ye catch on?

The first lecture in the present series will be delivered on Sunday morning at the Baptist Church. Subject, "How Man Became a Praying Being, or the Origin and Universality of Prayer." Theme for evening service, "Can I Know that my Sins are Forgiven." All are cordially invited.

The last quarterly meeting of the M. P. Church for this conference year will be held at West Grant Aug. 15 and 16. Let there be a rally to bring up the pastor's salary as he is in need of it.

Rev. J. M. Dittner will give the first one of a series of temperance lectures, in the Evangelical Church next Sunday evening, at 7:30, p. m., in the interest of the Y. P. A. Come all ye that wish to hear a German's view of the temperance question. All free of charge.

In renewing his subscription to the ENTERPRISE, E. L. Robinson, V. S., writes from Petersburg, V. A., to the effect that crops there on the highlands are doing well but have been drowned out on the low lands. Tobacco and peanut factories are running half time. The money question is agitating the people there as elsewhere.

On Monday morning, Mrs. R. A. Robinson, who has been gradually failing in health for some time, was taken on the morning train to her old home at Strathroy, Ont. She was accompanied by Mr. Robinson and her mother, who has been with her some time. It is hoped that the journey and change may do her good and that she may yet rally.

Rev. J. W. Fenn took his departure Tuesday afternoon for Kansas City, Mo., to visit his son, Chas., who is now located there as assistant pastor in one of the leading churches. Mr. Fenn will be absent two weeks but services will be continued at the usual hours. Next Sunday evening Rev. Allen, of Grant will occupy the pulpit and on the following Sunday Rev. A. Stirton will preside.

Ashton Tindale does not indulge in the cup that inebriates, and so has never had snakes in his boots, but if his boots could speak they could tell a tale of a snake. As he was passing the new postoffice building the other day a snake suddenly darted in front of him and showed fight. It was not a very large one and although Ashton was unarmed his boots soon dispatched his snakeship.

Rev. M. E. Daniels, a native of Persia, will speak in the Presbyterian Church on Friday evening, July 31st, at 7:30 o'clock. He will appear in Persian costume and has with him a manuscript Syriac New Testament over 700 years old. He is a teacher in the college at Oromia, Persia, but is taking a college course at Chicago and a collection will be taken at the close to assist him in completing the same.

The man who runs the local end of a country newspaper learns in due season that he must not expect even briefly expressed thanks for any of the pleasant things he may say about people, but he knows to a mortal certainty that the slightest error will call down maledictions upon his head. He may give compliments a hundred times and never hear of it, but let him just hint at some of that same man's shortcomings, and he is sure to make an enemy.—[Ex.]

John F. Copeland, who lives a few miles northwest of town, sold here last Saturday the heaviest lamb of the season, it tipping the beam at 125 pounds. It was a grade Oxford and was but four and one half months old. Mr. Copeland also sold a load of wool, not long since, to Frutchey, Ale & McGee, which made the best average of any brought them this year. It consisted of twelve fleeces and lacked but one pound of averaging eleven pounds to the fleece. John says there is still some money in raising sheep.

On Monday morning at an early hour, Mrs. A. E. Remele, who has been a great sufferer for quite a length of time, passed to the realm where sorrows never come. She had been a resident of Cass City some three years and during the greater part of that time had been connected with the M. E. Church, ever showing deep interest in every good work. The funeral was held at the M. E. Church on Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Fenn officiating. The remains were interred in the Elkland cemetery. The husband who survives her has the sympathy of all.

Next Sunday morning the pastor of the Baptist Church will begin a series of lectures upon "Prayer as Considered from a Scientific Standpoint." The discourses to be delivered as follows: Sunday July 26th, "How Man Became a Praying Being, or the Origin and Universality of Prayer." August 2nd, "Does a Personal God Exist?" August 9th, "The Reasonableness of Prayer Based upon God's Sovereignty over Nature." August 16th, "Praying Animals or Praying Men, or Prayer a Fundamental and Efficacious Law of Nature." All will be cordially welcomed.

It is when a pedestrian, seeing a bicycle coming, pauses and dodges this way and that way that he confuses the wheelman and then a collision is liable to occur. Maintain the even tenor of your way on the crossings and the wheelman will do the rest.

Mine Host Gordon, of the Tennant House, is evidently fond of pets. As evening approaches and John grasps the milk pail and hies himself away to "milk the brindle cow" it is an amusing and pleasing sight to see nearly a half-dozen cats, of various ages, sizes and colors, scamper after him for their evening meal, which is given them after Gospel measure style. We would advise our readers not to read this item aloud or their family cat might join the happy family and John's good nature be imposed upon.

Another swindle is being worked in this manner: A fellow who pretends to be an organ cleaner drops in and after making his business known asks to see the organ, and after looking over it, pronounces it in a very bad condition and solicits the job of repairing and if he doesn't get the work says he will be along that way in a few days and will call again. Now while he is looking the organ over he slips several pebbles up between the keys and the baseboard and in consequence when the organ is next tried the people begin to realize that it is really in bad shape, and if they are not onto the racket give the sharper the job on his return trip.

Stand by your town. We all may differ in matters of politics and religion, but when it comes to the interest of our town there is no possible chance for difference of opinion. It is the plain duty of every citizen to stand by our town in all of the different business channels. Let your motto be: "Patronize home institutions" and if it is strictly followed it will help everyone within our village limits. If you are fortunate enough to have a dollar to spend, spend it here at home; remember every dollar spent at home helps to swell the volume of currency in local channels of trade, and every interest in the village, and every person in it is benefited by it. Stand by home industries.

George Veit is station agent on the P. O. & N. R. R. at Kingston. He cannot trace his genealogy back to Cain, of the antediluvian period, but he is, nevertheless, a tiller of the soil and this year he is cultivating a new variety of beans. They are known as the Wisconsin Tree Bean and were purchased from the Everett Seed Co., of Indianapolis, Ind. It is quite distinct from the Mexican or California Tree Bean. The bean being twice as large, are far more productive and very early. Grows to height of 18 to 20 inches. The beans are very white, of finest flavor and cook in much less time than the Navies. Three pecks proved sufficient to plant four acres and Mr. Veit is justly proud of his bean field as it promises abundant yield.

W. T. Schenck, who lives one mile west and about one-half mile north of town, is one of the most successful farmers in this section. Possibly one of the chief reasons is his ingenuity and knack of adapting himself to circumstances. Just back of his residence is his workshop with contrivances which are ingenious as well as useful. Aside from the ordinary benches and tools there is a turning lathe and blacksmith bellows and forge. The saw and bellows are operated something after the principles of the strap which regulates the bed and the lever which gives the impression on the old Washington printing press, but they "get there just the same." After a peep into this ingenious "niche" it cannot be wondered at that Delbert, the oldest son, is also a genius and is perhaps the cleverest bicycle repairer now in this section. Before he owned a wheel he built one on which he and his brothers learned to ride and they take to cycling like a duck to water. The break that Del. can't fix is a bad one.

Republican Caucus.
Notice is hereby given that a Republican caucus for Elkland township will be held at the Town Hall, in Cass City, on Monday, July 27th, 1896, at 2 o'clock p. m., at which delegates will be elected to attend the county convention to be held at Caro, Mich., on the 29th inst. Dated July 22nd, 1896.

H. S. WICKWARE,
J. D. BROOKER, Com.
A. A. MCKENZIE.

APPLES.
Will be loading Duchess apples Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. Not later than Wednesday.

RANDALL & ALBERTSON.

"EARTH'S EVENTIDE."

Doctor Dowling, of Mt. Clemens, Expounds the Mysteries of Prophecy.

The lecture given at the Baptist Church on Tuesday evening by Dr. Dowling, of Mt. Clemens, was well received by the appreciative audience. The masterly manner in which the subject was presented evinced the fact that the Doctor has given much time to the consideration of prophetic events; while the grandeur and sublimity of the thrilling events, as described by the magnetic speaker, gave ample scope for eloquence and oratory. The vivid and glowing portrayal of the resurrection at which time the saints arrayed in immortal robes ascend to meet the Lord in the air; also that of the last great battle in which the forces of anti-Christ are marshalled against the saints of God; the sanguinary conflict, the final overthrow of the powers of darkness by the arrival from the avenues of heaven of the celestial host, mounted on white horses, and led by the victorious son of man, captured the audience and stirred every heart.

The doctor is very emphatic in his statements as to dates, at which he arrives by a peculiar process of interpretation. But even though one does not coincide with the [dates given, and the precise order of events as set forth, yet the conviction remains that the speaker is intensely earnest; while the stirring presentation of the same creates a profound and lasting impression. No doubt is left in the minds of the hearers as to the literary excellence and value of the lecture. It cannot fail to stimulate Bible students to a more thorough investigation of this particular line of prophetic truth.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

A fruit evaporating establishment is talked of at Fairgrove.

A copper head snake was killed near Sebawaing last week which was seven feet long. Henry Schlemmer did the killing.

C. C. Hill a well known boot and shoe dealer of Vassar has filled a trust mortgage for \$5,000 to W. J. Spears, attorney of that place.

W. L. Matthews, of Marlette, has received a patent on his wheat steamer, covering every point claimed. The patents date from July 11th, 1896.

Frank Proctor, of Caro, is under arrest, charged with attempting a criminal assault on the 13-year old daughter of A. Cline. Proctor is a married man.

William E. Johnson has been arrested at Columbiaville, on suspicion of having been concerned in the assault upon Mrs. James Deline, an old lady of that vicinity, last winter.

Horace Fowler, formerly of Vassar, was arrested last week at Marlette, and taken back to answer the charge of removing from this county his household goods, which were covered by a chattel mortgage.

Work on the new iron bridge over Cass river, on the section line between Vassar and Juniata townships, was begun this week with a large force of men. The stone abutments are well started, and the commissioners have a force of twenty men at work on the approaches. It is expected the bridge will open for travel by the time called for in the contract, which is Aug. 15.—[Vassar Pioneer.]

The Black River drain was for a second time declared a public necessity by the jury appointed to investigate it on Friday of last week. The jury was probably as capable a body of men as could have been selected in the whole county—men noted for their general intelligence, honesty of purpose and impartial judgement—a fact which in connection with the careful consideration that they gave to the evidence and painstaking efforts to get at the truth and facts of the case, makes the wisdom of their decision well nigh unimpeachable. It will doubtless too, have much to do towards settling this long and unfortunate contest. Twenty witnesses were examined altogether—five in favor of the drain and fifteen against it. As near as can be learned the jury was unanimous in its decision. The plaintiffs, the Messrs. Diems, through their attorneys asked for \$300 damages for the drain going through their lands; in case the jury decided it a necessity. In their verdict the jury allowed the Diems \$15.—[Sanilac Republican.]

He—"My love for you is like the boundless ocean."
She—"I understand. Visible only in summer."

Renew your subscription.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

A. A. P. McDowell, Publisher.

CASS CITY, MICHIGAN.

The plot to rob the Alton road seems to have been well conducted.

A Philadelphia preacher is now checking wheels free. He says it pays.

There is not a human being on earth that does not hug the delusion that he or she is better than somebody else.

The man who has nerve in tight places generally manages to find enough of them to find they wear him out.

There is still hope that Chicago will some day be rid of its robbers. A Colorado Springs burglar after attempting to enter a building committed suicide.

The Germans, who are lavishly entertaining Li Hung Chang, are said to be disappointed that he does not give out some of the much coveted Chinese orders and decorations, for the obtaining of which capacious critics claim the fetes are being given. The wily heathen Chinese, however, has thus far contented himself with merely thanking his various hosts for their hospitality.

A mountain has fallen down in Belgium. This sounds incredible, but appears to be true. It was not much of a mountain, to be sure, only about 150 feet high, but, after rocking and rolling about for several days, it actually fell down, covering the plain with debris and leaving what appears to have been its backbone, a huge thin ridge of jagged rock still standing. The peasants are much alarmed and unscrupulous people are attempting to play upon their superstition to make them sell their land in the neighborhood.

However much the German correspondents may endeavor to talk away the object of the visit of Prince Ludwig of Bavaria to the emperor to "explain" his Moscow speech, the real truth seems evident that he has had to apologize and make his peace in a more or less humiliating manner. The offending remark was: "I am not a vassal of the emperor, I am his ally." But it seems that this did not go with William, who likes no half measures, and the result is that while the matter is now apparently adjusted with satisfaction to both sides no doubts but that the prince had "to take back water."

A carnival of suicide is taking place all over the United States. Statistics on this subject have shown for years that June is par excellence the suicide month of the year, and certainly the frequency with which these sad events have been recorded in the papers during the past month seems to bear out this theory. The remarkable feature of many of these century-end suicides is that they do not proceed from any apparent of definite purpose, but from some mysterious agency which is, doubtless the general "fired-of-life" feeling which is so common at the present time of decadence and degeneracy.

The latest fashionable disease is what is called "memory blindness" and is produced by over-mental work. Its victims, while otherwise in perfect health and excellent physical condition, forget everything and when attempting to talk chatter mere nonsense. They try also to concentrate their wandering thoughts by endeavoring to put down on paper what they wish to say, but this also results in mere written nonsense. The attacks, while frequent, are of short duration, sometimes passing away in an hour. The disease is said to differ entirely from paresis, as it is curable, and all that is necessary to relieve the sufferer is to put him beyond the reach of mental work, care or worry for a few weeks. In any case it seems to be one of the undesirable products of our nineteenth century existence, hardly to be called life.

It is announced that Nikola Tesla has "perfected his vacuum tube system of electric lighting without wires, the possibilities of which he first brought to public notice five years ago in a lecture before the American Institute of electrical engineers. This light is whiter, more brilliant and more intense than the arc light, and is produced with a much smaller amount of electrical energy. Tesla further states that his apparatus has been greatly simplified, and he will soon have it ready for practical use." Working on different lines, Thomas A. Edison, according to the Electrical Review, has succeeded in developing a new electric lamp or vacuum tube, "by means of which the Roentgen or X rays are turned into pure light. Edison's new lamp is an ordinary Crookes tube, coated on the interior surface with crystals of a new fluorescent substance which he has discovered, similar to tungstate of calcium. The X rays, in passing through this coating of crystals, are changed to light. Very little heat is generated, and nearly the whole of the electrical energy expended is transformed into light. Mr. Edison believes that there are great possibilities in his discovery."

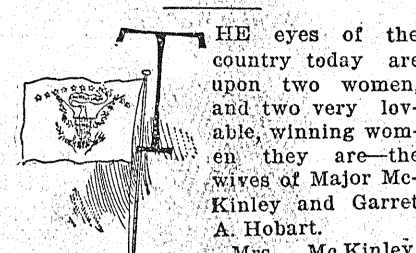
Mrs. Henry Ingram of Battle Creek, Mich., could get board very reasonable almost anywhere. On Saturday night she will have fasted 145 days. Her longest previous fast was 200 days, and all on account of physical affliction. Think of this woman who kick when dinner is fifteen minutes late.

Under the new prison regulations in Illinois, only the worst convicts will wear stripes, those exhibiting good qualities being allowed to wear cadet gray. With this scheme there may be hope even for a boodling legislator.

TWO NOBLE WOMEN.

WIVES OF MAJOR MCKINLEY AND GARRET A. HOBART.

Fitted for First Ladies—Mrs. McKinley's Magnificent Mind, Lovable, Tender Nature and Long Suffering Invalidism—She Knows Politics, Too.



HE eyes of the country today are upon two women, and two very lovable, winning women they are—the wives of Major McKinley and Garret A. Hobart.

Mrs. McKinley, whose health has long been broken, is stronger to-day than she has been for many years, but the doctors despair of a complete recovery, and if the republicans elect their ticket much of the social burden in Washington must fall upon Mrs. Hobart, as the first woman in the land will be unequal to the strain of any but the quietest sort of entertaining. Both are remarkable women. Washington already knows and has been won by Mrs. McKinley. If Mr. Hobart is elected Washington will be won by Mrs. Hobart, and will be at her feet, for her character is an admirable one, and her unpretentious dignity, her affable manner and her keen intellect fit her for the highest place in the society of the nation. Mrs. McKinley, in spite of her ill health, is the keenest of politicians and the most ardent of protectionists, her husband not excepted. He is her hero. Mrs. McKinley was born in Canton, and in that quaint Dutch commercial town she was a noted belle. Her father was the late James Saxton, a publisher of note. Her invalidism prevented her active participation in Washington society events during her husband's fourteen years in the House of Representatives. As wife of Ohio's governor, she gave several State and husband's fourteen years in the House. On these occasions, like Mme. Recamier, she received her guests while reclining on a divan. In her boudoir there is an oil painting of her husband, hung so that it will be the first thing she sees on awakening. She married the young soldier-lawyer for love, and in their mutual affection, which years have increased, they have been very happy.

Mrs. Robert P. Porter, writing for the New York Herald in 1891, spoke of Mrs. McKinley's flower-like head, and added: "I said flower-like head advisedly, for in its graceful spring from a slender neck, its clear, delicate outline, its arch, uplifted air in moments of pleasure, and its slight pathetic droop in weariness, Mrs. McKinley's head certainly suggests the fair blossom of some sensitive plant."

It is also a good medallion head—small, admirably proportioned and so correct that a Clysian knot, a Greek fillet or a shining braid as coronet could be worn triumphantly, though nothing could better display its shapeliness than the close cut, crisp locks of brown, soft and pure in color, that grow from the low, white brow over the dainty ears to end on the nape of the neck in a thousand bewitching little rings; nor could there be a more harmonious frame for a face, easier pictured in water colors than words. There is that soft transparency of coloring which, with the stamp of much suffering, imparts an almost intensity of refinement to the features. The straight and delicate nose, with its fine nostrils, rises well beyond the deep blue eyes, over-arched by brows dark and distinctly drawn and underscored by those dark shadows—"calamity," the Italians call them—that enhance their size and impart a touch of languor. The mouth is small, and, like the chin, wholly feminine and charming."

That is a woman's pen portrait of a woman. Mrs. Porter saw Mrs. McKinley in her home.

"She was half reclining on a low sofa, some big pillows piled behind her, which defined her girlish figure, clothed in a way to delight an artist; that is, it left one conscious only of color and simplicity."

"The gown was a rich blue, a shade deeper than the blue of the old masters, but with that same peculiar warmth and power of illumination. It brought out with marvelous effect the tint of the hair, upon which the sun shone brightly through the lace curtains above, gave warmth to the diaphanous skin, substance to the frail figure and formed a background for two little hands of ivory whiteness, that were clasped with a patience pathetic. Mrs. McKinley devotes a great deal of her time to making pretty things for the comfort and amusement of children, and her little slippers are famous in many a hospital and asylum. Never were prettier, stronger, daintier or warmer little foot

coverings devised, and they give such pleasure that I know of one wee girl by the name of Polly who tumbled down stairs while admiring the coquettish bows on her tiny toes. In the early spring you would find Mrs. McKinley's pretty parlor perfumed with those splendid white lilies that Bermuda sends to help us celebrate our Easter. They stand in tall jars, fresh, stately and breathing their silent lesson of beauty and love, for in this instance they come as a greeting from friends on that gem of a coral reef. There is that element in the Major's devotion to his wife that is easier felt than described, but is the element that silences the scoffers at one's kind, and at the same time carries with it a tinge of romance that delights all young couples. Perhaps because the Major pays a thousand little courtesies and attentions to his wife, not with the air of a man doing his duty, but what is his delight; that he sees in his wife still the lovely girlish bride, the mother of the two fair children who came only to be taken away, the companion of his early struggles and successes, is evident; that he finds now in his proud maturity, in her gentle sympathy, her intense appreciation of his work, her frank delight at the honors paid him, her ever ready response to his beautiful devotion, all the spur and stimulus he needs, there is no doubt."

Mrs. Garret A. Hobart, wife of the Republican nominee for the Vice Presidency, is magnetic. At forty-five she has the carriage of a sprightly woman of thirty, and the figure, too. Her color is a girl's. It comes and goes as she talks. Her face, a firm, well-chiselled sweep over it. It may be very sad. Then a smile lightens it, and the eyes, which are very bright, seem to dance with merriment.

Her self-possession and poise are admirable. She is sincere and unaffected to a degree. What she says she says wittily and easily. The words come from the well-filled storehouse of the mind. She is eminently a woman of culture, at once dignified and tender.

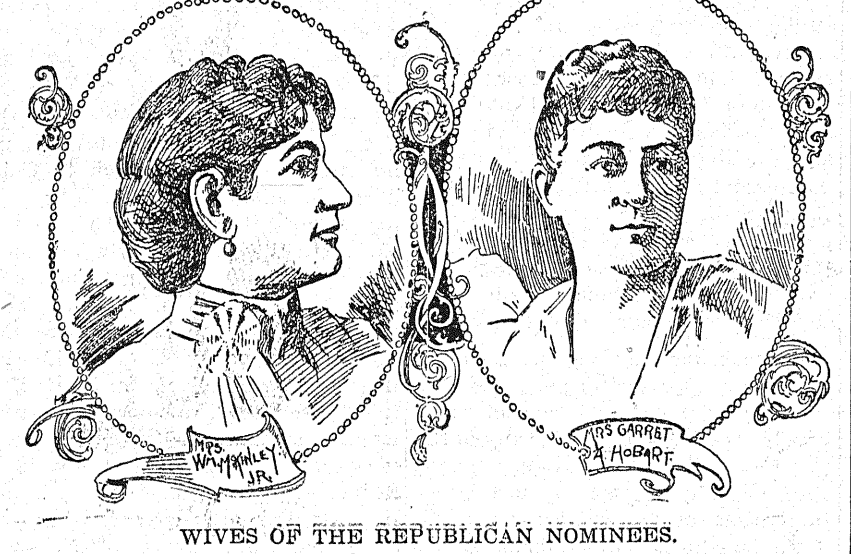
Here is a lovely home, and she graces it. Paterson—New Jersey, indeed—is in love with her, and it is no wonder. She, like Mrs. McKinley, knows politics and her father was a politician and a Republican. She devotes much of her time to charity and church work. They are Presbyterians. Her son, Garret Augustus Hobart, Jr., and her husband are her two idols. Before the nomination the boy was wearing a McKinley-Hobart button.

"You may have to put that away to-morrow," she said to him, laughing to hide her own anxiety. His eyes filled with tears.

"Why, you wouldn't care, would you?" she asked, fondly.

"Oh, wouldn't I?" he cried.

And, but for example's sake, I think



WIVES OF THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEES.

Mrs. Hobart's eyes must have filled with tears, too, for she is all tenderness, and her husband's battle was her battle.

ELLEN OSBORN.

The Rising of Land.

There is abundant evidence that the shores around Hudson's Bay are rising, and this quite rapidly. Lines of driftwood are to be seen in many places that are far above the level of the highest point of tide-water. These drifts occur in some localities nearly five feet above the present water level, and from this point down to what is now the high-tide mark. There are also gravel terraces that are very well defined, and other indications that point unmistakably to a very great change in the topography of the country since its history was known to man. It is said that in 1610 the navigator Henry Hudson spent the winter on the east coast of the Bay, south of latitude 53 degrees. There is now no bay which would be available for this purpose.

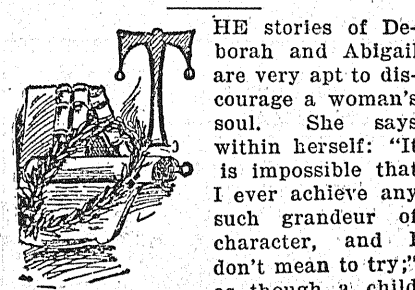
Girding the World.

When Shakespeare wrote about putting a girdle around the earth in forty minutes, the idea was as visionary as that of communicating with the stars in the firmament. Not long ago at the Electric Fair, a message was sent from one gallery to the other by way of Vancouver and Tokio, the message arriving in something less than fifty minutes. Of course, this does not run actually around the world, but it demonstrates the possibilities of the electrical current, and shows us that when the new Pacific cable is finished it will require a good deal less than fifty minutes to circumnavigate the globe with an electric message. The future of electricity has wonderful promise, much greater than we are able to realize, especially so in view of the fact that our most eminent electricians frankly admit that they only understand the a-b-c's of it.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

AN OLD FASHIONED MOTHER, SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"Moreover His Mother Made Him a Little Coat and Brought It to Him From Year to Year"—First Book of Samuel 2:19.



HE stories of Deborah and Abigail are very apt to discourage a woman's soul. She says within herself: "It is impossible that I ever achieve any such grandeur of character, and I don't mean to try;" as though a child should refuse to play the eight notes because he cannot execute a "William Tell." This Hannah of the text differs from the persons I just named. She was an ordinary woman, with ordinary intellectual capacity, placed in ordinary circumstances, and yet, by extraordinary piety, standing out before all the ages to come, the model Christian mother. Hannah was the wife of Elkanah, who was a very much like herself—romantic and plain. She never having fought a battle or been the subject of a marvelous escape. Neither of them would have been called a genius. Just what you and I might be, that was Elkanah and Hannah. The brightest time in all the history of that family was the birth of Samuel. Although no star ran along the heavens pointing down to his birthplace, I think the angels of God stooped at the coming of so wonderful a prophet. As Samuel had been given in answer to prayer, Elkanah and all his family, save Hannah, started up to Shiloh to offer sacrifices of thanksgiving. The cradle where the child slept was altar enough for Hannah's grateful heart; but when the boy was old enough he took him to Shiloh, and took three bullocks and an ephah of flour and a bottle of wine, and made offering of sacrifices unto the Lord, and there, according to previous vow, she left him; for there he was to stay all the days of his life, and minister in the sanctuary. Years rolled on; and every year Hannah made with her own hand a garment for Samuel, and took it over to him. The lad would have gone along well without that garment, for I suppose he was well clad by the ministry of the temple; but Hannah could not be contented unless she was all the time doing something for her darling boy. "Moreover his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice."

Hannah stands before you, then, today, in the first place, as an industrious mother. There was no need that she work. Elkanah, her husband, was far from poor. He belonged to a distinguished family; for the Bible tells us that he was the son of Jeroham, the son of Elihu, the son of Tohu, the son of Zuph. "Who were they?" you say. I do not know; but they were distinguished people, no doubt, or their names would not have been mentioned. Hannah might have seated herself in her family, and with folded arms, and dishevelled hair, read novels from year to year, if there had been any to read; but when I see her making that garment and taking it over to Samuel, I know she is industrious from principle as well as from pleasure. God would not have a mother become a drudge or a slave; he would have her employ all the helps possible in this day in the rearing of her children. But Hannah ought never to be ashamed to be found making a coat for Samuel. Most mothers need no counsel in this direction. The wrinkles on their brow, the pallor on their cheek, the thimble-mark on their finger, attest that they are faithful in the maternal duties. The bloom and the brightness and the vivacity of girlhood have given place to the grandeur of motherhood. But there is a heathenish idea getting abroad in some of the families of Americans; there are mothers who banish themselves from the home circle. For three-fourths of their maternal duties they prove themselves incompetent. They are ignorant of what their children wear, and what their children eat, and what their children read. They entrust to irresponsible persons these young, immortal, and allow them to be under influences which may cripple their bodies, or taint their purity or spoil their manners, or destroy their souls. From the awkward cut of Samuel's coat you know his mother Hannah did not make it. Out from under flaming chandeliers, and off from imported carpets, and down the granite stairs, there is coming a great crowd of children in this day, untrained, saucy, incompetent for all the practical duties of life, ready to be caught in the first whirl of crime and sensuality. Indolent and unfaithful mothers will make indolent and unfaithful children. You cannot expect neatness and order in any house where the daughters see nothing but slatternliness and upside-downedness in their parents. Let Hannah be idle, and most certainly Samuel will grow up idle. Who are the industrious men in all our occupations and professions? Who are they managing the merchandise of the world, building the walls, tinning the roofs, weaving the carpets, making the laws, governing the natives, making the earth to quake and heave and roar and rattle with the tread of gigantic enterprises? Who are they? For the most part, they descend from industrious mothers, who, in the old homestead, used to spin their own yarn, and weave their own carpets, and plait their own doormats, and flag their own chairs, and do their own work. The stalwart men and the influential women of this day, ninety-nine out of a hundred of them, came from such an illustrious ancestry of

hard knuckles and homespun. And who are these people in society, light as froth, blown every whither of temptation and fashion—the peddlers of filthy stories, the dancing-jacks of political parties, the scum of society, the tavern-lounging, store-infesting, the men of low wink, and filthy chuckle, and brass breastpin, and rotten associations? For the most part, they came from mothers idle and disgusting, the scandal-mongers of society, going from house to house attending to everybody's business but their own; believing in witches and ghosts, and horse-shoes to keep the devil out of the churn, and by a goddess life setting their children on the very verge of hell. The mothers of Samuel Johnson, and of Alfred the Great, and of Isaac Newton, and of St. Augustine, and of Richard Cecil, and of President Edwards, for the most part were industrious, hard-working mothers. Now, while I congratulate all Christian mothers upon the wealth and the modern science which may afford them all kinds of help, let me say that every mother ought to be observant of her children's walk, her children's behavior, her children's food, her children's books, her children's companionships. However much help Hannah may have, I think she ought every year, at least, make one garment for Samuel. The Lord have mercy on the man who is so unfortunate as to have had a lazy mother! Again, Hannah stands before you today as an intelligent mother. From the way in which she talked in this chapter, and from the way she managed this boy, you know she was intelligent. There are no persons in a community who need to be so wise and well-informed as mothers. O, this work of culturing children for this world and the next. This child is timid, and it must be roused up and pushed out into activities. This child is forward, and he must be held back, and tamed down into modesty and politeness. Rewards for one, punishments for another. That which will make George will ruin John. The rod is necessary in one case, while a frown of displeasure is more than enough in another. Whipping and a dark closet do not exhaust all the rounds of domestic discipline. There have been children who have grown up and gone to glory without ever having had their ears boxed. O, how much care and intelligence is necessary in the rearing of children! But in this day, when there are so many books on this subject, no parent is excusable in being ignorant of the best mode of bringing up a child. If parents knew more of dietetics, there would not be so many dyspeptic stomachs and weak nerves and inactive livers among children. If parents knew more of physiology, there would not be so many curved spines and cramped chests and inflamed throats and diseased lungs as there are among children. If parents knew more of art, and were in sympathy with all that is beautiful, there would not be so many children coming out in the world with boorish proclivities. If parents knew more of Christ, and practiced more of his religion, there would not be so many little feet already starting on the wrong road, and all around as voices of riot and blasphemy would not come up with such ecstasy of infernal triumph. The eaglets in the eyrie have no advantage over the eaglets of a thousand years ago; the kids have no superior way of climbing up the rocks than the old goats taught them hundreds of years ago; the whelps know no more now than did the whelps of ages ago—they are taught no more by the lions of the desert; but it is a shame that in this day, when there are so many opportunities of improving ourselves in the best manner of culturing children, that so often there is no more advancement in this respect than there has been among the kids and the eaglets and the whelps.

Again, Hannah stands before you today as a Christian mother. From her prayers, and from the way she consecrated her boy to God, I know she was good. A mother may have the finest culture, the most brilliant surroundings; but she is not fit for her duties unless she be a Christian mother. There may be well-read libraries in the house; and music in the parlor; and the canvas of the best artists adorning the walls; and the wardrobe be crowded with tasteful apparel; and the children be wonderful for their attainments, and make the house ring with laughter and innocent mirth; but there is something woefully lacking in that house, if it be not also the residence of a Christian mother. I bless God that there are not many prayerless mothers. The weight of responsibility is so great that they feel the need of a divine hand to help, and a divine heart to sympathize. Thousands of mothers have been led into the kingdom of God by the hands of their little children. There are hundreds of mothers today who would not have been Christians had it not been for the prattle of their little ones. Standing some day in the nursery, they bethought themselves. "This child God has given me to raise for eternity. What is my influence upon it? Not being a Christian myself, how can I ever expect to become a Christian. Lord help me!" O, are there anxious mothers who know nothing of the infinite help of religion? Then I commend to you Hannah, the pious mother of Samuel. Do not think it is absolutely impossible that your children come up iniquitous. Out of just such fair brows and bright eyes and soft hands and innocent hearts, crime gets its victims—extirpating purity from the heart, and rubbing out the smoothness from the brow, and quenching the lustre of the eye, and shriveling up and poisoning and putrefying and scathing and scalding and blasting and burning with shame and woe.

Every child is a bundle of tremendous possibilities; and whether that child shall come forth in life, its heart attuned to the eternal harmonies, and after a life of usefulness on earth, to go to a life of joy in heaven; or, whether across it shall jar eternal discord, and after a life of wrong-doing on earth, it shall go to a home of impenetrable darkness and an abyss of immeasurable plunge, is being decided by nursery song and Sabbath lesson and evening prayer, and walk and ride and look and frown and smile. O, how many children in glory! crowding all the battlements and lifting a million-voiced hosanna, brought to God through Christian parentage! One hundred and twenty clergymen together, and they were telling their experience and their ancestry; and of the one hundred, and twenty clergymen, how many of them, do you suppose assigned, as the means of their conversion, the influence of a Christian mother? One hundred out of the one hundred and twenty! Philip Doddridge was brought to God by the Scripture lesson on the Dutch title of the chimney fire-place. The mother thinks she is only rocking a child; but at the same time she may be rocking the destiny of empires—rocking the fate of nations—rocking the glories of heaven. The same maternal power that may lift a child up may press a child down. A daughter came to a worldly mother and said she was anxious about her sins, and she had been praying all night. The mother said: "Oh, stop praying! I don't believe in praying. Get over all those religious notions, and I'll give you a dress that will cost five hundred dollars and you may wear it next week to that party." The daughter took the dress; and she moved in the gay circle, the gayest of the gay that night; and sure enough, all religious impressions were gone and she stopped praying. A few months after, she came to die, and in her closing moments said: "Mother, I wish you would bring me that dress that cost five hundred dollars." The mother thought it was a very strange request; but she brought it to please the dying child. "Now," said the daughter, "mother, hang that dress on the foot of my bed," and the dress was hung there, on the foot of the bed. Then the dying girl got up on one elbow and looked at her mother and then pointed to the dress, and said: "Mother, that dress is the price of my soul!" Oh, what a momentous thing it is to be a mother!

Again, and lastly, Hannah stands before you today, the rewarded mother. For all the coats she made for Samuel; for all the prayers she offered for him; for the discipline she exerted over him; she got abundant compensation in the piety and the usefulness and the popularity of her son Samuel; and that is true in all ages. Every mother gets full pay for all the prayers and tears in behalf of her children. That man useful in commercial life; that man prominent in the profession; that master mechanic—why, every step he takes in life has an echo of gladness in the old heart that long ago taught him to be Christian and heroic and earnest. The story of what you have done or what you have written, of the influence you have exerted, has gone back to the old homestead—for there is someone always ready to carry good tidings—and that story makes the needle in the old mother's tremulous hand fly quicker, and the flail in the father's hand come down upon the barn floor with a more vigorous thump. Parents love to hear good news from their children. Do you send them good news always? Look out for the young man who speaks of his father as the "governor," the "squire," or the "old chap." Look out for the young woman who calls her mother her "maternal ancestor," or the "old woman." "The eye that mocketh at his father and refuseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out and the young eagles shall eat it." God grant that all these parents may have the great satisfaction of seeing their children grow up Christians. But O, the pang of that mother who, after a life of street gadding and gossip-retailing, hanging on her children the fripperies and follies of this world, sees those children tossed out on the sea of life like foam on the wave, or nonentities in a world where only brawny and stalwart character can stand the shock! But blessed be the mother who looks upon her children as sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty! Oh, the satisfaction of Hannah in seeing Samuel serving at the altar; of Mother Eunice in seeing her Timothy learned in the Scriptures. That is the mother's recompense; to see children coming up useful in every sphere. That throws a new light back on the old family Bible whenever she reads it; and that will beointment to soothe the aching limbs of decrepitude, and light up the closing hours of life's day with the glories of an autumnal sunset!

He Calls It God. Man is placed into a universe, in the immensity of which he is but an infinitesimal speck. Creation, power, force, law, will, harmony, intelligence surround him, which are not of human make, or under human control, or even within human grasp. They point to a power outside of man, one which is infinitely greater than he. With eyes to see, with ears to hear, with a mind to reason, with a conscience to feel, he cannot shut out these facts from his consciousness nor help drawing the conclusion that somewhere, somehow, there is some creative and governing force, supremely powerful and wise, which he designates by various names. In our tongue he calls it God.—Rabbi Joseph Kraskopf, D. D.

Saying "No." Learn to say no, and it will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin.—Spurgeon.

They Don't Get His Autograph. "Autograph fiends," says the newly boomed writer, "why, they are the bother of my life. And yet there is something queer about them, too. When I took up writing I vowed never to give my autograph to anybody unless he could give me good reasons why he should have it. The first week after my book was published more than a dozen applied for my autograph."

"And you didn't let them have it?" queried the interviewer.

"No, indeed; I sent each of them a letter asking their reasons for sending for it, and, strange to say, I never heard from one of them again afterward."

"That is strange, indeed," said the interviewer, with a look of pity upon his stony countenance; "and you signed the letters, too, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, of course," said the newly-boomed writer.—New York World.

Too Bad. "It's too bad," said the young woman who wants to be new.

"What's the trouble?" asked her mother.

"Just as soon as we've made up our minds to show the world that we are not the weak, timid creatures we have been pictured, the announcement comes that the trees are full of caterpillars this year."—Buffalo Times.

Mother Goose in the Saddle. Little Polly Flinders wheeled among the cinders, Barking her pretty little toes; Her mamma scolded and sought her And surely would have caught her— But my! She slipped a pedal and came down upon her nose! —Cleveland Post.

Professional Ethics. Mickey—Soy, Miss Proddergee, don't yer want me ter carry yer satchell ter the stoige door for yer? Miss Proddergee (haughtily)—What yer dreamin'? Nothin' less nor a lead-in man kin carry my satchell.

Flattering Similarity. "There is something about your style of writing, Miss Urleigh," remarked the literary editor, "that reminds me strongly of Joachim Miller."

"Indeed," exclaimed the young woman, highly pleased.

"Yes, I have to hire an expert to decipher it."—Chicago Tribune.

Not a Yonkers Man. Johnnie—Ma, I didn't know pa was so awful strong, did you? Ma—No, indeed! Johnnie—Well, he must be, 'cause I heard him say that he threw the board of aldermen last night for the drinks. —Yonkers Gazette.

Prime Havana. Watts—"Been reading anything about these Cuban atrocities?" Potts—"No. I've got a box of them at home yet that my wife bought three months ago from an alleged smuggler."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Statu Quo in Ice. The biggest thing On ice Is still, by jing, The price! —Chicago Tribune.

"Grand Times." Blakeley—"I understand you ladies have organized a debating club." Margaret—"Yes; we have such grand times laughing at the girls who get up to talk."—Philadelphia North-American.

Making an Impression. Alas! I cannot read her face To tell if she'll be mine, Because her type of beauty is So very, very fine. —Life.

A Duet. He—"Hear the duet Mr. and Mrs. Bacon are playing." She—"I hear Mrs. Bacon playing the piano, that's all." "Well, Bacon is playing the hose in the yard."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Statesman's Hand. Lives of great men oft remind us That the world has been too full Of the class of politicians Who owe greatness to a pull. —Truth.

Could Afford To. "What a heap of style Jimmie Watson's wife throws on!" "Oh, yes; Jimmie started a bicycle repair shop last week."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Proper Course. She—Yes, it is an invitation to dinner. I certainly don't care to go. He—Nor I. We'll have to send a letter of regret.

A Rule. It's a rule that holds good throughout the entire race, That a pinched pocket book shows itself in the face.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

ENTERTAINING READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Proper Chart for the Voyage of Life—An Act of Kindness—A Good Interpretation to a Dream—Witherspoon's Amendment.

BROTHER when out on the voyage of life, When darkness and tempest affright, Take the chart of redemption, the word of the Lord, Its reck'ning will guide thee aright.

When the loud billows break low on the storm-bean strand, And thy bark is fast driven to doom, Drop the anchor of faith, it will grapple the rock, And hold 'mid the terrible gloom.

When nearing the harbor on heaven's fair shore, And the chill mists of death o'er thee roll, Take Jesus the Saviour, He'll pilot thy course, Land thee safe in the home of the soul.

An Act of Kindness.
The following, told by a contemporary, is worth telling at all seasons: A rosy-faced Irish woman with a big basket on her arms and bright shawl over her head, stood with two children on the east side of Fifth avenue and Fourteenth street. It was afternoon and the street was crowded with express and delivery wagons, together with many carriages passing swiftly up and down.

"Oh, mammy," sighed little Patsy, "lets hurry over, or Santa Claus will be gone."

"Well, childers, however can we cross and not get turned over?" "Come over with me," said a gentleman, as she smiled kindly upon the trio.

On the other side the thoughtful mother said:

"Thank ye, sor. It was a good turn ye did us. The childers heard as Santa Claus had come in the Fourteenth street winders, and we're that poor, the poor things can't get much Christmas, only what they sees, sor! And I likes to give 'em all o' that I can."

"You are very welcome, madam, I am sure," and the gentleman raised his hat.

"Off wid' yer cap, Patsy, me bye, and show the gentleman you knows yer manners, too."

The cap came off quickly, and little Mary gave a quaint curtsy.

"God bless ye, sor; I hopes the loikes o' the fine kind man that ye air has childers of yer own a-waitin' yer home-coming. Good day, sor."

A Friend's Plain Speech.
A Quaker was traveling in a railway carriage. After a time, observing certain movements on the part of a fellow passenger, he accosted him as follows:

"Sir, thee seems well dressed and I dare say thee considers thyself well bred, and would not demean thyself by an ungentlemanly action, wouldst thee?"

The person addressed promptly replied with considerable spirit:

"Certainly not, if I knew it."

The Quaker continued:

"And suppose thee invited me to thy house, thee would not think of offering me thy glass to drink out of, after thee had drank out of it thyself, wouldst thee?"

The interrogated replied:

"Abominable! No! Such an offer would be most insulting."

The Quaker continued:

"Still less would thee think of offering me thy knife and fork to eat with after putting them into thy mouth, wouldst thee?"

"To do that would be an outrage on all decency, and would show that such a wretch was out of the pale of civilized society."

"Then," said the Quaker, "with those impressions on thee, why should thee wish me to take into my mouth and nostrils the smoke of that cigar which thou art preparing to smoke, out of thy own mouth?"

A Good Interpretation.
A Scotchman fond of drink on awakening one morning, told his wife of a curious dream he had during the night. He dreamed, according to Frank Leslie's Weekly, that he saw a big fat rat coming towards him followed by two lean ones, and in the rear one blind one. He was greatly worried over it, and declared that some great evil was about to fall upon him. He had heard that to dream of rats foreboded some dire calamity. In vain did he appeal to his wife, but she could not relieve him. His son, who, by the way, was a bright temperance lad, hearing the dream told, volunteered to interpret it, and he did it with all the wisdom of a Joseph. Said he:

"The fat rat is the man who keeps the public house where ye gang sea after, and the two lean ones are me and mither, and the blind one is yer-self, father."

Life for Life.
"Think of each hour of your present existence," says Zion's Herald, "as so much added hold upon eternal progressive life. Think of each deed as the beginning of an endless series of deeds like it—life leading up to life, unbroken, homogeneous, one in purpose, in meaning, in power! Just accepting salvation is no more what this life was given you for, than just

saying, 'I will,' is the keeping and consummation of the moral law. Life now, life then, life forever, is a preparation for life to come. There is no such thing as spiritual inertia in the universe. Christ says 'Come,' but after that he says, 'Go—go ye into the whole world,' and so by noble, helpful living prepare, not for the hour of death, but for the eternity of celestial service that is to come."

The Crown of Thorns.
A soul sped upward to the gate of Light.

To crave one favor there; "I come," it said, from realms of night, O, guardian angel, hear my prayer! Lo, where I dwell are bruised hearts And lives by sorrow crushed; I fain would have the wondrous pow'r, To bid their moans be hushed;

But crown me with earth's richest store, I'll give them joy untold—

The angel dropped a pitying tear and gave A crown of gold.

But, by and by, the soul returned and cried,

"Sweet Spirit, yet I plead, My wish is still unsatisfied, For lo, another crown I need;

The gift thou gavest me could ne'er Bind up the broken heart; I died at times the falling tear, But could not ease the smart.

The poet's gift I fain would share; Its sweetness woe can drown—

The angel sighed and said, "Soul wear The laurel crown!"

The angel waited by the sacred gate, The soul returned at last

And cried, "O, Spirit, though it is late, Life's little span is not yet passed;

I touched my lyre, I sang my song, Men heard but came not nigh; O, Spirit, crown me as thou wilt, Here at thy feet I lie."

The angel smiled and gently spake, "Now speed to him who mourns,"

The trembling hands were raised to take A crown of thorns.

The Curse of Greed.

A prosperous member of a church in Scotland, says an exchange, was often besought by his pastor to give to the work of evangelizing the poor in Glasgow, but would always reply:

"Na, I need it for myself."

One night he dreamed that he was at the gate of heaven, which was only a few inches ajar. He tried to get in, but could not, and was in agony at his poor prospect. The face of his minister appeared, who said:

"Sandy, why stand ye glowering there? Why don't ye gae in?"

"I can't; I am too large, and my pocket book sticks out whichever way I turn."

"Sandy, think how mean you have been to the Lord's poor, and ye will grow small enough to go through the eye of a needle."

He awoke and began to reduce both his pocketbook and his carnality by giving to Christ's cause.

Must Use the English Language.

The United Norwegian Lutheran Church of America, through its governing body, which has just been in session at St. Paul, has unanimously indorsed the work of the so-called English conference, organized last April, the object of which is the gradual introduction of the English language in the religious services of the church.

This is found to be absolutely necessary in order to hold the young people. One of the leaders in the movement says that English really introduces itself, and in city and country, in school, social life, business, there is no escaping it. "The church that builds on nothing but a foreign language in America is a dying church, because the foreign languages are dying among the young, among those who constitute the material of the church in the future."

The Alaska Gold Fields.

J. R. Harvey, who has just returned from the Yukon gold fields, says all the nuggets in Alaska wouldn't tempt him to spend another season there. The intense cold in winter, the unsetting sun in summer, but above all the mosquitoes, are what make the region one of such terror to him. "Some idea of the suffering mosquitoes cause the Alaskan miners may be conveyed," he said, "when it is said that dozens of men have been driven crazy by them. The bite of the Jersey 'skeeter' is a luxury to a recently returned tourist from Alaska. Crime was formerly rare in that country. The inrush of needy adventurers has led to all kinds of violence. Robberies and murders take place daily, and vigilance committees have been organized."

A Fortune in a Bible.

An English paper tells of the strange recovery of a lost will which recently occurred at Forge, Aberdeenshire.

A bachelor farmer, one who had no friends or heirs, died a few months ago, and his property passed to the crown. All the goods were disposed of except a pocket Bible and a few venerable books, which were given to his old and faithful housekeeper. To her astonishment she found a scrap of paper in the Bible, which proved to be her old master's will, by which he left her all his possessions. The crown will now have to refund two thousand pounds.

A fact even more wonderful than the above is that every reader who chooses can find between the cover of any Bible a treasure a thousand times more valuable.

In some parts of England when you haul a drowning man out of the water you get nothing, but if you let him down and then haul him out you get 5 shillings.

IN WOMAN'S CORNER.

CURRENT TOPICS FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

Some Notes of the Modes—Sailor Hats Fashionable as Ever—Mohair Gowns—Reception Gown for Brides—Hints for the Household.

SAILOR hats are worn as much as ever this summer. These perennial favorites are mostly very simply trimmed, a ribbon band being often considered sufficient. The more elaborate ones have a bow and several quills in addition. Alpine hats for outdoor wear are also seen, and some close shapes resembling the old fashioned English walking hat. Parasols are, on the whole, less trimmed than in former years. Although many are lavishly adorned with lace, ruffles, puffs and flowers, the majority are without trimmings and are of changeable, flowered checked or striped silk.

There has been a return to hats and bonnets of drawn tulle and mousseline de soie. These are very delicate and light and are a pretty accompaniment to dainty summer gowns. Roses are seen in great abundance, and dahlias and hydrangeas are also in evidence. The dahlia is a flower easily copied in muslin, silk or velvet—it is naturally so regular, solid and stiff—but when the fabric employed happens to be peacock blue in color, as is now sometimes the case, the eye refuses to be satisfied with the limitation. More or less tall trimming is still worn.

Bride's Reception Gown.

It is not often that a full reception toilette is resorted to by the bride in summer, yet one, made for a bride's second reception day, was very captivating.

The skirt was yellow velvet of thin, fine quality. It hung perfectly plain without pucker, flounce or trick of

fanciful form or may give a fachu effect. The sleeve is no longer made with two balloons. The entire fullness is confined to the upper part of the arm, near the shoulder, and sometimes

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THE LONDON DOGS' HOME.

Bowwows Given Three Days' Grace and Then Destroyed.

Every morning vanloads of canine outcasts stand outside the dogs' home in the Battersea, Park road; and now and again a vanload of calmed bone and ash goes out, says St. James Gazette. There is an interval of five days between the stages. The law requires three. Three days after a dog has been in the hands of the police the original in the hands of ownership in it ceases, and it may be sold or incinerated as convenience dictates. The process is very simple and it goes on in London year in and year out, whether there is a muzzling order in force or not. Every morning a covered van draws up before each of the police stations in the metropolis. On each side are two rows of rings, and at the end is a galvanized iron receptacle. The dangerous dog, if there be one, is brought out of the station and put in the iron box; the harmless wastrels are led from the police yard and tethered one by one to the rings. With the floor-space of the van thus covered with animals, the horse's head is turned toward Battersea. Just now there are not enough of these special vans, and the police have had to requisition vehicles from the green grocer or other local tradesmen. Arrived at the dogs' home, the vans wait their turn to pass into the yard, their occupants filling the air with cries and swelling the greater chorus within the walls of the home. As one van comes out empty another goes in full. The dogs are taken out, their place of origin and description and any marks of identification on the collar entered in a book, and then in groups of tens and twenties are taken into the kennels. There they pass their days of respite, waiting for owners that come not, and spending the hours in incessant barking and in pitiful and friendly appeals to visitors. When the days of grace are past they are led to the lethal chamber. Just now the home is having two clearances a day and is getting a second furnace built for the incineration of the carcasses. Since the 1st of January nearly 12,000 dogs have passed through the gates—the vast majority of them to pass out again in the form of calmed bone and ash, and of these 12,000 nearly half have come in since the issue of the muzzling order. As the home has accommodation for about 2,000 dogs only and is hard put to it to find kennel room, notwithstanding the additional space it has utilized under the railway arch, the rate of destruction can be imagined. The process of destroying the dogs is absolutely painless. The lethal chamber is the invention of Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, and the writer of this saw it in use recently. It is constructed so as to dispose of 100 animals of the terrier class at a time. The animals are put into a cage divided into two tiers, with light iron bars at the sides. Meanwhile the chamber is filled with narcotic vapor. When the load is made up the doors of the cage are shut, the sliding door of the chamber is raised and the cage is run quickly on the tram-rails into the chamber. The death is by anesthesia, and such a death is death by sleep. The dogs are overcome with drowsiness, the moment they breathe the noxious fumes; in a single minute they are in a deep sleep; in three minutes they are dead. Close by the lethal chamber is the crematorium—a large oven kept at an intense heat by a brick furnace. When the cage is drawn out the carcasses of the animals are cast into it. There is a momentary smell as the hair of their bodies ignites, but that is all. When the process is completed there is nothing but an inodorous ash and incinerated bone.

Buried Alive Fifteen Days.

In an earthquake near Naples some time ago a young man was buried in a cellar by the building in which he was tumbling in ruins. At least fifteen days elapsed before he was reached, when he was found to be still alive, and subsequently recovered and is living today (or was a short time ago). Another instance is related where a number of workmen were descending a pit, and a short distance before they reached the bottom an accident happened to the hoisting apparatus. As a result they were buried by the debris. Fourteen days elapsed before they were reached, when they were found unconscious, but still living, and on being brought to the top and cared for all recovered. The secret of the long continuance of life in this case is supposed to be that they were early rendered unconscious and remained in this condition the greater part of the time that they were buried.

The Bicycle Inventor.

Nothing can stop the bicycle inventor. His applications are received at the rate of a hundred daily at Washington, and already outnumber the total of washing machines, churns and automatic couplers for railroad cars. He seems to be filled with the idea that a bicycle to be operated by hand instead of foot power is the real, original, long felt want. Such a machine might be operated by the legless wonder of the dime museums, but what any one else would want with it is not clear. Many of the inventions are however, of merit, and they relate to details in the intricate portions of the machine. There are some new things in the line of package carriers, and in the smooth paved cities a year hence at least 90 per cent of the light delivery of dry goods, millinery, hats, shoes, flowers, confectionery, groceries, provisions, etc., will be through the medium of vehicles operated by boys and young men.—New York Journal.

In and Out.

Bifkin—Every one that rides in a Fifth avenue stage pitches into them Sifkin—Yes, and out of them.—Harlem Life.

Hints for the Household.

Warm bread and cake should be cut with a knife the blade of which has been heated by standing it in boiling water.

If clothespins are boiled a few minutes and quickly dried every few weeks it will cleanse them and make them more durable.

If a tablespoonful of vinegar is added to the water in which tough meats or fowls are boiled it will tend to make them tender.

A paste made of melted india rubber mixed with shellac varnish is the best thing to use for fastening leather trimmings on wood.

If a strip of webbing two inches wide is sewed tightly on the under side of a rug, close to the edge, it will prevent the edges from curling.

Before commencing to seed raisins after the stems are removed cover the fruit with very hot water and let it stand for a few moments. Drain the water off and the seeds may then be removed quite easily.

Material and Make of Gowns.

Among the varieties of linen lately put out by the manufacturers are

seam. At the sides it was relieved with widening panels of gold thread embroidery. The work was evidently done stitch by stitch upon the yellow velvet, not put on in panel form. Down the back the panels were very wide.

The bodice, in white velvet, was cut surplice, with folded fronts ending under a girdle of dull gold. Large yellow topaz buttons trimmed the spotless velvet surplice. The wing sleeves were of white satin. They were simply trimmed with a pattern in gold thread embroidery, and a suspicion of the same embroidery edged the bodice at the neck. Below this edging ran another row of the gem buttons, set upon a gamp of white satin. The girdle was

there is no fullness at all, or the sleeve is wrinkled close to the arm. In these latter cases a wide effect at the top is obtained by bows, epaulets or platings falling from the shoulder.

The sketch shows a costume of pearl gray mohair. The tablier of the godet skirt is framed by two long straps, terminating in points at the foot, where they are fastened by paste buttons. The close bodice has a short, rippled basque and is cut away in front to form two straps over a vest of white silk. The revers of the vest are embroidered with pompadour flowers. Paste buttons fasten the straps at the shoulders and are placed at the corners of the basque and vest. The cravat is of white embroidered tulle. The hat worn with this gown is of yellow braided straw, and is trimmed with pompadour ribbon having a white ground, parma violets and a drapery of white tulle.

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TWEEN THE LAKES.

MICHIGAN NEWS RECORDED IN BRIEF ITEMS.

Michigan Independent Silver Men Hold a Free Silver Convention at Lansing—A Man and a Woman Found Dead at Belle Isle Park, Detroit.

Michigan Independent Silverites.

An independent free silver convention was held at Lansing with about 250 delegates present. Hon. Geo. F. Richardson, of Grand Rapids, opened the meeting and Judge Q. A. Smith, of Lansing, was made temporary chairman, while F. S. Porter, was elected secretary. A committee of 16 was appointed to report a plan for permanent organization. After a recess the permanent officers of the convention were named as follows: Maj. E. C. Watkins, of Belding, for chairman; A. D. Cruikshank, of Charlevoix, vice-chairman, and George F. Richardson, of Grand Rapids, and Frank S. Porter, of Lansing, for secretaries. Maj. Watkins made a strong speech urging the silver men in all parties to unite upon a single ticket. The resolutions were very strong denunciations of the gold standard, declaring it was instituted through bribery, intimidation, corruption and fraud, and that it has brought idleness, pauperism, and bankruptcy upon the debtor and laboring classes while it has enriched the creditor class, and that its continuance will result in universal bankruptcy and the confiscation of the property of the producing classes. The free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 is then advocated for the United States, independent of any other nation.

The committee on state organization recommended that the new party be called the Union Silver party; that the convention select a state committee which shall elect its own officers and be authorized to call a state convention at suitable time and place to put in nomination an electoral and state ticket, inviting the support of all who favor the restoration of the right of silver to free coinage of our mints as it existed prior to 1873, and who favor congressional control of the value of money; that congressional and county committees be authorized to take like action to put in nomination congressional tickets. Delegates were elected by districts to the St. Louis free silver convention, and delegates-at-large as follows: J. W. McGrath, of Detroit; O. R. Crozier, of Ann Arbor; C. J. Covey, of Grand Ledge; E. E. Jarvis, of Benton Harbor; E. C. Watkins, of Belding; C. H. Reynolds, of Lansing; C. H. McGinley, of Minden City; H. E. Light, of Saginaw; C. J. Chaddock, of Muskegon; Douglas Robin, of Meosota.

Col. C. G. Bradshaw delivered a forceful address and after others had vented their enthusiasm they adjourned. The state central committee organized by electing Chas. R. Slight and Geo. F. Richardson, of Grand Rapids, chairman and secretary respectively, and called a meeting at Grand Rapids, July 29.

Double Tragedy on Belle Isle.

Detroit's famous Belle Isle park was the scene of a double tragedy which has several mysterious features. It was about 7 a. m. when two men going fishing crossed one of the bridges over a canal on the island. As they glanced down they saw the body of a man floating in the water. The police were notified and the body was sent to Geist's morgue, in Detroit where it was later identified as that of Bernard Wetzel, aged 45, of 339 Elliot street. His wife died a year ago and since then Wetzel had been drinking very hard and had spent all of his money.

About 1 p. m. the same day two women sitting on the bank of the canal near the same bridge observed the body of a woman in the canal. They gave an alarm and the police soon had the body on the bank. It was that of a woman aged about 50, clad very scantily, without shoes and with a shawl over her head, and she wore a rosary with two small medals engraved in French. An autopsy later in the day showed that the woman was seriously troubled with heart disease. There was very little water in her lungs.

The finding of the two bodies so near the same spot and within a few hours of each other gave the appearance of a murder and a suicide, or a double suicide, but there were no marks of violence on either body. It is known that Wetzel had threatened to suicide and that Wetzel and the unknown woman were at the island together when Wetzel suddenly upon his mind to end his life. Rushing to the canal he plunged in, and the woman, being very excitable, tried to rescue him, but was attacked by her enemy—heart disease—and tumbled into the water, dead. This would account for the small quantity of water in her lungs, as had she died from drowning they would have been filled.

A valuable horse belonging to J. T. Hannah at Traverse City hung itself by catching its head in a manger.

John Y. Blackwood, of Northville has been appointed a fish culturist in the fish commission at Washington at \$720 per annum.

Prof. L. S. Norton, for 10 years superintendent of the Alpena schools, has accepted the superintendency of the Jackson schools.

The People's Savings bank of Lansing has closed its doors and will go into the hands of a receiver. The bank is capitalized at \$150,000.

Pontiac Baptists dedicated a new church which takes the place of a structure erected in 1841—the oldest Baptist church in Michigan.

Ben Johnson was found dead in a log pond at Daggett. Marks of violence gives an appearance of foul play. He leaves a wife and eight children.

Ancient Order of Hibernians.

The national convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the leading Irish fraternal organization, was held in Detroit. Pontifical high mass was celebrated in St. Peter and Paul's cathedral, by Bishop Foley as the opening event. The convention was called to order at the Catholic club by President O'Connor, of Savannah, Ga. One of the most important actions of the convention was the authorization of the organization of a ladies' auxiliary. The treasurer of the A. O. H. reported \$3,847 on hand and that \$49,000 of the \$50,000 fund authorized two years ago to found a chair of Gaelic language at the Catholic University at Washington had already been raised by subscribers. President O'Connor reported 169 divisions and 25 companies of Hibernian rifles and knights, with several members, organized within the past 26 months. The entertainment of the delegates included a reception, a grand banquet, boat rides, lunches for the ladies and a parade of big dimensions and imposing style.

Tarred and Feathered by Masked Men.

Only a few weeks ago a man in Montrose township, Genesee county, was tarred and feathered because he was suspected of being too intimate with his neighbor's wife while that neighbor languished in jail. A similar case is now reported from the township of Genesee, in the same county. Mrs. Nelson Ferguson, whose husband recently served a term in the state reformatory for arson, engaged Ed Seward to help her work the farm during Ferguson's stay in prison. Her liege lord returned a few weeks ago, and she says he with six other masked men came to her home, dragged Seward out of bed and covered his body with tar. She says she recognized her husband by his voice; that he choked her, and that finally she and her 14-year-old daughter escaped and fled to a neighbor's for protection. Officers are investigating.

Very Heavy Fire at Baldwin.

A disastrous fire broke out at Baldwin in the residence of Charles West. Before it could be controlled, four acres in the heart of the town were burned over. The loss will approximate \$30,000. The loss falls very heavy, as the flames robbed many of their all. There were no means to fight fire and everything went quickly. That the fire was of incendiary origin is almost beyond dispute. A strong wind was blowing and a serious fire must have been contemplated. Insurance companies seldom take risks in Baldwin and then at a ruinous rate.

Aged Couple Killed by a Train.

While John Peer and wife, a wealthy and aged couple living near South Lyon, were driving across the F. & P. M. tracks near Novi a train ran into them, smashing the buggy into splinters and killing both almost instantly. The bodies were terribly mangled, and for several hours remained unidentified. Mr. Peer wore a gold watch, which was still running when found.

THE TWO PENINSULAS.

Bent's elevator and feed mill burned at Marcellus. Loss \$3,000. Incendiary. Grand Rapids' street railway has dropped cheap fares and now charges a straight 5-cent fare.

Mrs. Ira Waterman, aged 80, of Dover, was knocked down by the family horse and will probably die.

Politics caused the wheels in J. B. Taylor's head to revolve too fast at Stanton so he will be sent to an asylum.

At a special election at Grand Haven for the purpose of bonding the city for an electric light plant the proposition was defeated.

The postoffice at New Haven was entered by thieves, the safe blown open and its contents, consisting of \$130 in money and \$180 in stamps, stolen.

For a number of years Allegan was the principal wool market in southwestern Michigan, but the purchases there this year were less than 75,000 pounds.

Blanford Baker, aged 17, was thrown from a load of grain by a runaway team near Flint. He struck on his head breaking his neck and dying instantly.

Half an inch of ice was made at Creighton in the upper peninsula during the recent cold weather. The huckleberry crop is completely ruined, so the campers say.

There is a movement on foot to build an electric road from Ludington to Hart, to afford Oceana fruit growers an opportunity to ship to Milwaukee by way of Ludington.

Alex McDonald's farm and buildings, near Sand Lake, burned to the ground together with considerable farm machinery, hay and grain. The loss is \$3,000; insured for \$2,000.

The board of supervisors of Allegan county in special session, voted to submit the local option question to the voters again. August 17 is the date set for the special election.

Upon the recommendation of Insp. Gen. Walsh an order has been issued by Adjt. Gen. Green mustering out of the state service Co. D. of the First Infantry, located at Three Rivers. Inspection showed that the company was in poor condition.

Ed McLaughlin, one of the strikers Wheeler's ship yard, at Bay City, went into F. W. Wheeler's private office and threatened to blow up the place unless he was given a sum of money. He was arrested, but no dangerous weapons were found upon him.

The only child of Lewis Barnes was drowned at Hodsuk mill pond near Coldwater while fishing. The little boy, aged 5 years, had strolled away from the house and when missed his parents found his hat on the bank of the pond and later found his body. He had been rescued from a watery grave twice before.

The employees of the Munith brick works struck for pay for a half-hour's overtime.

Fire was discovered in the shoe store of L. A. Bentley, at Eaton Rapids, at 2:30 a. m., but by prompt work it was subdued. The loss will probably be \$8,000. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Ezra M. Bliss was convicted at Ithaca of criminal assault on his own daughter. Bliss is 53 years old and the girl 15. His wife died about four years ago, and these relations began two years ago.

A wonderful cure by prayer is reported from Sunfield, Mich. B. F. Fryfole has been a helpless invalid for years. Her friends had lost all hope and were greatly surprised at her restoration to health.

A 2-year-old son of Chas. Caswell fell from a porch at Muskegon and a collar button, which he had in his mouth, lodged in his windpipe. Before a physician could be summoned the little fellow died of strangulation.

Army worms have appeared in immense numbers in Houghton, Marquette and adjoining upper peninsula counties and are doing great damage to crops. All cereal and grass crops except red clover are destroyed by them.

Several ladies of the law and order league at St. Joseph spent two hours in the principal saloon of town and went through the wine rooms and gambling rooms. Hundreds of people watched the ladies and a great sensation was caused.

Father S. Trusci, the Polish priest who incited the riots against Father Matkowski at St. Stanislaus church, Bay City, has been sentenced to an indefinite penitence in the Trappist monastery at Gettysburg, Ky., by Bishop Richter.

Mrs. Catharine Lawer, aged 72, was found dead in a cistern at Blissfield by her husband John Lawer. She was aroused by the storm and went outdoors. Her husband missed her and made a search. She was still warm when found, but he could not pull her out, being nervous and weak.

A sad drowning accident occurred at Edgewood, near Traverse City. Tom, the 11-year-old son of Alex. C. Angell, of Detroit, and grandson of President Angell, of Ann Arbor, went in swimming alone. He was missed after a time and was found in only four feet of water. He was a good swimmer, and must have been seized with a cramp.

Last March a clever counterfeiter known as C. W. Brooks made his escape from a United States marshal on route from Chicago to Minneapolis. Deputy Marshal Henry Hayden, of Jackson, who had a description of Brooks, has arrested a man answering his description after a sharp run in which Chief Boyle and several patrolmen took part. He will be taken to Chicago.

A stranger, aged about 23, attempted to assault Ida Unterkirch, aged 9, near Allegan, in broad daylight, but she escaped to her home. Friends and relatives chased the fellow to the village and he then made for the river and jumped in, although efforts were made to rescue him he was drowned. After the body was pulled out letters were found showing him to be M. M. Stevens, of Grand Rapids.

The Chiefs of Police and Sheriff's association of Michigan, which held an interesting session at Saginaw, decided to hold their next meeting at Port Huron in July, 1897. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, H. O. Carr, superintendent of police of Grand Rapids; vice president, Sheriff J. W. Kerns, of Saginaw; secretary and treasurer, John P. Sandford, superintendent of police of Lansing.

The Mackinac Island park commission is very desirous of making needed improvements, but the lack of funds prevent. They have planned for a new roadway around the island and for a system of waterworks, but the income from rentals now are only sufficient for the most pressing temporary improvements and keeping up appearances. The next legislature will be expected to make an appropriation.

The steamer H. A. Root arrived at Alpena from Milwaukee on another expedition to find and raise the steamer Pevabie, sunk in Thunder bay 30 years ago, with a valuable cargo of copper. This expedition is sent out by the American Salvage & Wrecking Co. The Root is well fitted out and carries a crew of 14 men besides three divers. They will not sweep for the Pevabie, but will endeavor to locate the wreck by a new secret method.

A bolt of lightning killed Grace, the 10-year-old daughter of John Durgie, at Ludington. Three Durgie girls were out in a storm when a bolt struck Grace and threw all three to the ground. The younger was badly injured and the oldest one recovered just in time to save herself from being burned, as her clothing was on fire.

A fire which burned the City Railway Co.'s barns on Cottage Grove avenue, Chicago, destroying 554 cars and entailing a loss of \$500,000, was also responsible for the loss of the lives of three men who were engaged with others in the rescue of horses and in some manner their escape was cut off by the flames. Fourteen horses were burned.

Ex-Gov. Wm. E. Russell, of Massachusetts, with his brother and Francis Peabody arrived at St. Adelaide de Pabos, Quebec, and went into camp for a few days' fishing. They all retired in good health and spirits, but in the morning the ex-governor was dead, apparently of apoplexy. Mr. Russell was nominated for governor in 1877; was 1880, but was defeated; in 1890, 1891 and 1892 he was elected.

Robert Drouillard, a farmer near Vienna, O., was murdered and thrown into the river at Toledo.

FROM MANY POINTS.

NEW ITEMS OF VARIOUS KINDS BRIEFLY RELATED.

Sixteen Laborers Drowned by a Boat Capsizing in Cleveland Harbor—A Crack Attempted to Assassinate President Faure, of France.

16 Men Drowned at Cleveland.

At least 16 lives were lost by the upsetting of a boat, which occurred on the old river bed near the ore docks of the Cleveland & Pittsburgh Railway, at Cleveland. The ore handlers had just quit work for the day and were waiting their turns to cross the branch of the river on the flat bottomed ferry boat which they had provided for their own use. The boat, which is about 30 feet long and not more than four feet wide, would carry safely not more than a dozen persons, but 20 jumped on. The stream is not wide, however, and the hurrying ore handlers had no thought of danger. The boat was pushed from the shore and was being propelled across the stream. When it was about half way across a passing ore steamer caused swells which upset the boat. Those who remained on shore at once threw life preservers and planks to the unfortunate men, but most of the poor fellows sank. A few, however, managed to swim ashore, while one or two were picked up by a tug.

Drive the Turks Out of Europe.

A special from Athens says: Dr. D. Miller, who was sent to Crete by Emperor William to make a report on the condition of affairs, has arrived on his return from the island. He says: "Civilized people can scarcely credit the outrages which the Turks have perpetrated on Christian women and children. Europe has but a faint idea of the horrors which have taken place. The powers must absolutely interfere to prevent the renewal of such scenes. There is but one course to pursue, that is to turn the Turks out of Europe." He adds: "The insurgents intend fighting, and they are receiving a plentiful supply of arms. The utmost disorder prevails." Dispatches from the Cretan consuls announce that burning and pillaging have begun afresh.

Tried to Kill the President.

An attempt was made to assassinate President Faure, of France. He had gone to Longchamps to review the troops. A man in the crowd stepped forward and fired a revolver at him. The shot did not take effect. Eugene Marie Francis, the would-be assassin, was at once arrested. He declared he had fired a blank cartridge. When it became known that the president had not been hurt the greatest enthusiasm was manifested. Throughout the sensational incidents of the day and the exciting scenes that accompanied the attempt to assassinate his life, President Faure maintained an outwardly placid demeanor and manifested not the slightest sign of agitation.

Strikers Still Causing Trouble.

The strike at the Brown Hoisting Co. works at Cleveland still continues as does the rioting. A mob attacked a party of non-union men badly injuring several. The police were unable to handle the mob and five companies of militia have again been called out to maintain the peace. The state arbitration board has exhausted its efforts to induce the employees and managers of the works to submit to arbitration, and will now proceed with the investigation of the cause of the difficulty. The employers simply will not allow their men to belong to a union and the board will determine if the men have that right.

PARAGRAPHS CHRONICLE.

Cuban insurgents blew up a mixed train with dynamite in Puerto Principe. The explosion occurred under the passenger cars, killing six soldiers and two passengers.

The Port Huron Engine and Thrasher Co., has closed down their plant indefinitely, throwing 300 men out of employment. The company says it is because of the stringency in the money market, owing to the silver agitation.

Four men armed with revolvers entered the office of the New York Biscuit Co. (the cracker trust) at Chicago at noon, held up the cashier and made away with the cash box containing \$2,000. They made good their escape.

While a pound fishing boat was on its way from Vermilion, O., to Kelly's island, Lake Erie, a squall struck her. She was capsized and George Alexander, Howard Cuddeback, of Vermilion, and John Alheit, Sandusky, were drowned. The other man grasped floating wreckage and after several hours was rescued by a passing boat.

Rosana, the 10-year-old daughter of Mrs. James W. Foutch, died at Zanesville, under peculiar circumstances. She read everything about the St. Louis hurricane and became a victim of nervous prostration. During the thunderstorms that prevailed at Zanesville recently she said there was a hurricane coming and soon suffered prostration from the effect of which she died.

Reports of terrible brutality on the part of Spanish troops are being constantly received. Near Manzanilla Gen. Reyes seized Senora Ramon and two daughters and took them into camp where they were repeatedly assaulted by officers. The mother and one daughter died from their treatment. The same troops entered the Hernandez home and subjected the three beautiful daughters to the same cruelties. One of the girls badly wounded a captain and then stabbed herself to the heart rather than submit.

A. C. L. and W. engine killed Paul Herrie at Lorain, O.

FLOOD, WIND AND LIGHTNING.

Cincinnati, Pittsburg and Numerous Other Suffer Heavy Damage.

A rainfall of 1.77 inches in 50 minutes washed away many houses in Pittsburg and Allegheny, Pa., and caused losses of at least \$1,000,000. No lives were lost. The storm came very suddenly and gave little warning. The water came down in sheets and in a few minutes the streets were like running rivers. At Forty-eighth street, Lawrenceville, probably the most destruction was wrought. Every house on the north side of Butler street, from Forty-eighth street east, was flooded, many of them being entirely ruined. Quite a number of families were rendered homeless in this district. In Allegheny, Perryville avenue was flooded from one end to the other, undermining the new street railway, rendering it almost a total loss. Seven miles of Saw Mill Run plank road is destroyed, the planks being carried away and the roadbed ruined. The water went rushing down Madison avenue and East streets four feet deep. The sewer on Compromise street gave way and the water plowed its way right through houses in its track, and deposited boards and gravel in front of the Twelfth ward schoolhouse eight feet high. The soap factory of George Harley & Son, on Madison avenue, has three feet of gravel on the ground floor. The house of John Mueller, on Spring Hill, was washed down the hill with three children in it. They were all rescued. A landslide on Toboggan street carried with it into the streets below 1,000 tons of earth, rock and gravel.

Cincinnati, Covington and Newport had a storm of unusual severity. The rain came in blinding sheets that overtaxed the sewers in the lower part of Cincinnati and flooded streets. Business was practically suspended. In Covington the roof of the Ledyer Tobacco warehouse was blown off and \$10,000 worth of tobacco ruined. The West Covington opera house roof was taken off as also were the roofs of several dwellings in Newport.

The Storm in Ohio.

At Portsmouth Ed Durand was killed by lightning and several companions were badly hurt. In the sand hill oil field near Marietta several tanks were set on fire causing a loss of \$8,000, and six men narrowly escaped with their lives. Besides a destructive cloudburst near Winchester several places were damaged by lightning. James Roddman suffering a \$2,500 loss. James Rice and John Hill each lost a barn and A. W. Cochran is looking for part of his home which was formerly near Fremont. Bundy's creek, near Wellston, became so flooded that it burst into Wellston Mine No. 1, completely filling it with water and putting 150 men out of work for a time. The Presbyterian church at Cumberland received a bolt of lightning and the dome isn't as pretty as it used to be, and Homer Horton knows what greased lightning is now. A train came near plunging into a washout on the P. C. & St. L. railway near Dennison, but was flagged just in time. Lightning struck an oil tank near Newport causing a serious blaze. The home of Robt. Little, of Lisbon, was struck by lightning and Little was instantly killed, and his wife badly shocked. Miss Taylor, a neighbor, was also seriously injured.

Epworth Leaguers of Michigan.

Over half a thousand young Methodists gathered on Mount Epworth, near Ludington, as Old Sol was shooting his first shafts of silver light upon the dark waters of Lake Michigan, and songs and prayer went up from the faithful hearts to the Great Giver of Light. It was the opening sunrise praise service of the sixth annual convention of the Epworth League of Michigan. About 800 delegates attended the business sessions. The secretary reported the state membership at 37,500, an increase of 2,500. During the year 40 new chapters were organized making a total of 650. Addresses were made by prominent league and church workers of Michigan and other states, and helpful papers were read and conferences held in the interests of the six departments of the league. Officers elected: President, H. H. Grant, of Manistee; first vice president, F. C. Pillsbury, of Pontiac; second vice, Mrs. H. D. Scripps, of Detroit; third, D. B. Waldo, of Albion; fourth, Mrs. Elvin Swarthout, of Grand Rapids; junior superintendent, Mrs. M. Francis Pullar, of Saginaw; secretary, W. Scott Jones, of Detroit; treasurer, W. J. Meisenheimer, of Ludington. The next convention will be held at Jackson during the Easter vacation.

Cloudburst in Ohio.

A cloudburst struck McArthur, O., accompanied by lightning. Some houses were deluged six inches over the floor. The reservoir broke, two bridges were washed away, the roof of Sisson's drug store blown off, the Elko Co.'s store, and three dwelling houses were struck by lightning. The Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo railroad was badly damaged. It was the severest storm ever known in this section. Roads leading to town were made impassable in some places.

Mrs. Thomas Woolford, aged 64, and her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Slemaker, aged 64, were burned to death by the explosion of a coal oil lamp at their home in Baltimore.

The recent excessive heat ended in a terrific storm at Youngstown, O. Lightning struck a number of buildings, among them the Second National bank. Shado trees were blown down and much damage done to fruit trees. The injury to crops in that vicinity will amount to thousands of dollars.

It is reported from Washington that there are evidences of an organized raid upon the gold reserve of the treasury by eastern gold men to compel the administration to make another large issue of gold bonds or to call an extra session of congress. The reserve is now below the \$100,000,000 mark.

CASUALTIES.

Wayne Wilkinson, aged 22, of Plymouth, Ind., was drowned while bathing in Pretty Lake, near Bourbon, Ind. Charles and Leonard Birrer, brothers, aged about 20 years, were drowned while swimming at Quincy, Ill.

George Alexander and John Alheit, fishermen, were caught in a gale at Vermillion, Ohio, and drowned.

George Fisher, twenty years of age, fell from a load of hay upon a pitchfork at Swanville, Ind., and was killed.

Pittsburg and Allegheny were deluged by a flood Wednesday. There were many narrow escapes from drowning, and property worth \$350,000 was destroyed in a few minutes. Houses were washed away, street car traffic paralyzed, basements and cellars flooded and sewer systems ruined. From 7:30 to 10 o'clock p. m. almost two inches of rain fell, one inch of it coming down in the first twenty minutes.

Frank Shelly, a coal miner at Brazil, Ind., was crushed to death by a heavy fall of slate.

Henry Daniels and wife were drowned in the Republican river, near Franklin, Neb., while wading.

Henry C. Rogers, steward of the Petite Lake club house, was drowned at Lake Villa, Ill., while attempting to assist several ladies who had fallen into the water.

B. J. Johnson, a Westmon Mill, Mich., farmer, fell into the river and was drowned.

Ernest Larson, aged 7, was drowned while bathing in the Rock river at Rockford, Ill.

Milton Mendenhall, a farmer, living near Union City, Ind., jumped from a straw stack, and, missing his distance, was impaled upon a three-pronged fork. His recovery is doubtful.

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Between 1 and 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, Cincinnati, Covington and Newport, Ohio, had a storm of wind, rain and lightning of unusual severity. The wind attained a speed of forty-five miles an hour. Much damage was done.

CRIME.

George Crandall, of Gravelton, Ind., confessed on his death-bed to the murder of John D. Farnheim. The murder was committed ten years ago and has always been a mystery.

Mary Snodgrass was hanged at Coeburn, Va., for burning her child to death.

Joseph Conrad has been convicted at Lebanon, Ind., of attempting to murder John Martz, and sentenced to two years in prison.

Edward McLaughlin, a striking caulker at the Wheeler shipyard, Bay City, Mich., is under arrest for threatening to blow up Mr. Wheeler's office unless the latter gave him money.

Financial trouble drove B. L. Heron, aged 60, to kill himself at Castleton, Ind., by shooting.

Louis Vonesch, an Austrian, committed suicide at Birch Creek, Mich., by cutting his throat.

John Hartness and Frank Porter, members of the Terre Haute, Iowa, Good Citizens' league, were assaulted by saloon men.

W. Childers, a Purcell, I. T., attorney, was fatally stabbed by two negroes who attempted to rob him.

The claim is now made that Harmon Weidner, hung hanging at Wooster, Ohio, last Friday, was murdered instead of having committed suicide. The theory is that he was killed by parties interested in a small estate which the young man was to inherit.

POLITICAL NOTES.

The Michigan independent free-silver convention held at Lansing was attended by 225 delegates, all but three of the twelve congressional districts of the state being represented. The resolutions call for the free coinage of silver, and the thirty-four delegates elected to the St. Louis convention were instructed "to vote as a unit to the end that all the silver forces of the United States may be united in the great battle for the emancipation of the people." The party was christened "the union silver party."

At the Minnesota state mass-convention of the silver men William J. Bryan was endorsed for president by resolution, and thirty delegates were named to the national silver convention at St. Louis.

Ex-Congressman Clinton Dabbitt will be candidate for governor of Wisconsin before the democratic state convention. He is a free-silver man.

Chairman Sterling R. Holt of the Indiana democratic state committee in an interview said the Indiana democracy would be true to the ticket and platform, no matter what might be done elsewhere.

The most important action of the executive committee of the republican national committee at its meeting at Cleveland, Ohio, Thursday was overruled into the river. The identified dead are:

Five hundred veterans comrades of the war called on Maj. McKinley at Canton, Ohio, Thursday afternoon.

Comptroller Eckels has returned to Washington from the Chicago convention. He believes in the wisdom of putting a gold-standard ticket in the field to defeat free silver.

The Wisconsin state convention of the American silver party was held at Milwaukee Wednesday. Resolutions were passed endorsing Bryan and the Chicago platform, and a state central committee was organized. Thirty delegates were chosen to the national silver convention at St. Louis.

Four thousand people attended a republican ratification meeting in the Boston Music hall.

NEWS ITEMS IN BRIEF.

South Dakota Populists endorsed the democratic nominees after a bitter all-night fight.

The Republican national committee will establish headquarters at both New York and Chicago.

The residence of A. A. Berry, at Otsego, was destroyed by fire, which was started by a gasoline stove explosion.

Oswego, N. Y., celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the evacuation of old Fort Ontario by the British troops.

President Diaz, of Mexico, has been re-elected for four years more. There was no opposition, Diaz receiving every vote of the 23,000 electors.

Spanish officers report that the insurgent general, Maceo, has been killed and that there is trouble over appointing his successor. Cuban sources deny the report.

The extensive manufacturing plant of E. Bement & Sons at Lansing, which has been shut down for several weeks, will resume operations giving employment to 500 men.

Senator Jones, chairman of the national democratic committee, has sent word to Mr. Bryan that the headquarters of the party will be moved to Chicago, in order that the fight may be better carried on in the west.

Advices from Havana say that the Gazette has published a decree that after August 15 foreigners in Cuba who are not inscribed in the registry book, cannot plead their nationality in defense if they are arrested as rebels.

Two well-known Akron, O., business men suicided within a very few minutes of each other. They were Henry Huber, aged 53, and Samuel Reese, aged 55. The latter had trouble

Best Hood's Sarsaparilla

Results prove Hood's Sarsaparilla the best blood purifier, appetizer and nerve tonic. Infact Hood's Pills cure all Liver ills. 25 cents.

It is natural to destroy what we cannot possess, to deny what we cannot understand, and insult what we envy.

A bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup in the house saves doctors' bills, saves trouble, and very often saves precious lives. Gives almost instant relief in cases of coughs, colds, or lung troubles of any sort.

The only people who can come out wrong are those who do not start right.

Even catarrh, that dread breeder of consumption, succumbs to the healing influences of Thomas' Electric Oil.

The secret of happiness, "Keep your liver right." Burdock Blood Bitters is nature's remedy for complaints of the liver or bowels.

God did not send His Son into the world to condemn it, but to save it.

I never used so quick a cure as Fink's Cure for Constipation. J. H. Fink, Box 1174, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 25, 1895.

God's way of rewarding is that the man who does nothing gets nothing.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Wallow's Soreness Syrup for Children Teething.

The devil gets a strong hold on us whenever he gets us to finding fault.

The skin of the cactus plant is fair skin.

Coc's Cough Balsam. Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is available. Try it.

Baron Hirsch's place is the open-handed friend of the British aristocracy will probably be taken by Mr. Belt, a German multi-millionaire, who is interested with the Rothschilds.

Jules Jony, the writer of many of Yvette Guilbert's songs, among them "La Souleuvre," has gone mad. A performance to provide the money to keep him in a private asylum has been gotten up by the poetess and the critic Sarcus. Jony was a commonplace-looking little man, very particular about his dress and umbrella. He imagines that he has a handkerchief worth seventy millions of francs.

HER HAPPY DAY.

A CHARMING STORY OF MEDICINE AND MARRIAGE.

Two Open Letters From Chicago Girl—How Happiness Came to Her.

Among the tens of thousands of women who apply to Mrs. Pinkham for advice and are cured, are many who wish the facts in their cases made public, but do not give permission to publish their names for reasons as obvious as in the following, and so name is given without the writer's authority; this is a bond of faith which Mrs. Pinkham has never broken.

Chicago, Jan. 15, '95. My dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I am a married woman, and I am writing you because I feel that I have a right to tell you what I have done for me, because it would make things very unpleasant in the family. I would like to give you a testimonial, but I feel that I have a right to tell you what I have done for me, because it would make things very unpleasant in the family. I would like to give you a testimonial, but I feel that I have a right to tell you what I have done for me, because it would make things very unpleasant in the family.

My dear Mrs. Pinkham:—This is a happy day. I am well and gaining weight daily, but still continue the treatment and Vegetable Compound during the winter, as you suggest. I feel that I have a right to tell you what I have done for me, because it would make things very unpleasant in the family. I would like to give you a testimonial, but I feel that I have a right to tell you what I have done for me, because it would make things very unpleasant in the family.

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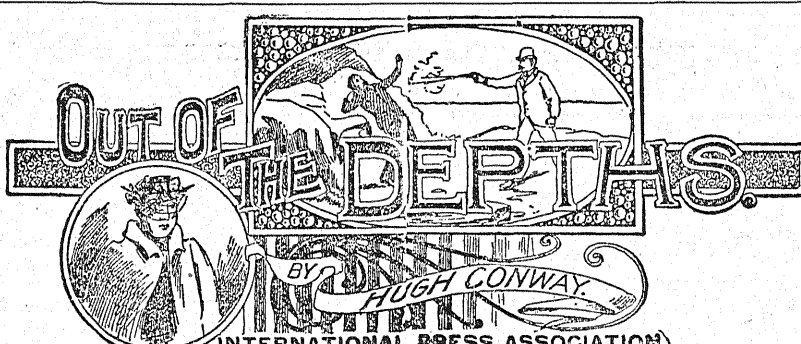
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CHAPTER XL—(Continued.)

It was a blazing hot day, so hot that I blamed myself for not having started on my ride either early in the morning or later on, when the power of the sun began to wane. I wondered that Grant had not suggested the latter course.

That wonder came coupled with another thought, a thought which made my heart beat. I remembered how anxious he had been that I should make the journey to-day and contrasted that anxiety with the importance of the errand. Could it be that he was for some purpose sending me out of the way? I rode slowly on, giving this question full consideration, and the more I considered it the more I became convinced that my errand to L'Orient was a ruse. Having determined this, my mind was at once made up. I halted at the next farm-house, and, stalling that the horse was lame, left him in charge of the good people until I could send for him. Then rapidly I retraced my steps until I reached the top of the cliff from which once before I had gazed at the house which held the man on whom I had come to wreak vengeance. I threw myself on the turf, and for hours kept my eyes on the house or on the road which led to it.

If I saw nothing to confirm my suspicions I could regain my horse and ride to L'Orient after nightfall. There would be a moon and I could not doubt find my way.

So, with eager eyes, I watched and waited, until at last I saw, struggling up the hill opposite to me, a carriage, which must have passed through St. Seurin. I saw it appear and disappear, according to the bends of the road; then emerge on to the table-land, and, finally, stop in front of the farm-house. My heart leaped with delight. I saw Grant come out and assist some dark figures to alight. I saw them enter the house. I saw the carriage and horses taken to the stables at the back of the farm. Then I rose and went to meet what fate I had in store for me.

I descended the one hill, climbed the other, and walked boldly toward the farm. I felt sure that the carriage seen by me had brought Viola to my temporary home. Grant knew that she was coming; hence the errand on which I had been sent. I chafed at the thought of how nearly I had fallen into the trap.

About a hundred yards from the house I saw on my left hand, seated on a stone on the edge of the cliff, the form of a woman. My heart beat so violently that for a moment I was forced to stand still.

Changed as was her dress, unfamiliar as her attitude, I should have known her among a thousand. At last, after an interval of two years, I saw Viola! She was clothed in black—she, who formerly detested the sombre hue! She was sitting with her hands clasped round her knee, her head bent forward, in a sad, thoughtful attitude. She seemed to be gazing at the sea below, not seeing or hearing anything. Noiselessly I crept over the soft turf until I was close to her.

Now that the moment for which I had longed had come, what should I do? Cover her with reproaches? Coldly demand an explanation? Rush upon her, returning at once to her duty? No; none of these. My only thought was to throw myself at her feet, to clasp her in my arms, to cover her face with kisses, to swear that, notwithstanding all the past, I loved her as of old. The second I should have done this.

But suddenly she turned her head and saw me. She started to her feet, and with a few quick glances told of pain, even horror, and fled toward the house. I followed, and she seized her hands. "What my love! my wife!" I cried. "Why do you fly from me?" She made no reply, but struggled to free herself.

"Speak! look at me, dearest!" I pleaded. "Tell me all—I can forgive! Tell me nothing save that you love me!" She looked at me, her eyes full of fear. "Let me go," she said hoarsely, "or I shall die!"

"Never!" I said. "Until you have told me all. What does it mean? What am I to think?" She laughed wildly. "Think? Think that I am false to you—that I love another—that I hate you! But let me go, Julian, let me go!"

Her voice sank to piteous entreaty as she spoke the last words. "Never!" I repeated. I wound my arms round her and kissed her passionately. She trembled in every fiber of her body and when once more her eyes met mine she looked in them positively. Suddenly, by a supreme effort, she tore herself from my arms and fled rapidly toward the farm. I was on the point of pursuing her when a great revulsion of feeling came to me. What had I done that this woman should shrink from my touch—should regard me with dread and horror? I had lavished love upon her; I was willing to take her to my arms without a word of explanation or an entreaty for pardon for the misery she had caused me. Yet she fled from me as if I were some noxious reptile. However deeply and

blindly a man may love, there must be a limit to his self-abasement; so as I strode into the house, to find, not her, but Eustace Grant, my heart was full of black and bitter thoughts against the woman I loved.

I entered Grant's sitting-room without either knock or warning of any sort. He was seated and apparently in earnest conversation with a pale, sweet-faced woman some ten years his senior, and who was dressed as a Sister of Charity. He started to his feet and looked at me like one astounded.

"You here, Loraine!" he cried. "Yes; I did not get as far as L'Orient." Grant moved toward the door. "Excuse me," he said; "I shall be back in a moment. This is my sister." The lady bowed, and smiled pleasantly.

"You are too late, Grant," I said, somewhat coldly. "You can not prevent the meeting; it has taken place." "Poor girl!" he said, then, turning to his sister, speaking in French, "You had better go and find Viola." She arose and left the room. Grant and I were left alone.

"Well!" he said, calmly. "You have seen her?" "Yes, in spite of your sister's refusal." "I acted but for the best. It was only this morning I knew they were coming. Some absurd report of my recent illness had reached my sister. Not having heard from me for weeks and weeks, she came to learn the truth."

"Come from where?" "From Nantes. She is the superior of a Sisterhood there. She is my half-sister. Her mother was a French woman."

"But, Viola? Why is Viola with her?" "She has been in her charge ever since she left you. It was to my sister I took her."

A thought crossed me. "Surely," I said, "Viola, a married woman, can bind herself by no vows? She is not one of the Sisterhood?" "The Sisterhood is a purely charitable one. Persons can leave it at discretion. Viola has been my sister's guest—that is all."

"Grant," I said, "I am now under the same roof as my wife. She shall not leave me until I know everything. From her lips I will learn the meaning of her conduct. Go and send her to me."

He said nothing. He left the room and in a few minutes returned, leading my wife. She sank wearily upon a chair, with her fingers nervously moving one against the other. I had now time to notice what changes the two years had made in her. Beautiful as she still was, it was not the girlish beauty which had won my heart; it was the sad, sweet beauty of a young woman who had suffered.

have gone, Eustace; not until the ship has sailed."

"Sailed? What ship?" I exclaimed, turning to Grant. "Viola sails for America next week. Some friends of her mother's live in New York; she goes to them."

I walked across to Viola. "Why do you go?" I asked fiercely. She seemed to tremble at the change in my voice. I repeated the question.

"I am too near—too near to England," she said, in a low, pained voice. "Too near to me you mean?"

"There must be thousands of miles between us."

I stamped in my rage. I was tried past endurance. Her one thought—her only wish seemed to be that of avoiding me.

"Go!" I cried, "and may I never gaze again on your false fair face! Go! and carry with you the memory of the life you have ruined, the hopes you have blighted, the love you have thrown away! Go!"

I turned on my heel, but in the small mirror over the fire-place I saw Viola rise, pale and tottering. I saw Grant place his arm round her and support her.

"I can not bear it," I heard her say. "I can bear all for his sake, except his reproaches. Eustace, when I am gone, let him know all. Not until I am gone, Julian, farewell!"

I turned at the last words. Viola was passing through the doorway. I sprang forward, but Grant checked me. The tears were rolling down his cheeks.

"No," he said, "Leave her. No good can be done. You will kill her if you see her again. Julian, leave the house for an hour; they will be gone by then. Trust me, believe me, it is better so."

"But I am to be told everything?" "Yes, when she has left England."

"No, no! Tell me now! Whatever it may be, that divides us, I can sweep it away. I can hinder her from going. I can hold her to my heart and keep her. Speak! if you are sworn to keep her secret awhile, for my sake, for my sake, break that vow, let me know everything this moment!"

He laid his hand on my shoulder. "Julian, my poor fellow," he said in a voice full of feeling, "If you have any hope abandon it. No love, no power on earth can bring Viola back to you!"

His words seemed to turn my heart into lead. I said no more, but obeying his request, left the house. But I waited at the roadside for the carriage to pass; I would catch one more glimpse of Viola before she left me, as Grant predicted, forever.

At last the carriage passed me. Viola saw me; our eyes met. Her look was one of bewilderment, of misery. She made a faint movement as if about to stretch out her arms, then in a moment passed from my gaze. And this was our farewell!

Conquering the impulse which urged me to rush after the carriage, I turned my wife from it and swore that she should not leave me. I turned away and struck down toward the coast.

Here I wandered about until late at night. Then, weary and miserable, I dragged myself back to the farm. Grant, with a face full of anxiety, was awaiting my return. I threw myself into a chair, buried my face in my hands, and, I believe, sobbed. The disappointments of the day, the threatened hopelessness of the future, had completely broken me down.

I felt as a man must feel who is on the verge of suicide.

"Eustace," I cried, "can you give me no hope?" "My poor boy, it would be cruel to deceive you—none!"

I groaned. "Let us go away!" I said. "Come with me to England—to London. I shall go mad and throw myself over the cliff if I stay here!"

The next morning we started for England.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XLII. ECHO OF THE CONVENTION. He had been back a day or so from the strenuous exertions of the republican convention when his wife called at his office to rest from the effects of hunting bargains.

AUNT'S ADVENTURE.

EVENING had closed darkly round the little brown farm-house in the hollow; gray November nightfall and the wild Niagara of crimson sunset fire had poured its flaming tides long since into the great unseen chalice of splendor that lies hidden somewhere beyond the western horizon—the monumental urn where rest entombed alike the days crowned with roses, and those baptized in tears.

There was no sound without, save the branches of the huge sycamore tree chafing uneasily against the moss-enamelled roof, and the plaintive wind among the brown and scarlet drifts of leaves that carpeted every dingle of the woods.

Nobody would have suspected Peter of such romantic meditation, as he sat there sorting out seed corn and packages of blue beans on his round table, and labeling them with portentous deliberation.

There was a third person, sitting in the red leather glow, however; a young man of about twenty-four years of age, with dark brown hair and eyes to correspond, who amused himself by tantalizing Aunt Miriam's kitten with the good lady's ball of yarn—the animal, like all the rest of her sex, becoming more and more anxious for the woolly sphere the higher it was held!

"So you've really made up your mind to get married, James—do step teasing that kitten!" said the old lady, with a constrained voice.

"Yes, Aunt Miriam; it isn't good for man to be alone, you know."

There was a silence again. James Arnett wound and unwound his yarn very unobtrusively; Uncle Peter eyed his dead speed with thoughtful and Mrs. Fenner knit energetically on, with pursed-up lips and a scarcely perceptible shrug of the shoulders.

"Aunt Miriam, I wish you would see Millicent," said the young man at length.

"I can't say I have any desire to see your city young ladies, James," said Aunt Miriam, coldly; "they're too fine spun for an old woman like me. White hands and piano-playin' may be very grand—I dare say it is—but it don't suit my taste."

"But, aunt, I am sure you would like her. Come now, do be reasonable, and go over to Sister Brownell's with me tonight. She is spending a week at her grandfather's and she would be so much gratified to see you!"

"Thank you, I ain't curious on the subject," responded Aunt Miriam, primly. "Only I heard that Miss Brownell had a bad stroke of the rheumatism and I don't see how she gets along to wait on her new-fangled granddarter!"

"I can't understand why you are so prejudiced against poor Millicent, Aunt Miriam," said the young man, uneasily. "I won't disguise from you that it makes me unhappy to think of marrying without the approval of one who has been a mother to me and yet—"

"And yet you are determined to go your own gait; that's the plain English of it, James," said Aunt Miriam. "Well, I suppose you can do without my consent; you'll never get it, anyhow!" And she poked the fire vigorously, as the old clock began to strike.

"My poor boy, it would be cruel to deceive you—none!"

I groaned. "Let us go away!" I said. "Come with me to England—to London. I shall go mad and throw myself over the cliff if I stay here!"

The next morning we started for England.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XLII. ECHO OF THE CONVENTION. He had been back a day or so from the strenuous exertions of the republican convention when his wife called at his office to rest from the effects of hunting bargains.

"Ah," she said, looking up at the walls of his private den, "you must have had a great many friends down there."

He smiled vaguely and she got up to examine the pictures more closely. "All prominent people, I suppose," she said, "for they wouldn't have been sketched for the papers, I must say, though, that I don't admire their looks very much. Now this man here," she dabbed at a villainous caricature with her parasol, "do you mean to tell me you've been associating with him?"

Her husband nodded meekly. "Well, all I can say is, if he isn't a coarse, vulgar thing, he looks it. And this one—Tom, do you mean to sit there and tell me that this person isn't a criminal of some sort? Look at his eyes; see the hunted way he hangs his head—"

"My dear," he said, quietly, "I would not put it in any more, if I were you. Those are all pictures of myself."—New York Journal.

A Lovely Tea Cloth. A beautiful tea cloth recently finished is round, with fringed edges. On it there is embroidered a wide wreath border of magnolia heads and nasturtiums in natural size and coloring. The magnolia is done in solid embroidery, the flowers in long and short stitch and the tendrils and stems of the flowers which make the wreath continued in stem stitch. The magnolia does not regularly alternate with the flowers, but in certain parts of the wreath is used in a cluster of three or four heads. The most brilliant colors seen in nasturtiums are not used for the flowers, but dull reds and yellow shadings on a pale lemon color.

stole noiselessly up the chrysanthemum bordered walk; she couldn't help wondering what Elder Oliver would say if he were to become aware that she, the sagest old lady in his congregation, were prowling about like a thief in the night.

"It's all for James' sake," said the venerable dame, under her breath, as she pushed aside the great sweetbriar that hung over the panes, and peeped slyly into the window.

Mrs. Brownell sat in a big arm-chair by the fire, her feet swathed in flannel; the squire was smoking his pipe over a three-days-old newspaper, and before a pine table, at the end of the room, stood a rosy-cheeked girl, of perhaps seventeen, the sleeves of her crimson merino dress rolled up above a pair of exquisitely-dimpled elbows, and her hands buried in a wooden tray of flour—engaged, in fact, in the operation which housekeepers call "setting a sponge." So much at home did she seem in the culinary art that Aunt Miriam said to herself, very decidedly: "This can't be the city visitor; I wonder where she is?" when her doubts were all dispelled by Mrs. Brownell's voice:

"Millicent, I wish you'd write out the recipe for that cake you made for tea—I don't see where you learned to be so handy about the house?"

"Why, grandmamma!" said the young lady, gaily, "you seem to forget that my mother was educated under your eye. She does not believe that French and music are everything that a girl needs to learn. Now do put those stockings down—I'll see that they are duly mended by and by."

Aunt Miriam turned away from the window more bewildered than ever, but with a very satisfied feeling stirring under the heap of prejudices that had filled her kind old heart. If this were the much-talked-of Millicent, things might not be so very bad after all. And Milly worked at her sponge, the merry smiles dimpling over her face, like sunshine on a bed of roses, utterly unconscious of the audience of "one" who was now contemplating a retreat.

But the adventures of the night were not yet at a close. As Aunt Miriam groped her way toward the path, lamenting the gitchy darkness of the night, and the crackling of the crisp leaves as her not very elastic foot shuffled through them, every pulse in her frame came to a sudden pause of terror, as a pair of muscular arms were thrown around her, and a meek smile came in contact with her cheek! Such a thing—Aunt Miriam couldn't remember its like since the days when Peter Fenner courted the beauty of the village, in vain she struggled breathlessly to escape—whoever the individual might be, he didn't do things by halves, and evidently had no disposition to relinquish his prize.

"My darling little Milly! how did you know I was coming to-night?" Then came another kiss, before Aunt Miriam could exclaim, in stifled accents:

"James Arnett, are you crazy? Do let go of me, and behave like a sensible creature!"

The arms unclasped with electric speed.

"Aunt Miriam! how on earth—"

"Hush! don't speak above your breath! There now—if you're going to laugh like that, you'll raise the town!"

"I—I can't help it, Aunt Miriam," gasped James, climbing to the gate post and vainly trying to check the gusts of laughter that would come.

"What will Uncle Peter say? Who would have expected to find Mrs. Fenner, Vice-President of the Dorcas Society?"

"James, hold your tongue, if you don't want me to box your ears. And if you breathe a word of this to any living soul—"

"Well, I won't. Aunt—I won't upon my word; only the whole affair is so supremely ridiculous."

"Nonsense!" said Aunt Miriam, slipping through the gate. "There, you needn't turn back with me, you silly boy. Go in and see Milly—I know that's what you prefer. And Jamie—"

"Well, Aunt Miriam?"

"I've changed my mind about that little Milly of yours. I don't believe you can find a prettier wife, or a better, so settle matters as soon as you please, and we'll see whether your Aunt Miriam has forgotten how to make a wedding cake."

"But are you in earnest, Aunt?"

"Never was more so in my life."

"What has altered your convictions? Surely I may ask that one question?"

"That isn't all at all to the purpose, young man. But remember, not a word of this ridiculous adventure!"

A Child Enjoys. The pleasant flavor, gentle action, and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

The greatest natural cold known is estimated at 100 degrees below zero, the highest natural temperature is in Egypt, 117 degrees.

How to Grow Cane Wheat. Salzer's Fall Seed Catalogue tells you. It's worth thousands to the wide-awake farmer. Send 4-cent stamp for catalogue and free samples of grains and grasses for fall sowing. John A. Salzer Seed Co., LaCrosse, Wis.

I have spent my life in seeing people die not of their ailments, but of that great and incurable disease, the want of money.

Do you scratch and scratch, and wonder what's the matter? Doan's Ointment will instantly relieve and permanently cure any itchy disease of the skin, no matter of how long standing.

The first Bible mention of brickmaking is in Genesis. The chronologists place the date of this reference at B. C. 2347.

Hall's Catarrh Cure. Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

No man has yet been able to discover the means of giving fruit to a woman, not even to his own wife.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No more of the danger of fits. Dr. J. C. Smith, Restorer. Price 25 cents per bottle and 1 case 50. Beware of cheap imitations. Dr. J. C. Smith, Restorer.

It is much easier to be contented without riches than it is with them.

Harvest Excursions. In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the grand crops in the Western states and enable the intending settler to secure a home, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R.R. has arranged to run a series of harvest excursions to South and North Dakota, and to other states in the West, Northwest and Southwest on the following dates: August 4 and 18, September 1, 15, 29 and October 6 and 20, at the low rate of two dollars more than one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within 21 days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address Geo. H. Hafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

The sun throws vertical rays on the earth's surface only upon an area equal to about 4 square miles at one time.

A Superbly Appointed Train. Undoubtedly the handsomest train between Chicago and St. Paul, Minneapolis, the Superiors and Duluth is the "North-Western Limited" which leaves Chicago at 6:30 p. m. daily via the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R.R.). Its equipment, which is entirely new throughout, and embraces Compartment Sleeping Cars, Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, standard Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars and ladies' coaches, has every luxury which imagination can conceive or momentary invent for the comfort and convenience of passengers. All agents sell tickets via the Chicago & North-Western R.R. For full information apply to agents of connecting line, or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. and T. A., Chicago, Ill.

Slit which has been badly wrinkled may be smoothed by sponging on the right side with weak gum arabic water and then ironing on the wrong side.

The Woman, The Man, And The Pill.

She was a good woman. He loved her. She was his wife. The pie was good; his wife made it; he ate it. But the pie disagreed with him, and he disagreed with his wife. Now he takes a pill after pie and is happy. So is his wife. The pill he takes is Ayer's.

Moral: Avoid dyspepsia by using Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

Boiling River. It is sure enough. It is not as large as the Mississippi, indeed it is quite small, but a mighty stream for all that.

In a thousand tiny rills more or less and of almost as many colors. These gather themselves into pools and lake-lets on the mountain's side, covering an area of about 200 acres. Overflowing their boundaries, they slowly trickle down the sides of the mountain, forming small cliffs, the most wonderful in the world. From a distance one can hardly believe what the eyesight reveals—white, black, orange, lemon, terra cotta, green, blue, red, pink, separate and in manifold combinations stand out before him. It is a hill of painted cliffs on the sides of the mountain that rises high above. And the odd part of it is that each of these exquisite colors represents a different temperature. Does that stirle your credulity? Even so it is true.

When through with this beautiful painting process these waters again come together and then, as if full of mischief like a pack of small boys trying to play hide and seek, dive down and remain under the ground for a space of two miles and then flow out from the mouth of a canyon as one of the clearest, most beautiful, green streams imaginable. Where these waters emerge from the mountain into the little lakes they are hot—boiling hot. During their dark underground journey they fall several feet and are also many degrees in hotness, so that when they again see daylight they are much cooler. This then is Boiling River, an underground mountain stream of hot water.

But you ask, where is it? Where can I see it? It is in Yellowstone Park at Mammoth Hot Springs. It is one of the lesser—mind you, the lesser—wonders of this land of wonders. Go there and see it by all means, but first send to Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, Northern Pacific Railroad, St. Paul, Minn., six cents for Wonderland, which tells all about this renowned region.

A pound of phosphorus heads 1,000,000 matches.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE



KINGSTON.

A nice rain Sunday night.

Miss H. H. Doyle is making a two weeks' visit at Rose City.

Rev. O. W. Wills preached at the M. E. Church Sunday evening.

Albert Fox and son Vernie, of Lum, called on Kingston friends Tuesday.

A. A. P. McDowell, of Cass City, transacted business at Kingston Tuesday.

John M. Veit started for New York Saturday where he will work the coming winter.

Have you noticed the smile on A. Legg's face of late? His wife presented him with a twelve pound girl Tuesday. All are doing nicely.

The saw mill of Graves and Hart, located two miles north of here, caught fire Saturday noon while all hands were at dinner and was completely destroyed. Damage about \$1000. No insurance. Charlie Hart had one hand quite badly burnt saving the saw. We are informed they will saw out the remainder of the shingle bolts at Wilmet.

RESCUE.

Mrs. Oliver March is in very poor health at present.

George Finkle made a business trip to Sebawing last Monday.

J. Wesley Wilson, of Hayes, was a caller in town last Monday.

Threshing begins this week and the machines are on the move.

Wheat is about all harvested and good crops are the general rule.

A few of our residents attended the Epworth League at Popple last Sunday evening and report an enjoyable time.

E. Mains has purchased a Deering Pony binder, and his first trip was to a wheat field, where the wheat was an enormous crop. Contrary to his expectations he harvested the crop without missing a sheaf, and now he is ready to tackle anything, except brush.

A hungry crew visited one of our neighbors a short time ago during his absence from home and helped themselves to all the canned fruit available. What they could not devour they hid where it was found the next day. It was done by experts as they left no traces to identify them.

BAD AXE.

Hurrah for Bryan!
Newell Hilton is painting his house. Huron county is for Bryan, Sewall and Silver.

Miss Hattie Durfy has been visiting friends at Detroit this week.

T. R. Conklin has returned from Georgia, where he spent the winter.

S. H. Blakley is also having his residence painted. Better times coming.

Dr. Jas. Henderson has been attending the populist convention at St. Louis this week.

Miss Lydia Jackman, of Detroit, has been visiting her brother, Dr. Jackman, of this place.

The Republican county convention to elect delegates to the State Congressional and Senatorial conventions was held here Tuesday, resulting in a hot fight over the state delegation and a complete victory for the Pingree forces. For the congressional nomination, Snover, of Port Austin, will undoubtedly receive the support of the party in this county for re-nomination.

It is rumored that our townsman, W. T. Bope is a candidate for the congressional nomination this fall on the Democratic ticket. Mr. Bope is the logical candidate for the seventh district Democracy at this time for several reasons. The nomination should come to Huron county this year; he is an earnest, outspoken advocate of bimetalism, or free silver if you please, to which the district is undoubtedly largely committed; one of our ablest lawyers, a deep thinker, forcible speaker and a man fully conversant with the needs of our district and its people as well as the masses of the people at large and would do his best to promote legislation in their interests.

In the vicinity of Boquet, Westmoreland Co., Pa., almost any one can tell you how to cure a lame back and stiff neck. They dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind it on the affected parts and in one or two days the trouble has disappeared. This same treatment will promptly cure a pain in the side or chest. Mr. E. M. Frye, a prominent merchant of Boquet, speaks very highly of Pain Balm, and his recommendations have had much to do with making it popular there. For sale by T. H. Fritz.

Teachers' Institute.

The State Teachers' Institute for Tuscola County will be held at Vassar commencing at 10 o'clock a. m., Monday, August 24, and closing at 4 p. m., Friday, August 28. Commr. T. J. Reavey, Caro, local committee.

A good institute is of inestimable value to the teacher and to the person preparing to enter the profession. It gives inspiration and suggestion to the progressive teacher and leads the novice to prepare more thoroughly and hold higher ideals of the teacher's work. A good institute is a genial, lively, methodical, systematic, orderly, enthusiastic school. Instructors have been selected who have had much practical experience in the school room and know how to give others a portion of what they have thus learned. It is confidently expected that this will be the best institute ever held in the county.

The work will combine professional and academic instruction. The institute will be divided into sections; and the instructors will conduct classes for the purpose of reviewing some studies, and also to illustrate certain methods of instruction. The workers have been urged to arrange for calisthenic exercises, singing, marching, and the like, so as to make the work move off cheerily and without fatigue.

The time for study at the institute will be necessarily limited and, in order to permit the most profitable of class exercises, the following topics are suggested, so that those who purpose attending may make some preparation:

Arithmetic—(1) Mental arithmetic drill, (2) applications in mensuration.

Grammar—(1) Infinitives and participles, (2) common errors in speech, (3) analysis of sentences selected from "Fortune of the Republic."

Geography—(2) Michigan, (3) model lessons on Venezuela, Cuba, Armenia, or the Transvaal.

History—(1) 1815-1861, (2) finance, (3) important current events.

Physiology—(1) The digestion; (2) prevention of communicable diseases—see health office circulars; (3) respiration—ventilation of schools; (4) the ear.

Civil Government—(1) Executive officers of nation, state, county, village; (2) compare Congress and Michigan legislature.

Pedagogy—(1) The eight and ninth chapters of Putnam's Primer or its equivalent, (2) child study manual.

Algebra—(1) Equations, (2) factoring, (3) problems.

Geometry—Simple problems and demonstrations.

Botany—Elementary instruction. Reading and Orthography—Emerson's "Fortune of the Republic." A spelling match will be conducted on the Michigan Test and fifty technical words of physiology and arithmetic.

The preceding topics are given to aid in a proper preparation for the work. Bring any text books. Dethinking and studying along the lines of the topics suggested, and even a week's institute may be made very profitable with class work and lectures combined.

The institute law allows teachers, whose schools are in session at the time appointed for the county institute held under the direction of the State Superintendent, to close their schools during the continuance of such institute, without forfeiting their wages, for as many half days as they are in attendance at the institute.

There will be no enrollment fee, and every teacher or would-be teacher, should arrange to attend every session. Try to be present at the first session.

Full particulars in regard to board, etc., may be obtained upon application to the local committee.

HENRY R. PATTEGILL,
Superintendent of Public Instruction.

WILMOT.

Grain is turning out well.

Ella Thorpe, a young lady living near here, is very low. Dr. Bates is attending her.

Mrs. Barnes, of this place and her son, Jacob are very sick. Drs. Bates and Simonton are attending them.

Graves' and Hart's saw and shingle mill took fire Saturday noon while the men were at dinner. Charley Hart and the sawyer while trying to save some of the machinery were badly burned. Heavy loss to the boys.

Oh say! Have you seen that rack? It was built in Wilmet, on one of the side streets by M. Dubois for delivering apple barrels around the country. It is 26 feet long and holds 175 barrels. The barrels are being made in Cass City and the first load was delivered Tuesday in Kingston by John Minnis who has charge of that work.

Fresh Stationery at this office.

He Approved the Book.

Chauncey M. Depew was telling a story about a police superintendent in one of our inland cities. The man was a sharp, shrewd fellow, who worked his way up from the ranks, with little or no education. A boy was arrested at the station by one of his officers, and in due time brought before the superintendent. The officer said that the boy had run away from his home in the east and was going west to fight Indians. The superintendent asked if any weapons had been found on the youthful desperado. The officer replied that the only thing found on him was a book. The superintendent continued: "These dime novels are doing more to injure boys' characters and to drive them from home than anything else. Let me see it."

The officer handed him the book. He took it and opened it. Then he said: "This is the Bible—eh? I have heard a lot about this book, but I have never read it. Wait until I see what it says." He began to read slowly and laboriously. After 20 minutes' silence he took his feet down from the desk, placed his glasses back in the case, and said kindly to the boy, "Well, my little man, I am surprised that with a book of this kind in your possession you should have decided to run away from home." Turning to the officer he said in a matter of fact way, "There are some really good things in it."—New York Tribune.

His First Glimpse of the Sea.

King Premph of Ashanti never saw the sea until the day when, as a prisoner of the English, he was brought down to the coast and embarked on the warship that had been designated to take him to the place of his exile, where he must spend the rest of his life. The beach was crowded with a dense throng of natives, who shouted and sang and made a tremendous din when Premph and his companions came in sight. The expression on the king's face when he first beheld the ocean was one of blank astonishment, not unmixed with alarm, but he soon recovered himself and talked volubly in the farewell interview which he had before embarking. A detachment of the West Yorkshire battalion entered a surfboat, and Premph was placed in their midst. The chief interpreter followed closely in the wake of the boat conveying the king, whose every movement was plainly visible. His novel surrounding evidently made a great impression upon Premph, and when the Racon was reached and boarded he was quite lost in wonder. Long before the Racon started many of the Ashanti prisoners, most of whom had preserved a most stolid demeanor on coming on board, were painfully seasick.

A Frenchman's Dilemma.

"I begin to understand your language better," said a Frenchman the other day, "but your verbs trouble me still. You mix them so with your prepositions. I have just seen my friend, Mrs. James, and she said she intended to break down housekeeping—no, broken up, I mean—her health is so broken into, and since smallpox was broken up in the city she thinks she will leave for a time."

After some difficulty he was set straight and made to understand that he should say broken up as applied to health, broken out as applied to smallpox, after which he continued:

"Mrs. James tells me her son's engagement is broken—broken off. He seems a nice young fellow and is a breaker, I believe."

And it was some time before his hearers realized that this last was not a pun, but only another eccentricity of the verb "to break"—that young Mr. James is a breaker, and that his profession is not that of breaking either engagements or hearts.—New York Journal.

Walpole an Inspired Reporter.

Of course a man may choose, if he will, to be less than a free author. He may become a reporter, for there is such a thing as reporting for books as well as for newspapers, and there have been reporters so amazingly clever that their very aptness and wit constitute them a sort of immortals. You have proof of this in Horace Walpole, at whose hands gossip and compliment receive a sort of apotheosis. Such men hold the secret of a kind of alchemy by which things trivial and temporary may be transmuted into literature. But they are only inspired reporters after all, and while a man was wishing, he might wish to be more and climb to better company.—Professor Woodrow Wilson in Century.

Hadn't the Time.

A man asked for work at the door. The lady of the house said that she would take his name and address and see what could be done for him. She offered him a pencil and bit of paper. "You write it, mum," he said. "I would write it myself, but I never learned to write." "Not even your name?" she exclaimed. "No'm, I ain't had the time." "Well, why not take time? I'll teach you to write your name at least. It seems strange that an intelligent man like you hasn't learned that. How did it happen?" "Well, mum, you see I went and got married young, and I've always been busy working, and I ain't had the time for learning."—Boston Transcript.

Used to Them.

Henpeck—Have you "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures" or some other book of that sort?

Bookseller—I'll see, sir. "I wish you would, for I want to get a good night's rest."

"What has that to do with it?" "Everything. My wife died a few days ago, and I think if I read a few pages of 'Mrs. Caudle' I won't miss her."—Philadelphia Record.

The single air propulsion common among the boatmen of almost every country is on the principle best seen in the tail of the fish.

Papier mache shoes for horses have been recently introduced, with, it is said, gratifying results.

The Doctors are in Saginaw.

Services first three months free. A staff of eminent physicians and surgeons from the British Medical Institute, of Detroit, have opened a permanent office in Saginaw, at No. 106 South Washington Ave., opposite the Bancroft House. All invalids who call upon them before July 31st will receive services for three months free of charge. This will not only include consultation, examination and advice, but also all surgical operations. Under no consideration will remuneration in any form be accepted for any services rendered; therefore the most humble in circumstances can avail themselves of the most expert medical skill and without cost.

The object in pursuing this course is to become rapidly and personally acquainted with the sick and afflicted. The doctors treat all forms of chronic disease, but will not accept incurable cases. If upon examination you are found incurable, you will be kindly and frankly told so, also advised against spending money for useless treatment.

Male and female weakness, catarrh and catarrhal deafness, also rupture and all diseases of the rectum, are positively cured by their new treatment.

Office hours: 9 a. m. till 8 p. m. Sundays, 10 a. m. till 2 p. m.

A Great Inducement.

THE DETROIT WEEKLY TRIBUNE, the only weekly paper having a circulation throughout this state, that espouses the cause of silver, will be sent to your address from now until Jan. 1, 1897, together with your best local paper, the CASS CITY ENTERPRISE, for 50c.

The Detroit Weekly Tribune is the leading weekly newspaper of Michigan. It contains full and concise reports of all state and national elections, the latest silver movements, fresh state happenings, crop reports, home and farm notes, and above all, intelligent silver editorials, also full reports of all state, county and city conventions. It is brimful of live reading matter. Everyone interested in the great money question should take advantage of our Special Clubbing Rate.

To My Patrons.

I desire to inform my patrons and public generally, that I have lately removed my Telephone Manufacturing Plant and office from Elmer, Mich., to Caro, Tuscola county, Mich., where with increased facilities and superior advantages in every way, I shall be better than ever able to take care of all business in this line entrusted to me. With thanks for past favors and soliciting a continuance of the same, I am Very Truly Yours, W. J. MOORE.

Last summer one of our grand children was sick with a severe bowel trouble. Our doctor's remedies had failed, so we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which gave very speedy relief. We regard it as the best medicine ever put on the market for bowel complaints.—Mrs. E. G. Gregory, Fredericktown, Mo. This certainly is the best medicine ever put on the market for dysentery, summer complaint, colic and cholera infantum in children. It never fails to give prompt relief when used in reasonable time and the plain printed directions are followed. Many mothers have expressed their sincere gratitude for the cures it has effected. For sale by T. H. Fritz.

Hedges—"Sappy is continually falling off his wheel." Rose—"What can you expect from a fellow who isn't well balanced."—[Philadelphia North American.

A Handsome Book for a Two Cent Stamp. New Publication by The B. & C. Line.

To those who contemplate taking a summer outing, we will mail for 2c. postage our illustrated pamphlet, which contains a large number of fine engravings of every summer resort between Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit and picturesque Mackinac. It has many artistic halftones of points of interest of the Upper Lake region. Information regarding both short and extended tours, costs of transportation and hotel fares, etc. Address, A. A. SCHANTZ, G. P. A., Detroit, Mich.

"Fame," said Uncle Eben, "am jes' like swinging in er hammock. Hit am mighty good fun of somebody doan' cut de string an' drap yer."—[Washington Star.

Photo. Mounting Board for sale at the ENTERPRISE Office.

It is the big farmer, and not the big farm, that tells. One man will make money off a dozen acres of ground, while another will starve on fifty. It is not the size of your business, but the way you run it, that tells.

See the samples of Paper Napkins at the ENTERPRISE Office.

Don't worry so much about getting up in the world. Just get up in the morning six days a week, and hustle ten hours a day, and the other thing will take care of itself.

Doors are made of trees, and trees grow out of doors.

When anyone tells you that he is perfectly contented, they mean, in nine cases out of ten, that after thinking the matter all over they do not see how they can get anything more.

Weak, weary and wasted.

People may become strong, vigorous and healthy by taking Foley's Sarsaparilla—a perfect blood purifier; a splendid tonic. Trial size, 50c.

There is no cheap Sarsaparilla so good. There is no good Sarsaparilla so cheap as Foley's Sarsaparilla. It is Several times stronger in blood cleansing Qualities than any other Advertised Blood Medicine.

Of Interest to All Women.

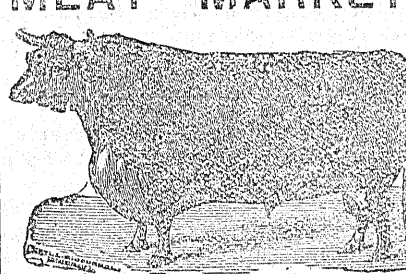
An Offer of \$200.00. R. H. Woodward Company, Baltimore, Md., make a most liberal offer of \$200.00 to any agent who will sell 200 copies of their new book, "Aids of Beauty, or Studies in Grace, Health and Good Looks," by Shirley Dore. This is a work of great popularity, and of special value to all women, endorsed by leading physicians. One agent sold 25 copies first day, another 27 in 2 days; another 28 in 1 week. A gold watch is given in addition to commission for selling 60 copies in 30 days. Freight paid and credit given. Complete outfit 25 cts. Agents wanted also for other books and titles. Write them immediately. 7-108

Cass City Markets.

CASS CITY, July 24, 1896.	
Wheat, No. white.	36
Wheat, No. 2 red.	35
Corn, per bu.	33
Corn Meal, per cwt.	1 00
Oats, per bu.	15 19
Rye.	24
Barley, per 100 lbs.	30 to 35
Beans.	40 to 45
Clover Seed, per bu.	4 00 to 4 25
Potatoes per bu.	20
Apples per bu.	5 to 25
Butter.	18
Hogs, dressed.	4 45
Live Hogs, per cwt.	3 00
Best live weight.	2 10 to 2 15
Station—live weight, per lb.	11 to 12
Lamb, live weight.	11 to 12
Veal.	11 to 12
Yellow, per lb.	6 to 10
Turkey—live, per lb.	10 to 12
Chickens—dressed, per lb.	10 to 12
Chickens—live, per lb.	10 to 12
Hay, new.	5 00 to 6 00
Wool, washed.	11 to 12
Wool, unwashed.	6 to 10
Wool Washed.	15 to 18
Wool Unwashed.	6 to 10

MARKETS AT ROYAL MILLS.	
White Lily Flour.	\$ 1.90 cwt.
Golden Meal.	1 40 "
Graham Flour.	1 40 "
Feed.	75 "
Meal.	90 "
Bran.	60 "
Middlings.	70 "

WEST END MEAT MARKET.



Fresh and Salt Meats of All Kinds.

Poultry bought at Cash Prices.

Cash Paid For Hides and Pelts.

Meat delivered in town.

A trial order solicited.

Robt. Burling, Prop.

YOU SAVE MONEY and IMPROVE YOUR APPEARANCE

By getting a genuine Made-to-Order Suit

That is not "all straw and no grain," all shoddy and no wool. For a

Good All-wool Suit From \$14 up

—GO TO—

Wilson Harrison,

Tailor, - Cass City.

OH, LOOK!

I am again offering

One Dozen Cabinets

—AND ONE—

Life Size Crayon

—FOR—

Five Dollars,

Or One Dozen Cabinets

For \$1.50.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

J. MAIER

Photographer.

STEVENSON ON THE GOLD STANDARD.

All money is a medium of exchange, but Gold alone is the measure of values, and as long as the yellow metal continues to measure, you farmers must expect to sell your produce at half price. While this is a fact,

⇒ DON'T FORGET ⇒

Our merchandise is measured by the same Gold Standard, for instance:

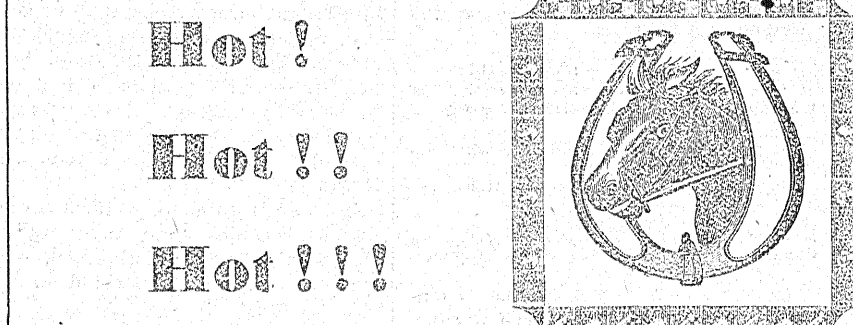
Seedless Raisins 3c per lb.
7 bars of Soap for 25c.
Yeast Cakes 4c per package.
Thread, best, 4c per spool.
Flour, best Winter Wheat, \$1.90 per cwt.
Rolled Oats, best, 13 lbs. for 25c.

And everything else, goes at the same low prices and delivered in the village at that.

FARMERS, YOUR HENS AND COWS

Produce legal tender that has intrinsic value. Bring it in and trade it for low priced gold measured goods at

G. A. STEVENSON'S.



NOBODY knows it more than the horse. He doesn't have to look at the thermometer either.

Equip him with a fly-net and a sweat pad, and—when you can—a light harness. No matter how dark it is, if it's light

And fits him well at all points of contact.

If you had to travel around the streets in a pair of trousers that felt like a cast-off steam-boiler with lead trimmings, you'd know how the horse feels when forced to work in stiff, ill-made harness.

I can't stuff and mount lions, nor take X-ray photographs, but I can make the right harness for the right horse.

If you've got one bring it to the right place—

W. D. SCHOOLEY'S.

BELVIDERE. AMERICAN BEAUTY.

Something New. Strictly up to Date.

I have recently purchased a few \$100 and \$75

BICYCLES

—AT A—

Bankrupt Sale.

These Bicycles I will sell at \$40, \$50 and \$60 each until they are sold out. These Bicycles are extraordinary values and will go quick, so be on time and get one.

Second Hand Bicycles.

Price, \$10 and \$35.

BICYCLE SUNDRIES KEPT ON HAND.

Pneumatic Saddle, Morgan & Wright Tires, American Dunlap Tires, Bells, Devolines, Cyclometers, Luggage Carriers, Bicycle Lock, Graphite and Bicycle Lamps, Etc.

A. A. HITCHCOCK, CASS CITY.

IXION. CHICK.

FOUR TONS

OF

BINDER TWINE ON HAND.

I don't go and leave it at the farmer's house but let the farmer come here and derive the benefit.

Number One

HORSE RAKES

To Sell at

COST PRICES.

J. H. STRIFFLER.