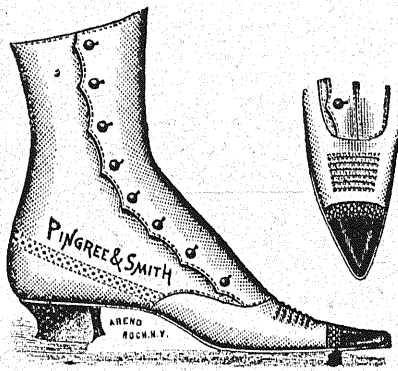


CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XV. NO. 40.

CASS CITY, MICH., SEPT. 10, 1896.

BY A. A. P. McDOWELL.



Blackfast
WORSTEDS

**AT COST
CLOTHING.**

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

Blackfast
WORSTEDS

J. D. CROSBY, THE SHOE and CLOTHING MAN

New Goods.

Our Fall Stock is now Arriving.

—The Celebrated—

Happy Home Clothing

is better value this year than ever. We have an excellent line. Prices and quality can't be beat.

BOOTS AND SHOES

in the leading styles. All kinds and qualities. Hats and Caps in the new fall styles.

2 MACKS 2

FOR THE NEXT TEN DAYS

We will Make Prices in our Stock of

Dress Goods

At Wholesale Prices.

If you want a new Dress call and get our prices.

FROST & HEBBLEWHITE.

Everybody Invited!

Not to a wedding but to see the largest and finest line of

School Tablets
ever exhibited in Cass City.

Also a Full line of

SCHOOL

BOOKS,

Slate Pencils, Pencil Boxes, Pens, Pen Holders, Crayons, Compasses, etc.

T. H. Fritz.

Cass City Markets.

CASS CITY, Sept. 10, 1896.

| | |
|-----------------------------|--------------|
| Wheat, No. 1 white | 54 |
| Wheat, No. 2 red | 54 |
| Corn, per bu. | 25 |
| Corn Meal, per cwt | 1 05 |
| Oats, per bu new | 11 to 15 |
| Rye | 25 |
| Barley, per 100 lbs. | 25 to 30 |
| Peas | 25 to 30 |
| Beans | 50 |
| Clover Seed, per bu. | 3 75 to 4 00 |
| Potatoes per bu. | 20 |
| Apples per bu. | 8 to 15 |
| Eggs per doz. | 10 |
| Butter | 10 |
| Hogs, dressed | 4 15 |
| Live Hogs, per cwt. | 3 00 |
| Beef, live weight | 2 to 3 |
| Mutton—live weight, per lb. | 1 to 2 |
| Lamb, live weight | 3 15 to 4 |
| Veal | 25 to 30 |
| Chicken—live, per lb. | 15 to 18 |
| Chicken—dressed, per lb. | 15 |
| Chickens—live, per lb. | 15 |
| May, new | 5 00 to 6 00 |
| Wool, washed | 14 to 18 |
| Wool, unwashed | 10 to 12 |

MARKETS AT ROLLER MILLS.

| | |
|------------------|--------------|
| White Lily Flour | \$ 1.50 cwt. |
| Crescent | \$ 1.40 cwt. |
| Grain Flour | 1.50 |
| Boiled Meal | 1.40 |
| Feed | .75 |
| Meal | .80 |
| Brass | .90 |
| Middlings | .70 |

Several years ago I was taken with a severe attack of flux. I was sick in bed about ten days and could get nothing to relieve me until I used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which cured me and has been a household remedy with us ever since. J. C. Marlow, Decaturville, Mo. For sale by T. H. Fritz, Druggist.

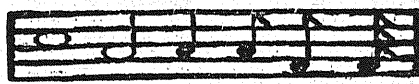
Brief but Expressive.



Ice cold—
Good as gold—
Cherry Ripe—
The story's told.

Smack your lips over the soda from our fountain. 5 cents a glass.

J. C. LAUDERBACH.



LENZNER gives 20 lessons on organ for \$8. One hour to one and one-quarter to each lesson. Pianos tuned. 5-15

Caught on The Fly.

Jos. Rowell is visiting friends at Durand.

Use the Three-Cent Column. It will pay you.

What's the matter with Caro celery? It's all right.

Elder Brown, of Yale, was in town on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Moore were at Orion this week.

T. E. Johns, of Lapeer, did business here on Saturday.

Our roller mills are now in shape for making rye flour.

Postmaster T. B. Ransford, of Caro, was in town last Friday.

The foundation to John Kitchen's new residence is being laid.

Mrs. N. Bigelow left Tuesday morning to visit relatives at Holly.

A. S. Sholes, of North Branch, was in town a part of the week.

W. B. and C. C. McGregor, of Carsonville, were in town on Monday.

Mrs. Stephen Chambers is visiting at Mason, Mich., and other points.

If you have not paid your village taxes you had better do so at once.

Miss Amy West has been quite seriously ill but is now convalescing.

Alf. Tindale has returned home from Mantion, Mich., for a visit with friends.

C. W. Heller made a trip through the northern part of the Thumb this week.

Miss Eva Wickware is in Detroit this week selecting a fall stock of millinery.

A number from here attended the Catholic picnic at Sheridan Wednesday.

Orrin West now occupies the H. S. Gamble house on Houghton Street east.

S. Jamieson and family have moved to the rooms over Laing & Janes' store.

N. F. McClinton, wife and child, of Alma, are at present guests at Dr. McClinton's.

The building of J. McClellan's on Main Street, occupied by W. Harrison is being reshingled.

Jas. D. Tuckey and A. A. P. McDowell made a business trip to Colfax township on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ballentine and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Wilson, of Bad Axe, visited friends here last week.

Treasurer James informs us that only a short time remains in which to pay village taxes. Have you paid yours?

J. Jones, of Greenleaf, who has been visiting in Pennsylvania and Washington, D. C., returned home Tuesday evening.

A. A. Hitchcock made a trip to Caro Tuesday in the interest of the bicycle races which are to be held here on the third day of the Fair.

P. R. Weydemeyer returned the first of the week from Turner, Mich., where he has been for several months. He expects to return there for the winter months.

The Republican county convention is in session at Caro to-day. The delegation from here consists of H. S. Wickware, J. D. Withers, E. F. Marr, A. A. McKenzie, Jas. Brooker and Sam Wells.

W. S. Richardson, who has been employed in the Cass City Bank as cashier for some three years, and by his integrity and uprightness won the esteem and respect of everyone, left Friday morning last for Central Lake, Arim County, where he and C. W. McPhail, our former townsman, have established a bank. The ENTERPRISE joins his many friends in wishing him the best of success.

Subject for next Sunday evening at the Baptist Church, "Three Aspects of Sin, Forgiveness, Mercy." Theme for morning, "Temptations a Blessing or a Curse." All are cordially invited.

We are pleased to state that Mrs. R. A. Robinson, who is now at Strathroy, Ont., is somewhat improved in health. Mr. Robinson leaves on Saturday to spend a few days with his family at that place.

Reuben Gaylor, who has been living northeast of town, has sold his farm to John Allen, and leaves to-day for Downingtown, where he has purchased another farm. Of course the ENTERPRISE will go to his new address.

As we go to press, a telegram arrives from Rev. J. W. Fenn at Flint, announcing that Rev. Palmer, who was in charge of this circuit when the first M. E. church was erected, will be here to occupy the pulpit next Sunday.

On Monday afternoon, Mrs. O. West was so unfortunate as to miss her footing and fall from the steps of their residence in such a manner as to severely injure her knee. Dr. Edwards is in attendance and reports that she is improving.

Judging by the many inquiries for the Premium Lists of our Fair the exhibitors will be legion and we are just as certain that the exhibits will be unusually good. Secure your family ticket early and do your best to get your friends to come along.

Members of the various fraternal and beneficiary orders will do well to remember that we represent the Whitehead & Hoag Co., of New Jersey, manufacturers of badges, badge bars, buttons, etc. If you need anything of the kind, give us a call and we will be pleased to show you samples.

We have received complimentary cards from the Caro, Crosswell and Elkton fair associations for which we tender our thanks. Full information regarding the four day fair at Caro in another column. The Elkton fair will be held Sept. 16, 17 and 18, and Crosswell has fixed upon the same dates.

By the omission of a line in the item in last week's issue regarding the membership of the Baptist Church an entirely wrong impression was made. The membership should have been given as one hundred and eighty-three and the increase during the year thirty-six.

Business in the feed grinding department of our roller mills has increased to such an extent that the enterprising proprietor, C. W. Heller, has discarded the old machine as unable to handle the work and is now placing in position a "three-high" new feed grinder with a capacity of one hundred bushels per hour.

John Murphy has been spending considerable time of late in scattering advertising matter for the Fair. He made a trip to Bad Axe and adjacent villages the first of the week and is in Casaville to-day. He says that we are going to have a tremendous crowd and that there is sure to be plenty of entries in the bicycle and horse races.

Our Fair begins Sept. 29th and continues until Oct. 2nd inclusive. Be sure and make your entries before twelve o'clock of the first day as required by the Rules and Regulations. This will save a great deal of confusion and enable the genial secretary to possess his soul in peace. Come early and avoid the rush.

The editor attended the annual meeting of the Michigan Press Association at Detroit on Tuesday. The officers elected for the ensuing year were: Pres., L. E. Slusser, of the Macdonald Herald; vice-pres., H. J. Stevens, of Houghton; secretary, C. T. Fairfield, of the Eaton Rapids Journal; treasurer, W. F. Zunsaker, of the Detroit Journal. The majority of those in attendance left that evening on the D. and C. boats for a trip to Cleveland and Niagara Falls.

The illustrated articles in the Monthly Illustrator and Home and Country, New York, for September, are: "Seriousness in Art," by George Gibbs; "Wild Flowers of the Rocky Mountains," by Andrew Carlisle Carson; "Whist and its Masters," by R. Frederic Foster; "A Southland Singer," by Josephine Hammond; "Mrs. Wilkinson's Ghost," by Clarence Loomis Peaslee; "Glimpses of Samoa," by Hugh H. Lust; "In the Political Arena," by Rufus R. Wilson; "Masks and Faces," by Robert Stodart; and "Breakers," an illustrated poem, by Eugene M. Richmond. In addition to the above, the short stories, poems and other attractions in the current number are delightful. As a five-cent magazine, there is nothing like it anywhere else in the world. Issued by the Monthly Illustrator Publishing Co., 66 Centre Street, New York. Subscription 60 cents a year.

Undertaker McKenzie was called to Sheridan township yesterday to conduct the funeral of Mrs. Neil McEachern, who died Tuesday morning. Her friends state positively that she was over one hundred years old at the time of her death though her exact age is not known. She was one of the first settlers in the township and was the grandmother of Mrs. Angus McGillivray, of this place. The remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery in Sheridan.

One of the profitable results of the present agitation of the silver question is a concise statement in the September Review of Reviews of the pros and cons of the question. "Would American Free Coinage Double the price of silver in the Markets of the world?" The affirmative view is supported by Chas. B. Spahr, Ph. D., of New York, and the negative by Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin, of Chicago. Each of these writers is a recognized authority on the question of the standards.

We publish in another column a communication from A. A. Hitchcock, relative to some false statements which have been given circulation. It is to be regretted that we have in our town any one so thoughtless or evil disposed as to originate such stories without foundation. We know that such has been done more than once in the past and we fear that if such is continued there is danger of an example being made of some one in the not far distant future.

In spite of the hard times and the scarcity of money, Morford & Son, the marble dealers, keep right enjoying a splendid trade. Last Saturday they sent out two monument jobs, one to go to Sebawing and the other to go to Lapeer county, and others are being put out every day in local cemeteries. This is the result of good work, low prices and square dealing. They employ no agent, the pay of which represents a large part of the price charged by other dealers. Those who contemplate purchasing monuments or other marble work will certainly miss it if they buy before calling upon this popular firm.—[Caro Advertiser.]

Sunday's services at the M. E. Church were not in the usual line. Reports were made of the work done by the various organizations during the two years of the present pastorate and each report was encouraging and helpful. The evening service was of prayer and praise. Rev. J. W. Fenn left yesterday morning for the annual conference in session at Flint. All branches of church work have progressed favorably under his care and it would be a grave disappointment to all if he is not returned for another year at least. He hopes to send an old pastor to occupy the pulpit for next Sunday.

With the hope of doing something to advance the interests of our town, we have had some correspondence with Jas. McColl, of the firm of Jas. Livingston & Co., who operate something over thirty flax mills in Ontario and Michigan. In a recent letter, however, dated at Yale, Mr. McColl states that the company has decided not to extend their business any further as they have more now than they can properly attend to. He states that it is his belief that we have a good locality for flax growing and expresses a hope that some one will take advantage of it. If any of our citizens feel interested in the matter we shall be pleased to give all assistance in our power to further the cause. It is a demonstrated fact that it is a profitable industry to the producer as well as to the manufacturer. We know of one farmer who this year cleared over \$250 from nine acres of flax and many other similar instances could be given.

The race programs for the Cass City Fair have been issued. This attraction has been placed under the supervision of Jas. D. Brooker this year, which is a sufficient guarantee that all matters pertaining thereto will be promptly and properly attended to. Possibly the strongest drawing card on the race program will be the farmers' race, open to the three counties without an entrance fee, but reserving the right for the judges to rule out any horse which they do not consider in that class. The races will occur on the second and fourth days of the Fair. We recently announced that there would be two base ball games but the committee have done even better and arranged for a base ball tournament to take place on the third day and concluding the morning of the fourth day. Bicyclists are also called upon to contest for \$100 worth of prizes. Besides all these there will be many other lesser attractions but none the less amusing and interesting and—but of course you'll be there. You can't stay away.

The children of the Grant M. E. Sunday School were treated to a picnic in Parr's grove last Friday afternoon, and despite the cool wave which arrived about that time they were happy as pigs in clover. There was a short program of singing, recitations, etc., in which Coulson Blair distinguished himself by relating what befell a minister's boy who was noisy in meeting. Ice cream was served and such ice cream! Even the dairy and food commission could not have criticized its make-up. There was an abundance of good things and the only drawback was the chilly atmosphere, but the intellectual treat in the evening caused everybody to forget all that and to enter heartily into the spirit of the occasion. Miss Nellie M. Hill, of Burt, Mich., delighted the audience with her recitations, which were interspersed with musical selections from local talent. Miss Hill is an electionist of no mean ability, her easy, graceful manner winning her audience at once and holding their attention throughout. Should she favor Cass City with an entertainment we would bespeak for her a full house.

Appropos of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's disagreement with his son, and the latter's marriage to a woman very much older than himself, the editor of the Cosmopolitan, in the September issue, seriously discusses the education most useful to modern life, and substantially, if not in words, asks: "Does modern college education educate?" The September Cosmopolitan, as if to show what a magazine can do, gives four complete stories in this single number, by such noted authors as Frances Courtenay Baylor, Maurice Thompson, Gertrude Hall, and John J. Beckett. Louise Chandler Moulton, Mrs. Lew Wallace, Francisque Sarcey, I. Zangwill, Agnes Repplier, Norman Kerr, M. D., H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, Wm. Elmeroy Curtis, Robert E. Strahorn, Colonel Tillman, and Ruth McEnery Stuart are also among the contributors to this issue of a magazine that is sold for ten cents. Nor is this all. Among other writers not already mentioned is Camille Flammarion, who has an article on "The Wonderful New Eye of Science," which alone is worth the entire price of the magazine. The Cosmopolitan has been gradually perfecting its engraving and mechanical departments, until the publishers believe that, in the September issue, they present a number unrivaled in artistic and mechanical excellence.

Last Friday was pension day and as usual the majority of the old veterans were seen about the streets and the G. A. R. hall. The Ladies' Circle took advantage of this opportunity to show the admiration they had for the defenders of our country by providing one of the most substantial and thoroughly delicious dinners anyone could desire. To be sure it was not served in style or upon the costliest of china, but rather upon tin plates and the coffee in tin cups. The editor had the pleasure of sitting down to the bountiful repast with the "boys," and was especially interested in hearing a few of the comrades making comparisons between the meal of which they were partaking and the rations received when in active service. One said that coffee always tasted better from a tin cup, another told of how a piece of hard-tack and a small piece of meat saved his life, while another had seen five dollars offered for a piece of hard tack only to meet with refusal, the latter at the battle of Spotsylvania. Of course the issues of the present day were discussed. But all was taken good-naturedly and a general interchange of opinions indulged in. The happy gathering did not break up until the day was well-nigh spent. May the "boys" live to see many more such enjoyable occasions.

A longing desire has existed for several years among the different ball clubs of the Thumb to assemble at some convenient point, whereby they could contest for laurels that to some have been lost and to others gained. Within the Thumb we have some of the best clubs in the state. This fact has been demonstrated at different places during the last three years and to fully decide wherein belongs the championship, the board of directors of the T. H. & S. Fair Association have completed arrangements for a tournament to be held in Cass City during the fair on Sept. 29 and 30 and Oct. 1 and 2. A committee has been selected by the board that are competent and experienced men and they have carefully prepared a program of the games, prizes and time called, that cannot but be satisfactory to all the clubs in the field. This new departure during the most promising fair ever

held in northern Michigan is already creating a wide sentiment in its favor, and lovers of the bat and ball will have the pleasure of seeing ball playing in its highest element. Our grounds are improved and are now in elegant shape. They really excite the admiration of every visitor, with all their beauty. The society continues improving and the attendance this year will find the finest and most attractive fair plant in the state. We will give particulars of the bicycle races, horse races and other attractions in a later issue. For programs and premium lists address the secretary, J. McGillivray. The most modern merry-go-round, "The Ocean Wave" will be on the fair ground during the fair.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

A shocking accident occurred in the township of Fremont Tuesday. John Voorman, a farmer, was hitching his horses to a load of flax to draw it to the mill. As he started up he heard a scream, and stopping his horses as soon as he could and getting down he saw that the wheel had passed over his 8-year-old daughter, cutting her body in twain and killing her instantly. The father is nearly crazed with grief.—[Carsonville Journal.]

Charles Schroeder, the Minden City hotel-keeper, who on Wednesday of last week stabbed Jos. Murdoch in the leg, later in the day dealt Phillip Harrison a severe blow in the ear with a beer glass, nearly severing the ear from his head. Schroeder shows signs of insanity.

Wm. Patterson, of Lake township, on Thursday last cut his throat from ear to ear but was still alive at last reports. It is attributed to ill health and despondency.

J. W. Wilson, of Pigeon, visited the Orangemen at Millington last Thursday evening as a representative of the Grand Lodge.

Chas. L. Emerson, of Vassar, will serve eighteen months at Iona for stealing a bicycle last June.

The Inlay City Record has completed its thirteenth volume and shows no signs of decrepitude.

Teacher's Reading Circle.

The first meeting of the Cass City Teacher's Reading Circle will be held in the Cass City High Schoolroom Saturday, Sept. 19th. A cordial invitation is extended to every teacher or would-be teacher in this vicinity. Every teacher should avail themselves of the privilege of attending these beneficial meetings.

HOWARD LUTHER, Sec'y.
G. MASSELINK, Pres.

Absolutely False.

Editor ENTERPRISE:
I'm recently notified by many of my friends that reports derogatory to my character are being floated broadcast. I wish to make this public declaration in defense of my personal and business interest, that the reports are absolutely false and unfounded; and further, I will liberally reward with a money payment any individual who will give me the name and proof of the instigator of these unjust reports.

A. A. HITCHCOCK.

Dissolution of Partnership.
Notice is hereby given, that the co-partnership existing between Charles W. Heller and Joseph E. Heller and conducted under and by the firm name of Heller Bros., of Cass City, Mich., is dissolved. All money and credits owing to said firm shall be paid to Charles W. Heller, and the milling business now being carried on in said firm name shall hereafter be carried on in the name of said Charles W. Heller and the debts of said firm are to be assumed by said Charles W. Heller. Dated Aug. 31st, 1896.

CHARLES W. HELLER.
JOSEPH E. HELLER.

9-3-3

Mrs. E. K. Wickware wishes to say to her friends and patrons that Miss Eva Wickware will be in Detroit next week trimming and attending the opening of Pattern Hats for fall and winter, and also while there will purchase a complete stock of goods for fall and winter trade. Watch for add next week. Nearly opposite Hitchcock's.

Cider Barrels For Sale.
We now have a quantity of barrels for sale to meet the demands of our many customers.

HYDRAULIC CIDER AND EVAPORATING CO.
School caps at Mrs. E. K. Wickware's from 10c. to \$1.00 each.

Subscribe for the ENTERPRISE.

BOHN.

BIGLOW.—At Cass City on Thursday, Sept. 10th, the wife of Samuel F. Bigelow, of a daughter.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

A. A. P. McDowell, Publisher.

CASS CITY, MICHIGAN.

Although truth is mighty and all of that, it cannot travel half as fast as error.

The world is too apt to inquire whether a man's faults ought not to be charged to his wife.

Things that are simply sharp when practiced by our friends become knavish when adopted by an opponent.

The man who can utter a sentence that people will remember is greater than he who can only deliver an oration.

Numerous football teams are already going into training and barbers are laying away their scissors in tissue paper and sachets.

A brass band tournament was given at Oconomowoc, Wis., the other day and one of the audience went home at its conclusion and shot himself. No wonder.

A California man named George W. Teasdale has made a remarkable bequest in his will. He leaves \$1,000 to be deposited in a bank, the interest of which shall be spent yearly for candy for school children, in return for which he requests his little beneficiaries to see to it that his grave shall never be disturbed.

If the story be true that Gen. Weyler forced a young Spanish lieutenant to commit suicide because he was suspected of treachery it is not the first time this has occurred. It was said in Germany some years ago that one of the emperor's most celebrated generals instructed his son to kill himself because he had contracted gambling debts that he could not pay.

James Montgomery Ward, formerly the idolized shortstop of the Giants (so-called before they became pigmies) is out with another admirable letter on the base ball situation, and the best means of preventing the noble game from being wholly given over to rowdism of the worst sort. He now proposes to abolish all coaching, thus removing this most objectionable element, and making the base-runner dependent more upon his own cleverness in stealing bases.

The Cusab brothers, aeronauts of Walkerton, Ind., are constructing an airship. The ship consists of a cigar-shaped balloon with a car underneath. The balloon will be fifteen feet long and four feet in diameter. It will be made of oiled silk. The car will be five feet long. A battery for the manufacture of gas will be placed in the car, which will supply the ship with a continuous stream of gas. There will be one propeller at the rear of the ship and two in front. The airship is being built for public tests, and if it proves satisfactory the Cusab brothers are confident they can solve the problem of aerial navigation.

Perhaps the heartlessness of the rich was never illustrated more graphically than by the proceedings at Newport. There a young lady was wedded amid four bushels of diamonds, ten bushels of pearls and three pecks of rubies by actual measurement, while somewhere in the cold and bleak outside lingered that young lady's own brother and his beautiful bride with only one peck of jewels between them—one poor little scrap of a peck into which their bitter young tears fell with dismal, agonizing splashes. Did that bride, as she poured her precious stones into two washtrubs, reflect upon the wretched lot of her brother, with a mere overcoat pocket full of gems to his name? Was she secretly sad as she shook a couple of million dollars' worth of diamonds out of her hair, on his account? Alas, we fear not.

A correspondent of an eastern paper gives in brief the reasons why the Cubans fight—taxes, debt, discrimination against them in trade, oppression, disfranchisement. Of the twenty-five millions paid in taxes, barely 2 per cent goes to the island itself. The Cuban pays twice what a Spaniard pays in Europe and gets absolutely nothing in return. A debt of four hundred millions is laid on the people of Cuba, the heaviest tax by nearly twofold of any country in the world. And meanwhile the ports are practically closed to foreign commerce. Shipments, even of American flour, go first to Spain and afterwards to Cuba. All this cost is added to the goods the Cuban buys. It is shown, further, that by the election laws only about three in a hundred of the Cubans have a vote. Scarcely one has ever sat in the Spanish Cortes. All the offices are held by Spaniards, and the corruption among officials is almost beyond belief. Even the reforms sometimes reluctantly granted by the Cortes are not carried out. Campos himself did not dare guarantee their enforcement.

According to data collected by Secretary Parsons of the Colorado Mining Exchange the gold production of Cripple Creek in the first six months this year was \$7,256,000. It estimates the total production of 1896 will be \$15,000,000. The camp produced in 1895 \$9,199,817.

Lena Stufflebeam, an Illinois woman, has begun suit for divorce. In her bill she alleges her stepdaughters and her husband called her bad names. If they were worse than her own name she is entitled to immediate release.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"FULL CORN-CRIBS" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text: "And Jada Spoke Unto Him Saying, the Man Did Solemnly Protest Unto Us Ye Shall Not See My Face"—Gen., 43:3.



NOTHING to eat! Plenty of corn in Egypt, but ghastly famine in Canaan. The cattle moaning in the stall. Men, women and children awfully white with hunger. Not the falling of one crop for one summer, but the failing of all the crops for seven years. A nation dying for lack of that which is so common on your table, and so little appreciated; the product of harvest field and grist mill and oven; the price of sweat and anxiety, and struggle—bread! Jacob, the father, has the last report from the flour bin, and he finds that everything is out; and he says to his sons, "Boys! hook up the wagons and start for Egypt and get us something to eat." The fact was, there was a great corn crib in Egypt. The people of Egypt have been largely taxed in all ages, at the present time paying between seventy and eighty per cent of their products to the government. No wonder in that time they had a large corn crib, and it was full. To that crib they came from the regions around about—those who were famished—some paying for the corn in money; when the money was exhausted, paying for the corn in sheep and cattle and horses and camels; and when they were exhausted, then selling their own bodies and their families into slavery.

The morning for starting out on the crusade for bread has arrived. Jacob gets his family up very early. But before the elder sons start they say something that makes him tremble with emotion from head to foot, and burst into tears. The fact was that these elder sons had once before been in Egypt to get corn, and they had been treated somewhat roughly, the lord of the corn-crib supplying them with corn, but saying at the close of the interview, "Now, you need not come back here for any more corn unless you bring something better than money—even your younger brother Benjamin." Ah! Benjamin—that very name was suggestive of all tenderness. The mother had died at the birth of that son—a spirit coming and another spirit going—and the very thought of parting with Benjamin must have been a heart-break. The keeper of this corn-crib, nevertheless, says to these elder sons, "There is no need of your coming up here any more for corn unless you can bring Benjamin, your father's darling." Now Jacob and his family very much needed bread; but what a struggle it would be to give up this son. The Orientals are very demonstrative in their grief, and I hear the outwailing of the father as these elder sons keep reiterating in his ears the announcement of the Egyptian lord, "Ye shall not see my face unless your brother be with you." "Why did you tell him you had a brother?" says the old man, complaining and chiding them. "Why, father," they said, "he asked us all about our family, and we had no idea that he would make any such demand upon us as he has made." "No use of asking me," said the father, "I cannot, I will not, give up Benjamin." The fact was that the old man had lost children, and when there has been bereavement in a household, and a child taken, it makes the other children in the household more precious. So the day for departure was adjourned and adjourned and adjourned. Still the horrors of the famine increased, and louder moaned the cattle, and wider open cracked the earth, and more pallid became the cheeks, until Jacob, in despair, cried out to his sons, "Take Benjamin and be off." The elder sons tried to cheer up their father. They said, "We have strong arms and a stout heart, and no harm will come to Benjamin. We'll see that he gets back again." Farewell! said the young men to the father, in a tone of assumed good cheer. "F-a-r-e-w-e-l-l!" said the old man; for the elder sons were the more quavers in it when pronounced by the aged than by the young.

Well, the bread party, the bread embassy, drives up in front of the corn-crib of Egypt. Those corn-cribs are filled with wheat and barley and corn in the husk, for modern travelers in those lands, both in Canaan and in Egypt, tell us there is corn there corresponding with our Indian maize. Huzza! the journey is ended. The lord of the corn-crib, who is also the Prime Minister, comes down to these newly-arrived travelers, and says, "Dine with me to-day. How is your father? Is this Benjamin, the younger brother, whose presence I demanded?" The travelers are introduced into the palace. They are worn and bedusted of the way; and servants come in with a basin of water in one hand and a towel in the other, and kneel down before these newly-arrived travelers, washing off the dust of the way. The butchers and poulterers and caterers of the Prime Minister prepare the repast. The guests are seated in small groups, two or three at a table, the food on a tray; all the luxuries from imperial gardens and orchards and aquariums and aviaries are brought there, and are filling chalice and platter. Now is the time for the Prime Minister, if he has a grudge against Benjamin, to show it. Will he kill him, now that he has him in his hands? O, no! This lord of the corn-crib is seated at his own table, and he

looks over to the tables of his guests; and he sends a portion to each of them, but sends a larger portion to Benjamin, or, as the Bible quaintly puts it, "Benjamin's mess was five times as much as any of theirs." Be quick and send word back with the swiftest camel to Canaan to old Jacob, that "Benjamin is well; all is well; he is faring sumptuously; the Egyptian lord did not mean murder and death; but he meant deliverance and life when he announced to us on that day, 'Ye shall not see my face unless your brother be with you.'"

Well, my friends, this world is famished-struck of sin. It does not yield a single crop of solid satisfaction. It is dying. It is hunger-bitten. The fact that it does not, cannot feed a man's heart was well illustrated in the life of the English comedian. As the world honored him—did everything for him that the world could do. He was applauded in England and applauded in the United States. He roused up nations into laughter. He had no equal. And yet, although many people supposed him entirely happy, and that this world was completely satisfying his soul, he sits down and writes:

I never in my life put on a new hat that it did not rain and ruin it. I never went out in a shabby coat because it was raining and thought all who had the choice would keep indoors, that the sun did not come out in its strength and bring with it all the butterflies of fashion whom I knew and who knew me. I never consented to accept a part I hated out of kindness to another, that I did not get hissed by the public and cut by the writer. I could not take a drive for a few minutes with Terry without being overturned and having my elbow broken, though my friend got off unharmed. I could not make a covenant with Arnold, which I thought was to make my fortune, without making his instead, than in an incredibly short space of time—I think thirteen months—I earned for him twenty thousand pounds, and for myself one. I am persuaded that if I were to set up as a baker, everyone in my neighborhood would leave off eating bread.

I want to make three points. Every frank and common-sense man will acknowledge himself to be a sinner. What are you going to do with your sins? Have them pardoned, you say. How? Through the mercy of God. What do you mean by the mercy of God? Is it the letting down of a bar for the admission of all, without respect to character? Be not deceived. I see a soul coming up to the gate of mercy and knocking at the corn-crib of heavenly supply; and a voice from within says, "Are you alone?" The sinner replies, "All alone." The voice from within says, "You shall not see my pardoning face unless your divine Brother, the Lord Jesus, be with you." O, that is the point at which so many are discomfited. There is no mercy from God except through Jesus Christ. Coming with him, we are accepted. Coming without him, we are rejected.

Am I right in calling Jesus Benjamin? O, yes. Rachel lived only long enough to give a name to that child, and with a dying kiss she called him Benoni. Afterward Jacob changed his name, and he called him Benjamin. The meaning of the name she gave was, "The son of my pain." The meaning of the name the father gave was, "Son of my Right Hand." And was not Christ the Son of pain? All the sorrow of Rachel in that hour when she gave her child over into the hands of strangers, was as nothing compared with the struggle of God when he gave up his only Son. And was not Christ appropriately called "Son of the Right Hand"? Did not Stephen look into heaven and see him standing at the right hand of God? And does not Paul speak of him as standing at the right hand of God making intercession for us? O, Benjamin—Jesus! Son of pang! Son of victory! The deepest emotions of our souls ought to be stirred at the sound of that nomenclature. In your prayers plead his tears, his sufferings, his sorrows, and his death. If you refuse to do it, all the corn-cribs and the palaces of heaven will be bolted and barred against your soul, and a voice from the throne shall stun you with the announcement, "You shall not see my face except your brother be with you."

The world after that was a blank to me. I went into the country, but found no peace in solitude. I tried to get into society, but I found no peace in society. There has been a horror hanging over me by night and by day, and I am afraid to be alone.

How many unutterable troubles among you! No human ear has ever heard that sorrow. O, troubled soul. I want to tell you that there is one salve that can cure the wounds of the heart, and that is the salve made out of the tears of a sympathetic Jesus. And yet some of you will not take this salve; and you try chloral, and you try morphine, and you try strong drink, and you try change of scene, and you try new business associations, and anything and everything rather than take the divine companionship and sympathy suggested by the words of my text when it says, "You shall not see my face again unless your brother be with you." O, that this audience to-day might understand something of the height and depth and length and breadth of immensity and infinity of God's eternal consolations.

I go further and find in my subject a hint as to why so many people fall of heaven. We are told that heaven has twelve gates, and some people infer from that fact that all the people will go in without reference to their past life; but what is the use of having a gate that is not sometimes to be shut? The swinging of a gate implies that our entrance into heaven is

conditional. It is not a monetary condition. If we come to the door of an exquisite concert we are not surprised that we must pay a fee, for we know that fine earthly music is expensive; but all the oratorios of heaven cost nothing. Heaven pays nothing for its music. It is all free. There is nothing to be paid at that door for entrance; but the condition of getting into heaven is our bringing our divine Benjamin along with us. Do you notice how often dying people call upon Jesus? It is the usual prayer of the other prayers put together—"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." One of the closing moments of his life, "Do you know us?" said, "O, yes, I know you. God bless you. Good-by. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit;" and he was gone. O, yes, in the closing moments of our life we must have a Christ to call upon. If Jacob's sons had gone up toward Egypt, and had gone with the very finest equipage, and had not taken Benjamin along with them, and to the question they should have been obliged to answer, "Sir, we didn't bring him, as father could not let him go; we didn't want to be bothered with him," a voice from within would have said, "Go away from us. You shall not have any of this supply. You shall not see my face because your brother is not with you." And if we come up toward the door of heaven at last, though we come from all luxuries and brilliancy of surroundings, and knock for admittance and it is found that Christ is not with us, the police of heaven will beat us back from the bread-house, saying, "Depart, I never knew you."

If Jacob's sons, coming toward Egypt, had lost everything on the way; if they had expended their last shekel; if they had come up utterly exhausted to the corn-cribs of Egypt, and it had been found that Benjamin was with them, all the store-houses would have swung open before them. And so, though by fatal casualty we may be ushered into the eternal world; though we may be weak and exhausted by protracted sickness—if, in that last moment, we can only just stagger and faint and fall into the gate of heaven—it seems that all the corn-cribs of heaven will open for our need, and all the places will open for our reception; and the Lord of that place, seated at his table, and all the angels of God seated at their table, and all our glorified kindred seated at our table, the King shall pass a portion from his table to ours, and then, while we think of the fact that it was Jesus who started us on the road, and Jesus who kept us on the way, and Jesus who at last gained admittance for our soul, we shall be glad if he has seen of the travail of his soul and been satisfied, and not be at all jealous if it be found that our divine Benjamin's mess is five times larger than all the rest. Hail! anointed of the Lord. Thou art worthy.

My friends, you see it is either Christ or famine. If there were two banquets spread, and to one of them only, you might go, you might stand and think for a good while as to which invitation you had better accept; but here is feasting or starvation. If there were two mansions offered, and you might have only one, you might think for a long while, saying, "Perhaps I had better accept this gift, and perhaps I had better accept that gift;" but here it is a choice between palaces of light and hovels of despair. If it might say, "I prefer the 'Creation,'" or "I prefer the 'Messiah,'" but here it is a choice between eternal harmony and everlasting discord. O, will you live or die? Will you sail into the harbor or drive on the rocks? Will you start for the Egyptian corn-crib, or will you perish amid the empty barns of the Canaanite famine?

Justice Wendell Holmes. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes of Massachusetts received many social courtesies from lawyers when in England. He was the guest of Lord Chief Justice Russell at a dinner party, and the London Law Journal, in commenting of that fact, said: "The son of the genial 'Autocrat' is among the best equipped lawyers on either side of the Atlantic. His book on 'The Common Law,' which he wrote several years ago, is one of the most erudite legal works ever published and has enjoyed a large circulation in England as well as in America. The judges of different countries might advantageously have a greater knowledge of one another, and the growing intimacy of English and American lawyers is a welcome sign of the times."—New York Tribune.

The Smallest Man. The smallest man in the world known to be living today lives near Zuba, Sumner county, Kas. His name is William Pifer. He is 22 years old, less than three feet high and weighs only 48 pounds. Mentally he is as perfect as ordinary men of his age. He lives with his widowed mother, and avoids as far as possible the public.—Exchange.

Not a Kid. A little fellow went into a shop some days ago to buy a pair of gloves. The shopman stared at the juvenile customer and asked him what size he took. The youngster promptly informed him, "Do you want kid gloves, my boy?" asked the shopman. "Kid gloves?" ejaculated his customer. "I'm not a kid now. I want grown-up ones."—Exchange.

An Emblem of Love. The acacia has for a long time been regarded in the east as the emblem of concealed love. The notion is purely fanciful, for there is nothing about the plant to suggest the idea.

SHERMAN'S DOLLAR.

WOULD HAVE IT CONSTANTLY APPRECIATING IN VALUE.

Just as if the Falling Prices of Products of Labor are Not Removing the Foundation from Our Civilization—Common Sense.

From Spokane Spokesman (Republican): In his Columbus speech last Saturday Senator Sherman said: "That dollar is the best dollar that buys the largest quantity of food and clothing. That dollar is the gold dollar, for it buys more food and clothing than any other dollar."

If that were true, it would follow that the dearer the dollar the better it would be. A dollar worth twice as much as the present dollar would be twice as good, according to Mr. Sherman's logic, and a dollar buying four times as much as the present dollar would be four times as desirable. One who believes as Senator Sherman believes is carried by his own logic to advocacy of an indefinitely appreciating dollar. An ounce of silver will buy substantially as much as it would buy at the close of the war. Silver then was regarded as hard, sound money. It now has the appearance of depreciation because of the appreciation of gold and men like Sherman, who once called it sound, now call it unsound. If they had their way, five years from now the gold dollar would be still further appreciated and a dollar now regarded as sound would then be regarded as unsound.

Mr. Sherman says he is for the gold dollar because it cheapens American products. He likes it because it will buy three bushels of wheat, six bushels of corn, 12 to 15 pounds of cotton and wool, nearly 40 pounds of lead, and all other commodities in proportion. "That dollar is the best dollar that buys the largest quantity." He therefore believes that the dollar would be twice as good if it bought six bushels of wheat, 12 of corn, and 30 pounds of cotton or wool.

If Mr. Sherman believes that, and he says he does, by what peculiar mental process is he in favor of the protective tariff? The avowed purpose of the protective tariff is to raise prices, and thus make the dollar buy less food and clothing. How can Sherman consistently be for one principle to make the dollar buy more, and at the same time support another principle to make it buy less? Grover Cleveland at least has the virtue of consistency. With Sherman, he believes that the best dollar is the dollar that buys the most, and he pursues a logical course when he tries to make it buy greater quantities—first, by its appreciation, and second, by the application of free trade.

The truth is the republican party was consistent when it supported bimetalism and protection. These tend to an era of good prices. In other words, to a cheaper dollar. The single-gold standard and free trade bring an era of low prices. In other words, a dear dollar. The new democratic party is not for free trade. When the dollar is dear, the debtor and the producer see hard times, while the creditor and non-producer are able to exact an overflowing measure from industry and production. When the dollar is stable, and not too dear, the producing masses are prosperous, debts do not crush, industry is not paralyzed, commerce is not stagnant.

There is no hope in John Sherman's dear and appreciating dollar.

What Hanna Really Wants. Massillon (O.) Sound Money: Marcus Aurelius Hanna is chiefly known to the workmen of Cleveland, his home, for his unrelenting hostility to labor organizations and for his success in destroying the seamen's unions of the lower lake regions, in wrecking the miners' unions of Pennsylvania, in squelching the unions of his own street railway employees and for equal success in all other of his objects for the protection of the "dear dogs."

The "Industrial Cannibal." General Master Workman Sovereign, of the Knights of Labor, in a recent interview, spoke of Mark A. Hanna, head of the syndicate of millionaires who paid McKinley's debts in order to make him their tool, and who still holds the notes, as "Hanna, the industrial cannibal." He justified this characterization by Hanna's long record as an opponent and oppressor of union labor, a record given at length last week in the Journal.

Pat's View of It. Boss—Here's your wages, Pat; ten dollars just as good as gold. Vote for McKinley and we'll keep on paying you in 100 cent dollars. Steer clear of 50-cent dollars.

Pat—Sure an' if yez could pay me in fifty-cent dollars, yez'd bay more in favor av free silver than meself.

Hanna's Bread Returning. The Critic Organ Ononta Trades Council: Mark A. Hanna is experiencing retributive justice, and is just now wondering why he didn't know before that there were so many organized laboring men in the United States. The bread of the labor crusher is returning.

In Boston. Visitor—What became of that nice young man I met at your house last year? Miss Bunker Hill—The authorities became cognizant of considerable rehypothecation on his part and conveyed him to a protoplasm. "What is that?" "If you will glance at Worcester you will observe that protoplasm signifies a cell."—Texas Sifter.

Another Object Lesson.

The frequent action of manufacturers and others in offering to pay their employees in Mexican silver dollars, as an "object lesson," suggests that a transaction that took place at a small town near Pittsburg, Pa., will bear repeating, as an "object lesson." There was a contractor of the name of Lynch. Being a radical advocate of the single gold standard and equally as strongly opposed to the free coinage of silver, Mr. Lynch took advantage of every opportunity to lecture to his men on the subject. He told them that they were entitled to the best money; that laboring men of all others should be paid in dollars worth 100 cents, and that to compel them to take any other would be an outrage. This money, he declared, was gold. Under free coinage of silver, he argued, they would get dollars worth but 50 cents. It so happened that among the men were a few practical fellows who were not prepared to accept all of their employer's assertions. But they acted upon them to the extent that they went among the other men and got an agreement that all of them would on the next pay day demand their wages in gold. If laboring men were entitled to the best money, and that was gold, they wanted it. So the foreman was notified of the desire of the men. This he communicated to Mr. Lynch. "Why, of course," said he, "the men should have gold, and they are entitled to it. Next pay day they will all see some money that is money." When the pay roll was made up (it amounted to \$3,900) the clerk was instructed to get gold at the bank. Presently the clerk returned to his employer and told him that the bank could not let him have the gold. Mr. Lynch went immediately to the bank to make the demand in person. But he could not get it, even under the threat of transferring his account. He then applied to the other banks in the city, of which there were four, but with equally poor success. In the end he was compelled to return to his men and pay them off in silver. When it is known that this took place over two months ago, and before the agitation had caused gold to be hoarded, it will be seen that it is a pretty good "object lesson."

Defiance, O., Aug. 23. A. F. S.

Sentenced. In a temple of finance on Avenue Four a silver and gold dollar met; The gold one exclaimed, with a glance at the door,

"Why, haven't you gone away yet? I thought you were sentenced in seventy-three."

To serve with the poor and distressed, And here you appear in the household with me,

Whose blood is the purest and best. I mingle with princes at home and abroad

And serve the elite of the land; No workman who carries a pick or a hod

Soils me with his toil-begrimed hand, While you are not welcome where fashion holds sway,

And don't go to Europe at all. So with the poor working class you'll have to stay—

The rich folks don't want you to call."

The poor silver dollar retorted with scorn: "Tis true, I'm the working man's friend."

I've faithfully served him e'er since I was born

And faithfully will to the end. I've fed and clothed millions and built happy homes,

I'm welcome in workshop or mill, And when the great era of free coinage comes

The workingman's pockets I'll fill. I don't run to Europe at every small breeze,

Deserting the land of my birth, But circulate freely wherever I please

And stay in the best land on earth. You bring to your classes silks, laces and wines,

And trample the poor on the street, While I serve the masses on different lines

And bring them their clothes, bread and meat."

McKinley's Bad Break. Candidate McKinley says: "I would rather see the mills of the United States opened to American labor than to see the mints of the United States opened to the silver of the world."

Sounds nice, doesn't it? Wonderful wisdom for a presidential candidate. To which any American workman may reply:

"That's all right, Mr. McKinley; but what are them foreigners going to get for the silver they will bring to the mints of the United States? Won't they spend the money by purchasing the products of American mills? That's just the condition of affairs we are looking for. Silver is money, and we want it in exchange for our goods.

Open the mints and the mills will open. Keep the mints closed and the mills will remain closed."

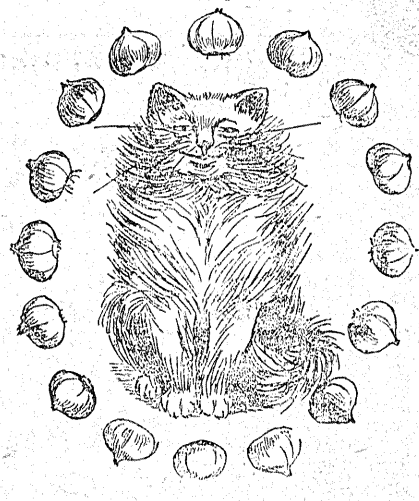
Pity for the "Napoleon." Knights of Labor Journal: The Advance Agent of Prosperity and "friend of the workmen" has entered into a very suspicious intimacy with Messrs. Hanna of Ohio and Payne of Wisconsin, both of whom have been anything but "agents of prosperity" to the men with whom they came in contact. But perhaps it is only personal prosperity which is meant. In that case, of course, the advisers are fully competent to point out the methods by which the Major may achieve financial success. Poor Napoleon has a heavy drag on his onward progress and the championship may be hard to explain away.

A LESSON FROM EGYPT.

Showing How that Country Failed to Maintain the Ratio.

The ancient Egyptians had a currency based on cats and onions, both of which were sacred objects worshipped by the people. As there was some difficulty in storing the cats, and as the onion was liable to decay, a circulating medium was provided of papyrus strips, representing a certain number of cats and onions at a ratio of 16 to 1. This was a true double standard system and is believed to have been the origin of modern paper currency. For a time the cat-onion money circulated at par, but the historian Faque Hur records that about 963 B. C. a serious difficulty arose. New colonies had been established in the region of the upper Nile, and the savage Nubians had been taught the art of agriculture. The rich, black soil of the valley which they inhabited was especially suited to the growth of onions, and the production of those perfumed bulbs was soon enormously increased. Meanwhile the cat crop had only grown in the usual ratio, and the result was that, with the demand for sacred animals in the new colonies, at least 30 onions would be given for one cat. This brought the papyrus currency into disfavor, and the ruling pharaoh, Ram Bunkshus III, issued a royal order that cats should be the sole standard of value, and that onions should be issued only to the extent that they could be kept at par with the "caterwaulers," as the unit of value was termed.

This did not suit the onion growers, who at once started an agitation for the free and unlimited coinage of all onions at the good old ratio of their



daddies. After passing 3,187,642 resolutions denouncing the horrible crime of 963 the onionites marched in a body to the palace of their pharaoh and demanded that the unjust law enacted at the instance of the catbugs should be repealed and the bicatallian standard restored. Ram Bunkshus listened to them patiently and answered: "Great, no doubt, was the wisdom of our ancestors. But I am in the wisdom business myself to some extent. When the ratio of 16 to 1 was adopted, that was the true ratio of the cats and onions. Now, owing to a great increase in the quantity of onions, the ratio is 30 to 1. All powerful as I am, I cannot make onions worth more than their market value. The present standard stays. As for you, O foolish onionites, your leaders shall feed the sacred crocodiles. The rest of you will return to your farms and hustle. I have remarked." Thus ended the first and only currency agitation in Egypt.—Whidden Graham in Puck.

One Neglected Detail. "No, sir," said the man who was chewing a long straw, "I ain't satisfied yet. I don't think any one of them conventions went far enough."

"I thought you regarded the future very hopefully." "I did for a time. But in the excitement we overlooked things that orter 'a' been done. It never occurred ter me at the time, but we made a big mistake by not havin' a plank put inter the platform makin' it ag'in the law fur it ter rain on a man's hay when he's gone ter town ter tend a p'litical meetin'."—Washington Star.

"We don't want any 53-cent dollars in this town," was the emphatic greeting of a workman to the presidential candidate of the populists and silverites as he passed through Huntingdon, Pa. If the American workmen are wise they will see to it that every town and city in the United States gives the same answer to the free coinage appeals for votes.

"More money" is the delusive cry of the silverites in their campaign for cheap dollars. But they do not attempt to show how a 16 to 1 free coinage law, which would put our \$600,000,000 gold at a premium of nearly 100 per cent, and drive it all out of circulation, could possibly give us more money than we have now.

"Gold is the speculator's dollar" say the advocates of the silver standard. How about the cheap money period from 1861 to 1873? Did not speculation of all kinds flourish then, and were not the gamblers in bonds, stocks or farm products greatly aided by the depreciated and fluctuating currency?

If the fact that some farmers are poor is used to justify the confiscation of the property of creditors, would not the poverty of the Coxey armies of tramps and unemployed workers justify them in demanding a share of the property owned by the farmers?

The new tenant visits the family on the floor below. After a few complimentary remarks the lady says: "Shall I call my daughter to play something for you on the piano? You haven't heard her yet." "Oh, yes I have; and, to tell the truth, the landlord let me have the apartments a third cheaper on that account."—Texas Siftings.

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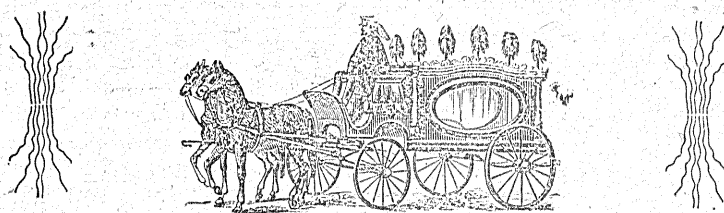
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Notices of festivals, lectures, concerts and all en-
tertainments of a money-making character are
charged at the rate of one dollar for each in-
sertion. Cards of thanks are twenty-five cents
for each insertion.

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

A. A. P. McDOWELL,
Proprietor.

OUR MOTTO:
PERSEVERANCE PROGRESS AND PATRIOTISM.

HAPS AND MISHAPS!

As Told by the Enterprise's
Corps of Correspondents

All the Chat-Chat From the Coun-
try Round About Briefly Told
For Busy Readers.

ARGYLE.

Mrs. Henry Ingalls is on the sick
list.
Cass City Fair, Sept. 29 and 30, Oct. 1
and 2.

Rev Mr. McCauley goes to confer-
ance on Tuesday.

Mrs. A. McLachlin has returned
from her visit to Crosswell.

Mrs. N. Vatters and daughter Lilyar
expected home this week.

Miss Nellie Stevenson has gone to
Sanilac Center to work.

Mary Striffler, from near Cass City,
is stopping at Will Striffler's.

ELMWOOD.

Bean harvest is in full blast.

Jas. Belknap's were home over Sun-
day.

J. Spittler spent Sunday in Bay
Port.

Thos. Leach has a second hand truck
for sale cheap.

A pleasant party at Albert Walters
on Thursday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Leach returned
home from Detroit on Thursday.

Mrs. Wilson, of Midland, is visiting
her daughter, Mrs. Thos. Leach.

Miss Franc Burnett has been sick
the last week but is better again.

A. J. Spittler is painting the planing
mill for Landon Eno & Keating, of Cass
City, this week.

W. W. Hargrave returned from a
week's outing in the north part of the
state last week.

WOLFTON.

Isaac Kroton traded horses one day
last week.

Max Wolf is working in the mill
north of here at present.

Ernest Dressler and wife were in
Elkton on business Friday.

B. I. Born is working with Holmes
flushing machine this week.

Mrs. Chas. Crawford, of Brookfield,
visited in Wolfton last week.

Be sure and attend the Fair at Cass
City Sept. 29 and 30, Oct. 1 and 2.

Miss Myrtle Jerome, of Grant, visited
in Wolfton a few days last week.

A young daughter arrived at the
home of Arnot Born, Monday Sept. 7th.

George Albrecht and wife, of Popple,
visited at Rudolph Born's last Sunday.

Mrs. Hildie, of Kingston, visited at
her daughter's, Mrs. Wm. F. Wolf last
Tuesday.

Frank Douglass has returned home
after visiting Port Huron and other
points.

WILMOT.

Elder Brown, from Yale, was in town
last Tuesday.

Bob. Steitz started for Canada on
Tuesday morning.

Miss Carrie Cook, who was very sick,
is gaining rapidly.

Miss Ethel Dubois was on the sick
list last week but is better now.

We are sorry to say that Mrs. George
Kean is very sick at this writing.

Wesley Wilkerson is moving on his
homestead three miles east of this
place.

Be sure and do not miss the Cass
City Fair, Sept. 29 and 30 and Oct. 1
and 2.

Mrs. Will Dodds, who lives near
Marlette, is visiting her parents, Mr.
and Mrs. Westberry.

Miss Maggie Moshier went to King-
ston last Monday. She is going to
school there this winter.

Our brother correspondent, of De-
ford, wanted to know what denomina-
tion owned the new M. E. Church. We
are pleased to tell him that it is a
Methodist Episcopal Church.

CASEVILLE.

Miss Stella Holmes has returned to
her school at Iron Mountain.

The Misses Bertha and Maud Holmes
have returned to Ypsilanti.

Len Johnson has returned from
Cleveland where he has been for some
time.

Mrs. Thos. Barbour is in Detroit
this week purchasing her fall stock of
millinery.

Miss Lizzie O'Neil, who has been
visiting in Caseville, has returned to
her home in Chicago.

Mrs. Henry Libby one of the old
residents of Caseville, died at her
home Monday, Sept. 7th.

GAGETOWN.

The Episcopal harvest home will be
held here Thursday the 17th inst.

Miss Mary Williams is home from
Traverse City to recruit her health.

H. A. Gifford has been in Flint on
business and pleasure during the week.

Frank Blakely had a portion of his
thumb taken off by the tinners' shears,
Monday.

Kate Crawford and Effa McClellan
has passed for certificates in Crawford
county.

Miles McMillan has moved and taken
possession of his new purchase on
State Street.

Miss Edith Farrar, of Pigeon, was
the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. L. Purdy
a few days this week.

A Klein has bought the Shehan
property east of his elevator and will
move therein the coming week.

Rev. C. W. Gray and a Miss Cook, of
Toronto, was married in that city
Thursday. Miss Cook is an Evange-
list and at one time was a captain in
the Salvation Army and is a lady well
spoken of.

NORTH ELKLAND.

It's rumored that there is a wedding
close at hand.

Wm. Blisr had the misfortune to
lose a valuable colt last week.

Law Brothers have a big contract of
pulling beans for Robt. Charlton.

School commenced on Tuesday with
Miss Jennie A. Watson as teacher.

David Law, Jr., is again in the em-
ploy of the Sioux City Nursery and
Seed Company.

Considerable damage has been done
to late crops in this locality by the
recent frosts.

Iva McCall, postmaster of Clyde,
Mich., is shaking hands with his many
friends in this vicinity.

Miss Sarah McDonald, who has been
visiting for a week with friends in
Caseville, returned home on Tuesday.

John Roos and Dan McDonald, con-
template going on the road in cutlery
repairing business in the near future.

The next meeting of the Farmers' Club
will be on Thursday evening,
Sept. 24, at the home of Mr. and Mrs.
John Bird.

Mrs. Lundsley and children who
has been visiting at Wm. Blair's for
the past six weeks, returned to their
home in Cleveland, Ohio, on Tuesday.

At the annual school meeting of
district No. 2, held on Monday evening,
Andrew Schweigler was re-elected as-
sessor for the coming term; also Wm.
Helwig truant officer for the ensuing
year.

Revised too late for last issue.

Slight frost on Monday night.

Albert Dunham labors for Wm. Spur-
geon.

Annual school meeting next Monday
night.

Charlie Wilkins' m wheeled to Union
ville on Tuesday.

A. E. Bolton threshed 180 bushels of
barley from four acres.

Remember the Cass City Fair, Sept.
29 and 30, Oct. 1 and 2.

Miss Sarah McDonald is visiting for
a week with friends in Caseville.

Quite a number from this vicinity are
attending the Cass City school.

Andrew Schweigler and family at-
tended camp meeting in Elkton on Sun-
day.

Owing to so much political discus-
sion a great many of our farmers are
behind with their work.

D. McIntyre, of the Georgian Bay
country, is visiting his brother-in-law,
Hugh Ross. He reports times dull in
that country.

There can be no neutrality in this
year's campaign. A man must either
vote for financial honesty or for the
abrogation of the command, "Thou
shalt not steal."

Miss Hattie Wilkinson while on her
return home from the Macvee picnic
on Thursday met with what might have
been a severe accident. While attempt-
ing to get in the buggy the horse start-
ed throwing her between the wheel and
box in such a manner as to require
the aid of three men to release her.
Although badly bruised no bones were
broken and it is hoped her recovery
will be speedy.

Farmers Attention.
Cheap reliable insurance at low
rates. 4-24-11 E. B. LANDON.

KARRIS' CORNERS.

Farmers are busy seeding.

Threshing is nearly done in this vi-
cinity.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Archie Karr,
on Friday last, a son.

John Mark is working for John Karr
at the present time.

The frosts last week did considerable
damage in this locality.

Roy Martin, Arthur and Ella Bolton
and Mabel Wilkinson are attending
school at Cass City.

Mrs. Walter Mark, Sr., is attending
her daughter, Mrs. Henry Masters, of
Caro, at the present time.

Rev. Parmer Karr will preach at
Bethel next Sunday as Rev. Penn will
be attending conference.

Mr. Henry Dew, of Fairview, has
been in these parts for several days
looking after his interests.

Miss Edith Wilkinson left Saturday
for Clifford. Miss Wilkinson has been
engaged to teach a school near the
above place.

Mrs. George Karr and Mrs. John
Karr were in Caro over Sunday visit-
ing Mrs. Henry Masters, who is very
ill at the present time.

Mrs. Tranford McPherson, who has
been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs.
Muma, returned to her home in Can-
ada Wednesday last.

Bethel Epworth League will give a
concert and Rev. J. W. Penn will lec-
ture on the "Civil War" on Friday
evening, Sept. 18th. Admission, 10c.

WEST GRANT.

Cass City Fair, Sept. 29 and 30, Oct. 1
and 2.

Miss Bliss, of Owendale, was guest of
Mrs. Fred Beaver last week.

The Port Huron Rasher, of Elkland,
is shelling grain in town this week.

L. Matthews purchased a new buggy
of J. C. Purdy, of Gagetown, last week.

A number from this burg attended
the box social in Brookfield Tuesday
evening.

Miss Mary McVicar returned from
Detroit Tuesday, where she has spent
the past year.

Mrs. Matthews and Mrs. Robertson
were numbered with the callers in
Cass City Monday.

Peach seekers from Elkton were in
town Friday. Their wants were sup-
plied before they returned.

Miss Clara Burton and Chas. Ricker
were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas.
Hartsell, of East Grant Sunday.

The Free Methodist society hold
meetings in the school house at Res-
cue every Sunday evening. Every-
body invited.

Monroe Bros. completed their work
for Jno. McVicar Saturday and com-
menced the carpenter work on R. A.
Hallock's house the 7th.

Juo. Quinn received a dispatch the
7th, stating the death of his brother,
James, of Colorado Springs. The be-
reaved family has the entire sympathy
of the community.

Quite a number from this place at-
tended the Persian lecture in the Pres-
byterian Church, west of town, last
Thursday evening and were well
pleased with the discourse.

A three days meeting will be held at
Rescue, Sept. 18, 19 and 20th. Rev. W.
R. Patterson, of Sanilac Center, will
open the first meeting Friday evening
at 7:30 o'clock. Prof. J. A. Muma, of
Forestville, will give a lecture Sat-
urday evening at 7:30 p. m. Title, "A
few present evils and their remedies."
Mrs. O. Wells, of Mayville; Rev. B. H.
Green and wife and others from
abroad are expected to be present.
The meeting will last over Sunday.
The other announcements will be made
from the stand the first two nights.
Come one, come all. Rev. I. D. Wil-
liams, pastor in charge.

HARVEST EXCURSIONS.

In order to give everyone an oppor-
tunity to see the grand crops in the
Western states and enable the intend-
ing settler to secure a home, the
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y has
arranged to run a series of harvest ex-
cursions to South and North Dakota,
and to other states in the West, North-
west and Southwest on the following
dates: July 21, August 4 and 18, Sep-
tember 1, 15, 29 and October 6 and 10, 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 twenty-one days from
date of sale. For rates, time on trains
and further details apply to any cou-
pon ticket agent in the East or South,
or address Harry Mercer, Michigan
Passenger agent, Detroit Mich. 7-31-7

The Ideal Panacea.

James L. Francis, alldorman, Chi ago,
says: "I regard Dr. King's New Discov-
ery as an Ideal Panacea for Coughs, Colds
and Lung Complaints, having used it in
my family for the last five years, to the
exclusion of physician's prescriptions or
other preparations."

Rev. John Burgess, Keokuk, Iowa,
writes: "I have been a Minister of the
Methodist Episcopal Church for fifty
years or more, and have never found any-
thing so beneficial, or that gave me such
speedy relief as Dr. King's New Discov-
ery." Try this Ideal Cough Remedy now.
Trial Bottles Free at Dr. H. Fritz, drug
gist.

SEE THAT THE

FAC-SIMILE
SIGNATURE
—OF—

Chas. H. Fletcher

IS ON THE

WRAPPER

OF EVERY

BOTTLE OF

CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It
is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell
you anything else on the plea or promise that it
is "just as good" and "will answer every pur-
pose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-
simile
signature
of
Chas. H. Fletcher
is on
every
wrapper.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

Call at A. A. McKenzie's and see the

NEW FUNERAL CAR.

One of the Finest in The Thumb.

Caskets and Coffins at from \$2.00 to
\$200.

A. A. McKenzie, Undertaker.

GO SOUTH!

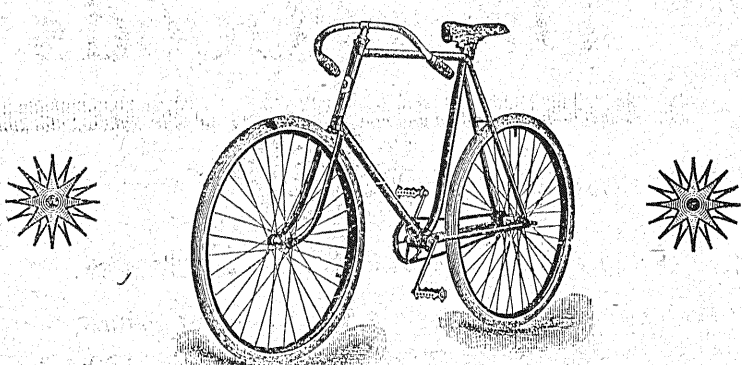
537 Acres of Good Farming Land within one mile of
Waverly, Va., for sale or exchange for Michigan prop-
erty. Fifty acres under cultivation; balance timbered.
Inquire of

G. A. KENNEDY, Cass City, Mich.

LOOK BELOW.

READ BELOW.

SPEED BELOW. STRENGTH BELOW.



See That Curve

The wheel with no temper ruffles. None of the little
breaks and bothers to ruffle a rider's mind. Don't think all
wheels are alike. Sample the Keating fascination.

Send 4 cents for Art Catalogue.

Keating Wheel Co.,

Holyoke, Mass.

YERINGTON'S COLLEGE, St. Louis, Mich., 50c a week, will open the last Monday
in September. Go where you can get the best education for the least money. We are safe
in saying this, for we have everything the student wants here, at convenient hours, and for
less money than it can be had at any other institution in the United States, and the instruc-
tion is professional. **EIGHT COURSES:** COMMERCIAL, SHORTHAND, PENMANSHIP, TEACHER'S
EXERCISES, MUSIC, ELECTRICITY AND PHYSICAL CULTURE; ALL FOR FIFTY CENTS PER WEEK. Only think
ONE PRIVATE LESSON a week on either Piano, Organ, Cornet, Violin, Guitar, or in Voice Culture,
Elocution, Music, Electricity and Physical Culture; ALL FOR FIFTY CENTS PER WEEK. Only think
ONE PRIVATE LESSON a week on either Piano, Organ, Cornet, Violin, Guitar, or in Voice Culture,
Elocution and Physical Culture; with Reading, Spelling, Grammar, Arithmetic, Plain and Ornamental
Penmanship, Letter-writing, Type-writing, Composition, Debating and free class drills in Music, Elocu-
tion and Physical Culture, for 50c a week. All the studies after the above sentence may be omitted,
and any one of the following substituted for the same prior: Book-keeping with Actual Business,
Shorthand with Type-writing, Commercial Law, Geography, U. S. History, Civil Government, Physi-
ology, School Law, Theory and Art, Orthography or Mental Arithmetic. All studies in the College
without private lessons in Music, Elocution and Physical Culture, 50c a week. Can you beat it?
When you have finished our English Course, if you have proven that you are honest and diligent, we
can furnish you good general employment. Our instructors have taught Penmanship since 1880;
Book-keeping and Shorthand, since 1886; Teachers' Course, since 1897; Music, a lifetime. The student
may educate for teaching, and pay for it afterwards. We also offer PIANO TUNING. You can get
30 days from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per week. We are advertising in 175 daily and weekly papers, and expect a
large school next year. Don't fail to send for our beautiful illustrated catalogue, to C. W. Yerington,
Price, \$1.00. Send for book, or for agents' rates, to the author, C. W. Yerington.
Send to Chicago Music Co., Chicago, Ill., for "Laughing Water Waltz," "Tempest and Sunshine
March," 50c each. Composed and arranged for Piano by C. W. Yerington.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

FRANKLIN HOUSE
ESTABLISHED 1877
DETRO

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

THE NEWS OF SEVEN DAYS UP TO DATE.

Political, Religious, Social and Criminal Doings of the Whole World Carefully Condensed for Our Readers—The Accident Record.

William Hall of Polk township, Ind., shot his 18-year-old daughter because she married against his will, and then shot himself. He went to her home and called her to the door, begging her to go with him, but she refused, whereupon he attempted to kill her. The daughter will recover, but Hall is fatally wounded.

William F. Slocum, a prominent lawyer of Boston, was killed in Newtonville, Mass., by an express train while attempting to cross the track. He was 75 years old.

The Peary steamer Hope was sighted by many Newfoundland fishermen along the coast of northern Labrador about July 20. Everything appeared to be right with her, and no ice was in sight.

While boring a well on J. G. Weisjohn's premises in Waukegan, Ill., the workmen struck oil and gas at a depth of 116 feet. A burn with a steady flame and the belief prevails that an important discovery has been made. Petroleum oil is known to exist in appreciable quantities only a few miles south of Waukegan.

The failure of the First National bank of Helena, Mont., was announced Friday by the posting of a notice that the bank was unable to meet withdrawals demanded of it. The depositors will be paid in full.

Lloyd Brice has sold the North American Review, one of the oldest magazines in the United States. David A. Monroe, who is the new editor, president and treasurer, was for a number of years connected with the literary department of Harper & Brothers. He became general manager of the Review in May, 1889.

Herr Krupp, the iron king of Essen, Germany, has purchased the Germania shipbuilding works for 6,825,000 marks. The entire plant will be transferred to Herr Krupp Oct. 1, and the capacity for building ships will be increased considerably.

E. P. Harmon, city attorney for Cobden, Ill., was sent to jail in default of bail on a charge of embezzling \$361. He claims to have lost the money gambling with card sharks in Carbondale, Ill. He had collected money in Makanda, Ill., for other parties and failed to return it, hence the arrest.

Grape rot has made its appearance in the vineyards of Hancock county, Illinois, and much damage is being done. Judge Henry W. Scott of the Oklahoma supreme court, who resigned some time ago, has gone to New York with his family.

The Mexican government is making an effort to extradite Santa Teresa, the Mexican "faith healer," from El Paso, Tex.

Members of the Newhouse family from Rush, Marion, Henry, and Madison counties, Indiana, held a reunion at Rushville Friday.

While workmen were boring for water on Henry Wojohn's farm at Valparaiso they struck a flow of natural gas at a depth of 114 feet.

Edward F. Taylor, until recently cashier of the Citizens' bank at Norman, Ok., is under arrest on a charge of falsifying his accounts.

During a fight at Kilbourn, Ark., David and Joseph McKee, father and son, were killed by J. C. Wilson, who was mortally wounded.

The Jerseyville, Ill., Journal has been purchased by J. M. Page, proprietor of the Jersey County Democrat, who will discontinue its publication.

The decomposed body of John McCoy, an Alabama deputy sheriff, who disappeared ten days ago, was found in a field near Mascoutah, Ill., and foul play is suspected.

John Shea, an eccentric old farmer, who resided near Huntington, Ind., was found in the Wabash river, his body being in an advanced state of decomposition. He had papers representing \$500 in his pockets.

John Therman died at Greensburg, Ind., of apoplexy. He enjoyed the distinction of being the only colored man in the United States belonging to a white Masonic lodge.

Frederick Roth, proprietor of a large vinegar factory in Cedar street, Milwaukee, Wis., made a voluntary assignment to Philip G. Hinners, who gave a bond for \$50,000, with F. W. Schneek and Jacob Kaul as sureties.

The 1,000 or more ex-railroad employees of Cincinnati who have been on the blacklist for participation in the Debs strike and who have been unable since to secure employment, have been called to meet to take action to induce the railroad companies to re-instate them.

Miss Clara Barton, who is in Liverpool, has received such news in regard to the massacre of Armenians in Constantinople that she abandoned her intention of sailing for New York on the Servia. If the troubles in Turkey continue, she says, she will return immediately to Armenia.

Li Hung Chang spent Sunday quietly at New York. In the afternoon he visited Grant's tomb, on which he laid a wreath of flowers.

The Spanish warship Isla de Cuba has been ordered to proceed to the Philippine Islands immediately.

The Buell woolen mills at St. Joseph, Mo., will close down for an indefinite time.

There was a grand parade at Freeport, Ill., to celebrate the seventh anniversary of the organization of the order of Knights of the Globe. There were 7,000 visitors in the city.

CASUALTIES.

Mrs. Jennie McGowan of Covington, O., took arsenic by mistake in trying to stop a headache and died in a few hours.

Patrick Burns of La Crosse, Wis., fell under a train and had one of his hands cut off. He was also badly cut about the head.

A street car was run into by a Minneapolis & St. Louis freight near the state fair grounds at Minneapolis Thursday, and eight persons injured, none seriously. The car was filled with visitors to the fair. The engine struck the fore part of the car and smashed it badly.

Fire destroyed the five-story brick plow and implement factory of S. R. White & Bro., and the Union Stock yards at Norfolk, Va. One hundred families, white and colored, residing in the fire districts, have been made homeless by the conflagration. Twenty-five houses were destroyed in all, and the total loss was \$200,000.

For the fourth time in its history the Wieting opera house, the leading theater of Syracuse, N. Y., was badly damaged by fire at 3 o'clock Wednesday morning. The flames were bursting from the rear windows when first discovered. Loss, \$65,000; insurance, \$50,000.

Lieutenant James W. Benton, quartermaster of the Ninth cavalry at Fort Robinson, S. D., was drowned at the plunge bath at Hot Springs this afternoon.

Milton Gipe, a carpenter of Anderson, Ind., fell from a scaffold and received injuries from which he bled to death.

A block of business houses in Ladonia burned Tuesday morning. Loss, \$12,000, partly covered by insurance.

FOREIGN.

General Count von Schouvaloff, governor general of Russian Poland, and formerly Russian ambassador at Berlin, is suffering from a paralytic stroke. His condition is critical.

A special dispatch received at London from Rome says that it is rumored there that King Humbert will announce his abdication after the marriage of the prince of Naples, the heir apparent, to Princess Helene of Montenegro.

Much alarm is felt at Yokohama over a meager report of a great earthquake which occurred in the northeast provinces of the main island of Japan on Monday evening. The town of Rukogo has been entirely destroyed and several other towns severely damaged. Many persons are reported to have been killed by the earthquake and a still larger number injured, while a multitude have suffered severe losses by damage to property.

Several conflicts occurred in the Heraklion and Saline districts of the island of Crete on Sunday and Monday. Several foreign warships have arrived at Heraklion.

Very serious news has been received at Berlin by way of Athens to the effect that massacres have again been commenced in several places in Asia Minor, and that many Christians have been killed and wounded as a result of these recent outbreaks.

A dispatch received at Havana from Matanzas says that the town of Bolondron, in that province, was attacked at night by insurgents under Dominguez, Inglesito, Danth and Valdes. The enemy destroyed the place.

A dispatch to the London Times from St. Petersburg says that the tour of the czar through Western Europe will not be changed on account of the recent and sudden death of Prince Lobanoff-Rostovsky.

CRIME.

J. C. Bettie is under arrest at Lima, O., for brutally beating his 80-year-old father.

Burglars robbed the postoffice and several stores at Lena, O., but secured only a small amount of money.

Frank Scheurer is under arrest at Bloomington, Ill., on a charge of stealing cattle and shipping them to Chicago.

The body of the young girl recently found in the river at Dayton, O., has been identified at that of Bessie Little, and a young business man is suspected of having murdered her.

W. Wylie, a schoolmaster near McKeesport, Pa., was attacked by the mothers of children attending his school and has fled to save his life. Shocking charges are made against him.

Irene Phillips and Ida Martin are under arrest at Danville, Ill., on a charge of robbing the residence of H. P. Patterson.

During a quarrel at Niles, Mich., Thomas Carroll struck Jesse Marvin on the head with a crowbar, fracturing his skull.

Eddie Lee, the 12-year-old son of William Lee of Saginaw, Mich., committed suicide by hanging himself. The unfortunate lad was a victim of the cigarette habit and the act was performed while he was laboring under a fit of despondency.

An unknown man entered the barn of Henry Tomlinson, six miles north of Crawfordsville, Ind., cut the throats of two fine stallions and then fired the barn. Tomlinson, in rescuing several horses, was badly burned. The loss will be nearly \$3,000.

An attempt was made by three cracksmen to rob the safe at the northern Indiana normal school at Valparaiso. The approach of school officials frightened the robbers and they fled, leaving their tools behind.

The Pennsylvania board of pardons voted to recommend the pardon of John Bardsley, ex-city treasurer of Philadelphia, now serving a fifteen years' sentence in Philadelphia. Bardsley has been in prison since 1891.

Burglars poisoned two valuable bloodhounds belonging to Marshal Bryan Davis at English, Ind.

WITHIN OUR WALLS.

MERE MENTION OF MICHIGAN MATTERS.

Eleven Firemen Killed by Falling Walls or From Coming in Contact with Electric Wires in a Big Fire at Benton Harbor—An Incendiarist Caused It.

One of the most terrible disasters that ever visited the city of Benton Harbor, and one which caused an amount of distress scarcely equalled by the loss of the steamer Chicago two years ago, occurred at the burning of Yore's opera house and the killing of 11 firemen by the falling of the walls. An amateur performance of "A Factory Girl" had been concluded about an hour when fire was discovered in Yore's opera house, smoke issuing from the windows being the first intimation of the fact. By the time the fire department had responded to an alarm the interior was a mass of flames which came pouring out of the windows. The building was four stories high and surrounding buildings so much lower that it prevented the firemen reaching the roof with their short ladders. Finally the roof began to burn, which prevented any attempt to cut off the flames, and it was decided to confine them as much as possible and save the adjacent property.

Bravely the firemen of Benton Harbor, went to work assisted by the St. Joseph department, but they were handicapped in all directions. Hundreds of people flocking to the scene and blocked the streets in every direction, only the intense heat serving to keep them at a safe distance. Urged to their utmost the firemen began getting their hose ready as best they could and the fire department from St. Joseph, ran their trucks into the alley in the rear of the building and began unloading ladders. Others began pulling lines of hose to the adjoining buildings, but before a stream of water could be turned on, the catastrophe came without a moment's warning.

The thousands who had collected about the scene only heard a terrific crash which almost lifted them off their feet, while they could see some of the firemen running for their lives away from the falling bricks and timber. The walls of the building had fallen. Then the very intense heat, number of men were buried beneath the fallen walls, but only the good determined of the men were able to withstand the terrible heat and smoke in order to attempt to rescue them. A rescuing party was at once organized, however, and the work of searching the ruins began without delay.

As the men neared the ruins they could hear the groans of some of the unfortunate ones who were pinned down while on all sides of them flames were beginning to burst out anew. Several streams were brought into use and the bodies were taken out as fast as possible.

While the rescuing party was at work someone noticed two dark objects on the roof of an adjoining building, and they proved to be the bodies of Frank Woodley and Thos. Kidd. Near them rested a line of hose, which told the sad tale. The men had climbed onto the building with the hose, but before they could give the signal to turn on the water they fell upon the live wires and met with instant death. It was several hours before all the bodies were removed and the fear that some might have been overlooked induced the workers to pick over the ruins several times until they were satisfied that not a body remained. During all this time the immense crowd hung on watching the direful work and it was daylight before the scene began to be deserted. Mingling in the crowd were the wives and families of the firemen, and they became frantic to know who had been killed or wounded. It was impossible to keep the sad news from them, and as fast as a limp, lifeless body was taken from the ruins it would be surrounded by tear-faced women and children, whose grief was pitiful to witness. The dead are:

Frank Watson, of St. Joseph, leaves a widow; John Hoffman, Benton Harbor, crushed into an unrecognizable mass, leaves a widow and five children; Thomas Kidd, Benton Harbor, unmarried, killed by live electric wires; Frank Woodley, of Benton Harbor, killed by live electric light wires; Edward H. Gange, of St. Joseph, drayman; Scott Rice, bell boy at the Benton hotel; William I. Mitten, Benton Harbor, leaves a widow and seven children; Louis Hoffman, Benton Harbor, widower, leaves two small children; Arthur C. Hill, St. Joseph, foreman, St. Joe hose Co.; Frank Seaver, St. Joseph; Robert L. Rofe, St. Joseph.

The injured: John Crawford, ex-chief of Benton Harbor fire department; Will Freund and Frank Paget, St. Joseph. The cause of the fire is a mystery, but it is generally believed to have been incendiarist, and Guy Prescott, a young man, was arrested because he was heard to say that he knew something about it. The losses are \$40,000 on the opera house and about \$18,000 on merchandise stocks and surrounding buildings.

William Patterson, an aged farmer near Cassville, cut his throat from ear to ear. No cause is given for the act.

Edwin Lee, aged 12, hanged himself in an outhouse in the rear of his home at Saginaw. He was a victim of the cigarette habit.

The Standard Oil Co. will make East Tawas the distributing point for northern Michigan. A large brick and stone building will be erected.

Two Grand Rapids ladies, Mrs. Isaac M. Turner and Mrs. Dwight Goss, were triumphantly elected to the school board with big majorities.

Many U. P. Homesteaders in Hard Luck. The department of the interior, nearly two years after hearing the arguments, has rendered a decision in the land case of Amasa Dailey against the Marquette, Houghton & Ontonagon Railroad Co. and the Michigan Land & Iron Co., in the Marquette land district. It will be recalled that this was an application by Dailey to make entries of a tract of land along the line of the railroad which was rejected by the local officers and commissioner of the general land office. This rejection was ratified on appeal to the secretary and this decision is on motion for review of the former departmental decision. The secretary sustains the decision of his predecessor, Secretary Noble, against Dailey, with slight modifications, imposing certain conditions before patent can issue to the railroad company for the land in controversy. Not only is Dailey's holding affected but that of a large number of other homestead settlers.

Hermit Hangs Himself. Asa L. Cartland, aged 75, committed suicide by hanging himself at his hermit's lodge near the lake shore, about three miles south of Pentwater. The children are Tracy D. Cartland, of the Lizzie Walsh, which plies between Holland and Saugatuck; Priscilla Cartland, known to fame as Grace Hawthorne, the actress, who is now in London, England; Blanche, and Bertie, of Paris. The old man had almost lost the use of his eyes from excessive reading. A year ago he attempted suicide and again a week ago he took an overdose of laudanum. He often said he was tired of life. He would allow no one to live with him and very few had access to his house, which is a regular curiosity shop.

Three Killed by a Boiler Explosion. While a crew was threshing on the farm of Herbert Lossing, near Sanilac Center, the boiler exploded, throwing it and the engine complete nearly 200 feet, instantly killing three men, and severely but not fatally injuring two others. The dead are: Hanson Lossing, engineer and owner; Darius Lossing, a brother; George Casterton, a brother-in-law. The injured are: James Davis and George Tallman.

Casterton and the two injured men were standing on the stack, fully 100 feet away from the boiler, when it exploded. The boiler and engine were supposed to be in good condition. All three of the unfortunate men were married and leave widows and children.

Mrs. Lawrence Guilty of Murder. After deliberating 19 hours the jury in the case of Mrs. Enos Lawrence, charged in connection with Ray Coates, who is now serving a life sentence in Jackson, with the murder of her husband, at Holland, returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree, with a recommendation of mercy. Mrs. Lawrence, prompted by an unholy love for her brother, Ray Coates, conspired with him to put her husband on the way of the way. Coates is now serving a life sentence for the crime. After the murder, Mrs. Lawrence and her brother were married and fled to Kalkaska county, where they were captured.

The Schooner Ellsworth Sunk. The schooner Col. Ellsworth, light, bound down, collided with the schooner Emily Maxwell, loaded with alabaster for Chicago, off Waughoshan. The Ellsworth sank in 30 minutes. The crew were all saved and returned to Mackinac in the Maxwell, which was not injured.

The Ellsworth is owned by C. A. Chamberlain, of Detroit. The Maxwell is owned by Mrs. Jennie Mullen, of Chicago. The Ellsworth lay on the beach on Lake Superior all winter, and was but recently got afloat and repaired.

A Little Girl Cut in Two. A shocking accident occurred in the township of Fremont, Sanilac county. John Voorman, a farmer, was hitching his horses to a load of hay to draw it to the mill. As he started up he heard a scream, and, stopping his horses as soon as he could, and getting down he saw that the wheels had passed over his 8-year-old daughter, cutting her body in twain and killing her instantly. The father is nearly crazed with grief.

NEWS FOR MICHIGANDERS.

The Werick Brewing Co.'s barn, at Grand Rapids, burned with six horses. Loss \$2,500.

Cornelius Herring, a Grand Rapids young man, despondent because he couldn't get work committed suicide.

While the family of Bedent Monroe was away from their home, near Elsie, someone burned their house and barn.

Nicholas Reid, was kicked by a horse at Vicksburg and died. He was 70 years old, and has resided there since 1838.

Gustave Quinski, a Saginaw lad, while following a scythe, was cut in the leg, and died in an hour from loss of blood.

National Committeeman Campan, of Michigan, has been appointed business manager of the silver Democratic campaign committee.

The American Social Science association at Saratoga, N. Y., elected as president James B. Angell, of the University of Michigan.

The state board of health is in hard financial difficulties, the last legislature having failed to provide sufficient funds for it to carry on its work.

Col. D. S. Wagstaff, the best known man among Michigan publishers, is now located in Detroit, general northern agent of the good old C. H. & D. railway.

Ex-Receiver Thomas D. Meads, of the U. S. land office at Marquette has been convicted in the federal court of the embezzlement of government funds, but was let off with a sentence to pay a fine of \$2,631, the amount of his defalcation.

Vice-President Adlai Stevenson, wife and daughter, were the guests of E. T. Ewing, at Grand Haven, while on their way from Mackinac Island, where they spent the summer, to their home in Bloomington, Ill.

Hans Sead, aged 24, a miner employed in the Curry mine at Vuclan, was at work on the tenth level when large boulders rolled into the shaft and struck him on the breast, crushing every bone in his body.

Fred Keifer, aged 20 of Tekonsha, stepped upon a traction engine while it was in motion to adjust a belt and slipped into the large cog wheel. His foot was crushed to a pulp and his thigh so severely lacerated that amputation was necessary.

The reunion of the Fifteenth regiment was held at Monroe. Col. F. S. Hutchinson, of Iowa, was elected president for the coming year. T. W. Doyle, of Monroe, secretary, and Byron Stansbury treasurer. Adrian was chosen as the next place of meeting.

Chas. Schroeder, a saloonist at Minden City, became insane and attacked Joseph Murdoch, proprietor of the new woolen mill, seriously stabbing him. Later in the day Schroeder struck Philip Harrison with a beer glass, nearly severing his ear from his head.

St. Joseph is practically bankrupt. The council has discharged the entire street force and several members of the police force for the purpose of reducing expenses. There is not a cent in the treasury and for several weeks they have been running on borrowed money.

John Gunter, aged 60, a well-to-do farmer at Knaggs Bridge, stepped into the cylinder of a threshing machine on Benj. Bliven's farm, and his left leg was taken off so close to the waist that his bowels protruded. He died a few hours later and was conscious to the end. He leaves a large family.

Preliminary negotiations are under way for rebuilding the lumbering business of the Diamond Match Co., recently burned at Ontonagon, on a site on Portage lake, near Houghton. The company has 130,000,000 feet of logs already cut and in the streams, which will suffice for two years' work, and could easily raft its remaining standing pine in Ontonagon county.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Veterans of Clay county, Ill., held a three-days' session at Louisville.

A party of twenty-eight Rockford, Ill., people left for Williamsburg, Va., where they will establish a colony. Several went in advance to make all arrangements for their coming.

Secretary Hoke Smith closed his administration of the affairs of the interior department Tuesday and retired from the cabinet.

Governor Levi P. Morton has determined to reside in New York city after the expiration of his tenure of the governorship on the 1st of January. It is said he will reside on the east side of Central Park, in what is known as the millionaire colony.

The First National bank, the oldest banking establishment in Beatrice, Neb., closed its doors Tuesday, carrying with it the Beatrice savings bank, both of which were under the management of J. E. and S. G. Smith. The failure is due to the successive crop failures and the gradual withdrawal of cash. The assets are ample to meet all liabilities.

The Buell woolen mills at St. Joseph, Mo., will close down for an indefinite time.

The Turner Worsted company's mills at Cleveland, which have been closed for some time, resumed operations Monday. Within a week the big woolen mill will be running full force.

The East Chicago Foundry company, whose works are at East Chicago, Ind., with an office in the Rookery, Chicago, will close down the plant, notwithstanding that those in position to know assert that the books are well filled with orders.

The 1,000 or more ex-railroad employees of Cincinnati who have been on the blacklist for participation in the Debs strike and who have been unable since to secure employment, have been called to meet to take action to induce the railroad companies to re-instate them.

John Shea, an eccentric old farmer, who resided near Huntington, Ind., was found in the Wabash river, his body being in an advanced state of decomposition. He had papers representing \$500 in his pockets.

September will witness a perceptible change for the better in the commercial centers, and unless something unexpected happens there will be a gradual improvement from now on. This, at least, is the view that obtains among the highest authorities in Wall street.

John Therman died at Greensburg, Ind., of apoplexy. He enjoyed the distinction of being the only colored man in the United States belonging to a white Masonic lodge.

The state department has received the report of the governor of Louisiana on the recent lynchings in that state. In a general way the report states that after a thorough investigation by the state authorities no affirmative evidence can be found that the men lynched were Italian subjects.

An explosion in the nitroglycerine house of the California Powder Co., at Pinole, Cal., wrecked the building and caused the death of 12 workmen, eight Chinese and four whites. Several of the workmen were more or less injured by the explosion, which was followed by a second concussion. The plant comprised about 30 isolated buildings and these caught fire after the explosion and were destroyed. The company estimates the property damage at \$20,000.

Ed Redner, of Hubbardston, died from injuries received in a ball game.

THE OLD SOLDIERS

MEET AND WALK AND TALK TOGETHER AGAIN.

National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic Held at St. Louis—The Ranks Greatly Thinned—Women's Relief Corps and Other Auxiliaries.

The annual encampment of the National G. A. R., at St. Paul, was much of the same character as previous encampments. The city did all in her power to make the affair a success and accomplished the purpose. Michigan's veterans came in for much praise and applause for their appearance and drilling—particularly Detroit post, which escorted Department Commander Wm. Shakespeare and staff. Ohio's boys also caught the fancy of the crowds. The annual parade, which is the star event of every encampment, showed that the ranks of the "vets" are rapidly thinning as the years roll by. Not over 30,000 of them marched through St. Paul's streets, but they were greeted with cheers and applause on every side. Opposite the residence of Col. R. H. Newport, many white-haired veterans uncovered and saluted as they recognized the widow of their loved "Black Jack," and Mrs. John A. Logan carefully returned every salute. As the head of each division arrived at this part of the avenue, a group of pretty young girls scattered flowers before the veterans, who furtively picked up the blossoms and proudly placed them in their buttonholes. This scattering of flowers, in tribute of the bravery of the old soldiers, was done by 20 daughters of old soldiers. The column swept on down the avenues past the mammoth residence where were the ladies' headquarters; in front of the big reception stand in Summit park; under an evergreen arch erected at the head of Sixth street by the colored citizens of St. Paul; by a grand stand containing 2,000 children representing a living flag; on through the crowded streets, and after passing the reviewing stand occupied by Commander-in-Chief Walker and staff the columns dispersed. On this stand were a number of past commanders-in-chief and others of national reputation, many of whom were recognized and applauded by the veterans as they passed.

The business sessions of the G. A. R. encampment at St. Paul were of an interest. Mayor Moran delivered an address of welcome. Commander-in-Chief I. N. Walker, of Indianapolis, then presented his annual address, in which he stated that the G. A. R. has a membership of 385,406; the gain by muster during the year being 13,467; total loss 11,406; loss by death 7,293. In referring to pensions he said that since the payment of pensions by checks through the mails had proven a success he thought they could be paid the same way direct from Washington and save two-thirds of the present expense of keeping up pension agencies in nearly every state. Of the Women's Relief Corps and the Sons of Veterans words of praise were spoken. Military instruction in public schools is recommended and strongly urged, as also is the teaching of the history of the civil war.

Others reports showed 7,302 posts; charity disbursements \$211,949; other receipts \$30,354; expenditures \$19,799; balance \$10,555.

On roll call Buffalo was decided on for the encampment for 1897. Denver receiving, however, a small vote. A recommendation was adopted favoring the union of the Woman's Relief Corps and the Ladies of the G. A. R. as one organization under the Relief Corps. The election of a new commander-in-chief was among the most important actions of the encampment. There were five candidates but Maj. Thaddeus S. Clarkson, of Omaha, was elected by acclamation. The other officers elected were: Junior vice-commander, Chas. W. Buckley, of Alabama; surgeon, Gen. A. E. Johnson; chaplain, Rev. Mark D. Taylor, of Massachusetts.

Among the resolutions adopted were the following: Asking preference for capable ex-soldiers in government appointments; urging congress to confer on Gen. Nelson A. Miles the full title of lieutenant-general; indorsing the proposed national parks at Vicksburg and Fredericksburg; recommending the reading of Lincoln's Gettysburg address as part of the exercises on Memorial day; favoring the prohibition of the use of the national flag for advertising purposes; asking congress to re-repair and preserve the frigate Constitution and the sloop-of-war Hartford; and asking congress to provide for a soldier's home south of the Ohio river.

The associated organizations held business meetings also. The Ladies of the G. A. R. elected the following officers: National president, Mrs. Catherine E. Hirst, of Louisville; senior vice-president, Mrs. A. P. Anderson, of Minneapolis; junior vice, Mrs. Sarah C. Mason, of Nebraska; treasurer, Mrs. Flora George, of Washington; chaplain, Mrs. Thankful, of Massachusetts; national councillor, Mrs. Laura McNair, of New Jersey.

The Woman's Relief Corps elected and installed Mrs. Agnes Hitt, of Indianapolis, as national president; Mrs. Marie Hazenwinkle, of St. Paul, senior vice president.

No action was taken by either of these organizations looking toward a union, each preferring its present name and membership, the qualifications varying slightly. The Daughters of Veterans also refused to unite with the Loyal Home Workers, saying they preferred their present name and society.

Nearly 2,000 more Spanish soldiers have been landed at Havana.

The New Commander of the G. A. R.

Thaddeus Stevens Clarkson was born at Gettysburg, Pa., in 1840. He enlisted April 16, 1861—within two hours after the appearance of President Lincoln's call for 75,000 men for 90 days—in Co. A, First Illinois artillery and served under Grant at Cairo; re-enlisted July 16, 1861, for the war; was promoted Dec. 1, 1861, to adjutant of the Thirtieth Illinois cavalry and was assigned to command it during the Arkansas campaign. In 1863 he helped in raising the Third Arkansas cavalry of Union white men of that state; was promoted to major, and commanded the regiment until nearly the close of the war. He went to Nebraska, settling in Omaha in March, 1866, and has lived in the state for 30 years. He was postmaster of Omaha under President Harrison's administration; was a member of the national council of administration of the G. A. R. for three years; was commander of the G. A. R., and also of the Loyal Legion, of Nebraska.

Republicans Win in Vermont.

The Green Mountain state declared for Josiah Grout, Republican, for governor and for the Republican state ticket by a majority that equalled the prediction of the most confident. Returns from the distant towns are, as usual, rather slow, but the count in all sections of the state shows substantial Republican gain and indicates that the majority for the Republican state ticket will be about 30,000. This is the largest majority ever given for a governor in the state, the nearest approach to it being in 1888, when the majority was 27,218.

NEWS ITEMS IN BRIEF.

Fred Strobel was found dead at Sandusky, O., with his head nearly severed from the body. Fred Dunn, a boon companion, is suspected of committing the deed. Dunn has disappeared.

A special dispatch from Rome says that it is rumored that King Humbert will announce his abdication after the marriage of the Prince of Naples, the heir apparent, to Princess Helene of Montenegro.

Serious conflicts have occurred on the Turkish-Bulgarian frontier. A Turkish officer and several Turkish soldiers were killed. The Bulgarians did not suffer any losses. The Bulgarian government is reinforcing the troops on the frontier.

The Edgar Thomson steel works of Carnegie's, at Pittsburgh

THE MISADVENTURES OF JOHN NICHOLSON

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

He took off his hat, and moved mechanically toward the stand; and there he found a small change that was a great one to him. The pin that had been his from boyhood, where he had hung his balmoral when he loitered home from the academy, and his first hat when he came briskly back from college or the office—his pin was occupied. "They might have at least respected my pin!" he thought, and he was moved as by a slight, and began at once to recollect that he was here an interloper, in a strange house, which he had entered almost by a burglary, and where at any moment he might be scandalously challenged.

He moved at once, his hat still in hand, to the door of his father's room, opened it and entered. Mr. Nicholson sat in the same place and posture as on that last Sunday morning; only he was older, and grayer, and sterner; and as he now glanced up and caught the eye of his son, a strange commotion and a dark flush sprung into his face.

"Father," said John, steadily, and even cheerfully, for this was a moment against which he was long ago prepared, "father, here I am, and here is the money that I took from you. I have come back to ask your forgiveness, and to stay Christmas with you and the children."

"Keep your money," said the father, "and go."

"Father!" cried John; "for God's sake don't receive me this way. I've come for—"

"Understand me," interrupted Mr. Nicholson; "you are no son of mine; and in the sight of God, I will give you no money. One last thing I will tell you; one warning I will give you; all is discovered, and you are being hunted for your crimes; if you are still at large it is thanks to me; but I have done all that I mean to do; and from this time forth I would not raise one finger—not one finger—to save you from the law! And now," with a low voice of absolute authority, and a single weighty gesture of the finger, "and now—go!"

CHAPTER VI.

JOHN passed the evening, in what windy confusion of mind, in what squalls of anger and lulls of sick collapse, in what pacing of streets and plunging into public houses, it would profit little to relate. His misery, if it were not progressive, yet tended in no way to diminish; for in proportion as grief and indignation abated, fear began to take their place. At first, his father's menacing words lay by in some safe drawer of memory, biding their hour. At first John was all thwarted affection and blighted hope; next bludgeoned vanity raised his head again, with twenty mortal gashes; and the father was disowned even as he had disowned the son. What was this regular course of life, that John should have admired it? What were these clock-work virtues, from which love was absent, the aim and soul; and judged by such a standard, the discarded prodigal—now rapidly drowning his sorrows and his reason in successive dreams—was a creature of a lovelier morality than his self-righteous father. Yes, he was the better man; he felt it, glowed with the consciousness, and entering a public-house at the corner of Howard Place (whither he had come how wandered) he pledged his own virtues in a glass—perhaps the fourth since his dismissal. Of that he knew nothing, keeping no account of what he did or where he went; and in the general crashing hurry of his nerves, unconscious of the approach of intoxication. Indeed, it is a question whether he were really growing intoxicated, or whether at first the spirits did not even sober him. For it was even as he drained this last glass that his father's ambiguous and menacing words—popping from his hiding-place in memory—startled him like a hand laid upon his shoulder. "Crimes, hunted, the galleys." They were ugly words; in the ears of an innocent man, perhaps all the uglier; for if some judicial error were in act against him, who should set a limit to his grossness or to how far might it be pushed? Not John, indeed; he was no believer in the powers of innocence, his cursed experience pointing in quite other ways; and his fears, once awakened, grew with every hour and hunted him about the city streets.

It was, perhaps, nearly nine at night; he had eaten nothing since lunch, he had drunk a good deal, and he was exhausted by emotion, when the thought of Houston came into his head. He turned, not merely to the man as a friend, but to his house a place of refuge. The danger that threatened him was still so vague that he knew neither what to fear nor where he might expect it; but this much at least seemed undeniable, that a private house was safer than a public inn. Moved by these counsels, he turned at once to the Caledonian Station, passed (not without alarm) into the bright lights of the approach, redeemed his portmanteau from the cloak-room, and was soon whirling in a cab along the Glasgow road. The change of movement and po-

sition, the sight of the lamps (winking to the rear, and the smell of lamp and mould and rotten straw which clung about the vehicle, wrought in him strange alternations of lucidity and mortal giddiness.

"I have been drinking," he discovered; "I must go straight to bed and sleep." And he thanked Heaven for the drowsiness that came upon his mind in waves.

From one of these spells he was awakened by the stoppage of the cab; and, getting down, found himself in quite a country road, the last lamp of the suburb shining some way below, and the high walls of a garden rising before him in the dark. The Lodge (as the place was named) stood, indeed, very solitary. To the south it adjoined another house, but standing in so large a garden as to be well out of cry; on all other sides open fields stretched upward to the woods of Corstorphine Hill, or backward to the dells of Ravelston, or downward toward the valley of the Leith. The effect of seclusion was aided by the great height of the garden walls, which were, indeed, conventional, and, as John had tested in former days, defied the climbing school-boy.

The lamp of the cab threw a gleam upon the door and the not brilliant handle of the bell.

"Shall I ring for ye?" said the cabman, who had descended from his perch and was slapping his chest, for the night was bitter.

"I wish you would," said John, putting his hand to his brow in one of his accessions of giddiness.

The man pulled at the handle, and the clanking of the bell replied from further in the garden; twice and thrice he did it, with sufficient intervals; in the great, frosty silence of the night, the sounds fell sharp and small.

"Does he expect ye?" asked the driver, with that manner of familiar interest that well became his port-wine face; and when John had told him no, "Well, then," said the cabman, "if ye'll tak' my advice of it, we'll just gang back. And that's disinterested, mind ye, for my stables are in the Glesgie road."

"The servants must hear," said John. "Hout!" said the driver. "He keeps no servants here, man. They're a' in the town house; I drive him often; it's just a kind of a hermitage, this."

"Give me the bell," said John; and he plucked at it like a man desperate.

The clamor had not yet subsided before they heard steps upon the gravel, and a voice of singular nervous irritability cried to them through the door, "Who are you, and what do you want?"

"Alan," said John, "it's me—it's Fatty—John, you know, I'm just come home, and I've come to stay with you."

There was no reply for a moment, and then the door was opened.

"Get the portmanteau down," said John to the driver.

"Do nothing of the kind," said Alan, and then to John, "Come in here a moment. I want to speak to you."

John entered the garden, and the door was closed behind him. A candle stood on the gravel walk, winking a little in the draughts; it threw incandescent sparkles on the clumped holly, struck the light and darkness to and fro like a veil on Alan's features, and sent his shadow hovering behind him. All beyond was inscrutable; and John's dazed brain rocked with the shadow. Yet even so, it struck him that Alan was pale, and his voice, when he spoke, unnatural.

"What brings you here to-night," he began. "I don't want, God knows, to seem unfriendly; but I can not take you in, Nicholson; I can not do it."

"Alan," said John, "you've just got to! You don't know the mess I'm in; the governor's turned me out, and I daren't show my face in an inn, because they're down on me for murder or something!"

"For what?" cried Alan, starting.

"Murder," said John.

"Murder!" repeated Alan, and passed his hand over his eyes. "What was that you were saying?" he asked again.

"That they were down on me," said John. "I'm accused of murder, by what I can make out; and I've really had a dreadful day of it, Alan, and I can't sleep on the road-side on a night like this—at least, not with a portmanteau," he pleaded.

"Hush!" said Alan, with his head on one side; and then, "Did you hear nothing?" he asked.

"No," said John, thrilling, he knew not why, with communicated terror.

"No, I heard nothing; why?" And then, as there was no answer, he reverted to his pleading:

"But I say, Alan, you've got to take me in. I'll go right away to bed if you have anything to do. I seem to have been drinking; I was that knocked over. I wouldn't turn you away, Alan, if you were down on your luck."

"No!" returned Alan. "Neither will I you, then. Come and let's get your portmanteau."

The cabman was paid, and drove off down the long, lamp-lighted hill, and the two friends stood on the sidewalk beside the portmanteau till the last rumble of the wheels had died in silence. It seemed to John as though Alan attached importance to this departure of the cab; and John, who was in no state to criticise, shared profoundly in the feeling.

When the stillness was once more perfect, Alan shouldered the portmanteau, carried it in, and shut and locked

the garden door; and then, once more, abstraction seemed to fall upon him, and he stood with his hand on the key until the cold began to nibble at John's fingers.

"Why are we standing here?" asked John.

"Eh?" said Alan, blankly.

"Why, man, you don't seem yourself," said the other.

"No, I'm not myself," said Alan; and he sat down on the portmanteau and put his face in his hands.

John stood beside him swaying a little, and looking about him at the swaying shadows, the flitting sparkles, and the steady stars overhead, until the windless cold began to touch him through his clothes on the bare skin. Even in his bemused intelligence, wonder began to awake.

"I say, let's come on to the house," he said at last.

"Yes, let's come on to the house," repeated Alan.

And he rose at once, reshouldered the portmanteau, and taking the candle in his other hand, moved forward to the Lodge. This was a long, low building, smothered in creepers; and now, except for some chinks of light between the dining-room shutters, it was plunged in darkness and silence.

In the hall Alan lighted another candle, gave it to John, and opened the door of a bedroom.

"Here," said he; "go to bed. Don't mind me, John. You'll be sorry for me when you know."

"Wait a bit," returned John; "I've got so cold with all that standing about. Let's go into the dining-room a minute. Just one glass to warm me, Alan."

On the table in the hall stood a glass, and a bottle with a whisky label on a tray. It was plain the bottle had been just opened, for the cork and corkscrew lay beside it.

"Take that," said Alan, passing John the whisky, and then with a certain roughness pushed his friend into the bedroom and closed the door behind him.

John stood amazed; then he shook the bottle, and, to his further wonder, found it partly empty. Three or four glasses were gone. Alan must have uncorked a bottle of whisky and drank three or four glasses one after the other without sitting down, for there was no chair, and that in his own cold lobby on this freezing night! It fully explained his eccentricities, John reflected savagely, as he mixed himself a grog. Poor Alan! He was drunk, and what a dreadful thing was drunk, and what a slave to it poor Alan was, to drink in this unsocial, uncomfortable fashion!

The man who would drink alone, except for health's sake—as John was now doing—was a man utterly lost. He took the grog out, and felt hazier, but warmer. It was hard work opening the portmanteau and finding his night things, and before he was undressed, the cold had struck home to him once more. "Well," said he; "just a drop more. There's no sense in getting ill with all this other trouble." And presently dreamless slumber buried him.

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

What Is to Be Gained from the Dangerous Expeditions.

To ascertain with greater precision, the shape, size and density of the earth, the astronomer's base of measures, and thus render the science of surveying more accurate, ten pendulum observations near the unknown extreme of the arc are worth a hundred elsewhere.

Observations on magnetism, especially near the magnetic pole, will benefit the thousands of vessels which largely depend for their safety on the precision with which the compass can be interpreted. To the meteorologist the Arctic is of special importance, because it presents the extremes of a world-embracing system, each of whose parts affects every other. Tides and currents are similarly interdependent. The aurora can best be studied where it is most common and most fully developed.

Observations on the character and behavior of planets and animals under the unique conditions of the Arctic will give to the student of organic life a more thorough mastery of his problems. To that end the hydrography must be known (depth of sea, temperature, water movement, sea bottom, salinity, light). The Arctic affords the best facilities for studying one set of geologic forces (glaciers, icebergs, frost fissuring) in their extreme manifestation. The conditions of the earth in past geologic epochs will not be fully known until the strata of the Arctic lands have been mapped. To the paleontologist the Arctic has already yielded most valuable information in the fossil evidence of a mild climate. Lockwood and Brainerd found the slopes of Western Grinnell Land studded with large petrified tree stumps. These and similar fossils, precious to museums or geological cabinets, can probably be reached by way of Hayes Sound. To the ethnologist the Eskimo represent a phase of human life without a parallel.—Popular Science Monthly.

Mustn't Go Abroad.

The lord chancellor is the only member of the British cabinet who is not allowed to go outside of Great Britain. This is because he must have the great seal in his personal custody, and to take the great seal outside of Great Britain would be high treason.

Her Supposition.

Mr. Hayseed (after a long, long, weary wait in a New York restaurant)—Seems to me that briled Philadelphia spring chicken we ordered is a long while coming.

Mrs. Hayseed (resignedly)—I s'pose the train is off the track.—New York Weekly.

A LONG PATIENCE.



HERE had been quite a little crowd to see the old woman off. The train pulled up in the middle of the fields, as it seemed, for there was no station and but a narrow row of platform. Tidy women with little shawls about their shoulders, little girls carrying babies, with a string of elder children at their heels, had congregated for the send-off. For the minute or two we stayed they loaded her with many injunctions.

"Don't be later than 5, Mrs. Magee, and the gossossos'll mate you beyond Haley's corner."

"Don't be frettin', woman Jewel. Keep up your heart. Sure if there's not good news today the Lord knows 'tis on its way!"

"Keep the few eggs from shakin', ma'am, in that jingly ould train."

And so on.

The little old woman settled back in her corner, holding the basket gingerly on her lap. As the train started and the kind faces vanished she caught my eye. She answered something she read there with a smile which had something timid and appealing about it.

"They're not used to railway travelin', the crathures. Sure, 'tis so long since this elegant contrivance come instid o' the long cars, weary on thim! 'Twas a day's journey to go anywhere by them an' if you were the wan passenger an' empty mailbags 't'other side they rattled the life out of your poor bones."

"You find this more comfortable?" I said, looking round the wretched horse-box that did duty for a carriage.

"Sure I do. Rare elegant I call it. I do be tellin' thim how the fields passes by a bigger than a handkercher an' the houses are sliderin' by before you rightly know where you are."

"Do you often make the journey?"

"Every month regular. 'Tis now a matter of twenty years since I began. I was a fine strong woman then an' used to thrump it both ways. But I'm getting rather a-past that, ma'am, an' the neighbors, God bless them, they do put the few pennies together that pays my fare one way. I'm fine and fresh thrampin' home in the evenin' and the weight of the empty basket light on my arm."

"Your basket seems full of good things," I said, noticing that a fine griddlecake pushed open the lid.

The old woman beamed with satisfaction. "There's a few eggs in it an' there's the griddlecake an' a bit o' tay an' sugar an' a weeny drop o' goat's milk. I do be thinkin' they don't get enough to ate in them places an' my heart does be often heavy between whiles."

"In what places?"

"The 'sylvams, ma'am. Patrick, that's my husband, ma'am, went out o' his mind a matter o' twenty years ago an' he's ever since in C—'sylvam."

"Tis him I do be goin' to see."

"Oh, indeed," I said, lamely. "I am very sorry."

"Do you think, ma'am," said the little old woman, anxiously, "that they do be givin' thim enough to ate in thim places?"

"I should think they are well fed," I answered. "Doesn't your husband seem well cared for?"

An extraordinary shadow came over the little old apple face. The cherry smile vanished and it its stead there came a drooping of the mouth and a closing of the eyes which seemed to speak intense suffering.

The shadow vanished almost as quickly as it had come.

"It's a queer thing, ma'am. But Patrick—though he thought the sunshine wasn't to be named in the same day with me—he won't look at me now. Sure, God help us, they don't think it safe to lave us together. I don't ask for it now, for I've seen at last 'twas only a trial for both of us. Isn't it a queer, contrary thing, ma'am, that it's thim they loved the best they do be most set agin'?"

"It is," I murmured, feeling the futility of offering consolation. "Of course, he doesn't know you."

"That's it, ma'am. His soul is behind prison bars an' it hasn't the strength to look through an' discover them it used to love. I used to think I'd get a glimpse of it sometimes fluttrin' behind his eyes, as frightened as a bird in a cage."

I tried to turn the conversation, for the little old woman had begun to tremble and to lift one corner of her coarse apron to her eyes.

"It's a great comfort to have sympathetic neighbors," I said, hastily.

"It is that same. Why, there's not a night they're sayin' their bades but they do be rememberin' me and Patrick. The kindness of them is past tellin'. Why, 'tis them that fills the basket for me every month, though, God knows, they've often more mouths than they can fill. Did you notice the

brown-eyed woman wid the red shawl an' the shiny-lookin' hair?"

I had noticed her. It was she who had given the injunction about the eggs.

"Well, then, ma'am, 'tis she has the rare trouble all out. The little childer—she's the mother of eight, ma'am—is always dyin' on her of a softness of the bones. They do grow bright an' sharp little childer till they reaches the age of 5 or 6. Then they seem to melt all away; the little bones of them crumble like a bit of bread between your fingers. Now, isn't it a hard lot, ma'am, to see the little wans that ought by right to be bright an' hearty dyin' on your hands like that?"

She spoke as if her own trouble was only a light one by comparison. She shook her little old white head and went on:

"There was a little girl, too, stood by and said nothin' at all at all. Maybe you was after takin' note of her—little Susy Connolly, a brown-haired little girl wid a pale face and red lips. She's alone in the world, an' the villain she set her heart on left her for a girl wid two cows to her fortune. Now there's trouble to be givin' away everythin' you had to give an' gettin' nothin' at all in return. Isn't that rare trouble?"

I agreed that it was. The little old woman was quite cheerful again, though her eyes and gestures were dramatic as she told Susy's sad love story.

"Myself, I do be often wonderin'," she went on, "at the kindness of the people. I'm not lost nor lonely among them, though I've nather chick nor child to close my eyes when I go. Sure, the goodness of God is wonderful an' I do often be wonderin' over it why He should be so good to an old sinner like me. It's surprisin' how cheerful I go home of an evenin' when the sun is gettin' low an' the dew is layin' the dust in the white roads. I do be listenin' to the birds singin', and smellin' the sweet grass an' flowers, an' I know whin I get home there'll be a bit o' fire in the grate an' a cup o' tea brewin'. Then the childer comes to meet me a long way off. I store an orange or an apple or a bit o' brown rock sugar stick in the basket for them, the rogues."

"And you find the world good, after all?"

"Good, acushla? Good isn't the name for it. But would you be surprised after all to hear that I'm thinkin' of leavin' them kind neighbors? Aye, I'm lookin' for the time to come! Maybe you think me a black-hearted, ungrateful old woman?"

Her little brown face, finely wrinkled, wore a mysterious air.

"I am sure you are not ungrateful," I said.

"No, then I'm not, acushla. 'Twill be crackin' my heartstrings to lave the little house where Patrick brought me home an' where the childer died. Let alone the kindly faces an' the obligin' little childer an' the dogs that are such friendly poor bastards."

"Then why will you go?"

"Because, listen, dear; God has put it in my heart that at the last Patrick's mind'll come back to him just burnin' up like a candle before it goes out an' I'll see the sow in his eyes an' he'll know me, aye, an' love me, just once before he goes. But, sure, 'twould never do for me to be so far away when the change might come any minit. So I'm goin' to take a little job for the doctor's wife to mind her bits o' hins an' ducks. Thim I'll be within call. But here's the station, dear, an' God bless you. Surely God is very good, oh, very, very good!"—Pall Mall Gazette.

Hereditary Genius.

How rarely is literary genius—or, indeed, a very high order of literary talent—reproduced in the second generation! It is rare, indeed, for memorials of father and son to find themselves face to face in Westminster Abbey, as since last week do the memorials of Thomas and Matthew Arnold.

And in this case Thomas Arnold owes his place rather to the character and personal influence and the gratitude of the Rugby race he reared than to anything in him that could be called literary genius. Thinking over the great names of English literature, the only cases that occur to one are the Coleridges, the Disraelis, and the Lyttons, and some would add the Mills; and with the possible exception of Samuel Taylor and Hartley Coleridge, there cannot in these cases be much talk of genius transmitted. In France there are the cases of the two Crebillons and of Dumas pere and Dumas fils; and, if Edmond de Goncourt's critical insight is to be depended on, we shall have to add a Daudet pere and Daudet fils. Felix Mendelssohn's father used to complain that he never in the world's regard had an independent existence. The first half of his life he was merely the son of Moses Mendelssohn, the philosopher, and the second half merely the father of Felix Mendelssohn, the composer.—St. James's Gazette.

How He Described It.

It takes a business man to describe a costume to his wife. A busy son of commerce, after seeing a very taking dress on a very taking young lady recently, informed the partner of his joys that: "It was fine. The dress was made of some kind of cloth, with some kind of trimming. It was sorter lilac, or shrimp pink in color, and had for waist some sort of basque that was indescribable. She wore one of those hats you sometimes see on women, and altogether gave an effect that I wish you could have seen."

Pen Points.

One difference between meat and drink is that while the former is necessary to keep body and soul together, the latter is good at keeping them apart.—Truth.

Alma College St. Thomas, Ont. for young women has the finest buildings, equipment and record of any Canadian college; rates low; open calendar free. Address Principal Austin, B. A.

The pea is a native of the south of Europe.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Every trade in China has its patron saint.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No return. First day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free \$3 trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. KLINE, 361 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

In a clay soil do not set trees too deep.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Secure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

Old, dry corn makes the hardest pork.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Feet, Tender or Sore Feet, Chilblains, Piles, etc. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

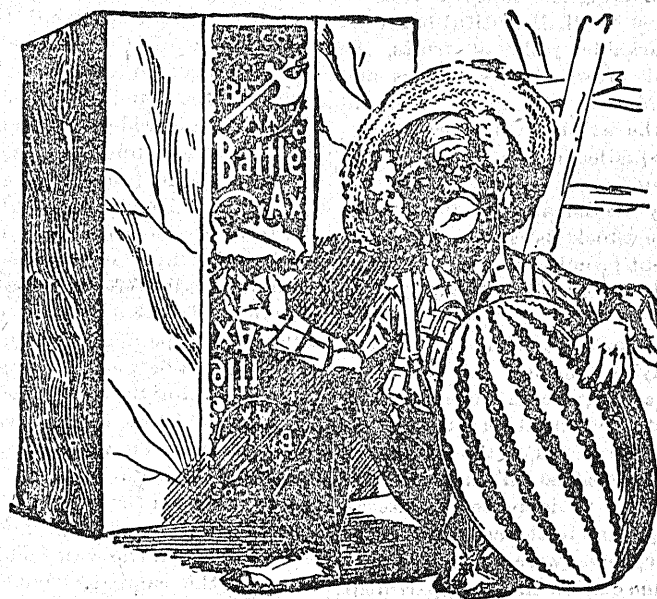
Only 906 persons in 1,000,000 die from senility.

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind., March 3, 1895.

Poor Pilgrarlic,

there is no need for you to contemplate a wig when you can enjoy the pleasure of sitting again under your own "thatch." You can begin to get your hair back as soon as you begin to use

Ayer's Hair Vigor.



"How happy could I be with either Were the other dear charmer away."

Battle Ax PLUG

The ripest and sweetest leaf and the purest ingredients are used in the manufacture of "Battle Ax," and no matter how much you pay for a much smaller piece of any other high-grade brand, you cannot buy a better chew than "Battle Ax."

For 5 cents you get a piece of "Battle Ax" almost as large as the other fellow's 10-cent piece.



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"THE MIDDLE SOUTH."

A handsomely illustrated 16 page Monthly Journal describing the development of the Middle South, the farmer's paradise. Price 50 cents per year. Send 50 cts. at once mentioning this paper and you will receive "The Middle South," for one year, postage free, or if you secure four subscribers and send us \$1.00 we will send your paper one year free of charge. Address Middle South Pub. Co., Somerville, Tenn.

W. N. U. D.—XIV—37.

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Caro's Fair.

When the gates of the Great Farmer's Fair are opened Sept. 22nd, the citizens of the county will be given an opportunity to visit one of the greatest exhibitions ever given in Northern Michigan. True the Caro Fair Association has given many successful fairs, but everything this season is in line for making the exhibition of '96 the greatest of all. Bountiful harvests, the remarkable yield of fruits, the wonderful growth of vegetables and fine pastures, all have given their aid to make the exhibits in every department unequalled in the history of the Association.

Already the demand for space to exhibit live stock is great and every department promises to be well filled. Some of the best herds of cattle in the county have already been entered while the horse department, as usual, will surely be crowded. Breeders are making arrangements to show their sheep and the exhibit promises to be unusually large. For the past three years the Association has made a special effort to increase the interest in raising swine in the county and last year their hopes were partially realized by a fine exhibit in this department. The premium list has again been revised in this department and the exhibit will be larger than ever before. Poultry, too, has received earnest consideration at the hands of the officers and the result has been very encouraging. This season an expert judge has been engaged for this department and some of the best birds in the state will compete for the premiums offered. Floral hall will surely be crowded to the doors. Although the vegetable department has been moved to a building of its own, thus allowing more space for the regular hall exhibits, the building will be crowded this season as the demand for space is already greater than ever before. It is intended to have several special exhibits in the hall which will, in addition to the thousands of articles exhibited by individuals, make this a special interest. Vegetable hall will undoubtedly be enlarged to twice its present size. Last year the hall was filled but this season it would not hold one-half of the exhibits. A fine light will be secured from the top and it is hoped to make this one of the most attractive buildings on the ground. The music will be furnished by the Caro and Fairgrove bands. These organizations are fully uniformed and furnish excellent music. On Friday afternoon, September 25th, the Page Fence Giants, known throughout United States, will cross bats with the Cuban Giants, of New York. It will be free to all visitors at the fair. The Champion trick bicycle rider of the World has been secured and will give his wonderful exhibition of fancy riding on one day of the fair.

While every day will be well taken up with special attractions it is intended not to do away with races, consequently both horse and bicycle programs have been arranged. The horse races will be open only to horses owned in the county and no entrance fee will be charged.

If you have not already made arrangements to attend the Great Farmers' Fair, do so at once.

20 Days Treatment Free.
Every invalid who visits the British Medical Institute, 106 South Washington Ave., Saginaw, will, till further notice, receive 20 days treatment, including all medicines, free of charge. The object in making this liberal offer is to convince the public of the superiority of the British system of practice.

If you are tired of being humbugged and maltreated by quacks and impostors, consult us. We have made the treatment of all chronic diseases the study of our life. If you are in need of honest treatment we will give it to you. Our staff consists of seven eminent specialists, and their combined wisdom is brought to bear in all complicated, difficult and doubtful cases. Consultation free either at institute or by mail. If you cannot call send stamp for question blank.

Our charges for treatment vary from \$5 to \$30 per month either by mail or at Institute. Only curable cases are accepted, and a cure is guaranteed in every case undertaken.

P. S.—Send 10 cents for our little illustrated booklet on Steam Nebulization, showing the only rational and successful treatment of Catarrh, Catarrhal deafness, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The best salve in the world for Cuts, Sores, Bruises, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chills, Corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25c. For sale by T. H. Fritz, Druggist.

AN INVENTOR'S SUCCESS.

"The Daisy Free Silver Design."

The strong influence exerted upon the minds of inventors by a widespread popular agitation is strikingly illustrated in the outcome of a contest which has just been decided. The well-known firm of John Wedderburn & Co., of Washington, D. C., conducts a series of monthly competitions in which a prize of \$150 is offered for the invention decided to be the most valuable from the standpoint of simplicity, originality and wide applicability. In the contest for June the prize has just been allotted by the Board of Awards to Samuel R. Ireland, of Ashland, Ky. Mr. Ireland's device was a campaign button, of simple construction, ornamented with the design of a field daisy, the one gold centre and sixteen radiating silver petals, representing the ratio (16 to 1) between silver and gold, thus combining the cherished numerals with the colors of the two metals. Several hundred devices were entered in the competition, but the Board of Awards decided that, while the other inventions were of high merit, none could exceed in the wide field for application the campaign button which bears the favorite emblem of more than one-half the voters of the United States. Since Mr. Ireland's success, scores of designers have developed new ideas in the way of campaign buttons, and the Design Division of the Patent Office promises to be flooded with designs before the close of the campaign. Mr. Ireland's good fortune—which promises to be most substantial in the way of financial returns—consists of being first in the field, thereby not only securing the Wedderburn prize, but the personal, written endorsement of the free silver leaders, whose party emblem he has designed. The National Silver party at St. Louis unanimously passed a resolution adopting the field daisy as its campaign emblem, and the National Committees of the Democratic and Populist parties have the adoption of the field daisy as their campaign emblem under advisement. The Daisy Free Silver Button and Pin are the only real novelties on the market in this line, and they are made of silver, beautifully enamelled in white and yellow, making a handsome piece of jewelry as well as a campaign emblem.

The retail price of the silver and enamel buttons and pins is 15 cents each. Celluloid buttons, 50 cents per dozen, \$3 per hundred. Send your orders to Charles J. Kappler, room 60, Corcoran Building, Washington, D. C. A full description of the prize winner, Mr. Samuel R. Ireland, and how he came to design this button, is printed in the Mid-summer edition of the National Recorder, copies of which can be obtained by sending 5 cents in postage stamps to John Wedderburn & Co., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.—N. Y. World, August 2, 1896.

My little boy, when two years of age, was taken very ill with bloody flux. I was advised to use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and luckily procured part of a bottle. I carefully read the directions and gave it accordingly. He was very low, but slowly and surely he began to improve, gradually recovered, and is now as stout and strong as ever. I feel sure it saved his life. I never can praise the Remedy half its worth. I am sorry every one in the world does not know how good it is, as I do.—Mrs. Lina S. Hinton, Grahamsville, Marion Co., Florida. For sale by T. H. Fritz, Druggist.

To Whom It May Concern.
All of you owning chickens close them up tight, or they will eat all of my corn before it is ripe; if you don't close up your chicks, I think I shall bust.

For they are eating my corn before it is husked; Don't think I am stingy or otherwise tight, But close up your chicks and do what is right; I hope when you read these few simple lines You will find I can't feed your chicks these mighty hard times; In writing these lines I don't want to make you feel mad, But close up your chicks and of course I'll be glad.

B. E. SMITH, Agent for J. L. HITCHCOCK.

Its value Recognized by Physicians.
As a rule I am opposed to proprietary medicines. Still I value a good one, especially when such is the source of relief from pain. As a topical (external) application I have found Chamberlain's Pain Balm the best remedy I have ever used for neuralgia of any kind. I have conscientiously recommended it to many persons. William Horne, M. D., Janesville, Wis. Sold by T. H. Fritz, Druggist.

From all accounts Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a Godsend to the afflicted. There is no advertisement about this. We feel just like saying it.—The Democrat, Carrollton, Ky. For sale by T. H. Fritz, Druggist.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

GREAT COMMANDER.

THE JOY HE BROUGHT TO A BRAVE BOY AND HIS FATHER.

Maurice Torraline's Interview With Washington.—"Let Us Be Merry, For This My Son Was Dead and Is Alive Again; He Was Lost and Is Found."

In St. Nicholas Sara King Wiley has a romance of the American Revolution entitled "Maurice and His Father." A brave little English lad is separated from his father and falls into the hands of the Americans. His father afterward embraces the patriot cause, and his son is restored to him through the medium of Washington, as shown in the following extract:

Maurice was informed that General Washington was there showing the works to General Lafayette, and his heart began to flutter and thump within him.

Barney was sitting beside him, looking at his master with bright and loving eyes, his little black nose quivering.

"Barney," said the boy, "we're afraid, but we're not going to stop if we are."

And, picking up the dog, he took his way through the rustling leaves that lay like heaps of gold toward the house which one of the soldiers, from whom Maurice ventured to ask for directions, had pointed out to him.

"Yes, General Washington is there and alone," he was told.

"Sure, no, ye little boy," said the Irish sentry. "He's went out the poor gentleman is, already, and it's meself wouldn't bother with all them jabbering Frinchemen!"

Maurice was desperate.

"Oh, please!" he said. "Beg, Barney, ye beg too."

"The little dog sat up at once, with drooping paws."

"Sure, me own name's Barney. And is your dog's name O'Reilly, too?" said the sentry.

"Oh, if he is your namesake," exclaimed Maurice, "you must let him in! Oh, see, you can hold him while I go in!" Maurice thought no one could resist such an offer.

"I'll see," said the soldier, and he stopped within, and, returning, said, "Go on."

Maurice yielded up Barney and stepped into the hall, went along it and paused just inside an open door. He was trembling. A voice said, "What is your errand?" a voice even, grave and rather severe.

Maurice raised his eyes. Just before the fireplace stood the great commander. To the boy's excited thought he seemed even larger than he was. Washington's hands were behind his back, his handsome head bent a little forward.

"What is your errand, my lad?" said he again, with a note of command in the tone.

"Oh, my father, my father!" he said. "I have been lost from him so very long!"

Something in the thrilling child's voice, something in the piteous and forlorn expression of his face, went straight to the warm heart that the general carried beneath his calm exterior. He crossed the room in quick strides, and, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, said kindly:

"My poor child!"

This was too much. Maurice had borne bravely the long strain of waiting, the repeated disappointments, but the unexpected sympathy broke down his self-possession. He put his head in the crook of his arm and sobs came fast—sobs that shook him from head to foot.

The general drew him aside, sat down in an armchair, and, taking the little hanging head in both his own, said, "There, there, stop crying and tell me all about it!"

Maurice choked down his sobs and told his story. At his father's name the general rose quickly.

"Colonel Torraline's son! Why, then, your father was here a short time ago. He may be up stairs now!"

Maurice forgot even the great chief and sprang for the door. But Washington caught him by the arm.

"My dear boy—he does not know—I will go."

Maurice stood still in the center of the room and pressed his hands hard together. The general went out and up stairs. It seemed to Maurice that he stepped very slowly.

Colonel Torraline sat in an up stairs room writing. He laid down his pen and rose as the general entered.

"Colonel," said Washington, "I have some wonderful news for you. He's passed. The officer took a step forward and opened his lips, but did not speak."

"Come down stairs with me," continued the general slowly, "and remember as you go that passage in the Scriptures, 'But the father said, Let us be merry, for this my son.'"

Colonel Torraline caught the back of a chair—"For this my son—" was went on the sweet, grave voice, "was dead, and is alive again. He was lost and is—found!"

Colonel Torraline stood an instant, with wide, questioning eyes. Then he rushed through the doorway and down the stairs. The general followed him quickly. There was a loud cry as the colonel entered the room, and Maurice sprang into his father's arms. General Washington closed the door and stood guard over it himself. Barney, having escaped from the soldier, tore in, and the general stooped from his great height to pat the little dog. If Barney had been a man, he would have seen that there were tears in the bright blue eyes.

Heat and Silver.
To read the inscription on a silver coin which by much wear has become wholly obliterated, put a poker in the fire. When red-hot, place the coin upon it, and the inscription will plainly appear as a greenish hue, but will disappear as the coin cools. This method was formerly practiced at the mint to discover the genuine coin when silver was called in.

AS TO HATS.

Slouched Hats Caused a Riot in Spain

Which Cost Many Lives.

Has not some one calculated that a sixth part of the memoirs of St. Simon in the original is occupied with the controversy whether or not the president of parliament should wear his hat or put it on the desk when performing various functions? At length the matter was compromised. The Tiers-etat should wear a chapeau rabattu, which had the slouched brim pinned up. This childish quarrel was remembered, no doubt, when the states general met and the king harangued them. His speech over, he put on his hat, and the nobles did likewise, according to their privilege. The commons had no such claim, but they also clapped on their chapeaux rabattus, amid fierce protests from the nobles. The revolution might have begun that day with a scrimmage in the king's presence had he not removed his own hat, when, all of course, did the same.

But slouched hats had already caused a riot in Spain, which lasted so long and cost so many lives that it might almost be termed a civil war. This was 20 years earlier. Charles III thought them untidy. He thought the streets of his capital untidy also and denounced both eyesores in an edict. Every Spaniard henceforth must pin up his slopping brim, and every household of Madrid must clean the street opposite his premises. Forthwith the people rose. They were little interested, comparatively, in the street cleaning, but they would die for their hats. And a good many of them did, but not unavenged. More than a week the fray lasted, but it was thought remarkable by foreign observers that at 2 p. m. regularly the soldiers plied arms, the furious citizens withdrew and silence reigned for one hour. Both parties were enjoying the siesta, except, perhaps, the wounded. After that interval they recommenced. The king fled, and for the rest of his life he never returned to Madrid willingly. In fact, it was understood he designed to make Seville the capital henceforth, and only gave up the project when his ministers showed him what a vast sum he had already spent on the new palace. So, mightily may be the influence of the hat in state affairs! Finally the king compromised. He withdrew his edict so far as the realm at large was concerned. Within the walls of Madrid every man must wear his brim pinned up, but outside he was at liberty to let it slouch. But the police courts did not cease to be busy until the fashion changed.—Fall Mail Gazette.

Democratic County Convention.
A Democratic Convention for Tuscola county will be held in the Court House in the village of Caro on Monday, Sept. 22d, A. D. 1896, at 10 o'clock standard time, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the various county offices and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the Convention.

The several townships are entitled to the number of delegates following:

A Populist Convention for Tuscola county will be held in the City Hall in the village of Caro, on Sept. 22d, A. D. 1896, at 10 o'clock a. m. standard time for the purpose of nominating candidates for the various county offices and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the Convention.

The several townships are entitled to the number of delegates following:

Union Silver County Convention.
A Convention of the Union Silver Party, of Tuscola county, will be held in Muske Hall in the village of Caro on Monday, Sept. 22d, A. D. 1896, at 10 o'clock standard time, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the various county offices and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the Convention.

The several townships are entitled to the number of delegates following:

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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. BRYNTER, Pastor.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—Preaching services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school meetings follow morning service. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior League at 3 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 Endeavor at 3 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. Rev. B. J. BAXTER, Pastor.

BAPTIST.—Preaching services at 10:30 a. m. on Sunday. Sunday school at 12 m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening. Rev. C. D. KENDRICK, Pastor.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

3-CENT COLUMN.

Advertisements will be inserted under this heading for three cents per line each week.

EARLY GENESSE WHITE WHEAT for sale at the Caro Elevator. 2-20-35

FOR SALE.—Good four-year-old horse for sale cheap. 9-3. HUGH W. SEED.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—Two good second-hand buggies, two lumber wagons, two colts, one 2-7-5 old and one 3-7-5 old. J. L. HITCHCOCK.

HOUSE and barn to rent, known as the Mrs. Predmore house on Oak street. 1-17-47. LAING & JAMES.

LATEST STYLES in Wedding Invitations at the ENTERPRISE Office.

PAMPHLET WORK of every description, clean and quick at the ENTERPRISE Job Department.

POSTERS, all styles, Hangers and Dodgers, at the ENTERPRISE Job Department.

ROOMS TO RENT over Laing & James' store. 1-17-47.

SHEEP WANTED.—As I believe McKinley will be elected I want to take 40 ewes for a term of years. H. GOODRICH, Deford, Mich.

SCHOLARSHIP in the Fenton Normal School for sale at this office.

SHIPPING TAGS.—At close prices—ENTERPRISE Office.

TO RENT AT ONCE.—Forty acres of land 14 miles west of Caro school house. Good house and barn. Good terms to reliable parties. Also one good brood mare, 7 years old and colt for sale. Enquire on premises. 2-20-47. MRS. DUNCAN McLARTY.

TO RENT.—A large house and barn to rent. Also pleasant rooms. J. L. HITCHCOCK.

TO RENT.—A part of the Edwards' livery barn. Apply at once to Dr. EDWARDS. 2-10.

WANTED.—A reliable energetic boy 16 or 18 years old for general work in store. J. L. HITCHCOCK.

WANTED.—Fifty farmers to use Homestead (Mich.) Fertilizer to increase their crops and improve the condition of their land. Address me at Caro City or inquire one mile north and one-half mile east of McConnell's school house. A. D. MEAD, Agent.

WANTED.—To exchange cow giving milk for yearling steers. 2-11. O. K. JAMES.

YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

Wholesome, pure and full of fruit.

WATERBURY'S

is a luxury, but within the means of all. Accept no substitutes.

Send name and address for circular, giving full particulars, to Waterbury's Fruit Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Democratic County Convention.
A Democratic Convention for Tuscola county will be held in the Court House in the village of Caro on Monday, Sept. 22d, A. D. 1896, at 10 o'clock standard time, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the various county offices and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the Convention.

The several townships are entitled to the number of delegates following:

A Populist Convention for Tuscola county will be held in the City Hall in the village of Caro, on Sept. 22d, A. D. 1896, at 10 o'clock a. m. standard time for the purpose of nominating candidates for the various county offices and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the Convention.

The several townships are entitled to the number of delegates following:

Union Silver County Convention.
A Convention of the Union Silver Party, of Tuscola county, will be held in Muske Hall in the village of Caro on Monday, Sept. 22d, A. D. 1896, at 10 o'clock standard time, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the various county offices and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the Convention.

The several townships are entitled to the number of delegates following:

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METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—Preaching services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school meetings follow morning service. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior League at 3 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 Endeavor at 3 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. Rev. B. J. BAXTER, Pastor.

BAPTIST.—Preaching services at 10:30 a. m. on Sunday. Sunday school at 12 m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening. Rev. C. D. KENDRICK, Pastor.

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YOU MAKE THE SALE by advertising in the ENTERPRISE, the best advertising medium.

I WILL SELL

LUMBER WAGONS

For The...

NEXT SIXTY DAYS

at greatly reduced prices. Those intending buying can save money by purchasing of me during next two months.

I sell No. 1 Wagons fully warranted. Call and see me.

W. J. Campbell.

Peaches,

Sugar,

Fruit Cans,

AT PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION

... AT ...

G. A. STEVENSON'S.

Hot!

Hot!!

Hot!!!

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.

FOUR TONS

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.

Cass City and Caro STAGE & LINE.

J. S. DUNHAM PROP.

GOING WEST:
Leaves Cass City, - 6 A. M.
Arrives at Caro, - 9 " "

GOING EAST:
Leaves Caro, - 1:30 P. M.
Arrives at Cass City, - 4:30 " "

FARE—One way, \$1.00; round trip \$1.50.

Scientific American Agency for

PATENTS

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