

# CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

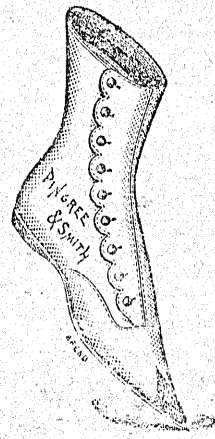
VOL. XVI. NO. 3.

CASS CITY, MICH., DEC. 24, 1896.

BY A. A. P. McDOWELL.

## Wind 'er Up!

A jeweler was one day hauling the praises of a clock, saying it would run 30 days without winding, when he was asked how long it would go if it were wound.



Now don't you think you need a little "winding up" in regard to

Xmas Presents.

That is, not to put it off too late. Let me suggest something that would be both economical and sensible, and perhaps save you a doctor's bill.

A New Pair

Warm Shoes or Slippers

for the wife, husband, or little ones. A

Suit of Clothes or Underwear, Hat, Cap, Necktie, Gloves, Mitts or Silk Handkerchief.

Yours for Xmas Presents,

J. D. CROSBY, The Shoe and Clothing Man.

## I TOLD YOU SO!

An overwhelming majority of the people of the United States bear us out in the assertion that the

"HAPPY HOME"

Guaranteed = Clothing,

is the leading brand, enjoying the confidence of Merchant and Consumer alike, placing both in a money showing condition. The universal satisfaction of the wearer, backed by the guarantee of the makers, proves that there is no equal to it. Let us show you an elegant assortment also the best and cheapest line of

HATS, CAPS AND FURNISHINGS

That can be found in the country. A fine line of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CLOAKS, Etc.

2 MACKS.

When looking for something in

Dry Goods or Notion Line

FOR A

CHRISTMAS PRESENT, CALL ON FROST & HEBBLEWHITE.

Fascinators, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00. Handkerchiefs, 3c. to 25c. Blankets, 50c. to \$3.50. Our \$3.50 all wool 11-4 blankets can not be beat for the money.

Now is the time to bug yourself a Jacket, as we will sell our coats at cost for the next 10 days.

We guarantee our 25 cent tea to beat anything in the market for the price. Wishing you all a Merry Christmas. We remain, Yours For Business,

FROST & HEBBLEWHITE.

## IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR A Christmas Present

For your friends that will do them good as well as please them, we invite you in to see our line which consists of

Family Bibles, Teachers' Bibles, Pocket Bibles, Poems, Histories, Miscellaneous Books, the most popular writers, Photo Albums, Scrap Albums, Toilet Trays, Toilet Cases, Celluloid Baskets,

Jewelry Cases, Handkerchief and Glove Cases, Collar and Cuff Cases, Necktie Boxes, Ribbon Boxes, Mirrors, Ink Stands, Gold Pens, Fountain Pens, Whisk Holders, Perfume Atomizers, Games, Christmas Cards, Etc., Etc.,

Do not fail to see our line before buying.

T. H. FRITZ, - Pharmacist.

## GRAMOPHONE

— AT —

G. A. STEVENSON'S.

Sings Songs, Delivers Speeches and renders Solos while you are looking over our immense stock of Holiday Goods.

Merry Christmas,

G. A. STEVENSON.

## MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Help to make your friends merry by calling on

J. F. HENDRICK,

the Cass City Jeweler and selecting a beautiful and elegant gift from the large stock of

Silverware, China, Cut Glass, Jewellery, Etc.

My Stock is all first class. No trash.

also carry a complete line of

Optical Goods.

Nothing better for the Holiday Gifts.

I always carry the largest and best stock of

DOLLS FOR THE WEE ONES.

Call and be Convinced.

J. F. HENDRICK.

## HOME HAPPENINGS

ITEMS OF PURELY LOCAL INTEREST.

Nine degrees below zero this morning. W. A. Lennox, of Caro, was in town Tuesday.

Mrs. H. C. Edwards is home for the holidays.

Mrs. Abbott, of Canboro, was in town yesterday.

W. B. Predmore, of Gageton, was in town Saturday.

Mrs. Frank Baillie, of Caro, visits friends here.

Miss Jennie Walters, of Pontiac, is home for vacation.

Mrs. McTavish, of Saginaw, is visiting friends here.

Wm. Grigware and family are visiting friends at Caseville.

Will Davis is spending his vacation at his home near Cumber.

Geo. Porter has moved to the Graham residence on Third street.

Fred Mills, of Bay City, is spending his vacation at his home here.

L. C. Truax, of Bad Axe, looked after his interests here yesterday.

J. W. Gordon and Scott Brotherton, made a trip to Caseville last week.

E. A. McGeorge and family left today for Howard City to visit friends.

Frank Kilo has secured a position in Detroit at the Adams' House as porter.

Workmen are engaged in making improvements at the Cass City Foundry.

J. B. McFall is engaged in making some repairs in the grist mill at Gageton.

Misses Lillie Schenck and Maggie Campbell are home from Albion College.

Mrs. H. W. Seed spends Christmas at her parental home at Pt. Edward, Ont.

While killing a goose on Tuesday, Elijah Tanner cut his left hand quite badly.

N. F. McClinton, student of Ann Arbor University, is visiting his home here.

Don't forget the New England supper at the Baptist Church, Jan. 13th, 1897.

Master Keith Morris, of Gageton, visited in town the fore part of this week.

Jas. Patterson, northwest of town, is afflicted with bronchitis and heart trouble.

Mrs. Henry Robinsbn is spending the holidays with relatives at Woodstock, Ont.

H. Dennis, of Juniata township, has rented a farm near here and will move thereon soon.

Thos. W. Dunn, of Embro, Ont., arrived here last evening on business and pleasure.

Mrs. O. C. Wood and Mrs. J. Chamberlain are visiting relatives at Pontiac and Leonard.

Geo. Cridland, of Wickware, took his departure this morning for Clare, to visit his sister.

Mrs. J. C. Edgar and children are spending the holidays at Caro and Watrousville.

R. S. Brown and daughter, May, of Gageton, were callers in town Saturday evening last.

The installation of I. O. F. officers will take place at the first regular meeting in January.

Orrin West and family left on Wednesday for Fairgrove, where Mr. West has secured a situation.

All books belonging to the Public Library are to be returned by Jan. 1st, by request of the officers.

Mrs. C. W. Heller, who has been seriously ill during the week, is reported some better this morning.

The Y. P. A. will render a fine program next Sunday evening, at the Evangelical Church, all are invited.

If your paper stops please remember that its because your subscription has expired and you have not requested us to keep it going.

Miss Jennie Fairweather, of Imlay City, is visiting her many friends here. She was accompanied by her niece, Miss Boulah Star.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Kennedy left Tuesday afternoon for Winnipeg, Man., where in all probability they will make their future home.

Everybody attend the entertainment at the Baptist Church on Christmas night. Admission, 10 cents, for the benefit of missions.

George Agar, of Evergreen, and Miss Ella Austin, of Kingston, were married at Caro on Monday by Rev. J. B. Whitford. Congratulations.

Edward, Keating, of Gananoque, Ont., is the guest of his son, E. W., of the firm of Landon, Eno & Keating. He arrived Tuesday evening.

Married, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. Gordon, on Dec. 10th, Velsor J. Warner, of Evergreen, and Janet Irwin, of Novesta. [Sanilac Republican.]

M. M. Wickware arrived home from the Detroit Medical College Saturday noon, the vacation being hastened a few days by the burning of the college.

Those who desire to present The ENTERPRISE to a friend for a holiday gift can have it sent to any address this side of old ocean without extra expense.

Undertaker McKenzie attended the funeral of Mrs. Morrison, of Brookfield, on Monday. Deceased was a daughter of John Gill and leaves a husband and a little daughter. The remains were laid in the Gageton cemetery.

M. Dew has received another order for sleigh shoes from a Detroit wholesale house. The shipment will be made next week and will consist of several tons.

Prof. G. Masselluk will spend Christmas at his parental home, near Holland Mich., and will also attend the State Teachers' association at Lansing Dec. 28th to 30th.

Geo. S. Farrar, of the Heasty Hotel, Pigeon, met with another accident last week. He fell and sprained his thumb. This is the third accident since moving to Pigeon.

Some three years ago a farmer not more than ten miles away promised us wood on account. "Nary a stick has he brought. We presume he is waiting for it to grow.

Mrs. and Mrs. J. A. Giles joined their son, D. J., merchant of Cass City, at Detroit, a few days since and beside business accomplished by both gentlemen, enjoyed a very pleasant visit. [Lapeer Clarion.]

The wonderful impersonator, H. L. Coppe, who so delighted a Cass City audience some months ago, has been secured for New Year's night by the Epworth League. Don't fail to hear him. Particulars later.

Why will a man pay twenty-five dollars to have his name printed on the roadside fence when for the same money he can visit every week for six months right into the homes and among the best people of the surrounding country.

On Monday Robt. Brownley and Jesse Withey effected the purchase of butchers' tools, etc. of Robt. Burling and will open the meat market about New Years. Both gentlemen are well and favorably known and we wish them success.

Do not form an erroneous opinion of Chas. Duggan, of this office by the redness of his nose this week. This suspicious symptom is only the result of a visit from Jack Frost Tuesday morning and Charles is now hard at work spare time putting the finishing touches on a patent nose protector.

A swindler in the southwestern part of the state is giving "gold" watches as security for loans he makes with farmers with whom he puts up over night. It is nothing but a cheap gilt affair and often has no movement inside, which is never discovered until the swindler has gone.

We suppose it is not generally known that the man who pays for his paper in advance is hardly ever sick, never has corns or toothache, his potatoes never rot, weevil never eats his wheat, the frost never kills his corn or beans, his babies never cry at night and his wife never scolds. [Ex.]

The order of the Star of Bethlehem elected the following officers Monday evening:—Com., Lady Perkins; Past com., W. Harrison; vice-com., Jas. W. Armstrong; financial scribe, Geo. Perkins; treas., Lady Hillman; marshal, Philip Usher; chap., Lady Sherman; I. S., Geo. Martin; O. S., Ben Herr.

On the last page of this issue will be found the announcement of Wm. A. Fairweather, who opens a complete stock of dry goods, groceries, etc., on Saturday, Dec. 28th, next. Great care has been taken in the selection of the stock and all who favor Mr. Fairweather with their patronage may be certain of obtaining good goods at right prices. Read his announcement.

At the regular meeting of Tyler Lodge, F. & A. M., last Saturday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—W. M., I. Waidley; S. W., Thos. D. Leach; J. W., W. I. Frost; Sec'y, A. A. McKenzie; treas., E. H. Pinney; S. D., Thos. Parker; J. D., A. J. Carrier; Tyler, H. C. Downing. The installation will take place Saturday evening next.

Devero Hall, of Pt. Huron, Deputy Great Commander of the K. O. T. M., was in town Monday evening and in company with a number of Sir Knights from here attended the initiation at Gageton Tuesday evening. Those going from here were: E. W. Keating, Geo. Perkins, John Zinnecker, A. A. McKenzie, S. F. Bigelow, M. L. Moore, W. J. Fisher and Chas. S. Seed.

On the evening of Sunday, the 13th inst., thieves visited the M. E. church sheds during the service and took therefrom various articles worth between \$15 and \$20. Jas. Wallace lost a bridle and lines, Ellis Thomas a bridle and tie strap, John Cole a black goat robe, Nelson McCullough a sheep skin mat and John Gallagher a whip. They were heard driving in but nothing was suspected and they escaped with their booty. How long is this community to suffer from these rascals?

E. H. Pinney, of the Exchange Bank, has effected the purchase of Craig's grove, six and one-half miles south east of town, on the banks of the Cass River. He will improve the grove and will utilize it for a sort of resort in the summer. It is as pleasant a spot as can be found for miles along the river and the water for a mile or more is deep enough for boating.

The local tent of the Maccabees elected officers last Friday evening as follows:—Com. Jas. Ramsey; Lieut. com., Wm. Bentley; R. K., S. F. Bigelow; F. K., J. S. McArthur; phy., N. McClinton; chap., J. F. Hendrick; sergeant, W. I. Fisher; M. at A., Robt. Miller; 1st M. of G., E. A. Geitzoy; 2nd M. of G., John Zinnecker; sentinel, M. L. Moore; picket Thos. Cross.

Messrs. M. M. Mallory and N. Smith, of Saginaw, were in town Monday and Tuesday representing The Wolverine Mutual Fire Insurance Co., Ltd., of that city. Their card will be noticed in the ENTERPRISE hereafter. Mr. Smith was the gentleman who spoke for the Union Silver party the Saturday evening previous to election. These gentlemen will be here again about Feb. 1st., and expect to write a considerable amount of insurance.

Some of our friends (?) seem fearful that we have not enough moral stamina to speak for ourselves, although we have more than once defined our position in plain English. We are not in the newspaper business to air petty differences or cater to any clique. Neither will we indulge in mud slinging. We give our correspondents a reasonable degree of latitude on all subjects, and do not hesitate to use the blue pencil when we consider they have passed that latitude. We are servants of the people and endeavor to be loyal to their best interests, not allowing personal prejudice to swerve us either to the right or left. The ENTERPRISE is published pro bono publico.

The M. E. Sunday school held the first part of the anniversary services last Sunday. Rev. J. H. McConne, of Swartz Creek, who did such excellent work as pastor here several years ago, preached an inspiring sermon to parents in the morning. In the afternoon a young peoples' rally was largely attended and was participated in by all local preachers, except Rev. Eldridge who was out of town. The evening service consisted of singing, class exercises, addresses, etc., and was presided over by Supt. T. H. Fritz. An appeal was made for financial assistance and the audience responded liberally, the amounts received and subscribed aggregating \$18. Christmas exercises will also be held this evening, when gifts will be distributed to the children.

A very quiet but none the less pleasant event took place yesterday afternoon at the residence of Dr. N. McClinton, on Seagar Street, being the marriage of his eldest daughter, Mrs. Kate McClinton-Rittinger, to P. D. Post, of the banking firm of Post & Sealey, Bad Axe. Only a very few friends were present and the ceremony was performed by Rev. B. J. Baxter at 2:30 o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Post left by the afternoon train for Detroit. They will be at home at Bad Axe after January 7th. Miss Millie Rittinger, of New Carlisle, Ind., and Mrs. N. F. McClinton, of Alma, were present. The bride and groom are widely known and highly esteemed and with their host of friends the ENTERPRISE unites in wishing them a pleasant and prosperous voyage through life.

As the afternoon train going south on the P. O. & N. R. R. slowed up at Wilmot, Lee Kelley, acting as relief baggageman for Parker, fell head foremost from the train, striking on his head and shoulder. The blow was so severe as to fracture his skull and dislocate his shoulder, rendering him instantly unconscious. It is thought that he was overcome by a fainting spell of some kind as he did not appear to make any effort to help himself when falling. He was taken at once to Pontiac but expired at one o'clock that night without gaining consciousness. He leaves a brother, who is now brakeman on the same road. His mother is also living and resides at Pontiac. His regular trip was on the morning train but he was relieving a fellow workman on Monday. He has been in the employ of the company for several years and had worked his way up to baggageman and "spare" conductor.

Notice to Taxpayers. I will be at the Exchange Bank, Cass City, Saturday, Dec. 26th, and at Detroit, Jan. 2nd, to receive taxes for the Township of Novesta. 12-17-2 Nicholas Hamilton, Treas.

## DISTRICT NEWS.

Chicken thieves are on the rampage in Fairgrove township.

Wm. King, of Gots, recently killed a wild cat weighing 35 pounds.

D. J. McColl, M. D., of Elkton, was married recently to Miss Helen M. Clark, of Detroit.

Young Wilkinson, who was arrested on the charge of disturbing a religious meeting at Rescué, was found guilty and fined \$25.

The game warden is after the hunters who kill deer out of season, and four arrests have already taken place at Kilmanshugh.

While driving home from Elkton, Alonzo Avery's horses ran away throwing him under the wheels. His recovery is doubtful.

Burglars made a raid on the boot and shoe store of John Grell, at Elkton, on Saturday night and carried off a quantity of rubbers and shoes. No arrests.

The ladies of Birmingham have routed the only saloonist, and he has retired to a farm. They obtained 437 names to petition asking that a license be refused.

Robert Burghart, a well-known Imlay City cattle buyer, died suddenly Thursday night of neuralgia of the heart. He was around in usual health until two hours before his death.

Invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Frances Mabel Lincoln, oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Lincoln, and Mr. Arthur Neville Patriarche, son of the traffic manager of the F. & P. M. railroad, on New Year's day.

The Sebawaing Manufacturing Company have the contract for furnishing the material for a \$2,500 residence for W. H. Wallace, superintendent of the S. T. & H. R. R., which will be erected at Bay Port. [Sebawaing Blade.]

Several weeks ago Eddie Delmore, of Caro, rode astride the tongue of a wagon. He fell, and one of the wheels cut a deep gash in his head, which was drawn to one side as the wound healed. Now he has been taken to Detroit, where a brace will be fixed to his neck.

## As Others See Us.

The Cass City Enterprise is 16 years old, and is a rattling good paper, too. [Millington Messenger.]

The Cass City Enterprise is sixteen years old and apparently just as good a paper as ever it was. [Carsonville Journal.]

The Cass City Enterprise has started in on volume sixteen, looking as bright and prosperous as any one could wish. [Marlette Leader.]

The Cass City Enterprise celebrated its sixteenth birthday last week. It is a bright, newsy paper and deserves the support of the community in which it resides. [Elkton Advance.]

The Cass City Enterprise was 16 years old Dec. 10. The Enterprise is a bright, newsy paper, and is well worthy the liberal patronage it is receiving from the citizens of Cass City. [Fairgrove Enterprise.]

The Cass City Enterprise celebrated its sixteenth birthday last week and has adopted the pay-in-advance plan for subscription. Its courage and good business management should meet with success. [Vassar Pioneer.]

The Cass City Enterprise was sweet sixteen last week. The Enterprise is a county newspaper of the first class, and to Editor McDowell who became the sole proprietor of the plant and assumed its management something over two years ago much credit is due for the high standard it has attained. We wish the Enterprise many happy birthdays. [North Branch Gazette.]

## COMMUNICATION.

Editor ENTERPRISE. The Gazette seems to think we do not get any outside work. We are getting work from the north as far as Caseville, from the south as far as Kingston, from the east to Tyre and from the west, over half way to Caro and have four regular agents. We have worked up this trade by fair dealing and good work (and shall try in the same way to maintain it), yet the Gazette thinks we must move out to make room for steam. Would it not be well for someone to buy out the Gazette and put in steam.

CHAS. L. ROBINSON.

All parties owing me on book account and past due notes are earnestly requested to settle same at once, as I must have settlement. 12-24-96 Yours Truly, E. McKIM.

FROST & HEBBLEWHITE request a settlement of all accounts on or before Jan. 15th. 12-24



# CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

A. A. P. McDowell, Publisher.

CASS CITY, MICHIGAN.

Nobody buys experience ready-made.

Nothing is difficult after one has learned how.

The fears we borrow are the hardest to drive away.

Unless you want to be poor, don't try to keep all you get.

It is harder to dine with some men, than it is to fast alone.

If a man will keep his wants in order, his income will attend to itself.

We are all too apt to regard past impossibilities as lost opportunities.

Money in large amounts adds to responsibility than it does to comfort.

It is doubtful if there is any man who has not at some time in his life been a hypocrite.

Happy is the man who can think as he pleases and banish unpleasant topics from his brain.

Few women believe in putting off until to-morrow the worrying which just as well be done to-day.

It isn't that a man doesn't see the faults in the woman he is in love with, but somehow the faults seem lovable.

Many an experiment has been disguised as a joke until the projector was satisfied that it would work all right.

One-half the world is generally engaged in trying to deceive the other half, and generally ends by deceiving itself.

The Sioux City man who sold his wife for \$500 spot cash probably used to tell her that she was worth her weight in gold.

The needle is true to the pole; but that is only natural. That which has never been reached is always apt to be an object of desire.

Some smiles are like the ruddiness of certain apples, which is owing to a centipede or other creeping thing, coiled up at the heart of them.

Major McKinley's lucky number is 23. That was the number of his regiment, and was the number of states he carried. There's luck in odd numbers, to be sure.

The important announcement has been telegraphed from Milan, Mo., that there are already fifteen candidates for the Milan postoffice. The enthusiastic writer alludes to the postoffice as a "plum."

The woman who fusses and scolds and slaps the children for an hour before Sunday school time is often the same one who sits in the parlor all the evening with blinds up and plays hymns on the melodeon.

The wicked waste of money upon pet dogs is a feature of Paris and London life. American imitators of such extravagant ways are quite numerous enough to deserve comment. What is to be thought of a list of articles that a Paris "canine artist" thinks necessary to a dog's outfit, when it includes a "morning wrapper," a "seaside coat," a "morning coat," a "fur-trimmed overcoat," "six handkerchiefs," and so on? A man or maid often attends the pet dog. When it is taken aside to account the outlay for "choice bits of chicken" and like delicacies, the picture of a wanton misuse of money is complete. The amount spent on one of these pampered pets would make the difference between life and death for more than one child of poverty. The word contempt does not adequately characterize the feeling of repulsion this folly should arouse.

New Mexico is said to be preparing for war. Advice from her European agents convinced the Diaz government that in the event of a war between Spain and the United States Mexican ports would be seized by the Spanish for bases of operations against this country. At all commanding points on the Mexican coast strong defenses are being built, and in all harbors submarine mines have been laid. All the vessels owned by the government are in dry dock being overhauled. Twelve old hulks are being converted into monitors. The standing army, which numbers 34,833 men and 2,279 officers on a peace footing, has been increased to 50,000, and daily drills in the manual of arms have begun. The reserve of 45,000 men have been notified to begin drilling steadily and to hold themselves in readiness for government orders. All this looks as if our southern sister was putting on war paint.

Here is the first setback the X-ray has received. Mr. William Levy of Eau Claire, Wis., had a bullet in his skull. He carried it around with him for ten years, and suffered no inconvenience particularly, but when the X-ray business got to be a fad, he had his skull X-rayed and the ball was located. It was not removed, and the only result of the test was to show that it was still there. It was an unfortunate curiosity on the part of Mr. Levy. The X-ray caused all his hair to fall out and at this writing he is as bald as a billiard ball.

## Dr. Talmage's Sermon ON PRACTICAL RELIGION.

Washington, Dec. 20.—This subject of Dr. Talmage cuts through the conventionalities, and spares nothing of that make-believe religion which is all talk and no practice. The text chosen was James, 2:20: "Faith without works is dead." The Roman Catholic church has been charged with putting too much stress upon good works and not enough upon faith. I charge Protestantism with putting not enough stress upon good works as connected with salvation. Good works will never save a man, but if a man have not good works he has no real faith and no genuine religion. There are those who depend upon the fact that they are all right inside, while their conduct is wrong outside. Their religion, for the most part, is made up of talk—vigorous talk, fluent talk, boastful talk, perpetual talk. They will entertain you by the hour, in telling you how good you are. They come up to such a higher life that they have no patience with ordinary Christians in the plain discharge of their duty. As near as I can tell, this ocean craft is mostly sail and very little tonnage. Foretopmast stay-sail, foretopmast studding sail, maintopsail, mizentopsail—everything from flying-jib to mizzen-sparker, but making no useful voyage. Now, the world has got tired of this, and it wants a religion that will work into all the circumstances of life. We do not want a new religion, but the old religion applied in all possible directions.

Yonder is a river with steep and rocky banks, and it roars like a young Niagara as it rolls on over its rough bed. It does nothing but talk about itself all the way from its source in the mountain to the place where it empties into the sea. The banks are so steep that the cattle cannot come down to drink. It does not run one fertilizing rill into the adjoining field. It has not one grist mill or factory on either side. It silks in wet weather with chilling fogs. No one cares when that river is born among the rocks, and no one cares when it dies into the sea. But yonder is another river, and it moses its banks with the warm tides, and it rocks with floral lullaby the water birds asleep on its bosom. It invites herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and covets of birds to come there and drink. It has three grist mills on one side and six cotton factories on the other. It is the wealth of two hundred miles of luxuriant farms. The birds of heaven chanted when it was born in the mountains, and the ocean shipping will press in from the sea to hail it as it comes down from the Atlantic coast. The one river is a man who lives for himself. The other river is a man who lives for others.

Do you know how the site of the ancient city of Jerusalem was chosen? There were two brothers who had adjoining farms. The one brother had a large family, the other had no family. The brother with a large family said: "There is my brother with no family; he must be lonely, and I will try to cheer him up, and I will take some of the sheaves from my field in the night-time and set them over on his farm, and say nothing about it." The other brother said: "My brother has a large family and it is very difficult for him to support them, and I will help him along, and I will take some of the sheaves from my farm in the night-time and set them over on his farm, and say nothing about it." So the work of transference went on night after night, but every morning things seemed to be just as they were, for though sheaves had been subtracted from each farm, sheaves had also been added, and the brothers were perplexed and could not understand. But one night the brothers happened to meet while making this generous transference, and the spot where they met was so sacred that it was chosen as the site of the city of Jerusalem. If that tradition should prove unfounded, it will nevertheless stand as a beautiful allegory setting forth the idea that wherever a kindly and generous and loving act is performed, that is the spot fit for some temple of commemoration.

I have often spoken to you about faith, but this morning I speak to you about works, for "faith without works is dead." I think you will agree with me in the statement that the great want of this world is more practical religion. We want practical religion to go into all merchandise. It will supervise the labeling of goods. It will not allow a man to say that a thing was made in one factory when it was made in another. It will not allow the merchant to say that watch was manufactured in Geneva, Switzerland, when it was manufactured in Massachusetts. It will not allow the merchant to say that wine came from Madeira when it came from California. Practical religion will walk along by the store shelves and tear off all the tags that make misrepresentation. It will not allow the merchant to say that is pure coffee, when dandelion root and chicory and other ingredients go into it. It will not allow him to say that is pure sugar when there are in it sand and ground glass.

When practical religion gets its full swing in the world it will go down the street, and it will come to that

store and rip off the fictitious shoes, and many a fine-looking pair of sandwiches show that it is pasteborded. And this practical religion will go right into a grocery store and it will pull out the plug of all the adulterated syrups, and it will dump into the ash barrel the sugar sold for cinnamon and the bark dust that is sold for cayenne pepper, and it will shake out the Prussian blue from the tea leaves, and it will sift from the flour plaster of Paris, and bone dust and soapstone, and it will by chemical analysis separate the one quart of water from the few honest drops of cow's milk, and it will throw out the live animalcules from the brown sugar.

There has been so much adulteration of articles of food that it is an amazement to me that there is a healthy man or woman in America. Heaven only knows what they put into the spices and into the sugars and into the butter and into the apothecary drug. But chemical analysis and the microscope have made wonderful revelations. The board of health in Massachusetts analyzed a great amount of what was called pure coffee and found in it not one particle of coffee. In England there is a law that forbids the putting of alum in bread. The public authorities examined fifty-one packages of bread and found them all gummy. The honest physician, writing a prescription, does not know but that it may bring death instead of health to his patient, because there may be one of the drugs weakened by a cheaper article, and another drug may be in full force, and so the prescription may have just the opposite effect intended. Oil of sweetwood warranted pure from Boston was found to have 41 per cent of resin and alcohol and chloroform. Scammony is one of the most valuable medicinal drugs. It is very rare, very precious. It is the sap or gum of a tree or a bush in Syria. The root of the tree is exposed, an incision is made into the root and then shells are placed at this incision to catch the sap or the gum as it exudes. It is very precious, this scammony. But the peasant mixes it with a cheaper material; then it is taken to Aleppo, and the merchant there mixes it with a cheaper material; then it comes on to the wholesale druggist in London or New York, and he mixes it with a cheaper material; then it comes to the retail druggist and he mixes it with a cheaper material, and by the time the poor sick man gets it into his bottle it is ashes and chalk and sand, and some of what has been called pure scammony after analysis has been found to be no scammony at all.

Now, practical religion will yet rectify all this. It will go to those hypocritical professors of religion who get a "corner" in corn and wheat in Chicago and New York, sending prices up and up until they were beyond the reach of the poor, keeping these breadstuffs in their own hands, or controlling them until the prices going up and up, and they were, after awhile, ready to sell, and they sold out, making themselves millionaires in one or two years—trying to fix the matter up with the Lord by building a church or a university or a hospital—deluding themselves with the idea that the Lord would be so pleased with the gift he would forget the swindle. Now, as such a man may not have any liturgy in which to say his prayers, I will compose for him one which he practically is making: "Oh, Lord, we, by getting a 'corner' in breadstuffs, swindled the people of the United States out of ten million dollars, and made suffering all up and down the land, and we would like to compromise this matter with thee. Thou knowest it was a scaly job, but then it was smart. Now, here we compromise it. Take 1 per cent of the profits and with that 1 per cent you can build an asylum for these poor, miserable ragamuffins of the street, and I will take a yacht and go to Europe, forever and ever. Amen!" Ah, my friends, if a man hath gotten his estate wrongfully and he build a line of hospitals and universities from here to Alaska, he cannot atone for it. After awhile, this man who has been getting a "corner" in wheat, dies, and then Satan gets a "corner" in him. He goes into a great, long Black Friday. There is a "break" in the market. According to Wall Street parlance, he wiped others out, and now he is himself wiped out. No collaterals on which to make a spiritual loan. Eternal defalcation.

But this practical religion will not only rectify all merchandise; it will also rectify all mechanism, and all toll. A time will come when a man will work as faithfully by the job as he does by the day. You say when a thing is slightly done, "Oh, that was done by the job." You can tell by the swiftness of slowness with which a hackman drives whether he is hired by the hour or by the excursion. If he is hired by the hour he drives very slowly, so as to make as many hours as possible. If he is hired by the excursion, he whips up the horses so as to get around and get another customer. All styles of work have to be inspected. Ships inspected, horses inspected, machinery inspected. Boss to watch the journeyman. Capitalist coming down unexpectedly to watch the boss. Conductor of a city car sounding the punch bell to prove his honesty as a passenger hands to him a clipped nickel and all things must be watched and inspected. Imperfections in the wood covered with putty. Garments warranted to last until you put them on the third time. Shoddy in all kinds of clothing. Chromos. Pinchbeck. Diamonds for a dollar and a half. Bookbindery that holds on until you read the third chapter. Spavined horses, by skillful dose of jockeys, for several days made to look spry. Wagon tires poorly put on. Horses poorly shod. Plastering that cracks without

any provocation and falls off. Plumbing that needs to be plumbed. Imperfect car wheel that halts the whole train with a hot box. So little practical religion in the mechanism of the world. I tell you, my friends, the law of man will never rectify these things. It will be the all-pervading influence of the practical religion of Jesus Christ that will make the change for the better.

Yes, this practical religion will have to come in and fix up the marriage relation in America. There are members of churches who have too many wives and too many husbands. Society needs to be expurgated, and washed, and fumigated, and Christianized. We want this practical religion not only to take hold of what are called the lower classes, but to take hold of what are called the higher classes. The trouble is that people have an idea they can do all their religion on Sunday with hymn-book, and prayer-book, and liturgy, and some of them sit in church rolling up their eyes as though they were ready for translation, when their Sabbath is bounded on all sides by an inconsistent life, and while you are expecting to come out from under their arms the wings of an angel, there come out from their forehead the horns of a beast.

There has got to be a new departure in religion. I do not say a new religion. Oh, no; but the old religion brought to new appliances. In our time we have had the daguerreotype, and the ambrotype, and the photograph; but it is the same old sun, and these arts are only new appliances of the old sunlight. So this glorious Gospel is just what we want to photograph the image of God on one soul, and daguerreotype it on another soul. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel put to new work. In our time we have had the telegraphic invention and the telephonic invention, and the electric light invention; but they are all children of old electricity, an element that the philosophers have a long while known much about. So this electric Gospel needs to flash its light on the eyes and ears, and souls of men, and to become a telephonic medium to make the deaf hear; a telegraphic medium to dart invitation and warning to all nations; an electric light to illumine the eastern and western hemispheres. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel doing a new work.

Farmers who take their religion into their occupation: Why, this minute their horses and wagons stand around all the meeting houses in America. They began this day by a prayer to God, and when they get home at noon, after they have put their horses up, will offer a prayer to God at the table, seeking a blessing, and next summer there will be in their fields not one dishonest head of rye, not one dishonest ear of corn, not one dishonest apple. Worshipping God to-day away among the Berkshire Hills, or away down amid the lagoons of Florida, or away out amid the mines of Colorado, or along the banks of the Potomac, and the Raritan, where I knew them better because I went to school with them.

Mechanics who took their religion into their occupations: James Brindley, the famous millwright, Na haniel Bowditch, the famous ship-chandler, Elihu Burritt, the famous blacksmith, and hundreds and thousands of strong arms which have made the hammer and the saw and the adze and the drill and the axe sound in the grand march of our national industries. Give your heart to God and then fill your life with good works. Consecrate to him your store, your shop, your banking house, your factory, and your home. They say no one will hear it. God will hear it. That is enough. You hardly know of anyone else than Wellington as connected with the victory at Waterloo; but he did not do the hard fighting. The hard fighting was done by the Somerset cavalry and the Rynd regiment, and Kemp's infantry, and the Scotch Grays, and the Life Guards. Who cares, if only the day was won?

What Is Sleep? Prof. Dubois of Lyons has recently given an interesting answer to this question. According to him, sleep may be defined as a kind of intoxication caused by carbonic acid. Experimenting with animals which hibernate in winter, such as the marmot, for instance, he finds that during the progress of hibernation there is an accumulation of carbonic acid in the blood of the unconscious animal. Further study has convinced him that the "winter sleep" of hibernating animals does not differ, as far as its causes are concerned, from the ordinary sleep which, for shorter periods, lulls the senses and restores the strength of all animals, including man.

Dr. Nansen's Profits. Some revelations concerning the profits of Dr. Nansen's last trip in the direction of the North Pole show that polar exploration is worth while. In the course of a case in the English law courts it was learned that for three articles, which appeared in the Daily Chronicle, he received \$20,000. For his book, in which he will tell the full story of the voyage of the Fram, he is to receive \$50,000. As he expresses his confidence that he will reach the pole next time, he should soon be very rich.

## A MINIATURE CITY.

LAKE VILLA JUNIOR MUNICIPALITY IDEA FOR BOYS.

Sixteen Youngsters Who Handle All Business at Allendale Farm—Entire Government Controlled by Them Under the Ordinary Scheme.

(Chicago Letter.) DWARD L. Bradley, a young Chicago philanthropist, and sixteen Indiana street boys have just returned to Chicago from Allendale farm, on Cedar Lake, fifty miles north of Chicago, where they spent the summer and fall trying a remarkably novel and original experiment. The scheme is called the Junior Municipality, and the originator, Mr. Bradley, says that the six months spent on the farm by the boys demonstrated that in every particular his plan was even a greater success than he had hoped for. The Junior Municipality is nothing more nor less than a miniature city, created for the moral, intellectual and physical benefit of neglected and homeless boys in the slums of the city.

Early last summer Mr. Bradley, with his sixteen boys, all he could care for with the funds at his command, went to the Allendale farm, which is near the station of Lake Villa on the Wisconsin Central. The founder hired the farm and rented four cottages, which made it possible to care for sixteen boys. Out of the number a city council was elected, Mr. Bradley himself acting as mayor; a justice court was created, and a manager for the hotel, a postmaster, and a banker and his assistants were chosen. Then the boys began to live in every respect possible like citizens of Chicago. In some respects the Junior city was even greater than Chicago, for the Allendale bank made its own money. The first principle which the founder endeavored to inculcate in the minds of the boys was that each must work if he expected to eat, and that they all learned very shortly. Each boy was allowed every freedom to exercise his money-making talent, if he had any, and in every honorable scheme for making capital he was left entirely unrestricted.

In the first place, the part of the farm under cultivation was divided into garden spots sufficiently large to employ quite a number of the boys, and a number of them went into this field of operation. Several of them became assistant cooks at the Auditorium, one had a bootblack stand, some were painters, and some were carpenters, and all were allowed to bid on contracts for large plans of work suggested by their patron. All bids for any construction proposition were mailed in the post office and formally delivered by the postmaster to Mr. Bradley. The lowest bidder was awarded the contract and had the right to get the work done as cheaply as he could. For instance, a ditch had to be dug, and bids were advertised. A boy obtained the contract on a bid of \$3. He hired several other boys to work for him and succeeded in completing the job for \$1.50, thus clearing half of his bid.

All debts and wages were paid in paper money, which was issued by him of their patron. The bank was a little shed fixed up somewhat as a peanut stand in design. Rubber stamps were arranged for stamping simple white pieces of paper into money ranging from 5 cents to \$5. No other money but this was allowed in use. The boys were paid from 18 to 20 cents an hour for their labor and were required to pay \$5 a week for their board at the Auditorium hotel.

When the boys first went out to the farm laziness came to the surface in two or three of them, but the way that quality disappeared was astonishing. It was partially through pride and partially through the discovery of the boys that to eat they must work. As soon as these few boys began to grow lazy and to shirk their work they at once became so short of funds that they were unable to pay their board and became paupers. The other boys pointed their fingers at them and called them beggars, but condescended to give them something to keep them from

starving. The unfortunates could get nothing except through charity. They couldn't come into the dining-room any more and all they got to eat was in the shape of bones and scraps, handed out to them from the kitchen windows of the hotel. The boys' pride came to the surface and in a short time paupers were never more heard of in the Junior Municipality at Allendale farm. All offenses committed by the boys which in any way violated the city ordinances, such as fighting, etc., were tried in the justice court, which convened every afternoon. For all trivial violations of dis-

cipline the boys were punished by being made to do what was called guard mount, traveling a boat along the lake front. Each violation of discipline was punished with one mark against the boy, and each mark meant fifteen minutes on the beat. Dirty hands or faces or soiled uniform at drill won the offender a long enough tramp on the beach to make him remember to be careful of his personal appearance at drill for many weeks to come. A military feature was added to the municipal idea at the farm which was not only of great benefit to the boys, but which also proved a great fascination to them. They were supplied with rifles and a uniform of denim, which they donned at all dress parades. Much of the daily routine work at the farm was carried on with strict military discipline, which proved remarkably efficacious in the management of the boys. The summer at the lake was productive of many queer and interesting experiences. Talking, told of a number of occurrences which were of great import to the junior citizens. One of the greatest cases which came before the court was the charge of forgery brought against one of the boys who tried to pass a bill which bore the appearance the reverse of what it should have been if the bill had been a good one. The boy fell into the lake one day and the water so thoroughly soaked a dollar bill in his pocket that the ink was partially transferred to a piece of white paper which pressed against it. This piece of paper the boy tried to pass for money, and he was straightway arrested, and given twenty marks.

## THE JOKER'S CORNER.

WIT, HUMOR AND SATIRE ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Would You Learn the Only Way Safely to Resist Love's Sway?—The Mischievous Child Gives the Truth Away—The Bicycle Thief's Repentance.

W OULD you learn the only way safely to resist love's sway? Listen, then, while 'tis related: You must be inoculated.

Let Dan Cupid wound you slightly. (Soon the mark will disappear.) You'll be ill, but only lightly; Then you need no longer fear. But, be wary lest he trick you! What is meant for remedy, Should he too severely prick you, Then may your undoing be.

So I give this caution due, Lest too late the day you rue, When you try the only way Safely to resist love's sway. —Truth.

A Domestic Scandal. Mrs. Blossom is very proud of her baby, which she describes as "the cutest and cunningest little thing." This merely by way of identification and to distinguish him from all other babies, which are well known to be of a different sort.

Mr. Blossom does not show as much interest in his offspring, but when the little fellow became ill the other night he got up and attended to him while the mother slept peacefully in ignorance of the awful crisis. In the morning Mrs. Blossom noticed that the infant's face had changed from its usual color. The cardinal red with shrimp pink trimmings had resolved itself into an old-gold and purple flounced affair. "I don't think that baby looks very well," she said, anxiously. "No, he had a hard night of it," replied her husband. "Oh, dear, he wasn't sick, was he, Charlie?" "I should say he was! Why, one time I didn't think the little beggar would be able to pull through."

"Oh, Charlie, how could you let me sleep! Why didn't you wake me up?" she exclaimed, in tones tremulous with motherly anguish. "Well," replied Mr. Blossom, who never loses a chance for a joke, "I'll tell you. I was afraid you'd want me to dress and go for the doctor." Since then Mrs. Blossom may be heard assuring her treasure at half-minute intervals that "his papa was a bad, wicked man, so he was."—Harlem Life.

Wasp's Sense of Humor. "Hullo, what are you smiling about—win anything?" "Not a cent. That isn't it. I was out to my country house to-day, and going up in the attic to see if the windows were all closed, I noticed my wife's bicycle bloomers hanging on a nail. And what do you think? A colony of wasps had made a nest in them! That's right. And when I laughed they chased me downstairs. Say, what kind of a low-spirited creature is a wasp, anyhow?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Different. Miss Prim—Who is that distinguished-looking man over there? Her Nephew—That's Plunger, the betting man. Miss Prim—How sinful! "They say Plunger won \$20,000 yesterday." "Dear, dear; can't you contrive to introduce him?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Took What He Got. "Wot did ye get fer th' bike ye swiped?" "Had to take wot dey give me." "Wot wuz that?" "Six months." His Saving Grace. "I am not without my good points," said the tramp. "What are they, I should like to know?" asked the gruff citizen. "Well, for instance," replied Meandering Mikey, "I am the original piece of labor-saving machinery."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

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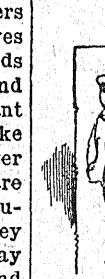
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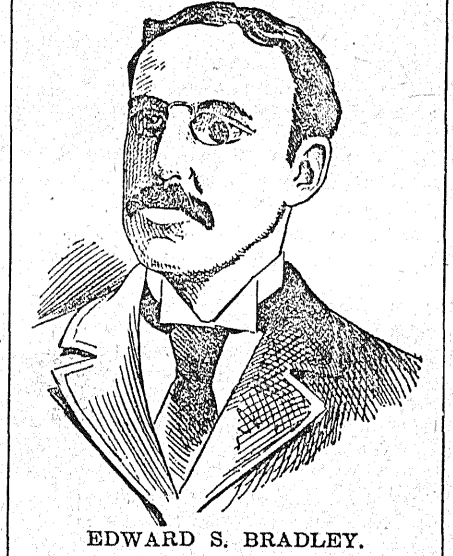
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EDWARD S. BRADLEY.



FREDERICK MERRICK.

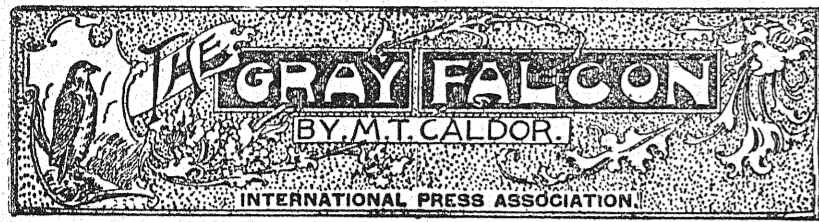


EDWARD S. BRADLEY.



Illustration of people in a room.





CHAPTER XV.—(CONTINUED.)

From him he learned of the thorough precautions taken to intercept them, and of the dogged persistence of M. Pierre's belief in their vicinity.

This man was outwardly among the most eager of M. Pierre's supporters, and was much in his confidence; and he assured Emile that it would be extremely hazardous to attempt escape for a month at least, although he was willing to do the best he could for them.

Emile heard his unfavorable account thoughtfully, and replied: "I see plainly that I must mix among you here. I will remain secreted with you through the day, and make my way back to my hiding place at midnight. The next night I will manage to get out on the highway; and you give out publicly that you have received word that the Gray Falcon is coming down from Paris to stir up the populace of Frejus. Come and meet me, if you can, and introduce me to this Pierre. Let me gain the confidence of the majority and I think I can manage the matter."

Getting back into the forest was not so easy a matter; the change of guards had given control to a more faithful and vigilant set of men. Emile was challenged twice, and giving some hasty excuse, saying he was a trusty citizen of Frejus out to look at the chateau ruins, was gruffly ordered back to the town.

He turned back a little way, and laid himself down among the bushes, just in sight of the pacing figures. "What must he do? Daylight was at hand, and it was absolutely necessary he should prepare his young charges for his absence, and acquaint them with his future plans. Lying prone on his face he crawled along, the reconnaissance showing him there was one spot at a projecting knoll where but one sentinel was stationed, and he turned the rather sharp corner.

Emile's mind was made up at once. He found a heavy stick, and in the same serpent fashion crept cautiously along on the ground toward the spot. Having obtained the desired position he remained perfectly quiet, allowing the unconscious guard to pass three times over his head before he made any demonstration. On the fourth, as the man slowly moved around the point, he leaped to his feet, and in the twinkling of an eye tripped him up, and sent him sprawling some two or three yards away.

In the brief time required for the astonished man to gather himself up, Emile had darted into the wood. Away he sped, the swifter for the loud halloo of the sentinel.

He was familiar with every spot in the forest, and gained his object long before the aroused sentinels could follow him. He found his faithful friends anxiously awaiting his return.

Jules had recovered entirely, and he listened anxiously to the plans of Emile. "It will do very well for me who shall have my old strength in a few days longer, but for your niece, for Mademoiselle Chlotilde, it would be more trying. But, why, indeed, should they bear any ill will to her?"

"Because she has lived in a noble family and was extremely attached to its members; because this wretch of an M. Pierre means to make her his wife, and she abhors the idea."

"Abhor, indeed?" ejaculated Jules, gazing after the slender figure which had passed into the further room, which she had taken for her own private retreat; so singularly-gifted and refined a creature to marry that odious over-seer! The very idea is distressing even to me. Ah, Monsieur Emile, if you and your niece are impartial types of your class, I cannot feel humiliated that we have ever presumed to call others noble in comparison."

"Chlotilde had had superior advantages," observed Emile, quietly; "I doubt if the hapless Lady Felicie Langueod herself was more accomplished or graceful."

can see no other way than for us to get to Paris. It is the only place where this M. Pierre will not search for you and the girl he has declared shall marry him."

"But I shall be recognized by scores there," exclaimed Jules, with a shudder. "I hope not. I shall find means to color that fair hair jetty black; you must wear it in another fashion. Garments, too, make a wonderful change; but of course you will keep as retired as possible."

Jules drew a long breath. "It seems to me I would rather be here forever, but I trust implicitly in your sagacity; I yield unquestioning obedience."

"Your health would suffer by long residence in this unsummed cave. I am already anxious about Chlotilde. Two weeks have paled her cheek sadly. With extreme caution you might both go up to the surface every day. There are apertures in the trunk of the tree to take reconnaissance in every direction. Seeing the ground clear, you could venture out, though I warn you to be wary. If he be crafty, this M. Pierre will soon remove his watch from sight and set a secret trap. But I mean to get you both away speedily."

Felicie came from her room, and looked up affectionately in his face. "You have talked with Jules long enough, my uncle; say something to Chlotilde now."

He drew his hand caressingly over the glossy hair. "I have been telling him what good care he must take of my child when I am gone."

"Gone! oh, Emile!" exclaimed she, in consternation. "For a little time, dear one, only to prepare for your escape."

The tears were slowly trickling down her cheeks, she could not speak a word of answer. "Why, my little one, are you so stricken? Jules is left to take care of you."

"Jules is a very poor substitute for you, monsieur; no one is better aware of it than he himself, but he will do his best," observed the youth.

"Nay, nay," interposed the girl, eagerly. "I did not mean to wound your feelings, dear Jules; you are everything kind and good. As agreeable and pleasing a companion as I could ask, but then we have relied so thoroughly upon my uncle, it struck me with sudden dismay to think of losing him."

"For a little time, my child. It is because I fear for your health and am anxious to get you away, that I leave at all. You will not be weak and childish, I know, but will be calm and heroic, to help me all you can."

"I will try," replied she, firmly; but the sweet lips quivered sadly. "And you will succeed. Jules must exert all his powers to divert your thoughts. You must read together, and tell fairy stories, and be good children till I return, like a good girl, to release you from your dungeon."

thought, there can be no danger of your needing more water. You will be as prudent as possible, and I mean to relieve you long before you broach the last cask."

Neither suspected that he had attempted to reach the spring, and narrowly escaped capture. He went back to the upper room, and listened there anxiously. "I do believe it is the evil one himself; how else could he vanish so mysteriously?" said one wondering voice.

"The peasant say it was haunted there," said another, in equal astonishment. "Peste! don't you know that was our own doctor, citizen Pierre managed it? This is beyond belief, only for Pierre's assurance that the royalists are hid up somewhere here. Fire at it next time, and see what that will do," replied a third.

It was a long time before they went away, and then Emile anxiously listened for the direction of their retreating steps. "Who would have believed that obstinate Pierre would stick so closely to this idea? I will be sounding the tree next. I see plainly I must use my wits to get out. Ah, I have it! Where is my ghostly dress and light! I'll rig them on a pole with cross-arms and carry it in sight of these fellows and set it up. They'll rush forward, believing they have caught the man, and I can slip away unperceived. But I must go to the extreme end of the woods. It will not do to draw further attention to this spot."

And having matured his plan, he acted upon it promptly. Carrying the effigy before him, he walked unmolested to the outer end of the wood. He heard the first shout of discovery and saw half a dozen forms come rushing toward him. Setting the pole, which he had taken care to sharpen, firmly in the ground, he slipped behind a tree trunk, and dropping on his knees crawled noiselessly over the mossy earth to the other side.

As he expected, the rush for the supposed capture left the picket line vacated; he lost no moment in clearing it, and as soon as he dared, sprang to his feet, and ran swiftly. Extreme care was needed for more than a mile, but when morning broke he was safely in the highway. Once there, he brushed from his dress all signs of his late proceedings, and boldly hailed a market wagon passing on to Frejus.

Before he reached the town he met his comrade, who looked immensely relieved at sight of him. "Welcome to the south, most valiant Gray Falcon! Where did you dip your beak last in the accursed blood of the aristocrat and tyrant?" exclaimed the latter.

"I come from Paris, and am sent south to kindle the zeal of the people for equality and liberty. How goes the cause?" responded Emile, while the driver of the wagon eyed him with open-mouthed wonder and a little fear. "We have some bold spirits. There is worthy citizen Pierre, you will find him eager for the work; and we expect the famous Gray Falcon of Paris will wake us all up."

They proceeded slowly on till they reached the town. There in the market square they saw M. Pierre conversing earnestly with a group of men. Emile's companion shouted to them: "Come hither—come and welcome the Gray Falcon. He has arrived at last on a special mission to us!"

The crowd in a moment surrounded them. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRINCE LOBANOF.

The Russian Press Eloquent Over His Great Qualities. The Russian press is eloquent over the great qualities and splendid diplomatic triumphs of the deceased minister and statesman, says a correspondent of the London Times. The Novoye Vremya says: "The deceased belonged to the school of Boyar diplomatists, who have become so rare since the time of the Empress Catherine, and who possess strength of will and a many-sided European education, as well as knowledge of their own country and the strong support of hereditary connections. Such men have not been afraid of what other nations said of us and have believed in Russia's mission and right to play a great part among the other powers of Europe. Prince Lobanof belonged to that small class of Russians who know what they want and how to attain it. During his short tenure of office he isolated Japan, attracted Germany to co-operate with Russia and France, protected the integrity of China, effected a reconciliation with Bulgaria, secured full freedom of action to Russia in regard to Turkey, and strengthened the friendship between France."

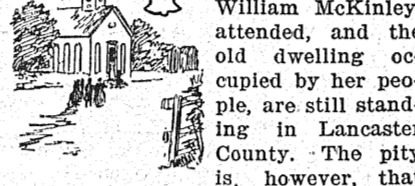
The same journal foresees the appearance of much unfounded comment in the foreign press on the possible consequences of Prince Lobanof's death and strongly urges its readers against the supposition that any change whatever in Russia's foreign policy will result from this great and unfortunate loss. Much is also said about the literary labors of the late minister, and it is curious to note that, although he appears to have accomplished so much in diplomacy in so short a period, he scarcely ever gave more than two or three hours a day to official business, the rest of his time being almost exclusively devoted to his favorite study of historical research.

Early Cotton Mill. The first mill for manufacturing cotton yarns was located in North Providence, R. I., by Samuel Slater in 1790. Not a single infectious disease is known in Greenland.

A MCKINLEY RELIC.

CHURCH WHERE HIS ANCESTORS ATTENDED.

In the Heart of Donegal Valley by the Waters of the Susquehanna a Great-Grandmother of the President-Elect Was Born.



HE church where the great-grandmother of the President-elect, William McKinley, attended, and the old dwelling occupied by her people, are still standing in Lancaster County. The city is, however, that the original house in which she was born is no longer to be seen; excepting for a few stones which mark the outlines of the foundation of the old place, there is not a trace of its eighteenth century architecture.

In the beautiful Donegal Valley, among the rolling hills of Lancaster county, and looking down upon the rapid waters of the Susquehanna, lies the village of Donegal, where the Stevensons built their long, low house, in which the ancestor of a President was born. The valley is one of the prettiest in the State, and that is saying a great deal, for the State is filled with picturesque places lying among verdant hills, on the sides of which cling tenaciously the most attractive of well-kept farms and whitest of white-walled farm houses. Donegal lies about eighteen miles northwest of the town of Lancaster, and to get to it one had better leave the train at Marietta, where a conveyance can be obtained to make the five mile journey still to be accomplished.

Strictly speaking, Donegal is not a village nor a town, and it is doubtful if it can claim to be a borough, for there is merely a sprinkling of farm houses upon the hills, too far apart almost to form a community. In the midst of this fertile spot lies embedded in the trees, which hide it, the old Donegal Presbyterian Church, which has been standing since early in the eighteenth century. It has been remodelled, of course, in order to preserve it, but it stands practically the same to-day as it did in the days of George II.

A tablet of marble, attached to the wall of the church, gives about all the history that is known of the old structure. From this it seems the church was founded by Arthur Patterson, in the year 1722, and in the year 1740 the church received a patent from John Thomas and Richard Penn. During the Revolution the pastor of the little church was a Royalist, but one day his congregation took him out and made him swear his allegiance to the colonies, under a white oak in front of the church, and the tree, now a mighty king of the forest, known as the "wilderness oak," on account of this circumstance, is loved almost as much as the little white plastered church itself.

In the early part of the last century, there was a large number of immigrants from the North of Ireland. About that time the Ulster men were having an irreconcilable controversy about the rates for land rents, and as a result they decided to leave the old country and seek refuge in the New World. The majority of these settled west of the Blue Ridge, and a large number of them became the pioneers of the Western part of Pennsylvania. Among those who came over at this time was a certain James Stevenson, who had also spelt his name as Stephenson, and who had it spelled for him, in the patent from the proprietor of the colony, Stinson.

The precise date of his arrival is unknown, but it was undoubtedly, from appearances, while the first George was still reigning, in the year 1740, the same year the church obtained a patent, he received a patent for land aggregating 334 acres in Donegal. He was consequently one of the pioneers in the State, and he must have been one of the earliest in Donegal, for his property is chiefly located, being as described in his will, "north and adjoining the Donegal Church."

James Stevenson had two sons and four daughters. Of these the eldest son, Nathaniel, who died a bachelor, inherited the property, and at his death it went to the eldest daughter, Anne, who married John Watson, in whose family the property remained until 1872, when it was sold to General Simon Cameron. The Stevensons were a well-to-do people, and at one time had a number of slaves. The second eldest daughter, Hannah, married John Gray, who lived near the Susquehanna, at Bainbridge, and afterwards in Westmoreland county. Their daughter, Sarah Gray, married David McKinley on December 10, 1780.

David McKinley was in the bloom of manhood at this time, having returned from the war, in which he had served

twenty-one months, having enlisted no less than eight times in as many different companies. Their second son, James Stevenson McKinley, was born September 19, 1783. He subsequently settled in Mercer county, where he married Mary Rose, and their son, William McKinley, became the father of Major William McKinley, who has just been elected President of the United States.

The old brick house, with its numerous wings and spacious porches, which overlooks the church, was built by Dr. John Watson, between the years 1805 and 1808, the old structure, in which a great-grand-grandmother of Major William McKinley was born, having been torn down in 1806. This fine old residence was called by Dr. Watson "The Seat of Beauty," and there seems to be no reason why that name should be changed now. For the past twenty years or more it has been the Cameron homestead. Here General Cameron breathed his last a few years ago, and here his son, Senator Don Cameron, spends a portion of his summers.

QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

The Brainsiest Daughter of the Late Comte de Paris. (Special Letter.) Queen Marie Amelie of Portugal is the most capable and well endowed, mentally, of all the children of the late Comte de Paris. She married when quite a girl, and has lived away from France for many years, but has ever remained a true Orangist, and hopes that her brother may yet become king of the French. The queen makes over her own hats and bonnets. She has a workshop in the palace at Lisbon, and she can copy a Paris model to perfection. She is a very handsome woman. Her fair hair and clear skin make her look still quite young in a country where women age with painful rapidity. She is passionately devoted to her two sons, and, if only for their sake, she will exert all her knowledge of the world and inborn ability to save

Portugal from the progressive changes which promise to make its people free and leave monarchy without a foothold in its sunny climate. Dom Carlos, her husband, has great faith in the wisdom of the queen, and it is by her advice of the royal family is ever in the country. This resolution imposes many privations on the queen, who would, were it not for her fear of revolution, visit her mother. The Duke and Duchess of Orleans will spend part of their honeymoon in Portugal.



QUEEN MARIE.

Their influence felt. Women Employers in Germany Have Improved All Conditions. The growth of the textile industry in the German empire is shown in the result of last year's census of mechanics reported to the state department by Consul Sawyer at Glauchau, says the Washington Times. In this industry over 1,000,000 persons are employed and the interesting fact is noted that there has been a yearly decrease of male and corresponding increase of female employees.

The exact number of employees was 1,017,112, against 932,592 in 1882. Since 1883 the males decreased from 522,070 to 552,230, a change of 29,840. Their places have been filled by females whose number grew from 350,522 to 464,316 in the same period. One curious result of these changes is the improved sanitary surroundings and comfort provided for the employees.

Their every interest in this way is being considered to encourage good and satisfactory labor. Washrooms and lockers for non-working apparel are provided and dining-rooms where coffee and potatoes—the latter one of the chief components of the luncheon—are roasted or boiled in a special ware receptacle. There are also separate lunch rooms for whole families employed in the factories where they can distribute food from the family basket and enjoy together the recreation afforded by the noonday meal.

Some of the larger factories have a buffet where can be purchased at a mere nominal price beer, sausages, rolls, coffee cake or any little luxury in the form of pastry.

Hero of Rorke's Drift. The "Hero of Rorke's Drift" was the description popularly accorded in England seventeen years ago to a young subaltern of royal engineers by whose coolness and resource the Zulu warriors were kept at bay by a mere handful of men after the disaster of Isandhlwana. Time runs so fast that most people have forgotten the name of the officer whose gallantry was then the subject of general approbation. One reads now of a Lieut.-Col. J. R. M. Chard, V. C., transferred from Cardiff to Perth as commanding royal engineers. This is the "Hero of Rorke's Drift," who, since he established his reputation as a soldier in South Africa in 1879, has had no opportunity to attain further distinction.—Exchange.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Look after the Back: A Fall, a Strain, a Constant Sitting or Stooping Position Brings Backache—Do You Know This Means the Kidneys are Affected?

How few people realize when their back begins to ache that it is a warning provided by nature to tell you that the kidneys are not working properly. You have a severe fall, you strain yourself lifting or perhaps you are compelled to maintain a sitting or stooping position for long intervals at a time, your back begins to ache, then your head, you become listless, tired and weary, but do you understand the real cause? We think not, else you would not use plasters and liniment on the back, which only relieve but do not reach the cause. If you would rid yourself of the pain and cure the root of the trouble, at the same time save many years of suffering and perhaps life itself, you will take a kidney remedy that has been tried and proven that it will cure.

Mr. John Robson of 601 Russell Street, Detroit, says: "As a result of exposure during the war I have suffered ever since with rheumatism and kidney trouble. Pains would start in my hip and go around to my back. Highly colored urine denoted kidney disorder. The pain in my back was often so bad I had to give up work until the severity of the attack passed away. I have used many liniments and other things, but received very little relief. Some time ago I started using Doan's Kidney Pills and they worked a wonderful change in me. My back is all right now and I owe it all to the almost magical influence of Doan's Kidney Pills." Mr. Robson was a member of the Fifty-first Illinois Regiment, which served through the war with honor and distinction. Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers—price, 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

Where there is no self-culture there is no knowledge of true life. THE MODERN MOTHER. Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant Syrup of Figs, when in need of the laxative effect of a gentle remedy than by any other, and that it is more acceptable to them. Children enjoy it and it benefits them. The true remedy, Syrup of Figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only.

No sin is so little that it may not become the soul's master. Consumption in its advanced stages is beyond power of man to cure. It can be prevented, though, by timely use of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, nature's own remedy for coughs and colds.

The prompting motive of all cheerful giving must be love. The only remedy in the world that will at once stop itching of the skin in any part of the body, that is absolutely safe and never-failing, is Doan's Ointment. Get it from your dealer.

Whoever will obey God will be sure to find his way to him. No God never made anything too small for his use.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. West & Trux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 60c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A strong solution of washing soda (sodium carbonate) in hot water will be found to be excellent as a cleanser for dirty lamps. "After suffering from dyspepsia for three years I decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters. Two bottles cured me entirely." Mrs. G. C. White, Taberg, Oneida county, New York. Great Britain has 1,250,000 trade unionists.

Are you suffering from rheumatism? Thomas' Electric Oil has cured thousands of the worst cases of this terrible disease. It only costs 25 cents to try it. The earth is gradually growing colder. FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free 24 trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, 351 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Fall River textile mill shares profits. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle. Ohio is to have a State Label League. Hegeman's Camphor Lee with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Clapsd, Hives, Itch and Piles, Cold Sores, etc. G. C. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct. The sin of a moment may blight the whole life. For Lung and chest diseases, Pisco's Cure. The best medicine ever used. Mailed Mrs. J. L. Northcott, Windsor, Ont., Canada. Fire caused \$3,000 damage to the residence of M. B. Salter at Ithaca. Israel Sayles was dangerously injured by being struck by falling bricks. Chas. R. Crisp, the eldest son of the late ex-Speaker Crisp, has been elected to succeed his father in congress.

Holes in Your Health. What does that mean? Suppose you are taking in money all day, and drop it into a pocket with holes; you will find yourself a loser instead of a gainer by the day's business. Same with your health. You eat and drink and sleep, yet lose instead of gain strength. There's a hole in your health. Some blood disease, probably, sapping your vitality. You can't begin, too soon, to take the great blood purifier, Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

THE MAIN MUSCULAR SUPPORTS OF THE BODY WEAKEN AND LET GO UNDER BACKACHE OR LUMBAGO. TO RESTORE, STRENGTHEN, AND STRAIGHTEN UP, USE 5¢ JACOBS OIL.

Rough on the Groom. Mrs. Chatter—Nellie Gosling's wedding was a most brilliant one. Mrs. Snappy—Humph! It doesn't seem to have brought her that sort of a husband!

Thompson's Eye Water. OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. R. H. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA. PATENTS. 20 years' experience. Send sketch for advice (L. Jeanne, late prin. examiner U.S. Pat. Office). Doan & Weaver, McGill Bldg., Wash., D.C. PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS. JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C. 3 yrs. in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty. at law. OPIUM HABIT DRUNKENNESS CURED. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEONARD, MD. WE PAY SALARY to men and women to work for us, day or evening, at their homes; nice, pleasant work; no canvassing. Experience not necessary. ENCLOSE stamp for particulars. STANDARD CO., 142 W. 23rd St., New York. W. N. U., D., XIV-52. When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.

HEADACHE THIS MORNING. Shows you did not take a tablet of Cascarets Candy Cathartic last evening. Cascarets prevent sour stomach, tone up the intestines, stimulate the liver, leave no chance for sick headaches in the morning. You eat them like candy, and they leave your breath sweet and fragrant. Better send out for a box right now, 10c., 25c., 50c., any drug store, or mailed for price. Write for booklet and free sample. ADDRESS: STERLING REMEDY COMPANY, OHIO; MONTREAL, CAN.; NEW YORK.

Important Notice! The only genuine "Baker's Chocolate," celebrated for more than a century as a delicious, nutritious, and flesh-forming beverage, is put up in Blue Wrappers and Yellow Labels. Be sure that the Yellow Label and our Trade-Mark are on every package. WALTER BAKER & CO., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.



**SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF CHARLES H. HITCHCOCK IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA**

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac-Simile Signature of *Charles H. Hitchcock* NEW YORK.

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

**SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF CHARLES H. HITCHCOCK IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA**

Castoria is put up in one-ounce 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 purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

**CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.**

An independent newspaper. Published every Thursday at the ENTERPRISE STAM PRINTING HOUSE, Segar Street, Cass City, Tuscola Co., Michigan.

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:** One year, \$1.00; six months, 50c.; three months, 25c., strictly in advance.

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

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

**A. A. P. McDOWELL, Proprietor.**

**OUR MOTTO:** PERSEVERANCE PROGRESS AND PATRIOTISM.

**HAPS AND MISHAPS!**

As Told by the Enterprise's Corps of Correspondents

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

**KINGSTON.**

Edgar Pelton is visiting Kingston friends.

W. Taylor has improved the front of the bakery with a coat of paint.

Tom Randall is visiting Kingston friends.

Miss Pearl Randall, Willis King and Fred Constable, who are attending school at Hillsdale, are spending the holidays at their respective homes.

Mrs. Warren Swartwout, who has been sick for a long time, passed away Monday morning. The funeral was held at the M. E. church Wednesday at 10 o'clock.

**ELLINGTON.**

H. J. Comstock and Wm. Landon was in Bay City last week.

The ground is white with snow that came Saturday night and Sunday.

Mrs. C. A. Fish, who has been visiting her parents at Wayland, N. Y., returned last Saturday.

H. G. Comstock and Wm. Landon are getting up a load of material to take to Bay City market this week.

Most all the schools of Ellington have vacation during the holidays, commencing Monday after New Year's.

Mrs. Ida Benson, who lost her husband by his falling from a railroad bridge in Ill., some two or three weeks ago returned to her home last week accompanied by her sister, Miss Eva Hutchinson, who will help her pack her goods to ship to Caro this week. Then they will return and she will make this her home in the future.

**CASEVILLE.**

Mrs. Jim Wilson is convalescing from an attack of la grippe.

Miss Cush, of Lansing, is spending a few weeks with Mrs. Smith.

We wish the ENTERPRISE a Merry Christmas, and Happy New Year.

Miss Minnie Steinman is very ill at her father's home with inflammatory rheumatism.

Wm. Myers had a tussle with a buzz saw and the saw came off conqueror, William losing a finger in the contest.

Mrs. Gage, of Linkville, state inspector of the Ladies of the G. A. R., was here last Thursday afternoon to inspect the books and work of the circle.

Lost—An infant about seven weeks old. Born Nov. 3rd. Was on exhibition for about a week, and has not been heard of since. Name Confidential. Any information that will lead to his hiding place thankfully received. Address all communications to the G. O. P.

**ELMWOOD.**

Chas. Hammond spent Sunday in Caro.

Roads are getting fairly passable again.

B. Hendrick had a sick horse one day last week.

C. W. Lynds visited at Thos. Leach's part of last week.

Mr. Rawson moved last week to his new farm south of Cass City.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Spitzer visited relatives in Brookfield Sunday.

Mark Shea, of Dayton, spent a few days last week in this part.

Jas. Whitsell started on Saturday for a week's visit in Bothwell, Ont.

On Saturday evening Tyler Lodge, No. 317, A. F. & A. M. elected the following officers for the ensuing year who will be installed Saturday evening, 26th inst.—W. M., I. Waidley; S. W., W. I. Frost; J. W., T. D. Leach; Sec., A. A. McKenzie; Treas., E. H. Pinner; S. D., A. J. Carrier; J. D., Thos. Parker; Tyler, H. C. Downing; and stewards, J. Jackson and N. Gable.

Renew your subscription.

**CLIFFORD.**

Merry Christmas.

Mrs. Watson Winters is quite seriously sick.

School closes Thursday for a week's vacation.

B. Kerby, of Marlette, did business in town on Saturday.

Mrs. Arthur Kennedy spent Sunday at the parental home in Marlette.

Mrs. I. Pierson is in Caro this week called there by illness in her daughters family.

Frank Yerdon has severed his connection with his father's store and returned to Detroit.

A musical entertainment was given on Tuesday evening by the choir of the M. E. Church, the proceeds to be used in getting new music books for the church.

Chas. Gillair and Miss Brink, daughter of J. Brink, cast of town, were united in marriage on Saturday last. They have the best wishes of numerous friends.

**SHABONA.**

Roads are improving some as they get smoothed down.

The iron bridge at Leslie is finished and it is pronounced to be a first class job.

Amasa Brown has purchased another farm, known as the Albert Phillip's farm. Consideration, \$1,200.

We are having nice weather for this time of the year. Nice weather to work, but lots of corn not husked yet.

Henry Vanorman lost one of his sorrel horses last week. It is a big loss to him as it was a valuable one.

The K. O. T. M's. are having a boom for these hard times as they have used the goat three times this month, and another candidate on the string.

The tax collector is the man of money these days. The taxes are reported some higher than former years. But, boys, if you want iron bridges you are sure of taxes.

The hunting season is about closed except for poor Bunny. He has to get as it seems as if there was a hunter behind every bush and by the looks of the stores, some of them get hit.

**RESCUE.**

All kinds of weather.

Prof. W. C. Walker was in Bad Axe Saturday.

L. J. Carrol and wife were callers in town last Saturday.

Christmas jubilee galore this year. Every place and everybody interested.

Game season is over, but rabbits are being killed by scores. It is good work destroying the little pests.

Election of officers at Beaulieu next Monday night at the K. O. T. M. review. Members requested to meet at 7:30 sharp.

Ben McAlpine seems not at all discouraged on account of his recent loss by fire and contemplates building a new mill and grinding out shingles as of yore.

As a result of disturbing the Pilgrims during their services, our blacksmith is a guest of Sheriff McLan at Bad Axe for a period of five days. It was a detestable piece of business from start to finish and those who instigated the trouble would have done well to have considered their own past records before sending people to jail on trumped up charges.

**NERVE CURE.**

DOES REMOVE THE CAUSE.

NERVE MAILER CURE BY

**The Advantages of Prepared Mince Meat**

should be honestly considered by every housewife. It has great advantages, as one trial of

**NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT**

will prove. You will find that it is not only convenient, but more so; that it is convenient, more ready and never spoils on the shelf; that it is economical—a 10c. package makes two large pies, fruit pudding, or delicious fruit cake. Get the genuine—take no substitutes.

Send your address, naming this paper, and we will send you free a "book," by Mrs. Popkin's "Thanksgiving," by one of the most popular humorists of the day.

**MERRELL-SOULE CO.,** Syracuse, N. Y.

**AGENTS WANTED**

For the most valuable contribution to the literature of the world since the production of the Bible. The Great Thinkers, Famous Orators, Renowned Scholars, Wise Writers and INVESTIGATORS of the 19th Century.

In all the range of literature there is not another book like

**THE PEOPLE'S BIBLE HISTORY**

In this book alone can be found the information sought by every Bible reader, whether old or young, scholarly or unlettered. It is, indeed, a great work.

Recent discoveries in archeology have brought the world of today face to face with the men who lived, and acted, and wrote during the early periods covered by Biblical historians. These discoveries have resulted in the triumphant vindication of the sacred volume from the charges brought against it by open foes and pretended friends. Every intelligent person will order the book, as the matter contained in it is of vital importance and cannot be found in any other book on earth.

Write for descriptive and beautifully illustrated pamphlet circular. Address

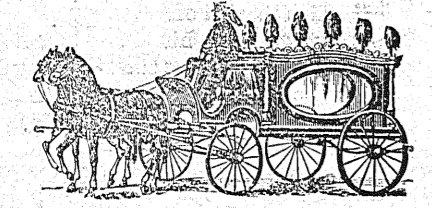
**THE HENRY O. SHEPARD CO.,** 212-214 Monroe St. CHICAGO.

**UNDERTAKING**

Receives our personal attention and we will do our utmost to please you. A full line of Coffins, Caskets, Burial Robes, etc., always on hand.

Night call receive prompt attention. Show-rooms north side of Main Street. Residence south end of Seegar Street.

Luther E. Karr,  
Martin Anthes.



**SPECIAL BARGAINS**

In **Furniture** until after the holidays.

.....

**BEDROOM SETS, EXTENSION TABLES, COUCHES LOUNGES, EASY CHAIRS,**

**WRITING DESKS** AT COST.

Big Discount on Pictures.

Give me a call.

L. E. KARR.

**LIST OF XMAS GOODS.**

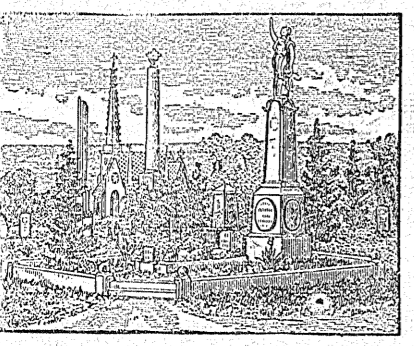
Ladies' and Gents' Silk, Lawn, and Linnen Handkerchiefs, Gents' Silk and Wool Neckscarfs, Ladies' and Children's Fascinators and Hoods, Table Napkins, Gents' Ties, Ladies' Belts, Side Combs, Table Spreads, Bed Spreads, Ladies' and Gents' Gloves and Mittens.

**CUTLERY.**

Pocket Knives, Scissors, Shears, Steel Knives and Forks, (nickle plated); Aluminum Spoons and Pocket Knives, Skates for Men, Boys and Ladies, Boy's Axes, Granitware, Revolvers and Guns.

**J. L. HITCHCOCK.**

Lumber, Shingles and wood bought and sold. Butter and Eggs Wanted.



Cass City Marble and Granite Works.

**Ferguson & Porter**

—DEALERS IN— FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC Marble and Granite Monuments, Headstones, Crosses, Curbing, Etc.

Cemetery Work of Every Description Neatly Executed. Inscriptions Cut in English or German. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

CASS CITY, MICH.

Get our prices on Building Stone when building.

To Those Who are Using

**'WAR CHOP' TEA,** we would say that we are now on the new crop. It is very fine and every lb. guaranteed. Try it.

**Heavy Rubbers** We have all sizes and all styles of Men's Heavy Rubbers for socks. See them before buying.

**Underwear.** Our stock of Underwear for both Ladies' and Gentlemen is unsurpassed.

Mittens, Hosery Outings, Cottenades, Prints, Staple Dress Good, Etc., are kept in large varieties by us.

**SHOES.** Our shoe stock demands your attention. See our Ladie's fine shoe at \$1.10.

Groceries as cheap as the cheapest.

**LAING & JANES.**

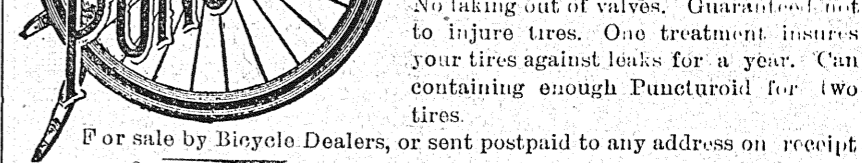
**A NEW DEPARTURE.**

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.**



**Puncturoid** Mends Punctured Tires While You Ride and **KEEPS THEM MENDED.** No Walking Home.

No taking out of valves. Guaranteed not to injure tires. One treatment insures your tires against leaks for a year. Can contain enough Puncturoid for two tires.

For sale by Bicycle Dealers, or sent postpaid to any address on receipt

Price, \$1.00.

**Puncturoid Manufacturing Company,** CHELSEA, MASS.

11-68

**IF BUSINESS IS NOT GOOD, Don't Squeal, But Root.**

**The Enterprise** Is the Root for the merchants of Cass City and vicinity.

**UNTIL JAN. FIRST, 1898**

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**FLINT & PERE MARQUETTE R. R. TIME CARD.**  
In effect Nov. 15, 1896.

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**PONTIAC, OXFORD & NORTHERN R. R. PASSENGER TIME CARD.**

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**SANTA CLAUS SURRENDERS.**

"Surrender! Why, of course, my dear, both hands are up, you see. I've just dropped down to find that you have got the drop on me!"

—Hobart



Just ahead of me, on Grand street, the other night, and stopping here and there to look into the shop windows, was a girl of ten. Her toes peeped out of her old shoes—her dress was ragged and thin—the old shawl which covered her head and shoulders had more rents than warm.

I knew where the girl came from—from some of the cross streets with their tall tenements and little rooms and dark hallways. I knew why she was flitting from window to window, despite the cold wind sweeping up from the bay and the frosty air compelling pedestrians to hurry along. Christmas was near at hand. Tightly clasped in her hand was something to buy with a nickel, perhaps, but more likely a penny. By and by, as she halted for a longer time than usual, I advanced and said:

"It's a cold night for a little girl like you to be out on the streets."

She drew away and started on, but stopped and looked me over. After half a minute she came closer, and asked:

"Have you a little brother Jim?"

"No, child."

"I have. He's a lame boy, and can't get out, and I want to buy him a Christmas present."

"So your brother Jim is going to hang up his stockings on Christmas eve, is he?"

"No, no, sir. He hasn't any stockings to hang up, but I'm going to buy him something."

"How long has he been lame?"

"Oh, ever so long. He fell down stairs and broke his hip when he was a baby, and he can't get out, you see."

"How old is little Jim?"

"He's seven or eight. I can't count up to fifteen. Yes, he's a boy—a lame boy—and he has to lay abed most of the time. He's all the family I've got. What are you laughing about?"

"About your family. Haven't you a father?"

"No, sir. He got drowned ever so long ago."

"But you have a mother?"

"No, sir. She's dead. We live with Aunt Mary. You don't know her, do you? Well, she's awful good to us. She's got a lame back and a sore hand, and can't work, but says God won't let us starve to death. She didn't have but a few pennies, but she gave me this one to buy something for little Jim."

"And how about you? Don't you get a Christmas present?"

"No, sir; I'm too big, you see, and then we've got to save our money to buy bread. Have you got lots of bread at home?"

"Enough to last a week, I guess."

"How nice! You must be rich! You live on Fifth avenue, don't you?"

"No."

"But you must be rich. My, but what nice clothes you've got on! If you wanted a whole pound of candy to once you could buy it, couldn't you? Are you laughing at my clothes?"

"No, dear. Let's go inside. Do you think those stockings up there would fit little Jim?"

"Yes, I know they would."

"And how about yours?"

"I haven't any," she stammered, as

she stepped back to show her bare ankles.

"Then these are for Little Jim and these are for you. Here are shoes, too. Sit down and try on a pair."

When we had shoes and stockings we bought a pair of mittens, some calico for dresses, a warm hood and a child's shawl; and then we went to a grocery and purchased a few things for Christmas dinner. When that tot of a girl found her feet in "real" stockings and shoes she looked around the store and up at me, and rubbed away at her eyes, as if she believed it all a dream. When we started to go she took my hand and drew me aside and whispered:

"Are you going to steal me away from Aunt Mary and Little Jim?"

"No, child."

"Then you must want me to marry you?"

"Not just yet. How do the shoes and stockings feel?"

"Say, I could go on Broadway, couldn't I? Hold on till I wash off my mouth."

She picked up a piece of paper off the floor, spat on it and rubbed away at her mouth and chin, and when I laughed she said:

"I don't want you to be ashamed of me, you know."

And from the grocery we went round into Hester street, and up the stairs of a tenement to a single room on the fourth floor. There we found Aunt Mary and Little Jim—the one a middle-aged, hard-working woman, who washed windows and scrubbed and cleaned, and who was bearing her burden without complaint—the other a boy of eight, who will never see more of God's sunshine than filters through the window of the tenement in which he drags out his weary days.

And Aunt Mary broke down and wept, and Little Jim and his sister Betty hugged each other and laughed and shouted, and when I went away I felt that \$3 or \$4 could not have been better expended. Jim and Betty will hang up their stockings before going to sleep Christmas eve, and Santa Claus, who never forgets the poor of

tachment in Mayville, Wis. About two months ago a cat gave birth to two kittens in a nest adjoining the hen house. Before the little ones were old enough to open their eyes, a hen, observing them in their bed, went and sat upon them, covering them as she would little chickens. This she still continues to do, and will fight with any person who attempts to take them from her. As they peep out from under her wings she pushes them back with her beak, and talks to them in the hen language. She leaves them only an hour or two every day in order to get food. The mother cat nurses the kittens and does not in the least object to the authority usurped by the hen, and a strong attachment has been formed between the kittens and the hen—Milwaukee Sentinel.

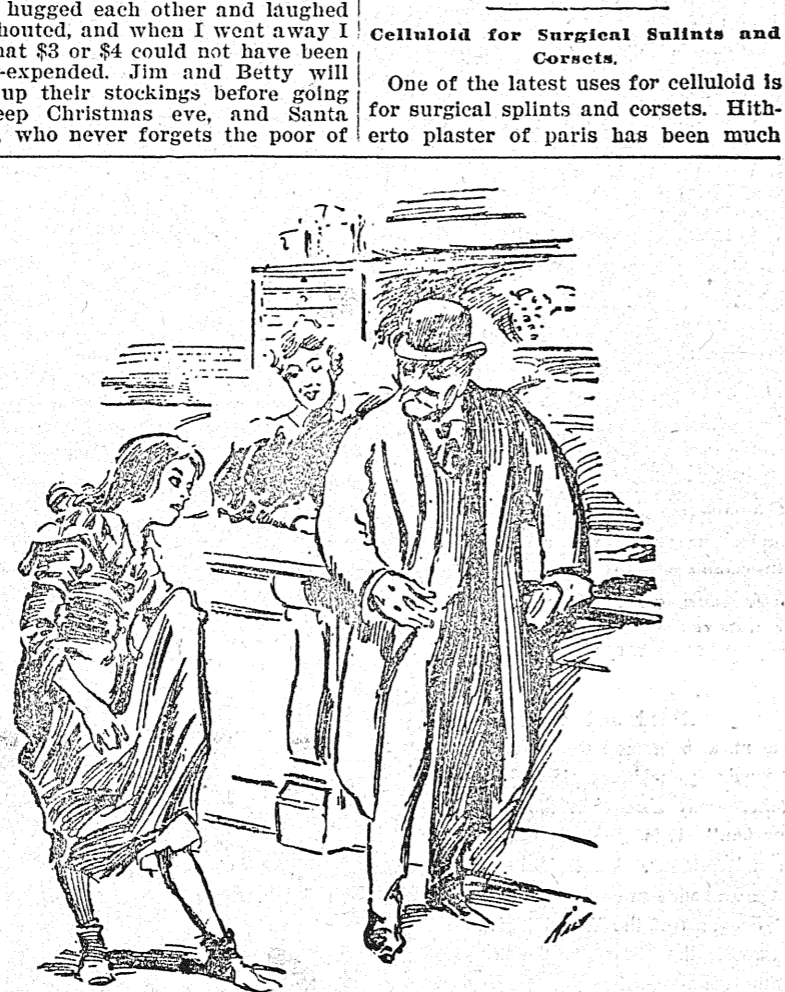
**Needed More Evidence.**

A young curate came to Dr. Temple one day and said: "My lord, it is rumored that you are not able to believe in special interpositions of providence on behalf of certain persons. 'Well?' grunted the bishop. "Well, my lord, here is the case of my aunt. My aunt journeys to Exeter every Wednesday by the same train and in the same compartment of the same carriage invariably. Last Wednesday she felt a disinclination to go, and that very day an accident occurred by which the carriage of the train in which my aunt would have traveled was smashed to pieces. Now, was not that a direct interposition of providence on behalf of my aunt?" "Can't say," growled the bishop; "don't know your aunt."—St. James Gazette.

**Celluloid for Surgical Splints and Corsets.**

One of the latest uses for celluloid is for surgical splints and corsets. Hitherto plaster of paris has been much

used, but great objection was found to it from the fact that it was too absorbent. Both Dr. E. Kirsch and Prof. Landauer, who are well known in Germany, advocate the use of the celluloid. The substance is dissolved in acetone, and made into a splint which fits the body, by taking a plaster cast of the part to which it will be applied, and lining the cast with felt. The felt is then rubbed and stiffened with the celluloid and a support of great toughness and strength is thus provided.



**I Haven't Any," She Stammered.**

New York, will add something to what they have already received. When I opened the door to go out I found two women in the hall.

"Who's that?" I heard one of them whisper.

"S-s-s-h!" cautioned the other. "That is a feller as was sent by the Lord with a big basket of things for Mary Rogers and them two orphan children!"—M. Broad, in Detroit Free Press.

**A Hen Brooding Kittens.**

There is a curious case of animal at-



**THREE CHRISTMAS EYES.**

"Come in, sir! Come in! It is a rough evening surely, and Christmas eve of all days in the year. The wind is enough to cut you in two."

"It is hard lines for them who's obliged to be out in the fury of a storm. Just the night to make one feel thankful for a hearth and home, to say nothing about a bite and sup."

"Bless me! You don't mean to say so? Walked all the way from Kirkwood, have you? I don't wonder that you look about done up, with a side wind driving you all the way, and the snow-drifts lying along the road."

"Yes, sir, it's a short cut in the summer time, to those who know the country well, but even I should not like to attempt it on a night like this; and I have lived in the neighborhood, man and boy, for nigh upon seventy years."

"Yes, seventy next birthday is the number of years I have been allowed to live, and five-and-forty of them have been spent in this house. Ah! I dare say it does seem a long time to a young fellow like you, but they haven't been long in passing, and appear precious little to look back upon."

"It is forty-five years ago last September that I first brought my wife through the door yonder, and here we have lived in summer and winter, sunshine and cloud, ever since."

"Oh, yes, we have been blessed with children. It is they that have done much to bring the sunshine, although they are linked with the cloudy days as well, for three of them are lying up in the churchyard on the hill. Three out of five. Still, we are happy to think two have been spared to us—the first and the last—even if they are now gone out into the world for themselves. Tom is the captain of a boat plying between Cairo and New Orleans, and Susie is living in Memphis, for she is married, and has two little ones of her own."

"So we have been content to have just each other, as we did the year or two before they were given to us, until last year, when we had what I may call an addition to our family."

"You can sleep in the blue room. That is what the wife calls it, but I tell her it will soon have to be called the Christmas Eve bedroom. They say the third time brings luck, and if you accept our offer this will be the third Christmas Eve that we have had a sudden visitor to require it."

"Well, there is a little story attached to it. If you care to listen, while my wife is preparing the supper, I will try and tell it to you."

"You see, it is a little room overlooking the orchard, and is about the cosiest one in the house. I suppose most women like to have what they call a spare room ready, in case company should come unexpected."

"I used to laugh at her, and tell her it would be always ready and never wanted, because, don't you see, when Tom or little Sue come, they like to have the rooms where they used to sleep when they were children at home."

"But it is exactly three years ago to-night that we were glad to think it was all ready for use."

"Little Sue—we called her that to distinguish her from her mother, although she is the taller of the two—was here with her two little ones. They had come to spend Christmas with the old folks."

"We were sitting in front of the fire, just as you and I are doing now, and the women's tongues were chatting together, nineteen to the dozen, for you see they had not seen each other for over two years, when all at once Sue stopped in the middle of a sentence, and said: 'Hark! what was that?'"

"We listened, but could hear nothing."

"What was it, child?" said her mother.

"It was like someone moaning outside the door. Listen—there it is again!"

"I could not tell if there was anything or not, for my hearing was getting a bit dull, but I went and opened the door, and stood there for a minute or so. It was a lovely evening, so calm and still. No moon to speak of, but the stars were shining like so many diamonds, and the snow made everything very light. Away across the fields I could hear the church bells, but that was the only sound, and I was just about to close the door, when I heard the noise myself, as she had described it, like a person moaning in pain. It seemed to come from close by the garden gate, and, sure enough when I went to look, there lay a man all huddled up in a heap."

"I managed to get him indoors and laid him on the couch, and then began to take off his wraps. He was wearing a thick cloak and fur cap, and when this was removed, I saw he was bleeding from a nasty cut at the back of the head. He did not appear to have lost much blood, but he was perfectly dazed for awhile."

"I knew who he was: Mr. Hugh Danvers, a nephew of Squire Martin. You are a complete stranger around here, maybe, and don't know much about the residents or their history."

"The old squire, as we used to call him, had three children, two boys and

quest. Someone had overheard part of his quarrel with Mr. Hugh, and the police were endeavoring to find him."

"The wife and Sue cried again when I told them this; and as no one knew he was in our cottage, I listened to them, and persuaded him to lie quiet for a day or two. Then, when we heard that the coroner's jury had brought in a verdict of manslaughter, we fairly smuggled him away."

"We received one letter from him which told us that he was about to set sail for Sydney; and the next thing we heard was that the ship he had mentioned had been wrecked, and his name was not in the list of the saved."

"His letter had contained a message for Miss Winifred, and that led to her becoming acquainted with the whole story."

"She did not know how to be grateful enough to us for the little kindness we had performed."

"Heaven bless her! She has repaid it a thousand times."

"He is innocent of the crime of which he is accused," she said, again and again. "I know Hugh would not lift up his hand against the poor old dad. I shall always love him as long as he lives, and pray for him night and morning." Those are her very words.

"Then, when the news of the shipwreck came, her heart was nigh to breaking. She used to watch the papers to see if there were any after-tidings of the missing ones, and she went into mourning as if she had followed him to the grave."

"Things went on like that up to last Christmas eve, and then if she didn't knock at our door, just as you knocked now, and asked us to take her in."

"She said she could not stand her cousin's behavior any longer. He treated her as if she were a servant, instead of being his cousin, and mistress of the house; and yet he was continually pressing her to marry him; and spoke so sneering-like of her constancy to her dead lover, that she made up her mind to leave him in full possession."

"He couldn't touch her money, that was one blessing."

"So, all through the past year she has been living here, and has been like another daughter to us—my wife and me. We are thankful to think she ever came, although nobody could be more sorry for the cause which drove her to it."

"There are many others, too, who are almost ready to worship her, for she has been like a ministering angel amongst the poor. She says, if she has been deprived of her chief happiness, that is no reason why she should not try and make life better for other people."

"And in one way she met with a reward which perhaps she would not have had if she had remained at the old place; for only a month ago a young fellow, to whom Miss Winifred had been very kind all through a serious illness, sent for her to come and see him, because he felt he was dying, and he had something on his mind which concerned her."

"And what do you think it was? Why, he confessed that it was he, and not Mr. Hugh who was the cause of her father's death."

"It appeared that some time before, the young man had been had up before the squire on a charge of stealing. Squire Martin was always dead set against stealing, and sent him to prison for three months. After he came out, Will Ransley—that was his name—determined to get even, as he said. He had been dogging the squire's footsteps for some time, and happening to meet him that night just after he had left Mr. Hugh, he attacked him and had his revenge. He did not mean to kill him, and was dreadfully frightened when he found what he had done. Then the next day he heard that Hugh Danvers was suspected, and so he held his peace."

"He said he could not die without asking Miss Winifred's forgiveness, and she—well, I said she was an angel—she actually forgave him."

"But she had it all taken down in writing and got it signed. She said it would clear her lover's character if ever he does return."

"And, really, right down at the bottom of her heart I think there is a faint belief that he will come back again some day."

"Where is she now? Well, you might almost guess; for she has gone out to take something to a sick child down the lane. It is only half a mile's walk certainly, but no one else would have ventured on such an evening as this."

"We are expecting her back every minute, for she promised not to stay long. Was not that the latch of the gate? That is her, then. Yes, here she comes, bless her!"

"Miss Winifred, dear, you must be almost frozen. This is a gentleman who has been caught in the—Why, bless me! If she isn't kissing him. You don't mean to say it is Mr. Hugh himself?"

"Here; wife, wife! Dash my buttons! And I have been sitting here and just telling him all about himself."

"What do you say? It is a real romance! Well, if this is what you call a romance, then all I can say is, I wish you many happy returns."

"Dash my—! Where is my handkerchief? Hark! Is that the church choir singing at our gate? Fetch 'em in! Fetch 'em in, and let us have a regular tal-ral-lal of praise. If this isn't going to be the blessedest Christmas I ever saw!"

—Alice M. Lowney.

**THE LAST OF BOODLE'S.**

One of the Historical Clubs of London.

Another old landmark is about to disappear. Boodle's is one of the historical clubs of London, a connecting link with the days of "dandies" and fox-hunting squires, says the Saturday Review. More than half a century ago Praed wrote:

In parliament I fill my seat  
Along with other noodies;  
In Jermyn street I lay my head.  
And sip my hook at Boodle's.

The proprietress of Boodle's is dead, and, as there is now no one to carry on the club, it must come to an end unless the members acquire the property. But there are only some 500 members and this number would have to be doubled in order to run it as a members' club. But, then, Boodle's would lose its distinctive charm, which lies in the fact that in its lofty, old-fashioned rooms one is really at home. It is the only club in London where one is unbelieved by a crowd and where one is never asked to pay for anything. A member's house account is sent to him only when he asks for it. Some enterprising gentleman like Mr. Algeron Bourke may possibly reorganize the club upon the lines of White's, but it will be the old Boodle's no more. Electric light and cash payment will supersede wax candles and the conventional "slate."

**Summer Heat in Various Countries.**

The following figures show the extreme summer heat in the various countries of the world: Bengal and the African desert, 150 degrees Fahrenheit; Senegal and Guadalupe, 130 degrees; Persia, 125 degrees; Calcutta and Central America, 120 degrees; Afghanistan and the Arabian desert, 110 degrees; Cape of Good Hope and Utah, 105 degrees; Greece, 104 degrees; Arabia, 103 degrees; Montreal, 103 degrees; New York, 102 degrees; Spain, India, China, Jamaica, 100 degrees; Sierra Leone, 94 degrees; France, Denmark, St. Petersburg, Shanghai, the Burman empire, Buenos Ayres, and the Sandwich Islands, 90 degrees; Great Britain, Siam and Peru, 85 degrees; Portugal, Pekin and Natal, 80 degrees; Siberia, 77 degrees; Australia and Scotland, 75 degrees; Italy, Venezuela and Madeira, 73 degrees; Prussia and New Zealand, 70 degrees; Switzerland and Hungary, 66 degrees; Bavaria, Sweden, Tasmania and Moscow, 65 degrees; Patagonia and the Falkland Isles, 55 degrees; Iceland, 45 degrees; Nova Zembla, 34 degrees.

**Illiteracy in the United States.**

The 1890 census enumerates 36,761,607 persons of ten years of age and upward. Of this number 4,923,451, or 13.4 per cent, are returned as unable to read, and 6,239,958, or 17 per cent, as unable to write. The following states show over 40 per cent of their population as unable to write: Alabama, 60; Florida, 43; Georgia, 50; Louisiana, 49; Mississippi, 50; New Mexico, 65; North Carolina, 48; South Carolina, 65; and Virginia, 41; and the following states with less than 5 per cent unable to read: Connecticut, 4; Dakota, 3; Illinois, 4; Indiana, 5; Iowa, 2; Kansas, 2; Maine, 4; Michigan, 4; Minnesota, 4; Montana, 5; Nebraska, 2 1/2; New Hampshire, 4; New Jersey, 5; New York, 4; Ohio, 4; Oregon, 4; Pennsylvania, 5; Utah, 5; Virginia, 5, and Wisconsin, 4.

**Little Toes to Go.**

It seems that there are to be no more little toes. A comparative anatomist declares that the little toe must go and announces gravely that already it is showing signs of degeneracy. Once upon a time it seems that the horse was the possessor of four well-developed toes, whereas now he has but one to save his life. But that toe is a great one. And man's toe that is to survive "the crash of matter and the wreck of worlds" is to be the great one, too, so this wise scientific anatomist says. But if man is to own an evolutionary foot at all, like that of the horse, it does not appear that the coming race is to pride itself on its pedal extremities.—New York Tribune.

**The Bible.**

There is no date from beginning to end in the Bible. It comprises some 60 documents, and is supposed to have been written by about 40 men; 54 miracles are recorded in the old and 51 in the new testament; total, 105. The shortest verse in the old testament is "Remember Lot's wife." There is one in the new testament as short as John 11: 35, in point of words, but not in letters, viz: Thessalonians v. 16, "Rejoice evermore." Then there are 2 chapters in the Bible alike verbatim, and 1 book, Esther, in which the Deity is not mentioned.

**He'll Get Caught Some Day.**

A smooth bachelor in Kansas City keeps himself arrayed like the lilies of the field, by betting suits of clothes with the other fellows that they will be married before he is. He hasn't been caught yet, but that's no sign that he never will be.

**He Stood for Seven Days.**

When the seal of a lumber car was broken at Plainfield, N. J., recently, a much emaciated man tottered out. He had been in the car for seven days in a space so small that he was compelled to stand continually. He entered the car in Ottawa, Canada.

**Churches Offered at Tax Sale.**

Fourteen of the local churches, half of all in the city of Ishpeming, Mich., are advertised for sale because of delinquent sewer taxes. The congregations have temporarily joined hands in an effort to find some way out of the trouble.

A huge block of granite, the largest ever set free by blasting, was recently taken from a quarry in Concord, N. H. It measured 106 feet in length by 20 feet in height and 20 in width.

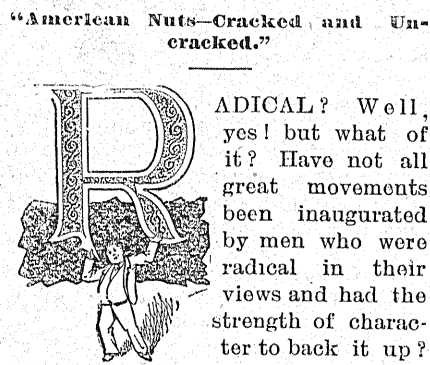


Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

MORGAN WOOD.



ADICAL? Well, yes! but what of it? Have not all great movements been inaugurated by men who were radical in their views and had the strength of character to back it up?

Morgan Wood, of Detroit, gave the second lecture of the Teachers' Association course at the M. E. Church last Friday evening. His reputation as a brilliant lecturer was fully vindicated. He is radical, sure enough, and yet perfectly fair, his antipathy being directed against systems and prevailing customs rather than against individuals. That he detests vice in any form is apparent and all his energies are thrown against it. The main audience room of the church was well filled even to chairs in the aisles. Prof. Masselink, in a few well chosen remarks, introduced the lecturer, who completely controlled his audience for nearly one hour and three quarters.

Evolutionists, he said, were ever telling us where we came from, and theologians were ever talking of where we were going to, but he didn't care much where he came from or where he was going to, as long as he was going somewhere and was on the move. The conglomerate conditions of the present were spoken of and the inability to establish a line of demarcation.

We should aim to understand the present rather than the future, and should be men in the highest and truest sense, not actuated by the thought that we may die and be angels to-morrow, but by the genuine spirit of manhood. The future will take care of itself if we take care of the present. This may result in the development of angels, as angels are made of men and men are made in the present and not after death. Nothing comes by chance. Law rules the world. Everything is born of law and logical cause. The focal points in our national history and the supreme national crucial periods were vividly portrayed. The firing of the guns upon Fort Sumter was not the beginning of the civil war but the end of a long line of beginnings—the beginning of a series of endings which were to stretch over four or five years. Never has there been a time when the public mind was so broken up. Men are establishing precedents to be followed by others. It is infinitely better that men be reasoning, even though wrong, than not reasoning for fear of not being right, because the mind that reasons is easier to turn into right channels than the mind that is inactive. Never has there been such a time when every honest man is bringing together his quota of ideas. We naturally become impatient and want to see immediate results as visitors to a large moulding shop would wish to see the casting when it was not time to cast. A great overmastering and invincible mind rules. We don't cast to-day. When the time comes for order to come out of chaos the casting will be made. Present problems are due to direct violation of laws that govern. We can't raise flowers on the incubator plan. It is physically and socially true that the nation has grown so rapidly as to become weakly and emaciated. Chicago grew too fast, but organization followed, and it now promises to become the great conserving reservoir of the mid-continent. A vivid picture was given of an old time apple buster making bee and of how Mary Jane stirred, and stirred, and stirred, in order that the butter might be fine, even and well flavored. Stirring is just as necessary in public life—all stirring and stirring all the time. The conservative mind says "No. Keep confidence established. Keep things smooth. Get people to feel and imagine they are alright." The lecturer says most all things are almost all wrong. The atmosphere is charged and surcharged with the conviction that things are not just right. Not all kinds of agitation were proper, but well-ordered, wise and systematic agitation. The social problem received due attention, the esthetic element as contrasted with the laboring classes. He does not believe in putting our American daughters on the auction block and selling them off at so much per head for European titles. Men tion was made of a recent issue of a Detroit daily paper containing portrait and pedigree of a young lady descendant of Geo. Washington, and an heiress, which appeared simple enough but in reality furnished a clue for New Yorkers who were only watching for such prey. There is nothing needed so much as true genuine grace

and culture, but there is culture and culture, and the counterfeit kind is objected to. Mr. Wood had never been suspected of being aristocratic, as the word is understood to-day. The superficial element of society has robbed the word, aristocrat, of its fragrance, until no one wished to be considered aristocratic. Restore the word, until every young man shall aim to be an aristocrat.

The "four hundred" of the cities were mentioned and the thought ventured that the village having one of that style had one too many. The first ice of the season may be of the proper ratio to hold the bodies of the little skaters but the young man of 175 pounds and best girl of proportionate weight go through with a splash. It is infinitely better for a young man or woman to be naturally thoughtful or awkward than unnaturally genteel. The social wheel differs from other wheels in that it does not depend on the hub for support, but every spoke maintains its relative position to the other spokes without respect to the hub.

C. D. Wright, the eminent statistician, states that nine-tenths of the world's population is engaged in a hand to hand fight for the bare necessities of life for that which merely enables them to "stay here." They help give forth the "loud funeral dirge of sighs," and their lives are made up of a series of dirges and sighs. The conservative says these people "won't" work, but there is a vast difference between "won't" and "don't" as the latter word suggests that there is a cause. A man is described seeking work and hearing "No" everywhere until with clenched fists and jaws clashed he becomes one of the vast army of Ishmaelites, whose hand is against every man, because he feels that every man's hand is against him. He peruses the daily paper with a faint hope that some one wants him but his faint hope flickers and dies and finally a glittering weapon takes himself and him to the unknown world, which he feels cannot be worse than this.

In a glance of review, the lecturer stated that no one of these particular causes is the cause of this condition, but all combined. Unless the present eruption finds an outlet, it will find vent—not in evolution, but in revolution. While some do not think the church the place to preach politics, Mr. Wood thinks it proper to preach, pray and sing politics. A new regime is coming into our political life.

Those people who come of Republican and Democratic stock and vote those tickets because it was spoken of in belittling terms. It is not safe to vote any ticket on its record a generation ago. The thought also found expression that the state politics were run on the barber shop plan—"Next!" and that there seemed to be an invisible sign, generally understood, over each incumbent's official chair which reads, "Present incumbents will please vacate this chair as soon as through and make room for others". One term appears to be enough for each, and they are satisfied if that opportunity is given them. But the apostolic succession appears to be broken by the election of our governor-elect. The day has gone for people to have political caperons.

"Any man who boasts of voting any party ticket without recognizing the necessity of a scratch, or a cross is either a knave or a fool." No man has a right to expect anything from any party for honestly performing his political duty. If the Christian Church has any place in the onward movement, it is not only to be abreast but ahead of the times. The addresses of Christian ministers and workers should savor of the spirit of the old marshall song:

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
The fight will not be long;  
This day the battle is on—  
The next the victor's song."

the spirit of Him who gave His life that the problem of life might be solved.

We always give what you ask for—if you wish our advice we say Brant's Cough Balsam is the best.

"I have never found its equal."  
Mrs. C. Flockinger, Dayton, Ohio.

We warrant it—25 cents.  
Sold by T. H. Fritz, druggist.

For speakers, asthma, bronchitis, consumption, cathartical troubles Pine Root Cough Syrup excels. Every bottle is guaranteed. Large bottles for 50c. Sold by T. H. Fritz.

## NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

John Gordon of Wells township, who stole wheat from the granary of Leonard Schnell of the English Line, was sentenced to the house of correction in Detroit for 90 days by Judge Beach on Friday last.—[Vassar Pioneer.

The Frankenthum Cheese Manufacturing Co. is paying out \$2,470 this week for milk supplied the company during the month of October. This sum represents 343,859 quarts, which will give some idea of the large volume of business transacted.

On account of the burning out of the armatures in the arc light dynamo at the Electric Light Works, the streets have been without lights during the past week. The repairs are well under way and it is expected that everything will be in running order Saturday.—[Caro Democrat.

A 3 year-old child of James Hall, of Pt. Austin, was fatally burned Friday afternoon. The clothing was all burned off, the hair singed to the head, and the face and body charred black. The parents were away from home and only one older child was in the house. It was upstairs, and did not know of the accident until it was over.

The five mile go as you please foot race at Mitchell's hall last Friday evening was won by Rubie. Mitchell in the remarkable good time of 34 minutes and 2 seconds. The starters were Rubie, Mitchell, Dave McCoy, Frank Theaker, Alex McCoy, and John Payne. There is some talk of another race in the near future.—[Fairgrove Enterprise.

C. F. Lynds, of Cass City, was in town Tuesday.

The whooping cough is afflicting children in several families in this vicinity.

Miss Mae Brown was the guest of Miss Cora Deebe, of Elmwood, Thursday last.

Mrs. S. A. Johnston and her son, Ned, returned from Flint Friday to remain over the holidays.

Our Methodist people had a free Christmas tree at their church for the Sunday school children.

Wm. Shehan and wife, of Linkville, returned Monday from their summer sojourn at Lockport, N. Y.

Wm. Proudfoot and wife and R. S. Brown and wife will be the guests of D. Quant and wife Christmas day.

Mrs. J. L. Purdy and sister, Edith Farrar, of Pigeon, are spending their holidays at Detroit and Mt. Clemons.

The Farmers Club meets at Amasa Coon's Thursday evening next. A cordial invitation to farmers is extended to join the club.

David Ashmore, our undertaker, has got on a small stock of furniture and will cater to the public hereafter for their patronage.

Theo. Burdon and wife, celebrated the 22nd anniversary of their marriage at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Whipple Sunday last.

The Episcopal ladies' bazaar was well patronized and so it ought to be. They had everything nice and some elegant and attractive articles.

T. B. Myers Bost, G. A. R., will install their officers Jan. first at 2 p. m. and at 11:30 a. m. to 1:30 p. m. dinner will be served at 25c. a couple. Acordial invitation to all.

Byron Bingham, who has leased the premises of Mrs. Helen Gage, on Depot Street, will conduct a hotel and boarding house, and he thinks he will be ready for business soon after Jan. 1st.

Elmwood Tent, K. O. T. M., initiated fifteen new candidates into their order at DeLo Hall Tuesday night. Deputy S. Iremus Commander Hall, of Pt. Huron, was master of ceremonies and drilled the degree to them in the work in the ritual, and they have sixteen applicants to initiate Saturday evening which will make something like fifty members taken in this month.

Can color carpet rugs brightest and best with Magie Dyes, which do not fade like most other dyes. 10c. of T. H. Fritz.

**Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.**  
All persons owing me on account, are requested to call and settle by cash or note at once. E. P. MARR.

**Announcement**  
The ladies of the G. A. R. will give a New Years' dinner at the G. A. R. rooms, Stearns Street, Jan. 1st, 1897. Dinner will be served from 12 m. to 3 p. m. The public is generally invited, the call is to all. The object is to assist the old veterans in paying for a grave lot to bury their dear, and to remove from the potter's field two of their old comrades and place them in said lot. A good dinner is guaranteed at the nominal price of 25c.  
12-17-2 By Order of Com.

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.

# ANNOUNCEMENT

## NEW STORE, NEW GOODS, UP-TO-DATE-PRICES.

M. A. FAIRWEATHER wishes to announce to the people of Cass City and surrounding territory that he has opened in the store formerly occupied by J. A. McDougall, in the Pinney Block, an entire new and complete stock of

### DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.

We are prepared to quote prices that are lower than were ever known of in the history of trade. Every department is full and overflowing with great bargains which you will find worthy of your inspection. We shall aim to make you not only once a custom but always a customer. Your child will receive the same courtsey at our establishment as yourself. Our methods of doing business are what will bring throngs of judicious buyers to our establishment. The successful business man of to-day is the man who has done a cash business. We mean to be successful, and have decided to do business for cash and farm produce only. Your presence is requested for inspection of our stock for which we will take great pleasure in showing you through and quoting you prices. Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, we remain,

Goods delivered in town.

## Wm. A. FAIRWEATHER.

### Cass City Markets.

CASS CITY, Dec. 24, 1896.

Wheat, No. 1 white.....	84
Wheat, No. 2 red.....	82
Corn, per bu.....	35
Corn Meal, per cwt.....	1 03
Boats, per bu new.....	15 to 18
Rye.....	30
Barley, per 100 lbs.....	50 to 55
Pears.....	25 to 30
Beans.....	45 to 50
Chickens—live, per lb.....	4 50 to 5 00
Potatoes per bu.....	15 to 20
Apples per bu.....	8 to 10
Eggs per doz.....	11 to 12
Butter.....	16
Hogs, dressed.....	4 00
Live Hogs, per cwt.....	3 00
Beef, live weight.....	2 50 to 3
Mutton—live weight, per lb.....	2 to 2 25
Lamb, live weight.....	2 to 2 25
Veal.....	3 to 4
Tallow, per lb.....	2 1/2
Turkeys—live, per lb.....	10 to 12
Chickens—dressed, per lb.....	4 to 5
Chickens—live, per lb.....	4 to 4 1/2
Dressed ducks.....	5 to 5 1/2
Hay, new.....	50 to 8 00
Wool, washed.....	14 to 18
Wool, unwashed.....	6 to 13

### MARKETS AT ROLLER MILLS.

White Lily Flour.....	\$ 2.60 cwt.
Crecent.....	\$ 2.10 cwt.
Graham Flour.....	2.00 "
Flour.....	1.50 "
Feed.....	.75 "
Meal.....	.50 "
Brill.....	.40 "
Midlings.....	.30 "
Blackwheat Flour.....	2.00 "

### 3-CENT COLUMN.

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

ABOUT thirty sheep wanted. Inquire at this office.

FOR SALE—Full stock of groceries and no-bottle goods for cash. Also store to rent in good locality. Good stand for man with small capital. Address or call on JAMES E. DANDO, 12-17, 1 mile east of Rescue, Mich.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE. Inquire on premises. MRS. Wm. MCKENZIE, Houghton Street.

MONEY to loan on Real Estate at reasonable rates. Apply at THE EXCHANGE BANK, 12-17.

OFFICE to rent under Cass City Bank, 10-8-11.

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

TAMARAC TIMBER—For sale by the acre Section 8, Novata, 12-24-2\* G. APLIN, Agr.

TO RENT—A part of the Edwards' livery barn. Apply at once to Dr. EDWARDS, 8-10.

WANTED TO RENT—A farm of 80 or 120 acres, 12-3 Nelson Bradley, Argyle.

WANTED—FAITHFUL MEN OR WOMEN to travel for responsible established house in Michigan. Salary \$75 and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago. 11-25-26

Pay Up.  
All Persons owing me are requested to settle up at once. J. H. STRIFFLER.

### Pine Root COUGH SYRUP.

CURES all Throat, Lung and Bronchial troubles of long or short duration. Hundreds cured after given up to die. Large bottles, 50c. Guaranteed. Sold by T. H. Fritz.

## PATENTS

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### CUTTERS AND SLEIGHS

Remember if you want to see the nicest

## Portland Cutter

in the market, at the lowest price, and the best general

## Bob Sleigh

for the money; just call at the West End Implement Store.

## W. J. Campbell,

Proprietor.

## THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

Monthly Illustrated

Edited by ALBERT SHAW

"If only one magazine can be taken, we would suggest the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, as covering more ground than any other magazine."—Board of Library Commissioners of New Hampshire, 1896.

THIS magazine is, in its contributed and departmental features, what its readers, who include the most noted names of the English-speaking world, are pleased to call "absolutely up to date," "thoroughly abreast of the times," "invaluable," and "indispensable." It is profusely illustrated with timely portraits, views, and cartoons. Its original articles are of immediate interest, by the best authorities on their respective subjects. The Editor's "Progress of the World" gives a clear, rightly proportioned view of the history of the human race during the current month. The "Leading Articles of the Month" present the important parts of the best magazine articles that have been written in every part of the world. The newest and most important books are carefully reviewed. Indexes, chronological records, and other departments complete the certainty that the reader of the Review of Reviews will miss nothing of great significance that is said or written or done throughout the world.

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## Lauderbach's

Up-to-date Confectionery Store.

Is the place to buy your XMAS GOODS.

### Extra Fine Confectionery, Box Candies,

NUTS OF ALL KINDS, PICKLES, CANNED GOODS, TOBACCOS, CIGARS AND PIPES, OYSTERS, ORANGES, LEMONS, ETC.

Everything Fresh and at "Live and Let Live" prices.

## J. C. LAUDERBACH.

## DID YOU CALL ON LEE?

Opposite the Town Hall for your

## Furniture and Undertaking.

He will save you money.

New line of Couches and Center Tables.  
Extension Tables, \$4 to \$15.

See our patent Extension Table.

Everything in our stock to compare with the hard times. Our stock of Millinery is complete. Call before purchasing. Mrs. Lee has secured the agency for the World's Fair Premium Taylor System.

Residence Over Store.

## F. C. LEE.

## WHY?

Yes, why do Bicyclists Become

## KEATING Enthusiasts?

They note the quick response as the pedal is touched, the smoothness of motion as they glide along, the perfect trueness of the frame under the hardest strains and then discover why we ask them to

### SEE THAT CURVE!

No Swaying Frames  
No Bindings of Bearings.

Keating Wheel Co.,  
Catalogue, Middletown, Ct.