

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XXII. NO. 1.

CASS CITY, MICH., AUGUST 21, 1902.

BY A. A. P. M'DOWELL

Farm Implements

From Hand Cultivators to Threshing Machines

Traver Implement Co.

Cass City, Michigan

McCormick Machinery

is going like hot cakes because everyone knows what it is.

VEHICLES OF ALL KINDS

Those built by the CARO BUGGY CO. are leaders. Come and see wheels in natural state.

Headquarters for the FARMERS' ECONOMY FENCE. Investigate before building. 'Twill save you \$ \$.

COME IN OUT OF THE WET!

If you have been looking for something to keep you dry, through this long rainy spell, Cheer Up! We have got just what you want.

Shingles! Shingles!

In all grades and prices, including the World's Renowned WASHINGTON RED CEDAR, the best in the market. You all want this and can afford it to. We bought our stock when the market was right and you can now get the benefit. We have five grades, ranging in price from \$1.00 to \$3.40 per thousand. We also carry in stock Wainig Asphalt Roofing, price \$1.75 to \$2.50 per 100 square feet. Backskin Building Paper. In fact a complete assortment of everything required in the building trade. Call on us or send in your bill for estimates before placing your order. Remember the place.

The Old Reliable Cass City Planing Mill....

Landon, Eno & Keating, Contractors and Builders.



LAING & JANES

Would announce to their numerous patrons that in

Dry Goods

our shelves are well filled with choice goods. NO TROUBLE TO SHOW THEM.

To close out certain lines we offer Bargains which you will do well to examine.

SHOES! SHOES!

We have a choice line of desirable goods in our REGULAR STOCK and offer CUT PRICES in many lines. Also have recently received a full LINE of SAMPLE SHOES offered at SPLENDID BARGAINS.

Our line of

Groceries

is complete with new and fresh goods. Goods delivered to all parts of the city.

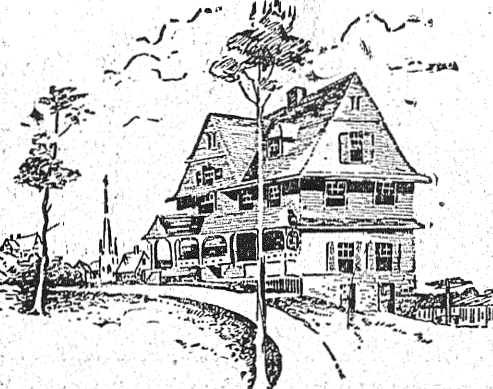
HOUSE BILLS

That is just where we shine—on house and barn bills. We can give you a closer set of figures on that house or barn you're going to put up, than anybody around here. More than that, we can give you a

Nicer, Drier Grade of Lumber

to boot. No matter for what purpose you need Lumber or Building Material, you will be serving your best interests by seeing us before buying. Estimates cheerfully furnished.

CASS CITY LUMBER & COAL CO.LIMITED.....



ALMOST SCALPED.

Mrs. Chas. Cook, of Evergreen, Seriously Injured.

WAGON WHEEL RAN OVER HER HEAD.

Was Assisting in Drawing in Loose Oats.

On Thursday afternoon of last week, Mrs. Chas. Cook met with a very serious accident, but it is hoped it will not prove fatal. It will be remembered that Mr. Cook was recently injured by lightning, but he has recovered sufficiently so that on Thursday he was assisting a neighbor to thresh. Mrs. Cook, being anxious to secure the oat crop, took the boys with her and began to haul in the loose oats. After getting on what load she thought would carry safely, she mounted it and started for the barn at a smart trot. Scarcely had she got started when the oats slipped forward underneath her and threw her directly in front of the wagon. It was impossible to even check the speed of the horses and a wheel struck Mrs. Cook on the head, passing over it, and making a gash from above the nose clear to the back of the head. Another cut ran over the eye, causing the eyelid to fall over, and there were other minor cuts and bruises. Pluckily, Mrs. Cook made her way to the house, about half a mile away, and Dr. J. H. Hays was summoned as quickly as possible. He found her head in a terrible condition, but hopes for a recovery, if no unexpected complication sets in. The skull was lacerated for several inches in width, but was not fractured, which was fortunate indeed.

STRUCK COAL VEIN

Bright Prospects for Mine Operations at Vassar.

VASSAR TIMES:—Some three weeks ago Nelson Spaulding who lives on the old Dewey farm south of town, started George Deam of Tuscola putting down a well. At a depth of 125 feet the men ceased to drill, although the water they had secured was not enough for Mr. Spaulding's needs and he saw no more of them until last Monday morning when they reappeared and resumed work.

During their absence a party from Saginaw called on Mr. Spaulding and tried to lease the farm but Mr. Spaulding declined to talk with him and he went away. Mr. Spaulding afterwards learned that he was a representative of the Saginaw Coal Co. and thinking perhaps the well diggers had struck coal he made an investigation and discovered that a vein of good coal has been struck and that it was a valuable one as it was between three and five feet in thickness as near as can be judged and was located directly under a layer of solid rock.

This finding brings to mind the prospecting for coal which was conducted here sometime ago and also that has been struck by many of the surrounding farmers as they were sinking their wells. It is not at all unlikely that some of our enterprising citizens will organize a company and commence mining operations.

Won't Pay The Bonus.

A temporary injunction has been issued by Judge Beach in pursuance of a bill in chancery, filed by Wm. A. Hearty, restraining the Caro village president, treasurer and trustees from paying a bonus to the Lacey Shoe company. The company was organized some months ago by local capitalists. At the time negotiations were pending the village council, by unanimous resolution, offered a bonus of \$6,000. Public sentiment was in accord with the offer and the first discordant note was heard when the injunction was issued. Hearty is a heavy taxpayer of the village and one of the largest land owners in the county. A big legal fight is anticipated.

Charged with Murder.

The examination of Albert Adams, charged with the murder of the Indian boy Henry, was held Monday before Justice Randall. The prosecution introduced one witness, Jim Henry the father of the dead boy. He told his story practically as he did the night after the shooting. He admitted buying fifty cents worth of alcohol at Sebe- waing the same day of the tragedy. At the close of Henry's testimony the defense allowed the examination to stand open until September 2, when Adams will be bound over to the Circuit court and the trial begun.

Tuscola Maccabee Pic-nic.

The Tuscola County Maccabee Association held its third annual picnic at Millington on Tuesday. The attendance was excellent, every tent in the county belonging to the association, being represented. Hon. Perry F. Powers, of Cadillac, delivered the leading address, on "Fraternalism." Miss Emma Bower, of the L. O. T. M., also gave an address. It was decided to hold the pic-nic next year at Cass City, and the following officers were chosen: Pres., A. D. Gillies, Cass City; vice-president, Mrs. Mary Smith, Caro; secretary, Miss Maty Spurgess, Cass City; treasurer, James McPherson, Tuscola; executive committee, Miss Edith Gunnell, Reese; Mrs. Justina DeLano and L. J. Hartman, Vassar.

The ball game in the morning between Otisville and Clio was won by Otisville by a score of 20 to 6. The game in the afternoon between Vassar and the home team was a hard fought battle, and resulted in Millington winning by a score of 5 to 3. The ball tournament continued on Wednesday but the report of the winnings is not to hand.

WELL PROTECTED.

Our Banks Protect Their Patrons against Robbery.

Since Bank robberies throughout the state are so frequent, both the Cass City Bank, and the Exchange Bank, of our village, have become members of the American Bankers Association, as a protection to themselves, and their depositors.

In case of an attempt at safe-breaking, this Association is notified at its nearest office, and immediately, upon receipt of telegram, they have their Pinkerton Detectives at work through the county and state, and invariably the burglars are brought to justice.

The Pinkerton National Detective Agency have offices in every city throughout the United States, and so effectual has been their work in catching Bank robbers, that very few Banks, who are members of this Association, are molested, the professional burglar knowing that if they attempt to rob a member of the Association, they are immediately run down by these detectives.

Both Banks also carry Burglary Insurance in the Fidelity and Casualty Co. of New York, which company also, in case of burglary, send out their Pinkerton detectives, so that a burglar stands little chance of escaping, when he attempts to rob either Bank, and of course the burglar keeps well posted as to the banks taking all the precautions.

Our community is to be congratulated upon having two such careful and conservative Banks, that take every precaution to guard the funds entrusted to their care.

Great Improvements.

That portion of Seagar Street north of Sanilac Street is rapidly becoming one of the finest residence sections of the town. The palatial residence of I. B. Auten with its splendidly kept grounds is most conspicuous at present, but the adjoining properties of Mrs. McLean and A. H. Ale and P. S. McGregory are soon to add beauty to the scene. The McLean-Ale realty is now being filled in and graded, preparatory to building, while Mr. McGregory has his basement already completed. On the opposite side of the street the residence of J. E. Seed is nearing completion and other property holders are making various improvements, so that by another year that section will be right at the front.

The Arm Broke.

The brick hoisting yard arm, on the smoke stack at the Croswell sugar factory broke Wednesday morning of last week falling 55 feet. Pat Colling, the hoisting engine driver, had his shoulder broken and his skull fractured. Fred Dodd, a laborer suffered a fractured skull. He will die. One stack man, name unknown, fell from the top of the chimney. His skull was fractured and his arm broken. His recovery is doubtful.

Durant merchants have organized and resolved to advertised in newspapers only. Heretofore, like some other merchants, they advertised in opera house programmes, fence corners, or any old scheme, but now they are after the trade and will advertise in newspapers only.

Village Tax Limit.

All village taxes must be paid into my hands on or before, Tuesday, Sept. 1st 8-11-2 M. L. Moore, Treas.

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Abstract of Sermon by Rev. F. Crane, People's Church, Chicago.

EDITOR ENTERPRISE:—Thinking that perhaps the readers of your paper would enjoy reading abstracts of some of the excellent sermons we are having here, I enclose an abstract of a sermon preached by Rev. Frank Crane, pastor of the People's Church, Chicago, in the University Tent, July 27th, from the text, Matt. 11:2, 3, 4. On Aug. 16th, Bishop Vincent preached, and I will try to prepare an abstract from his sermon for you. Sincerely, DAVID H. KYES.

John the Baptist was a remarkable man with reference to his clothes, looks, manners and diet. He was a red hot cannon ball shot from God to the consciences of the people. He was a prophet of the wilderness and could be moved neither by ambitious nor fears. He had lived so long on nothing that this world had no charms for him. He was a typical preacher. There are two classes of people that should preach the Gospel, those that are independently rich and those that are independently poor. When preachers preach for popularity and their pocket-books they greatly lessen their influence and the amount of good they might do. John had excellent evidence of the divinity of Jesus as no one else did. He saw the dove descend and was in close touch with Him in His spiritual life. But John was much like other men and was cast into prison. While there he began to think, "Am I a prophet or am I a fool? Am I divinely inspired or am I half cracked?" No great man who feels that he has a great message and who has been hurled back from the world in trying to deliver it, that does not at times doubt himself, his message and his God. John went to Christ with his troubles and perplexities. We generally go to books and theologians and get nothing but more trouble. When the disciples went to Christ they found Him healing the sick, opening the eyes of the blind and preaching the Gospel to the poor. Jesus wants to prove his discipleship and divinity. There is a parallel to this in the lives of the disciples of Christ today. Each one will try to do this. Jesus did not prove His discipleship by calling up heredity, although He might have done it in this way. Many times large and palatial churches are pointed to as a proof of religion. These are no proof of religion; on the contrary, when a sordid wish to do his blackest work he joins the church.

The Bible is the king of books, but the Bible is not the means by which people are saved. A person could talk the Bible until he is black in the face and until his tongue is worn to a stub and not convert a single soul. Bibliolatry is no better than Maryolatry. The Bible is a means to accomplish certain purposes, among these to fix, hold and establish our faith. A proof of discipleship against which agnosticism is speechless, is a Christly life. Jesus didn't perform a miracle to convince John. A miracle would convince no one to-day. This is not a day of miracles. If I saw a man pulling up trees by his word I would think it no miracle. I would simply think that I hadn't learned the way to do it. The necessity of extraordinary proof is the mark of a false religion. Jesus said, "Go and tell John the things ye have seen and heard. I was doing good with both hands." It isn't recorded what John said, but like any sensible person he was favorably convinced. To-day we try to convince people by quoting Scripture and logic. Men must be converted by samples. Sample Christians I mean, which are very scarce. A Christian who shows less jealousy, less meanness, less smallness, less refined and superfine devilry, would not be asked who he served.

The best evidence of the power of the Gospel is a transformed life. Many Christians when asked if religion removes worry and gives peace like a river, say, "Not exactly that, but I can prove it out of the Bible." A man wanted to hire a cook. He advertised and the cook came. Cook had a diploma from a Chicago cooking school. She started in and cooked all right; but her victuals couldn't be eaten. This one was discharged and another one came. The second one couldn't talk but could place delicious things on the table. Who cares what society, social circle or church you belong to? Is there a transforming power in your life? Then go ahead and preach the Gospel. Otherwise keep still. A man who works in the church and is not a

Christian, makes converts for the devil. Tarry ye at Jerusalem * * * then go and preach the Gospel.

Suppose a man in Chicago should try to find altruism exemplified, to find man turning his cheek. What is wanted to-day is not more wisdom and knowledge, but more of the genuine spirit of Jesus in dormitory, classroom, kitchen and street. Many people are mistaken about the power of the Gospel. They are beginning to ask is the church necessary? They say: schools and learning will save the country. Education never made a bad man good. I have a cheep knife. If I send it to the place where knives are sharpened it comes back sharp but the same knife. The power of Christ gives a man a better quality of life. Education will not do this. One tramp breaks through a window, steals some bread and is arrested for larceny. Another educated one who goes around the world in a private car and sets in his palace robs a million at a time. While the common harlot is not varnished, the harlot whose husband has a million is varnished. Are there any people in the houses of ill-fame that cannot be duplicated in the mansions?

One person says, I don't go to church on Sunday because it is the only day that I have to commune with Nature. Does Nature make a bad man good? The sea, sky and clouds awaken what a man has already in him. How about the sailor? What effect do the sea, sky and clouds have on him? Hardly anything except a predilection for grog and tobacco. Who live in the glades of Wisconsin? Men who hide behind trees waiting to put a knife into the back of the first person who comes along. Better have the inspiration that comes from one little Sunday school scholar than that from all of these. Christianity is not shown by going to church. Going to church is simply Christian recreation. Christianity is shown in the dining room, in trade, in play, in the kitchen. Christianity is the way you do things. Christianity is the spirit permeating your life through the weak that uplifts people. When we do things as though the Master sat by and approved, we are Christians.

WANTED—A TRUSTWORTHY GENTLEMAN or lady in each county to manage business for an established house of solid financial standing. A straight, bona fide weekly cash salary of \$18.00 paid by check each Wednesday with all expenses direct from headquarters. Money advanced for expenses. Manager, 340 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

PURE PARIS GREEN, BOND'S LONDON PURPLE, DRUG INSECT POWDER STORE.

at prices that are right.

AT A DISCOUNT

Gasoline Stoves, Scythes, Rakes, Etc.

We will close out above lines at a discount. Come early and avoid the rush.

J. B. COOTES

Hardware and Plumbing

Our Line of...

School Books, Tablets, Pencils, and all kinds of School Supplies

is now ready.....

FRITZ'S DRUG STORE.

RESCUED FROM BLINDNESS BY DR. ONEAL

E. H. Reynolds, of Chicago, Restored to Sight by Dr. Oren Oneal, without the Knife, by THE ONEAL DISSOLVENT METHOD. Similar Cases in This Vicinity.

A delightful picture is painted in the glowing tribute paid Dr. Oren Oneal, Chicago's gifted oculist, by Mr. E. H. Reynolds, 222 1/2 place, Chicago, who was cured of cataracts without the knife. It is another evidence of the wonderful efficacy of The Oneal Dissolvent Treatment. The strongest recommendation Dr. Oneal's Dissolvent Method can have is the fact that it positively never injures the eye.

Dr. Reynolds Saved From Blindness.

Mr. Reynolds had suffered for a number of years with cataracts of both eyes. For nearly two years he had been unable to see out of his left eye. He says: "I wish everyone who is afflicted with eye trouble might know of the marvelous cure Dr. Oneal has effected for me. He has restored me to sight after years of mental torture in the belief that there was no hope for me, but that I must live out my days in total blindness. Cataracts had been forming for years. I visited oculist after oculist with no result other than the information that I MUST WAIT TO GO BLIND, and then the eyes could be operated on. Dr. Oneal, when I finally heard of him and had him examine my eyes, didn't say anything like that. HE TOLD ME HE COULD CURE ME. That was five months ago, and to-day I can see to read—in fact, my eyes will soon be well. It's wonderful. Dr. Oneal may send any one to me and I will be delighted to tell them how he saved my eyes."

Many thousands of similar cures are indebted to The Oneal Dissolvent Method. Dr. Oneal is proud that he has never injured an eye, nor has he failed in a cure when any sight remained and his treatment was given a fair trial.

This is no more wonderful than the case of Andrew Tillman of Milwaukee, the history of whose cure is still fresh in the minds of Milwaukee people. Here is a letter written by Mr. Tillman, which verifies the statements made by Dr. Oneal: "Clarence Tillman, publisher of the Labor Exchange Advertiser of Chicago, and president of the Illinois Producers' Association, says: "Dr. Oneal straightened the eyes of my neighbor, Andrew Tillman of Milwaukee, in two minutes, without the use of knife, chloroform or bandage."

CROSS-EYES STRAIGHTENED—A new method—without the knife or pain. Over 5,000 cases successfully treated. Dr. Oneal will be glad to advise anyone who will call or write, free of charge, and he will also send his new valuable book on Eye Diseases, and many testimonials free. Address

OREN ONEAL, M. D. Suite 145, 52 Dearborn St. CHICAGO.



The seven-masted schooner has come, and since the six-master proved a success there seems to be no reason why this one should not succeed also, or why the number of masts should not be increased indefinitely in future vessels.

The cork forests of Spain cover an area of 620,000 square miles, and are reputed to bear the finest quality of cork known to the market. The barking process is first performed when the tree is old enough to stand the rough handling and at intervals of not less than three years afterward. Under this process a tree will continue to thrive and bear for upward of 150 years.

There is something intensely comical in the remark credited to a Moorish envoy to the British coronation ceremonies when departing from London for his home. "England," he said, "is a great country, but I am glad to be going back to civilization." In that man's mind the barbaric splendor of the semi-savage court of Morocco is the very acme of twentieth century enlightenment.

One of the rarest causes of suicide has been reported from London. A retired army officer was recently left a fortune of about \$2,500,000 by his brother. The responsibility of this great sum weighed upon him until he became despondent and imagined himself poor, and in a short time this frame of mind led to self-destruction. There have been frequent cases of men who, though desperately poor, imagined themselves rich and killed themselves when they learned their delusion, but this London suicide is a novelty.

As an illustration of King Edward's tactful and forceful way of administering a rebuke the following story, which is now going the rounds in London, is pertinent: The king was present at a recent reception where the guests were not all blue-blooded. One was a wealthy customer of international reputation. Approaching the king he remarked, somewhat airily: "The crowd is rather mixed this evening, Your Majesty, is it not?" The king replied with an amiable smile which debared all resentment for the lesson and rebuke: "Well, my dear sir, we cannot all be tailors, you know."

Smokeless gunpowder has increased the difficulties of offensive warfare, but if an invention claimed by a French artillery officer possesses any genuine merit these difficulties will be multiplied immeasurably. He professes to have discovered a means of abolishing the smoke, flash and report of rifles and cannon, even though black powder is used to charge the weapons, while the recoil is almost totally suppressed. Under such conditions it would be next to impossible to determine the position of a masked battery, and the attacking force would be completely at the mercy of the hidden foe.

According to the Philadelphia Record there has been a marked decline in the business of the produce exchanges throughout the country, due to the formation of trade combinations. Large corporations now deal directly between the producer and consumer. Railroads and elevator firms, for example, contract with the grain buyer in country districts to deliver grain at any point in this country or abroad. Meat, lard, oil and flour are now, in many cases, shipped in cars and boats owned by the corporations shipping them. Produce exchanges now deal only in grain, and it is evident that their day of profits and usefulness in the world's commerce has passed.

The Lancet, the well-known English medical weekly, has been inquiring into the question of the transmission of genius from father to son, and has found that the sons of great poets are generally dull dogs. However, as Harper's Weekly points out, many eminent English poets can never be accused of having "dull dogs" of sons, because they never had any sons at all. Cowley, Butler, Otway, Prior, Congreve, Gay, Phillips, Savage, Thomson, Collins, Shenstone, Akenside, Goldsmith, Gray, Johnson and Keats all died without leaving offspring, and Pope, Swift, Watts and Cowper were never married. Dryden's, Addison's and Parson's descendants did not pass into the second generation, and the descendants of Shakespeare and Milton became extinct in the second and third generations. Sir Walter Scott's baronetcy expired with his son.

HE GETS FIFTEEN YEARS



What was probably one of the greatest legal battles ever fought in the criminal courts of Michigan came to a close in Detroit Saturday afternoon when Frank C. Andrews, vice-president of the wrecked Detroit City Savings Bank and ex-police commissioner, was found guilty, by a jury of his peers, of willfully misapplying the funds of the bank. The jury reached an agreement in three hours.

As soon as the verdict had been announced and Recorder Alfred J. Murphy had thanked the jurors for their attention to the details of the trial, the faithful friend of Andrews, who had stuck to him from the first, rose to his feet and gave notice that it is the intention of Andrews' attorneys to appeal the case to the Supreme Court. He asked 60 days' time in which to file a bill of exceptions, which was granted.

Then Mr. Beaumont served notice on Judge Murphy that he would also ask for a stay of proceedings and request that the defendant be admitted to bail, pending the decision of the Supreme Court. Stay of proceedings may be granted when the judge has been satisfied that the attorneys are sincere in their intention of carrying the case to a higher court, but it is uncertain whether a convicted man may be admitted to bail before the Supreme Court renders a decision.

Monday morning Andrews' attorneys argued strongly that Andrews be admitted to bail. The defendant was not present during these proceedings. The judge denied the motion for bail and the prisoner was brought over from the county jail.

An appearing in court Andrews was taken into the judge's private office for a conference with Judge Murphy. An exception to the ruling denying bail was taken by the defendant's attorneys.

The funeral of the late Senator James McMillan was held at the family residence Friday afternoon. It was an impressive scene which presented itself, when Rev. A. H. Barr, D. D., the dead senator's pastor, stepped out upon the landing of the broad stairway and spoke the first words of the simple Presbyterian funeral service. The house was crowded. Somber mourning colors blended in contrast with the beautiful coloring of many floral offerings.

The silence of the form within the casket was not more intense than the silence which reigned throughout the large house when the first soft strains of Handel's "Largo" were heard from a sheltered nook in the corner between the stairway and the entrance to the library. An orchestra of five pieces, selected and led by Prof. Schrenser, was in the corner behind a screen of palms.

torneys, who will go to Lansing, it was announced, to apply to the Supreme Court for a writ of error on this point. It was 12:32 when the conference with the judge ended and Andrews reentered the court room. Judge Murphy, in sentencing Andrews, did not spare the convicted man. In the course of his remarks he said:

"The first consideration that arises is, what is the character of the offense of which you now stand convicted. The crime involves in my mind a greater degree of moral turpitude than does the crime of larceny. For this offense means that there has been, first, a betrayal of trust; next, a violation of one's oath in office; and, third, what results in larceny, a deprivation of another's money. So that, in effect, the offense here is a larceny, coupled with a breach of confidence and trust, and a violation of the obligation of one's oath."

"In effect, this transaction is an aggregation of larcenies, for, while this money was taken from the bank only, it had been placed there by some six or seven thousand different people of this city, and, while directly taken from the bank, in effect it was taken from them."

"Considering, then, all the elements which should be controlling in the passing of this sentence; weighing it as carefully as I have been able to do, and giving it my best thought; with the thought of doing only for you that which the ends of justice require, the sentence of this court is that you be confined at hard labor in the state's prison at Jackson for the period of 15 years." The age of the respondent is 31.

There was absolutely no outward manifestation of feeling on the part of the prisoner. The remarkable self-possession which has been so characteristic of him during the long trial did not desert him. He turned his head slightly now and then as if to be sure of catching every word from the lips of the judge, who spoke in a very low tone of voice.

The sheriff announces that he will take the prisoner to Jackson as soon as the commitment papers are prepared.

THE McMILLAN FUNERAL

STATE NEWS CONDENSED.

Guy Sims, aged 17, and Alva Sweezy, aged 16, are in jail charged with stealing a horse and buggy near Addison.

Roy E. Moon, son of the late Congressman Moon, tumbled down stairs at the pavilion at Lake Michigan park and may die.

The reunion of the Eleventh Michigan Infantry will be held at Constantine on Tuesday and Wednesday, August 26 and 27.

Postal receipts at Detroit aggregated \$77,312 in July, against \$63,142 in July, 1901, an increase of \$14,170, or 22.4 per cent.

James Mitchell, aged 28, was killed at Merrill, Saginaw county, by falling under the wheels of a freight car. He leaves a wife and child.

The state troops in camp in Manistee are well quartered and fed, but the weather is too much like that of the north here to suit the boys.

Testimony in the inquest into the cause of the boiler explosion at the Adrian laundry, went to show that low water caused the disaster.

Reports from different sections of Mecosta county place the yield of wheat at from 30 to 52 bushels to the acre—a record breaker for that section.

A tree that Wesley Covey, of Honor, was chopping down split and a piece of it tore the flesh from Covey, from the groin to the knee, breaking both his legs.

Henry Malcho, of Stockbridge, who was severely injured three weeks ago by a cow he was leading, is dead. His neck was hurt to an extent that produced paralysis.

Menominee has over 100 miles of good macadamized roads, built at an average cost of \$1,200 per mile. The county now owns \$12,400 worth of roadmaking machinery.

There were 3,347 deaths returned to the department of state for the month of July, or 113 more than the number recorded in June. The death rate was 11.3 per 1,000 population.

Trainer Lawrence, of the Bostock Midway show giving a street fair in Flint, was attacked by the lioness in her cage, and his clothing and arm torn before he could escape.

Rosa Aderholtz, aged 17, is at the county jail in Port Huron staying with Sheriff Mahnes, and an officer is on his way to Casso township with a warrant for her arrest, charging her with betraying her trust.

The Grand Rapids school census is a disappointment to the board of education, the totals showing a decrease of 120 children of school age. The census of 1901 showed 27,465 children, as against 27,345 this year.

Ernest Knibb, of Columbusville, went suddenly insane and was brought and locked up for safe-keeping. Knibb has an idea that he must take his own life by drowning. His health is thought to have made him desperate.

A most interested and constant visitor to the wheelmen who will make daily rides down the steep incline during carnival week in Coldwater is Christopher Coffman, 96 years of age.

A few loads of new wheat have been marketed in Big Rapids. Sixty-five cents the price paid. All brought to town has been more or less grown, and the belief is that the entire crop is more or less damaged.

William McGraw, alias Mikey Donnan, the man who attempted to shoot Detroit Mayor C. Burroughs of the Michigan Central in the yards in Ann Arbor three months ago, has been sentenced to 90 days in the Detroit house of correction.

Because their membership fell short of requirements, the Knights and Ladies of the World, a fraternal beneficiary society, have organized in 1892 a new organization in the anthracite region which has ceased to exist, the commissioner of insurance having refused to renew its certificate of authority.

Both because of the scarcity of help and as a matter of economy, the employment of women as farm hands has become general in Calumet and vicinity. Between 200 and 300 young Finnish women are thus engaged. They work for smaller wages than men demand and have experience gained in the mother country.

The examination of Charles H. Crossman, of Paw Paw, the man who shot Jerome C. Lewis because of Mrs. Crossman, took place Wednesday. Crossman was held to the circuit court in the sum of \$5,000. In default of bail the magistrate committed him to jail. There is a good deal of public sympathy for him.

John Malvery, aged 40 years and for the last 20 years foreman at the East pier plant, south of Grand Rapids, was found dead in the basement of the plant Wednesday morning with his head crushed to a pulp. No one saw the accident, but it is supposed that he was crushed by a first moving belt and hurled to the floor.

Reports at operators' headquarters indicate that all the Saginaw mines were reopened for work Monday morning, and that in many cases more men have applied than are needed—in some a greater number than were formerly employed. It will be a week or ten days before the mines will be in shape for full production.

Lance Harwood, an 8-year-old boy from Big Rapids, Mich., has returned to Swift & Co., of Chicago, a package containing \$39,900 of negotiable securities, which had been lost at the stock yards by a messenger boy employed by the firm. Young Harwood found the package while sightseeing at the stock yards. He received a reward of \$25.

Outside car loading companies object to the efforts of the board of state tax commissioners to tax their property in this state, claiming the law is void on the ground that it interferes with interstate commerce. The matter was referred to the attorney-general, who gave an opinion to the effect that the law is constitutional and can be enforced.

Kalamazoo city council voted to prefer charges against Chief of Police Burr Greenfield. He will be charged with malfeasance in office. Greenfield had been requested to resign but refused. The vote to prefer charges was unanimous.

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD

EXTRA SESSION.

The President to Call the Senate Together in November. Address received here indicate that President Roosevelt will call the senate in extraordinary session early in November.

Ever since it became evident that nothing would be accomplished as to reciprocity with Cuba at the recent session, of congress rumors of a more or less definite nature have been in circulation that the president would call an extra-session either of the senate or of congress to enact Cuban reciprocity legislation or of the senate to ratify if possible a reciprocal treaty with Cuba.

During the past week it has been stated that it was the purpose of President Roosevelt to call a special session of the senate as early as September. It can be stated by authority that he has no such intention. His time and that of many of the members of the senate of both political parties will be completely occupied during September and October.

It is understood to be the belief of the president that a session of the senate held for the purpose of ratifying a reciprocity treaty with Cuba would be much more likely to be fruitful of results if it is held after the November elections than if it is held before.

It is assumed that the question of the relations of the United States with Cuba will enter largely into the approaching campaign, and it is stated that the president feels the Democrats will be less likely to offer serious opposition to a reciprocity treaty than they would before that time. A treaty with Cuba practically has been prepared. It requires only the finishing touches at the signatures of Minister Quesada and Secretary of State Hay to make it ready for presentation to the senate.

The Work of Democrats. An address by Robert E. Pattison, former governor of Pennsylvania, and present candidate for the same office upon the Democratic ticket, has been made by persons whose identity is yet concealed. A package containing several pounds of gunpowder in a form was sent to Mr. Pattison, but by a chance, the powder was not ignited.

The receipt of the explosive by Mr. Pattison fitted so naturally into the chain of events with which he is connected that the design of the person who forwarded the parcel to Mr. Pattison fortunately miscarried. When the powder was inspected by Mr. Pattison it was assumed by him that the stuff was a sample of a new form of fuel that is about to be placed on the market by a company of which he is the attorney.

A Bad Society. A special from Shenandoah, Pa., says: That the riots of July 30 and the outbreaks of violence that are of daily occurrence throughout the entire anthracite region are the work of a secret organization whose purposes are entirely anarchistic is becoming more and more evident.

It is even admitted here by the better element of the foreign population that a secret organization exists among the people of this region. It is believed that the secret organization is a Lithuanian organization which has styled the Lithuanian Society of Science.

Waterloo's Loss. It is estimated by conservative citizens that the city of Waterloo, Iowa, has suffered a loss of \$75,000 to \$100,000 in property destroyed by floods. There are those who put the figures much higher. The floods have come three times this year since the 1st of June, and each time have swept in relentless force over a large territory covered by business houses and residences, and have ruined costly stocks of goods and devastated homes of their furniture, besides making them uninhabitable until thoroughly renovated.

Bishop and President. Bishop O'Gorman, of Sioux Falls, S. D., on Saturday presented to President Roosevelt an autograph letter from Pope Leo, together with a beautiful mosaic picture of the Vatican gardens. The letter is in French and expresses the pope's good wishes, "especially at the moment when the negotiations between the United States and the Holy See result for both sides, have come to strengthen the excellent understanding between the church and the United States authorities."

Undertaker Went Crazy. John Gerard, one of the wealthiest young men of Bowling Green, Ky., was taken to the Western Kentucky asylum for the insane. Gerard is an undertaker. Thirty-six funerals in 31 days proved too much for him and his mind gave way. His family endeavored to have him taken to a sanitarium, but Gerard refused to go so he was charged with lunacy and committed to the asylum. Gerard's trouble is attributed to excessive work he being compelled to be up night and day almost constantly for the last month.

His Gone Mad. Homer Seckford, who, it is charged shot at Mrs. Susan Fleck, a widow with whom he was madly infatuated, and killed Mrs. William Gebauer, of Springfield, became violently insane. Seckford is now confined in a padded cell. He is clad only in his underclothing and spends his time in lying on the floor, face downward.

The steamship City of Vienna has sailed from Hamilton, Bermuda, for Cape Town with the second batch of Boer prisoners numbering 1,000 on board.

The English Navy.

King Edward completed the programme of the coronation festivities Saturday by reviewing the fleet for the first time since his accession. From a spectacular point of view the assemblage of a hundred and odd war vessels in the roadstead off Spithead was a magnificent show, but to those looking beneath the brilliant veneer of paint and polish, it was evident that the fighting strength of the fleet was by no means formidable. The lines of ships were thickly dotted with ineffectives.

William Laird Clowes, the naval critic and historical writer, who is unmistakably an authority on comparative naval statistics, and who cannot be classed as an alarmist, writes that while there are a dozen very efficient battleships of Spithead and a few cruisers, all comparing favorably with those of the best foreign construction, the bulk of the great fleet is merely an "exhibition of flags, paint and gilding," and the majority might well be built of cardboard, as they are mere "dummy" tonnage to fight and too slow to run away.

Schwab Gives Up. President Charles M. Schwab, of the United States Steel Corporation, has accepted the advice of physicians and decided to retire indefinitely from active business life. He will leave America to seek some quiet nook in a foreign clime, where not an echo of the strenuous life he has led can reach him. This information is authentic.

Dr. Golden never leaves the Schwab home and the exact nature of his patient's illness cannot be learned through him. Mr. Schwab is not confined to his bed, but spends much of his time on the wide veranda which affords fresh air and a sweeping view of the mountain slope. He is always with his wife or his parents.

The strange power of Mr. Schwab's illness is that he is always within view of those who call at his house, yet he will not allow any person to approach him. Heretofore the visitor to the Schwab home was greeted with a hearty welcome and a vigorous handshake. Now the visitor is met at the entrance and told that Mr. Schwab cannot be seen.

Slept Three Months. D. C. Leavitt, of Kansas City, who slept for three months and who was recently awakened, is greeting friends upon the streets in a cheerful manner, and looks well. He does not intend to resume his work as a traveling salesman until the middle of September, but he looks heartier now than many men who are perfectly well.

The case of Mr. Leavitt has attracted attention all over the country. In a way his pitiable condition for three months after April 26, was that of persons who were thought to be dead, but who really heard and knew what was going on, and understood the torture of being prepared for the grave while still alive.

The final theory that the principal vein in the back of the neck had undergone a stricture, producing possible congestion of blood in the head seems to explain the condition of sleep. As soon as he came out of the state of catatony his mind was clear.

Donald Williams, who for his wife, whose wan and worn face showed plainly the weary vigils she had kept. Tears sprang into Mr. Leavitt's eyes, and he said: "Deary, now you must rest."

Murdered His Benefactors. The nude body of Mrs. Jesse Timan was found in a small pearl fisher's cabin in the woods near Muscatine, Ia. Not 100 yards away lay her husband with his head crushed, and evidences all about showed that a terrific struggle had taken place.

Donald Williams, who came to the Timans' cabin destitute and with a pathetic hard luck story three weeks ago, is suspected of the double murder for the purpose of robbery. Williams has disappeared. He knew that the couple had but recently received a sum of money from the sale of pearls and shells, and that they had saved a snug sum for a trip to Nebraska. The money cannot be found.

They Are Celebrities. Pollockman William Shuman of Philadelphia, has located his wife, who disappeared from her home two weeks ago. She was found at the Living Waters mission.

Those at the mission, there being an equal representation of both sexes, have embraced a creed the basic principle of which is equality. The devotees hold that by renouncing marriage and its obligations they not only insure personal salvation, but by their sacrifice redeem and reclaim all who are connected with them by ties of consanguinity.

A young woman known as Miss Pauline is credited with having discovered the new faith, it having come in the form of a "revelation" following a severe illness.

A gasoline explosion in a Chinese laundry at Pittsburg caused a fire in which two persons were burned and fatally, and three houses were destroyed.

A recent Prussian army order has been issued that hams must be bought of domestic slaughterhouses.

Rev. Dr. M. M. Sweeney, pastor of the Bellevue Methodist Episcopal church, Bellevue, Pa., committed suicide by cutting his wrists.

Chas. Conklin, 22, and Ben Wilson, 15, were arrested in Cheboygan, charged with stealing \$450 from the former's father. The suspects were living high.

The British Medical Journal makes the announcement that it is authorized to say there is no truth whatever in the recent rumors that King Edward will undergo a second operation.

In Somewhat of a Hurry.

Harry Furness tells of a testy but popular Scotch lecturer who, on a tour of the Lowlands, met with a chairman so impressed with the importance of his office that, in introducing the visitor, he actually talked to the audience for an hour. The gathering, a large one, bore it all patiently. This was the chairman's peroration:

"It is unnecessary for me to say more; so, I call upon the distinguished gentleman who has come so far to give us his address to-night." The gentleman who had come so far arose, stepped forward, bowed, pulled out and looked at his watch, and then said:

"You want my address. It is 322 Rob Roy Crescent, Edinburgh. A letter will find me there. Good night!" Saying which he left the stage and the hall before anybody could interpose.—Philadelphia Times.

Lightning Kills Three. Brownsville, Tenn., dispatch: Jephthah Rhodes, William Kircus and James Smith of Haywood were killed instantly by lightning. They had taken refuge from the rain under a tree.

Couldn't Live Without Them. New York City, Aug. 18th.—Mr. Charles Back, 64 Rue de la Victorie, Paris, France, relates the most interesting experience:

"Ever since I was about three years of age I have suffered severely with Kidney Disease.

"Last year I spent some time at the baths at Carlsbad (Bohemia), but I came back after five weeks' treatment with a severe pain still in my Kidneys.

"My doctors in Paris and Hamburg could do nothing for me.

"I was obliged to start from Paris to Montreal, Canada, and when I arrived in the Canadian city I was half dead.

"I read an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills in a newspaper there and began to use this remedy and after two days' treatment I felt that my pains were leaving me and in a week I had no pains at all.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are the most wonderful remedy in the world. I keep them always with me for I believe I could not live without them."

If you go to church without praying for the preacher, the devil will be very apt to walk home with you.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out of this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give one Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

J. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best. In the parrot's beak both mandibles are movable—a peculiarity unknown in other species of birds.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after. Use Red Cross Ball Elix and make them disappear. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KANE, Ltd., 101 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Why do they stream run dry when everybody knows that they run wet when they do run?

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

It may be that the woman who gave the two miles never had very much to say for the church.

ARE YOUR CLOTHES FADED? Use Red Cross Ball Elix and make them white again. Large 3 oz. package, 5 cents.

Time and tide wait for no man, but if they did some men would get there late all the same.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Keeping right with God is the surest way ever yet discovered of keeping bread in the house.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBERTS, Maple Street, Norwich, N.-Y., Feb. 17, 1904.

Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL CURES CUTS AND WOUNDS. ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

Are You a Government Inspector? Perfectly packed to you Fresh, Dainty and Deliciously Flavored. Put in convenient sized LIBBY'S NATURAL FLAVOR FOODS. LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY, CHICAGO. The World's Greatest Caterers. Our new edition of "HOW TO MAKE GOOD TARTS TO EAT" sent free for the asking.

PISO'S CUR FOR GUINS WHILE ALL ELSE FAILS. Cures Cough, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Hay Fever, etc. Sold by Druggists. CONSUMPTION.

Religious Notes

A HYMN OF TRUST.

God of the Spring-time's early bloom,
God of the Summer's glow;
God of the Autumn's tender gloom,
God of the Winter's snow,
God of the dew-drop and the flower,
God of the starry host;
We praise thy gentleness and power,
And of thy goodness boast.

God of the violet in the dell,
God of the rose of June;
God of the ocean's mighty swell,
God of the rolling moon,
God of the sunshine and the storm,
God of each bird that sings;
Thou keepest Thy creation warm
Beneath Thy brooding wings.

Monarchs whose splendor awes the world
Do not appear so fair
As lilies of the field, unfurled
In beauty through Thy care.
All lovely things from Thee proceed,
All wondrous things are Thine;
And man's worn spirit in its need,
May lean on love Divine.

No sparrow falls unmarked by Thee,
And the migrating bird
Wings his lone way across the sea.
Obedient to Thy word,
Why, then, should haunting fears oppress
Souls in thine image made
Shelter'd by Thy great tenderness,
How can they be dismayed?
—Rev. Dr. R. P. Barnes.

Christianity and Business.

It is a common occurrence to hear men who profess to be sincere Christians protest that it is necessary to yield to a certain extent in matters of religious principles in order to compete with the non-Christian business man who may be their next-door rival; yet the most successful merchants, manufacturers, bankers, and so on through the list are frequently men who never compromise in such matters for the sake of a fancied gain.

The old cry that it is necessary to do certain things in a business way that is not compatible with the religion of Christ has repeatedly been proven untrue. Not only is this so, but men who do not profess Christianity have of late come to perceive that business methods that conform to the professions made on Sunday are more profitable in the end. The more important element in every line of industry is now proclaiming that scrupulous honesty, civility and the performance of the golden rule are the best mottoes for a successful business enterprise.

Experience has shown that the man who brings into the busy life of the six week days the same spirit that dominates his actions on the Sabbath will, in the end, secure the confidence

of the people, and with that confidence he will surely pass his less scrupulous and irreligious competitors. Thus not only does every law of Christianity command the Christian business man to uphold the practice of his faith in business life, but the world has now been compelled to admit that this very faith forms his best commercial asset when the faith is kept sincerely and without relaxance.

And the explanation of this is very simple. A Christian who is more than a whitened sepulchre is bound to industry, patience, forbearance and honest dealing. Thus it can easily be seen that the Christian virtues are the same as those selected by non-believers as choice business maxims. It is written, "Seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall not stand before mean men." No, it is the boast of the Christian church that not only business but the entire structure of the foremost civilization on the globe has been created under her fostering care. The Christian in business is a factor that is equally important with the Christian in church or in the privacy of his closet.—Baltimore Herald.

God fights our foes without if we fight those within.

Life Attained.

Life! oh, how we want it! There is not a man or woman or child that does not want it. Life! Where is it? Death is everywhere. The air is choked with farewells to the dying. But I want life. O Time! Ruthless, relentless; never bought off; never made to stop in the turning of his busy wheels; old Time rides everywhere, passing away; it is on your home to-day; it is on the faces of your friends; the silvered hair and the furrowed brow and the wrinkled cheek—all are the hieroglyphs which tell the same story; dying while we live. Oh, how I want life! I long for life!

Listen: "Strive to enter in through the narrow door, for narrow is the door that leadeth unto life." There it is. Pass through that door and you come to the vantage ground whence you

look upon the perishing, passing things of to-day with perfect sense of victory over decay. Tell me I am dying, and I tell you you have not yet begun to understand the secret of Christian life. I am not dying; I am living. "Ah, but the marks of decay are on you." I know they are on me, but presently through the veil of this flesh shall flash forth the Blessed Life. Presently I shall fall on sleep, the day's work done—may God grant it be well done—the toil over; and then to sleep in the poor earth, waking into the likeness of the Master.

Life; blessed life, broad life, beautiful life. Whence came it? He, the thorn crowned, brought it out of the deep, dense darkness of death. Can I have it? Yes. How? Strive to enter in.—Rev. G. Campbell Morgan.

The Highest Happiness.

If success in life means all sunshine, then failure is the lot of everybody. But there is something higher than pleasure and pain, than sunshine and storm, to which these are only incidental, and that is doing God's will. That is supreme. That touches everything in life and makes the best of it and in making the best of things makes the best of us. That is what we are for, to glorify God—to make Him glorious in the doing of His will in every relation of life.

"Life," says De Tocqueville, "is not pleasure nor pain, but an earnest business with which we are entrusted,

which we are to carry on and carry out with honor." "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O my God," is an utterance of the soul that gives life at once the highest unity and consistency, power and joy, peace and fruitfulness. The smallest task feels its dignity, the noblest calling becomes the more ennobling. The trying and disagreeable and wearisome things are seen in a new light and borne with a high hope. It is like work on a splendid building. Digging and carting, cutting and trimming, stone and mortar and scaffolding, all belong to a great purpose and push its fulfillment.

Danger of Attractive Sin.

Sin as a caterpillar is bad enough, but sin as a butterfly is a thousand times worse. On every wing there is a picture as varied as the rainbow; every wing iridescent with different lights that shift and change. The poet calls the butterfly "a flying and flashing gem," "a flower of paradise, gifted with the magic power of light." But the butterfly is only a caterpillar beautified with wings. It is only a painted worm decked in a velvet suit and adorned with sparkling gems. If sin in its grossest form be thus dangerous, what

must be the unmeasured power of sin when it puts on the robes of beauty. Let me remind you of the power of sin to make itself attractive, and of the power of error to deck itself in robes which resemble the robes of truth, so that even the very elect of God are in danger of being deceived. For example: "Sin beautifies by assuming and wearing the wings of wit," as immorality and lust in some of our best literature; the wings of fashion, the wings of art, the wings of attractive and pleasing names.—David Gregg.

Won by The Lord's Prayer.

The following striking example of the power of Christ's words over a poor, degraded people is related by Mr. Hay in his "Western Barbary." He says:

"I remember on one occasion traveling in the country with a companion who possessed some knowledge of medicine; we had arrived at a door near which we were to pitch our tents, when a crowd of Arabs surrounded us, cursing and swearing at the 'rebbers against God.' My friend, who spoke a little Arabic, turning around to an elderly person, whose garb bespoke him a priest, said: 'Who taught you that we were disbelievers? Hear my daily prayer and judge for yourselves.' He then repeated the Lord's Prayer. All stood amazed and silent, till the priest exclaimed: 'May God curse me if I ever curse again those who hold such belief! Nay, more, that prayer shall be my prayer till my hour be come. I pray thee, O Nazarene, repeat the prayer, that it may be remembered and written among us in letters of gold.'

God Sees Us As We Are.

We are what God knows us to be. We are not what we think ourselves to be. We are not what others deem us. Some count us better than we are. Some think we are worse than we are. Our own estimate of our real selves is likely to be above or below the right measure. But God is never deceived. He sees us as we are; he knows us as we are. And God loves us as no human being can love us, and as we cannot love ourselves. Let

us trust ourselves confidently to God, and let us humbly and earnestly ask God to bring us to see our need and our lack and our possibilities as they are in His sight, and to guide and enable us to be what He would have us be. We need God, and we can have God, always and in all things. Let us be ever mindful of this.

The more personal you make your preaching the plainer it will be.

Ballad of the Plymouth Washing.

When Captain Standish of Plymouth town
(Able and strong while the weak went down),
With six good men left sound and well,
Labored for all, strange things befell!
Half of the folk were under the snow;
Famine and fever had laid them low;
And the sick, too feeble for work or care,
Were a burden the seven men must bear.

Guardians, nurses, and serving-men,
They showed the stuff they were made of then!
Nothing too lowly they found to do,
Nor shirked to try when little they knew.

They cooked, they cleaned, and their rough hands tried,
The tasks the women's had thrown aside.
They soothed and tended as best they might;
They mothered the orphaned babes at night.

They gathered the garments foul, forgot,
And linen stripped from the fever-hot,
And sturdily, as a foe at bay,
The tollsome terrors of washing-day!

Brows bent sternly and anxious eye,
Weapon unsung and sleeves rolled high,
Brawny back bent over the tub,
Great hands awkward to wring and rub,

And lean, strong arms in the sudsy snow
Tossing the linen to and fro—
Strange to the peering sick folk's eyes
Captain Standish in such a guise!

Bold Miles Standish, grim at your tub,
Down through the years we see you rub,
And the water that whitens the web you hold
Brightens your name till it shines like gold.

Clear and clean o' the pride of war!
Was fame e'er won at the wash before?

Never a care for praise or blame,
Never a thought of mock or shame,
Soldier and captain, brave o' the brave,
Drudging, ungrudging, to serve and save!

—Ethel Parton in St. Nicholas.

Grubbing Out Sassafras

Farmers Bulletin 150: Sassafras is found most frequently in bush form. While it is occasionally observed growing to large size amid other forest trees, its favorite location is in old fields. Its chosen companions are hen grass, briars and scrub pines. The growth for the first and second years is most vigorous; after that age, very stunted. The sassafras possesses a very singular root system. The roots strike perpendicularly into the ground for approximately 8 to 16 inches, then turn at right angles, rarely both ways, and pursue a horizontal course for about the same distance, when they split into numerous laterals. Another and unfortunate peculiarity of the sassafras is the rapidity with which it reproduces itself. In this respect it resembles asparagus. Indeed, after one has grubbed out this bush several times and observed how quickly and how numerously it reappears, he is forcibly reminded of the saying as to flies—'for every one killed seven will return.'

The usual custom of grubbing sassafras off several inches underground serves only as a temporary expedient. While it will permit the plow to pass unmolested the first year, the next season and each succeeding one the mattock will have to precede the plow. Constant and careful plowing and cultivation, if maintained for several years, will gradually exterminate this bush, but due regard for the condition of the soil will usually not permit such treatment. The improvement of the soil also tends to subdue the sassafras. Rich land does not seem to be congenial to it. It thrives best upon poor lands that are left idle at intervals.

The most satisfactory method of dealing with sassafras, if it is large enough, is to pull it out root and branch. Any clamp device, adjusted to a strong handle five or six feet long and in such manner as to give strong leverage, will answer. There are such implements upon the market. They are most serviceable, not only in clearing sassafras, but for all other kinds of small bushes. This device can be used only on bushes of medium size. If too small, the bush will break, and if too large the clamp cannot take hold, or the man power at the other end will not be sufficient. The sassafras may be exterminated by one grubbing if the root is followed and cut beyond where it makes the turn or angle, but this method is laborious.

The Home Market

While the American farmer, with his diversified soil and climate, his modern methods and machinery, is in a better position to feed the rest of the world in which producers are less outlightened or where conditions are

less favorable, he should never forget that his best market is his home market, and that no other country on the globe has a home market which, in consumptive capacity, can be compared with our own. The foreign trade is desirable as an outlet for our surplus, but the home trade will yield the larger profit.

In comparing the United States with other countries we should not lose sight of the fact that, unlike Europe or the far East, we have no strictly peasant class, viz., laborers who own no property, who have no education, and, seemingly, but little intelligence or ambition, who are content to work like driven cattle for a few cents a day and to live in poor huts and dine on black bread, soup and onions the year around, with never a taste of wheat, fruit or meat, and who clothe themselves after a simple cheap style inherited from remote generations. Such people, who possess at best only the bare necessities, are not the buyers to which American farmers are catering. The peasants who seek our shores do not remain peasants. They become land owners and under the influence of a stimulating environment educate themselves and their children and soon begin to live like their neighbors. In other words, they become the sort of consumers that are necessary to the welfare of a great country and they in turn share the prosperity enjoyed by the producers who have this magnificent home market to depend upon. The well-to-do American farmer may not handle as much cash as his city cousin of equal fortune, but he lives better. He has more comfort—more luxuries for his table, and secures a larger competence for his old age.

The rapid development of American resources and settlement of unoccupied lands is all promoting the interests of the producer because it is increasing the home market. Eastern farmers have been disposed to look upon western farmers as rivals, but such will not be their relations in the final adjustment. No section of a big country like ours is certain to produce average crops every year, and a shortage anywhere at once creates a market for the products of other states. As for the foreign trade, there is no reason why the American farmer should not command the best of it. If he will but live up to his knowledge and opportunities, no other farmer can compete with him either in cheapness or quality of product.

Limburger Cheese.

Some time ago we treated our readers to a humorous description of Roquefort cheese by Mr. Bliss and now we find that Mr. John C. Wright is trying to go Mr. Bliss one better as follows:

"It is said," remarks an exchange, "that a small piece of Limburger cheese placed in a cupboard will drive away ants." "Not a bit of doubt in it!" shouts Editor John C. Wright of Harbor Springs, Mich. "It will drive a spiky through a brick wall and a balky mule through a barbed wire fence. A small chunk of this cheese properly warmed up in a crowded church will dismiss the congregation quicker than a fire. It will stampede a whole herd of cattle and it will drive a hungry tramp from a feast of fried onions and garlic; it will scare a chicken thief from a hen roost and make a polecat appear as attar of roses in comparison. Yes, sir, there is no doubt of it. Limburger cheese will drive away your 'ants,' your uncles and your cousins, as well as your mother-in-law or any other pest."—New York Produce Review.

Clover and Corn for Hogs.

The man that raises hogs should also raise both clover and corn if it be possible for him to do so. To the farmers in the corn belt the advice to raise corn is superfluous, as they do that by instinct. But they do need the advice to grow clover. The hogs grown in the corn belt need clover more than the hogs grown in any other part of the country, for the reason that they are overfed with corn almost without exception. Clover is a good balancer for corn. There is only one plant that would do better and that is alfalfa, but as this plant is not easily grown in this part of the country it is almost out of the question. Clover and corn are the great balancers in the prairie states. A man that has hogs and a field of clover can find no better use for his clover than using it for a pasture for his growing swine. When the fattening period comes, the clover is no longer of much value. That is when the corn comes in in its proper place. The time when the hogs are making bone and flesh is when the clover is at its best for pasturage.

Educational Hints from Saxony.

We Americans think we are very progressive in the matter of public education, but we can learn something from even the slow nations. The United States consul in Saxony reports that Saxony is leading the world in commercial schools, and that commercial and technical education are flourishing. The common schools are on a solid basis, and the salaries are fixed and graduated. Moreover the teachers are pensioned after twenty five years of service. In addition to what the government is doing, the merchant unions are annually contributing large sums to the support of the technical and commercial schools. In some cases the students attend school half the time and work as apprentices in business houses the other half, thus combining theory with practice.

Many a married man who knows enough to come in out of the rain prefers to stay out rather than face the domestic storm inside.

HOME AND FASHIONS.

STYLES AND MATERIALS THAT ARE NOW CORRECT.

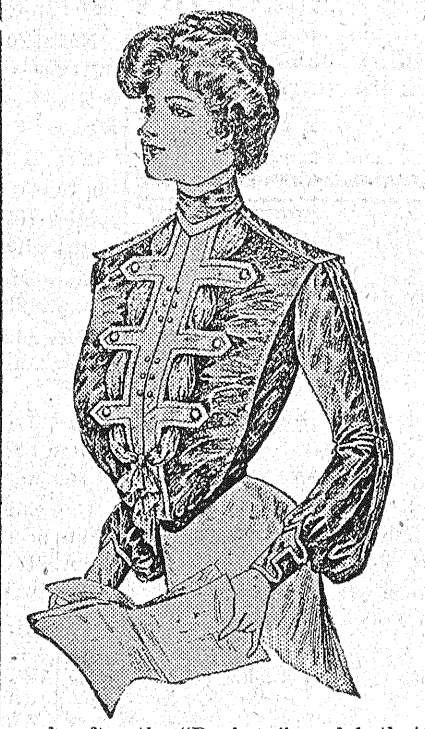
Effective Evening Toilette for Warm Weather Wear—Appetizing Dishes Composed of Tomatoes—Pretty Things to Wear.

Pretty Things to Wear.
Silk underslips of taffeta and India silk to wear with thin gowns and all the transparent materials are made with deep godet flounces, having a little flounce at the edge. This gives fullness around the bottom of the skirt, which is needed under gowns of light texture. The linings to wear under the bodices are made with fullness at the waist line in both front and back. These slips may be of any color, and are really the most economical way of making a summer gown answer many purposes, as it may be worn with different colored slips on as many occasions; but the sash, belt, bows or stock must correspond in color with that of the slip.

For early fall wear the covert coat, in short box styles, will be a leader. For overcoats there is a demand for the long, loose Chesterfield in friezes, kerseys and meltons. The multi-pleated effects in rough chevots, Scotch plaids and mixed materials make a close second.

Effective Evening Toilette.
Many of the evening frocks are as capable of development in mercerized wool, or cotton grenadine, for warm weather wear, as in the more costly chiffons and crepe de chimes which go to make up the original models, in-

made after the "Duchess" model, that is opening over a vest which is almost invisible. The finish is of tan cloth carefully stitched with Corticelli sewing silk of self color, and terminating at either side in straps buttoned



A CHIC MODEL FOR A SUMMER FROCK.



Summer frocks are the chief burden on most feminine minds at present. This little model is good in its suggestions and could be made up in linen combined with a thinner material, or entirely in one of the many cotton novelties or ginghams.

The points can be outlined with velvet ribbon, with braid or merely with stitching, as taste and the material employed dictate.

The hat is one of the woody straws that have somehow a rather Chinese effect. It is raised from the face by a wreath of Michaelmas daisies set under the brim.

tended for the ball room. This gown might be charmingly reproduced in pale green silk mull. This material must not be confused with mousseline de soie, or silk muslin, this being all silk and requiring a silk foundation, while silk mull is silk one way, cotton the other, and does very well over a lawn slip, exactly matching in color. This frock shows quite a new effect on the skirt by means of the unusual arrangement of the tucks, stitched with green Corticelli sewing silk. The flounce heading rises to a point in front and slopes downward at the back. Edging the flounce and the groups of tucks are placed rows of



corn applique, which is also used to define a bolero of plain material on the tucked blouse. The pretty sleeves and shoulder-knots are of velvet ribbon.

The Fashionable Blouse.
The odd waist has become a necessity, and one would not know how to

The Senatorship.

When told that President Roosevelt would probably convene the senate in extra session in November, Gov. Bliss said:

"Well, that may affect my position with reference to filling the vacancy caused by Senator McMillan's death." "Then you may name his successor?" "Well, just say that the proposed extra session may affect the situation. It won't right away, but I'll think it over."

W. J. Bryan has written a letter in which he says: "I shall not be a candidate for the presidency in the next campaign, and I may add, I have no choice beyond the desire to see some one nominated who was loyal, not only to the ticket, but to the platform, in 1896 and 1900."

BASE BALL.

Below we publish the standing of the American and National League clubs up to and including the games played on Monday, August 18, 1902.

AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Club	Won	Lost	Per cent.
Philadelphia	54	49	.527
St. Louis	53	42	.558
Boston	55	41	.556
Chicago	52	44	.543
Cleveland	49	51	.490
Washington	45	51	.465
Baltimore	41	57	.418
Detroit	38	59	.387

NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Club	Won	Lost	Per cent.
Pittsburgh	71	24	.748
Brooklyn	54	45	.545
Boston	51	44	.536
Chicago	51	47	.520
Cincinnati	45	51	.469
St. Louis	45	53	.459
Philadelphia	38	60	.387
New York	31	61	.334

AMUSEMENTS IN DETROIT.

WHITNEY THEATRE—"A Montana Outlaw"—Matinee, 1, 3, 5, 7, 9; Evenings, 8, 10, 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12.
WORLDLY ARTS—Afternoons, 2 to 4; 6 to 8, 10, 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12.
3rd and 3rd, Evenings, 7:30 to 11; 10, 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12.

THE MARKETS.

A cattle dealer says: "Cattle will be lower for a time for the medium grades, but this winter they will be higher. Good cattle will remain steady, and will be in good demand. You will find that next year there will be comparatively few calves shipped in here, and the year after fewer yet. The reason for this is that the farmers of Michigan have quit raising scrub cattle, and started into blooded stock that will make beef and a profit for the owner. They realize that they have been feeding for nothing too long. Red Polks and Durhams are coming to be popular, because of beef qualities. You will find the thin and small cattle growing very scarce and none of the small breeds can be sold for breeding purposes at any price. I think this winter you will get a good one for feeding. There will be less cattle good for this year than last on that account and therefore they will be higher."

Detroit, Cattle—Milch cows, steady \$34 to \$40; choice steers, \$10 to \$16.00; good to choice butchers steers, \$10 to \$16.00; light to good butchers steers, \$7 to \$10.00; common butchers, \$5 to \$7.50; good shippers' bulls, \$3.25 to \$3.75; common feeders, \$3.25 to \$3.50; good well-bred feeders, \$4 to \$4.50; light yearlings, \$3 to \$3.75; Veal Calves—15 to 25 cents lower, selling, \$4 to \$7.

Sheep—Best lambs, \$5.50 to \$5.75; light to good mixed lots, \$5.25 to \$5.50; yearlings, \$3.75 to \$4; fair to good butcher sheep, \$3.25 to \$3.75; culls and common, \$2 to \$3.

Hogs—Light to good butchers, \$6.50 to \$7.10; bulk at \$6.50; pigs and light Yorkers, \$5.50 to \$6.75; stags, 1-3 off; roughs, 50 pounds off.

Chicago, Cattle—Cows, lower; good to prime steers, \$8 to \$9; poor to medium, \$4.50 to \$7.50; stockers and feeders, \$3.50 to \$5.50; cows, \$4.50 to \$6.50; butchers, \$3.50 to \$6.25; canners, \$1.50 to \$2.50; bulls, \$2.50 to \$5; calves, \$3.50 to \$7.25; Texas fed steers, \$3 to \$3.75; western steers, \$4.75 to \$6.50.

Sheep—Good to choice wethers, \$3.50 to \$4.25; fair to choice mixed, \$2.50 to \$3.75; native lambs, \$5.50 to \$6.50.

Hogs—Mixed and butchers, \$6.40 to \$7.65; good to choice heavy, \$6.50 to \$7.15; rough heavy, \$6.35 to \$6.80; light, \$6.30 to \$7; bulk of sales, \$6.50 to \$6.80.

Grain.

Detroit, Wheat—No 1 white, 75c to 80¢; No 2 red, 5 cars at 70 3-4c, 5 cars at 70 1-2c; September, 2,000 bu at 70 5-8c, 5,000 bu at 70 3-4c, 1,000 bu at 70 5-8c, 7,000 bu at 70 1-2c; December, 5,000 bu at 71 1-4c, 10,000 bu at 71c, 5,000 bu at 70 3-4c, closing 70 5-8c asked; No 3 red, 7 cars at 68 1-2c, cars at 67 1-2c, closing 67 1-2c; mixed winter, 67 1-2c; rejected red, 1 car at 67 1-2c per bu.

Corn—No 3 mixed, 66c; No 3 yellow, 67c bid.

Oats—No 2 white, 56c bid; No 3 white, cars at 55c; 1 car at 55 1-2c; do to arrive, 1 car at 54 1-4c, 2 cars at 55c; August, No 3 white, 7,000 bu at 54 1-2c, minimal at 54c; September, 8,000 bu at 54 1-2c, closing 53 1-2c best bid.

Chicago, Wheat—No 2 spring, 72c to 72 1-2c; No 1 1-2c to 72c; No 2 red, 71 1-2c. Corn No 2 2 1-2c to 30c; No 2 yellow, 20c to 21c; Oats—No 2, 2 1-2c to 30c; No 3 white, 23 1-4c to 37c.

Produce.

Butter—Creameries, extra, 12c; firsts, 12c to 30c; fancy selected dairy, 16c to 17c; red choice, 15c to 16c; butters, grades, 12c to 14c.

Cheese—New full cream, 10c to 10 1-2c; brick, 11c to 11 1-2c.

Eggs—Candied, fresh receipts, 13c; at market, 10c to 15 1-2c per doz.

Evaporated apples—9 1-2c per lb; sun-dried, 4c to 6c per lb.

Apples—Common \$1 to \$1.50 per bbl; fancy, \$1.75 to \$2 per bbl.

Honey—No 1 white, 13c to 14c; light amber, 10c to 11c; dark amber, 8c to 9c; strained, 6c to 6 1-2c per lb.

Dressed calves—Fancy, 1-2c to 3c per lb; fair, 8c to 8 1-2c per lb.

Poultry—Broilers, 12 1-2c to 13c; Hens, 10 1-2c to 11c; roasters, 6c to 7c; young ducks, 8c to 10c; turkeys, 10c to 11c; geese, 7c to 8c per lb.

Tallow—No 1, 6 1-2c; No 2, 5 1-2c per lb.

Wool—Detroit buyers are paying the following prices: Medium and coarse unwashed, 19 1-2c; fine do, 16 1-2c; do bucks, 10c; unwashed tags, 6c per lb.

The woman franchise bill has passed both houses of the New South Wales legislature.

The Illinois auxiliary of the McKinley Memorial association reports that the fund of \$50,000 asked of the people of Illinois, has been raised.

Advices from Kharbin, Manchuria, say the inhabitants who are able to do so, are fleeing from the town in consequence of the cholera epidemic. Chinese are dying like flies, many dying even while at work on the quays, on the docks or in workshops.

At Lone Elm, 25 miles east of Fort Smith, Ark., Mauser Huggins, assistant postmaster, shot and killed his wife while in a jealous rage, and then committed suicide. They leave five children.

His Reward.
Cohenstein (rescued from the surf)—Mine friend, you haf saved my life. Life Saver—Dat's about de size of it.
Cohenstein—Mine friend, nodding is too good for you! Eef I die before you I vill speak apoud dis in heaven!
—Pack.

Cass City Enterprise.

An independent newspaper published every Thursday by A. P. McDowell, Main Street, Cass City, Tuscola Co., Mich.

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 columns are five 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 valuable advertising medium.

A. A. P. McDowell,
Proprietor.

Professional Cards.

J. D. BROOKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Solicitor in Chancery,
Reference: Exchange Bank and Cass City Bank. Office in the east story of Exchange Bank block, Cass City, Mich.

Dr. J. H. Hays
Physician and Surgeon. Offices in new Alhambra. Residence, Seegar street, four doors south of New Sheridan. Phone 15.

Dr. G. M. Livingston.
Physician and Surgeon. Graduate of the University of Michigan—1898. Special attention given to diseases of women and children. Office over Cass City Bank. Telephone 27.

Dr. A. N. Treadgold.
Physician and Surgeon. Will faithfully serve those who may employ him. Office at Dr. Truesdell's former residence, Seegar St. Phone No. 38. 6-23-01

A. W. Truesdell, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon, Shabbona, Mich. Special attention to surgery. 6-12-02.

DENTISTRY.
I. A. FRITZ, DENTIST. Office in the east story of Exchange Bank block, Cass City, Mich. Assisted by P. L. Fritz, D. D. S., graduate of University of Michigan.

P. A. SCHENCK, D. D. S.
DENTIST—Graduate of University of Michigan. Office in new Fritz block, Cass City, Mich. 19-31-01.

Societies.
I. O. F.
COURT ROLLAND, No. 221, I. O. F., meets on 1st and third Thursdays of each month in their hall in the Campbell block, at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren are cordially invited.

WILLIAM MESSNER, C. R.
A. A. P. McDowell Rec. Sec. 9-11-97

I. O. O. F.
CASS CITY LODGE, No. 226, meets at 7:30 p. m. on every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

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

Rev. L. W. GIFFORD, Pastor.
A. A. P. McDowell, Record Keeper.

Church Directory.
BAPTIST—Preaching services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. on every Sunday. Sunday school at 12 m. Young people's meeting Monday evening. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening.

WANGELICAL—Services begin with Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Y. P. A. meeting 6:30 p. m. English services every Sunday evening. All are invited. Rev. L. W. GIFFORD, Pastor.

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

PRESBYTERIAN—Sunday preaching services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30.

Rev. A. TORBER, Pastor.
H. L. PINNEY, Cashier. C. G. MATZEN, Asst. Cashier.

EXCHANGE BANK

Cass City, Mich.

Loans Money on approved notes and real estate.

In Partial Payment Terms if desired.

Pays Interest on Time Deposits.

Sells drafts payable in any part of the world.

E. H. PINNEY, PROP.

Cass City Stage Line

Runs daily between Cass City and Caro, leaving Cass City at 6:00 a. m. Returning, leaves Caro at 1:30 p. m.

Ample passenger service and general delivery of all kinds. Leave all orders at Caro House. G-26 E. HOBART, Proprietor

BEST RACK

ON EARTH

for stock, hay or grain. Come and see it and leave your order.

HORSESHOEING

is our strong point too, and don't you forget it. You won't if you give us a trial.

WM. BENTLEY

MoKim Stand.

DYSPEPTICID

The greatest aid to DIGESTION.

One Minute Cough Cure

For Coughs, Colds and Croup.

Teething

Then the baby is most likely nervous, and fretful, and doesn't gain in weight.

Scott's Emulsion

is the best food and medicine for teething babies. They gain from the start.

Send for a free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York.

Shabbona

Mrs. Asa McGregory is on the sick list.

H. S. Wait is painting at Dr. Truesdell's.

L. Babcock spent Sunday with a brother at Peck.

The King's Daughters gave a social last Saturday evening.

Miss Clara Morgan visited with Miss Melissa Wait last week.

Friends from Pontiac were entertained at Mr. Guy's Sunday.

Mrs. E. A. Keyworth has returned to Cass City after a two weeks' visit in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Allin returned from an extended visit to Detroit and Pontiac Tuesday.

Hazen Carson, the little boy on whom Dr. Truesdell performed the operation last week, is making a rapid recovery. The operation was done at Cass City. Dr. Livingston administered the chloroform.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has a world wide reputation for its cures. It never fails and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale at Bond's Drug Store, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cough, No Fever. Price 25 cents.

Foley's Kidney Cure will cure all diseases arising from disordered kidneys or bladder. T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Caro.

F. Curbrison is seriously ill.

Miss Florence Bugbee has returned from Elmer.

Mrs. S. F. Dean, of Elmwood, was in town on the 14th.

Miss May Wells has returned from her vacation trip.

Wm. Wilson, of Indianfields, visited at M. A. Smith's Sunday.

Mrs. Lewis Dudenoff, of Elmwood, was a pleasant caller here on Monday.

L. E. Butler and daughter, Emma, of Watrousville, were in town Saturday.

Mrs. Geo. Gibson returned on Saturday from a two weeks' visit in Sanilac county.

Mrs. G. H. Daugherty and Mrs. Will Craig, of Almer, called on Mrs. S. L. Craig on Saturday.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Marion Inez Charlotte Husted, a former teacher in our school, to Chas. Sedrick, of Detroit, August 21.

Just Look at Her.

When she came that brightly step, faintless skin, rich, rosy complexion, smiling face. She looks good, feels good. Here's her secret. She uses Dr. King's New Life Pills. Result—all organs active, digestion good, no headaches, no chance for "blues." Try them yourself. Only 25c at T. H. Fritz's, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Foley's Kidney Cure is a medicine free from poisons and will cure any case of kidney disease that is not beyond the reach of medicine. T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

West Greenleaf

Threshing is the order of the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Soudan visited at Jim Soudan's Sunday.

Avery Jones is working with Dan McClauria's threshing machine.

Jim Soudan has a brother-in-law from Grand Rapids visiting him.

Rob Byers and lady, of Brown City, visited the former's home here Sunday.

Peter Decker and wife of Carsonville, visited at Allen Barnes' last week.

Mrs. Barney Hill and son, Frank, attended prayer meeting at Holbrook Sunday night.

Robt. Matthews, the Holbrook merchant, passed through here Saturday with a large load of goods. He intends leaving egg crates with the farmers to fill and will pay them cash for their eggs.

The Ladies Aid met with Mrs. John Waldon last Thursday afternoon and spent a very pleasant time. After transacting the business of the society the remainder of the afternoon was spent in making aprons.

It Needs a Tonic.

There are times when your liver needs a tonic. Don't give purgatives that gripe and weaken. DeWitt's Little Early Risers expel all poisons from the system and act as a tonic to the liver. W. Scott, 531 Highland ave., Milton, Pa., says: "I have carried DeWitt's Little Early Risers with me for several years and would not be without them." Small and easy to take, they're vegetable. They never gripe or distress. A. Bond, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

One Minute Cough Cure

For Coughs, Colds and Croup.

Greenleaf.

(Last week's correspondence.)
Two heavy rain storms last week.

Dan Livingston spent several days in Cass City last week.

Dr. Livingston, of Cass City was a caller in town Wednesday.

Nettie Morgan, of Bad Axe, is visiting relatives here at present.

Miss Dew, of Ontario, is visiting the Misses Bessie and Lucy Dew.

Mrs. M. Stocking, of Detroit, is visiting relatives and friends here.

Miss Hazel Sheldon, of Detroit, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. Dew.

Miss Mary McRae, of Detroit, is spending her vacation with her parents.

Miss Aletha Bell Cowling returned to her home in Minden the first of the week.

Mrs. Jennie Rich, of Downington, visited her brother, D. McCall, the first of the week.

Dan Chisholm is quite ill, the result of an accident while drawing in hay for a McCormick. He is some better at this writing.

Shatters all Records.

Twice in hospital, F. A. Gullede, Verbena, Ala., paid a vast sum to doctors to cure a severe case of piles, causing 24 tumors. When all failed, Bucklen's Arnica Salve soon cured him. Subsequent inflammation, congers Aches, kills Pains. Best salve in the world. 25c at T. H. Fritz's Drug Store, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Foley's Kidney Cure

Will cure Bright's Disease. Will cure Diabetes. Will cure Stone in Bladder. Will cure Kidney and Bladder Diseases. T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

The best physic—Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Easy to take. Pleasant in effect. For sale at Bond's Drug Store, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Karr's Corners.

Ethel Martin was the guest of Mayme Marshall Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick O'Brien visited at Pat Toohy's on Sunday.

Mr. Hanna, of Toronto, is the guest of Miss Mabel Bacon this week.

Lizzie Butler is visiting her sister, Mrs. Chas. Robinson, at Cass City.

Mr. and Mrs. Ozro Maxfield visited relatives at Unionville over Sunday.

James Muma and family are the guests of the former's parents, of this place.

Mrs. Ward has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Clayton, at Melvin, the past week.

Lester and Harrison Karr, of Saginaw, are the guests of their cousin, Stanley Karr.

Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Grenache, of Beasley, were callers at M. C. Tanner's last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Stone, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Martin and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Martin were the guests of John Doerr, of Grant, on Sunday.

There was a family re-union at Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Martin's on Sunday evening. A few friends of Mrs. Scott also called to bid them good-by, wishing them a safe journey to their future home.

Prof. and Mrs. J. H. Scott, after spending six weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Martin, left on Monday for Ellsworth, where he has been employed as principle of the High School.

To my Friends.

It is with joy I tell you what Kodol did for me. I was troubled with my stomach for several months. Upon being advised to use Kodol, I did so, and words cannot tell the good it has done me. A neighbor had dyspepsia so that he had tried most everything. I told him to use Kodol. Words of gratitude have come to me from him because I recommended it.—Geo. W. Fry, Viola, Iowa. Health and strength, of mind and body, depend on the stomach and normal activity of the digestive organs. Kodol, the great reconstructive tonic, cures all stomach and bowel troubles, indigestion, dyspepsia. Kodol digests any good food you eat. Take a dose after meals. A. Bond, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Frank Michler had a stirring runnaway last Thursday night. Three horses were attached to a binder and Frank was cutting grain so rapidly that he had to stop and assist in the shocking. While so engaged, the horses became frightened and started on a run. They circled around the field several times, yet escaped with slight injuries. The machine was badly broken up.—Marlette Leader.

All diseases start in the bowels, keep them open or you will be sick. CASCARETS act like nature. Keep liver and bowels active without a sickening griping feeling. Six million people take and recommend CASCARETS. Try a 10c box. All druggists. 11-21-01

CASTORIA

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Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

One Minute Cough Cure

For Coughs, Colds and Croup.

West Grant

T. Walters, of Cass City, called on friends in this burg Saturday.

J. R. Brown had quite a serious run-away with the binder last week.

Miss Cecil McKim, of Cass City, is now the guest of Miss A. Adair.

Mrs. J. Pryke, of Cass City, visited with Mrs. H. Frasier on Friday.

Mrs. L. Tyshe and daughter, Matilda, visited with Mrs. T. Caulfield Sunday.

Master H. Adair has just returned from visiting old playmates in Cass City.

Mrs. D. McDonald, of Dryden, is visiting relatives and friends here at present.

The ice cream social in the M. P. church was well attended Thursday evening.

J. Maharg received quite a serious wound while working with the binder Thursday.

Miss Cecil McKim and Miss Anna Adair were the guests of Miss L. Frasier on Saturday.

Misses V. Williamson, B. Cross and M. Williamson visited with East Grant friends Wednesday.

The M. P. Aid was well attended at Mrs. Joe Doerr's Thursday and will meet with Mrs. A. Martin Wednesday of this week.

Mrs. E. McKim, of Cass City, Mrs. Jos. Sproat, of Detroit, and Miss Ora McKim visited with Mrs. John Smith on Thursday.

Quite a number from here attended the surprise party at Gageton given in honor of Mrs. J. H. Holmes, it being her birthday. She was truly surprised and received numerous and handsome presents and quite a sum of money. Ice cream and watermelon were served.

A Cure for Cholera Infantum

"Last May," says Mrs. Curtis Baker, of Bookwater, Ohio, "an infant child of our neighbor was suffering from cholera infantum. The doctor had given up all hopes of recovery. I took a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy to the house, telling them I felt sure it would do good if used according to directions. In two days' time the child had fully recovered, and is now (nearly a year since) a vigorous, healthy girl. I have recommended this Remedy frequently and have never known it to fail in any single instance." For sale at Bond's Drug Store, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

"I had diabetes in its worst form," writes Marjorie Lee, of Dunreath, Ind. "I tried eight physicians without relief. Only three bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure made me a well man." T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

Watrousville.

Geo. Smith is on the sick list.

Watrousville has a new doctor.

S. Gowing and family spent Sunday at Wisner.

R. S. Weaver and family are spending a week at Bay Park.

Mrs. Harrison, of Pen, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Shultz, at present.

Rev. and Mrs. Cloak have returned from their visit to Troy, Royal Oak and Detroit.

Mrs. Geo. Turner, of Akron, spent Sunday visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hall.

Pearl Moreland is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Raftnburg, in Vassar, at present.

Mrs. Levi House entertained the M. E. Aid Society last Thursday afternoon and served to about twenty ladies. All report a good time.

Dell Hyde and family are moving on the Seeley farm, vacated by E. Butler and McFarland will move on the J. McFarland farm the coming week.

Mrs. F. M. Sheppard entertained her Sabbath school class of boys at her home last Wednesday p. m. Ice cream and cake were served and all report a good time.

Between the hours of three and four Sunday morning some burglars blowed open the safe in Mr. Cristler's store and secured \$50 in cash. No clue to them as yet.

Eugene Butler has purchased the Grant McFarland place of thirty acres, one half mile north of the Sutton Church in Almer; consideration, \$1300. He will move there this week.

A Physician Healed.

Dr. Geo. Ewing, a practicing physician of Smith's Grove, Ky., for over thirty years, writes his personal experience with Foley's Kidney Cure: "For years I had been greatly bothered with kidney and bladder trouble and enlarged prostate gland. I used everything known to the profession without relief, until I commenced to use Foley's Kidney Cure. After taking three bottles I was entirely relieved and cured. I prescribe it now daily in my practice and heartily recommend its use to all physicians for such troubles. I have used it in hundreds of cases with perfect success." T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

W. H. Groves

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

A Good Mimit.

"I don't see what yob all has to git so proud about," said Miss Sadie Cottonball.

"Cohse you doesn'," answered Miss Miami Brown. "I'ze been studyin' de white folks. What yob wants to do is jes' put on de airs yobsef an' let de yuthub folks do de guessin' 'bout what de reason is."—Washington Star.

A Rod In Pickle.

Mrs. Goodsole—Why, Johnny, are you just going home now? Your mother's been looking for you all afternoon.

Johnny—Yes'm, I know.

Mrs. Goodsole—Just think how worried she must be!

Johnny—Oh, she's near the end o' her worryin'. I'm jes' beginnin' mine.

Quick Relief for Asthma Sufferers.

Foley's Honey and Tar affords immediate relief to asthmal sufferers in the worst stages and if taken in time will effect a cure. T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

You Have Something of Value to Dispose of.....

You want to sell or exchange it for something you want. Describe briefly and send it as a "Want" advertisement to

The Detroit Evening News and Morning Tribune

The cost will be slight, the benefit certain. "Want" ads appear in both papers, bring a circulation exceeding 100,000 copies daily, which is one-fourth greater than that of all other Detroit ads combined. This is what you want—the utmost publicity for the money. The rate is very low—

ONLY ONE CENT A WORD, (CASH WITH ORDER)

For publication in both papers, the Detroit Evening News and Morning Tribune are sold in every town and village in Michigan.

THE EVENING NEWS ASSOCIATION, Detroit, Michigan

Do You Get The Detroit Sunday News-Tribune

Michigan's greatest Sunday newspaper. Beautiful color effects, high class miscellany, special articles, latest news, magnificent illustrations, etc.; 5 cents a copy.

BANNER SALVE

the most healing salve in the world.

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

Trains run on Central Standard Time.

GOING NORTH

GOING SOUTH

ALL TRAINS DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

*Flag stations. Trains stop only on signal.

Connections—Pontiac with the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee Ry; Oxford with Bay City division Mich. Central Ry; Inlay City with Chicago & Grand Trunk Ry; Clifford with Flint & Pere Marquette Ry; Fenton with Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron Ry. W. C. SANFORD, Gen. Supt.

RAND-MENALLY OFFICIAL RAILWAY GUIDE

25 CENTS 165 ADAMS ST. CHICAGO.

Foley's Kidney Cure

makes kidneys and bladder right.

Kodol

Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. It is unequalled for the stomach. Children with weak stomachs thrive on it. First dose relieves. A diet unnecessary. Cures all stomach troubles

Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago The 51c bottle contains 2 1/2 times the 25c. size. A. Bond, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

The Fruit Season!

GREEN AND WHITE

"Chrysolite"

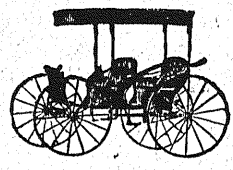
IS ALRIGHT

for the many little utensils incident to caring for fruit. A little higher in price, but ———!

N. Bigelow & Sons

We are not the only dealers in

Buggies, Carriages, Etc.,



in Cass City, but we are the largest, and what we do carry is warranted First-class.

For the Next 30 Days

we are going to make

Special Prices on all our Buggies

as we must have room before the fair.

Striffler & McDermott.

Snowy, Feathery Bread

is made from

White Lily Flour

and it has the "staying qualities" also. Use no other.

FEED GRINDING

with greater dispatch than ever, because of improved machinery just put in.

J. W. Beller & Son,
Cass City Roller Mills

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

We quote you below but a few of our many bargains:

- A few dozen pairs of Ladies' Hose 5c per pair.
- A few dozen pairs of Men's (one-half) Hose 5c per pair.
- A few more mammoth double ribbed Umbrellas at \$1.00.
- All ducks, lawns and thin goods at reduced prices.
- A lot of 10c ladies' belts for 7c.
- " 15c " " 10c.
- " 20c " " 15c.
- " 25c " " 20c.
- " 50c " " 45c.
- A large quantity of cream separators price \$4.50 to \$10.00.
- Screen doors from 65c to \$1.25.
- Gasoline stoves from \$2.00 to \$20.00.

Fine line of Sewing Machines, Oil Stoves, Washing Machines—the Bon, the best machine on the market, Wringers, Churns of all kinds, Ice Cream Freezer, Refrigerators, nice Oil, etc.

J. L. Hitchcock & Sons,
Opera House Block.

Kingston.

Wm. Hood has accepted a position at the elevators.

L. A. Maynard spent Sunday and a part of the week at Elsie.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Peet, on Tuesday, Aug. 10th, a son.

Ora and Jennie Parker, of Oxford, are visiting friends at Kingston.

Milton Moyer, of Imlay City, called on friends here on Friday evening.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Kelley, of Wells, on Sunday, Aug. 17th, a son.

Mrs. Randall, of Rochester, is visiting her sons, E. A. and M. L., of this place.

A union Sunday school picnic will be held in M. C. Hunter's grove next Friday.

Z. Clarence Bartholomew and Miss May Ethel Scott spent last Sunday in Detroit.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ball, Koylton, on Sunday, Aug. 14th, a daughter.

Miss Hattie Booth returned on Tuesday from spending a week with friends at Imlay City.

Kingsbury Street has been nicely graveled between Washington and River Streets.

W. D. Hinkley, of the North Branch Grain Company, was the guest of Theo. Haebler on Sunday.

Jas. McKenzie, of Lake Pleasant, and W. P. Millikin, of Linn, were at Kingston on Tuesday.

J. H. Moore, supervisor of Grant township, Huron county, called on friends here last week.

Wallace King is placing a stone foundation under the Pine Street residence of Geo. Kennedy.

E. Reader and daughter, from north of Cass City, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hartsell the first of the week.

Quite a few of our young people attended an Epworth League social at Geo. Banghart's, East Dayton, on Tuesday evening.

J. K. Thomas is now located at Sawtelle, Cal., and writes that he likes his location splendidly. He is engaged in building him a residence at present.

They are buying all kinds of apples at the elevators. So far Duchess is the only kind handled but shipments are being made by every freight. 75c. per barrel is the price.

The Epworth League will give an ice cream social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Moyer on Tuesday evening, August 28th. An interesting program will be given. All are cordially invited.

The annual Farmers' picnic will be held in Vorhes' grove, near Wilmot, on Friday, September 5th. Arrangements have been completed for a splendid time. There will be an abundance of band music and good speakers. There is always an abundance of good things to eat and all who attend may be sure of a good time.

At special election on Monday there were forty-nine votes polled, forty-two of them being for bonding the village in the sum of \$800 to assist in the placing of a suitable system of waterworks for fire protection. Only seven votes were cast against the project. A citizens' meeting is desired on Monday evening to discuss the best systems. Let there be a good rally and every one take an interest.

Lyman Hill has secured from Photographer D. Kelley, a fine picture of his Green Mountain potato field, one mile north of town. Mrs. Hill and Mr. Hill's mother, seated in a buggy, have a prominent place in the foreground while Mr. Hill and his best man stand farther back. The crop shows up fine and illustrates what may be done by the use of a proper sprayer, the one used being a power six-row sprayer.

John A. Melton, special agent, and Edwin L. Hill, the Champaign county home agent, wrote over (100,000) one hundred thousand dollars insurance on farm property in the American Insurance company of Newark, N. J., last week in four and one-half days—a dual work. Mr. Hill is one of the most persevering agents in this part of the State. Mr. Melton is second to none. Melton & Hill should wear the blue ribbon.—Champaign (Ill.) Times

The improvements at the creamery are just being completed and are working finely. The rotary milk pumps are a great advantage over the old pumps. Buttermaker White feels at home again with the combined butterworker and churn, and with the milk heater placed this week all will be in fine order. The latest report received from the buyers in New York was highly complimentary and they are anxious to secure larger shipments of the product. That's where you can help the industry and yourself at the same time by becoming a patron, if not one already, or by increasing your patronage as rapidly as possible if you are already in the swim.

The entire village was shocked to learn of the death of Warren, the thirteen year old son of Rev. and Mrs. W. C. McAllister, which occurred about midnight of Monday. He had only been ill a few days but the trouble de-

veloped rapidly into a serious case of appendicitis. Dr. Geo. Bates summoned Dr. B. B. Rowe, of Saginaw, who arrived on Thursday last week, but did not think best to perform an operation at that time. He came again on Saturday and operated as quickly as possible, but the case was of such a nature that even the operation could not save him. The little fellow did not despair but up to a few minutes before he expired expressed a hope of getting well. The funeral services were held on Wednesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. W. F. Stewart, D. D., of Saginaw, the presiding elder of the district. Rev. Jas. McAllister, of Covington, O., brother of the afflicted father, was also present. The remains were taken to Sarnia, Ont., for interment, leaving here on Thursday morning's train. The entire community extends sympathy.

Look Pleasant, Please

Photographer C. C. Harlan, Eaton, O., can do so now, though for years he couldn't, because he suffered untold agony from the worst form of indigestion. All physicians and medicines failed to help him till he tried Electric Bitters, which worked such wonders for him that he declares they are a godsend to sufferers from dyspepsia and stomach troubles. Unrivaled for diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, they build up and give new life to the whole system. Try them. Only 50c. Guaranteed by T. H. Fritz, druggist, Cass City; F. A. Francis, druggist, Kingston.

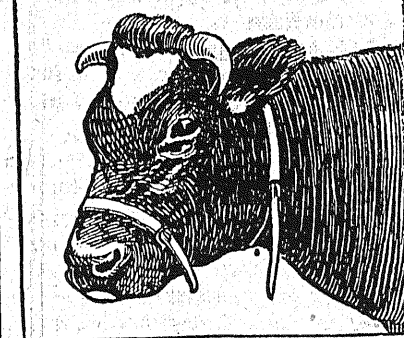
A Necessary Precaution.

Don't neglect a cold. It is worse than unpleasant. It is dangerous. By using One Minute Cough Cure you can cure it at once. Always inflammation, clears the head, soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane. Cures coughs, croup, throat and lung troubles. Absolutely safe. Acts immediately. Children like it. A. Bond, Cass City; F. A. Francis, Kingston.

COWS FOR THE DAIRYMAN.

Highest Profits Invariably Come From Pure Dairy Bred Cattle. At the recent convention of the Iowa State Dairy association ex-Governor Hoard of Wisconsin made one of his masterly offhand addresses.

In his opinion Iowa farmers are foolish in feeding the wrong kind of feed to the wrong kind of cows. He related how he had employed a man to visit 100 creamery patrons, see what kind of cows each kept, what they fed and the



TYPICAL HOLSTEIN HEAD.

cost and find from the creamery books how much milk each furnished. It was found that thirty-five of these 100 farmers milked their cows at an actual loss and that every one of these losing herds consisted of dual purpose cows. "The reason for this," he said, "is ignorance and nothing else." The farmer was trying to dairy without cows suited to dairy performance, and he fed foods not suited to the production of milk. The highest profits in every case came from the herds which were dairy bred and dairy fed. They had dairy form and aptitude and food containing a sufficiency of protein.

Mr. Hoard's main contention is that the patron is in the rear. The creamerymen and the creameries are reasonably up to date, but the patron has not progressed. He is in the rear, and so long as this is the case no satisfactory progress can be made for no creamery can prosper without milk from prosperous patrons, and they cannot prosper if the milk pays little or no profit.

All Were Saved

"For years I suffered such untold misery from Bronchitis," writes J. H. Johnston, of Broughton, Ga., "that often I was unable to work. Then when everything else failed, I was wholly cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. My wife suffered intensely from Asthma, till it cured her, and all our experience goes to show it is the best Croup medicine in the world." A trial will convince you it's unrivaled for Throat and Lung diseases. Guaranteed bottles 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at T. H. Fritz's, Cass City; F. A. Francis', Kingston.

We do not speak the English language in the way in which it is spoken by the people of England. We have greatly changed, enlarged and perhaps improved it in our usual progressive way. The wonder lies in the notion of Englishmen that their way of speaking the language is the only way and that our way is wrong.—New York World.

His Sight Threatened.

"While picknicking last month my 11-year-old boy was poisoned by some weed or plant," W. H. Dibble, of Sioux City, Ia., "He rubbed the poison off his hands into his eyes and for a while we were afraid he would lose his sight. Finally a neighbor recommended DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. The first application helped him and in a few days he was as well as ever." For skin diseases, cuts, burns, scalds, wounds, insect bites, DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is sure cure. Relieves piles at once. Beware of counterfeits. A. Bond, Cass City; F. A. Francis', Kingston.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Wm. D. Little

A Young Lady's Life Saved

At Panama, Colombia, by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

Dr. Chas. H. Utter, a prominent physician, of Panama, Columbia, in a recent letter states: "Last March I had as a patient a young lady sixteen years of age, who had a very bad attack of dysentery. Everything I prescribed for her proved ineffectual and she was growing worse every hour. Her parents were sure she would die. She had become so weak that she could not turn over in bed. What to do at this critical moment was a study for me, but I thought of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and as a last resort prescribed it. The most wonderful result was effected. Within eight hours she was feeling much better; inside of three days she was upon her feet and at the end of one week was entirely well." For sale at Bond's Drug Store, Cass City; F. A. Francis', Kingston.

Care of the Dairy Cow.

While we believe in selecting for the dairy cows that are of what is called the dairy type, so often described and we are sorry to say, variously described by the many writers, we must take exceptions to the ideas of some writers who place too much stress upon the importance of these points. There is occasion to observe the individuality of the animal, which we think depends very much upon the care given her as a calf and a heifer. If she has been bred as a dairy cow either for production of milk or butter, she should also have been fed for the same purpose almost from the time the calf is dropped until it reaches the dealer or the dairyman. Any lapse in feeding is at the most as bad for the usefulness in the dairy as we might say that it is worse, for we would expect to make a good dairy cow from a fairly well bred grade animal that had been properly fed up to and during the time she was fresh with her first calf than from one of the best breed that had been unduly fattened or starved during the first three years of her life.

Heary L. Shattuck, of Shellsburg, Iowa, was cured of a stomach trouble with which he had been afflicted for years by four boxes of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. He had previously tried many other remedies and a number of physicians without relief. For sale at Bond's Drug Store, Cass City; F. A. Francis', Kingston.

Consumption Threatened.

"I was troubled with a hacking cough for a year and I thought I had consumption," says C. Unger, 211 Maple St., Champaign, Ill. "I tried a great many remedies and I was under the care of physicians for several months. I used one bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar. It cured me, and I have not been troubled since." T. H. Fritz, Cass City; F. A. Francis', Kingston.

\$14.00 | \$16.00
18.50 | 20.00

either price get you a solid suit. A suit that you will feel at home in—that you'll feel dressed in—that will be strongly, thoroughly made. It will be out to fit you perfectly, it will be fashionable, and it will be big value for whatever money you pay for it.

Let us show you what's here.

W. Harrison.

Foley's Honey and Tar
heals lungs and stops the cough.

LUMBER FOR SALE

We have a quantity of Dry Lumber, consisting of
Maple Flooring, Ash
Flooring and Ceiling

and a lot of
Good Cull Lumber
which we will sell cheaper than you can buy elsewhere.

RYAN BROS.
Gagetown, Mich.

Every man knows that some bread remains moist and some gets dry. He may not know the reason but he knows the difference. It is in the flour—it comes from the wheat. Ceresota flour is made of the best wheat grown in America and does not dry out like ordinary flour.

For Sale By

G. A. Stevenson
SEYMORS BROS. & Co., Distributors

DeWitt's Witch Salve
For Piles, Burns, Sores.

WHERE TO LOCATE?

Why, in the territory Traversed by the

Louisville

Nashville

Railroad

—THE—
Great Central Southern Trunk Line.

—IN—
KENTUCKY, TENNESSEE, ALABAMA, MISSISSIPPI, FLORIDA.

—WHERE—
Farmers, Fruit Growers,
Stock Raisers, Manufacturers,
Investors, Speculators,
and Money Lenders

will find the greatest chances in the United States to make "big money" by reason of the abundance and cheapness of
Land and Farms.

Timber and Stone,
Iron and Coal,
Labor—Everything!

Free sites, financial assistance, and freedom from taxation for the manufacturer.

Land and farms at \$1.00 per acre and upwards, and 500,000 acres in West Florida that can be taken gratis under the U. S. Homestead laws.

Stock raising in the Gulf Coast District will make enormous profits.
Half fare excursions the first and third Tuesdays of each month.

Let us know what you want, and we will tell you where and how to get it—but don't delay, as the country is filling up rapidly.
Printed matter, maps and all information free. Address

R. J. WENYSS,
General Immigration and Industrial Agent,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Time ...Keepers!



That may be depended on for all time—both for the mantel and the pocket. No one who wants a good WATCH or CLOCK can fail to be suited.

J. F. Hendrick
Jeweler and Optician

Farm for Sale.

208 acres, nine miles from Cass City, 4 miles from railroad depot. 130 acres improved, 130 seeded to clover; 2 large barns; good house, good orchard 3 wells. Inquire of

E. B. Landon,

\$300 SAVED

TO ALL POINTS EAST AND WEST VIA THE D & B LINE.
Just Two Boats!
DETROIT & BUFFALO

Daily Service
DETROIT & BUFFALO STEAMBOAT CO.

COMMENCING JUNE 10th
Improved Daily Express Service (1st berth) between
DETROIT and BUFFALO
Leave DETROIT Daily . . . 4 P. M.
Arrive at BUFFALO . . . 8.00 A. M.
Connections with all railroads for points EAST.
Leave BUFFALO Daily . . . 5.30 P. M.
Arrive at DETROIT . . . 7.00 A. M.
Connecting with fastest trains for all points in MICHIGAN and the WEST, also with D. & C. LINE of steamers for all Great Lakes Summer Resorts. Send for illustrated pamphlets and rates.
Rate between Detroit and Buffalo, \$2.50 one way, \$4.00 round trip. Berths \$1.00, \$1.50; Staterooms \$2.50 each direction.

IF your railway agent will not sell you a through ticket, please buy a local ticket to Buffalo or Detroit, and pay your transfer charges from depot to what. By doing this you will save you \$3.00 to any point East or West.

A. A. SCHWARTZ, G. P. A., Detroit, Mich.

Miraculous CURES

—BY THE—

DETROIT

CLINIC

—THE—

Great Central Southern Trunk Line.

—WHERE—

Farmers, Fruit Growers,
Stock Raisers, Manufacturers,
Investors, Speculators,
and Money Lenders

will find the greatest chances in the United States to make "big money" by reason of the abundance and cheapness of
Land and Farms.

Timber and Stone,
Iron and Coal,
Labor—Everything!

Free sites, financial assistance, and freedom from taxation for the manufacturer.

Land and farms at \$1.00 per acre and upwards, and 500,000 acres in West Florida that can be taken gratis under the U. S. Homestead laws.

Stock raising in the Gulf Coast District will make enormous profits.
Half fare excursions the first and third Tuesdays of each month.

Let us know what you want, and we will tell you where and how to get it—but don't delay, as the country is filling up rapidly.
Printed matter, maps and all information free. Address

R. J. WENYSS,
General Immigration and Industrial Agent,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

John Gordon's Tavern

CASS CITY
on Fri. and Sat.

Sept. 5th and 6th

The best the world has to offer in the way of scientific treatment. There is no chance for comparison. No comparisons are possible.

CONSULTATION FREE!

and Strictly Private in Every Case.

It makes no difference how difficult, or what your case may be, nor how many have failed to cure you, there is always hope for you, until you have consulted the Detroit Clinic, and been told that your case is incurable. The reputation of this Clinic has been made by curing cases that were supposed to be incurable.

After examination, if your case is not curable, you will be so informed, and it costs you nothing.

FACTS FOR SICK PEOPLE.

MAY 11, 1901.

I was suffering from general paralysis as a result of diphtheria. I had treated with the best physicians of Tuscola Co., with no benefit; in fact I grew worse under their treatment. I was entirely incapacitated for work, when I consulted the Detroit Clinic at Vassar, on March 13th; two months' treatment has completely cured me, and I am able to do my work. I advise any one suffering from chronic diseases to consult this clinic.
(Signed) JOHN F. ALLERY,
Vassar, Mich.

Mrs. Grant McConnell, of Cass City, Mich., had a large growth of a cancerous nature growing on the inside of the mouth. It had been removed several times, but always returned. She had it removed by the surgeon of the Detroit Clinic, and without the use of a knife and with no pain, it was permanently removed in less than 30 days.

I have been growing deaf in both ears for the past six years as a result of La Grippe. I consulted the Detroit Clinic during their monthly visit to Cass City in January, and one month's treatment restored my hearing so that I could hear a watch tick five inches from my ear.
(Signed) JOHN HORNEN,
Novesta, Mich.

For 10 years I was a terrible sufferer from chronic rheumatism. I did everything possible, but found no relief, until I commenced treatment with the Detroit Clinic. Three months of their treatment cured me.
(Signed) C. C. JONES,
Rochester, Mich.

Mrs. L. C. Smith, of Detroit, was cured of Epilepsy (or fits) after having had this terrible disease for seven years.

The great success with which the Clinic treats all kinds of diseases is the wonder and admiration of all scientific men. The specialist in charge is noted for his skill, and the care with which every case is treated. No case that is not curable will be treated, but curable cases are treated with the latest scientific methods, and in no case does it interfere with the work of the patient.

Remember, it costs you nothing to consult this specialist, such an opportunity does not offer itself very often to people outside of large cities, and our citizens will certainly do well to take advantage of this one. It is best to consult the specialist personally, but question blanks will be sent on application, and all communications will receive prompt attention, if they are addressed to

DETROIT CLINIC,
Detroit, Michigan.
Dr. Morrison, Chief of Staff,
Box 114.

Harrowing Tale of Tragedy on the Frontier of Texas

A cowboy who was riding through the chaparral not far from the Rio Grande, in Zapata county, Tex., heard the cry of an infant.

Rather astonished he halted and listened with interest. Only a few moments passed before the cry fell upon his ears again with such distinctness that he felt confident of being able to locate the direction of the sound. He rode under the trees and to his surprise there was not a man or woman to be seen. He noticed some charred sticks and tin cans, and fearing that the bandits had fled and were watching him from ambush he was about to pull his pony back into the thicket when he was startled by a loud shriek that appeared to have come from the skies.

"I could hear my heart beating," he says, "and I hardly dared to look up, for I fully expected to see nothing less than a mother with a babe in her arm flying through the air above the tree tops." Before he could push back his sombrero another tender appeal greeted his ears, and the next moment the surprised cowboy was looking at a little babe suspended between the top-most boughs of a large mesquite tree.

The cowboy suspected that a great crime had been committed by some inhuman monster. As he stood up in his saddle and stepped into the forks of the mesquite he muttered: "I wish I had the cowardly wretch or cruel

the most harrowing tragedies that ever occurred on the frontier of Texas.

The cowboys of Texas know the Mexican peccary or wild hog. He is a small, lean razor back, bristling with rage and fury from the moment of his birth in some dark cavern until he is filled with lead or cut to shreds. His head is large and his ponderous jaws are literally full of long, sharp tusks. Some of them are curved, and with these he can make a frightful noise and cut off a man's leg or slash a dog into two pieces at a single snap. He is a living allegory of courage, audacity and rage. Every inch of his little body is full of pugnacity and the devil. At any and all hours he is ready to fight anything from a rattlesnake to an elephant. Whenever his wicked little eyes fall upon an object that moves, he charges it, whether it is a mouse, man or tiger. Not satisfied with killing, he tears the body of his prey to shreds, snaps his tusks, covered with blood and foam, over the bones, and then crushes them to splinters.

The cowboys looked at the white skeletons. The bones were yet wet with blood and scarred with the marks of tusks. They read that a man and a mother with one little babe had stopped under the mesquites on the previous day to rest and make coffee. They were doubtless familiar with the country and it is now known that they were traveling on horseback, for two

than once her baby nearly slipped from her grasp. If it had fallen amongst those mad beasts she would certainly have followed it. With true motherly devotion she resolved to save her child, though she might perish.

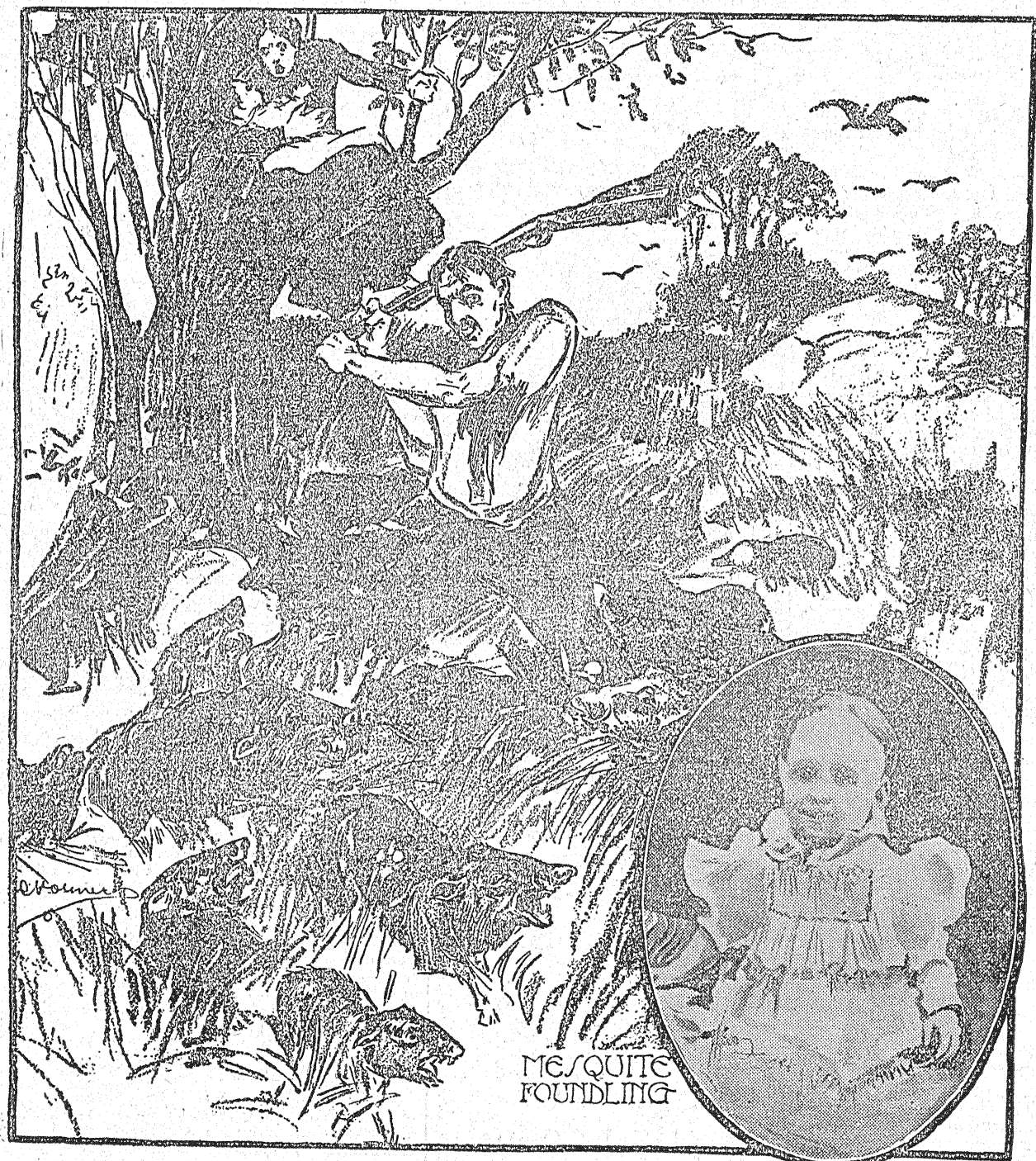
Summoning all her strength, she quickly tore her dress to shreds, and, after wrapping the babe in one of her skirts, she swung it between the swaying boughs of the tree. She bound the babe so securely that it would have remained in the tree though rocked by a storm.

What happened to the mother?

Either one of two things. She may have fainted or she may have grown so weak that she could not maintain her hold upon the boughs of the tree.

She may have gone to death more horrible than any ancient martyr ever suffered, moved by a heroic resolve. Looking down upon the swarm of hungry peccaries gnawing at the trunk of the tree, may it not have occurred to this tortured mother: "Perhaps if I should give them my body my flesh and blood would appease their hunger and they would go away and spare my darling." The heroic mother, with Spartan courage, may have deliberately thrown herself into the jaws of the merciless beasts, hoping to save her babe.

The cowboys thought of all of this while they were examining the deep



ME SQUITE FOUNDLING

mother by the throat who tied this poor thing up here and left it to die of thirst in the hot sun and be devoured by buzzards." When he stood in the forks of the tree he could look into the child's eyes. It struggled to raise its little arms and began to coo in its rescuer's face. The tender-hearted cowboy felt a great lump rising in his throat and his hands trembled, but he managed to cut the bands that bound the infant to the branches and then he took it in his arms and quickly descended to the earth.

While the cowboy was in the tree-top his curious performance in connection with a small bundle had been noticed by a comrade who was riding the range a short distance away, and he rode straight to the mesquite grove.

The cowboys stripped the little sufferer naked, and after bathing it with water from their canteens, they poured a few drops down its throat. It was evidently tired and sore, and the moment that it felt cool and comfortable it fell asleep in Swinger's arms.

Conors suddenly sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "What is that lying over there?" Walking to the object he glanced over it and then turned towards his friend with a grave face. "The devil has been to pay here, Swinger," he said. "This is a skeleton." He had hardly finished speaking before he saw another heap of white bones. Then for the first time the cowboys noticed that the earth was torn up, and upon closer examination they soon discovered fragments of flesh, clots of blood and shreds of clothing.

Both men were now closely scrutinizing the ground. One found a broken gun and the other discovered the tracks of Mexican hogs.

They retired to the shade of a mesquite, and from the evidence that was before them these practiced plainmen read all the horrible details of one of

ponies were found in the vicinity of the battleground some days later.

The man and woman were suddenly attacked by a prowling band of peccaries. The man helped his wife and baby into the forks of the tree, and doubtless would have joined them if he had not been prevented by something that is not written upon the battlefield. He may have stumbled, or he may have had to take a few steps to reach his gun. He may have been dragged down by the tusks of a hundred hungry grunting beasts. At any rate, he fought on foot. His gun was empty and the barrel had been bent. Did the mother sit in the tree and see her husband fall? Did she see the little furries swarm over his body, snapping their tusks and tearing his flesh to shreds? Did she see some of them crushing his bones, while others gnawed at the bark of the tree in which she sat pressing her babe to her breast? She must have seen all of that and more. Is there not here a study for an artist? Who can depict the mother's face or tell her emotions?

Night came on.

The mother felt herself growing weak from terror and the exertion necessary to maintain her position in the tree. She could see a bunch of peccaries fighting over the bones of her husband, while others were gnashing their bloody tusks and tearing the bark from the trunk of the mesquite. She pressed her babe to her breast and renewed her cries for help. She had shouted and screamed until her voice could hardly rise above a whisper. Her feeble cries only served to enrage and increase the efforts of the savage beasts thirsting for her blood. Her appeals for aid only helped to swell the number of her foes.

Hour after hour passed and the fury of her tormentors did not abate. Her limbs were growing weak and her throat was burning from thirst. More

ring out about the trunk of the tree by the sharp tusks of the tireless peccaries.

The mystery remains to be solved. The cowboys took the little baby boy to the home of a good woman who is childless, and they said to her: "Here is a little kid we found out in the chaparral. We want you to raise him for us. Whenever you want any stuff for two twenties for starters. Call him Mesquite. His mother was graded stock, sure. We want to make a congressman out of him."

Englishmen Serve the Sultan.

There are several Englishmen in the army and navy of the Sultan of Turkey. Among them are Lieutenant General Blunt Pacha, who served throughout the Crimea in the Fourteenth foot; Gen. Atkinson Pacha, Frost Pacha and Vinnicombe Pacha, who have drifted from Armstrong's or from Woolwich to the arsenal on the Bosphorus; Capt. Hartly Bey, who was an assistant engineer in the royal and is now a post captain in the Ottoman navy, and Vice Admiral Woods Pacha, who was second master of a gunboat in the Mediterranean, and then became teacher of English at the Turkish naval academy.

Charity of Italy's King.

The king of Italy was unpoplar at the time of his coming to the throne because of the stories of his extreme economy, but has lately shown that, though he is circumspect in his expenditure, he is liberal and benevolent. He gives largely to charity, both organized and individual, and in his social life seems ready to make any outlay that is necessitated by his position.

The model of the amateur artist is seldom as bad as she is painted.

SURE OF HIS POSITION.

Witness Had Right to Be Positive in Answering Question.

Persifer Frazer, the handwriting expert, tells of having once been summoned to examine some letters in the case of a hard-grained westerner who was on trial for having forged an order for valuable merchandise. The attorney in charge of the prosecution was a bulldozing, hammer-and-nails examiner, and undertook to bluff the defendant.

Is that your handwriting? he asked, showing a letter.

"No," was the quiet reply.

"Do you, under oath, say it doesn't resemble your handwriting?"

"I do."

"Not in the least? You swear?"

"I swear."

"How dare you," exclaimed the attorney, "dare swear that this doesn't even slightly resemble your handwriting when you haven't examined it closely? How dare you?"

"Because I can't write."

WILLING TO DO HIS PART.

Ice-man Makes Fair Proposition to Kind-Hearted Lady.

One very cold day last winter a richly-dressed woman paused in her morning walk along a Philadelphia street and gazed sternly at an ice-wagon that was drawn up beside the curb. She stood there for some time.

When the ice-man came out of the house, she said: "Driver, why don't you blanket your horses?"

"Because, lady, the company don't furnish me no blankets," returned the driver.

"Then you should cover them with your coat," the woman said severely.

"All right, ma'am," replied the driver, with a smile. "You gimme your sealskin coat for the night hoss, an' I'll put my overcoat on the off one."

Lost, Strayed or Stolen.

The mysteries of a great city! Last year 374 dead bodies were found by the police of New York; 172 were identified, 202 are still unknown. Of lost children there were 2,262, of which all were claimed. The number of foundlings was 145. The number of missing persons was \$41, of which \$77 were returned home, leaving 264 still unheard from. There were 327 runaway boys and girls, of whom 121 are still missing. Negro children do not run away. Among the lost only nine were colored. Of the unknown dead only three were negroes, and of the missing only three. Among the foundlings were eight of African descent.

Even Slower Than Philadelphia.

A Philadelphia member of the state legislature was recently showing some Harrisburg friends around the city hall, and took them into Mayor Ashbridge's room. His honor made himself very agreeable to the visitors, as is his wont, and had a hearty "Glad to have met you" for them, as they were departing. One of the strangers, much impressed by the mayor's cordiality, lingered long enough to say: "If you're ever up in our town come to see me. I'll treat you right. You've never been to Harrisburg, have you?" "Oh, yes," replied the mayor. "I spent two weeks there one afternoon."—Philadelphia Times.

Not Much Difference.

He was a "gentleman of the road" of the orthodox Weary Willie type, and as the huntsman, brave in scarlet, rode past him at a walk on his way to the meet, he threw the tramp a shilling. He of the road pocketed it; but instead of thanking the donor, remarked:

"You think yourself much above me, no doubt, but there is not much difference between us."

Huntsman (laughing): "And how is that, my friend?"

"Why, you're only going to the hounds, and I've already gone to the dogs!"—London Tit-Bits.

Anatomical Details.

Sunday afternoon some one was telling a pitiful tale of a canary that had its leg broken in such a way that amputation was necessary. The ladies at the party were lamenting over the sad affair, when one young woman, wishing to relieve the pressure, remarked: "O, well, the little thing can get along nicely on three legs."

As the other members of the party started to laugh she said hurriedly: "O, sure enough, it has only two legs. I was thinking it was like a chicken."

—Toledo Times.

Most's Ideas on Prisons.

Herr Most, the anarchist who has enjoyed an international experience of prison, sums it up in the epigram, "The freer the country the worse the jail." "I was first," he says, "imprisoned in Austria. There I was treated like a gentleman. In Germany they set me to work at bookbinding. That was easy. In London they made me pick oakum. That was very hard. The first time I was imprisoned in America I had to fire a furnace. That was hades."

Brutus' Little Joke.

"Brutus," said Cassius, when Marc Antony had mobilized two or three corps of legions and got his eight-inch rapid-fire guns into play. "I have no longer any stomach for war."

"Well," replied Brutus, after his customary five minutes for thought, "having no more casus belli, we might as well lay down our arms."

And it took Caesar another five minutes to figure out the deadly endeavor that lay in the words of the noblest Roman of them all.

PHILOSOPHICAL OBSERVATIONS

By BYRON WILLIAMS.

An illustration entitled "Pulling the Peg" brings recollections. The man who would not smile broadly at the picture is "fit for strategies and such." The illustration shows a number of boys on a grassy plot, all down on their haunches, their knees or their stomachs, intensely interested in observing an unlucky comrade pulling a wooden peg from the ground with his teeth.

It is an old game, as old as the Pyramids of Egypt and as honored among boys as Sunday school. It is the subsequent farce that follows a game of "mumble-the-peg." The most indifferent player must pull the wooden stick from the soil. The length and size of the peg is regulated by very strict and well known rules. Being prepared the peg is set in the grassy earth and each boy may take a whack at it with the back of his knife, holding the blade as a handle, until the peg is driven down, down, down, no matter how deep, provided there is still another whack due the last boy to drive it.

Then the fun begins. Down on his knees with his nose in the grass goes the unlucky lad like a gopher digging a hole in the meadow. The fortunate boys ki-yi and hoot, laugh and shout uproariously as the face of the digger comes up covered with dirt, his mouth full of soil and lips sputtering to dispel the gravel. Down he goes again amid the plaudits of his fellows. His nose is almost flat so hard is he pressing the earth after the peg. After spitting out several mouthfuls of Mother Earth, he can reach the peg with his teeth. He takes a strong grip on the wood and pulls. Either the peg comes up or his teeth break off. Usually he gets the peg. To miss getting it would be to stand the taunts of his playmates for months, the placing of his character on a lower pedestal than the average elevation. Hence he roots for the peg and gets it after a while. In after life when he goes after big projects he remembers the tenacity of purpose cultivated with the "mumble-the-peg."

Hence he is enabled to cut some ice at spelling bees and county festivals still. It is the same way with their physiognomies—they rub it on their hearts and their consciences and cover over their sympathies with plating, all of which is worse than the smearing of a little soil on the face of an innocent game of "pulling the peg."

The small boy who ties tin cans to the caudal appendages of dogs to see them run has been outdone. A little girl of Vulcan, Colorado, hitched her mother's wash-boiler to a burro's tail and got in to take a ride. The little girl is doing as well as could be expected, but the natives are ever and anon awakened at night as the burro and the wash-boiler continue their jamboree among the eternal hills.

This reminds me of the man who tickled a mule's heels with a feather duster. The handles on his coffin cost \$16.85.

The lad who stuck his tongue on the axle-blade January 13, 1893, does very well at his business except that his talk is always one-sided!

The buzz-saw was not to blame because the hired man got too close trying to tell its age by its teeth. The doctor sewed up his nose and he wins.

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The singing at the obsequies of Eleanor Daring was beautiful, while the roses were aromatic and nifty. Poor Eleanor, she knew the sand-bar slumped with a perpendicular cut-off—but she wanted to feel with her dainty toe where the danger was. She did!

Baby is not to blame for picking up the red-hot poker—pa did the same thing yesterday on the stock exchange, and he couldn't let go quick enough!

Despite the warning of the jageraut, young men continue to take risks with taffeta and curl papers, spending their money on bon-bons and taking their pay in hugs and osculations that only wind the web about them.

Winter hitches up with a hail-storm, both having been married before and morally certain of a heavy galet ahead! June goes to February and then seeks a divorce because she gets cold feet. The countryman forgets his last gold brick and buys another, and thus the merry travesty goes on like "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Verily, man is a strange composite!

A newspaper has compiled statistics showing the percentage of boys and girls in the classes graduating from the high schools. The result is claimed to be as follows:

Seventy-five per cent of the girls tell how "Beyond the Alps Lies Italy!" while only twenty-five per cent of the boys exclaim before an admiring audience on commencement day—"I've hitched my wagon to a star!"

The paper then figuratively turns a few handsprings and deprecates the conditions that keep boys from graduating. Considering further the writer "views with alarm" the situation.

There are two sides to this subject. Undoubtedly it would be better could the boy continue in school, but he does not wholly lose, for he is in the school of experience, the business school where being an apt pupil, he will hold his own.

The woman continues her education and after a time marries the boy, new man! The result? He assimilates from her much of her education, is uplifted and broadened and bettered by it. What education has done for her will be imparted to him—unless he be a boor! No man of good qualities ever lived with a bright, educated wife who did not secure benefit from her.

Hence, the situation is not so bad after all, so long as the woman gets her education. She is the teacher of her home, the instructor of her children in more ways than the schoolma'am. Samuel Eels says the hope of the nation is in the schools. It may be but the hope of the nation is fully as much in the wife and mother. Let her continue to graduate and inculcate her learning where it will do the most good.

"All the world loves a lover!" and more than fishermen despise snags. Because of this hatred steamboats have been made which remove snags that impede navigation. These boats are known as snag-boats. They are built of iron and steel and are powerful in their strength, pulling up snags by the roots and making impossible ways safe channels.

Every individual should have a snag-boat, speaking figuratively, to rid the life-channel of old roots and airless wrecks. The average man does too much drifting, too much dreaming, has too many fissions of "what might have been," and too many aurora-borealis of what is to be. He drifts along without a snag-boat and suddenly strikes an impediment. Usually he is compelled to back out and make a devious course, to evade the snag. A practical clearing house would be a splendid appointment for mankind in general, keeping the mind devoid of visions and the hand steadily on the rudder.

Snake stories are pat at this season. They flourish best in wet weather during vacation times. Hence, some interest will attach to the largest snake ever discovered. When a boy saw in our geography some mammoth snakes with attenuated bodies draping a half-tone photograph, but this snake is larger even than those great boas there depicted. Strange to say, instead of being a hated thing, a sinuous form on the head of which the modern Eves would set their heels, this snake is much beloved. Cattle are especially friendly and the natives who have seen the snake are wont to bless it!

This snake is so long its tail is among the Rocky Mountains near the western border of Wyoming. Its body extends in a rough semi-circle through Southern Idaho, and its head is found 1,050 miles below in Washington. Think of a snake 1,050 miles long! We refer to Snake River—"and throw ourselves upon the mercy of the court!"

Many enthusiasts at the game of "seven-up" may not be cognizant of the fact that the game came originally from the Dutch, who introduced it into America when they made their early settlements in New York. The game of "pedro," "California Jack," "cinch" and many others, are derived from this game.

Hence, card players are gratefully indebted to the stolid Dutch for inventing the game, and many wives who have waited up until close to morning for their recreant husbands to play "positively the last game" for the forty-seventh time, will also feel a sentiment regarding the Dutch and their interesting stratagem of the cards. Naturally the wives are apt to be more given to an expression of their feelings over the game than the aforesaid husbands, but then it is woman's way to be emotional.

A traveler at Sparta, standing long upon one leg, said to a Lacedaemonian: "I do not believe you can do as much." "True," replied he, "but every goose can!"

Thus it will be seen the point of view has something to do with the estimate.

The man who shingled six feet off the roof of his barn onto the fog may have considered the act wonderful, but the carpenter only laughed at him. Don't boast of your ability. If it is a well directed ability, the world will take cognizance, otherwise, like the goose, you are only making a spectacle of yourself by standing on one leg!

The Glasgow corporation has voted down a proposition to allow blind persons to travel free over the municipal tramway system.

GAS IN COAL MINES.

Dangerous Explosive Accumulates in Spite of Greatest Care.

Being reminded of some of his own experiences by the recent disaster in the Cambria mine, Frederick B. Seward of the Coal Trade Journal gives the following account of the phenomena in a gaseous mine.

"I had been invited," said he, "to visit a property which was said to possess a seam of coal of unusual thickness and purity. It was, nevertheless, a notoriously gassy mine, inasmuch that the fire boss made regular rounds to test the working places and call up warning signs if too dangerous vapor was discovered.

"Going down a 300-foot shaft on a platform elevator without sides (simply the guide rods), in company with the fire boss, I walked along the main entry for one-half a mile, viewing the coal by the light of our little tin-cup lamps. Presently, on approaching a visibly cracked roof, my guide said that he would show me what gas was and how it was put out. He held his lamp up near the crevice in the roof and forthwith there was a floating of blue gas along the roof near the crevice, like burning alcohol in a basin of water.

"We will not let it get ahead of us," said the guide, and with that he took off his coat and brushed out the flaming gas, driving it away from the crevice. If he had driven it toward the crevice the roof might have come down. As if this were not enough, the guide said: 'I will show you where it is not even safe to go with an ordinary lamp.' He thereupon lit his safety and blew out the other tin-cup lamps. We walked along the entry until we came to a place which led up the face of the coal. Climbing upon that, which had been broken down the guide lifted his safety lamp and the blue flame began to dance around the gauze.

"This daily tour of the fire boss no doubt saves many lives, but there is often a quick accumulation in places where he has found nothing dangerous."

HIS PRIDE WAS HURT.

And Frenchman Threatened to Take a Mean Revenge.

A story was told at a recent dinner of a New York literary club which goes back to the time when a certain famous man was governor of Massachusetts. The tale sounds like a revival of a newspaper yarn contemporaneous with its hero. At any rate, it is worth retelling.

Along a country road in the north of Maine plodded a French-Canadian with a trained bear, making his way to a county fair. At a cross road he met a long-whiskered yankee driving a mule. They nodded to each other and were continuing on their way when suddenly the Frenchman pricked up his ears.

"G'long there, Napoleon!" the farmer drawled to his mule.

The Frenchman stopped short and listened again.

"Git up, Napoleon," called the yankee.

"I say, ma fren," called the Canadian, bringing his bear to a halt. "What for you call ze zhackass Napoleon?"

"That's his name," replied the farmer, indifferently.

"Well, he is no name for a zhackass. Napoleon was a great general."

"So's my mule," replied the other, good-naturedly. "Geddap, Napoleon."

The Frenchman lost patience. "Look ere, me fren," he said, "you call zat zhackass Napoleon wance more time. I tell you w'at I do. You see zat black bear? Well, I poke his one eye out an' call him Ban Butler."—Youth's Companion.

Apples of the Northwest.

An account of how the great northwest has been made to grow most of the winter apples for this country is valuable in connection with the increase in plant values.

The early farmers of the vast prairies could find no apple tree hardy enough for the climate. They spent fortunes in nursery stock, and in planting trees, without success. In 1855 Gideon M. Mitchell of Minnesota planted thirty varieties of apple trees and a bushel of seed.

In nine years he planted, all told, 9,000 trees. At the end of the tenth year he had left, after the winter's cold, only one tree, a small seedling crab. From that, however, has come the fine apple known in the market as the "Wealthy," a fruit from which the northwest now annually reaps millions of dollars. During these nine long years of planting and failure Mr. Mitchell's friends told him that nowhere in all that region would an apple ever grow, says Success. His success was a triumph in which he must have experienced emotions similar to those of Columbus when, in 1492, he sighted the island of Guanahani.

Two Startling Suggestions.

It is rather startling to find that all the most effusive signs of affection in use to-day are nothing more or less than relics of barbarism—a modified form of attack. Such, at least, is the opinion of "Student" (Oxford), who claims to be an authority on the subject.

"Take, for example," he says, "a kiss. What is it but a pretence to bite? It is an action plainly intended to convey the meaning: 'I could bite you, you see, but I won't.'"

"In the same way the playful pats and slaps which a lover gives to his sweetheart are obviously a mimicry of blows, regarded simply as privileged marks of endearment. When he clasps her in his arms it is the sense of capture which thrills him, and of being captured which thrills her."—London Tit-Bits.

Maubieck, the Lion-Tamer.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS, Author of "Jack Robbins of America," "The China Sea," "Two Gentlemen of Hawaii," "On a False Charge," Etc.

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CHAPTER III.

Maubieck, when he had started from the garden, had directed the driver to a certain well-known hotel much frequented by show people, and I knew where we were being taken.

"But what is this Maligni's hold on the signorina?" I asked. "Where does he get his authority over her?"

Nita shuddered and crouched closer to the stalwart frame of Maubieck.

"He is my master by my father's will," she said in a voice that was touching in its plaintive sweetness. "And your father was a performer like yourself, was he not, signorina?"

"Yes—I will tell you about his death when we reach my rooms." One thing was certain: No matter how severe, harsh or tyrannical Maligni might be, he certainly was not ingratiate in regard to Nita's comfort. Number 112 was but the first of a suite of four rooms, one of which was a parlor, one a cozy little dressing-room, and the other two, bedrooms, one for Nita and one for the old hag who served her.

She stepped rather wearily, I thought, and sank into a chair, between Maubieck and me, resting her head on her hands, as if she felt pain in the temples.

I had taken my card from my card-case and handed it to her.

"Signorina," I said, "I have become interested in the mystery that seems to surround you, and beg you will allow me to assist you and Maubieck in your efforts to unravel it. That will tell you who I am."

"Well, Signor Wilberton," she said, twirling the card in her hand, "I sincerely thank you. I am greatly unnerved by what has occurred, and cannot understand it. My life is in danger, and alone I am unable to combat my unknown enemy."

"Now, see here," I said, assuming the authority of a detective, "I saw something to-night which will be of material interest and aid to us in this matter, but to get at it right, I must know all about your life."

Nita passed her hand over her brow, and after a moment spent in thought, began: "I remember little about my mother. She was, as I can see her now, an ordinary woman—of course, perhaps, seven years of age. Then my father took me to Madame De Long's school, and placed me there as a regular boarding-schooler. Madame De Long's school is in Albany. My life there was very pleasant, I took considerable interest in my lessons, and advanced rapidly. When I was fourteen, I was suddenly called from Madame De Long's to a hotel in Utica.

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"The two attendants are called Sanchino and Dambo."

"Describe them," I said.

"Dambo has curly hair. His eyes are small like a snake's, and gleam and glitter all the time. His hair is not long, but his mustache is very long and has straight waxed ends."

"Ha!" I said. "Dambo is the man we want. He is the fellow who set fire to the ropes."

"Dambo!" Nita murmured. "I can hardly believe it. Did you see him do it, Signor Wilberton?"

"I saw him fire the second rope, after which he disappeared in the crowd and I could not catch him. We will see to Mr. Dambo later. Signorina, now think hard for a few minutes. I am going to ask you a strange question."

She looked at me with a patient smile on her weary countenance.

"You may ask it," she said.

"Has anything that you can recall in your life—any incident, any word, any look, any act, seemed to indicate that you were not Barloti's daughter?"

"Signor Wilberton!" she gasped. "Maubieck!" The cry was like that of a frightened child, and Maubieck drew nearer to her, and placed one of his giant arms around her.

"You understand," I continued, "that I don't suggest this as being true, but simply ask the question. You have none of the characteristic features of the Italian race. I should judge you to be either English or American. Now, can you think of any incident at the bedside of your father?"

"Stay!" she cried. "Let me think. At my father's bedside—no. I was so confused and frightened and sorrowful that I scarcely saw. No, there could be nothing. My father gave me to Maligni, and the box—"

"Box!" I said, interrupting her. "You said nothing about a box before."

"It was a red tin box," she said, "locked with a little brass padlock. My father gave it to Maligni, and said something in the tongue I have since learned was Sardinian. I asked Maligni once what the box contained, and he said it contained the contract between him and my father."

"I would give much to gain possession of that box," I said. "Do you know where Maligni keeps it?"

"No. I have never seen it since the day my father died."

Just then there was a great tramping of feet in the hall, which stopped at the door opposite. I opened the door of Nita's room and peeped out. There were three men there—Maligni, with his face all hidden in bandages, my old friend, Doctor Dinmore, and Major Simmons. The doctor and the major went inside with Maligni, but remained only a few minutes. When I heard them come out, I said:

"Signorina, you have already had too much excitement to-night, and you need rest. The first thing to be done is to find Dambo, which I shall set about as soon as I have my burned hands attended to."

"Oh, you are too generous and kind," she said. "You are suffering on my account. It is too bad."

"It is nothing," I said. "Now we will see the doctor and have our burnings dressed. Come, Maubieck."

He followed me out and I hurried after my friends. I caught them at the door of the hotel.

"Ah, Wilberton!" exclaimed Major Simmons, when I halted him and Doctor Dinmore. "I have been looking for you! How is the girl?"

"Nita is all right," I replied. "How is Maligni?"

"Maligni is more frightened than hurt," said Doctor Dinmore. "The bullet was evidently intended for his brain, but missed its mark. He will be well in a few days."

Here I presented the lion-tamer to my two friends.

"You are not through your work for to-night, doctor," I said. "Maubieck's hands are badly burned, and need in less degree. They must be attended to."

We got into the carriage that Maubieck had used to bring us to the hotel, and Doctor Dinmore, at Maubieck's request, gave the coachman the address of his office. We were soon there.

Maubieck, being more severely burned than I was, of course, first taken care of by the physicians. While they were busy I sat down near the major.

"Well," he said, in a low voice that Maubieck could not hear, "what do you think of it all, anyway?"

"I am more than ever convinced that our original suspicions were correct," I replied. "It appears that just before Barloti died, he gave the girl to Maligni, and also gave him a red tin box which was locked with a brass padlock. At the same time he spoke to Maligni in the Sardinian dialect, which Nita did not understand, and Maligni was apparently very much excited and surprised at what he said. Later, Nita asked Maligni what was in the box, and he told her it contained the contract under which her father had worked."

Then I explained the system under which the trapeze acrobat had worked, and repeated Nita's story for the major's benefit.

"I agree with you," he said, "that the contents of that red box are important. But how to get it?"

Our conversation was interrupted at this point.

The major and I walked to my hotel, where he left me. It was two o'clock in the morning when I reached my room. Weariness soon overcame me, and I retired. It seemed to me that I had scarcely slept at all when I was startled from my slumber by a terrific banging at my door.

"Who is there?" I shouted.

"It is I—Maubieck!" was the reply; and the voice in which it was uttered was so full of excitement that, unmindful of my scant attire, I sprang to the door to admit my visitor. His face was working with passion, and with a stride he was in my room.

"They've gone!" he roared. "Gone!"

"Gone!" I echoed. "Who's gone?"

"Signorina Barloti, Maligni, the old woman, Dambo, and all the rest!" he said, panting with excitement. "I went to their hotel a while ago, and the clerk told me that Maligni and his people—that meant Nita and the hag—left before daylight, and left no information as to where they were going. They've gone—they've gone!"

That devil Maligni has taken her away—her love—my Nita!"

As he ejaculated these words, the lion-tamer strode back and forth in my room. There was a pathos in his grief and rage that touched me even more than my own disappointment did.

"But," I said, reassuringly, "they cannot escape us. We will go to Byrnes, Superintendent of Police, and he will catch them for us. Maligni cannot leave New York without being detected."

"Maligni can!" replied Maubieck. "Maligni could wriggle out of hell, and Satan himself could not prevent him."

I hastily dressed, and Maubieck and I made our way as quickly as possible to police headquarters and told our story. Superintendent Byrnes at once sent out orders to his men to make a thorough search for the party.

Leaving the superintendent, a sudden thought rushed upon me—a recollection of what the major told me about the druggist Tortoni. I hastily told something of this to Maubieck, and knowing about where the store was located, we hurried there. We found it easily, and rushed in. A woman stood behind the counter.

"I want to see the druggist, Tortoni, at once," I said, imperatively.

"He is gone away," she said in broken English. "He is gone to Europe."

"When did he go?" I asked in amazement.

"Yesterday he sailed," was the reply. Believing this to be a lie, I turned to Maubieck and said:

"It is thicker than we supposed. There are many engaged in the affair."

From Tortoni's drug store we went to the hotel where Maligni and Nita had been stopping.

There they told me just what they had told Maubieck.

"Have you any objections to opening the rooms?" I asked.

The clerk smiled. "Here is the key to 111, and this to 112. You may go up if you want to."

We mounted the stairs and entered number 112. It was bare of everything save the hotel furniture. Just as we were leaving, I happened to see a bit of folded paper on the floor. I picked it up. Reading it, I handed it to Maubieck. As he read it, his face grew pale and he uttered a fierce curse under his breath. This was what was written on the paper in a pretty, feminine hand:

"Maubieck! Maubieck! He is taking me away—I do not know where! He is in a frightful temper. I must obey or he will kill me. Follow us; find me and rescue me from Maligni! I love you, Maubieck, and only you!"

(To be continued.)

HE DISLIKED GEORGE ELIOT.

Autocratic Ways of Famous Authoress Made an Enemy.

When George Eliot was still Miss Evans, and before she had begun to write novels, she used to frequent an old book shop on the Strand, where she left a very unfavorable impression on one young man who was at that time an assistant in John Chapman's shop. His description of her is that of a remarkably ugly young woman of universal knowledge, whose delight it was to use the Socratic method in conversation, but without the Socratic benevolence of intention. The result was that the young men at the dining table (the shop had a boarding house for its employes and guests) who heedlessly hazarded an opinion, were very soon made to feel not only that they knew nothing of the subject under discussion, but that they knew very little indeed of anything. Now, a young man does not relish being badgered and made a fool of by a pretty woman, but it is intolerable to be sat upon by a ugly one—at least, such was the feeling of our informant, and one consequence of this treatment was that in after years, when Miss Evans had become George Eliot, one man could never persuade himself to read "Adam Bede," or to admit that the authoress was other than a very intolerant person and an intolerable intellectual prig.—Harper's Weekly.

Let Us Forget.

It is a good thing to preserve all important historic sites and relics which can still be identified or are still in existence. We have been far too neglectful of such things. Through popular and official carelessness and sometimes through sheer vandalism, many precious objects have been lost forever and some places have become impossible to identify with precision. The lost cannot be restored, but all that still exist may be preserved. We shall do well to preserve them on grounds as practical as they are sentimental. There is no occasion to be grudge the setting apart of land for such purposes. Land is valuable for other things than the building of houses or the growing of potatoes.—New York Tribune.

Persons, Places and Things

NO RED-HEAD IN SENATE.

Nearest Approach to It Made by Carmack of Tennessee.

There is no red-headed man in the United States senate. There are men in the senate who might have been red-headed in their day, but that day has long passed.

The nearest approach to red in his-rute adornment is the Tuscan thatch of the impassioned Carmack of Tennessee. His hair would have been red if it had waited, for his mustache borrows the tint of sunset, and, in the heat of debate, is actually red. Another "head of hair" that verges on the poetical is that of McLaurin of South Carolina, Tillman's implacable foe. McLaurin's hair is bouctuous and wavy, with strands that hint of summer dawn. It is tempestuous in action, but no one has ever seen it rise on end—not even when Tillman performed his justly celebrated leap.

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(To be continued.)

PRUSSIAN NOBLES TO VISIT US.

Several more Prussian nobles will visit this country. They are Count Von Tiele Winckler, Count Adelbert Von Sierstorf, Count A. Von Pourtales, Count Von Vernstorff and Baron Von Ruhle, representatives of aristocratic Prussian houses, who are coming with the emperor's consent to study social conditions and observe the methods used here in educating the sons of the leading American families. All will be expected to observe, but Count Von Tiele will do the reporting to his sovereign. Count Von Sierstorf has family connections in this country.

OFFENDED WIFE OF MINISTER

Mrs. Squiers Has Unpleasant Adventure with Havana Policemen.

Mrs. Squiers' unpleasant adventure with three Havana policemen, who repeatedly ordered her coachman away from the entrance to the Inglaterra hotel, brought about strained relations between the American minister and the municipal authorities.

The mayor's apology for the policemen's actions was not considered sufficient, punishment of the offenders being demanded. Ultimately Mr. Squiers accepted the apology and the incident was closed. It is believed the authorities at Washington advised the American minister in this course.

One Woman Whose Soul at Last Rose in Religion.

In a town where "nature study" rages, an elderly lady met a friend in a shady avenue and asked:

"Do you know anything about birds?"

"No," the friend replied in a tone of some mystification. "I'm sorry, but I don't."

"Sorry? Oh, you are such a relief. I just met Mrs. C., and she grasped my arm, and gazing upward, said: 'Oh, did you hear that perfectly lovely spike-beaked, purple-eyed tickle bird?'"

"No sooner had I gone a block than I met Mrs. K. 'Don't move a muscle. Right up there on that branch is one of those rare, exquisite, speckle-winged ring-tailed screamers.'"

"You and I seem to be the only sane people. Let's rejoice in chorus."

No Hustle in Cuba.

The hustling Chicago drummer stands a chance of getting crazy if sent to do business with Cuban merchants. A salesman who has been on a visit to that island says: "If you reach Havana on Saturday of course you call immediately on the merchants with whom you expect to deal. The first thing asked you is when you expect to go away. The ship, we will say, goes on Tuesday morning and you hope to get through and take it. That settles it. You cannot do business with one of them. You must wait for a later boat or do nothing. The moment you begin to hurry them they suspect you and hold aloof!"

KRUPP'S GREAT ARMOR PLATE.

Mammoth Piece of Steel Shown at the Dusseldorf Exposition.

The exposition at Dusseldorf, Germany, last year was remarkable for its metallurgical display, which was the most extensive ever collected for any exposition, those of Chicago and Paris not excepted.

One of the most striking features of this metallurgical collection was a great nickel-steel armor plate from the factories of Fried. Krupp of Essen. It was forty-three feet long, eleven feet wide and eleven and eight-tenths inches thick, weighing 106 tons, or 233,200 pounds.

This plate has a remarkably smooth surface and regular shape. It was rolled from an ingot of steel weighing 130 tons, which was fourteen feet four inches long, twelve feet five inches wide and forty inches thick. In rolling it the heat of the casting pit was not utilized, but the ingot was cooled after being taken from the pit, and then heated to white heat in a reheating furnace before being rolled. In trimming it down with the circular saw it lost twenty-four tons in weight.

The special car for transporting the plate from Essen to Dusseldorf was the same that was used to transport the forty-centimeter Krupp gun to the port of Spezia, Italy, and the forty-two centimeter gun to Hamburg for shipment to the Chicago World's Fair.

This armor plate—the largest that has ever been rolled—is not intended for use on any battleship, and on account of its immense size, cannot be so used, but was merely exhibited to illustrate the capacity of the Krupp plant.—New York Sun.

REMARKABLE RUN OF LUCK.

An Evening Incident in John Morrissey's Gambling House.

In gambling one thing is certain, and that is the very large percentage in favor of the bank or the game. Caprice is the only law of chance. And the results are as fanciful as they are unanticipated. One summer—the last of John Morrissey's life—a party from Washington were making merry in the wine room of the club house in Saratoga, among whom was a youthful attaché of the French embassy. Without remark, this attaché suddenly rose, entered the playroom and going to a roulette table, tossed a hundred dollar bill on fen, black. The dealer politely informed him that he had exceeded the limit. The attaché was insistent. Morrissey, sauntering up, nodded to the dealer to let it go. It won. Refusing to accept chips the attaché gathered in his winnings and rejoined his friends. Half an hour later he did the same thing, and was again successful. At frequent intervals he repeated his trips, invariably winning, never once losing until he had won \$17,500, when his friends carried him off. As he left, Morrissey remarked to a friend: "I never take the limit off that the bank doesn't lose." Nevertheless, there was a profit on the night's play for the bank.—Brooklyn Eagle.

GAVE HER THE DIRECTIONS.

Lady Asked for the Location of the Smoking Car.

Vice-president William E. Barnett of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad has a reputation as a joker among railroad men, especially in his home town, New Haven.

One day last week he and President John M. Hall of the Consolidated Road were waiting for a train at the New Haven station and had been there but a few minutes when an express from New York drew in. The two officials were about to start out on an inspection trip over the road and happened to be standing opposite one another on the platform. As it came to a stop a well-dressed, middle-aged woman, carrying golf clubs and a dress suit case, hurried up to them and asked: "Is this the smoking car, please?"

"No," said Mr. Barnett, pointing in the direction of the engine, "you will find it the second car forward," and resumed his talk.

TOO MUCH NATURE STUDY.

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