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MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made, on the part of the mortgagors, in the conditions of a certain indenture of mortgage, made and executed by Homer Smith and Elizabeth, his wife, of the city and county of Alpena, state of Michigan, mortgagors, to Leah R. Cohen, of the same place, mortgagee, bearing date the 23d day of October, 1891, and recorded in the office of Register of Deeds for Alpena county, on the 24th day of October, 1891, in liber 14 of mortgages, on page 111; upon which mortgage there is now claimed to be due and unpaid, for principal and interest, the sum of three hundred and ninety-nine dollars and nine cents [$399.09], together with an attorney fee, as proved by law; and no proceedings, either in law or equity, having been had or instituted to collect said debt, or any part thereof:

Now therefore, by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, and of the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgagee hereby gives notice that she will offer for sale and sell the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount so due on said mortgage, together with costs and attorney fee, as aforesaid, at public auction or vendue, to the highest bidder, on the 24th day of January, 1895, at 2 o'clock P. M. of that day, at the easterly front door of the court house, in said city of Alpena, said court house being the place in which the Circuit Court for said county of Alpena is held. Which said premises are described as follows: Lot number one (1), in block number eight (8), of Potter's first addition to the city of Alpena.

Dated Alpena October 26th, 1894.

LEAH COHEN JOACHIMSTHAL,
Mortgagee.

O'BRIEN & SLEATOR,
Attorney for Mortgagee.

PROBATE NOTICE FOR HEARING CLAIMS.

State of Michigan, county of Alpena, ss.

Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the county of Alpena, made on the fifteenth day of October, A. D. 1894, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Charles Foley, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate office, in the city of Alpena, for examination and allowance, on or before the fifteenth day of April next, and that such claims will be heard before said Court on Tuesday, the fifteenth day of January, 1895, and on Monday, the fifteenth day April, 1895 next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days.

Dated, October 15th, A. D. 1894.

GEO. M. SLUSSER,
Judge of Probate.

1215w4

State of Michigan, county of Alpena,—ss:

In the matter of the estate of Edith Wagoner, Harry Wagoner, Juel Wagoner and Frank Wagoner, minors.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned, Mary Wagoner, guardian of the estate of said Edith Wagoner, Harry Wagoner, Juel Wagoner and Frank Wagoner, by the honorable Judge of Probate for the county of Alpena, which order bears date October 22d, 1894, there will be sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the Court House, on Chisholm street, in the city and county of Alpena, state of Michigan, (said Court House being the place where the Circuit Court for the county of Alpena is held,) on Monday, the 31st day of December, A. D. 1894, at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, the following described real estate, to wit: The northeast quarter of the northeast quarter, the east half of the northwest quarter, the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter, the northwest fractional quarter of the northeast quarter, the south half of the northeast quarter, all in section nine, town thirty-one north, of range six east.

Dated October 29th, 1894.

MARY WAGONER,
Guardian.

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That Is,

Everything in the Drug Line. Also,

PAINTS, OILS, BRUSHES, PERFUMERIES, STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS, POCKETBOOKS, ETC.

Field & Co.,

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Cures Hog Cholera

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Farm of 80 acres, 6 miles from Ossineke, in Caledonia Township, about 30 acres cleared, soil good, fair House and Barn.

Will exchange for city property at $800, or will sell for cash, on time $700, $100 down.

W. E. Rogers,

Echo block. Real Estate Dealer

Pay Your Taxes.

I will be at my office in the township of Wilson on each Friday during the month of December, 1894, for the purpose of receiving taxes assessed against the property in said township.

JAS. H. KING,
Township Treasurer.

1217w4

WHAT YOUR THUMB TELLS.

Square Type.

The thumb is an unfailing index of character. The Square Type indicates a strong will, great energy and firmness. Closely allied is the Spatulated Type, the thumb of those of advanced ideas and business ability. Both of these types belong to the busy man or woman; and Demorest's Family Magazine prepares especially for such persons a whole volume of new ideas, condensed in a small space, so that the record of the whole world's work for a month may be read in half an hour. The Conical Type indicates refinement, culture, and a love of music, poetry, and fiction. A person with this type of thumb will thoroughly enjoy the literary attractions of Demorest's Magazine. The Artistic Type indicates a love of beauty and art, which will find rare pleasure in the magnificent colored picture of roses, 16½ x 24 inches, reproduced from the original painting by De Longpré, the most celebrated of living flower-painters, which will be given to every subscriber to Demorest's Magazine for 1895. The cost of this superb work of art was $350.00; and the reproduction cannot be distinguished from the original. Besides this, an exquisite oil or water-color picture is published in each number of the Magazine, and the articles are so profusely and superbly illustrated that the Magazine is, in reality, a portfolio of art works of the highest order. The Philosophic Type is the thumb of the thinker and inventor of ideas, who will be deeply interested in those developed monthly in Demorest's Magazine, in every one of its numerous departments, which cover the entire artistic and scientific field, chronicling every fact, fancy, and fad of the day. Demorest's is simply a perfect Family Magazine, and was long agocrowned Queen of the Monthlies. Send in your subscription; it will cost only $2.00, and you will have a dozen Magazines in one. Address W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, Publisher, 15 East 14th Street, New York. Though not a fashion magazine, its perfect fashion pages, and its articles on family and domestic matters, will be of superlative interest to those possessing the Feminine Type of Thumb, which indicates in its small size, slenderness, soft nail, and smooth, rounded tip, those traits which belong essentially to the gentler sex, every one of whom should subscribe to Demorest's Magazine. If you are unacquainted with its merits, send for a specimen copy (free), and you will admit that seeing these THUMBS has put you in the way of saving money by finding in one Magazine everything to satisfy the literary wants of the whole family.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

TOO MUCH AND TOO LITTLE.

Too much of enmity—too much of spite—
Too much of wretchedness—too much of blight—
Too much of grumbling—too much of cant—
Too much of misery—too much of want—
Too much of jealousy—too much of self—
Too much of greediness—too much of pelf—
Too much of heartlessness—to many tears—
Too much of bitterness—too many fears—
Too much of heart-breaking—too much of wrong—
Too much of crushing the weak by the strong.

Too little charity—too little love—
Too little faith in the Father above—
Too little harmony—too little song—
Too little war 'gainst oppression and wrong—
Too little honesty—too little truth—
Too little grace in irreverent youth—
Too little with sorrow's burden to ease—
Too little pains to assist or to please—
Too little humbleness—too little trust—
Too little zeal in the work of the just.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR'S SHOCK.

The editor sat in his easy chair
And his eyes were fixed in a glassy stare,
And he looked like one who was mad with despair,
Or crazed with a sore affliction;
Why looks he so wild? What means that glare,
That livid face and that streaming hair?
Is that poor man crazed with his burden of care?
Ah, no! 'tis but a man from the outer air
Has entered his sanctum without a swear,
And paid his last year's subscription!

HOW HE SOLVED THE RIDDLE.

Whack! Whack! Whack! The loud ringing sound of a hammer fell on the air with a distinctness that showed the blows were given by a vigorous and practiced hand.—Forest Rutherford turned his head in the direction of the sound, and saw a queer little house fronting the leafy lane up which he was slowly riding.

"I must be near the place," he soliloquized, "I will inquire at this house, which seems to be a carpenter's or a blacksmith's. Hllo! and he reined in his steed before the open door. Shades of Minerva! What do I see?"

What he saw was a young woman, with a broad-brimmed hat pushed off her face, and a pair of thick gloves on her hands, deftly wielding a hammer.

"I beg your pardon, miss," he said, lifting his hat, "but will you tell me if I am on the right road to Squire Snowden's?"

The young lady did not start or blush and let fall the hammer, as an ordinary girl would have done on being so suddenly and directly addressed by a handsome stranger, but simply turned a pair of brown eyes upon him and quietly said:

"If you ride on a little farther, you will see the house at the end of the lane."

Then she turned back to her work, for work it evidently was, if one judged by the nails, saw and chisel that lay before her, together with a pile of rich-hued lumber in one corner, and a chest of tools in another.

Thus dismissed, the young man perforce resumed his journey, but not without many reluctant backward glances.

"Talk about the curiosity of women! I don't believe the man lives who would not give anything to know what that girl is doing. In the name of wonderful womanhood, what can she be up to?"

But his future anxious musings were cut short by the sight of the house set in its handsome grounds, that now came into view.

"Ah, Mr. Rutherford! Come in! Come in!" and a gentleman came out with out-stretched hands of welcome. "I am glad to know that one young man of the nineteenth century can remember and fulfill a promise," and his cordial laugh filled the room as he pulled forward an easy chair and rang a bell.

"Thank you. I congratulate myself on having so pleasant a promise to fulfill."

Refreshments were brought in, and Mr. Snowdon added:

"I hope you will enjoy the summer here, but if you depend on feminine society I fear you will be disappointed, for ladies, young or old, are like angel visitants."

Forest thought of the young lady he had just seen, but said nothing.

When he went in to dinner, a young lady in flowing white, with fresh pink roses in her satiny hair and at her throat, stood at one of the windows. She turned at their entrance and let her wonderful brown eyes rest on the amazed visitor. She was lovely.

"My daughter, Clare."

"But I thought you said there were no young ladies in the neighborhood!" Forest could not help exclaiming.

"I did not think of Clare," his host laughed. "Besides, she partakes too much of the Diana-Minerva character to be called a 'young lady.' Would you believe it, she shot and stuffed all those birds you were admiring so much in the library."

"Papa, will you please give me some fish?" a soft rich voice interposed.

The riddle was solved. This was the girl Forest had seen in her own shop. Before the evening ended her father had pointed out various brackets, shelves and dainty tables fashioned by her deft fingers.—Those same deft fingers drew such music from the piano as Forest had rarely heard, and the voice thrilled in song like a nightingale's.

Forest went to bed feeling as if in a dream. Here was a girl whose like he had never seen before.

When he arose early next morning a dapple grey, saddled for a lady, stood by the east end of the piazza.

"Is that horse safe for a lady?" he inquired of the groom.

"Dunno, sah," replied the grinning darkey, "but Miss Clare, she ride him."

A soft rustle. Miss Clare in a blue cloth, a hat of richer hue caught up on one side with a gleaming silver buckle, from which floated a snowy plume—Miss Clare stood before him.

With a bow he allowed her to pass, then followed to assist her, but with an impatient little wave of the hand she sprang into the saddle, and the gray dashed off.

Two hours later, Miss Clare, in a cool-looking muslin, presided daintily at the breakfast table. When she arose, Forest sprang up to open the door.

"Miss Clare, do you walk?"

"Sometimes."

How that one word in her rich tones thrilled him!

"May I accompany you to-day?"

She lifted her eyes.

"Thank you, but I shall be otherwise engaged, Mr. Rutherford."

He closed the door and re-entered the dining-room, where the squire was still reading his paper. He looked up.

"Rutherford, do you shoot?"

"Sometimes."

But how differently the word was spoken from the "sometimes" that was still thrilling on his ear!

"You don't speak very enthusiastically. However, when you feel like it, just help yourself to anything in this closet," rising and opening a door.

"What a deadly looking little room!" ejaculated Forest.

It contained everything that would delight a sportsman.

"This is Clare's."

The squire took up an elegant shot-gun. Forest reached out for it.

"How cruel it seems for a lady to use this."

The squire glanced up quickly.

"Do you think so? Don't dare to tell Clare that." Then headded, "If you see anything in Clare different from other girls you must overlook it, and lay it to her mode of living. Her birth cost her mother's life, and she has grown up entirely without woman companionship; has never been to a boarding-school nor had a governess. She has had the best masters for teachers, and has been like a son to me; rode and hunted by my side till she can equal me; in fact, is as near being a boy as a girl can be."

He laughed again as he took the gun and replaced it in the closet, then hesitated with his hand on the door.

"You won't take one of these?"

"Yes, I will," Forest suddenly resolved, and fitted himself out with gun, game bag, powder and shot.

Down the leafy lane he went, past the little shop; but the door was fast shut. No glimmering curls and bright brown eyes were visible this time.

Going into the woods, a little brawling brook stood his course.—He sat down on a mossy log and began casting pebbles into the water. An impatient exclamation surprised him. Looking hastily up, he caught sight of a white dress and broad-brimmed hat.

"Miss Clare!" he exclaimed.

But Miss Clare was slowly winding up her line.

"I am having no luck to-day," she said, "and shall fish no more."

She rose, taking her empty basket on her arm. He stood up before her, distressed.

"I am angler enough to know that I disturbed you—"

"Not at all," she interrupted. "I see you have your gun, and will not detain you. I wish you success."

Bowing slightly, she left him staring stupidly after her. Here was a queer girl! Any other woman acquaintance of his would have been glad of an hour's rambling and perhaps flirtation with him.

* * * * * * *

It was high noon, and Forest Rutherford was just appearing at the edge of the lane that skirted the wood. His game bag looked woefully flat, and his duck trousers as spotless as when he left the house. Evidently his hunting expedition had been as unsuccessful as Clare's piscatorial exercise.

"Ah! the temple is open. Is it symbolical with the temple of Janus, I wonder—open in time of war and closed in peace? I will venture in, at least."

He neared the little house.

"Good-morning, Miss Clare. May I enter?"

The girl at the bench very coolly turned and said,—

"No admittance—ah, I beg your pardon, Mr. Rutherford."

"Can I not be of some assistance to you," he asked.

Her clear eyes met his without faltering.

"If you please, I prefer being alone when I am here."

He made a low bow, an amused smile about his lips.

"I beg your pardon for this intrusion, and I beg you to pardon it, if you can."

She coldly replied,—

"On condition you do not repeat it."

He went out, mentally wishing that some one would kick him, and styling her a "stiff little prude."

"He thinks me a fool!" she told herself, but calmly went on with her sawing.

He resolved to go away the very next day, but summer waned, and he still lingered. Finally the end came. He proposed, and was promptly—rejected.

"I do not love you, and shall marry no man that I do not love."

He went away in a furious rage.

Two years sped by, but the memory of Clare Snowden never left him. At last, "I will go to her," he resolved.

He went. She was still unmarried.

"Clare, has your ideal not yet come?" he asked.

"I do not know," she answered in a curiously uncertain voice, that led him to say,—

"Can I not be your ideal?"

She looked down at her folded hands and then replied,—

"You are a real man. Why do you wish to be an ideal one?"

He took her in his arms.

"Then you do love me at last?"

"I have loved you for two years."

And then he solved the riddle, for of course he lost no time in hastening the wedding-day.

A Pioneer Adventure.

In 1793 a few white families had established themselves in a small stockade on the southern bank of the Ohio river, opposite Fort Harmer, at the mouth of the Muskigum. Isaac Williams, one of the garrisons was just recovering from a protracted illness, and with the usual capriciousness of a sick man's appetite for whatever is not at hand, he felt as though a nicely broiled venison steak was the only nourishment he could think of without loathing. Bird Lockhart, another inmate of the stockade and the best hunter in it, volunteered to go in quest of the desired game, an act of friendship which the reader will be better able to estimate when he is informed that a sanguinary Indian war was then raging, and the woods swarmed with hostile savages.

After going about six miles, he had the good fortune to kill a fine buck; and after securing his prize across the back of an old horse which he had taken with him, and which he had selected with a special view to his worthlessness in the event of capture, he set out on his return. It was now late in the afternoon, and the lengthing shadows betokened the approach of sunset, when, turning a bend of the path along which he was leading his horse, he suddenly found himself face to face with two Indian warriors, both of whom were armed with rifles and tomahawks, and apparently as much surprised as himself at the unexpectedness of the meeting.

Each lost no time in seeking the cover of the nearest tree. Fortunately that behind which one of the Indians sought protection was too small to completely shelter his person, and the keen eye of the woodsman was not slow to take advantage of a mark so inviting. With a yell of anguish, the savage fell mortally wounded. The remaining Indian, feeling sure of his prey, abandoned his shelter and advanced slowly and cautiously, with his rifle poised, as if desirous of gaining a sight of the white man without either approaching sufficiently near to come within reach of his knife or his tomahawk. During this interval, Lockhart was not idle. Constantly keeping the tree between himself and his enemy, he sat about re-charging his piece, an operation at which he was unusually dexterous. Besides, the pioneer rifles were so constructed as to prime themselves, so that pouring in the powder and ramming down the bullet completed the process of loading. The Indian caught a glimpse of his adversary in the act of returning the ramrod to its place and knew that he had lost his opportunity. He immediately retreated behind the tree he had left; and thus the parties remained until the approach of night—neither daring to expose a sufficient portion of his body to justify the other in hazarding a shot.

Lockhart began to feel his situation grow embarrassing. He knew not how soon other enemies might appear; and, impregnable as his position was against a single foe in front, in flank and rear it was by no means equal in point of strategetic advantage to that of the wild boar mentioned in legend as Pyrrhus' instructor in the art of war.—His case was one not laid down in the military books, and if it had been, his literary attainments were probably not such as to have enabled him to materially profit by the circumstance. His only resource was his wits, and, happily, they did not desert him.

Placing his raccon-skin on the end of his ramrod, he cautiously thrust a portion of it within view of the Indian, holding it about his own height from the ground, and imitating with it as closely as possible the motions of a man keeping a sharp lookout. The ruse was entirely successful. The Indian no sooner caught sight of the moving object than he fired, centering the mark with an accuracy which the appreciative hunter was none the less disposed to admire that his head was elsewhere.

The cap was immediately dropped, and the Indian, supposing the enemy slain, and that nothing remained but to take his scalp, and, unsheathing his knife, approached without the slightest precaution the tree behind which he believed the body lay.

The wily pioneer waited patiently till the savage was within a few yards, when, springing quickly from his concealment, he shot him through the heart. The Indian fell motionless, and finding, by a hasty inspection of the bodies, that both his late antagonists were dead, Lockhart, with a forbearance by no means common to his class, waived his right to their scalps and turned his attention to the horse and his burden—one dead buck, in his eyes, being of vastly more consequence than two dead Indians. He had no difficulty in finding the object of his search. At a little distance, among the bushes, Dobbin stood nibbling some branches, his equanimity apparently not in the least disturbed by the exciting scene which he had just witnessed, had he felt the slightest interest at what was going on.

It was considerably after dark when Lockhart reached the stockade and carried the fruits of his day's labor to the cabin of his sick friend, who no doubt relished the coveted delicacy none the less when seasoned with a narrative of the huntsman's adventure.

"I know my faults, Harry, and I'm trying to overcome them."—Harry—"Well, all I've got to say is, you have a good deal of courage to face such a multitude."

At the close of the lesson the teacher made a few remarks intending to inculcate a moral point. Noticing the very close attention of one of the little girls she extended her remarks a little for the especial benefit of the little girl, who said at their conclusion: "Why, teacher, how funny it is, when you talk your bottom jaw keeps going, up and down, up and down, and your other jaw don't move a bit."

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