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VOL. 9.—NO. 1.

MANCHESTER, MICH., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1875.

WHOLE NO. 417.

MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED THURSDAYS.

Has a large circulation among Merchants, Mechanics, Manufacturers, Farmers and Families generally in the villages of...

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Will attend sales of all kinds.

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Will attend sales in village of country.

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BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

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Has a large and complete assortment of Boots, Shoes, Rubber Goods.

You can save twenty cents on every dollar by buying of them.

They also manufacture Boots and Shoes from the best quality of leather.

MANUFACTURED BY Field, Blosser & Co.

THEY ARE The Most Durable, The Lightest, The Best, And Cheapest.

Call at the Planning Mill and see it.

The Champion Washing Machine.

Which is conceded to be the best machine in use.

WE KEEP ON HAND A LARGE SUPPLY OF LUMBER, SHINGLES, FLOORING.

Beatings, Siding, Mouldings, Sash, Doors and Blinds.

Planing, Turning and Scroll-sawing done on short notice.

All kind of Building material manufactured to order.

Mills and Lumber Yard near the L. S. & M. S. Railway Depot.

Manchester, Michigan, April 2, 1874.

MINOR TOPICS.

A GENTLEMAN in London has sued a neighbor for keeping a bantam cock that crowed in the morning at four o'clock so habitually and vigorously that the recovery of his wife, who was in delicate health, was retarded by the noise.

THE failure of the British Government telegraph system to pay expenses will, we hope, discourage a great deal of the unwise clamor made in our own country for railways, telegraph-lines, and other conveniences under public control.

It appears, as the result of some interesting experiments recently made in Berlin, that while a bar of ordinary bronze was utterly incapable of bearing a strain amounting to ten tons to the square inch, a bar of phosphor-bronze bore this strain applied as tensile more than 400,000 times before giving way.

A LETTER to the London Times, dated Oct. 2, Dalmatia, September 8, says the importance of the insurrection in lower Herzegovina diminishes on near approach, while in Bosnia there is nothing worth mentioning except a paucity and disorder, with an exodus of women and children.

JUDGE GILBERT, of the Supreme Court, at Brooklyn, has rendered a decision in the civil rights case wherein William F. Johnson, colored, sought to compel the principal of a public school to admit his son, instead of sending him to a school provided for colored children.

In a recent address before the Smithsonian Institution, Dr. Lilliecutt gives the following interesting report of the curious little balloon spider and its work, and the account will be received by our readers, we trust, with special interest in view of a recent illustrated account of certain "insect wonders."

THE FAIRY SHELL.

One day, when wandering on the shore That once was ruled by Manfred, I found with a shell-catcher, A strangely twisted, curious shell, With whorls of iridescent white, And hollow tinged with rosy light.

This shell possessed a wondrous power, For, placed against the listener's ear, He heard, though gentle, faint, and low, The notes of those who hid most deep; Though parted far by land or wave, The faithful shell an echo gave.

"Oh, happy gift to man," said I, "More precious than the painter's art; How oft shall those, in distant clime, Consume the ever-fading heart, Can tidings from the loved be sent; The distant sound is echoes caught, But never word or message brought."

"Twill only when yearnings vain; 'Twill only pierce the heart when And bring to mind the loved be sent; The anguish of the last sad day, When the best beloved has passed away."

THE BUCKSON CASE.

BY EDWARD CRAWFORD.

In the year 1851, Captain John Buckson lived, with his wife Nancy, in a handsome cottage in the village of Seakonk, near Providence, Rhode Island, in the enjoyment of a competence acquired by many years of frugal industry.

He had then reached his fiftieth year, and his hard sea-faring life had not made him look younger than he was. He was tall, gaunt and angular, weather-stained and grimed, and his long, narrow face furrowed by deep lines, but his physical powers appeared to be still untouched, and he seemed assured of a long continuance of active life.

His temperament was favorable to a lusty longevity. He was patient, and apparently so passionless that he stared at the cares and troubles of life, as at strangers with whom he could not possibly have dealings. He avoided quarrels, and all unseemliness, with scrupulous care, and was known on his vessel and in his village only as a sedate, God-fearing man, kind-hearted and even-tempered.

But he had positive points in his character, and the requisite friction would produce the natural glow. As in all capable men, his anger burned with a hot, but a brilliant glow, and he was with him, a knitting of the brows, or a twitching of the hands, meant more than the wildest signs of passion in other men, and his word of wrath was heavier than the brawler's blow.

The only trouble of his life brooded on his own hearthstone. Mrs. Nancy Buckson was many years his junior in age, and in important respects, his opposite in character. To her youth she added comeliness of person. Though a thoroughly good woman at heart, she yet embittered her life and his by constant efforts to do more than her duty. Nervous and irritable, she became fretfully indolent in her assertions of her own merits, and his shortcomings. So, in the summer of 1851, the neighbors began to pity poor Captain John as a hen-pecked husband, and the inroads of the wife upon the domestic quietude were noticed as of constantly increasing frequency and bitterness.

The end was at hand. One evening in the last week of July, a neighbor, James Paul, in passing the house, heard Nancy's tongue going at an unusual rate, and, glancing through the window, saw Buckson standing before her. He seemed roused at last; and although Paul could not hear his words, he saw the knitted brows and twitching hands, in one of which a stout whipcord was convulsively grasped. The scene was indelibly stamped upon the memory of the accidental witness, and he could always see, even to the most minute details, the enraged woman, confronted by that quiet, concentrated man, struggling with his passion and fidgeting with a whipcord. At the time, however, Paul gave no special weight to the circumstance, and, stopping at the village inn on his way home, only casually remarked to the inevitable loungers that he "reckoned Nancy would keep on nagging" of Captain John until she killed him.

The next morning the cottage was closed and deserted, but the circumstance did not excite remark. Buckson, it was presumed, had gone to Providence to prepare his sloop for sea, and Nancy had a habit of making sudden pilgrimages to the neighboring town. The event, then, was so far from being suspicious, that it was not even unusual.

In those days a magnificent forest stretched to the northward from the little town, interspersed with patches of open land, where the blackberry grew in great abundance. This wonder and delight of the American glades had fully ripened under the hot July sun, and the children of the village were busily employed in gathering the fruit. That afternoon the mother of children started home just before sundown, taking their way direct through the wood, without regard to beaten paths. They had gone but a short distance, when the little dog that was with them stopped, and began to sniff eagerly at a spot of ground which appeared to have been recently disturbed. Giving a long, mournful howl, the dog scratched furiously with his paws in the sand, and in a moment had answered a human hand. Howling more mournfully than before, he bounded off a couple of feet, and tore at the ground with redoubled energy. He soon completed his task, and the children saw a woman's face, pale and rigid, imbedded in the moist, clayey earth. With but one glance at the horror, they dropped their paths and fled to the village. The dog detected

THE BUCKSON CASE.

Every village, probably, has its sensation at some time, and that of Seakonk came with the story of the children. As the tidings spread from house to house, the people gathered at the inn, and eagerly discussed what should be done, and who should do it. At last all the male inhabitants, headed by the Squire, bearing a lantern, and followed by the children, started out to investigate the matter. But the pilots were not needed as the dog still maintained the watch, and with his mournful howlings echoing through the dim woods, the party could not go astray. Reaching the spot, they gathered around it, and the Squire advanced, and kneeling down, wiped the dirt from the face of the dead woman with the skirt of his coat. Then he held the lantern over it.

"It's Nancy Buckson!" He fell back a few paces with the exclamation, and his companions turned to imitate the conduct of the children shortly before. They rallied, however, at his summons, and fell vigorously to work to exhume the body. A few shovelfuls of earth, and the body of a woman, without shroud or coffin, but fully dressed in the ordinary garments of life, was exposed. About the body a white substance was plentifully sprinkled, and was found to be chloride of lime, doubtless placed there to insure speedy decomposition.

Every one recognized poor Nancy Buckson, and saw the rigid and livid mark upon the neck, pointed out by the Squire. It was plain that she had been murdered by strangulation, and tossed, dressed as she was at the moment of her death, into the rude grave where the dog had found her.

The neighbor, Paul, now recalled the quarrel of the preceding day, and told how Captain John had stood before the angry woman, playing with the whipcord. The cottage was searched, and a cord was found lying on the floor of the room, which, when tried on the woman's neck, fitted exactly the rigid and livid circle. The cord was a quantity of white substance precisely similar to that found in the grave, and these articles belonging to Mrs. Buckson found upon the corpse were missing from the house. There could be no more doubt as to the criminal than the crime.

Captain John Buckson was not found in the village or in Providence; but it was ascertained that he had sailed with his sloop, and the presumption was raised that he intended to touch at New York, and thence leaving the vessel, seek the officers of the law in the labyrinth of the great city. A messenger was therefore dispatched, in great haste, to reach the city before him, with a requisition for his arrest.

His authority was placed in the hands of Police Captain Leonard, who searched diligently among the shipping, until he found the sloop Oregon moored at an East River pier. Going on board, Captain Leonard greeted Buckson, who was seated on the deck.

"Good day, sir." The sailor scarcely looked up, as he mechanically returned the salutation. "I'm sorry to trouble you, but I've a warrant for your arrest."

"Arrest! For what?" The exclamation and succeeding question were those of a phlegmatic man slightly astonished. "For the murder of your wife."

"Murder of my wife? Squire, that can't be. Nancy isn't dead." "Yes, she is—strangled with a cord." Buckson rose to his feet, and, looking the officer steadily in the face, said, slowly and solemnly: "Squire, if Nancy's dead, I don't know it. I had a quarrel with her the night I left, and gave her a piece of my mind, but God is my witness that I didn't put a hand upon her."

The officer looked with some interest upon a man who could thus deny a crime with which he was so clearly linked by circumstantial evidence; but, without pausing to look into the matter, and placing him in a cell of the station house, he made no resistance; and did not sign any voluntary protestation of his innocence. While in the station-house, and during the journey to Providence, whenever the question was directly put to him, he always denied his guilt in the same emphatic terms, but he never the first to broach the subject, and he was frequently noticed that he never made any inquiry for the details of the murder.

When the officer and his charge arrived at Seakonk, the latter seemed amazed to find himself the object of unusual execration. When he reached the village, and while he walked beside his captor through the street to the jail, he was surrounded by a howling mob, that pelted him with opprobrious epithets, and with difficulty was restrained from doing violence to his person. He bore himself bravely and undismayed through it all. But his conduct was noted only to his discredit, and the citizens could not remember any hardened wretch who had ever so flouted his crime in the face of an outraged people.

In due time the Grand Jury was convened and his case considered. There was no more doubt of his guilt in that official body than in the community at large, and he was formally indicted for the murder of Nancy Buckson.

When the news was taken to him in his cell he only said, "God's will be done!" His perfect resignation had, by this time, won slightly on the jailer's heart, and he inquired if he did not wish to engage counsel to defend him at the approaching trial. Buckson's face brightened with this first faint sign of sympathy, but he answered: "I thank you, friend, but I ain't need a lawyer. God knows I am innocent of this crime, and He will prove it in His own good time."

The day appointed for the trial of the prisoner was close at hand when the quiet village was startled by a new terror. One pleasant September morning a ghost descended from the eastern coast, and walked leisurely, and with every semblance of life, up the street toward the long-deserted cottage. It was a horrible sight, for it nodded familiar greetings to several persons it met upon the way, and once tried to pat a shrink-

INCIDENTS OF A MARRIAGE.

A couple who undertook to get married the other day had rather a troublesome time of it. They went, accompanied by a bridesmaid and groomsmen, to one of our churches, and were ushered into the sacred edifice and escorted to the altar by the sexton, who, however, got the parties mixed up, stationing the bridesmaid next to the bridegroom, and the bride and groomsmen in corresponding wrong positions. The clergyman not noticing the mistake, went on with the ceremony, and began marrying the bride and groom, when the bride served an injunction on him by exclaiming that she was the marrying party. The mistake being remedied, the clergyman took another hitch at it and the performance went smoothly along until it became time for the bridegroom to produce the ring essential to the completion of the ceremony. But when that gentleman fell in his vest pocket it wasn't there; the other—not there; and then he dove down to the bottom of the remaining pocket, and finally exclaimed, "Well, sure, there's a hole in my pocket and the ring has slipped down into my boot."

And the only way to finish the job was for the bridegroom to sit down, and pull off his boot, take out the ring, pull on his boot, stand up like a man, put the ring where it ought to go, and walk out with his bride—all this he did.

MR. S. M. WELLS, a large farmer and stock breeder of Weathersfield, Conn., in answer to an inquiry put to him at a recent agricultural convention, while advocating the system of steaming feed for cattle, made a statement in substance as follows: "Although I am in favor of steaming hay and grain for cattle, I would not do so if all my hay was of the very best quality; but he added, 'I don't think one can afford to feed such hay when a poorer and cheaper quality can, by steaming, be made to equal it as food for stock.'"

SETH GREEN, by his own experiments, has shown that an acre of water is as valuable as an acre of land for producing food for man.

Mrs. Van Cott, the Revivalist.

(Chicago Post and Mail.) Mrs. Van Cott has been spending a portion of the last year in earnest efforts for the Christianizing of sundry towns and villages in Pennsylvania. Among these places is the village of Freedom, in York county, where she met with marked success, and held enthusiastic meetings. One evening, while canvassing the house for repentant sinners, she noticed a middle aged man, the stolid expression of whose face attracted her attention and excited her feminine curiosity; so, in her usual magnetic manner, she approached him, and asked him whether he would not like to follow in the path of the righteous. No answer could she gain, and with an audible prayer of "may God drive the dumb devil out of you, my brother," she passed on to interview more impressive subjects.

Two nights passed, and the stranger again appeared at the church; but this time his eyes were lighted with an almost maniacal glitter, and his countenance seemed the playground of the liveliest emotions. Quickly approaching the altar, he knelt among the sobbing and shouting ones, and as the religious shepherdess drew near he asked her if she knew him. "Why yes, you are the man who had the dumb devil the other night," she replied. He then begged her the privilege of saying a few words; and the request being granted, he arose, and deliberately drawing a revolver from his breast, held it aloft in a thrilling, dramatic manner, while he told his history of life to the eager listeners. He was a resident of Chicago, where he had for many years followed his profession of photographer. For the past four years he had strayed far from the path of right and virtue, and as a consequence of his dissipation and debauchery, his wife had deserted him and returned to his friends in Pennsylvania, taking his three children with her. Driven to frenzy by this, he sank lower and lower, until, as if the fiendishness of hell itself possessed him, he had purchased this weapon of death and started for the East, determined to murder his wife and children, and then put an end to his own miserable existence. Only two nights before he sat in that church looking for his wife, and gloating over the fiendish plot. The words then spoken to him had aroused his almost lost manhood, and falling again on his knees he desired Mrs. Van Cott to pray for him. She spoke at once, extending her hand toward him, "Child, give me that," which she grasped, and then she handed her the weapon, and then feeling in his pocket produced a box of cartridges, which he also placed in her hand. The strange sight was then presented of the woman revivalist holding in one hand a seven-shooter and in the other a box of death-dealing missiles, while she offered to heaven an earnest prayer for the saving of this brand from the burning. As Mrs. Van Cott finished telling the incident to the Post and Mail reporter, she said: "Never in my life did I ever feel such power in prayer, and never before did I offer up a petition to my Heavenly Father under such strange circumstances." The next day the man, clothed in his right mind, and happy in heart, sought the injured wife, effected a reconciliation, and another week soon be added to the list of happy homes in Chicago.

Who is Mr. Sankey?

During our first pastorate at New Brighton in 1862-3, a fine-looking young man from New Castle, used to come down on Saturdays, and sing in our choir. He always brought sunshine in his face, and made music in the souls of all with whom he mingled. He sang like a Christian; and he seemed entirely free from the petty envious which too commonly crop out in choir, and distrust discord over into the communion of the Church. There was a frankness in this young man's countenance, and a zeal in his tones and manner, which enlisted the confidence of all with whom he associated. Our Choir were always glad when he dropped in among them. That was the beginning of an acquaintance which we have cherished ever since. Afterward we met our friend in New Castle and elsewhere, and always found him the same warm-souled and radiant Christian man. He was not a professional singer. He loved music for its own sake, and used it as he moved among the people, simply, religiously, and as a Gospel gift. His power in the Church to which he belonged was equal to that of the pastor, and his life was one of harmony and peace. He bore about with him an unconscious influence which was positive, practical and irresistible. The children clustered around him when he sang, and tears of joy attended the spirit which accompanied the service.

And, so, we do not wonder that this same young man, now in the maturity of middle life, a developed Christian, endowed with a special gift from heaven, is so blessed in singing salvation to the masses in Great Britain. We feel honored to number Brother Sankey, who is the fellow worker with Brother Moody, as our personal and beloved friend. He is a genuine evangelist, and the multitudes are moved by his voice, as never by the pomp and liturgy of the Succession—The Methodist Recorder, Pittsburg.

Ancient Meats.

Says the Dubuque Times: We ate a slice of meat yesterday that was cut from a chunk fifteen years old. It was jerked buffalo, brought from the plains in 1859, by Bill Wellington, and put in his store, now Hansen & Linebar's, where it has lain ever since, and there is left of it. The chunk was furnished for my lunch, and at his request this reporter partook of a piece yesterday. It was as palatable as though dried this summer. We doubt if there is any other grub in America that is so good. There's the chunk that Bill carried off the time he ran his celebrated foot race with old Wagoner's. A Sioux chief, who was as good a dead one as ever partook of this kind of a snack. Bill didn't lose his egg, but he was a little bit cured by warming. Cream should be churned as soon as the milk. It should be allowed to ripen a few days in a cool place, and should not be used until the cream has risen.

NIGHT BARK IN FAIRYLAND.

All night the great elms shook for fear And withered as if by frost; Between the pines my sleep I heard the gusty rain; These pines of this world are unmaned, I rode away to Fairyland.

All night the ballroom of the moon The crazy chimney rooked and shook; Till woe of this world and its woe, A little snatched with carmen hand, And rode an hour through Fairyland.

I heard still, as I few along, The old's branches shake and shiver; Ye weary of this stubborn hour, That throbs and throbs, but will not break! I sought for Oberon, and his crew, And rode long leagues through Fairyland.

I found the court; in love and dance I willed away the summer hours; I knew the pines, and I knew the cup, Where fell a rain of crimson flowers. They all obeyed my proud command, These little folk of Fairyland.

TRUTHS AND TRIFLES.

The kind of eyes for business men—advertisers. It makes a man and many a woman to be talked about. LEAVING the boot heels unblackened is no longer a sign of genius. THERE is not a string attached to mirch but has its chord of melancholy. As turning the logs will make a dull fire burn, so change of studies awakes a dull brain. LOVE one that does not love you, answer one that does not call you, and you will run a fruitless race. MAKE no vows to perform this or that. It shows no great strength, and makes thee ride behind thyself—Fittler.

When all the world is old, And all the trees are brown; And all the sports are stale, And all the pleasures gone; Creep home, and take your place there, The spent and staid man; God grant you find use from there, You loved when you were young.

"Is the Colonel here?" shouted a man, sticking his head into a Kansas City street car. "He is," answered thirteen men as they rose up.

"The business end of a mule," is the way a Texas editor describes the heels of the team which unloaded half a bundle of paper at the back door of his office. WE often live under a cloud, and it is well for us that we should do so. Uninterrupted sunshine would parch our souls. WE want shade and rain to cool and refresh them.

LORENZO DAY having married Miss Martha Cook, a local paperist, has time to make a few comments. "But time does not complain. There'll be little days enough for the West and the East."

WHAT word is that in the English language, the two first letters of which signify a man, the first three a woman, the first four a great man, and the whole a great woman?—Heroine. WHEN you hear a good story from the lips of a stupid man, and see a silk umbrella in the hands of a man who does not pay for a newspaper, you may know that both have been borrowed.

THE three wonders of the world at present are—How fluff accumulates in vest pockets, where the pins go to, and when a man comes out of a saloon he looks one way and goes the other. A FEW days ago a Norwich man bought a chest of tea in Providence, and on opening it found a stone weighing nearly eleven pounds. He remarked that the weights of Providence are mysterious.

AN Indianapolis Court decides that the fact of a girl being engaged to several gentlemen at once is no bar to her suing each of them for breach of promise. And if a woman wants more rights than that she's had to please.

A CERTAIN editor, soon after he began to learn the printing business, fell in love with a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended meeting, he was rather taken down at hearing the preacher announce: "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

THE Scottish American Journal on English pronunciation. You have your hair, hair; you have your eyes, eyes; you have your nose, nose; you have your mouth, mouth; you have your ears, ears; you have your hands, hands; you have your feet, feet; you have your legs, legs; you have your arms, arms; you have your back, back; you have your chest, chest; you have your stomach, stomach; you have your bowels, bowels; you have your bladder, bladder; you have your kidneys, kidneys; you have your liver, liver; you have your spleen, spleen; you have your pancreas, pancreas; you have your gall bladder, gall bladder; you have your lungs, lungs; you have your heart, heart; you have your brain, brain; you have your spine, spine; you have your nerves, nerves; you have your muscles, muscles; you have your bones, bones; you have your skin, skin; you have your hair, hair; you have your eyes, eyes; you have your nose, nose; you have your mouth, mouth; you have your ears, ears; you have your hands, hands; you have your feet, feet; you have your legs, legs; you have your arms, arms; 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ENTERPRISE
MAT D. BLOSSER
MANCHESTER, SEPT. 30, 1875

Charley Rose called to Ypsilanti, going to school to Rebecca Harding Davis, when being five open the door, and blowing with the rubber pipe in one hand and nod on the other, and "little honey" with the plumed hat in the other. You rush out and grab a bean-pole, and discover "that cow" examining the new three-quadrant fastening on your gate.

Blissfield Advances of the 16th inst. have a very flattering and congratulatory notice of the return to that village by the M. R. Conference, of Rev. W. C. Way, so we shall probably have opportunity to rejoice in the light of his countenance occasionally when he comes to visit his old friends in Sharon and this vicinity.

From Our Own Correspondent.
Mr. Z. Y. was matrimonially inclined. Some were induced to believe that a certain young lady of Colfax, intended a home, and would be pleased to have an offer of marriage. Accordingly he wrote her a letter, informing her if she would get married now he was the time, and proposed a meeting at a certain place in the town. The girl received the missive, but the father being abroad in his childhood days, she was unable to read it, and had to apply to another person to expound the contents. The damsel accordingly sent word to the anxious party that she would meet him at the hour named. He proceeded several of her friends to meet at the aforesaid house, and remain secreted, to witness the sequel. The parties having met, the swain made his people known, but unfortunately for him he had two wives leave him, and with two children on his hands.

From Our Own Correspondent.
The game was called at 2:30 P. M. A. J. Williams, Empire, the Phoenix club the field with the Stars at bat. A look at the two clubs on the bat, looking man, with the advantage for the Stars, who seemed to be the favorites of the crowd.

From Our Own Correspondent.
The result of the first inning was Stars tallies, Phoenix 4, 2nd inning: Stars 2, Phoenix 3, 3rd inning: Stars 2, Phoenix 1, 4th inning: Stars 1, Phoenix 2, 5th inning: Stars 1, Phoenix 2, 6th inning: Stars 1, Phoenix 2, 7th inning: Stars 1, Phoenix 2, 8th inning: Stars 1, Phoenix 2, 9th inning: Stars 1, Phoenix 2.

From Our Own Correspondent.
The "Peak Family Bell Ringers" were scattered quite freely on Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning of last week. Their performance was a complete failure in every respect, and they deserted what the boys and young men gave them, "a grand success" in the shape of "cow bells, horse-diddles and dinner-horns."

ENTERPRISE
MAT D. BLOSSER
MANCHESTER, SEPT. 30, 1875

Holden got into a dispute about a horse, and "battered" away at each other for several minutes, in which they got badly disfigured about the face. No arrests were made.

Advertisements
JOHN PETTIT, THE LIVE MUSIC DEALER
PIANOS AND ORGANS
DONT FORGET
OTTO MUNCH,

NEW FURNITURE!
CALL ON HIM!
"ENTERPRISE"
Dated Sept. 23d, 1875.

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DOLY'S
VARIETY STORE,
GO TO

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Village and Country.
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Director J. H. Perkins.
Assessor—G. M. Hewitt.
Finance Committee J. Kelly, N. H. Wells.

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