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AT HOME AND ABROAD.

T. W. HIGGINSON enters a solemn protest against what is known as a foreign education. He argues that it is much more important that a boy or girl should know the history and literature of the world at large, and particularly of the country in which he or she is to live, than that two or three languages should be spoken as well as by a European courier. Mr. Higginson finds that mathematics, rhetoric, metaphysics, political economy, physiology, and natural science generally—the studies which train the mind—are, for the most part, omitted by children taught in Europe.

ALPHONSO PINART, a French scientist, who has been studying the antiquities of the Pacific coast for three or four years, has been exploring Vancouver's Island this summer. He has found a large number of shell mounds and cairns, and is convinced from an examination of the skulls and bones found in them that although they are of great antiquity they belonged to the ancestors of the tribe of Indians now inhabiting the island. Some enormous bones have been found by settlers at Bosalia, Washington Territory. The skull of an unknown animal was dug up from the bottom of a spring. It weighed eight hundred pounds.

REPORT both it that some one has gained a fortune out of the little "thread-telegraph" toys that have made their way all over the country, but the principle, it seems, is applicable on a larger scale. Professor Graham Bell, of Canada, connects the membranes which cover the two cylinders with the armatures of electro-magnets of an ordinary telegraph instrument, and by means of a contrivance, which we have not space to describe here succeeds in transmitting the tones of the voice, musical sounds, and, to a limited extent, articulated sentences. The vowel sounds alone are distinctly reproduced. The instrument has been successfully operated over ten miles wire, so that its possibilities are not contemptible. We must learn, however, to converse without using consonants if we expect to make this discovery available.

At Rouen a knowledge of the art of dying is of great importance to a large number of people. Not content with the rough and ready plan usually followed in England, of taking a lad from school and putting him into a dye house to learn "practically," as it is supposed, the mysteries of the trade, the Rouennais have a school of industry, to which is attached a chemical laboratory. In this are received pupils who for two years study not only elementary chemistry and ordinary reactions, but make a really practical and intelligent acquaintance with the dyeing and printing of textile fabrics. In a course of two hundred and fifty lessons specially addressed to this end, supplemented by independent manipulation the pupil learns all the details of the business for which he is being trained; to colorists is explained all that is known concerning dyes, drugs, grinding machinery and the apparatus needed for preparing colors or using them afterwards.

AMONG the shipments from this port, says the Boston Post, to Liverpool, by the steamship Palestine, of the Warren line, which sailed a few days ago, were large lots of leather, including hemlock sole, splits, rough and finished upper. This is a rapidly growing branch of our export trade, which not only relieves the home market of a large surplus product not wanted for consumption, but which yields a fair profit to shippers. Owing to the abundance and cheapness of tanning materials in this country, we can produce rough leather at a lower cost than any European nation. Until quite recently our exports have been confined to this description. But of late the cost of labor has been reduced to a point which enables us to send abroad the carried or finished article to some extent. The contingents have yielded satisfactory returns, except in a few cases where the business has been badly managed by the English commission. The shipments of leather at this port now aggregate a weekly value of about one hundred thousand dollars.

THERE are indications that trouble for Spain is brewing in the Basque Provinces. It will be remembered that on August 26th the discovery and suppression of the outbreaks in Pampeluna and Sebastian were reported, and on September 4th it was announced that the Spanish Government had given notice that armed garrisons would be furnished to passenger trains, on the application of the railway companies. Since then nothing has been heard in regard to the symptoms of disturbance in that quarter until the other night, when a telegram stated that a rumor had reached Bourg Madame from Puycedra that a proclamation had been made in Northern Spain. The Spanish Legation at Paris contradicted this report, but letters from Spain represent that great dissatisfaction exist among the inhabitants of the Basque Provinces, in consequence of the modification of the Fueros, measures to effect which were to be put in force this month. These measures include military conscription, collection of arrears in taxes, and the exaction of supplies and provisions for the army occupying the Provinces. The letters above mentioned make no mention of any outbreak, actual or probable.

TIME OF NEED.

In older days there lived a man I used to know well. He worked from early dawn till eve, and saved his earnings all his life. He kept his previous hold of wealth in a bag, the hood and round. Until the store of coins had grown in weight to balance many a pound: And when his easy wife would ask, "What good is so much care and greed?" One answer always was returned: "I'm keeping this for time of need." And so, through patient, toilsome years, "This is the burden of his song: Let others spend, but I will save: Till time of need shall come along." The story traveled far and wide; And so it changed a stranger case, Who once set down his money, and, Acrosting thus the busy dame: "Dear madame, I am Time of Need: I've journeyed over land and sea: To claim the money you have hoarded, Has kept in faithful charge for me." "Oh, dear me!" the dame replied, "My husband will be vexed, indeed, That he should be away from home When you arrive, Sir Time of Need!" "I cannot wait," the stranger cried, "For business calls me to depart." "Then I will get your own," she said, "And give you up with all my heart." She dragged the hidden treasure forth, And laid it out in all its worth: "White he exclaimed: 'I had not thought To find my bag so large and full!" "And fear I cannot take it all, 'Tis more than I can hold," she said, "Oh, ride the bob-tailed horse," he said, "And take the whole, I do return!" "A lucky thought!" she cried, "The horse when he'll jump this way, So riding, mounted on his back, The stranger rode away." The dame was left rejoicing much, That her good man from care was freed, And now at last could rest at ease, And think no more of Time of Need!

THE STORY OF A PHYSICIAN'S WIFE.

"I have heard of persons whose hair was whitened through excessive fear, but as I never saw myself any one so affected I am disposed to be credulous on the subject." The above remark was made to Dr. Maynard, as we sat on the piazza of his pretty villa discussing the different effects of error on the human system. "Whitened?" he replied, "The doctor turned to his wife and said: 'Helen, will you please relate to my old friend the incident within your own experience? It is the most convincing argument I can advance.' I looked at Mrs. Maynard in surprise. I had observed that her hair, which was luxuriant and dressed very becomingly, was purely colorless, but as she was a young woman, and also a very pretty one, I surmised that it was powdered to heighten the brilliancy of her fine dark eyes. The doctor and I had been friends and fellow students, but after leaving college we had drifted apart, I to commence practice in a distant city, he to pursue his profession in a growing town in the West. I was now on a visit to him for the first time since his marriage. Mrs. Maynard, no doubt, reading my supposition by my look of incredulity, smiled as she shook down her snowy tresses over her shoulders, and seating herself by her husband's side, related the following incident: 'I met your wife in my study nearly two years ago since my husband was called on one evening, to visit a patient several miles away. Our domestics had all gone to 'wake' in the vicinity, the dead man being a relative of one of our serving women. Thus I was left alone. But I felt no fear, for we never had heard of burglars or any sort of desperadoes in our quiet village, then consisting of a few scattering houses. The windows leading out on the piazza were open as now, but I secured the blinds before my husband's departure, and locked the outside doors, all except the front one, which I left for I should have to go in to get my hat and coat before he returned. I heard the doctor's rapid footsteps on the gravel, quickened by the urgent tones of the messenger, who awaited him, and after the sharp rattle of carriage wheels had become but an echo, I seated myself by the parlor astral and soon became absorbed in the perusal of a book. I was, however, disturbed by the summons. But after a time my interest succumbed to drowsiness, and I thought of retiring, when the clock in the doctor's study adjoining the parlor struck twelve; so I determined to wait a few moments more, feeling that he would be home now very soon. I closed my book, dozed, and then returned to my seat to patiently wait and listen. Not the faintest sound disturbed the stillness of the night. Not a breath of air stirred the leaf. The silence was so profound that it became oppressive. I longed for the sharp click of the gate-latch and the well-known step on the gravel walk. I did not dare to break the hush myself by moving or singing. I was so oppressed by the deep stillness. The human mind is a strange torturer of itself. I began to conjure up vivid fancies about ghostly visitants, in the midst of which occurred to me the stories I had heard from superstitious people about the troubled spirits of those who had died suddenly, like a man whom my servants had gone to 'wake,' who had been killed by an accident at the saw mill. In the midst of these terrifying reflections I was startled by a stealthy footfall on the piazza. I listened between fear and hope. It might be the doctor. But no, he would not tread like that; he steps with a soft and cautious tread, anything less wild than a cat. As I listened again my eyes were fixed on the window blind. I saw the slats move slowly and softly, and then the rays of the moon disclosed a thin, cadaverous face and bright, glittering eyes peering at me. Oh, horror! who was it? what was it? I felt the cold perspiration start on my forehead. I seemed to be frozen in my chair. I could not move, I could not cry out; my tongue seemed glued to the roof of my mouth, while the deathly white face pressed closer, and the great sunken eyes wandered in their gaze about the room. In a few moments the blind closed noiselessly as it had been opened, and the cautious footstep came toward the door. 'Merciful heaven!' I cried, in a horror-stricken whisper, 'I heard the key turn in the lock, 'the doctor, in his haste, must have forgotten to withdraw the key.'

"God forgive me!" ejaculated Dr. Maynard, interrupting his wife, and looking far more excited than she. "I can never forgive myself for such a thoughtless act. Please proceed, my dear." "I heard the front door open, the step in the hall, and helpless as a statue I still sat riveted to my chair. The parlor door was open, and in it stood a tall, thin man; whom I had never beheld before. He was dressed in a long, loose robe, a sort of gaberline, and a black velvet skull cap partially concealed a broad forehead, underneath which gleamed black eyes, bright as living coals, and placed so near together that their gaze was preternatural in its directness; heavy grizzled eyelids hung over them like the tangled mane of a lion; the nose was sharp and prominent, and the chin was overgrown with white hair, which hung down in locks weird as the ancient mariner's. He politely doffed his cap, bowed, replaced it, and then said, in a slightly foreign accent: "'Madame, it is not necessary for me to stand on any further ceremony, as your husband, Dr. Maynard, (hereupon he again bowed profoundly) has already acquainted you with the nature of my business here to-night. I perceive,' he added, glancing at my negligé robe, 'that you were expecting me.' "'No,' I found voice to stammer. 'The doctor has said nothing to me about a visitor at this hour of the night.' "'Ah, he wished to spare you, no doubt, a disagreeable apprehension,' he returned, advancing and taking a few moments' hat and eyed me keenly from head to foot with a strange glittering light in his eyes that mysteriously impressed me. 'You have a remarkably fine physique, madame,' he observed, quietly; 'one that might deceive the eye of the most skilled and practical physician. Do you suffer much pain?' "Unable to speak, I shook my head. A terrible suspicion was creeping over me. I was alone—miles away from aid or rescue—with a madman. "'Ah!' he continued, reflectively, 'your husband may have mistaken a tumor for a cancer. Allow me to feel your pulse,' he said, rising and bending over me. "I thought it best to humor him, remembering it was unwise for a helpless woman to oppose the, as yet, harmless freak of a lunatic. He took out his watch, shook his head gravely, laid my hand down gently, then he went toward the study, where, on the table, was an open case of surgical instruments. "'Do not be alarmed, madame,' he said, turning to me as I was about to rise and flee, and in another instant he was by my side, with the case in his possession. "Involuntarily I raised my hand and cried: "Spare me! O spare me, I beseech you!" "Madame," he said sternly, clasping my wrist with his long sinewy fingers, with a grip of steel, 'you behave like a child. I have no time to parley, for I have received a letter from the Emperor of the French stating that he is suffering from an iliac abscess, and is desirous of my attendance. I must start for Europe immediately after performing the operation on your breast, and before I could make the slightest resistance he had me in his arms and was carrying me into the study where there was a long table with green baize. On this he laid me and holding me down with one hand, he opened my breast, and he thrust forth from some hidden recess in his gown several long leather straps, with which he secured me to the table with the skill of an expert. It was but the work of a moment to unloose my robe and bare my bosom. Then, after carefully examining my left breast, he said: "'Madame, your husband has made a mistake—I find no necessity for my intended operation.' "At this I gave a long-drawn sigh of relief, and prepared to rise. "But," he continued, 'I have made the discovery that your heart is as large as that of an ox! I will remove it so that you may see for yourself, reduce it to its natural size by a curious process of my own unknown to the medical science, and of which I am the sole discoverer, and then replace it again. "He now began to examine the edge of the cruel knife, on which I closed my eyes, while every nerve was in a perceptible tremor. "The mechanism of the heart is like a watch," he resumed; 'if it goes too fast the great blood vessels, and that supplies the force must be stopped like the lever of a watch, and the works must be cleaned and repaired and regulated. It may interest you to know that I was present at the post-mortem examination held over the remains of the beautiful Louise of Prussia. I had been consulted before death I would have saved her by taking out her heart and removing the polyp, but which it was not possible to do in a wise; but I was called too late. The king and I had a little difference—he was a German, I am French. I trust that is sufficient explanation.' "He now bent over me, his long white beard brushing my face. I raised my eyes beseechingly, trying to think of some way to save myself. "O, sir, give me the knife, that I may not feel the pain," I pleaded. "Indeed! indeed, madame, I would comply with your wish were you not the wife of a physician—of a skillful surgeon. I wish you to note with what ease I perform this difficult operation, so that you may tell your husband of the great savant whose services he secured, fortunately in season." "As he said this he made the final twist of his knife on his thumb. "Ah, madame," he said, changing his head agaciously, 'I never draw blood during a surgical operation; that is another one of my secrets unknown to the faculty.' "Then placing his hand on my bosom he added with horrible epigramme: "'I'll scarcely mar that white skin than snow and smooth as monumental alabaster.' "O, God! I cried, as I felt the cold steel touch my breast; but with the same breath came deliverance. "Quick as thought a heavy wooden piano-cover was thrown over the head and person of the madman, and bound tightly about him. As quickly was I released, and the thought that had bound me soon held the madman. "My husband held me in his arms. He had noiselessly approached, and taking in the horror of my situation at a glance, had, by the only means at hand, secured the madman, who was the very patient he had been summoned to attend, but who had escaped the vigilance of his keeper soon after the departure of the messenger, who had now returned with the doctor in pursuit of him. As the poor wretch was being hurried away he turned to me and said: 'Madame, this is a plot to rob me of my reputation. Your husband is envious of my great skill as a surgeon. Adieu!' I afterward learned that he was once an eminent surgeon in Europe; but much learning had made him mad. When he found me to that table my hair was as black as a raven; when I left it, it was as you see it now—white as full-blown cotton."

Dominion of Canada.
(New York Graphic.)
The Dominion of Canada has got itself into an embarrassing dilemma by its repeated failures to fulfill the contracts which induced the Western provinces to become members of the confederation. The pledges of 1871 and 1874 being both unexecuted, and Lord Dufferin in acknowledging that their redemption is impossible, British Columbia seriously threatens to secede. It was stipulated that the Dominion Government should bind itself to comply with four of the demands of the British Columbians: first, to complete the portion of the Pacific Railway west of Lake Superior, so as to afford a direct route to the existing lines of railway through a portion of the United States, and by Canadian waters during the season of navigation, by the year 1880; secondly, to construct at once a wagon road and telegraph line along the proposed railway route; thirdly, to expend, after completion, \$2,000,000 to be yearly annually construction in British Columbia; and, lastly, that a railway from Esquimalt to Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island, should be built. These terms were adopted, and all were happy. The eastern terminal section of the road was begun from Minnesota down the Red River, north to Fort Garry, and a two-year-old railway was carried to British Columbia; and, lastly, the Island road, suddenly the Dominion broke down and announced that it could not fulfill the bargain, offering in lieu of the whole to pay to British Columbia \$750,000 as a bonus. This has been refused, and the cry of "annexation" is again rising. On the day of Governor-General Dufferin's arrival in Victoria, the following motto was hung across the main street: "Carnarvon terms of separation." The Governor-General refused to pass under so threatening a device—and probably ridicules the Dominion for its part in the fiasco, and hints that it is guilty of repudiation. However, it should be forgotten that the same had time and that schemes are impracticable now which would be easy in more prosperous days.

An Interesting Relic.

In 1776, four men, who had been captured on board a British vessel, were confined in Windham Jail; while there they carved with their jack knives, from a log of pine, an image supposed to represent the god Bacchus. This image was given by the prisoners to a Widow Carr, who at the time kept a tavern near Windham Green, and who had shown them some acts of kindness. They soon after broke out of jail, stole a canoe from the landing here, in which they attempted to make their escape to the British army on Long Island; but the canoe was overturned at Greenwich, and the four were drowned. This account of their attempted escape was given by the survivor, John Coggin, and published in the Connecticut Gazette, printed at New London, of date Nov. 29, 1776. The image served as a tavern sign on Windham Green for over eighty years. In 1856 it fell from the big elm on which was placed, by which one arm was broken, and other injuries received. It was soon after fixed up in good order and came into the possession of Mr. H. E. Brooks, of Williamantic. It remained in his eating-house at Hartford, since which time it has been in his saloon there; and so it completely disappeared from the world. This image is about two feet high, and sits astride a wine keg, holding in his arms a basket of fruit. Considerable skill is shown in the design and execution of the figure. Mr. Turner has secured for exhibition in the historical collection at the county fair this unique and interesting Revolutionary relic, which will no doubt attract a great deal of attention, which it justly deserves.

Near Schooneck the owner of a vineyard destroyed nearly all the bees in that region.

Noticing that the bees were eating and destroying his grapes, he made a trap, consisting of two large planks. These planks were raised by means of a prop a foot apart, and baited with molasses and after a large number of the bees had congregated he sprung his "infernal machine" and destroyed thousands at a time. In this manner the bee colonies near by were so weakened that one apiarist lost eight out of twelve colonies. WISCONSIN produces one hundred thousand bushels of cranberries annually.

A Texas Wedding.

A New correspondent, writing from Coleman County, Texas, fifty miles from Fort Worth, gives the details of a wedding in Texas. The bride was, as the correspondent was informed, Old Saquett's daughter. We call him "Don" for short. The girl's name is Myrene. We call her "Bennie," and that chap that's going to get her is old Uvalde's son "Mig," the blood that saved her from the Rio Pecos about six months ago. "Guests from far and wide arrived in wagons and on horseback. Backwoods maidens and stalwart cattle keepers in staid and gay colors, sunbonnets and buckskins, were chatting and gossiping under the trees, the same as church audiences of civilization. Everybody seemed to have clusters of flowers, and for a time those rough and sturdy men of the plains suffered their bow members to be ornamented with feathers and bows bound with gay handkerchiefs by fair and gentle hands. "The bride was dark as her father, and her eyes were moist with silvery tears, shadowed by heavy brows and lashes. Her raven black hair hung in curly ringlets down her back, and two white sprays of orange blossoms were worn among them. Her dress was of white satin trimmed with gold, reaching just to her ankles; white satin boots covered her small feet, and a necklace of pearls encircled her white round neck. She stood about five feet eight inches in height, yet looked small by the side of the tall and well shaped man who was to be her husband. He was dressed in a buckskin suit, richly ornamented. The suit came from the Cherokee country. He had long brown hair, sharp gray eyes, regular features, and was a handsome man, standing six feet three inches and weighing two hundred and eighty pounds. "The wedding ring was of heavy gold, and in return the bride presented her husband with a breastpin. When the benediction was pronounced, the young Texan rangers crowded out the old people, and with their broad palms they shook the happy pair heartily by the hands. "Make way," said the groom, "give the boys a chance. Every one of you come forward, right here, I want to see you-all have a good time." "The brawny arms of the cattle drovers were extended in jovial congratulations, the music of the violin, banjo, and tambourine struck up, and in a few minutes the grove resembled a beautiful ballroom. "Among the company were five beautiful octoroons in red dresses, red necked waists, red slippers, and hair with red roses at their only ornaments. They formed a set with a young wild-looking cattle owner, and they danced a cotillon with the ease and grace of Mexican dancers. In another group several maidens and all were young, were singing and playing. A pretty young maiden and a lad were executing a double "Texan fling," an uncouth, fantastic turn and twist, that requires plenty of action and strength in the limbs. Bashful young men retired and indulged in a mustang race; others had a quoting match, and still others three knives jumped over a high bar, and the rest of the men stood and talked of the sports of the chase, politics, and the cattle trade. Refreshments followed in close order. Songs were sung, and the violin, guitar, accordion, tambourine, and flute sounded louder and louder. "The grove was the scene of joy and hilarity. The horns were blown, and the sound of the announcement for dinner was made. The repast was plain but substantial. All there was to eat was piled upon the table. Enough had been prepared to feed five hundred people. Two young oxen had been roasted, and vegetables had been provided in the same lavish manner. "While you were at dinner, opportunity was given to look at some of the presents. The groom had received a fine Mexican saddle, a pair of heavy pistols, a bridle made of plaited hair, silver flask, long dagger, pair of high top boots of alligator leather, set of rifle accouters, silver tobacco box, silver spurs, and many other articles that are used by drovers and hunters. Not a single article of jewelry was given to him. The only thing that approached household goods was a magnificent panther skin to be used as a robe. The bride received a magnificent little mustang of fine proportions, cream colored mane and tail, and high bred; then she had a beautiful pair of tropical birds; a fine St. Bernard dog; a pair of twin calves, as white and beautiful as the driven snow; a pet fawn; a globe of beautiful gold fish, that were brought all the way from New Orleans by an agent of the city; together with a variety of bracelets, cardrings, rings, and two beautiful coral necklaces, studded with diamonds; a large gold cross, and a diamond studded watch and chain. "After dinner there was a wild time. The examples of reckless riding had rarely, if ever, been seen in this section of Texas. The racing was exciting, yet fraught with danger. The maidens applauded and shouted at the tops of their voices, and the herdsmen dashed by on their fiery mustangs. Then there was more music and dancing, and thus the sport was continued until four o'clock, when they departed, after wishing the couple long life, happiness and prosperity. "When the parents of the bride were to depart, the groom mounted his horse and the young wife vaulted in her own saddle by the aid of the strong arm of her husband, and the party rapidly galloped away to their home, where the young couple were to spend a week and then return, to commence life in earnest."

PRESENTATIONS.

The long, fair days are filled with peace—Like tranquil dreams the days go by; From morn's first gleam, high noon, until the sun sinks softly down, the winter's day I lose the happy's recompense. "The crooked by the roadside oak, The song of birds are few and faint; And through the deep and starless dark I lose the happy's recompense. "Through every garden in a flame With brighter flowers than bloom in May, Yet over the earth there slowly steals I lose the happy's recompense. "Aunt thought the meadows yet are green, The hill's steep heights show shades of brown, And from the maple's swaying bough I saw one dead leaf flutter down. "The brook has shrunk 'mid the reeds The thistle seed from its bed; A solemn hush the valley fills, And creeps across the nocturnal sky. "From dawn till dusk the hours grow less, The light is fainter in the day; For more a lady, and the night Encroaches on the realm of day. "O, soon o'er solitary fields Shall fall the white shroud of the snow; Through silent dunes the winter's foot From out the Arctic north shall blow. "Yet nature through uncounted years Shall work earth's miracles anew, Nor cease the stars to gleam in heaven, Nor leave the skies less deeply blue. "Alas for those who heed not heaven, Little's first sweet summer time is o'er! The thistle seed from its bed, No waiting future shall reverse."

THINGS HERE AND THERE.

THERE is no man clever enough to know all the evil which he does. NORWICH Bulletin: Nothing pleases a conceituous bachelor so much as to dine with a married friend and see the baby put his foot into the gravy. THE most fervent love becomes more fervent by brief interruption and reconciliation. Our affections must be agitated by a storm before they can raise the highest rainbow of peace. "Has that jury agreed?" asked the Judge of a Sheriff whom he met on the stairs with a bucket in his hand. "Yes," replied the Sheriff, "they have agreed to suit out for a half gallon." OBJECTS close to the eye shut out much larger objects on the horizon, and splendor born only of the earth eclipses the stars. So a man sometimes covers up the entire disk of eternity with a dollar, and quenches transcendent glories with a little shining dust.—Chapin. BECAUSE you flourish in worldly affairs, Don't be taught, and don't be wretched! With industry and industry! Don't be proud and turn up your nose At the poor man's rags. Don't be sure, for the sake of your mind's repose, That wealth is a bubble that comes and goes, And that all good flesh, wherever it grows, Is subject to irritation! HUMAN happiness, according to the most received notions, seems to consist in three ingredients—action, pleasure, and indolence; and though the ingredients ought to be mixed in different proportions, according to the particular disposition of the person, yet no one ingredient can be entirely wanting without destroying, in some measure, the relief of the whole composition.—Hume. THE editor of a Mississippi paper wrote: "Our fair last week exhibited, among other things, a collection of insects, and the interestingly sub-substituted 'hair' for 'hair.' The color of his hair, which was a cross between a dark brown and the color of Kentucky bagging. "The first party of painted savages who raised a few huts upon the Thames did not dream of the London they were creating, or know that in lighting the fire on their hearth they were kindling one of the great cities of Time. "All of mankind are formed in the same unconscious way. They are the aggregate result of countless single wills, each of which, thinking of his own end, and perhaps fully gaining it, is at the same time enlisted by Providence in the secret service of the world.—James Martineau. JONES says that the white flannel suit he bought a year ago proved a very economical investment, and has been of much service to him. Jones wears a suit of two hundred and fifty pounds, and when he bought it it fitted him remarkably well. After the first washing, his eldest son, who weighs one hundred pounds less than Jones, senior, found it an excellent fit. Two washings more made it delightful for a youth of nine, and at the end of the season the boy was adorned with the habiliments, which had shrunk just enough to make them fit for a child out of her bed by backing through the end of it; then she found where the man was kept, and took a lunch until she reached the bottom board of the bin, and any one who saw her would have sworn she had swallowed Professor Worn's balloon and then had inflated. Then she got into the garden, and with an evident desire to get ahead of the grasshoppers, she made her way deliberately toward the front gate, devouring tomato vines, onion tops, melon, beans, sweet corn, trellis, pea brush, bug worms, and everything that grew or breathed, and then she wound up by falling down the outside cellar stairway, where they found her in the morning with her feet spread out appealingly toward the heavens and a potato half way down her throat. They have had Bretteau to a throat. In a desert place, and the best authorities think it won't be necessary to feed her anything for six months. And the young man is half inclined to think that a cow in town is indeed a treasure, but one of very common type.

