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A New King and Queen.

King Milan Obrenovich IV. is half a Roumanian in blood, his mother having been Mlle. Catargi, a member of one of the oldest and best known families of Roumania. On his father's side he comes from the Peasant Miloch Obrenovich I., his grandfather, who succeeded Kara-George, ("Black George,") the first liberator of Servia from the immediate domination of the Turks. Prince Milan was proclaimed Prince of Servia on the 2d of July, 1868, after the principality had been governed several years by a Regency appointed by the Skoupchtina (National Assembly) after the terrible assassination of his relative and predecessor, Prince Michael Obrenovich III., the most enlightened ruler Serbia has ever had, who laid the foundations of the best institutions now enjoyed by the inhabitants. The King of Serbia is about five feet eleven in height, and very strongly built; he has black hair and eyes and a swarthy complexion; his face is broad, and when his features are at rest he is rather a handsome man. His majesty appears singularly ill at ease in public; his eyes dart furtive glances in every direction, and he is so embarrassed at times that his attempted nonchalance is a complete failure. This nervous bearing when he is in the presence of a general audience has been attributed to the effect produced upon his mind by the horrible assassination of his predecessor on the throne, Prince Michael. King Milan was married on the 17th of October, 1875, to the Princess Natalie, daughter of a Russian Col. Kechko, who had espoused the daughter of Prince Stourdzaof, the late reigning family of Moldavia, before that province was united to Wallachia to form the present kingdom of Roumania. The Queen of Serbia is perhaps the most beautiful member of the reigning families of Europe; she is above the middle height, with an elegantly-molded form, black eyes and hair, a brunette complexion, almost faultless features, and a manner that wins its way at once to the hearts of all whom her majesty endeavors to please. Dressed in a long trailing robe of black velvet, the Queen of Serbia would grace the proudest Court in Christendom. Two children have been born: the eldest, born August 14, 1876, was named Alexander after the Emperor Alexander II. of Russia, who was godfather to the young prince; the younger, born two years later, only survived a few days after seeing the light of day.

The chief royal residence is at Belgrade: it is two stories in height, fronts the main street of the city, is separated by a small yard from the pavement, and is fenced in by a tall iron railing in front. In the right-hand front corner of the yard is the small one-story and basement house occupied by Miloch I., the founder of the Obrenovich dynasty. It contains only half a dozen rooms; but in those simple days it deeply impressed the imagination of the simple-minded subjects of the Serbian ruler. The second residence is in Nisch, the capital of the territory ceded to Serbia by the Turkish Government after the late war. Nisch is a historical old town, and was the site of the conical tower of human skulls collected by the Turks from the battle-fields where they had triumphed over the Giaour, and exhibited for generations to the travelers who journeyed hither as the chief curiosity of the old town, which saw the legions of Rome in its streets long after it was first founded. The third residence of their Serbian majesties is the old summer-house of Miloch Obrenovich. It is situated at Topchidere, the King's park, which lies about two miles from Belgrade, and is a large hilly tract of forest almost untouched by the hand of man. The only drive of the population of the Serbian capital is along the bank of the Save to Topchidere, where there are cafes and other attractions for the entertainment of the habitues of the place and their friends who may accompany them thither. Topchidere is also the King's hunting-ground, where deer and game can be found in the proper seasons, the cafes referred to being situated near the entrance to the park. The last-named royal residence is now devoted entirely to the preservation of relics of Miloch I., and of those of Michael Obrenovich III., who was murdered in the forest of Topchidere in 1866. This building is almost destitute of furniture, and is a counterpart of the usual country residence of a Turkish pasha of a hundred years ago. The Nisch palace was formerly the konak (official residence) of the pasha appointed by the Porte to rule over that district of the Ottoman empire.—*London World.*

Wash-Day in Germany.

The routine of life was quiet, even monotonous, but to an American woman, fresh from the "[illegible] fever" of American housekeeping, sweet and restful. The servants were numerous and well trained, and performed their duties with little noise, and at the right time and in the right manner. It must be said in passing that it took ten men and women to do the work which half that number would be required to perform in an American household. Then, on the other hand, it must be stated that they have not half our conveniences. Their utensils are primitive and cumbrous, and they have much to "fetch and carry," but, looking at results, one can only indulge in an envious and useless sigh. The absence of those pests of American housekeeping, the weekly washing and ironing days, is one reason why German servants are able to go about their work with so much more regularity and thoroughness. In Germany the family wash is done no oftener than once a month—in many places not oftener than once in [illegible] or six months—and then it is done by extra hired help for the occasion. On Monday of the week devoted to this work, according to my observations, the woman came and began preparations. The clothes, etc., were sorted under the supervision of the lady [illegible] housekeeper; the wood laid ready, [illegible] under the great boiler in the [illegible] and every tub, hogshead [illegible] with water. The water was pumped [illegible] and brought from some distance in cumbrous buckets. The [illegible] upon their shoulders for this purpose heavy wooden yokes, [illegible] with a chain and hook at each end to which the full buckets were attached. The next morning at three o'clock [illegible] were at work, busy as [illegible] chattering the [illegible] which grew about the [illegible]. Wash-boards, those instruments of destruction, were unknown, [illegible] being done between their horny knuckles. The ironing is done in Germany by means of a mangle where possible, and the clothes are beautifully smooth and clean.—*Cor. N. Y. Christian Advocate.*

—Harry Whitney, thirteen years old, took all the leading prizes at the late glass-ball shooting tournament at Syracuse, N. Y., amounting to $47.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Papers of the City of Mexico have recently reached New York, only twelve days after publication. This is the shortest time ever known, and the increased speed of transmission is due to the completion of the railroad from Mexico to Toluca.—*Boston Post.*

—Although Sarah Bernhardt, or Madame Damala, has made a large sum since she left the Paris Francais, her managers have had the lion's share. In the future her husband will be her business man himself. It is said that there is not a sharper man in Paris.—*Chicago Journal.*

—An English writer, in describing the performances of Asiatics on the opium pipe, says: "There can scarcely be a more ethereal enjoyment than sucking chandu smoke into the throat and blowing it out again through the nose, and sometimes, by finished performers, through the inner corners of their eyes."

—A Brooklyn alderman is almost as dignified as a Detroit alderman; so when a Brooklyn woman the other day spit in an Alderman's face for interfering with her while she was spanking her child, was fined five dollars. In Detroit it would have cost her fifty cents more at least.—*Free Press.*

—A young lady, while passing up Chapel Street, New Haven, Conn. the other afternoon, was startled by the outcry: "Your hat is all on fire." The young lady quickly removed the hat and found a hole had been burned in it about twice the size of a silver dollar. It is supposed that a match dropped from an upper window caused the mischief.

—There are over five hundred summer hotels and boarding-houses in Greene County, New York, by actual count, accommodating from ten to one thousand guests each, at from five to twenty-five dollars a week. The aggregate capacity of these hotels and boarding-houses is between 20,000 and 25,000 persons—and at the height of the season they are pretty much all filled.

—A little child was cut in two by a locomotive on a North Carolina railroad, recently, in spite of the efforts of the engineer, who, in trying to rescue her, was thrown from the engine down an embankment and himself seriously injured. When the two parts of the child were picked up its head continued to utter piercing cries for two minutes, and until death ensued.—*St. Louis Globe.*

—Lucius Hubbard, of Cottage, Cattaraugus County, N. Y., some time ago was married for a second time. His daughter, who is fifty years of age, was opposed to the marriage, and finally told her father that either his wife must leave the house or she would. The gentleman concluded he could live better without his wife than daughter, and so parted from her. Both were wealthy and respected.

—One danger with boilers is the tearing away of seams, but a method of which we are inclined to think favorably, suggested by an English engineer, would dispense with riveting. In making this boiler, a ring of steel is cast and heated: then it is placed upon a large roller, and by the aid of smaller rollers it is enlarged to the requisite dimensions. The ring is run from one end of the roller to the other, and is returned by reversing the machinery. The heads necessary for the completion of the boiler are subsequently put on with bolts. A boiler of this description has been exhibited.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

—An Illinois girl lately called at a Coroner's office, and addressing the solitary occupant of the apartment, said: "Be you the Coroner?" "I guess you'd think so if you ever see an undertaker shake hands with me," blandly answered the official. "You ain't going anywhere in a day or two, be you?" "Not that I know." "Well, I'm glad to hear it," continued the maiden with an air of much encouragement. "Johnnie Bowles has been keepin' company with me since Christmas, but I hear that he's going to take another girl to the circus to-night, and if he does I'll swaller p'ison."—*Chicago Journal.*

Inconstant Miss Kelly.

Miss Mary Ann Kelly, of Constable Hook, N. J., was to have been married on Monday last to Joseph Skales, a tall, good-looking young bookkeeper, of the town of Dover, at two p. m., in the Catholic Church of St. Mary's parish, in Centreville, by the Rev. Thomas M. Killeen. Miss Kelly is about twenty-five years old, and she formed the acquaintance of Mr. Skales in Dover, where her parents lived until a year ago, when they moved their effects to Constable Hook, and started the largest boarding-house in the hamlet. A few months ago Mr. Skales proposed marriage, and he was accepted. All preparations had been made for the wedding. Mr. Skales on Saturday last hired the Dover brass band to meet himself and his bride at the depot of Dover on Monday, and all of his friends declared that they would form a procession behind the band and escort the bride and bridegroom to their new home. Mr. Skales is the son of an old and wealthy farmer near Dover. After he had hired the Dover brass band, and had paid them liberally, he went with his brother and sister to Constable Hook, and they were cordially received at the house of the intended bride. Sunday was passed in pleasant conversation. On Monday Mr. Skales went to Father Killeen's residence to make arrangements for being married in the afternoon. He was informed that in accordance with the practice of the Catholic Church the banns would have to be published from the pulpit on two Sundays. The expectant bridegroom said he was anxious to get back to his business in Dover, and inquired anxiously whether the rule could not be overlooked in his case. Father Killeen advised him to see Bishop Wigger, in Newark, and apply for a dispensation allowing the marriage to be consummated without the crying of the banns. So Mr. Skales went to Newark and obtained the Bishop's consent.

When Mr. Skales returned to Constable Hook he was met by the weeping parents of his betrothed, who told him that Mary Ann had run away, and she had sent him her engagement ring. One of the former boarders in Mr. [illegible] Mark Fleming, owner of [illegible] in Constable Hook [illegible] Mr. Skales was in Newark [illegible] Mr. Fleming had [illegible] house, and [illegible] Miss Kelly [illegible] on the floor [illegible] Mark [illegible] Miss Kelly [illegible] the ferry to Staten Island and [illegible] where she met [illegible] Father Killeen [illegible] to be married [illegible] Father Killeen refused to unite them until they should write to Mr. [illegible] Mary Ann. A letter was sent [illegible] Mr. Fleming and Miss Kelly are absent from Constable Hook.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Miscellaneous.

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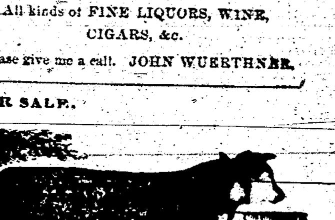

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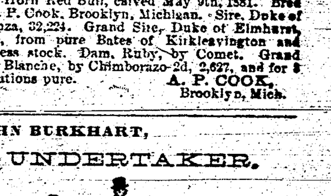

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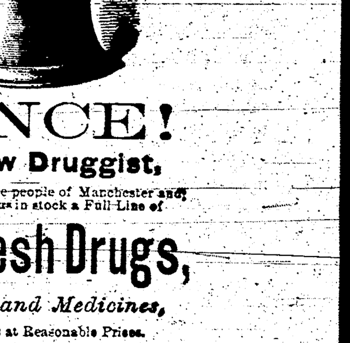

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ANCIENT ORDER UNITED WORKMEN meet in their hall, over George J. Haeussler's Drug Store, on 2d and 4th Tuesday evenings of each month. ED. E. ROOT, W. M. Geo. J. Haeussler, Recorder.

GERMAN WORKINGMEN'S AID SOCIETY meet in their hall over Doty's Store, on first and third Monday evenings of each month. WM. NEEBLING, President. Jacob Rommel, Secretary.

ADONIRAM COUNCIL, No. 24, R. & S. M. meet at Masonic Hall, on Tuesday evenings, after each full moon. J. D. VANDUYN, T. I. M. Mat D. Blosser, Recorder.

MERIDIAN CHAPTER, No. 48, R. A. M. meet at Masonic Hall, Wednesday evenings, on or before each full moon. Traveling companions cordially welcomed. P. F. BLOSSER, H. P. J. H. Kingsley, Secretary.

MANCHESTER LODGE, No. 148, F. & A. M. meet at Masonic Hall, over Pottle's Store, on Monday evenings, on or before each full moon. Visiting brothers are invited to attend. Ed. E. Root Sec'y. W. H. WEBB, W. M.

Churches.

CATHOLIC—(St. Mary's), Rev. J. Stauss, Priest. Meetings every alternate Sunday.

UNIVERSALIST—Corner of Water and Boyne streets. Rev. N. A. Saxton, Pastor. Meetings every alternate Sunday. Sunday school every Sunday at 12 M.

EVANGELICAL EMMANUEL—(German)—Corner Wolverine and Vernon streets. Rev. P. Werheim Pastor. Meetings every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school after services.

PRESBYTERIAN—Exchange Place. D. W. C. Durgin, Pres. of Hillsdale College, preaches every alternate Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Strangers in the village invited to attend.

BAPTIST—Exchange Place. W. L. Palmer Pastor. Meeting every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 12 o'clock M. C. M. Fellows, Superintendent. Prayer meeting Wednesday evenings. Strangers in the village invited to attend.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Beaufort street. J. A. Combs, Pastor. Meeting every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 12 o'clock M. Henry Leeson, Superintendent. Lecture and prayer meeting on Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock. Strangers in the village invited to attend. Ladies' Society meet on Wednesday afternoon, tri-monthly. The W. F. M. Society, monthly.

Notaries.

J. D. VAN DUYN, conveyancer and Notary Public. Office with Van Duyn & Mordoff, Manchester.

J. D. COREY, Conveyancer and Notary Public. Collections, and all other business left with him will receive prompt attention. Residence on Ann Arbor street Manchester.

Attorneys.

E. B. NORRIS, Attorney at Law. Attention given to Collections and Conveyancing. Office over Pottle's store, Manchester.

Physicians.

S. S. MOFFATT, M. D., Homoeopathic Physician and Surgeon. Office at Thomas Rhead's residence, Norvell, Mich.

C. S. CHAMBERLIN, M. D. Office in Goodyear Hall Block, Manchester, Mich. Diseases of women and children a specialty.

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MARTIN HEIM, Auctioneer, Freedom, Mich., will attend sales of all kinds of property at reasonable prices. The sale of Farm property a specialty. Call and see me before getting any other salesmen. Residence at Jacob Jhon's in Freedom.

HURD HOUSE, Jackson, Michigan, SMITH & HURD, Proprietors. The above is furnished in the height of fashion and comfort. (Opposite the Hibbard). No pains will be spared to make guests comfortable. Omnibus runs regularly to and from all trains. Try them. Board reduced to two dollars per day.

Dentist.

A. C. SHELDON,

DENTIST.

Nitrous Oxide Gas Administered.

OFFICE: Over Wm. Baxter's Store, Manchester, Mich.

SIXTY YEARS.

Sixty long years—how the time glides by!
How far away seems the land
On whose sunny heights Hope and Youth
Stood lovingly hand in hand;
Some flowers are dead that strewed life's way,
And some are blossoming sweetly to-day.

How the heart travels back to its early prime,
When the world seemed fair and sweet;
When never a thorn on the flowers grew,
That clustered around the feet;
When shimmering bright in the distance far
Glowed the glad vision of Hope's clear star.

The paths that the feet walked lightly then
Were green with a promise bright,
And the brave young heart felt never a fear,
For it knew that the darkest night
The stars come out, and the moonlight's glow
Falls on the hills and the world below.

And the shining goal that the eyes discerned
Stood high on a lofty slope;
The way was hard, but the will was strong,
And youth with its shield of hope
Went forth to win for itself renown,
And snatch for its brow the victor's crown.

Who says that a man climbs all in vain,
When he reaches that temple bright,
Which Truth and Justice and Mercy [illegible]
With their wings all raiment white?
And he hears the songs that the angels sing,
And he feels the sweep of an angel's wing.

He stands on the mount, as Moses stood,
And looks o'er the land he's trod;
He may have missed many a worldly gain,
But never the hand of God;
And if that's led him on with beneficent care,
He has all things to hope for and nothing to fear.

If he has sown good seed in the years gone by,
It will blossom in lovely grace;
If he's brought no tears to the weary eye,
But has brightened with smiles some face,
Sweet is the balm that his deeds will bring,
Glad is the song that his heart will sing.

Sixty long years—what visions arise
Of dynasties risen and set,
Of power that melted away from the earth
When the wrong and the right clashed and met;
And Truth, like St. George, some fierce dragon slew,
And the old died hard, to make way for the new.

And Science spread wider and wider her wings,
Till they stretched to the ends of the earth;
And marvels of light and marvels of sound
Sprang all at once into birth,
And through the dark caves of old Ocean then
The cable bore swiftly the message of men.

Sixty long years—let us stand on the height,
And, viewing the way we have trod,
See the smoke of the altars like incense arise—
The altars we've builded to God;
And thus may they stand to His honor and praise,
Who's crowned with mercy our life's lengthened days.
—*E. B. Cheesborough, in Demorest's Monthly.*

A DESERT ISLE.

It was ten o'clock of a July morning and the larger fraction of humanity had been some hours earning its daily bread. The idlers had but just risen from the breakfast-table. To this latter class belonged the young man who leaned lazily over the piazza railing and looked absently out on Lake Winnipaka. Beside him, in a huge chair, sat a little woman rocking to and fro, with an untiring movement, and with deft fingers plying in and out among bright silks and crewels. She was idle, too, in her woman's laborious way, but there was a lack of repose in her indolence that made it restful to turn again to her brother, who stood with statuesque inaction, looking into the still water below.

"What are you going to do to-day?" the little woman asked.

"Nothing."

"There's a great deal going on, and very nice sort of people, too. Do you see that pretty girl down there at the landing?"

"The one with red?"

"Yes; don't you think she's pretty?"

"I hadn't thought of it."

"Well, she is—remarkably. Wouldn't you like to meet her? I could easily manage it."

"I'm not particular. Is she worth while?"

"Ben, you exasperate me. Do you take an interest in anything?"

"I don't do anything else in Wall street. I'm off duty now. I believe in resting in a philosophical sort of way."

"Well, I suppose you are tired, poor fellow! I know how you feel. I am tired myself most of the time."

"Tired! I look like it," laughed the young man. "I'll tell you how it is. I simply want my liberty. It doesn't pay—this dancing attendance on half a dozen girls whom you never see again."

"O, well, don't, then."

Ben Adams at twenty-one had performed his social duties with great zest. Four years later he was still heart-whole, and beginning to take a purely fraternal interest in blushing debutantes. He danced less and went to the opera alone or with his friend Rutland, a confirmed bachelor of twenty-eight. With entire resignation young Adams acted as usher at many fashionable weddings, and without a sigh saw Katharine, Kate and Kitty led down the aisle by other men. And so he approached his thirties, and within a year of them leaned idly over the piazza railing at Lake Winnipaka and declared to his sister that Robinson Crusoe was the luckiest fellow of his acquaintance. "Give me a desert isle for a summer sojourn. What would refresh a man like going back to savagery?"

"I don't think it would be enough of a change to benefit some I know," laughed his sister. "Well, Ben, all I can say is you are very different from what you used to be."

In the meanwhile, the boat below pushed off, and Adams followed it with his eyes chiefly because it would have been more trouble to look another way. The young lady in the stern was Miss Josephine Vail, and the boy at the oars was her twelve-year-old brother. Josephine was a young lady of views, supported by more or less logic and by what some [illegible] an extremely [illegible] face. Her enemies—but she had none—would have said that while she [illegible] no one was more annoyed when obliged to disregard them than while she resented the protecting limitations of her sex. She was quite willing to accept the attentions based on the theory of their existence. Her father had said one day: "Nothing would take the kinks out of our Josephine like settling down with a good husband." The young lady took it in high dudgeon, and went away meekly to wonder if it were true. On this particular July morning she had accepted her brother Tom's services as oarsman, not because she was not perfectly well able to row herself, but because it would keep Tom out of mischief.

"Don't rock the boat, Tom. It doesn't frighten me, but I can't read."

There was a pause.

"Row near the bank in the shade, Tom."

Another, longer pause.

"Say, sis," said Tom, at length, "now we're off I'll tell you where we're going."

"Where you're going? Why, you're going to take me out for a row."

"Not much. I'm going two miles up above to see some fellows who are camping out."

"And going to take me? I think you're mistaken, sir. Give me those oars."

"No, you don't. Leave 'em alone and sit still."

"Tom, turn this boat instantly or I'll—"

"What'll you do? Come, now; you sit still or I'll—"

A thought seemed to strike Tom.

"Come, keep cool, Jo. We'll go up a piece further, anyway. I won't take you up to the camp if you don't want to go. You don't want to go back yet awhile, do you?"

"Tom, there's the Desert Isle just ahead. Don't run into it. Be careful; your going straight toward it."

"We might land there," said Tom, blandly.

"To be sure, we might," said his sister, glad of anything to divert him from the first scheme.

"All right, just as you say."

Tom turned his boat toward the great rock which lifted its broad back out of the water. It was fitly called the Desert Isle, for its few square feet of surface supported not so much as a blade of grass or a bit of moss.

"Hop out," said Tom. "I've got to see to the boat. I guess you can climb up to the top easy enough."

"Of course, I can," said Josephine; "as if I needed your help, you little monkey!"

In a moment she stood at the top of the rock, and in another moment a derisive laugh came from below.

"Good-by, Jo; I hope you'll enjoy yourself. I'll see you later."

Plato says: "A boy is the most vicious of all wild beasts." Plato and Miss Vail were of one opinion on that point. She looked about her and took in the situation. She was monarch of about twenty-five square feet of rough gray rock, the sides of which descended abruptly to the water. Perched high on this massive pedestal, her figure stood out against the sky in bold relief. A book and parasol were her only accessories, for by some happy inspiration she had clung to these. The sun was high in the heavens, but its hot rays were mercifully tempered by a soft breeze on the lake.

Josephine seated herself, raised her parasol and opened her book. She faced the probability that at least two hours of noonday solitude were before her. The only philosophical course of action was to make the best of it. But what a situation to be discovered in. She remembered with satisfaction that a large party had gone on a pic-nic to-day and the dowagers left behind were not given to boating at high noon. She tried to think how she should laugh it off if anybody should see her, but under the most cheerful aspect she seemed to herself a ridiculous spectacle. To be ridiculous in a good cause had in it an element of heroism, but the present situation was one of unmitigated absurdity, and Josephine Vail always felt the heroic rather than the comic to be her forte. Once tears of real vexation started as her head began to throb in sympathy with the hot pulsations of the air about her.

An hour had dragged its length along when Josephine suddenly lifted her head and listened painfully. A man's voice singing and the splash of oars, and, yes, in an instant, a boat swung slowly round the bend. One man sat in it, lazily rowing and lazily singing.

"It's that *blasé* creature who watched us off this morning," thought Josephine. "It's a type I detest. And to think he should see me here. It's really more than I can endure." The girl looked with envy on the tortoise which slipped easily from the base of the rock into the water as he heard the disturbing sound of oars.

"I hope he'll have the good taste to suppose I came here of my own free will. He wouldn't think of interfering with me, I hope. What? I believe he's coming straight toward me."

Josephine turned the leaves of her book with an interest that grew every moment more intense. But at last decency required some recognition of the nearing boat. The young man was rowing now as if he had a renewed interest in life. He was soon at the base of the rock.

"I beg your pardon," he said, as he raised his hat; "can I be of any assistance to you?"

"You are very kind, sir. You find me in a very absurd position."

"You have evidently been shipwrecked. Are you the sole survivor?"

"No, not shipwrecked, but put ashore and abandoned by my cruel tyrant of a brother. To tell you the truth, sir, I am the victim of a practical joke. My little brother has left me here while he goes further up the lake to visit some friends who are camping there."

"I beg you will make use of my boat, then, to return. I will come up to you in one moment."

Leaping out of his boat before Miss Vail could say a word, he drew it up on a low shelf of the rock and quickly reached her side.

"Let me help you," the young man said, with such a firm assurance of good feeling, that she made no resistance or attempt at independence, but accepted the proffered aid in a quiet, matter-of-course way.

"Your want your boat, sir!" she suddenly cried. It was too late. The rising breeze drove the water with such force against the rock as to dislodge the boat, and before Adams could grasp it, the little craft was gayly tilting about, a half-dozen yards away.

The two looked at each other a moment and then simply laughed, though both were conscious of its being questionable taste.

Adams sobered and said: "Can you ever forgive me, Miss—"

"Miss Vail. I am Miss Vail."

"And I am Mr. [illegible] Can you be magnanimous enough to forgive me?"

"That is the question I should ask you."

"Ah, you evade mine. At any rate, I shall never forgive myself. A worse bit of bungling I never saw. The truth is, Miss Vail, I have had very little experience in rescuing fair ladies. You are the first whose life I have tried to save. I am no hero, as you see."

The genuine annoyance of her companion roused the compassion of Josephine, and she began to talk to him with a desperate cheerfulness and acceptance of the situation.

"What a cold-blooded little villain that brother of yours must be, Miss Vail, to desert you in this fashion! I suppose we must throw ourselves on his mercy when he comes back. How are you going to account for me? Consider me your man Friday."

Beneath their light talk ran an undercurrent of more or less bitter meditation on the part of each. Miss Vail shuddered to think what a good story this adventure would make for circulation among her friends, while Adams foresaw how it would add to the conviviality of his club. He began with the fervent wish that he was out of this confounded scrape, but he soon forgot to be annoyed, and what is more, to be indifferent. He ended, I am obliged to confess, by ceasing to envy Robinson Crusoe his isle, and considering his own far preferable. There was a breeziness about this girl that made one forget the mounting thermometer. She had a way of going to the point, and, moreover, she had a point, two things which Ben Adams told his sister he appreciated in a woman.

In short, by dint of making the best of it, Miss Vail and Adams were both able to express an honest surprise when a boat appeared in the distance; and on taking out his watch, Adams found it to be three o'clock.

"Now!" was all Josephine said, but there were conflicting emotions in the monosyllable.

"Hullo-o," shouted a shrill voice across the water.

"Hullo-o," called Adams back.

Blank astonishment wiped all expression out of Tom's face at first, but a broad grin finally made its appearance.

"You're a great one, Jo," he muttered. "I'd like to know when you wouldn't find a beau. Did he drop down out of the clouds?"

"Hush, sir; you've been a very naughty boy."

As they rowed home, Adams devoted himself to cultivating the acquaintance of the young scapegrace. The latter proved very approachable, and Adams found no difficulty in persuading him to go fishing the next day.

When they were home at last Josephine took her young brother into her room and turned the key.

"Tom, you've treated me very badly to-day. What would you give if I wouldn't tell father? You wouldn't like to be sent back to the military school, you know."

"Say, sis, I'll tell you what," and the little wretch gave a wink of immense significance; "if you won't tell on me, I won't tell on you. Honor bright, black and blue, cut me in two."

"Mrs. Adams," said Mr. Ben. Adams to his wife at their wedding reception a year after, "don't you think we might afford to tell people now how we met? I never knew a secret kept better. I nearly ruined myself buying up that precious brother-in-law of mine. You see, I thought on your account I wouldn't let him tell. I didn't care; I liked it. I had no business to, you say? But I liked it, nevertheless. Here are Rutland and his Mary. Let's tell them the story. They know we're going to Lake Winnipaka for our honeymoon."—*N. Y. Home Journal.*

The Boy of the Period.

Jimmie Mason, a resident on a farm near South Cottonwood, came to Salt Lake a week ago. Jim doesn't come to town very often, so when he was here he struck a good many of the boys, went through the saloons, shooting-galleries, and generally "took in the sights." He went home yesterday and was met at the front door by his dad.

"Hello, James, my boy; so you're home at last?"

"Well, I should smile," said Jimmie, biting off a big chew of nasty weed.

"What kind of a time did you have?" said his father, eyeing him.

"Had a boss time. Made two dandy mashes; got left on one; just in time to collar the last one she was kind of chumpy and toot."

"My goodness! you don't say so," said the old man, looking toward a big apple tree.

"Yes; I slung more taffy than you can get on a stick. Why, you dizzy old wretch, she's plumb gone on me."

"You surprise me," said Jimmie's father. "And what else did you do?"

"Gave 'em two balls and rolled out on scratches; went broke on two kings and an ace; filibustered on the dark horse; swung the clubs; diced for the brew, and stood off the hotel bill. Do you tumble?"

"Tumble? Oh, yes, I'm a tumbler."

"Well, I took in the show—paralyzed the girls, you know—kind of struck 'em dumb; then was going to shove some of the queer, but quailed."

"Did you put rosin on your back before you came home?" inquired the old man, as he broke a big branch off a tree and carelessly trimmed it.

"Ah, cheese it! You are giving me taffy! Rosin on my back! Ain't you getting kind of fresh? Go and sit on ice."

This was enough for James Mason, senior, made one reach, gathered part of a coat, an ear and several locks of hair, and then an uninterrupted wad of lightning played across the junior, intermingled with cries from the boy, and such expressions as: "Oh! I'm a whole city full of saloons, beer gardens, horse races and shows, when I'm [illegible] from the old man, and when he got through Jamie crawled to the ditch and sat down, while the old man remarked as he sat on a log: "You'll be going to town and getting æsthetic next."—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

"Well, well," said Billington, majestically, "we mustn't be too severe on the young fellows. I suppose I was as big a fool as any of them when I was young." "Yes," replied Fogg, "and you are not an old man now, Billington."—*Boston Transcript.*

—The Hartford *Times* thinks that Pittsburgh will never make a success of glass shingles. There is no chance for the carpenters to waste nails.

The Silk-Worm—Its Habits.

The silk-worm proper, or that which supplies the ordinary silk of commerce, is the larva of a small moth known to scientific men as *Sericaria mori.* It is often popularly characterized as the mulberry silk-worm. During the long centuries of cultivation it has undergone it has acquired many useful peculiarities. It has, in fact, become a truly domesticated animal. The white color of the species, its seeming want of all desire to escape as long as it is kept supplied with leaves and the loss of the power of flight on the part of the moth are all undoubtedly the result of domestication. Other peculiarities have incidentally appeared, and the great number of varieties or races of the silk-worm almost equal those of the domestic dog. The silk-worm exists in four states—egg, larva, chrysalis and adult, or imago. The egg of the silk-worm moth is called by silk-raisers "seed." It is nearly round, slightly flattened, and in size resembles a turnip-seed. The time from hatching to the spinning of the cocoon may and does vary all the way from thirty to forty days, depending upon the race of the worm, the quality of the food, mode of feeding, temperature. The color of the newly-hatched worm is black or dark gray. Different shades of dark gray will however, be found among worms hatching from the same batch of eggs.

It has been estimated that the worm in its growth consumes its own weight of leaves every day it feeds, but this is only an approximation; yet it is certain that during the last few days before commencing to spin it consumes more than during the whole of its previous worm existence, and it is a curious fact that the color of the worm at this time corresponds with the color of the silk. Having attained full growth, the worm is ready to spin. It shrinks in size, acquires a clear, translucent, often pinkish or amber-colored hue, becomes restless, ceases to eat, and throws out silken thread. The worm usually consumes from three to five days in the construction of the cocoon, and in three days more passes into the chrysalis state. The cocoon consists of an outer lining of loose silk, known as "floss," which is used for carding, and is spun by the worm in first getting its bearings. The inner cocoon is tough, strong and compact, composed of a continuous thread often over 1,000 feet in length. In form the cocoon is usually oval, and in color yellowish, but in both these features it varies greatly, being either pure silvery-white, cream or carneous green, and even roseate, and is very often constricted in the middle. The chrysalis is a brown oval body, considerably less in size than the full-grown worm.

The chrysalis state continues for from two to three weeks, when the skin bursts and the moth or butterfly emerges. With no jaws, and confined within the narrow space of the cocoon, the moth finds some difficulty in escaping. For this purpose it is provided in the two glands near the obsolete mouth with a strongly alkaline liquid secretion, with which it moistens the end of the cocoon and dissolves the hard, gummy lining. Then, by a forward and backward motion, the prisoner, with cramped and damp wings, gradually forces its way out, and when once out the wings soon expand and dry. The silken threads are simply pushed aside, but enough are broken in the process to render the cocoon from which the moth escape useless for reeling, and until recent years was thrown away, but it is now used for carding, and its value varies from seventy-five cents to one dollar per pound. To make the cocoon valuable for reeling, and worth from two to three dollars per pound, the moth should not be allowed to cut out, but should be smothered or stifled. In most silk-producing countries the parties who raise the cocoons sell them to the reeling establishments before suffocation is necessary, as these establishments have better facilities for doing this work than are to be found in private families. Domestication has had the effect of producing numerous varieties of silk-worm, every different climate into which it has been carried having produced either some change in the quality of the silk, or the shape or color of the cocoons, or else altered the habits of the worm.

Some varieties produce but one brood in a year, no matter how the eggs are manipulated; such are known as annuals. Others, known as bivoltins, hatch twice in the course of a year. The trevoltins produce three annual generations. There are also quadrivoltins, and in Bengal, a variety known as dacey, which produce eight generations in the course of a year. Experience, taking into consideration the quality of the silk, size of the cocoon, time occupied, etc., has proved the annuals to be more profitable than any of the polyvoltins, although bivoltins are successfully reared in California.—*S. A. Lanier, in Industrial Review.*

Bass Fishing.

Bass-fishing after the best approved methods of angling, is about the only available piscatorial sport left for the Western disciple of Walton, unless he have unlimited leisure and means. Bass-fishing ought to mean fly-fishing. The time is past when dipping a live minnow on a hook can be called a legitimate means of enlightened sport. It would seem to any ordinary mind not precisely humane to capture a little chub or spot-tail and deliberately insert a barbed hook through its body in such a manner as to make it suffer the longest possible agony, for the sake of attracting and killing a good-sized bass.

Of course [illegible] means killing fish for sport primarily, and for the table secondarily, but torturing a minnow in killing a fish are not necessarily one and the same thing. Nor can the argument that live bait is better and more killing than the flies [illegible] the healthy conscience. However, a sportsman's morals might well be postponed till after the bass season is over. No doubt if the day fails us we shall try the minnow, even if the latter do not chance to be our first lure. Let us examine our rods and reels that have been stowed away all winter in a dark corner. Let us be determined to experiment with flies this season in order to reducing bass-angling to a pretty and absorbing recreation like trout-angling. New flies were tried last season with some good results. In a clear brook or rivulet a red-winged, gray-bodied, rather large fly killed a number of very fine bass. Late in July a yellow and scarlet fly with black body proved quite attractive in very clear pools, where the stream-banks would admit of casting from a concealed place. In times when the water was murky a white tuft of feathers with brown and yellow body would sometimes get ready attention from a lurking bass. One cannot altogether trust manufacturers' advertisements on killing flies. Fly-fishing for bass is yet in its experimental stage, and each angler ought to try his own hand at tying a fly. At all times and under every kind of circumstances angling is more a pursuit of nature and her charms than it is a race after fish. Hearing a brook sing in the shady places of the woods is charming enough, quite apart from any considerations of sport, and when the zest of now and then a vigorous rise is added one gets the very essence of that recreation for which we all long. Then there are the woody odors and the keen perfumes, the wind-sounds and the bird-voices. If one's eyes are kept open it is like reading some wonderfully fresh and original book with charming illustrations and illuminated initials and tail-pieces. Nothing in nature is conventionalized—all is a constant stream of fitting but clearly drawn sketches of ever-fresh ideas, flowing on like a wind or a river. The angler, happily, is not intent on studying nature. He sees all her beauties and kaleidoscopic changes with that precious indirect vision which falls just short of philosophic reverie, while his direct vision is focused on the point where his cast has landed his fly. Your true angler does not envy the fellow who, sweating and dirty, fighting mosquitoes and mopping his face on his sleeve, goes in for a catch at all hazards and wades along in the broiling sun-light with a minnow-bucket in one hand and a sixteen foot rod in the other. There is no such thing as recreation and rational enjoyment in that sort of thing. It may be a good way to kill fish, but it is also a good way to kill a man. Suffering for sport is at best a ludicrous paradox.

Our smaller streams, such as may properly be called brooks, are the best for really fine bass-angling, no matter what sort of lure is used, and they are especially suited to fly-fishing. Where these brooks are bordered with willows, or overshadowed by trees of greater growth, such as maples and planer trees, fly-fishing is much more certain than where the streams flow through fields or prairies. The falling of natural beetles, moths, and other insects into the water from the foliage tends, no doubt, to keeping the fish watchful for such prey, wherefore the gay-winged fly of the angler is taken with greedy haste if properly delivered.

A bass is a wise fish and warily avoids any mysterious lure. The thing offered him must be artistic, if not natural—no bungling counterfeit will deceive him. In tying your flies you need follow no man's model, but you must make a fair impression of some natural insect. I have found that a large grasshopper with his gay wings spread is at times quite killing in shallow streams either skittered or used as a sunken bait. A successful imitation of this lure would not be hard to tie. Some of our smaller butterflies, too, are greedily taken by bass in midsummer.

After all we may catch no bass, for of all uncertain things fly-fishing is the extreme. Promising pools and inviting rapids often seem to twinkle with malicious delight as they observe the unfaltering faith of the angler. The little eddies and whirlpools make wry faces and comic grimaces at one as cast after cast results in failure. The stream has a hundred, nay, a countless, multitude of jeering and chuckling and taunting voices. But the patient angler gives no heed to all this. The next cast, or the next, or next, is to be the lucky one. He lives on hope—immediate and urgent hope, hope on tip-toe, preposterously accentuated and inconsistent hope. But he falters with the faltering day, and goes home through the twilight full of ozone and fresh ideas. Here, at last, is the value of bass angling. It is near to our doors. It requires no great preparation, no long journey, no extended absence from home and affairs, no extravagant expenditure of money, and yet it fulfills the best purposes of out-door sport, and brings one at once into the presence and under the influence of nature in her charmingest moods. To pluck a moccasin flower in the wild woods of Indiana is quite as enjoyable as to pick a cyclamen in Europe. To catch a two-pound bass in a brook of Illinois is just as rare sport as to kill a fingerling trout in a mountain brook of Pennsylvania, or to blister one's hands hauling in a blue-fish off the Jersey coast.

Bass-anglers usually carry rods much too heavy. A good strong bamboo or cheaper fly-rod will be found quite suited to our smaller streams, where bass of more than two pounds are rarely killed. A hundred feet of line will usually be more than is needed. Indeed, I have rarely found fifty feet necessary.—*Maurice Thompson, in Chicago Times.*

The Summit of the Earth.

Adolphus Schlagintweit, the immortal though unpronounceable explorer of central Asia, calls the highlands of Pamir "die Welt Zinne"—the roof of the world. On the road from Punjaub to Yarkand four passes have to be crossed that are higher than 17,000 feet, and for a distance of 250 miles the trailing ground is not below Pike's Peak. On the eastern plateau of the Bolor Dagh there is a shelter house near a cliff from whose summit the main chain of the Himalayas with all its view from the highlands of Lassa to the sources of the Indus, while in the west the head waters of the Oxus and Jaxartes can be traced to the borders of Persia, where the peaks of the Hindoo-Koosh lift their crests of everlasting snow. In spring the echo of the avalanches resembles the boom of continuous thunder, and in midwinter, when the storm winds sweep the table land, whirling pillars of snow scud along the ridges, and often seem to dance together like specters in their fluttering winding sheets. Our "Land of the Sky" in the southern Alleghenies must be a mere piazza compared with that top roof of the earth.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

—The municipal government of Paris has signed the rat contract for this year. They give a sou a head for every rat killed. If Chicago were to do that she would "go broke."—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

Bald Heads.

A prematurely bald physician in Thirty-fifth Street was asked a number of questions about the growth and habits of hair.

"In the first place," he said, "do you know what hair is, anyway?"

"Only in a general way, perhaps."

"Then let me tell you in a word. It is an elongated epidermic appendage. Its essential structure consists of an assemblage of epidermic cells, at the bottom of a flask-shaped follicle in the substance of the skin, supplied with blood by vessels distributed to its walls."

"Can hair be made to grow on a bald head?"

"Not as a rule. In debilitated persons the hair sometimes fall out spontaneously or with slight assistance, and if the bulb alone comes away, and the sheath and germ remain behind, they are capable of reproducing the hair, under proper treatment or favorable circumstances. The short and pointed hairs on the scalp of old people show that new shafts are constantly forming. The nutrition of hair is effected through vessels which are in contact with their tissue, without entering into their structure, so that causes affecting the general health, or effecting the health of the skin affect also the nutrition of the hair."

"What causes premature baldness?"

"In a great measure the violation of hygenic rules, and the excess of mental and physical labor in a climate foreign to the race."

"Is there a greater disposition to greyness in this country than in others?"

"Well, some well-informed people think that it is about the same in all civilized countries; but if there is any difference it is because of the hurried and unhealthful habits of life and mental exercise among Americans."

"What is the chemical action which produces gray hair?"

"Accurately speaking, that's one of those things that no fellow can find out. The color of the hair depends partly on the presence of pigment granules, and partly on the existence of minute hair-spaces, which cause it to appear dark by transmitted light. In Albinos and grey-haired persons this coloring matter is simply absent."

"Is it the case that hair may, from extreme fright or other strong emotions, turn white as is said, in a single night?"

"It is an undoubted fact. Just how the change takes place is a matter of conjecture, but it may perhaps be explained by some chemical action upon the oily coloring matter. This oily matter would be withdrawn from the hair under conditions of cold, debility or insufficient food."

"Does gray hair then become dead?"

Not by any means. The loss of vitality does not necessarily follow the loss of color, for gray hair often grows vigorously. For that matter hair will grow after the body's death. One of the causes of premature baldness and greyness is tightly-fitting and unyielding hats."

"Are any of the thousand and one preparations for restoring the hair of any value?"

"Tonics and stimulating applications are sometimes beneficial. When the hair is thin and falls out easily, shaving the scalp will often produce a thicker, firmer and darker growth."—*N. Y. Sun.*

American Horses.

Mr. Lorillard doesn't seem to have very good luck this year in England. The reason is that Mr. Lorillard is too smart. He thinks he is going to teach these chaps racing tricks on this side of the water. The truth is that they knew all about his style of work when he was in swaddling clothes. I have just learned the inside of the Derby case. If a man enters two horses for a race in England he is expected to declare his winner long enough beforehand so that those who are in the ring may shape their bets. Now, Mr. Lorillard had Gerald and Sachem in the Derby, and he let everybody suppose he had marked Gerald to win, when, in reality that horse was merely to cut out the running while Sachem was to be saved for the final dash. Lorillard's agents here let it remain with Gerald as winner up to the last moment, and then declared Sachem. My! weren't the others mad? They swore a high and mighty oath that Sachem should not win—and he didn't, though it was perfectly evident to those who saw the finish that he was by all odds the best horse in the field. In addition to his being badly ridden and not let go until too late, there were two jockeys in the race who had orders to cross him if he came up, even if their own horses got ruled out for fouling. This was the way the English horse-owners took of teaching the American not to be so fresh. I reckon he will be more careful another time, and not want to do *all* the betting that is back of his horses when they win. Gerald and Sachem were entered for the Sandown Derby yesterday, but Sachem was scratched, and Gerald ran. He did nobly at first, running a dead heat with the two others in the race; but in the second heat he weakened, and lost the race by a couple of lengths. This seems to be a good year to [illegible] Lorillard for a place, but not for winners. Only the horses he has [illegible] and sold to Englishmen are doing great things. Passaic, thrown out of the Lorillard stable because he was thought to be no good, caught one race a while back, and bids fair to do better [illegible] the season goes on. Old Wallenstein, the sturdy racer, who won many good contests in America, was sold out of the Lorillard collection last season because he was judged to have outgrown his period of usefulness. Well, he has [illegible] up to the [illegible] the Manchester [illegible]. His present owner paid Lorillard [illegible] and has won thus far [illegible] on his performances [illegible]. This shows what Lorillard's judgment amounts to—or the judgment of his agents, which is just the same thing. Luck has pulled him along a good while on the turf, in spite of his smartness, but it begins to look as though he was about done on this side of the water. No turfman in the world is so thoroughly detested as Pierre Lorillard in England. Folks refuse to believe that he is a square man.—*London Cor. Chicago News.*

—We are all of us liable to commit blunders; but it is only the wise who profit by them.

Manchester Enterprise

BY MAT D. BLOSSER.

Entered at the Postoffice at Manchester as Second-class Matter.

We solicit correspondence and news items from all the surrounding towns.

Every communication must contain the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

We must not be held responsible for sentiments expressed by writers.

Any one desirous of becoming a regular or occasional correspondent, or news gatherer, will please write us for instructions.

If you have any business at the Probate Office, make the request that your notice be published in the MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE. Such a request will always be granted.

Changes in displayed advertisements are made in the order of their receipt at this office, and cannot be positively promised unless handed in at least upon the Tuesday before the desired insertion.

☞ All articles for publication should be addressed to THE ENTERPRISE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1882.

Meetings, Conventions, Etc.

Aug. 19.—At Jackson, republican county convention.

Aug. 23rd.—At Jackson, democratic state convention.

August 23.—At Jackson, republican third district convention.

August 30th.—At Kalamazoo, republican state convention.

September 1st.—At Adrian, Lenawee county pioneer meeting.

Sept. 8th.—At Richard Green's in Manchester, meeting of the farmers' club.

Sept. 12th to 15th.—At Brooklyn, the first fair of the Brooklyn union agricultural fair association.

Sept. 26th to 27th.—At Adrian, Lenawee county fair.

September 26th to 29th.—At Ann Arbor, Washtenaw county fair.

October 3d to 6th.—At Hillsdale, Hillsdale county fair.

The 20th Michigan infantry are to hold their 17th annual reunion at Ann Arbor, October 11th.

A man in Lansing says that a frequent application of a strong tea of mandrake root will destroy cabbage worms.

Spiritual Liberal camp meeting at Lansing, August 25th to September 4th. Round trip tickets at 2 cents per mile each way.

Exchanges are warning farmers against swindlers who are abroad getting men to take the agency of a new burglar proof safe, and then changing the contracts to notes of hand. Don't let 'em fool any-one about here.

Tuesday afternoon as a farmer in Monroe county was drawing a load of hay it was set on fire by friction, caused by the rubbing of the wagon tire against an iron guard on the rack. The team was barely saved and the wagon burned.

Some of the farmers on the western plains have lately noticed a strange visitor among the feathered tribes that haunt their barns, which is nothing less than a white swallow. It seems to be on familiar terms with the rest of the swallows and is quite a curiosity.

The Scientific American says that alcohol equal to that made from grain can be made from acorns. They contain about 20 per cent. of starch and 18 per cent. of gluten, and would be a valuable article for food were it not for the tannic acid, about 3 per cent. which they contain.

Lansing Republican: The balance of cash in the state treasury, Aug. 5th, was $1,649,322.75; receipts for the week ending Aug. 12th were $26,748.36; payments for the same time, $13,306.32; leaving a balance Aug. 12th, 1882, of $1,662,764.69; of which $588,000 belong to the sinking fund, $494,223.95 are held in the trust funds, and $580,540.84 are available for general purposes.

The Scientific American in speaking of the danger of handling domestic pets says that cats have been known to catch certain diseases of mice and to communicate the same to children who handled them. The danger of allowing children to handle pets which are suffering from skin diseases is often overlooked, and deserves to be made more widely known than at present.

Peterson's Magazine, for September, opens with a charming steel-engraving, from a picture in the last Paris Salon, which is followed by a beautiful double-size, colored steel fashion-plate; and this by nearly fifty wood-engravings, including a colored pattern for a "Tidy on Java Canvas." The stories of the number more than maintain the high merit of this well-known and popular monthly.

Our neighboring town, Clinton, is to be connected with the telephone exchange by running a line to Tecumseh. This shows that there is a true spirit of enterprise among the business men of that town and that they wish to avail themselves of the advantages of modern improvements. Why cannot we, situated as we are in the midst of a thriving community, do as well as Clinton and Saline. We could enjoy the valuable advantages of the telephone at a small cost, shall we not make the attempt.

Lenawee County Items.

A "traveling artist" will visit Clinton soon.

Clinton sighs to be connected with the telephone exchange.

Oscar Alexander of Franklin has just completed a $1,200 barn.

Tom Adamson of Tecumseh has sold his stock of jewelry, etc., to C. A. Kiel.

A gentleman at Adrian says the grape crop is greatly injured by the hail that fell last week.

A Knight of Pythias lodge has been organized at Adrian, which will be known as the "Maple City Lodge."

The Clinton school board has published a circular containing interesting information concerning the village school.

The Babcock corn-planter works in Adrian are well under way, the foundation and basement walls being completed.

W. & S. W. Anderson will occupy the west store in Patterson's new block at Tecumseh, and Gainsley & Co. the east store.

Company B. was given a banquet at the Central house in Adrian on their return from the encampment, Tuesday evening.

The new railroad line to run between Toledo and Grand Haven, passing through Tecumseh, is reported as being still among the probabilities.

The Clinton News states that D. Woodward has lost about 25 bushels of peaches by having them rot on the trees in consequence of the wet weather.

Mr. Warren of Vermont fell down an open cellar way at Sink's hotel at Tecumseh the other night, cutting and bruising his head and face in a bad manner.

During one of the thunder storms last week the barn of Milan Wheeler at Raisin was struck by lightning, but was extinguished before much harm was done.

W. L. Hall, the new superintendent of the Clinton woolen mills, has had charge of A. T. Stewart's mills near Utica, N. Y., and is a gentleman of considerable experience in the business.

The following names are among the list of jurors drawn for the September term of the circuit court for Lenawee county: Cambridge, Jacob W. Maxwell; Clinton, Jas. H. Aten; Franklin, E. L. Mills; Woodstock, John C. Rogers.

The Adrian Times calls the common council of that city "a fickle body" because one night they decide to kill all the dogs in the corporation, and the next conclude to kill the ordinance and let the "purps" live, go mad and bite if they wish.

Last week as a young man named Edward August was blasting stumps on the farm of H. G. Losee, near Adrian, he was terribly injured by the explosion of a giant powder cartridge. One arm was blown off and his sight destroyed. His condition is critical.

A man named Stewart Hulett was seriously injured at Treat & Goodsell's mill in Adrian last Friday. He was watching some machinery when the big belt broke and an iron clasp that joined the ends of the belt flew out striking him over the left eyebrow, tearing the scalp loose over nearly a quarter of his head.

Jackson County Items.

"Pinkeye", or scarletina, is afflicting the horses of Jackson county.

The state teachers' institute at Parma, for Jackson co., will begin Monday, Aug. 21st and close the following Friday.

The Jackson Patriot estimates the loss to the wheat crop from rains in that county, at between two and three hundred thousand dollars.

About $50,000 has been raised for the Grand Trunk extension at Jackson. Still leaving a sum to be raised sufficient to purchase the right of way through the city.

Information was received at Jackson last week that F. J. Hobert, a former merchant of that city, had been run over by a wagon at Reno, Nebraska, and killed.

Post and Tribune: The circuit court room at Jackson has been repaired, and now the circuit judge sits six inches higher than any of his predecessors. This is a Jackson idea of elevating the bench.

In the list of jurors for the September term of court in Jackson county we find the following names: David D. Sell, Norvell; Fayette Bromley, Napoleon; C. A. Fish, Grass Lake; John Delamater, Columbia; E. G. Mills, Leoni.

Jackson Citizen: George W. Bertram and family, long residents of Brooklyn, in this county, will shortly remove to Jackson. Mr. Bertram and his daughter, Miss Jennie, are fine vocalists, and their coming will be a good addition to the musical talent of Jackson.

Friday evening, August 11th, as Theodore Brown, a colored man of Jackson, did not return from his work search was made and his body found the next morning in the mill pond, near the Air Line track, where he had been fishing and was evidently drowned accidently.

The Hibbard opera house at Jackson will be opened by an engagement of the eminent actor Lawrence Barrett. The following plays will be presented: August 24th, "Richelieu"; 25th, "Yorick's Love"; 26th, "Julius Cæsar." Matinee on the afternoon of the 26th, "Lady of Lyons."

The Schwemmer fund committee at Jackson have purchased two desirable city lots of B. S. Chapin, which were valued at $400 each, but the owner would take only $550 for the two, donating the balance to the sufferer. The unfortunate officer will soon have a pleasant home to live in besides the extra house and lot to rent.

There is a new county organization among the members of the medical profession called "The Jackson county medical association." The officers are as follows: President, Dr. J. M. Lewis, Jackson; Vice-president, Dr. C. E. Begel, Hanover; Secretary, Dr. W. H. Clark, Jackson; Treasurer, Dr. Wright J. Chittock, Jackson.

Last week the lightning played off some queer freaks at Grass Lake. One bolt struck the house of Joseph Mills, entered the sitting room and gave the inmates a big shaking up besides a good scare, but no one was seriously injured. At the same time a couple of cows were killed in the street, and a horse in a field, while in the telegraph office there was too much chain lightning to make it comfortable for the operator.

FRANKLIN.

Wheat that was not drawn before the rain is very badly grown.

Earl Ayers, youngest son of Anson Ayers, is dangerously sick with diphtheria.

Mrs. Ebben Mills has a nephew and his family from England visiting her.

Will. Coleman is on the sick list. Dr. J. Vaughn of Springville is treating him.

Mrs. Whelan, mother of Mrs. E. Wisner, is very poorly. Old age is the principle trouble.

George Coleman and wife have returned from Traverse county, and will for the future be residents of Franklin.

The landlord of the Sand lake hotel is doing a thriving business; his house is filled with guests nearly every day.

Huckleberry pickers can very soon turn their attention to the blackberries; since the rains they are ripening very fast and promise to be an enormous crop.

CLINTON.

The Congregationalists are repairing their church.

The wheat crop is nearly or quite all secured in this section.

Mrs. Don Palmer has been on a visit to her old home at Norvell.

Mr. & Mrs. C. P. Holmes, of Norvell, were here Saturday and Sunday.

We are pleased to have the rain cease for a while. Has the clerk of the weather spoken?

The Lake Shore train running west Sunday night, in the darkness ran into a flock of sheep belonging to James Hogan, killing twelve. There was a strong odor of mutton in that locality.

Our postoffice was robbed Tuesday night of a small amount of cash and between fifteen and twenty dollars worth of stamps. The safe was an old fashioned one, and the thieves succeeded in prying off the lock with a crowbar which they had stolen from a blacksmith shop. Sheriff Stevens of Tecumseh and Dr. Burrows are trying to get a clue to the burglars.

There has been much indignation of late regarding the conduct of a certain individual, who has a wife and two children, besides a girl eleven years of age who was one of the family. During the absence of the wife on a visit he outraged the little girl, and threatened her with dire calamity if she divulged the affair. She kept the secret until she went home to her parents who live in Lodi. The transaction began to assume a threatening aspect, and the lecherous scoundrel left for parts unknown, and the wife with her two children have gone home to her father's.

NORVELL.

Mrs. J. C. Scott is now able to ride out.

Mrs. Laura Hess is visiting in Napoleon.

Why can't we have a manufactury in Norvell.

Sunday School picnic at Clark's lake next Saturday.

Mrs. Dr. Armstrong of Akron, Ohio, is visiting her sister Mrs. James Graham.

Mr. Wm. Yarrington of Napoleon is very sick at his brother's, Chas. Yarrington in this village.

Miss Josie Graham of this place, with friends from Napoleon, is camping at Wampler's lake.

Dr. & Mrs. Peter Hyndman of Tompkins, and Mr. & Mrs. Don Palmer of Clinton spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. C. Atkinson expects to start for Vicksburg this state, on Wednesday, to visit her mother, Mrs. Wilkinson.

A number of our citizens attended the farmers picnic at Wampler's lake last Saturday and report a very pleasant time.

Miss Eda Hay celebrated her eighth birthday on Monday the 14th. Quite a number of little people were present, and one little fellow of eight years followed the example of some older boys and gallanted two little girls, but wiser then they, brought them home before six o'clock.

Sunday as Mr. & Mrs. B. G. Harris were returning from Napoleon, where they had attended church, their horse saw a loose board in the bridge they were crossing and became unmanageable, backed the buggy the whole length of the bridge and then suddenly turned completely around, and had it not been for a heavy timber all would have been thrown into the river. Mrs. Harris jumped out first and found her husband thrown between the box and wheels, while the horse was detached from the buggy and one whiffletree broken. It was a narrow escape from severe and perhaps fatal injuries.

BROOKLYN.

Fletcher Phillips killed 14 rattlesnakes on Monday while mowing for Mr. Fuller. I examined him thoroughly to see if there was any more in his boots but could find none.

Garrett Moyer, of Woodstock, was run away with by his team on Saturday night, and at present writing is still unconscious. As he was alone the particulars cannot be obtained. His team ran home, but he was not found until Sunday morning.

A stock company is being formed here to build a public hall, a long needed improvement; and as the stock is mostly subscribed the building will soon be completed. A stage will be put in and everything necessary to make it in shape for shows, armory, etc.

The races here on Thursday last were a success every way notwithstanding the inclement weather. About three thousand people attended, and a more good natured crowd I never saw. Great credit is due to the management and especially to Messrs. A. C. Ennis, Granville Lyman and J. Reid Crowell, for their impartial decision as the judges.

First Day.—Horses that were never trotted for purse or premium. Jimmie Leland took 1st, Wild Cub of Tecumseh 2nd, and Cambridge Maid 3rd prize.

Second purse—Stallions—Banker Rothschild, of Tecumseh, took 1st, Hambletonian Gift, Springport, 2d, and Northhawk, Somerset, 3rd prize.

Third purse—Stallions standing in Brooklyn—Rob Kerr, of Franklin, 1st, Peninsular Chief, of Rollin, 2nd and Jack Sheppard, of Brooklyn, 3rd prize.

Fourth purse—Four-year-olds—Hunter, of Tecumseh, 1st, Blaze, of Tecumseh, 2nd, and Merry Payne, of Springport, 3rd.

Fifth race—Running race—Tempest, of Columbia, 1st, and Harry Hill, Adrian, 2d.

Sixth race—Free for all—Banker Rothschild, Tecumseh, 1st, Jimmie Leland, Grass Lake, 2nd, and Gilt Edge, Hudson, 3rd.

The police both at the fair grounds and in the village deserve great credit for the admirable manner in which they conducted matters under their jurisdiction, by which everything was kept in decency and good order, and no accidents of importance occurred.

Miscellaneous.

NOW IS THE TIME To buy your Lumber.

C. W. Case

Has in Stock a Big Lot of

LUMBER!

And, also, a

Full Stock of Barn Boards!

House Lumber, &c., &c. Will always give BOTTOM PRICES on Everything.

OHIO WHITE LIME!

Water Lime, Calcine Plaster, &c., &c. Makes a Specialty of Doors, Sash and Mouldings.

☞ YARDS NEAR L. S. & M. S. RY. DEPOT

OF COURSE You all know that

C. A. Fausel

Keeps a Full Line of

CLOCKS!

Watches and Jewelry!

And you must not forget that he also keeps the Best and Cheapest

SILVERWARE,

That you ever saw. Call and see for yourself at

G. A. FAUSEL'S,

Corner Jefferson and Waters streets Manchester.

DID YOU KNOW That I make

MY OWN HORSE COLLARS

And guarantee them to fit and wear better than others?

Horse owners should call and examine my stock of

LIGHT AND HEAVY HARNESS

For Carriage and farm work; also, other goods usually kept in a first-class Harness shop.

MY PRICES ARE LOW!

☞ Shop in Chubbuck's block, north side of Exchange Place, Manchester Mich.

J. W. COWLING.

DON'T FAIL To buy your

WALL PAPERS!

—At—

G. W. DOTY'S

Where you get them trimmed

FREE OF CHARGE.

Large Assortment to select from and Prices Reasonable.

GROCERIES,

CROCKERY, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, NOTIONS, ETC.

Cheap for Ready Pay!

No excuse for rough or chapped hands, when you can get

3 Cakes Oat-Meal Toilet Soap for 10c.

Butter and Eggs Taken in Exchange.

Call and See Me.

Miscellaneous.

NEW AND SEASONABLE

Goods Just Receiv'd

—AT—

POTTLE'S.

Ginghams, Prints and a full line of DOMESTICS!

BOOTS and SHOES

OF ALL KINDS. ALL

Summer Dry Goods

WALKING SHOES, SLIPPERS, STRAW HATS, &c., will Continue to be

Sold at a BIG Discount.

W. H. POTTLE, Manchester.

LOOK OUT —FOR THE—

CRASH HAS COME

—AT—

KENSLER BROS.,

Manchester, Michigan.

Our GROCERIES will be Sold Cheaper

Than Ever Before in this Town, for the

NEXT THIRTY DAYS!

ALL OUR GOODS will be sold at a GREAT SACRIFICE.

☞ Call and GET OUR PRICES Before Buying. ☜

Our Stock of DRY GOODS, Boots and Shoes,

CROCKERY, &c., is Very Large.

CASH FOR ALL COUNTRY PRODUCE.

BUY THE DIAMOND STAID

OVERALLS!

WARRANTED NOT TO RIP

—Buy all kinds of—

CLOTHING!

GENT'S FURISHING GOODS, ETC., OF

C. FAUSEL.

Store corner of Jefferson and Waters Street, east side of the river.

Manchester, - - - Michigan.

WALK THIS WAY Right down Railroad street to

Michael Dealy's!

Where you will find a Brand New Stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Bought expressly to meet the wants of my customers. You will also find that I have a Complete Stock of

Furniture,

Which I am selling at a fraction above Cost Prices.

Four Drawer Walnut Bureaus, $10
Bedsteads at from - $2 to 12
Mattresses at from - - $3 to $5

Housekeepers will also find my Prices Very Low and Assortment Good in

FAMILY GROCERIES,

Teas, Coffees, Sugars,

Tobaccos, Cigars, &c.

Call and see my line of CHROMOS, LITHOGRAPHS AND PICTURE FRAMES, and get prices.

Picture Framing a Specialty.

M. DEALY.

DAVIS, —THE—

ARTIST,

Produces first-class work in

PHOTOGRAPHY

—GEMS,—

VISITING CARDS,
MINNETT CARDS,
CARD PHOTOS,
CABINET PHOTOS,
PROMENADE (PANEL)
8x10, 10x12, 11x14, AND INK WORK

Burtless' Building, East side of River

Manchester, Mich.

THE NEW YORK GROCERY HOUSE.

J. H. MILLER & CO.

Clinton, Mich.

We keep a Full Stock of GROCERIES, Crockery, Glass-ware, Willow-ware, and Tobaccos, also

STAPLE DRY GOODS

And Carpets,

Which we will sell as Cheap as any one in the State, for

☞ **CASH!** ☜

Remember we can and will duplicate any prices. We also pay the Highest Cash Prices for all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE.

—AND—

We Want all you Have.

We want to see all our old friends, and will give them better figures than ever before. In Crockery, China or GLASSWARE,

We Discount Prices

Given in any other town,

10 PER CENT.

YOU WILL FIND A Splendid Line of

FURNITURE!

At Lockwood's

Furniture Rooms!

East side of the River. Step in and Examine the

ELEGANT PARLOR SUITES!

Tasty Bedroom Sets, Couches, Tables, Rockers, Arm Chairs, Bureaus, Secretaries, Wash Stands, Book Cases, (of new designs and finish.) Also

Mattresses, Springs, &c., &c.

Pictures Framed in First-class Style. A Splendid Line of COFFINS AND CASKETS, (all sizes). Remember the place,

JEFFERSON ST., EAST OF DOTY'S STORE.

Legal Notices.

Estate of Samuel M. Blake, Deceased.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Wednesday, the [illegible] day of [illegible], in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two.

Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Samuel M. Blake, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Samuel Aldrich, administrator, praying that he may be licensed to sell real the estate whereof said deceased died seized.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Tuesday, the 12th day of September next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE a newspaper printed and circulated in said County, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

(A true copy.) WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Judge of Probate.

WILLIAM G. DOTY, Probate Register.

Miscellaneous.

F. R. STEBBINS, Adrian, Michigan.

Furniture and Carpets.

Very Large Assortment. TWELVE WARE-ROOMS FULL. All kinds of Curtain Goods, Oil Cloths, Pictures and Frames, &c., &c. Fine selection of Wedding and Holiday Presents. Lowest Prices for best quality of Goods, and no deception allowed in my store to sell goods.

☞ We are always well pleased to show visitors through our large establishment.

F. R. STEBBINS,

Maumee Street, - Adrian, Mich.

NEW GOODS! New Styles!!

NEW CLOTHES!!

MAHRLE, The Tailor,

Has received the

Largest Stock of Summer Goods

He has ever brought to Manchester, and he will sell them at Bankrupt Prices.

☞ New SUMMER SUITS made on short notice. Call and see them.

Gwinner's Block. J. C. MAHRLE.

OHIO SOFT COAL.

OHIO SOFT COAL!

GALE and SOUTH BEND

PLOWS.

PHŒNIX ELASTIC PAINT.

MACHINE OILS.

Axle Grease.

Your orders will receive prompt attention.

W. L. Watkins,

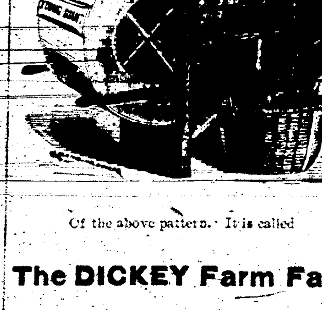
Manchester, Mich.

FARMERS If you want to

Save Your Dollars

By having your wheat well cleaned before taking it to market buy a

NEW FANNING MILL.



Of the above pattern. It is called

The DICKEY Farm Fan,

And is the best made.

Another Way

To save your dollars is by buying this FANNING MILL of

Mat D. Blosser,

At the ENTERPRISE office. It

$5.00 can be Saved

In Buying a Mill. It is for you to do it. Perhaps you can

SAVE $10.00.

☞ CALL AND SEE ☜

MAT D. BLOSSER.

Manchester Enterprise

BY MAT D. BLOSSER.

Travelers' Guide.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

YPSILANTI BRANCH—LANSING DIV.

FROM YPSILANTI.			TO YPSILANTI.	
Way Freight	Express & Mail	STATIONS.	Way Freight	Express & Mail
7:00 A.M	9:15 A.M	lv Ypsilanti ar	5:15 P.M	5:40 P.M
7:25 "	9:34 "	Pittsfield Ju'n	4:40 "	5:25 "
7:55 "	9:45 "	....Saline....	4:10 "	5:15 "
8:25 "	10:03 "	.Bridgewater.	3:25 "	5:00 "
10:23 "	10:23 "	MANCHESTER	2:50 "	4:43 "
10:55 "	10:28 "	..Watkins,..	1:50 "	4:30 "
11:40 "	10:55 "	..Brooklyn..	1:00 "	4:15 "
2:15 P.M	12:06 P.M	..Hillsdale..	8:30 A.M	3:15 "
3:40 "	12:20 "	..Bankers...	8:00 "	3:00 P.M

A. D. PERKINS, Ticket Agent.
W. H. CANNIFF, Superintendent.

JACKSON BRANCH—DETROIT DIV.

FROM JACKSON.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Express.	Accom.
Jackson	6:50 A.M	2:40 P.M	1:40 P.M
Napoleon	7:10 "	3:05 "	2:00 "
Norvell	7:16 "	3:13 "	2:18 "
MANCHESTER	7:30 "	3:30 "	3:30 "
River Raisin	7:37 "	3:40 "	3:50 "
Clinton	7:45 "	3:48 "	4:10 "
Tecumseh	7:55 "	4:00 "	4:30 "
Adrian	8:30 "	4:37 "	5:35 "
Toledo	9:50 "	5:25 "	7:45 P.M.
Buffalo	7:50 P.M	4:00 A.M	.... ..
Detroit	10:50 A.M	7:10 P.M	.... ..
Chicago	5:00 P.M	6:00 A.M	.... ..

TO JACKSON.

STATIONS.	Accom.	Mail.	Express.
Chicago	.... ..	10:40 P.M	7:55 A.M
Detroit	.... ..	9:20 A.M	6:40 P.M
Buffalo	.... ..	12:45 "	8:05 A.M
Toledo	3:00 A.M	11:10 "	8:25 P.M
Adrian	5:10 "	11:35 "	9:20 "
Tecumseh	6:25 "	12:14 P.M	9:57 "
Clinton	7:45 "	12:22 "	10:07 "
River Raisin	8:00 "	12:30 "	10:17 "
MANCHESTER	8:25 "	12:40 "	10:30 "
Norvell	9:05 "	12:56 "	10:45 "
Napoleon	9:25 "	1:05 "	10:55 "
Jackson	10:20 A.M	1:30 P.M	11:20 P.M

☞ Trains run by Columbus time. Coupon Tickets sold at the Station for all points East and West.

HUGH RILEY, Ticket Agent.

A. W. SPENCER, Station Agent, Manchester.
T. J. CHARLESWORTH, Superintendent.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1882.

LOCAL NEWS BREVITIES.

Clawson wheat is reported to have sprouted more than other varieties.

Our broom brigade go to Chelsea to give an entertainment on Tuesday next.

Burtless shipped the first car load of new wheat from this station this year, to Detroit on Monday.

W. F. Rehfuss has set up a monstrous refrigerator in his new market, of the Stevens make of Toledo.

The Universalist social will be held at the residence of W. H. Webb of this village, on Wednesday next.

The oat harvest is an unusually large and good crop and if pleasant weather only continues it will soon be secured.

How queer it must make Vennor feel to think that he happened to hit straight when he guessed 'bout August weather.

Our broom brigade has recently received some new members, and the girls intend it shall be a permanent institution.

A lengthy report of the farmers club pic-nic, and three columns of interesting original matter will be found on the 4th page.

We call especial attention to the article on manufacturing, and hope our farmer friends will be lead to give the matter serious attention.

Farmers will run no risk in calling to see the fanning mills we offer for sale. There is good strong posts in front of our office to hitch horses too.

From exchanges we learn that vendors of "Modoc gold" jewelry are on the rampage trying to swindle people. They'll hit Manchester probably.

We hope our readers will not forget the farmers' festival which will be held at Rose's grove in Sharon next Saturday. Everybody will surely have a good time.

The last quarterly conference of the M. E. church will be held at the residence of Dr. Bessac, on Monday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. Presiding Elder Campbell will be present.

The watermelon crop is reported as coming on nicely. We don't see why it shouldn't; certainly there has water enough fallen lately to turn all the garden sass into water-melons.

C. Lehn has built a new porch with an awning over it, on the rear of his brick block, and Wm. Kirchgessner has built a large portico on his new bakery building, which will be very convenient on wash days etc.

The musical union have changed the night of their weekly meetings from Tuesday to Friday evening. The society is now well organized and the leader and assistants intend to make the meetings interesting and of profit to all members.

Bailey & Osborn swing out with a brand new advertisement this week. It's a ghostly affair, but when there is a ghost of a chance for our readers to buy groceries at cost, they ought to improve the ten days grace and lay in a supply. See fourth page.

When the band begins to play Monday, just remember that the German working mens' society are forming in procession to march to Granger's grove, where they will have a jolly picnic and general good time. There will be a dance at Goodyear hall in the evening.

An exchange remarks that the red flannel hat now worn is something that the average country cow cannot understand. Perhaps an average country turkey gobbler might fully understand it, and cause its wearer "to run the race that is set before her" with agility.

C. W. Clough was in town this week distributing premium lists and trying to get our business men to exhibit their wares at the first annual fair of the Brooklyn union agricultural fair association, which is to take place Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 12-15.

Notwithstanding the dullness of the times at this season of the year, new subscribers are daily added to our list. This is as it should be. We spare no pains or reasonable expense to make the ENTERPRISE the best local newspaper in southern Michigan, and the people seem to appreciate our efforts.

Two Germans from below Bridgewater station came to town yesterday and on their return, when near Soulsville they were thrown from their vehicle, one of them George Kirchner striking on his head cutting it considerably. He was taken to Dr. Kapp's where the wounds were dressed and then taken home.

Stewart Fitzgerld was drawing some lime for C. W. Case, yesterday when the trace broke. He stopped the horse but the wagon went on until it struck the horse, which got frightened and after dumping the barrels of lime and Fitz. off, pranced up the street at a lively rate. The wagon is at the shop for repairs.

Saturday noon Gottlieb Bueirle's horse got up on its ear and skipped away from the depot at a fast rate, losing off of the dray a barrel of sugar which bursted open and scattered sweetness along the road to the infinite delight of ye small boys, who improved the opportunity by eating their peck of dirt well sweetened.

Underhill & Rommell proprietors of the Southern Washtenaw mills, are putting in considerable new machinery. A new chest of bolts of latest pattern, two American turbine water wheels, etc. They are evidently bound to keep up with the times. O. F. Taylor is the millwright and we think he is doing a nice job.

R. W. Comstock's hired man was at work in the fields a week or two ago when he saw so many snakes that he became frightened and called the boys, who must have made a business of killing them, for they claim to have slain seven striped snakes and one hundred and fifty blue racers. They were each from one to five feet in length. Surely St. Patrick could not have visited Sharon.

Frank Gillett of Sharon probably hates the sight of fanning mill peddlers. A few days ago he left his team standing in the field and went into the road to look at a mill just to accommodate the peddler, as he had a good one at home, and as soon as they turned the crank the clattering institution frightened his horses and they ran away with the plow. Frank came to town and is just out $4 for repairs.

Quite a number of our citizens were considerably excited Tuesday afternoon by the report that a cyclone had passed through Battle Creek and was headed straight for Manchester. The intense stillness of the air together with the heavy greenish tinted sky helped to increase the general apprehension of impending calamity. People were on the lookout for the first "symptons" of the big whirlwind, but fortunately it either took another route or blew itself out of existence, for it did not visit our village at all.

The annual picnic of the Bridgewater farmers will be held at Shorts' grove on Saturday, August 26th, commencing at 10 o'clock, sharp. Revs. Payne of Clinton and Combs of Manchester will deliver addresses, while music will be furnished by both the glee club and brass band of the township. The invitation to "come out and bring your baskets, and have a good old time" is extended to all, but they don't say whether the baskets shall be filled, or not, however we are of the opinion that if they are not filled they will fill them for you, such is the hospitality of the Bridgewater people.

We are indebted to Mrs. E. Chubbuck for a copy of the Longmont Ledger, which is published at Longmont, Boulder county, Colorado. In which the editor Henry L. Hayward, formerly of Tecumseh, has an account of an interesting visit to the home of Volney Chapman, who was once a resident of our own village. Mr. Chapman is president of the "Home Supply" irrigating canal which taps the Big Thompson river about nine miles above Loveland. It is ten feet wide at the bottom, carries from eleven to fifteen thousand inches of water, is twenty-six miles in length and covers eleven thousand acres of as good land as can be found in Colorado. This new canal was constructed and is exclusively controlled by farmers through whose lands it runs, and they propose to do their irrigating independent of all other companies. We are pleased to receive information of former townsmen and the industries in which they are interested.

The Adrian Times of August 15th, contains an interesting account of recent explorations of an Indian mound in the vicinity of Tecumseh, by six representatives of the Adrian scientific society. About two years ago H. L. Jones and Dr. Hause of Tecumseh secured quite a number of good specimens from this mound, and these six Adrian gentlemen have instituted a thorough search with satisfactory results. Quite a number of well preserved skulls were found besides stone ornaments, flint and pipes. The scientific society will be pleased to hear from any-one who can give any information they may have concerning the mound.

The Detroit Free Press has been investigating the matter and finds that the old cigar stubs that are gathered from gutters, etc., are transformed into the fragrant cigarettes that small boys and lah-da-dah youths indulge in.

John Lambert, of Cambridge, died very suddenly Monday night. She had been ailing for some time, but was not considered dangerously ill; she was up around five minutes before her death. Mrs. L. was much esteemed in the circle of her acquaintance.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Iler of Norvell was in town on Tuesday.

Miss Louise Thayer of Norvell spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. James Yerdon has gone to New York state to visit friends.

Mrs. A. W. Case has gone to Lagrange, Indiana, to visit friends.

Mrs. P. F. Blosser returned from Lansing Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. A. T. Briegel and family started for Detroit this morning.

Mrs. Dr. C. S. Chamberlin returned to Toledo Monday afternoon.

W. H. Pottle and family spent a few days at Sand lake this week.

E. S. Coon, son of Lorenzo Coon, is home from the west on a visit.

Mrs. S. R. Spencer and Mrs. D. F. Moore are visiting at Ypsilanti.

Miss Laura Palmer of Detroit made a short visit in town last Friday and Saturday.

Miss Laura Green, who has been home several weeks, returned to Saline Saturday.

Miss Spafford of Tecumseh, and Miss Mills of Chelsea, were visiting in town on Friday.

A. T. Bruegel started Tuesday for a trip through Saginaw county and will visit the pineries.

Mrs. Dr. Brown and family left here on Monday morning for a few week's visit at Klinger's lake.

Marcus Rowe, who lives near Decatur, was in town Saturday shaking hands with his old friends.

Mrs. Mat D. Blosser and Mrs. Sam Kirchhofer are visiting at their father's, B. G. Harris at Norvell.

Mrs. A. J. Austin of Napoleon came here yesterday morning to visit her sister Mrs. Mat. D. Blosser.

Mr. & Mrs. Charles A. Brower of Mason came here to attend the funeral of John Blythe, Mrs. B.'s father.

Bert. and Fred. Ayland were out from Mason this week, to attend the funeral of their grandfather, Mr. Blythe.

Mrs. Emmerson Annabil of McPherson county, Kansas, and formerly of Sharon, is visiting at her mother's Mrs. Lavina Spaulding.

Charley Lewis and Am. Freeman started Tuesday for Wampler's lake to enjoy a good time fishing. They returned the following day.

Miss Nan Millard, accompanied by Mr. & Mrs. A. E. Hewitt, expect to start for Niles to-morrow evening for a two weeks visit among relatives.

Mr. John N. Neal, proprietor of Hall's Patent Roof, is in town and accompanied by R. T. Van Valkenburg, is pushing the sale of the rights to use it.

S. F. Marsteller of the Clinton and Tecumseh marble works, was in town yesterday. Mrs. Marsteller is visiting A. H. Perry's family in Sharon.

John Kensler, of firm of Kensler Bros., started Tuesday morning for a two week's business and pleasure trip to New York in company with his uncle, J. H. Miller of Clinton.

Mrs. E. P. Goodrich of Ypsilanti passed through town Wednesday on her way to Adrian to visit her sister. She will make her Manchester friends a visit upon her return next Tuesday.

Miss Myra, daughter of Frank Spafard of this town, will accompany her uncle and aunt, Mr. & Mrs. Andrew Spafard of Amboy, Illinois, on their return home to-night, where she will visit.

Miss Whitney of Chicago, sister of the general freight agent of the M. C. Ry., Miss Josie Hall of Ypsilanti, and Mrs. Rev. Jones of Coldwater, have been visiting at L. D. Watkins' this week.

Mr. & Mrs. J. E. Eastman of Trufant, Montcalm county, are visiting in town this week. Mrs. E., a daughter of Mrs. Blythe, will remain here a few weeks, while her husband will return home.

Mr. Andrew Spafard, of Amboy, Ills., hearing of the farmers' club picnic came from Chicago, arriving here on Saturday morning in time to attend. He is now enjoying a visit with friends in town.

Dr. Sheldon and family, Mat. D. Blosser and family, and Mrs. Kirchhofer and daughter, drove over to Chelsea on Sunday to visit Mr. Cooper's family, They also called on Mrs. Updike, nee Addie Force.

Mr. & Mrs. Geo. Richmond of St. Louis, Michigan, have been visiting friends here the past two weeks. Saturday they attended the farmers' club picnic at Wamplers lake and then visited Cambridge, and departed for home Tuesday afternoon.

Washtenaw County Items.

Scott & Sons of Detroit furnish the plans for the new firemens' hall at Ann Arbor.

When the new church is completed at Dexter the town will have five houses of worship.

The Dexter Leader advises young men to go west and blow up with the country.

It is reported that R. E. Frazer will soon remove his family from Ann Arbor to Jackson.

The Dexter woolen mills will furnish 1,500 yards of fine melton cloth for the state reform school at Lansing.

The peach growers at Ann Arbor are now shipping about 500 baskets per day. Large shipments of blackberries are being made.

A. W. Ames, a veteran newsdealer at Ann Arbor, has sold out to Willis Doughty, and will hereafter devote his time to the express business.

The ladies of St. Luke's church at Ypsilanti will give an excursion to Detroit and Belle Isle, Tuesday, August 22nd. Proceeds to apply towards repairing parsonage.

There were about 500 barrels of water in the new postoffice cellar at Ann Arbor after the heavy rains last week, and it took a hand fire engine over three hours to pump it out.

The Ann Arbor Democrat says it cost the state $41.55 to hold the inquest on the body of Geo. L. Palmer, the stranger who recently died suddenly at the Leonard house in Ann Arbor.

Ann Arbor Register: Millers say that the present season is more backward as regards the wheat crop than any since 1869, when very little new wheat was marketed before the 5th of August.

The sale of the Detroit Free Press from one news stand in Ann Arbor has aggregated over $25,000 during the last twenty-five years. Another evidence of the popularity of that worthy paper.

Last week Friday night, burglars entered the Ypsilanti postoffice and bored a hole in the side of the safe into which they inserted a fuse; the explosion blew the door off and ruined the lock besides scaring off the burglars, as they left the contents of the safe undisturbed.

The Ann Arbor Courier thinks that the meek unobtrusive potato will yet supplant the gaudy sunflower among the æsthetic youths of Ann Arbor, for at a social the other evening nearly every young gentleman in attendance had a potato attached to a string and fastened to his coat tail. We wonder what mania will next seize "Athens."

Last week as a young son of the janitor of the university was working in the garden in the rear of his father's house, his shovel struck a box, which upon being opened was found to contain the well preserved skeleton of a woman. From copies of medical lectures which were in the box, it is evident that the body was buried there several years ago, but any knowledge concerning the affair is a complete mystery.

The state teachers' institute for Washtenaw county will be held at Chelsea, August 28th to 31st inclusive. Under the operations of the new school law better preparation and greater efficiency are demanded of teachers, and in view of this fact all persons that intend to engage in teaching will find it greatly to their interest to be present at all the sessions of the institute to prepare for the increased requirements.

Ypsilanti Sentinel: Some years ago a wagon maker in this city, now out of the business, sold a wagon to a Monroe county customer on trust, and never saw him again until the other day, when the two met on the street, the granger in that same vehicle now ready to tumble down with age and use. "Hello!" said the ex-dealer, "is that the wagon that I sold you, and you have never paid for?" "Yes," said the farmer, "and I am ready to pay any time what it's worth; but, blame it, you want the price of a new wagon for it."

A young lady named Maggie McDonald, arrived at Ann Arbor last week, after a long weary walk from Chicago, which had taken her two week's time to accomplish. Her former home was in Buffalo, which place she had left at request of her sister in Chicago who wished the girl to live with her, but ill-treatment soon drove Miss Maggie into the determination of getting back to her old home, and as she had no money, she had to walk. At Ann Arbor she was furnished transportation to Detroit, where she received assistance from the commissioners of the poor, to enable her to reach Buffalo.

Letter List.

The following is a list of letters remaining uncalled for in the postoffice as classified below. Any one calling at the office for any letter here given, will please say "advertised:"

MANCHESTER POSTOFFICE,
C. WALBRIDGE, P. M.

Halstead, E. Mrs.	Palmer, M. A.
Jonsson, Carl Alfred	Rice, Libbie.
Kennedy, C. E.	Sherwood, Benj. A.
Ware, William	

On Tuesday the 29th an excursion will be given from Jackson to Put-in-Bay, passing through here. Tickets for the round trip $2.00. Everybody invited to go. Particulars later.

Rev. Mr. Munger of Grass Lake will occupy the pulpit at the Baptist church next Sunday, and until further notice. He has preached at Norvell during the past year.

Those wishing to take a cheap excursion can have the opportunity on Tuesday, August 29th. Round trip to Put-in-Bay, only $2.00 via Toledo.

The next meeting of the Norvell club will be held at the farm residence of Porter Cole in Norvell, on Saturday, September 2nd.

Ladies will do well to call on Bence, the druggist, for a free sample of strictly pure Baking Powder, guaranteed equal to the best.

E. W. Chapin's excursion from Jackson to Put-in-Bay, August 29th, $2.00 for the round trip. Everybody go.

AN APPEAL TO FARMERS.

ED. ENTERPRISE:—The harvest of 1882 is over, and another successful average of crops has been secured by the farmers about Manchester. Would it not be well for our future interests, as regards our town and surrounding population, with a view of utilizing its natural and fine location and splendid water power, to carefully consider our mutual interests.

We can say without fear of contradiction that the interest of each are identical. But when I say that manufacturing offers the best and only safe and legitimate means of investing our surplus earnings, many will utterly repudiate and discent, still it is absolutely true. For first agriculture gives us food, manufactories give all else that places us on a plane above the savage. We are fast approaching the point when it will be found impossible to loan money at all. This some may doubt. Let me answer the doubt by saying that there are thousands of dollars now in your bank, owned by professional lenders, that has been there for years without interest, simply because money has been paid to them faster than they could invest. Thrifty borrowers are fast paying off their debts, and becoming lenders, thereby constantly adding to the list of one class, and taking from the other. Please refer to the statements of the bank for the last two years. It shows that with the almost total failure of the crops of 1881 the surplus increased, showing that with those poor crops, more money was paid on indebtedness than could be loaned. What then will be your condition after such a year as this. Recollect what large sums you have paid for farm improvements, buildings, machinery and other outfits, which sums will not come out of future earnings. I know that you will say that certainly these rich and wonderfully productive lands will make a vast accumulation of surplus.

This granted, let me ask you to see that our well located town, with its fine water-power, receive your careful and immediate attention. Start one manufactory and another will surely follow, your investments in such will pay. If you doubt it, try and purchase a few shares of Peoples' bank stock, you may offer fifty cents premium on the dollar and you cannot buy it then; or Clinton woolen mill stock with its surplus of nearly two hundred thousand dollars, these are the only corporations about you. Another reason, and a strong one, why farmers should invest in manufactories in our village, is that lands surrounding manufacturing towns are double the value per acre of those of non manufacturing. I well know the distrust of farmers to any business not strictly in their line. This is what killed the Grange.

But I do hope, brother farmers, you will not always remain in the condition of the man with the muck-rake, who would not change his condition though offered a celestial crown, but is still, I presume, raking muck. You have among you plenty of men capable and able to carry any enterprise to success. I mean farmers now. Men who have blotted the word "fail" out of their business lexicon.

Manchester, as it now stands, will have no future growth. There are business houses enough, perhaps too many for profit in the retail trade to the surrounding country. We need no more dry goods houses, groceries, blacksmiths, druggists, clothiers, doctors, etc. Look at the history of New England towns, they stood still till the farmers began to come in and leave their farms to their children, and when money could not be loaned at two per cent. put it into factories. These same men made the money then that is loaned all over the country, when wanted, built our railroads, bought our state and city bonds, and hold a large share of government bonds.

But before anything can be done for Manchester, the people have a work to do, both in township and village, viz: to reconstruct their respective governments, each of which has long been an open scandal at home and abroad. You may rest assured that people that know enough to accumulate will never put it in a town whose government is in the hands of those who have not the capacity to keep a dollar when earned. Equally dangerous, perhaps more dangerous still, is our demigogue politicians. What is the remedy? Elect solid, temperate, representative men to office without regard to party. Men who have a property interest in the welfare and future prosperity of Manchester. A FARMER.

FREEDOM.

Miss Ella Butler is in Ann Arbor learning photography.

Most of those who used self-binders are pleased with them.

Paul Kress and Tom Guinan have each lost valuable cows recently.

While binding oats last Monday Philip Kress was badly poisoned with sumach.

Miss Alice Guinan has commenced teaching school in district No. 1,—Feldkamp's district.

Our farmers will have their wheat all drawn this week. Some who drew when it was wet have found their stacks in bad condition. They have begun threshing wheat.

Sheet Music at Colwell's Drug Store.

Fine lines of Stationery at Bence, the druggist.

Rooms for students. Inquire of Mrs. John Field.

Rich and lasting perfumes at Bence, the Druggist.

All accounts due Kensler Bros. must be settled at once.

Kensler Brothers wish all accounts due them settled at once.

Bence's 50 cent Fine cut is still the favorite Chewing Tobacco.

Bence makes his own Flavoring Extracts. They are unexcelled.

Kensler Brothers have a large stock of Fish which will be sold cheap.

Price's dyspepsia Lozenges relieve like magic. BENCE, the Druggist.

New cards at the ENTERPRISE office.

If you don't take the ENTERPRISE, subscribe for it to-day.

Extra copies of the ENTERPRISE can be had at the counting room.

Best worm destroyer known—Price's Worm Lozenges. BENCE, the druggist.

Price's sick headache remedy cures every time. BENCE, the Druggist.

All those indebted to Mary Foster & Co. must come and settle their accounts at once.

Excursion to Put-in-Bay on Tuesday, August 29th, via Toledo. Round trip tickets only $2.00.

Persons wishing to employ an experienced seamstress in their families to do all kinds of sewing will please call at J. O. Selfe's in Sharon. SARAH F. SELFE.

Store for Sale.

I offer to sell my two-story brick store building, now occupied by G. W. Doty on the east side of the river, in this village. For terms, etc., inquire of FRED. KURFESS.

Peaches!

Leave your order for Peaches early with W. L. Watkins. Thereby you will secure fresh picked, choice fruit. The price will be at a figure that will sell 500 bushels very quick.

For Sale or Exchange.

The property known as the Kent place in this village. It consists of three good lots, on which there are a large house, nearly new, two good barns and a cider mill, all in good condition. Any one wishing to buy or exchange, will do well to call and see me. T. J. FARRELL.

Card of Thanks.

I desire to return the heart-felt thanks of myself and family to those friends, who bestowed aid and sympathy, in our recent sad affliction. And when such sorrow overtakes them, may as kind hearts and helping hands minister unto them. MRS. J. BLYTHE.

Hewetts' Patent Improvement in Boots for vehicles is one of the best inventions of the day, and everyone getting up a new buggy will surely want it. Some of these boots have been put on buggies here in Manchester, but Wm. Niebling of of this village has purchased the right to manufacture and sell them in Washtenaw county, and those wishing them must hereafter go to him. This invention consists of an iron frame attached under the buggy seat by a hinge, the frame is covered with leather and fits neatly over the box in the rear, so that no dirt or dust can get in. No straps are required to keep it down and it can be raised like a lid to a trunk or chest. Call and see it at Neebling's wagon and carriage shop.

Born.

FRITZ.—In Freedom, on Friday, August 4th, 1882, to Mr. & Mrs. Paul Fritz, a son.

MOUNT.—In Sharon, on Friday, August 11th 1882, to Mr. & Mrs. John Mount, a son.

WIEDMAIER.—In Lima, on Tuesday, Aug. 8th, 1882, to Mr. & Mrs. Albert Wiedmaier, a son.

HOHBERGER.—In Sharon, Wednesday, August 16th, 1882, to Mr. & Mrs. Henry Hohberger, a daughter.

Died.

BLYTHE.—In this village, on Saturday, Aug. 12th, 1882, Mr. John Blythe, aged 80 years.

The deceased was born in Yorkshire, Eng., July 24th, 1802. He imigrated to America in the year 1828, and settled in Wayne Co., N. Y. He married Joanna Hooper of that place in 1830, and in 1834 he with his family removed to Michigan and settled in Oakland county; the next year they moved to Franklin, Lenawee county, where they resided till 1858. Since that time he has lived in Manchester. Of his family of eight children, two sons and six daughters, seven survive him. Mr. Blythe was honest, industrious, temperate and a good generous citizen, a kind and indulgent husband and father, and a warm hearted friend, respected by all who knew him.

Commercial.

Markets by Telegraph.

DETROIT, MICH., August 16, 1882.

WHEAT.—The market opened steady and quiet. The Chicago market opened at 97½c closing at 97½c per bu. Sales in our market were as follows: No. 1 white, spot, old, 2 cars at $1 15; do new, 2 cars at $1 07; August 1,000 bu at $1 06; 4,000 bu at $1 07; September, 7,000 bu at $1 02¾.

CORN.—Sale of 1 car No. 2 at 79½c per bu.

OATS.—Sale of 1 car No. 2 white, to arrive at 63½c; August do. 45c bid.

Home Markets.

APPLES.—Green apples are scarce and poor, 40 @ 50c ℔ bu.

BUTTER.—Butter continues steady at 16 @ 17c ℔ lb. for choice tub and roll butter.

CORN.—Corn is scarce and high, and not enough coming in to supply the demand. The price remains steady at 50c ℔ bu. in the ear.

EGGS.—Eggs remain steady at 16@17c ℔ doz.

LARD.—Lard is scarce at 12@15c ℔ lb.

OATS.—The receipts are light and the price continues steady at 45@50c ℔ bu. for old. New are worth 38 @ 40c ℔ bu. for this month's delivery.

PORK.—Dealers offer 10@11c ℔ lb. for all pork.

POTATOES.—25 cents is all dealers offer to-day for new Early Rose.

SALT.—Remains steady at $1 25 ℔ bbl.

WHEAT.—There is nothing new in the wheat market this week, the price remains steady at $1.00 ℔ bu. for the best old or new.

WOOL.—Is slow sale at 29 @ 31c ℔ lb.

Miscellaneous.

PEOPLES' DRUG STORE! THE "OLD RELIABLE" Stand.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!!

—IN—

Miscellaneous Books,

SCRAP, CARD, PHOTOGRAPH AND

Autograph ALBUMS, Bibles, &c., &c.

I have just received a very Large Assortment of fine

English and American

Papeteries & Note Papers,

(Envelopes to match,) which will be sold at the same price of ordinary papers. Call and see them. In PAINTS, VARNISHES, OILS, &c., I am *Headquarters*. I can and will save you money by calling on me before you buy. In

DRUGS!

Quality, strength and purity is first consideration. I give my personal attention to the preparing of Tinctures, Syrups, and Pharmaceutical Preparations for Prescriptions. My

STOCK OF SCHOOL BOOKS

Will be Complete and at Reasonable Prices. Wire Hair Brushes at from 25 cents to $1. Tooth and Clothes Brushes, Combs, Pocket Books, &c., in great quantities.

☞ **Headquarters for School Books.**

Threshers and Machine men will find my Stock of MACHINE OIL Complete and as Low as the Lowest.

GEORGE J. HÆUSSLER,

Manchester, Mich.

BEWARE OF INFRINGEMENTS! Buy none but

The Reed Harrow!

And keep out of trouble. Read the following letter:

TO THE PUBLIC.

A decree was granted us by Judges Matthews and Withey, on June 30th, in our case against HIRAM CONS for infringement of our patents. Substantially the same decree was ordered entered in our cases against CHASE, TAYLOR & CO., LAWRENCE & CHAPIN, and LORENZO EGLESTON.

A similar decree was also ordered entered in our case against KETCHAM & BARTON, by Judges Drummond and Gresham, on June 22nd. This last suit was brought by us against the above firm for *selling* the JANESVILLE HARROW, manufactured by the Harris Manufacturing Company.

All of the suits which we have brought against parties for infringement of our patents have now been decided in our favor, and our rights fully defined. We trust that this result will enable our customers to recover the trade which they have lost on account of these infringements, and be a sufficient warning to those who have been instrumental in putting infringing devices upon the market.

Respectfully,

D. C. & H. C. REED & CO.

☞ I have sold these HARROWS in the county of Washtenaw for three years, and have a Large Stock of them on hand.

M. J. KELSEY,

Manchester, Mich.,

Agent for Washtenaw County.

THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITE,

THE "OLD RELIABLE"

Hardware Store,

—OF—

VAN DUYN & MORDOFF,

Still survives, and is replenished with a

Larger Stock of

BUILDERS' HARDWARE!

Stoves,

Tinware,

Shovels,

Spades,

Forks, Rakes, &c., than EVER BEFORE. The Best Brands of

WHITE LEAD,

MIXED PAINTS,

Oils and Brushes,

Always on hand. Our

Table and Pocket CUTLERY

PLATED WARE and Kindred Goods is the BEST MADE, as one trial will demonstrate.

☞ **Our Prices were Never so Low as Now.**

Give Us an Early Call.

Van Duyn & Mordoff,

Manchester, Mich.

Manchester Enterprise

BY MAT D. BLOSSER.

Entered at the Postoffice in Manchester as Second-class Matter.

All articles for publication should be addressed to THE ENTERPRISE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1882.

FARMERS' CLUB PICNIC.

A Big Eat and a Gala Day at Wampler's Lake, on Saturday, Aug. 12th.

Members of the Southern Washtenaw and Norvell Farmers' Club, and their friends, to the number of about three hundred, met at Charles Akin's grove at the foot of Wampler's lake, on Saturday, the 12th inst., to enjoy the pleasures of a basket picnic.

The weather was a trifle cool, the wind blew quite strong, and the white caps were so numerous on the lake that only a few ventured to row or sail.

The Bridgewater brass band with their new uniforms were on hand to furnish music, which seemed to enliven the occasion.

It was an enjoyable sight to watch the people hurrying to and fro with lunch baskets, packages, etc., etc., chatting and laughing with each other, busily preparing for the "big eat" which was about to take place, and when the sun indicated the hour of high twelve there was a scrambling for places, and in short metre the work of distruction had begun. We accepted an invitation to dine with the Norvell club, and we had a right jolly time.

After the boards had been swept, Mat D. Blosser, who had been selected as toast master, invited the people to gather around the improvised rostrum, when he announced the first toast, "Our Farmers' Club, an enjoyable and profitable association."

S. M. Merithew, president of the Southern Washtenaw Club, was called to respond, but begged to be excused as he was not accustomed to public speaking. He believed the sentiment of the toast and wished farmers' clubs were more numerous.

The next toast, "Clubs are Trumps," we'll follow suit," was responded to by T. B. Halladay, of the Norvell Club, as follows:

Yes, Clubs are trumps! From the earliest dawn of history down to the present time people have associated themselves together in "Clubs" for the promotion of some common object, and we have had literary, scientific, social, political and other "Clubs" and why should we not have Farmers Clubs? Certainly, if we estimate the importance of these clubs from the numbers engaged or the amount of capital employed in the various pursuits, the "Farmers Club" must stand pre-eminently first as the trump club. When we consider that 25,000,000 of our people are engaged in or dependent upon agriculture, and that the valuation of one year's product amounts to $9,000,000,000 of which we exported $730,000,000. No wonder that the commercial and non-producing part of our country should come with out-stretched hands imploring us to put forth our very best efforts to increase our crops and again turn the balance of trade in our country's favor. How, let me ask, can we better secure this much desired increase of farm products than by the interchange of opinions in the "farmers clubs." The discussions carried on elicit opinions for and against the subject matter in dispute, and the participants are able to form a better judgment than they otherwise would or could. Yes, they very probably have their attention suddenly turned to a point, as to which, up to that time, they were asleep.

Then, friends of the Southern Washtenaw Farmers Club, go on with your good work and we'll follow suit.

"The Farmer's Life how it differs from that of other people" was responded to by J. G. English, of Manchester. He showed how the farmer looked at the growing crops, the cause and effect, while the business man only thought of the product as he found it, ready to be consumed.

"The Pioneers, how little we appreciate them." was fitly responded to by S. W. Holmes of the Norvell club. He drew a vivid illustration of the pioneer days, the hardships and privations of our forefathers who gave us rich farms, comfortable homes, schools, churches and left us to enjoy the fruits of their labors. Truly, how little we appreciate them.

"The Modern Farm" was responded to by Henry Palmer of Bridgewater. He compared the mode of farming at an early day with that of the present time. Instead of following the old wooden plow the farmer of to-day rides while the bright mould board turns its deep furrows. He also compared the mode of dragging, and cultivating of haying and harvesting with that of former times.

We regret exceedingly that we were unable to get a full report of the responses.

The last toast, "Line Fences, build them high," was responded to by George H. Fay, Esq., secretary of the Norvell club, as follows:

Line fences every the subject indeed for a speech,
Of their height and material to prevent any breach;
But a speech on this subject will never be mine,
For as my thoughts came to me the words come in rhyme.
[illegible]
Which you a story, you may believe it you choose,
[illegible]
[illegible] spent:
Of their suits in the courts and all the suspense
That commenced with a piece of wretched line fence.

Our story commences some fifty years back,
In the heart of a swamp, 'twas then called the "Black,"
And where it is located, if that be your query,
'Tis in the state of Ohio, just south of Lake Erie.
There a large covered wagon, by four oxen drawn,
Was fast in the mud for four hours long.
The driver had shouted, and had pried with a lever,
But the wheels seemed buried still deeper than ever.
He had exhausted all means in his power to proceed,
Had unyoked his oxen, and concluded to feed,
When a shout of "Whoa, haw!" from some one behind,
Reached his ear, and lifted all care from his mind.
He glanced down the road he had just wallowed through,
There was a white canvass cover and four oxen in view,
He watched that white cover as it rose and then fell,
Like the crest on the top of a huge ocean swell,
As the wheels slowly moved in mud thick and black,
And the oxen toiled on with the lash on their back.
Now they come to the spot where he stood in the road,
All dripping with sweat from the draft of their load,
And they come to a stand and a stout, handsome lad
Extends a warm hand that makes his heart glad.
These two boys are strangers, from the state of New York,
They have started out west, 'twas a step in the dark.
They meet for the first time in this wild, lonesome place,
And commence their acquaintance with a hearty embrace.
The one was Ben Jackson, from Tully he came,
A classic old place, we know by the name.
The other rejoiced in the name of Sam Gates,
And he came from Starkey, in the county of Yates,
They stood there together, and the time did not mind,
As they talked of their homes and friends left behind;
The one loved Onondaga, where this life he began;
The other in fancy went back to Pen-Yan.
To Ben Jackson's wagon the eight oxen they yoked,
As it moved out with ease, they talked, laughed, joked,
And when on a dry place they have brought it at last,
To Sam's covered wagon the eight oxen were made fast.
And thus they worked on both happy and free,
Till they came to a river they called the Maumee.
They were both going West, they did not know where:
And as for that matter, they did not much care.
They were going to get land they had learned was "dirt cheap"
And build them a house in which they could sleep.
They would plow up the soil, plant corn and sow wheat,
And each have a farm that could not be beat.
So they crossed the Maumee, to the North bent their way,
Till they found some good road and a soil of blue clay.
And they kept on that way till they met an old man,
And by inquiry found they had reached Michigan.
By a river called Raisin on a broad, loamy plain,
They unyoked their oxen with intent to remain,
To the land office went, and their patent procure,
And each one, two lots of this wild land secure.
Then they rolled up some logs, chinked the cracks warm and tight,
And put on a roof that would keep out the light,
Unloaded their plows, their grub hoes and axes,
And proceeded to business unburdened by taxes.
Time rolled on its way and each man got a wife;
Each built a new house and commenced a new life.
Where their land joined together they built a new fence.
They could do it in those times without much expense.
They both worked together, splitting rail, stake and brace,
Till 'twas all on the spot, and the last rail in place.
But they cut all their timbers and piled them up neat
Then burned with fire for more space to sow wheat.
And then dug out the stumps, and seeded the land,
Had wheat in the barn, and money on hand;
Had an account at the bank, paid cash at the store,
Had cattle and sheep, and fifty things more,
Their buildings were large and always looked neat,
In fact, they had farms that could not be beat.
Forty years had now passed since the first time they met,
But that friendship begun had never waned yet;
They were just like two brothers, did always agree,
Since they met in that swamp, beyond the Maumee.
But that line fence they built was rotten and low,
And they had no more timber to fix it, you know;
And whenever they saw it, each said "let it go,
And next fall we will fix it, right after we sow."
So year after year the old fence rotted down,
And in some places lay quite flat on the ground.
And one day it happened when Sam was away,
That all of Ben's cattle at once got astray,
Stepped over the line fence, each hoof and each horn,
And commenced sad destruction of Sam's field of corn.
That whole afternoon did they ravish and waste,
There was scarcely a hill that the heard did not taste,
Until just at evening Sam arrived on the spot,
And drove the whole heard at once from his lot;
And he started for Ben's, with his blood rather high,
And a curious look one could note in his eye.
When he came to the house Ben was calm and serene,
As easy a fellow as ever was seen.
He was smoking his pipe and taking his ease,
"Now," thought Sam "I'll talk to him just as I please;"
But before they had talked long a quarrel arose,
They both spoke hard words and came near to blows.
In the morning quite early Sam was off to the city,
To see a young lawyer who was said to be witty;
A young Mr. Mullett he would go and employ.
And the fun he would have he was sure he'd enjoy.
To Mullett he went, not minding expense,
Mullett said it was easy, there was no defense;
"Just get out your summons, in the circuit begin,
We will give him a law-suit, we are just sure to win."
The lawing commenced, the suits multiplied fast,
[illegible] had four suits on the docket at last;
They had law-suits for years in all of the courts,
And wasted their money like two foolish sports.
Each had paid out a thousand hard dollars in cash,
And the wise ones predicted they would both go [illegible]
One day Ben Jackson was telling his son
How hard he had worked when he first begun.
When he and Sam Gates were both young and strong,
And had laid up the fences so many miles long;
And he thought of the line fence all rotten and down.
And [illegible] next work that called him to town
And the more he reflected the more he was sure.
That this kind of work he could not long endure;
He had wasted a thousand, he could not waste more.
He would do as he ought to, and not long before,
He got five loads of lumber, a whole keg of nails,
Two hundred good posts, and burned up the old rails.
Where five-half of the line fence had always been laid—
He made one of boards, and for everything paid.
Sam Gates saw the fence [illegible]
And was up and away [illegible]
He also bought lumber, and all of the [illegible]
[illegible]
And just as he finished did Ben come along
[illegible]
The hard words they had uttered, and all of their suits,
[illegible]
When they stood in the Black swamp, so muddy and low.
In the morning together they started for town,
Paid up all their costs from attorney fee down,
To the fees of the clerk which are always so small
That every one wonders that the man lives at all.
Good farmers of Norvell, and Manchester too,
Build up your line fences, whatever you do;
In this noble work let no good farmer tire,
Use no poor material or wicked barbed wire.
You may make a good fence with the post wire and slat,
Or of rails staked at corner and bound with a cap;
The price of pine lumber makes that fence too dear,
And its drain on your income would be quite severe;
But a good fence is essential to make neighbors agree,
All are then independent and always feel free,
To plant and to sow wherever they may,
And sleep sound at night, and not watch all day.
If a model line fence by all would be seen,
I invite you to go into section fourteen,
In the township of Norvell, and there you will spy
One that suits the subscriber, 'tis just eight rails high.

On account of the stiff breeze which was blowing it was almost impossible to hear all the speeches, but the hearty applause which followed each effort showed that they were appreciated, and we think it was one of the most interesting features of the meeting.

The Bridgewater Band played several pieces and was warmly praised for their proficiency. They are a fine lot of fellows and as they are all farmer boys and have but little time to practice they are entitled to considerable credit.

The afternoon was spent in singing, croquet playing, etc. Those who enjoyed tripping the light fantastic toe had an opportunity, and it was pleasing to see some of the old folks cut the pigeon wing. The braver ones took a ride in the tidy row boats or a sail in the Byndman Brothers' sail boat, while the rest sat on the grassy bank and repeated that well known verse:

"Great ships may venture more,
But little boats should keep near the shore."

Some of the picnicers fairly ached to go fishing but the lake was so rough they could not, so they had to content themselves with visiting. The afternoon was nearly spent before the party broke up and started for home, but all seemed satisfied with the manner in which they had passed the time and avowed their intention to come again.

The next meeting of the Southern Washtenaw Farmers' Club will be held at the farm residence of Richard Green on Friday, Sept. 8th. Such members of the Norvell Club as can make it convenient to meet with our club at Richard Green's, are cordially invited to do so.

Miss Mary Hitchcock of Sharon will read a paper "How are we as farmers wives and daughters to so cultivate and improve ourselves as to keep pace with those who enjoy the superior advantages of town and city."

Discipline in Primary Schools.

On whom does the government of our primary schools depend. Parents will send their children to school days, months and even years, and the thought never occurs to them that it is their duty to visit the school-room even once during the term, and thus assist the teacher in governing those mischievous boys and girls.

On the other hand they listen to every little complaint, and at last condemn the teacher without looking into the merits of the case, say to their children "bring your books and stay at home."

Now, who is the looser? It certainly can not be the teacher; her time and compensation goes on the same as when all the pupils are present.

I for one think the philosophy of governing our schools and making them a success lies almost wholly with the patrons. The teacher of course has a great work to do and no doubt nine-tenths of the teachers in the field realize the responsibility thrown upon them, and are ready and willing to do their duty, but they can not do all the work and make a success.

Where will you find a farmer or a mechanic who will employ men to do work and never look after them?

The farmer when his horses come from the field at night is first to see that they are well fed and properly cared for; the mechanic will also look after his own interests, and yet those same men will employ the services of a stranger to instruct their children and never enter the school room to note the advancement, if there be any, and if not, to ascertain the cause.

It is the duty of every teacher to do his or her work well, and it is the duty of every school officer and every parent to promote the interest of the pupils, not only by hiring teachers and sending children to be taught, but also by overlooking the school work from time to time and showing interest in the children's work.

MRS. F. GREY.

A French chemist reports that water made slightly salt, and to which, when boiling bran in the proportion of one quart to every gallon has been added has been found in a series of experiments to increase the yield of milk 55 per cent. if given to the cows as their ordinary drink.

THE NATIONAL HOME.

For Disabled Volunteer Soldiers at Dayton, Ohio.

We have had at the ENTERPRISE office this week a little book belonging to Rev. Werheim, which contains very fine views of the grounds and buildings of the Central National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers situated near Dayton, Ohio. This home, which contains nearly 4,000 inmates, was established in 1867 and has grown to be, not only the largest institution of the kind in the United States, but one of the largest in the world. It is located 3 miles west of Dayton, upon high ground overlooking the city and the beautiful Miami valley for miles around.

The grounds contain 550 acres and have been tastefully laid out with broad, well paved avenues, pretty lakes, beautiful lawns and extensive groves of forest trees which together with the deer park and large flower gardens combine to render it one of the most attractive places in the United States.

There are 140 buildings which makes it seem almost like a little city. These buildings are large three story brick or frame structures, 100 feet long by 30 wide, with mansard roofs, perfect ventilation and are mostly used for barracks. The hospital is the largest single building and cost over $200,000, accomodates 300 patients and is believed to be one of the best regulated and furnished hospitals in the country.

The church is a beautiful Gothic structure built of stone, the basement of which is fitted up for a society hall and is used by the different associations of the home each evening. While there is a regular appointed chaplain who holds services every Sunday, attendance is entirely voluntary, and the church free to all denominations.

Their library contains in all 12,000 volumes and receives all the leading magazines, reviews, and about 300 daily and weekly newspapers.

It is no small matter to cook and serve food for 3,000 men and a great building is used especially for kitchen and dining room, where the cooking and serving is done by the veterans. Perhaps an idea of the magnitude of this particular branch of the Home can be obtained from the fact that at a recent dinner a pot-pie was served which required in its making 44 sheep, 15 barrels of potatoes and three barrels of flour; the Thanksgiving dinner last year took 280 turkeys, and at Christmas 225 gallons of oysters were served.

An excellent feature of this institution is a school where veterans are instructed in useful callings; not only are they taught book keeping, the art of teaching, telegraphy and type-setting, but also the different trades.

The labor performed at the home is done almost entirely by the disabled soldiers themselves for which they receive compensation varying from $5 to $25 per month, a portion of which is often left with the treasurer and put at interest for the benefit of the soldier until enough is realized to enable him to take care of himself.

Any soldier of the war who was honorably discharged and disabled by wounds or sickness in the service, can gain admission to this Home. By act of congress soldiers of the war of 1812 and war of Mexico are also included.

Visitors at this institution will find a fine large building which has been fitted for reception room and restaurant, where rest and refreshments can always be obtained.

From the Michigan Farmer we learn that Harry Phillips, a well known live stock dealer of Detroit, is now in England and proposes bringing home with him, the latter part of this month, some very fine rams and ewe lambs, chiefly Hampshire Downs. Some of them were prize winners at the Royal agricultural show and all are from noted flocks. The Hampshire Downs took the prize as the greatest mutton producing sheep in England, and they possess the highest qualities of both flesh and wool. Mr. Phillips will exhibit them at the state fair if he does not sell them. Stock men will take a good deal of interest in this new importation.

Miscellaneous.

RECEIPT BOOKS—Of various sizes, with 50, 75 and 100 receipts to a book. Neat and substantial binding. For sale at the ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

COMPOSITION BOOKS.—Something new, and just the thing for school children. Printed, bound, and for sale at the ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

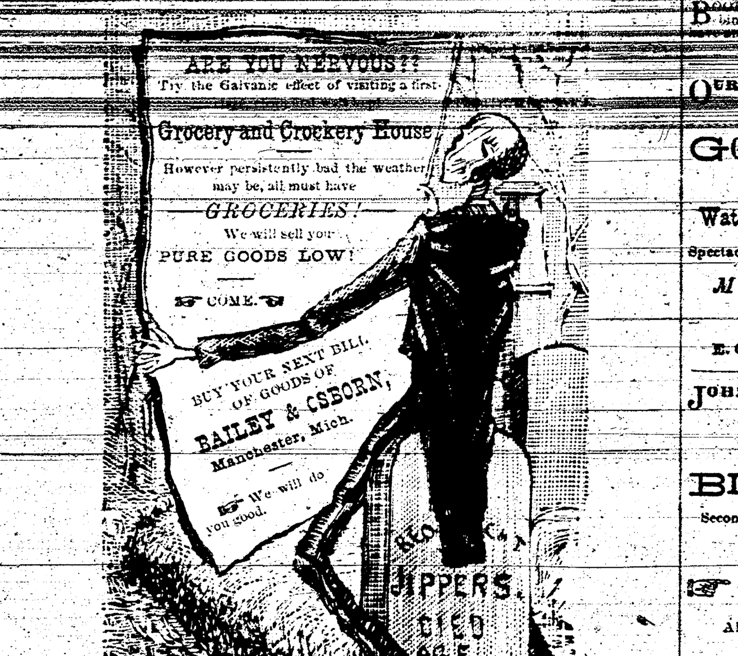
A CHEAP CARD ALBUM—JUST WHAT you want to keep your collections in. Manufactured and for sale at the ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

NEW STYLES OF CARDS FOR ADVERtisers, school, teachers, and card collectors. New Styles of Fancy and American cards arriving weekly. Call and see them, or send stamp for sample and price list to ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

BEFORE SCHOOL IS OUT,
Get a present for the Scholars,
A Beautiful Chromo
Card, with motto and name of Teacher printed on, is
JUST THE THING.
Call and see them, or send three-cent stamp for sample, to
MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE Office.

Miscellaneous. Miscellaneous.

GROCERIES
AT COST FOR THE NEXT 10 DAYS!



DEAR JIPPERS:—Of all depressing conditions, incident to living, none are more depressing than to just miss securing a big benefit in the way of a large yield of wheat or otherwise. It's a nervous world to live in anyhow; but I'd rather be alive with half my crop ruined, and such fellows as BAILEY & OSBORN to deal with, than be a nervous ghost with all the inconveniences so much weather subject us fellows too.

COME ONE! COME ALL!!
—And see the—
DRY GOODS!
Suitable for the Season.
LADIES', MISSES AND CHILDREN'S
WALKI'G SHOES,
Gent's and Boys' Fine Shoes,
THE BEST ASSORTMENT IN
FINE STRAW HATS,
And many more other Articles which will be
Sold Cheap for CASH, or Ready Pay.
I HAVE ONLY ONE PRICE ON MY GOODS,
AND THAT IS VERY REASONABLE.
I INVITE ALL. Most Respectfully,
L. KIRCHHOFER,
East Side of the River, MANCHESTER, Mich.

NOW IS THE TIME.
A SUMMER'S TRIP
as a new subscriber to the
"ENTERPRISE!"
Will Give You Great Satisfaction.
Nothing like it for the Money Invested
—50 Cts—
From Now Until January 1st, '83,
TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.
MAT D. BLOSSER, PRINTER, MANCHESTER, MICH.

REDUCTION!
—REDUCTION!!—
REDUCTION!!!
Low Shoes & Slippers at
Greatly Reduced Prices
AT THE "PEOPLES' SHOE STORE."
C. E. LEWIS,
MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN.

DEERING! DEERING!
—YES THE—
DEERING TWINE BINDER!
The Oldest and Best in the Market. The only Machine with
Steel Cutting Box, Guards Bolted on and Whip Socket.
—CALL AT THE—
Corn Exchange,
And Look it over.
W. KIMBLE, Agent, Manchester, Mich.
DEERING

Miscellaneous.

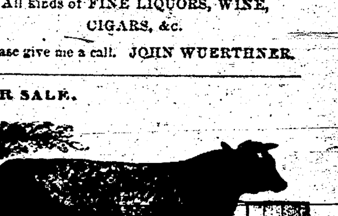
BLANK NOTES, of various sizes, with 50, 75 and 100 to a book, always on hand at the ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

BOOK BINDING—We take great pains in binding magazines, music, papers, etc. [illegible] ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

OUR STOCK OF
GOODS MUST GO AT COST!
Our Stock of
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Cutlery,
Spectacles, Musical Instruments, Guns, &c., &c.
MUST BE SOLD AT COST
FOR CASH.
E. CHUBBUCK, Manchester, Mich.

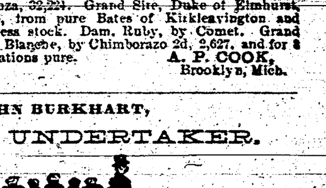
JOHN WUERTHNER'S
RESTAURANT
—AND—
BILLIARD HALL!
Second door east of the Goodyear House, Manchester, where will always be found a cool glass of
Adrian Lager Beer!
All kinds of FINE LIQUORS, WINE, CIGARS, &c.
Please give me a call. JOHN WUERTHNER.

FOR SALE.



Crown Prince!
Short Horn Red Bull, calved May 9th, 1881. Bred by A. P. Cook, Brooklyn, Michigan. Sire, Duke of Cadenza, 32,22[illegible]. Grand Sire, Duke of Elmhurst, 22,735, from pure Bates of Kirklevington and Duchess stock. Dam, Ruby, by Comet. Grand Dam, Blanche, by Chimborazo 2d, 2,627, and for 8 generations pure. A. P. COOK, Brooklyn, Mich.

JOHN BURKHART,
UNDERTAKER.



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MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE.

Independent in all Things. Devoted to State, County and Home News.

VOL. 15.—NO. 49. MANCHESTER, MICH., THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1882. WHOLE NO. 778.

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PUBLISHED THURSDAY EVENINGS.

Has a large circulation among Merchants, Mechanics, Manufacturers, Farmers and Families generally in the villages of
Manchester, Chelsea, Saline, Clinton, Norvell, Brooklyn, Napoleon, Grass Lake, and all Adjoining Country.

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COMMON COUNCIL meets evenings of first and third Wednesday in each month, at Council Room, over Baxter's store.
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Attorney—A. F. Freeman
Marshal—H. L. Rose.
Constable—Horace Wisner.
Trustees—William Burtless, George Nisle, T. J. Farrell, James A. Field, Joe. M. Lazell, Theodore Marschhauser.
Street Commissioner—Elijah G. Carr.
Assessor—Benjamin G. Lovejoy.
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Treasurer—J. D. Van Duyn.
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ANCIENT ORDER UNITED WORKMEN meet in their hall, over George J. Haeussler's Drug Store, on 2d and 4th Tuesday evenings of each month. ED. E. ROOT, W. M. GEO. J. HAEUSSLER, Recorder.

GERMAN WORKINGMEN'S AID SOCIETY meet in their hall over Doty's Store, on first and third Monday evenings of each month. WM. NEEBLING, President. JACOB ROHNEL, Secretary.

ADONIRAM COUNCIL, No. 24, R. & S. M. meet at Masonic Hall, on Tuesday evenings, after each full moon. J. D. VANDUYN, T. I. M. MAT D. BLOSSER, Recorder.

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MANCHESTER LODGE, No. 148, F. & A. M. meet at Masonic Hall, over Pottle's Store, on Monday evenings, on or before each full moon. Visiting brothers are invited to attend. ED. E. ROOT Sec'y. W. H. WEBB, W. M.

Churches.

CATHOLIC—(St. Mary's), Rev. J. Stauss, Priest. Meetings every alternate Sunday.

UNIVERSALIST—Corner of Water and Boyne streets. Rev. N. A. Saxton, Pastor. Meetings every alternate Sunday. Sunday school every Sunday at 12 M.

EVANGELICAL EMMANUEL—(German)—Corner Wolverine and Vernon streets. Rev. P. Werheim Pastor. Meetings every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school after services.

PRESBYTERIAN—Exchange Place. D. W. C. Durgin, Pres. of Hillsdale College, preacher every alternate Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Strangers in the village invited to attend.

BAPTIST—Exchange Place. W. L. Palmer Pastor. Meeting every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 12 o'clock M. C. M. Fellows, Superintendent. Prayer meeting Wednesday evenings. Strangers in the village invited to attend.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Beaufort street. J. A. Combs, Pastor. Meeting every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 12 o'clock M. Henry Leeson, Superintendent. Lecture and prayer meeting on Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock. Strangers in the village invited to attend. Ladies' Society meet on Wednesday afternoon, tri-monthly. The W. F. M. Society, monthly.

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THE STORY TELLER

FOR LIFE AND DEATH.

"Naught to be done"—eh? It was that he said,
The Doctor, as you stopped him at the door?
Nay, never try to smile and shake thy head,
I could ha' told thee just as well afore.
I haven't lived these thirty years to want
Parsons or women telling what is nigh
When the pulse labors and the breath is scant,
And all grows dim before the glazing eye.

I felt that something gave here, at my heart
In that last tussle, down there on the Scar.
Nay, never cry, fond lassie as thou art,
Thou wilt do fine without me—better far.
Thou'st been a good and patient wife to me
Sin' that Spring day, last year, when we were wed.
I never meant so cold and strange to be.
Come, an' I'll tell thee. Sit here by my bed.

So, where the sunshine rests upon thy hair,
It shows almost as smooth and bright as hers.
The girl I wooed in Dunkerque, over there—
Fie, how the thought the slackening life-blood stirs!
O, wild black eyes, so quick to flash and fill!
O, rich red lips, so ripe for kiss and vow!
Did not your spell work me enow of ill,
That you must haunt and vex me even now!

I swore, as we drove out into the gale,
And staggering down mid-channel went the boat,
Never at Dunkerque Pier to furl my sail,
While I and the old Lion kept afloat;
The pier where she and her French lover laughed
At the poor trusting fool who had his due;
Quick though his hand flew to the keen knife's haft.
The English fist was yet more quick and true.

She and her beaten sweetheart, do they prate
Yet of her triumph? Let them, an' they please,
I shall know naught about it, lying straight
Up on the headland, neath the tall fir trees.
I wish I could ha' been content, my lass,
With thee, and thy blue eyes and quiet ways;
Thou hast thy bairn, and as the calm years pass,
Thou wilt forget thy stormy April days.

Thou'rt young and bonnie still, my wench. Thou'lt make
A happy wife yet. Choose some quiet chap
Who'll love the little 'un for thy sweet sake,
And bear thee to some inland home, mayhap.
We're rough and stern, we on the sea-board bred,
And can't forget, or smooth a rankling wound.
Come close; there's just one thing left to be said.
Before I'm dumb forever, underground.

Last night they watched the life-boat driven back.
The rocket battling vainly with the blast,
While the good bark, amid the roar and wrack
Drove headlong—struck—and lay there hard and fast.
They neither saw nor heeded; as the flash
Of cold blue fire lit all, above, below,
The French flag flying o'er the whirl and crash,
"Louise, Dunkerque," the letters on her prow.

I saw, plunged, fought, and reached the sinking bark,
The old hot poison fierce in every vein,
Seized on two sailors, shrieking in the dark,
Bore them to land, and turned to swim again.
Clasping the rigging yet one man I found;
I caught him, struggled on; the beach was near,
"Louise!" he gasped, and 'mid the roar around,
I knew the voice last heard on Dunkerque Pier.

The murderer's lust surged to the throbbing heart.
The murderer's cunning loosed the saving hand.
'Twas but to let him go; I'd done my part—
Praised and avenged! Why, thus 'twere well to land.
But she— No cloud on her bright life should rest,
An' I could ward it; love and hate at strife
A moment, then, snatched from the breaker's crest,
I dragged him, stunned and bleeding, back to life.

Somehow I hurt myself, and so it's over,
And better so for all. Thou'lt rear the lad
To make some Yorkshire lass an honest lover,
Nor tell him all the wrong his mother had;
And sometimes—for thou'rt kind—when stars are out
In the green country, where no tempests blow,
Thou'll say: Thy father had his faults, no doubt,
But still he died to save his bitterest foe."
—*All the Year Round.*

POLLY GARDNER AND THE DRAW BRIDGE.

Polly Gardner had been spending her vacation with Aunt Mary in the country. She would have been "perfectly happy" but that her father and mother were obliged to remain in the city. It was five weeks since she had seen them, and it seemed to Polly like five months.

One lovely afternoon Polly sat on the horse-block idly kicking one foot backward and forward, watching Aunt Mary as she drove off on a visit to a sick neighbor. Birds were singing, bees were humming, and the slender branches of the great gray-green willows that shadowed the road moved softly with every light puff of wind. Away off in the field over the hills Polly could hear the ring of the mowers' scythes. Everything was so pleasant and peaceful that she wished her parents were there to enjoy it with her.

Just as Aunt Mary was hidden from sight by a bend in the road, she heard the crunching of wheels in the opposite direction, and, on looking up, found it was another wagon, driven by Mr. Ward, the grocer and postman of Willow Grove. He checked his horse at the gate, and began fumbling slowly in his coat pocket for something.

After considerable searching, he drew out a white envelope, and turned it first one way and then another, shook his head, and began feeling in his pockets again, brought forth his spectacles, adjusted them carefully upon his nose, and once more began examining the letter. At last he read in a loud voice:

"Miss Polly Gardner, in care of Mrs. Mary West, Wilson Grove. In haste." Then he peeped over his glasses severely at Polly, and asked, sharply, "Who's Miss Polly Gardner? Do you know, little girl?"

"O, that's me!" cried Polly, jumping from the horse block, "and Mrs. Mary West is aunty. Please give me my letter. It's from mamma. I am so glad!"

"Can you read?" asked Mr. Ward, still holding the letter far above Polly's reach.

"Yes, of course," cried Polly, indignantly. "I'm nine years old next week."

"Very well, Miss Polly Gardner, here's your letter. But if your mar hadn't put 'In haste' on the outside of it you would have had to come and fetch it yourself," said Mr. Ward, as he handed the letter down to Polly.

"Thank you ever so much," said Polly, tearing her letter open nervously. After reading it once, she [illegible] a delighted voice.

"Nothing the matter?" inquired Mr. Ward, who still sat looking at Polly.

"No; but mother and father are coming to-day, if this is the 24th of August."

"Yes, it's the 24th. But let's see your letter, and I can tell you what they mean."

Polly handed her letter to Mr. Ward, who read it aloud slowly:

"DEAREST POLLY:—Papa finds he can leave his business for a short time, so we have concluded to spend the remainder of your vacation with you and Aunt Mary. We shall take the train that reaches Willow Grove at 4:30 p. m., on the 24th. Tell Aunt Mary to meet us if she has time.

"Love to all, and a thousand kisses from
"MAMMA AND PAPA."

"Well," said Mr. Ward, as he gave Polly back her letter, "they'll be here in about a half-hour, for it's almost four now. I guess I'll be moving; it's time I was back to the store." So he chirped to his horse, turned the wagon and was soon out of sight.

As Aunt Mary would not return before five o'clock, Polly determined to walk down to the railroad station and meet her father and mother alone. She had often been there with Aunt Mary to watch the trains come and go. It was a small station and very few people stopped there.

Just before reaching the station the railroad crossed a draw-bridge. Polly liked to watch the man open and shut the draw as the boats in the river passed through. There was a foot-path over this bridge and Polly had once crossed it with Aunt Mary. They had stopped to speak to the flagman, who was pleasant and good-natured. He told Polly where she could find some beautiful white lilies in a pond not far away. That was more than a week ago, and the flowers were not then open, and now as Polly ran down the road she thought she would have time to gather some for her parents before the train arrived.

When Polly reached the station she found no one there, and on looking at the clock, saw that it was only ten minutes past four, so she had twenty minutes to wait. Then she ran on quickly.

The flagman stood by the draw, and Polly saw, some distance down the river, a small vessel coming toward the bridge. She ran along rapidly, and as she passed the flagman he called out:

"Going for the lilies? The pond was all white with them when I went by this morning."

"Yes, sir; I want to pick some for mamma and papa. They wrote me a letter and said they were coming in the next train."

"You don't say so! Well, I guess you're glad. Look out for the locomotive, and don't take too long picking your flowers, and you'll have plenty of time to get back before the train comes in."

Polly thanked him and ran on. In about five minutes she reached the pond. How lovely the lilies looked, with their snowy cups resting upon the dark water! But their stems were long and tough, and most of them grew far beyond her reach. She contrived to secure four. Polly was sorry to leave so many behind, but was afraid if she lingered too long she would miss the train. So, gathering up the blossoms, she pinned them into her belt, and scampered back toward the bridge.

The boat had just sailed through the draw, and the man stood ready to close the bridge, when Polly came up. He looked over at her from the centre of the bridge, and called out with a smile:

"Couldn't you get any more flowers than those? If I had time to go to the pond, you should have as many as you could carry."

Polly smiled back at him, and then began to watch him as he made ready to turn the great bridge back into place for the train to pass over. His hand was already on the crank, when a rope dangling over the railing of the bridge attracted his attention. As he tried to pull it in, it seemed to be caught underneath. Polly watched him lean over to get a better hold, when, to her great horror, the piece of railing to which he held gave way.

There was a sudden scream, and a great splash in the water. But before the waves of the swiftly flowing river closed over him, Polly heard the cry:

"The train—the flag!"

Poor little Polly! She was so alarmed for the poor man's safety that for some moments she could think of nothing else, and ran backward and forward wringing her hands in despair. As he arose to the surface she saw he made frantic gestures to her, and pointed up the road from which the train was to come. He seemed to be able to keep himself above water with very little effort, and Polly saw with joy that the accident had been observed by the occupants of the vessel. The man in the water struck out toward the boat, and Polly could hear shouts and cheers from the men on board.

All at once she was startled by the far-off whistle of the approaching locomotive. In a moment she understood the meaning of the flagman's gestures. She looked at the open space and then the bridge. In five minutes or less the train would come dashing into that terrible chasm. Polly's hair almost rose on her head with horror. It was as much as she could do to keep her senses.

There must be some way to avert the awful calamity. She ran swiftly along toward the rapidly approaching train. Lying on the ground just by the small wooden house where the flagman generally sat, Polly saw a red flag. She remembered having heard that this flag was used in case of danger, or when there was any reason for stopping the cars. She did not know whether there was yet time, but she seized the flag and flew wildly up the track.

"O, my papa! oh, my mamma!" she cried; "they will fall into the river and be drowned! What shall I do?" and Polly waved the flag backward and forward as she ran.

Then came the train around the curve. She could see the white steam puffing from the pipe, and could hear the panting of the engine.

"I know they'll run over me, but if mamma and papa are killed, I don't care to live," she said to herself, as she approached the great black noisy engine.

When it was about three hundred feet away from her, she saw a head thrust out of the little window by the locomotive, and then, with a great puffing, snorting and whistling, it began to move slower and slower, until at last, when it was almost upon Polly, it stopped entirely.

All the windows were alive with heads and hands. The passengers screamed and waved her off the track. She stepped off and ran close up to the side of the engine and gasped out: "The bridge is open and the man has fallen into the river. Please stop the train or you'll be drowned."

The engineer stared in amazement, as well he might, to see a small girl with a flushed face, hair blown wildly about and four lilies pinned in her belt, waving the red flag as though she had been used to flagging trains all her life.

At that moment another remarkable figure presented itself to the astonished eyes of the passengers. A man, dripping wet, bruised and scratched as though he had been drawn through briers, came tearing toward the cars, stumbling and almost falling at every step. As he reached little Polly, he snatched her up and covered her face with kisses.

"You little darling," he cried, "do you know what you've done? You've saved the lives of more than a hundred people."

Polly, nervous and excited, began to cry. One after another the passengers came hurrying out of the train and crowded around her, praising and kissing her, until she was quite ashamed, and hid her head upon the kind flagman's shoulder, whispering: "Please take me away and find mamma and papa."

Almost the last to alight were Polly's parents. "Why, it's our Polly!" they both exclaimed at once.

The draw was now being closed again, and the conductor cried, "All aboard!" The passengers scrambled back to their seats again. Polly's father took her into the car with him, and now she looked calmly at the people as they gathered around, and answered politely all questions put to her, but refused the rings, chains, bracelets and watches that the grateful passengers pressed her to accept as tokens of their gratitude for saving their lives.

At last Polly grew tired of so much praise, and spoke out: "Really I don't deserve your thanks, for I never once thought of any one but papa and mamma. So keep your presents for your own little girls. Thank you all the same."

Those that heard her laughed, seeing that they could do nothing better for her than to let her remain unnoticed for the short distance she had to go.

When Polly was lifted out of the car and stood upon the steps of the station while her father looked after the luggage, the passengers threw kisses and waved their handkerchiefs to her until they were out of sight.

A few days afterward Polly was astonished at receiving a beautiful ivory box containing an exquisitely enamelled medal, with these words engraved on it:

"Presented to Polly Gardner, whose courage and presence of mind saved a hundred lives."—*Harper's Young People.*

Owed Him One.

Quite an interesting wedding was celebrated at the Atlantic Hotel last night. Some time ago Thomas Luster, necessarily a very bright young man, fell desperately in love with Miss Margaret Rice. Miss Rice was the divorced wife of a man named Henry Robertson, but that made no difference with the ardent lover. The charms of the young woman had made the hair stand sentimentally on the head of Mr. Luster, the brilliant. As Poe insisted, he "loved with a love that was more than a love." How such a love can be bestowed is something that a newspaper man hasn't time to investigate, but as he hasn't time to question such emotional desperation, he must simply allow Mr. Poe, who is dead and therefore cannot defend himself, to remain master of the heart-moving situation. The ceremony was performed by Justice Pears. The bridegroom was nervous. Robertson, the former husband, had followed the couple. The bridegroom had many reasons to believe that Robertson, as the divorced husband of the bride, meditated revenge. The bridegroom trembled. The bride shook. A doctor who was present thought that she had a chill. After the ceremony the divorced husband approached the bridegroom and said:

"I have followed you because I owe you one."

The bridegroom shook.

"Yes, sir; I owe you one, and I propose to pay it right here."

The bridegroom shook violently.

"Whenever I owe anything I pay it."

The bridegroom shook more violently.

"Yes, sir; I always pay it. I owe you the drinks; what'll you take?"

The bridegroom was greatly relieved, and took whisky.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

India Proofs.

There are various ways in which deceptions are practiced. For instance, "lettered India proof," as it is technically called, is, from being taken off the engraving at an earlier stage, very much superior to what is called a "lettered India print," which is obtained after many impressions have been taken off the engraving, and when the plate has, consequently, become worn, and the picture lost its clearness and sharpness of line. To turn an "India print," therefore, into an "India proof," the India print is cut down all round close to the engraving. A clean sheet of India paper, of the same tone as the India print, but of a larger size, so as to show a clean blank margin, is then mounted on a piece of still larger plain paper and the cut down India print in turn is mounted in such a position as to show the usual margin all round. Before drying, the manipulated print is subjected to immense pressure, which so forces the mounted print into the India paper as to entirely hide the difference in the thickness of the material. A true impression taken off a plate leaves the mark of the plate all round the picture; and so add this to the "doctored" India proof, a plain steel or copper plate of the proper size is laid on the face of the print, which is again subjected to pressure, and the deception is then so complete as almost to baffle detection. A volume belonging to a collector was supposed to contain India paper impressions of engravings to the value of £300, but on examination they were found to be "doctored" plates, not worth £30 in all.—*Chambers' Journal.*

—The most popular book agents live in Philadelphia. When snubbed he gets mad and immediately [illegible] "I'll never speak to you again."—*Philadelphia News.*

—In the census office is a return in which a Boston man is described as a manufacturer of pigs' feet.

The Pyramids of Egypt.

The Pyramid of Cheops is the largest and tallest of the buildings on the earth. It was raised upon a broad platform of stone, and towered four hundred and fifty or sixty feet above the plain. It is a mass of stone, inclosing several sepulchral chambers, and entered by a long, narrow passage.

Each of the Kings of Egypt built his own Pyramid; every year that he lived he added to its height and grandeur. A small one marks a short reign, that of Cheops a long and prosperous period. It is said that the mere building of the causeway for the conveyance of the stone occupied the labor of 100,000 men for three months; they were then relieved, and a fresh body of 100,000 brought in. The work went on for ten years, until 4,000,000 laborers had been employed upon the preparation of the site and the gathering of the materials. Twenty years were then given to the building of the monstrous tomb; 7,000,000 men aided in its completion. The Nile swarmed with boats bearing food and subsistence to the motley company; 360,000 persons were employed annually upon the Pyramid.

Cheops must have had the satisfaction of seeing his tomb overshadow the temples of Memphis and grow in greatness as the period approached when it would be used. But like many another famous projector, he fell at last into difficulties. His tomb may well be called "Cheops' folly." His treasures were exhausted; he became a bankrupt. After his death the size of the Pyramids was reduced by his more prudent but less renowned successors. If placed in the City Hall Park, the Pyramid of Cheops would have covered, nearly all its surface; its top would have risen two hundred feet above the spire of Trinity Church; the first object seen by the voyager entering the Narrows would have been this immense and useless structure. The folly of man was never better shown than in the building of the Pyramids. The Egyptians were houseless, naked, starved, that the Pharaohs might rest in their indestructible tombs.

The Egyptians lived, in general, at ease. They were shut out from the world, and few strangers were suffered to pass up the Nile. The people were dark-colored, wore long white linen dresses, and were adorned with bracelets and ear-rings, gold and jewels. The priests of Isis drank no wine, took no animal food; lived upon dates, nuts, and barley cakes. The families of the early Egyptians were brought up in obedience and good order. But they fell into slavery, and little is left of them but their tombs.

There was an immense temple on a lake devoted to the worship of the crocodile. But it would be quite impossible to enumerate all the dreamy wonders of Egypt. It had its libraries, pictures, astronomers, magicians. Four thousand years ago the Nile was lined with beautiful gardens and villas; the great cities like New York and Philadelphia were filled with busy artisans and merchants; the Broadway of Thebes or Memphis ran down, no doubt, to the river, lined with shops and public buildings. The Egyptian women were clad in gold and fine linen, the gardens glowed with the rarest flowers, and the furniture of a Memphian home showed finer glass-work and more delicate tissues than can be found in modern Paris.

The festivals on the Nile were celebrated in the night with wonderful magnificence. The placid stream, lit by an unclouded moon, was covered with countless boats with painted sails and silvery oars; ten thousand lights glittered over the sparkling waters, and the shores were lined with dusky and innumerable throngs. On one occasion the procession of boats followed the body of a sacred cat to its last resting place on one of the islands. All was superstition and solemn awe. The multitude watched from the shore the imposing scene. Another procession on the Nile was a military one of triumph and victory. No river in the world has witnessed so many splendid spectacles.—*Harper's Young People.*

The Credit System.

How is it that the business of the country is done so much upon the credit system? The custom of buying and selling on time involves, when applied to the aggregate business of this or any other country, vast expenditures of money, both in the way of keeping and stating accounts and in the matter of lost debts, both of which are matters of absolute expense, and must be made good by the remnant or good business which may be done. Take, for instance, the retail store, where goods are sold to A, B and C for cash, there being in every community a noble few who pay as they go, whose names are upon no one's books, who live within their income and are content to seem just what they are. The store also sells to all the rest of the alphabet on time, for that is about the proportion which the cash customers sustain to the credit customers in numbers. These accounts, through a complicated, but thorough system of salesmen, memoranda, cash boys, cashier and bookkeeper, are daily recorded for the information of the proprietor, and by means of persistent collectors are to a limited extent eventually wrung out of the tardy debtors. A large number of them are never collected at all. Those who do pay, together with A, B and C, who paid when they bought, are obliged, in the very nature of business, to make good every loss that has occurred on account of credit being given to irresponsible and designing persons and not only this, but they are obliged to make good to the proprietor the interest on the money loaned in the form of open accounts for thirty, sixty or ninety days, or even a year, as his customers may be prompt or dilatory in their payments.

The business man, if he is able, in spite of the sharp competition into which he is brought, to maintain prices at such figures as will cover all his losses, balances his books at the end of the year, writes off his bad debts into profit and loss, and smiles complacently at the balance in his favor. If, however, by unexpected changes in the market, by extraordinary competition in trade, he is obliged to push his business by reducing prices to something near the cost of his goods and the cost of handling, a very little more than which would suffice under a strictly cash system, he finds, at the end of the year, that, while he has sold nothing for less than it cost him, plus the expense of freight and handling, the bad debts which he has lost during the year reduces his profits to less than a living, if they do not, indeed, change the balance from the credit side of the ledger to the debit side, and one or two repetitions of the bitter experience forces him to the wall, and he in turn becomes a bad debtor upon the books of the wholesale dealer, who is compelled to figure upon such losses and to make himself good by a proportionate increase of the price of his merchandise to the retail dealers all over the land.

The burdens which this system imposes upon business are manifold; but there seems to be no remedy found for them. The system has grown up under the idea that it is enterprising to engage in business without capital; that it is respectable to live in advance of one's means and to put on an appearance of being what in reality one is not. There may be—and they often are—occasions and circumstance which render the incurring of a temporary liability not only proper but highly judicious; but to say that those circumstances recur constantly with every business man, and daily with every family and private individual, is certainly absurd; and the system without any doubt covers a multitude of respectable dead-beats, who systematically take advantage of its opportunities to secure that for which they never expect to pay, and for which they know, in all reason, they will never be able to pay.

If it were possible to bring the entire business of the country to a basis that should sell strictly for cash, industry and self-respect should be promoted, and the means of the entire community enhanced. It is not impossible, even under existing circumstances, for individuals and for business men to conduct their affairs upon this basis, and there are notable examples here and there in private and business life, where all transactions are concluded at the time they are made by payment in full. Such an individual and such a business man, when faced with difficulties and with losses by reason of a decline in the volume of business or a general decline in values, is able to withstand the pressure.

A prominent business man, during a period of continued financial depression, was heard to soliloquise to the effect that he was growing poorer, he was losing money every day; as he watched the course of business and the state of the markets he could write off the reduction in the value of his stock to profit and loss, and could see his assets measured by dollars and cents gradually dwindling away; "but," says he, "I will never become a bankrupt; because all I have is mine and it is paid for, and while it is worth less to-day than it was yesterday, it is all there. There is as much of it in quality as ever, and it is mine." While other merchants around him, on the right hand and on the left, succumbed to the hard times, compromised with their creditors and disappeared from business circles, he composedly bided his time, and with the revival of business found ample opportunities to regain all that he seemed for a time to lose.

It can not be claimed, however universal the credit system has become, and, however deeply the community may become imbued with its fascinations and its false assumptions of advantage, that the idea of doing business under all ordinary circumstances upon a strictly cash basis is utopian and impractical. But to accomplish its adoption to any considerable extent, probably requires more moral courage and devotion to principle than is ordinarily possessed.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

The Prosperity of France.

The extraordinary charges imposed on the French National Treasury by the German war amounted, including the indemnity of five milliards of francs, to the sum of 11,471,661,666f., or nearly £460,000,000. This amount is exclusive, not only of private losses, but of war expenses borne by the communes. It includes, however, the allocation of 260,000,000f. to towns and departments to repair a portion of the damage caused by the war of 26,000,000f. to repair the damage caused by the corps of engineers in destruction for defensive purposes; of 160,000,000f. for the reprovisioning of Paris; of 25,000,000f. for subterranean telegraph lines, and of 2,696,000,000f., called the *compte de liquidation*, devoted to the reconstruction of fortifications, of armaments, and of military provisionment. In addition to bearing this enormous load, the Treasury had to repay to the Bank of France the loan of 1,500,000,000f. contracted in 1870 and 1871. The extraordinary resources created since 1876 to meet this unprecedented demand have been as follows: (1) An increase of the consolidated debt, amounting, as the balance of four separate loans, conversions, and sinking fund, to 6,527,000,000f. (2) An increase of terminable debt, under twenty separate heads, to the amount of 3,20[illegible]f., and (3) alienations of the national capital to the amount of 171,000,000f. The total amount of extraordinary resources thus created amount to 9,898,620,537f., being 1,573,041,129f. less than the charges of the war as before stated. And yet not only is the Bank of France repaid and the *compte de liquidation* closed, but the *decouverts du tresor*, a floating debt, which on January 1, 1876, stood at 725,965,955f., were reduced on January 1, 1880, to [illegible], showing a gross reduction of debt, after defraying the whole expenditure, of more than [illegible]. Nor has the growing wealth of France been shown only by the restoration of her military defence and by reduction of consolidated and floating debt. In 1879 and 1880 [illegible] reductions of taxation were effected, amounting in all to nearly [illegible]. The ordinary expenses of the State, which in 1879 stood at [illegible], have risen in 1882 to [illegible] of 1882 and that of 1882 is a difference in diminution of receipts of 222,[illegible]f., and the increase of expense of 154,000,000f., making together the large sum of 376,000,000f.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

—The subscription for the benefit of Mrs. Jesse James will probably be a pleasant thing. The people of Missouri will carry this affair through unaided, strangers who formerly passed through the State having subscribed long enough for the support of the family.—*Courier-Journal.*

The Latest Automaton.

A recent news letter from Vienna says: Two months ago an automaton called King-Fu was exhibited in Vienna for the first time, and caused a great commotion. The automaton, as also the stool upon which it was seated, were too small to admit of the possibility of any person being concealed in them. Besides, the stool was of glass, and disclosed most complicated machinery, consisting of wheels of all kinds and dimensions, and springs and chains. The machine was wound up at the beginning of each performance, and was then able to answer any question in arithmetic put to it by the spectators. The exhibitor, Herr Rosen, was offered money by members of the aristocracy to disclose his secret, but he refused point-blank. When the whole town had gone to see King-Fu, the court's curiosity was roused, and the Emperor had M. Rosen called to perform one evening before himself, the Empress, and little Princess Valerie. The automaton solved all the problems put to it, and when the performance was over, the Empress said to Rosen: "Now, you will not mind telling us the secret of your King-Fu?" But Rosen did mind. The next day he quarreled with his servant, who, being dismissed, betrayed his former master, and told a dreadful story of a young man who was concealed within King-Fu, and who suffered horrible agonies during each performance. The police intervened, and found that there certainly was a boy (Rosen's own nephew) inside King-Fu, but that he was, all things considered, pretty comfortable, and certainly suffered no agony. The papers got wind of the affair, and Rosen announced his departure from Vienna. But justice, in the shape of the police, stopped him, and actually put him in prison on the charge that he had cheated the public out of 20,000 florins. After five days' detention M. Rosen was liberated, there being no real charge against him. The public, although duped, was entirely on M. Rosen's side. Those who believed that a machine, once wound up, could answer multitudinous questions must have believed in a miracle; and those who did not believe it must of course have tacitly acknowledged that they were being deceived in some manner. When M. Rosen complained of having spent a week in prison, he was answered that he certainly deserved some punishment for cheating the "very highest court in Europe" into believing—what? He packed King-Fu up, and left Vienna with his 20,000 florins, his nephew, and his automaton.

Cheap Jewelry.

Every day people are besought by some auctioneer or street vender to buy a valuable stem winding gold watch for $2.40, or a diamond pin from South America for a dime, three for a quarter. How it is possible that such valuable jewels could be sold so cheap has doubtless been the occasion of wonder to many, but it is explainable. Tons of this cheap jewelry are said to be sold every year. There are [illegible] houses that do business of half a [illegible] dollars annually. Nearly all the jewelry they sell is worth little more than the metal at so much a pound. The valuable gold watches offered so cheap at auction probably cost $15 a dozen, while the diamond pins cost possibly 20 cents a hundred.

The larger part of this cheap jewelry is made at Providence, R. I., and Attleboro, Mass., and the surrounding towns. So numerous are the factories, and so great are their facilities for manufacture, that tons of these little trinkets are turned out daily; and yet the demand exceeds the supply.

The metals used are mainly brass and copper, sometimes singly and sometimes combined. Some of these goods are plated with gold, and the value of the jewel depends upon the thickness of the plating and qualities of the gold used.

This cheap jewelry is of two grades—that intended for wear, and that intended only to get the money from vain fools. In the former real cameo and other stones are sometimes used, but in the other stained glass imitations constitute the settings. The rare diamonds are always glass, cut in imitation of genuine stones. The cheapest jewelry is mainly issued in prize packages, and those people who pay 25 cents for 5 cents' worth of poor candy pay only 20 cents for their experience.

A large quantity of the better grade of this cheap jewelry is worn by people of wealth whose vanity is satisfied with the appearance of wearing fine jewels; by others it is worn because, if stolen, the loss will not be great, and unless they make a noise about it no one will ever know but that it was genuine. Some of the rare jewels worn by actresses are for this reason said to be paste imitations of real gems in their possession, but which are never shown in public.

The worthless but flashy kind is worn largely by a class who like to appear to possess immense wealth when they do not. Sailing under a full sail of such stuff is a sure sign of poverty of intellect, at least.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

—What is known as "cheek" is, if remarkable, charming, provided you are not the victim of it. And this country can show some amazing examples of it. The story is told of an American visiting Montreal, who gave a waiter a silver trade dollar as a fee. Said the waiter, "Sir, did you intend to give me a dollar?" "I did." "Well, sir, this coin is at a discount. I can only take it for ninety-two cents. Eight cents more, please."—*Chicago News.*

—Bayard, Jr., a St. Bernard dog of the finest grade, was bought at the New York dog show by J. K. Emmett. He gave [illegible] for it, and is now having it trained in Rochester for his wife. It is said to be one of the half-dozen largest dogs in the country. It has the ring of white about its neck, so prized by the monks. Around the head he measures twenty-eight inches, from tip to tip seven feet [illegible], and weighs 200 pounds.

—In Vermont the functions of the chief magistrate have been circumscribed, until about the only thing the Governor can do is to proclaim fasts and thanksgivings and pardon criminals.—*Boston Traveller.*