



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

VOL. 17.—NO. 37.

MANCHESTER, MICH., THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1884.

WHOLE NO. 861.

Manchester Enterprise

PUBLISHED THURSDAY EVENING. Has a large circulation among Merchants, Mechanics, Manufacturers, Farmers and Families generally in the village of Manchester, Chelsea, Saline, Clinton, Norwell, Brookly, Napoleon, Grass Lake, and all adjoining country.

MAT D. BLOSSER, Proprietor. TERMS: \$1.50 Per Year in Advance. IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE, \$2.00. One copy, six months, 25 cents; Three months, 15 cents; One month, 10 cents.

Desirable Medium for Advertisers. RATES MADE KNOWN ON APPLICATION.

Village Officers.

COMMON COUNCIL meets every first and third Mondays in each month, at the Council Room, over Baxter's store. President—J. H. Kingsley. Treasurer—Ed. E. Root. Constable—Horace W. Winer. Street Commissioner—Jacob Zimmerman. Assessor—D. Van Dusen. Health Officer—Dr. A. C. Shidmore. Pound Master—H. L. Rose. Fire Warden—George N. Gale, C. F. Kapp, C. W. Case, G. O. VanDegrift, Michael Deal.

Board of Education.

Director, at Dr. A. Conkling's office. President—J. D. Van Dusen. Director—M. D. Van Dusen. Treasurer—Dr. C. F. Kapp. Finance Committee—O. D. Mordock and Dr. A. Conkling.

Societies.

WATER LODGE, No. 7, I. O. O. F., meets at 400 North Main street, on the first Friday evening of each month. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. W. M. MYERS, N. G. M. H. D. Blosser, Sec'y.

Churches.

CATHOLIC.—St. Mary's Rev. J. Staus, Priest. Meetings every alternate Sunday.

Notaries.

J. D. VAN BUNY—Conveyance and Notary Public. Office at his residence, 100 North Main street.

Attorneys.

J. H. ROBERTS, Attorney at Law. Attention to legal collections and conveyancing. Office at Public Store, Manchester.

Physicians.

A. C. TAYLOR, M. D., Office at residence, 100 North Main street, Manchester. Calls by day and night. Will receive prompt attention.

Miscellaneous.

CHARLES YOUNG, Tinsmith, Artist, engraving, stamping, lathe cutting, etc., neatly executed. Good work, House Block, Manchester.



THE STORY TELLER

TO MY MUSTACHE. O beautiful thing of fragile, fairy mould. Thou art my pet, my idol, my one prize. I want more of thee, thou beautiful thing. Than if thy strands were wrought of finest gold!

ALLEGED MAPLE SUGAR.

Something about the Vermont Maple Sugar. It is usually put up in a very moist condition and must be boiled down considerably to form it into cakes. During this process it loses much in weight. This is the reason sugar makers so seldom in large sugar districts boil it down, as it seems to sell just as well in the moist state.

Scenes at Massowah.

Massowah is the prettiest spot on the west coast of the Red Sea. It is an enlarged and vastly improved Suakin. Instead of one island, as in the latter locality, Massowah has two—the inner of which is connected with the main land by a long causeway, guarded as it is by a strong garrison.

Cocals and Cocanots.

Cocanots are essentially shore-loving trees and thrive best in the immediate neighborhood of the sea. Among the fallen nuts, the clumsy looking thing of a crab (his appropriate Latin name is Birus latro) makes great and dreaded havoc.

Churchyard Poetry.

That following, at Lillington, near Leamington, is genuine, there is no reason to doubt the lines are touching. They are in memory of a man named John Trees:

"Poorly lived, Poorly died, For a time he lived, And no one cried."

Equally melancholy, though with a different kind of sadness, are the rhymes on John Hill, they come from "a churchyard at Manchester":

"Here lies John Hill, a man of skill, He died a good man, never will, He was a good man, never will, He was a good man, never will."

Very likely not for this half a century a man does no good he will hardly turn over a new leaf at fifty years of age, the following to be considered as an eulogium on the person commemorated:

"Protest Peter Patterson was Protest of Dundee, Protest Peter Patterson, here lies he, Hallelujah, Hallelujah!"

And what is the meaning of this singular inscription in Cusop churchyard, Herefordshire? Has it any meaning at all?

Why or end or a better path, You walk and draw up nothing new, Not a married seraph did we meet, When from the 'Venerable' was met.

The martyred seraph was William Seward of Badsey, Worcester, who died October 22, 1742; how a man could be a seraph, and how a seraph could be martyred, are unexplained mysteries.

It is somewhat curious to find a person not only writing his own epitaph, but doing it in the following manner. Mr. Thompson speaks of himself as dead buried, and yet he survived himself for the space of sixteen years. As Kirk Bradden, in the Isle of Man, we read:

"Here underneath the body of the Reverend Mr. Peter Thompson, Minister of God's Word, long past, At present Vicar of St. Peter's, Deceased Aged, Anno 1872."

This clear apparently looked forward with calm equanimity to his death, is indicated by these melancholy lines:

"At the churchyard water and a dog, A cherub being, long and dead, The spirit of the man, and his, And wished my father never had."

Scenes at Massowah.

Massowah is the prettiest spot on the west coast of the Red Sea. It is an enlarged and vastly improved Suakin. Instead of one island, as in the latter locality, Massowah has two—the inner of which is connected with the main land by a long causeway, guarded as it is by a strong garrison.

It is the only genuine sugar to be obtained in retail stores. "None at present, I should say, but if a large quantity is made this spring, some genuine cake sugar will appear. The imitation is so good as far as appearance goes, how is one to tell the genuine when it does come?"

The imitation is easily detected by the trade. Why, half of the sugar exposed for sale has not the slightest maple taste. But all people do not know this, and they must be in a different way. If the sugar is nicely packed and in regular solid cakes and marked "Pure Vermont Maple Sugar," it will be found irregular, takes as it were, small pans and pieces sold by the retailer. When such sugar is found, while it will not be of first quality, it will be a good, true article.

"What price does the wholesale manufacturer of the pretended article obtain?" "About nine cents, and it gives us a good profit, though I must say it does not compare with that the retailer gets when he sells our product for new sugar at 40 cents a pound, as was done last or three weeks ago, or at 20 cents as the ruling price at present."

Every day the public is imposed upon by adulterated foods. In this case, while the adulteration does no harm to the health, it certainly does to the pocket. Glucose and cane sugar of inferior quality may be nutritious and fully worth their true price, but when false pretense sold under another name and men obtain two and three values for them the act becomes fraudulent.

Commercial dishonesty of this kind is a growing evil, and bears heavily upon the poor. Meanwhile philanthropic people stand idly by, allowing the swindlers to flourish. "No one for a moment supposes all dealers sell this concocted maple sugar with the purpose of deceiving everybody does it, and we must have the average man. The honest dealer has no objection against the 'rogue.' The country is badly in need of laws protecting the sale of adulterations. And no better service can be given to the people of slender means than the procurement of the passage of laws for this purpose. Charitable organizations will, by gaining such legislation and seeing to its enforcement, do those who need help and not for the sake of making papers, as ill-advised charity often has done."

While maple sugar is not a necessity, these general remarks are applicable to its adulteration. It is a method by which an unfair equivalent is given for the people's money. Would it not be a good idea to introduce the French law regarding adulterations? Should it happen that one or two dealers were obliged to put up a placard announcing that their goods were not to be sold as adulterated goods, the practice would soon be overthrown.

Honorable dealers would then have some protection and not be in constant danger of being undersold by men having cunning imitations. Buying things for just what they are men would receive more for their money. Chicago Tribune.

Zobehr, the Slave Dealer.

Dr. Schweinfurth gives a vivid description of a visit paid to Zobehr Pasha in 1871. Zobehr possessed a line of thirty fortified posts reaching far into the heart of Africa, a mass of which he had not only bought, but sold to the slave-dealers, but was the real and sole chief of their country. The Khedive, powerless to control this formidable vassal, had sent his troops to join him in an expedition against the Sultan of Darfur. Unfortunately for himself, Zobehr went down to Cairo to assert his claim to be made Governor of that province, carrying with him, it is said, 200,000 lbs. of muskets. Erskine was detained in Cairo, and put upon the pension list at £100 a month. A message from Zobehr forwarded to his son and the officers who had sworn fidelity to him under the great tree at Shaka, as described by Colonel Gordon, produced a speedy revolt among the slave-dealers. It was this revolt which was crushed by Gessi Pasha, who shot Selman, Zobehr's son. He also slew all his officers except one, who escaped, and is now supposed to be the mahdi. Zobehr was kept as a State prisoner at the capital. Ten years passed. Another pretender annihilated the Egyptian forces, and menaced Egypt itself with invasion. Then the officials at Cairo, being manifestly without resources, applied to the distinguished captive. Would he go back to his home? Would he be allowed his faithful Nubians to be freed? Would he for pity's sake do something to stay the advance of this fanatical plague? Yes, he would do all this. He would lead, in the Khedive's name, the black contingent of the Sudan expeditionary force. Very good, said the ministers; but leave us, pray, your wife and daughter as hostages—shall we say?—for your good behavior. Yes, by all means, said Zobehr. Keep them and welcome. But secretly he sent off his wife to his home, and he secretly, however, but that the vizier heard of it, and so Zobehr himself was arrested. However, he was afterward set free again.

George Simpson, of McGillivray, Ont., found a petrified man on his farm which measured seven feet four and a half inches in height, and was almost perfectly in form. Parts of the body were made of iron, and the rest was of a dark grayish color.

A young woman arrived in Baltimore the other day from Switzerland en route to Uruguay, South America, to meet and marry her lover. Baltimore News.

forty thousand boxes of sardines were packed in Lohas, Me., last year.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The Eleventh Congressional District of Texas contains eighty-one counties. The name of Block Island, the well known seaside resort, has been changed to East Greenwich. N. Y. Herald.

Oglethorpe, the notorious child-stealer, in search of whom most exciting chase by an armed body of men was made through Alabama, last summer, has been tried and sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

Commenting on boiler insurance, the Engineer says it is a noteworthy fact that none of the companies have ever put forward any statistics to prove that the practice of insurance has decreased the number of boiler explosions.

A correspondent of the Palatka (Fla.) News writes that paper that "aligator steak," in taste, much resembles black bass, is a little drier and a slight degree stronger, but if placed upon the table as a fish but few could detect it.

A very remarkable fact of nature is the horned mare of Wilson County, Tennessee, owned by a colored man named Randall Horton. It is a sorrel, about six years old. The mare has a distinct horn about two inches long coming out of the burr of the left ear. Chicago Times.

Recently the entire police force of Binghamton, N. Y., resigned because their salaries had been raised. They were immediately reappointed. The resignation provision which forbids the increase of salary during the term of appointment. Syracuse Journal.

Among the records of the town of Worcester, Mass., is an account of a six-year-old boy who, in 1779, had his ear bitten off by a horse. The manner in which the injury was received was carefully recorded by the selectmen, so that the loss of the ear should be prejudicial to the boy when he grew to man's estate. Boston Post.

Some of the residents on Temple street, Boston, witnessed a striking display of canine affection last week. In which a black-and-tan dog, dead, which had perhaps been run over on the street. By its side was a shagberd dog, watching by the body, turning occasionally to lick it, and growling fiercely when any one approached. Boston Herald.

A decision was rendered by the Supreme Court of the United States recently in a case which involves an interesting question as to the responsibility of a National bank for certificates of its stock fraudulently issued by one of its officers for his own benefit, without the knowledge of the directors or other officers, and without record on the bank's books. The Court holds that the bank is not liable. N. Y. Post.

A lady was tried before the New York Court of Appeals on a charge of stealing a piece of silk from a store. She said she had no recollection of doing it, and it was shown that she was under the influence of morphia at the time, which had been prescribed by a physician to allay nervousness occasioned by a fever which she had at the bedside of her husband. The silk was paid for and the case dismissed. N. Y. Sun.

Tao Jui, the Chinese Minister at Washington, was held a bit of yellow paper the other day. The printed slip seemed to be an official document, and as the death of imperial persons in China are announced on yellow paper, Mr. Tao jumped at the conclusion that Mr. Arthur had died suddenly. There was a good deal of excitement in his dwelling until the arrival of the yellow paper, which disclosed the fact that his wife had died. Washington Star.

The frightful scream of a woman was heard in a York street-house yesterday afternoon. Several men who were passing along rushed pell-mell into the house, thinking the woman was being murdered. "What's the matter?" asked the man who entered first. "Oh, oh!" sighed the woman. "Where is he? Where did he go?" asked another, as he rushed here and there. "Oh, in—that hole in the corner. I think it was a mouse. Kentucky State Journal.

When the Connecticut Legislature proceeded to a final vote on a bill prohibiting the sale of ice-out from streams where the water was polluted by sewerage, mill-waste and other causes, a member submitted an amendment providing that the act should not become operative until November, arguing that, inasmuch as one of his constituents had stored a large quantity of impure ice, he should be given a fair chance to dispose of it. The Legislature accepted the amendment, the bill was passed and the Senate concurred. The people over the State, however, resented such lavish liberality to the owner of the impure ice, and protested against it with some persistence, and emphasis that the Senate recalled the bill and struck out the objectionable amendment. N. Y. Tribune.

Up Michigan avenue the other day a butcher was trying to purchase a very fair-looking horse which a farmer had driven in before a one-horse wagon. After a good deal of talk the butcher declared his belief that the horse was blind.

"Try him," replied the owner. "Try him in any way you desire, and if he's blind I'll give him to you."

"I can tell by opening an umbrella before him."

All right, bring on your umbrella. One was brought out and the butcher stood in front of the horse and suddenly drove it open. The animal wasn't blind. Every one who noticed his conduct agreed that he wasn't. He gave a sudden start of alarm, wheeled about around, and the way he left pieces of that wagon on the next two squares interested a large following population. The owner was bounced out and received a scalp wound, but he was no voice as high as the house-top and cried out:

"I've lost that one-butcher can't bluff me on a blind horse." Detroit Free Press.

Oscar Wilde has discarded knee breeches and taken to the procaine trousers.

Persons are said to be increasing in Maine under the protection of the new game law, and it is now not unusual to see them in droves about the large lakes.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Sallie McColium, of Allentown, Pa., claims to be the handsomest woman in the State. Pittsburgh Post.

George L. Perkins, a venerable citizen of Norwich, Conn., has carried in his pocket for seventy-eight years the same silver shilling, a little faded, not often done in this world. Hartford Post.

It is said that the death of Harry E. Packer, the late President of the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company, leaves his sister, Miss Packer, with the largest income of any unmarried lady in America.

S. E. Henderson, a leading business man of Cleveland, is said to have lost his entire fortune of \$125,000 in speculation in the last six months and gone to California as poor as the rest of us. Cleveland Leader.

George Elbre is one of the wealthiest brewers in New York, his property being variously estimated at \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000, all made since he landed on these shores from Germany, twenty-five years ago. N. Y. Sun.

Sergeant Ballentine, the distinguished English lawyer who visited this country last summer, has written an account of his tour in the United States. He speaks in tone of kindly appreciation of the American reception which was accorded him. Chicago Herald.

Francis Badoux, ninety-four years old, whose later years have been spent in Portland, Me., was a lieutenant under Napoleon Bonaparte. His second wife was an aunt of Nathaniel Hawthorne. He taught dancing and singing, his pupils were Longfellow and Governor Washburn.

Mr. Gading, of Gatling gun fame, is a benevolent looking old gentleman, with snowy hair and whiskers. He is slightly deaf, wears gold-rimmed spectacles, and talks about his wholesale slaughtering machine as unconcernedly as though it were merely an improved hay rake. N. Y. Graphic.

Keely, the motor man, wears a magnificent solitary diamond stud and a solitary diamond on his left little finger, drives a fast horse to a handsome top buggy, has jet black whiskers and hair, bright black eyes, handsome physique, and dresses faultlessly. It is not stated how his stockholders dress. Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Charles Barrett, of Ashburnham, Mass., is ninety-six years old. In 1846, when he was fifty-eight years old, he was insured for \$1,000 in one of the best-known life insurance companies. The policy was payable at death only, but the company gave Mr. Barrett a check for the full amount of the policy, together with the dividend for the current year. In transmitting the check the President of the company writes that Mr. Barrett is the only member of that company who ever outlived the mortality table, and that there has not been a similar instance of longevity in any other company in this country. Boston Post.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

"Have you seen George lately, Charley?" "No, I loaned him five dollars as much as three weeks ago." Lowell Citizen.

"Here's your roast beef, sah," said the waiter; "I served it some time ago." "Oh, indeed! roast beef? Why, so you did. I thought all the time it was a crack in the plate." Detroit Free Press.

A terrible scream—A Fargo young lady named Bouse, caught a glimpse of a poor little mouse, Shattered heaven's blue dome, And bulged out the walls of the house. Boston Herald.

An amendment: "Don't give t away, please, Mildred," said Amy to the high-school girl, after reciting an escapade in which she had been engaged. "No," replied Mildred, "I'll make no gratuitous presentation of it." Oil City Derrick.

In a barber shop, Mr. Jack Plane, carpenter, whose facial stubble has just been razed, lays down a two-dollar "Boss Barber." "I'll always losing 'em," Boss Barber, "in the shavings, eh?" Boston Transcript.

A rural reader of the Sun asks: "What is the best thing to feed hogs on?" Well, that depends altogether on circumstances. If you have no trough, you had better feed them on the ground. They might be fed on the barn floor, but it is easier and consequently better to feed them on the ground, as it is no easy matter to drive hogs into the barn. Peck's Sun.

Aunt Tabitha visited an up-town studio the other day, and was admiring the portraits, when the artist quietly inquired of her, "Wouldn't you like to be taken from life, madam?" "Laws-a-mussy!" exclaimed she, starting for the door. "I hope I haven't fallen into the hands of a mass'm!" And she retired in evident alarm, where the artist could say a word in explanation. N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

"Mr. Schmidt," said a German gentleman yesterday, as he entered a Fittsbury barber's office. "Mister Schmidt, I had der schmall post." "Great heavens!" Mr. Schneider, "was the hurried reply, 'don't come here.' And the clerks rapidly disappeared in various directions. 'Vot der madder mit you fellers anyhow?" pursued Schneider. "I had der schmall post full of butter out in mine wagon vot der Mrs. Schmidt ordered last wick afternoon." Explanations and cigars followed. Pittsbury Chronicle.

"Of all the Biblical characters," said Mr. Shlurack, putting aside the Scriptures, "I most admire David, because from being a great ruler, he was a poet, and a singer of great sweetness." "He was something like Andrew Johnson," replied the son, a young man whose career on the college play-ground has been spoken of in the highest terms. Why like Andrew Johnson?" asked the father. "Because he was a tailor." "What David a tailor?" "Yes, for the Bible says so." "Oh, for don't you know that when Sam went into the cave David cut his garments?" After a few moments' silence the father said to his wife: "There is an old horse pistol somewhere up stairs. Wish you'd bring it down." Johnson's Spectator.

Manchester Enterprise
BY MAT D. BLOSSER

THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1884.

Monroe will celebrate the 4th of July in big style.

John Morris, ex-warden of the prison at Jackson, died at Sherman, Texas, on the 16th inst.

Nashville News. Pathmasters are now required by law to plant at least 50 trees, 60 feet apart, along the highways in their district each year.

The census enumerators will commence their work next Monday, and all householders should consider it their bounden duty to receive them courteously and answer their questions promptly.

Little Mattie Ferguson, of Rome, who is 12 years old, attended the funeral of his grandparent two weeks ago.

Those who think that the paying of \$20,000 to repair a so-called damaged reputation, may be interested in the fact that the Detroit Evening News, has been interested in learning that he has recently donated \$50,000 towards establishing a permanent aid in that city.

While in Tecumseh on Friday afternoon we enjoyed a visit with our friend Wheeler, and inspected some of his work in photography.

NORVELL.
Homer Bancroft went to Adrian Tuesday on business.

Wm. Walling was in town on Thursday and Friday last.

Chamney Rindge went to Battle Creek on Tuesday to visit relatives.

A. K. and Mary Austin started Tuesday for a visiting trip through Illinois and Iowa.

Will Kierley, of Vernon, has been visiting his parents for a few days, and returned home on Tuesday.

The children's concert given under the instruction of Carrie Rose, on Thursday and Friday evenings of last week, was well attended and gave general satisfaction.

Bert Hoff, of Jackson, was at his father's over Sunday.

John Balcock, of Saginaw, made a flying visit to old-time friends recently.

George Fresse, now on the road for some firm in Detroit, was at his father's over Sunday.

Some "scientists" has said that a bee can only sting one in two minutes. Most being stung and one, the sting sticks fast in the flesh and is torn from the bee.

EUREKA SPRINGS.
Editor ENTERPRISE: In writing about the springs, scenery, surroundings, people, etc. of this place, we shall endeavor to picture it as it appears to us after a sojourn here of nearly five weeks, during which time pleasure, health and study have been very pleasantly combined.

The celebrated Eureka Springs is situated in the northern part of Carroll county, Arkansas, eight miles from the Missouri river, and is one of the most beautiful and healthful resorts in the south.

The altitude of the place varies from 1,100 to 1,800 feet above the level of the sea. When we first arrived here there was scarcely a green blade to be seen, but now one can look out on the mountain side and see them covered with the beautiful foliage which the warm spring water and a summer sun have helped to bring forth in abundance.

Some of our farmers are going to try their luck in Hubbard squashes. M. B. House has planted four acres, Hiram Sargent four, and John Clark eight, with a prospect of it more.

Sheep washing seems to be the order of the day. Here every man takes his pen of sheep to the ponds of board sheds with hooks and appliances, enable one to construct a sheep pen in a few moments.

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GRAND OPENING OF SILVERS' CLOTHING HOUSE!

GO TO TOMPKINS' CLOTHING HOUSE!

Don't Fail to Visit Our Store!

And See the Finest Stock of CLOTHING

And Gentlemen Furnishing Goods, Ever Opened in MANCHESTER.

WE ARE NOW READY!

And with Bargains for All - Entire New Stock and Prices, Rock Bottom.

MOTHERS COME IN AND GET OUR Elegant line of Boys and Childrens Suits.

COME TO-DAY, D. H. SILVERS.

Legal Notices.
CHANCERY NOTICE.
STATE OF MICHIGAN. In the Chancery Court of the County of Washtenaw.

WILLIAM H. HARRISON, Judge of Probate.
Wm. D. G. Dorr, Probate Register.

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Traveler's Guide.
LAKESHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1884.

LOCAL NEWS BRIEVITIES.
Corn and potatoes are up and looking well.

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PERSONAL.
Mrs. Thos. Morgan's health is improving.

Dr. Kapp went to Ann Arbor yesterday afternoon on business.

Rev. Combs preached at the Methodist church on Sunday morning.

Rev. Hiers of Sharon, preached at the M. E. church in this village, last Sunday evening.

Mr. Sam'l McCord, of Danville, has been visiting friends in this place during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morey having rented a house on territorial road, have gone to housekeeping.

W. H. Pottle will leave on Saturday for Chicago, to attend the national republican convention.

Mrs. George E. Osborn and Miss Clara of Grass Lake, were in town yesterday visiting Mr. D. Blosser's family.

Byron Hill went to Oberlin, Ohio, on Friday afternoon to attend the funeral of a cousin returning home on Monday.

Wm. Sam'l McCord, of Danville, has been visiting friends in this place during the past week.

BRIDGEWATER.
D. W. Palmer and wife visited in Brook on several days this week.

It is reported that Mr. Kres killed 13 rattons while plaining a piece of marsh land to corn.

The Clarkson building is about completed and Green & Green, the clothiers, expect to move in the first of the week.

The call for plants and small fruits this spring proves that our citizens are turning their attention to the right direction.

A small portion of time devoted to small fruit culture means small grocery bills, few visits from the doctor, and plenty of what turns out to be a luxury in the winter, and known to be first-class, because your own wife made it.

The W. C. T. U. of this village have commenced their sessions on Friday, May 29, 1884.

Members of the Southern Washtenaw farmers' club should remember that the next meeting will be held at the residence of L. D. Watkins, next week Friday, June 6th, at 1 o'clock p. m.

Mrs. D. Brown returned from Saginaw last week, when she has been seen here.

There are now 93 subscribers to the Ann Arbor exchange.

There will be a full communion at the Catholic church in Freedom on Sunday.

Born.
Curtis in Norvell, on Friday, May 29, 1884, to Mr. and Mrs. John Curtis, a daughter.

Married.
Hulbert-Spaulding. At the residence of the bride's mother in this village, Friday evening, May 23, 1884, by Rev. A. B. Wood, Mr. Lyman Hulbert and Miss Mary Spaulding, all of Manchester.

Sharon.
E. M. Tracy has been appointed notary public.

Wampier's Lake.
A blizzard struck us Monday afternoon.

Home Markets.
Wheat - No. 1 white is at \$1.07.

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Miscellaneous.
J. H. MILLER HAS RETURNED FROM NEW YORK, WHERE HE

Bought the Largest STOCK OF GOODS HE HAS EVER PURCHASED.

A FIRST-CLASS BEDROOM CARPET, 20 Yards for \$4.00.

POTTLE & LEWIS, Silks, Gros Grains, Radzimers, Ottomans, Brocades, Satins, Changeable Silks, Summer Silks, Etc.

A FULL LINE OF DRESS GOODS!

CARPETS AND WALL PAPERS

Men's & Boys' Suits

Spring Suits

Nobby Styles of Hats.

Gen't's Furnishing Goods, TRUNKS, SATCHELS, ETC., GREEN & GREEN.

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Gen't's Furnishing Goods, TRUNKS, SATCHELS, ETC., GREEN & GREEN.

Farmed Praying

A drop of corn is essential on all farms upon which stock is kept. It is extremely rich in carbon, it provides nourishment for growth and produces heat and fat above all other cereals.—Prairie Farmer.

Good Corn Bread: One pint each of wheat and Indian meal, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of lard, one teaspoonful of baking powder, or one teaspoonful of soda and one quart of milk. Bake two hours.—The Housewife.

Minute Soup: Take light and rather stale bread or crackers and crumb into a tureen, adding a lump of butter, plenty of pepper and salt, and half a cupful of cream. If fond of onion cut a few slices and lay on the top; then pour plenty of boiling water over the whole. You can add an egg well beaten.—Exchange.

A good way to use up bits of cold turkey is to cut them in pieces of uniform size if possible, make a batter of milk and flour and an egg, sprinkle pepper and salt over the cold food and dip in the batter, fry as you do any kind of fritters, in hot lard, drain well and serve hot. This is a good breakfast.—N. Y. Post.

According to Dr. J. C. Peters, it is fish that causes most of the diseases of domestic animals. He mentions particularly the habit of allowing bedding and manure to accumulate under the horses and other animals in stables. The impure air thus generated is peculiarly well adapted to injure the health of the animals compelled to breathe it.—Troy Times.

For a good luncheon dish, take a pound of soaked codfish and when cold mince it fine. Heat a cup of drawn butter, stir in the fish, pepper to taste, mix in well two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, butter a baking dish, pour in the fish, strewn fine, dry crumbs on top, and set in the oven until delicately browned. Cold fresh cod, halibut, or other firm white fish is very good prepared in this manner.—Boston Globe.

Farmers should not forget that the bran and other coarse feed made from wheat are richer in elements of plant food than the whole grain, and, of course, feeding them makes a richer manure. A ton of wheat bran is worth \$14.59 cents for manure, while a ton of corn meal is only worth \$13.65. These figures are based on the cost of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash in their commercial forms, and represent the comparative manurial value of feed.—New England Farmer.

A correspondent of the American Farmer says the following is a recipe for making an excellent liniment: "Oil cedar, two ounces; spirits turpentine, two ounces; sweet oil, two ounces; hartshorn, two ounces. To this add a lump of gum camphor as large as a man's thumb from the first of July. With this I cured a variety of rheumatism. It will cure swiney the quickness of anything I ever used. It is good for headache and other pains and sores."

The Value of Soiling Crops.

All industrial and mechanical progress is marked by an increase of labor. In fact, the more labor is used, the greater the production of labor, as it is made possible and practicable by the ingenuity and inventive genius of thoughtful and enterprising men, are the springs from which this progress flows. For, as experience and ability enable a practical man to do so, he is constantly improving his methods, adding a new device, a better plan, a quicker and more effective process, here and there, until by dividing the labor and securing greater perfection of it, the products are increased many fold with either no greater cost or a much smaller expense in proportion to the advantages gained, and thus by gradual steps, and sometimes by a happy discovery which leads to a surprising and sudden advance, have all the industries progressed so rapidly as they have done in a comparatively few years. But in connection with this progress, there has been a corresponding increase in the cost of steel rails, by which the cost of steel rails has been reduced to about the common price of iron rails a few years ago, and their useful life has been prolonged about ten times, thus decreasing the actual cost of the rails, in effect, to one-tenth of the cost of iron rails, and the result to farmers has been to double the value of their corn, wheat, beef and other products which come from the West. Old farmers remember when it cost one bushel of corn to get another to market. But now the ruling rates of freight are lower than ever, and ten bushels of grain can be carried to the eastern markets for the price of one. In many other ways farmers are now enjoying the benefits of progress. The new methods of raising crops, the common expression, they most "follow suit" or they will be better off. It is indispensable that they must at the same time cheapen their own product by the same methods, because this cheapening process referred to is general and affects every industry. Farmers must be made more productive so that grain and provisions, milk, butter, cheese, fruit, etc., can be sold at a profit, and yet the farmers make more profit than before.

Just now we call attention to one of the greatest improvements in agricultural practice, viz. the growth and use of soiling crops as a substitute for pasturing. This consists of growing a succession of crops, as rye, clover, corn, millet, oats and peas, mixed, and roots, with several others which have local advantages, for the purpose of cutting them green, and feeding to stock of all kinds: horses, cattle, sheep and swine, by which the area of ground required to feed the stock may be reduced one-fifth, or even more; or, which is equivalent to it, the same area can be made to support five times as much stock, or even more, as before. But while this practice is most advantageous where land is high in value and the cheap, it is never less found useful in a particular way, even where land is cheap, as a help to the always failing pasture during the hot, dry months of July and August. It is then that cows fall off in their yield, from which loss there is no recovery for the rest of the season; it is then that grazing cattle and horses suffer greatly from flies and the dry, hot weather; and the seeds of future disease are sown in the swine, to produce a costly harvest of death and loss when the later feeding on grain begins.—N. Y. Times.

Rowland Jones, aged sixty-nine, of Rochester, N. Y., committed suicide the other day by jumping from the Central Avenue bridge into the Genesee River. The body went down the river and over the falls made famous by Patsy's last leap. A financial trouble was the cause of the rash act.

Lepus Markets.

Three or four weeks ago, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, the country people living in the country round about Lehigh have the privilege of coming into town and displaying whatever wares they have for sale. On such days the market place in front of the old Rathhaus has its basal pavement covered with a motley crowd of old women sellers, haggling buyers, dogs, boxes, umbrellas, vegetables, fish, woodens, ware, flowers, caps, bread and the thousand and one things edible, useful and ornamental which go to make up the every-day German life. And though the market place covers a large amount of ground, it is not extensive enough to accommodate all those who come into town on market days, so that some of them are forced to take their places along the curbsides in the surrounding streets and obstruct both the street-walks and the driveways with their long lines of stands on both sides of the street, and the Saxon peasants who depend upon this tri-weekly meeting of buyers and sellers for their support and reap a harvest of copper and silver large enough from one day's trade to keep them and their families until the next market day comes around, are keenly alive to the old proverb about the early bird.

They begin to set up their stands early in the evening of the preceding day, and get things ready for the proper display of their goods along in the gray of early morning, when the Lepus housewives, determined to get the pick of everything, start out, basket in hand, to lay in their supplies of edibles for the next two or three days. There is something amusing in standing around in the market place on the evening before a market day and seeing the peasants make their preparations for the next day's business. About ten o'clock the advance guard of those who live in the near vicinity of the town come clattering down the side streets, the little wagon, drawn by a dog and a woman, loaded with boards, carpenters' horses and shelving, and with a man pushing behind, rattling over the stones and keeping a rude sort of accompaniment to the clatter of the wooden wheels, shoes worn by the owners of the establishment. Each peasant has his appointed spot given to him by that most august and powerful body, the City Council, and for the use of which he pays a certain rental into the privy coffers of the municipality.

The earlier arrivals go straight to the spots belonging to them and begin to unload their wares, varying the money of this work by stoking now and then to heap reproaches upon the unsteady dog or to indulge in a little family quarrel. But as the half-hour successively struck by the clanging bell up there in the low tower of the old Rathhaus, the stream of comers grows steadily larger, so that at midnight the market place is pretty thickly populated by gruff-voiced men, gossiping women and snarling, quarrelsome dogs, who came earlier than the already gotten their stands in order and now have a little time to spare in talking with those about them or in patronizing the woman who sells hot soup and hot sausages. And all this hubbub, this mingling of laughs, shouts, snarls, barks, this banging of boards and jarring of shrill-voiced, timber-tongued women, this rapping of wooden soles against the stones, this swearing of wicked-sounding curs, all these sounds echo about in the nooks and corners of the old buildings surrounding the market place and set the spectator from the New World to imagining how this same market place used to look three or four hundred years ago, before it was paved with stone and lighted with gas.

But an hour or so after midnight most of the stands are up and the vendors have either gone back home to help along the loads of goods, or, overpowered by the drowsy dog, are nodding and snoring in the center of the fragile inclosures they have erected for the day's business, so that for an hour or two comparative quiet takes the place of the previous turmoil. Now and then, to be sure, there arises a dispute between a couple of canines tethered within areas which is the signal for a volley of innocent curses from those who happen to be in the near vicinity; now and then some belated peasant comes hastening into the square with his rattling wagon and clattering shoes, and causes a momentary disturbance as he picks his cautious way around dogs, wagons, stands and sleeping peasants to his own proper place. But beyond these few disturbing spots the market place is comparatively quiet until after three o'clock. Then the large wagons come rumbling along, loaded with the goods to be sold that day. At first they come singly and the noise caused by the arrival of one hampers time to subside before another appears in the corner. But it is not long before there is a constant stream of them pouring in from all sides and a new hubbub arises as the unloading begins. The air is then full of cabbages, potatoes, barrels of salt fish, bundles of brooms, stacks of wooden-ware, bundles of door-mats, piles of baskets, loaves of bread, cages of live pigeons, crates of eggs, pigs of butter, live fowls and dead ones all being unloaded from the wagons and placed upon the stands. And all this work of unloading and placing is done, accompanied by the rattling of wheels, the clatter of the wooden label of tongues, words of command, shouts of laughter, the sounds of shrill-tongued disputes between belligerent fish and vegetable wives, the objections poured forth by some voluble peasant who finds his rights and his toes being trampled upon both at the same time by some inconsiderate neighbor, the shouting at horses, the yellings of dogs being trod upon and kicked, the shouted greetings passing from one group to another—all these sounds mingle together into a strange compound of inharmonious sounds and fill the chilly morning air.—Lepus Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

A prominent preacher of Hartford, Conn., is afflicted with the hallucination that he is followed by a specter in black. According to his story it is always with him. Several years ago he moved to San Francisco with the hope of eradicating the "ghost," but it was of no use. The object in black followed him during the day and stood by his bedside during the night. Finally he returned to Hartford with the same hope, but the specter still clung to him and has done so ever since. The curious phase of the whole thing is that recently his wife, mother and brother have seen the phantom, but only when he was present.—Barford Post.

A few nights ago a rare sight was seen from Los Angeles, Cal., in the northern sky, being an image of the Sierra Madre mountains high up in the clouds.

Advice to a Young Man.

"Do that diligently get the good, procure the favor, but be that seeketh mischief, it shall come upon him."—Prov. 11:18. Tread softly. See the strong man bowed upon his knees. His pallid brow is pressed against the carpet. Aye, jumble yourself proud man. Prostrate yourself in the dust. Aye, groan. It may relieve your pent-up feelings, but it will not help you to see any better. The strong man rises. What is that, which he remarks? He says it is not under the sofa. But what else did he say? He says if a man's eyes stood out on the side of his head like his ears, a man might look behind the bureau. But what did he say before that? Never you mind what he said before that. He did not say it necessarily for publication, but simply as a guarantee that he was in dead earnest about it and meant what he said. There, he has spoken a goblet, chair. Now he has broken a goblet. He stands on the back of a chair to look on the top of a door frame. When the chair falls over with him, he says he knew it was not there. He puts his head out the door and shrieks down the hall that he cannot find it. A female voice somewhere down the hall sweetly beseeches him to speak more softly or he'll sour the milk in the cellar. The man drops on his knees and crawls about the room on all fours, holding his head low, like a Gordon setter hunting a cold trail. A beautiful child, with soft blue eyes and golden hair, comes into the room and with a merry, silvery laugh tries to climb on the man's back. Now the child has gone howling down the hall, and voices of lamentation and comfort streak the pale air. The man puts on his boots and yells out that somebody has hid it. He straps across the floor. He says, "Ah, there it is!" He stoops. He says, "Ah, there it is!" So it is. It is a collar button. How did he find it? He stepped upon it. It is not quite so fat as a postage stamp, but it is a great deal flatter than a wafer. Is the man glad because he found his lost collar button? He is of age, ask him. Did you ever hunt for something you didn't want to find? People frequently do. No man wants to find a horizontal collar button, nor does the gentle woman, who carefully and anxiously looks under the bed every night for a man, really want to find the man. She believes there is one there, but she would be greatly disappointed and surprised to find him. Never look for things you do not want to find, my son. It is hard enough to find the things you want. If you do not want to find faults in your friends, do not look for them and you will never see them. If you do not want to find your enemies, do not hunt for them. They will hunt for you, my son. And what is worse, they will find you, too.

I have known men who passed all their lives hunting for things which nobody wished to have discovered and which only made the finder miserable. There are men who can't find a hair on their heads, but they have a hope for a man that would be a fortune to some poor struggling bazaar. He never looks for a good point about any man; he finds the spots on the sun, and sees not one ray of its brightness. A clear running spring brook gives him the hydrophobia, and a mud puddle is a reviving Turkish bath to his mean little soul. If he could go to heaven, which, praised be all good things, he never can, he would be of all men most miserable, because he could find no mud to throw at the angels. And when he goes to the other place, which, indeed, he will, he will be happy because everybody there will be so much better than himself that he can enjoy himself trying to pull them down to his own level. Don't look for the faults of your neighbors, my son. Remember, as Shakespeare has said:

Who steals my purse steals trash; But he who ditches my good name Robs me of that I never had; And he that feeds me with false news, But feeds me with him- or indeed; Or words to that effect, be the same more or less. Don't look for the traces of evil, nor for any of the rest of the harness. Don't go up and down the world looking for the signs of moral leprosy. The priest shall not seek for yellow hair.

Moreover, dearly beloved, it isn't enough to seek. Sometimes, "though a man labors to seek it out, yet he shall not find it." On the Western farm, where much of the summer time of my life was passed, we had a dog. There being two or three boys on the farm, we had seven or eight dogs, as a matter of fact, but there was one particular dog, with whose tail I desire to point a moral. He was a hunter, a hunter. Morning after morning, summer and winter, he went forth to hunt. Night after night he came back home, his hair full of burrs, his feet covered with stone bruises and his ears pendent with wood ticks. For seven long years that dog lived on the farm. He gnawed not the bone of idleness, neither was he wise in the conceit of the slug-gard, because in all those seven years he hunted all the time, seven days a week. But, alas! like the slothful, he "roasted not that he took in hunting" (Prov. xii, 27). Because he never found anything. Not one single, lone, solitary, lost thing did he find in all those seven years of hunting. Never found a thing. But we kept him, because we believed, indeed we knew, that the dog's intentions were good. He meant well. Every morning he went forth to find something and to bring it home with him joyous and triumphant. But he never did. And at last, one keen, clear, bracing November day, he was down in the ferny glens and lost himself. We never heard that he died; nobly ever saw him or heard anything of him again; his bark came back no more; he was just lost; he had wrapped the drapery of the unknowable about him and joined the innumerable caravan of intangible things he had been hunting for years.

The moral of this passage is self-evident. There are men, even in your own circle of acquaintance, who hunt all their lives and never find anything. They are industrious, patient, hopeful, yet they never accomplish anything. They take the Congressional Record for its jokes and read the Nation for political instruction. He goes to the minstrel show for amusement and reads the Washington papers for news. He goes to a summer boarding house to get cool and takes a vacation that he may rest. He goes to the country for cream and fresh eggs, and keeps a horse to save street car fare. In all this he doeth foolishly. He hunts well enough, but not wisely. You must know, my boy, before you go hunting, where to hunt for what you want. You might go deer hunting all over Connecticut for twenty years and never bring home a pair of branching antlers to hang in the ancestral halls of the flat in which you live.—Dunstable, in Brooklyn Eagle.

A Loxey (O.) boy has beaten the world by fasting 157 days at a time.—Dunstable.

Miscellaneous.

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