



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

VOL. 17.—NO. 42.

MANCHESTER, MICH., THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1884.

WHOLE NO. 866.

Manchester Enterprise... Published weekly...

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Physicians... A. C. TAYLOR... A. COOK...

Miscellaneous... CHARLES TOWNSEND... THOMAS FLINN...

ST. JAMES HOTEL... HURD HOUSE...

DENTIST... A. C. GIBBONS... Nitrous Oxide Gas Administrator...

PHOTOGRAPHER... S. DAVIS... Professional first-class work...

THE STORY TELLER

"I CANNOT BE FASHED."

When I was a little lass, just sixteen, Bonnie was I, but proud as a queen...

"I couldn't be fashed" 'til my books at the school...

"I couldn't be fashed" 'til my books at the school...

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ways, and in the language of the disappointed belle of the town...

Although Mr. Goodwin had always lived in ease and elegance...

For the fourth time Della had looked after the table dainties...

The long suppressed anxiety of the now panic-stricken party...

"Perhaps he has only galloped on to take place of the departed...

"Oh, how I wish I could see the boys' faces...

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From Auntie and Mr. Goodwin's friends...

How Blondes are Made...

What lovely hair that lady has, and what a delightful color!

"How old are you, young fellow?" asked that worthy...

"Twenty-one," was the answer.

"And this," continued the barber reflectively...

"Do you mean to say that woman's hair is dyed?"

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FARM AND HOUSEHOLD... Logging Down East...

Whole clover are now used to exterminate the merciless and industrious moth...

The ordinary marker makes too deep a furrow for corn...

Cows that are watered from stagnant ponds or from wells in the barnyard will give milk more or less tainted...

A high authority in cooking recommends that when baking a custard, you should set it in a shallow dish...

Hasty Pudding: Boil a quart of milk with four bay leaves...

Hulled Corn Soup: A breakfast cupful of corn should be put into a stew-pan with two ounces of butter...

It is doubtful if too much can be said in favor of sweet corn for food for milch cows...

A free application of soft soap to a fresh burn almost instantly removes the fire from the flesh...

Begin With What You Have... There is so much said about replacing scrub stock with the improved breeds...

Where Buttons Are Made... The button trade of New York is estimated to amount to \$8,000,000...

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Logging Down East... The lumber industry of New Hampshire...

The lumber industry of New Hampshire, particularly in the region around Plymouth...

The effect is comparatively little noticed in the forests that cover the mountains...

Along up the Pemigewasset valley, among the foothills of the Franconia range...

Each winter enter gangs of lumbermen. A rude shanty is erected, in which the men eat and bunk...

The life of the men in these camps is a most monotonous one, chopping steadily through the day...

After supper they all gather about the cook's fire to relate stories of their day's work...

The timber on hand is drawn to the banks of the Pemigewasset, where it lies until the breaking up of the ice...

With the rise of water the logs are rolled in and the journey for Lowell begins...

It is very important that the river should be just the right pitch...

At too low the logs strike on rock, and a "jam" results...

At too high the logs strike on rock, and a "jam" results...

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Logging Down East... The passage of the drive over the Livermore falls...

The passage of the drive over the Livermore falls is one of the most exciting scenes imaginable...

The water comes rushing through a narrow, rocky chute, whirls around a projecting ledge...

Down this comes rushing the timber with terrible impetuosity...

Whirling over the falls, immense logs are caught in the whirlpool...

Often the logs are completely on end, and the water catches on either side...

Other logs quickly are thrown upon it, and in an instant a formidable jam is formed...

Several ropes of cable are always kept in waiting, with immense tackle...

With immense tackle, and coiled-headed driver is sent over the tumbling waters...

Instantly death the rope fastened to some principal log in the jam...

Sometimes one log can be taken out, and the whole jam released...

But more often the entire mass starts slightly, only to settle again more solidly...

Occasionally a driver is sent out to cut in two the logs which block the jam...

This is a dangerous proceeding, for the starting of the logs may injure him under the whole mass...

The falls at Livermore are repeated at every fall on the Pemigewasset...

Every bridge pier, every projecting rock, and every ridge of sand seems waiting to catch the logs...

As they come on, and to invite the formation of a jam.

The typical log-driver is a New Hampshire man...

West—a creature of unbounded profanity and shrill collar, bold, reckless, and dare-devil to the last degree...

Yet among the number are many who are far above the average of such laborers...

Farmers' sons who go down the river for the sake of the one or two dollars per day...

which is more than they can earn at home at any time...

The men never sleep in a house during the trip, but two camps, the "front" and the "rear," move with the drive...

to and fro.

The camp consists of a large cook's tent, several "A-stands," in which, on a few inches of straw,

Cox's First Law Case.

In the year 1845 a friendly contest... in Cincinnati between another...

Little Sam Cox, as he was then called, and by which name alone I knew him...

Witnesses were called and examined. My opponent strove hard, with counsel...

"Your Honor! I demand for my client only simple justice! If you refuse him this, you will violate every rule of jurisprudence..."

"Clear as that crystal sun, the mind of man penetrates the deep recesses of the brain, where are opened wide his prophetic vision thoughts which enable him to look into the sealed book of fate..."

"Sir, the heathen Hottentot and the American savage have those heavenly attributes engraved upon every principle of life and action. They behold in the sun, moon and stars the beat of time-leaves which have been sealed to the gaze of man since creation's earliest dawn..."

"The first lady ever placed in charge of a telegraph office was Miss Emma A. Heaster, now Mrs. Smith, of Westchester. It was in 1851, when the first line was built from Philadelphia to that point..."

"No English ship-carpenter will work like a Chinese one. The Chinese carpenter would very soon be expelled from over-till by an English 'chisel' of the trade..."

"I remember well with what a frown I regarded him for a moment. 'Young man, said I, 'you will never make a lawyer of the profession even the first principle of the profession. You don't know how to charge. Here take the whole amount awarded by the court.'"

"When Debut's celebrated paintings of Adam and Eve were on exhibition, Mr. McNab was taken to see them, and was asked for his opinion. 'I think no great thing of the painter,' said the great gardener. 'Why, man, Eve's temptress Adam was a pippin of a variety that was known until about twenty years ago!'"

"Are you angry over slavery?" asks an exchange. "Just water your girl when you read a scientific paper to her after it is time for you to go out and dodge the big dog in the front yard."

MISCELLANEOUS.

There are eleven States in which women vote for school directors. Most people will be surprised to learn that Kentucky is one of the States.

A monstrous meteor passed over the town of Clarksville, Tex., one night last week, exploding with a sound equal to a battery of heavy guns, and emitting a light brighter than the sun.

One of Davy Crockett's old hunting-knives, with a four-inch wooden handle and a six-inch blade, with a silver band around the handle, has been presented to the Tennessee Historical Society.

When the Canadian Pacific Railroad is finished, the builders and managers of that road will own about everything in the Dominion that is worth owning.—Chicago Journal.

It is no longer correct for young ladies to say papa and mamma. The good old-fashioned father and mother have actually come in style again. Occasionally a gleam of sense shines through.—N. Y. Graphic.

Petroleum flowing from a break in the pipe lines of the Standard Oil Company at Pompton Lake, N. J., killed twenty-nine swans belonging to Dr. Rogers. Money indemnity was refused and the company sent to their London agent and had thirty-five swans sent Dr. Rogers.

David F. Whitmer, still living in Missouri at the age of eighty, was one of the three witnesses who in 1830 published a certificate declaring that they saw an angel come down with the golden book which Joseph Smith, the Mormon, pretended to interpret.—St. Louis Post.

A jealous Providence husband became so indignant at a fellow passenger in a street car because he gazed directly across at his wife that he got up and slapped him in the face. Just then and a little, thin, clad girl assisted the offender of the car. He was stone-blind.—Providence (R. I.) Journal.

It has been noticed in Washington that all the deaths which have taken place among members of the House during the session since the Forty-fifth Congress, on both the Republican and Democratic side, have been from the middle fourth row. That row has, therefore, been called "Fatality Row."—Washington Post.

Quite a number of new enterprises have been established in and around Hawkinsville, Ga., within the last few years, but the most novel industry yet has been inaugurated by Mr. Thomas Chancey, who has gone into the 'possum business on an extensive scale, and proposes to raise these much sought varmits for the market. His ranch is located about a mile from Hawkinsville, and is enclosed with wire fencing.

The relations of woman are undoubtedly broadening when many are devoting themselves with energy to the higher education and to professional training. It is well that this is so, for there are women who have no "call" to marry, and are happier alone. Easily troubled people are sometimes perplexed at this state of things, and wonder what will be done for wives and mothers in the future, but there is really no occasion for alarm. The old ideal of the happy home and purely domestic duties will always lead all others, until the very nature of woman is changed.—N. Y. Post.

Father Imoda, who has returned from one of the Indian missions in Montana, where he has been isolated from civilization since 1869, says the greatest trouble he had to contend with was polygamy. The Indians, half-breeds and whites, especially those devoted to hunting, all wanted more than one wife. Among them a wife is treated as a slave, and the husband, on his hunting expeditions to carry the game, hunt fires and attend to preserving the meat. It was not until game began to grow scarce and the hunters had to much use for slaves that they could be made to see the sin in having a half dozen wives.—Chicago Tribune.

The first lady ever placed in charge of a telegraph office was Miss Emma A. Heaster, now Mrs. Smith, of Westchester. It was in 1851, when the first line was built from Philadelphia to that point. Her salary was fixed at fifty dollars a year, but was afterward raised to \$150. At the end of the first year she was presented with a purse of \$150 by the managers for her efficiency. The presence of a lady on the line had an excellent effect, as it put a stop to operators sending vulgar messages to each other. The next appointment of this kind was Miss Ellen A. Loughton, a bright girl of fourteen, who was given the office at Dover, N. H. She is now the wife of G. W. Thompson, a leading citizen of New Bedford.—Boston Herald.

Race and Industry.

No English ship-carpenter will work like a Chinese one. The Chinese carpenter would very soon be expelled from over-till by an English 'chisel' of the trade. The Chinese possess and boatmen work all day, and every day, and in fact, but for unfiring industry, the closely packed masses of China could not be sustained as they are by artificial irrigation. Of the brown races, the Arabs generally prefer abstemiousness to labor; but the most numerous brown people, the Indian, labor unremittingly for seventy-seven hours a week. They are often called lazy by unobservant Europeans, because they enjoy the cool of the evening, but they go to work before four in the morning and work on till three, and only stop once during sunlight, the second meal being taken after dark. They take, too, no weekly holiday. The result, in fact, proves their industry. They keep up a system of agriculture singularly toil-some, because it involves irrigation, raise often three crops and always two in the year, and have covered India with grand cities which they built for themselves. As they find their climate, though less than Europeans do, their labor is severe, and we should say deliberately, after the observation of years, that their industrial fault was when laboring for themselves, a disposition to do too much on insufficient food. They wear themselves out too early. They know this themselves, and have a tendency to refuse overtime and reject pay for it which is often most annoying. Of course, the savage brown races will not work continuously, but neither will the savage white ones, e. g., the mean whites of the Southern States; but then both will make incredible exertions by fits and starts, as, for example, in hunting, or rowing very long distances. The black races are the best varied in respect to industry, but even among them the readiness to toil hard is far from wanting. The slave-owners always thought their negroes lazy, but then their wages were stolen, and no man would work without pay, or for pay which is insecure.—Spectator.

Education Needed on the Farm.

One often hears a remark made to the effect that any fool can be a farmer, or that education is wasted on one who only tills the soil for a living. These remarks were nearer the truth, perhaps years ago, when the country was new. The virgin soil would yield abundant crops almost without care on the part of the husbandman, and insect enemies, blight, rust, etc., were nearly unknown. But now such sayings are far from true, and we are beginning to realize that "knowledge is power" on the farm just as surely as anywhere else in the world. Forty years ago our tools were of the simplest and rudest kinds, and not much intelligence was required to use them. To-day some of the finest machinery made is on the farm, and the farmer needs skill and brains to use these improved tools to the best advantage, rather than muscle to do heavy work.

The day has passed when muscle ruled the world. The battle-ax and spear were muscle; the rifle and the cannon are brains. The stage-coach and the courier were muscle; the railway train and telegraph are brains. On the farm, the scythe was muscle; the mowing machine is brains. The grain cradle and sickle were muscle; the self-binder is brains. The farmer of the future will need to be to a large extent, an engineer and director of labor, and a student, instead of a simple laborer, as the farmer of the past was. The sooner we accept this and govern and educate ourselves (and our children) accordingly, the more profitable will our farming be. If "any fool can be a farmer," and "any fool can till the soil," what are the possibilities of farming under skillful and intelligent management? Even in the most simple operations of the farm, education will be of use to us every day, not only in enabling us to direct our work to the best advantage, but in giving us the ability to keep account of everything, and know whether a certain practice or crop pays us or not.

A hired man once said to me: "You are the best hand at guessing I ever saw." I had told him there would be over six loads of hay to get up, but not quite seven. He made the remark when we were going to the barn with the seventh load not quite full. Now, there was no guess-work about it. I knew the width of the strip cut, from the number of swaths, each one of which was six feet. I knew how wide the rake was, and how many rakes were put on a load. So after raking once down through the piece, a little mental arithmetic told how many loads there would be. One can tell how much a man ought to plow, cultivate or harrow in a day. I remember once that I went away, to be gone all day, leaving a new hand to harrow a piece of land for wheat. At night I found he had got over only six acres, with a harrow six feet wide. He insisted that he had done all he could. But after he had seen the figures on a board, and found he had traveled less than one mile an hour, he was quite ashamed, and said: "It's no use trying to fool you on a day's work," and he never tried it again.

Suppose you have a big compost heap which you wish to put on twelve acres of ground. You walk around the heap, and it is round one, stepping 3 feet as you go. It is 54 paces around it. You look at it and see that if it is leveled down to where you walked, it would average about 3 feet high. Therefore you say 54 yards (the circumference), multiplied by 4, half the radius, will give the number of cubic yards in the pile.—243. You know that your manure spreader will hold just about 1 cubic yard at a load; so you get to spreading 243 loads, and you are done. You don't guess work about it. Some years ago I had a heavy piece of corn to cut. A faithful man was set at the job, and he only made about five-eighths of an acre a day. I compared the weight of stalks and grain he had to handle with what he would have to do on an average piece, and was satisfied that he was doing well. One night one of those "blowing" men came along. "Why," said he, "Adam isn't doing anything. I can go in there and cut an acre a day just as easy as sitting on a fence." "Very well," said I, "come so-morrow and cut an acre; I will pay you \$1.50, and you can have the fun of showing Adam how little he knows about cutting corn." He came before I was up, and at noon, beginning to realize that he was going to do, he never stopped for his hour's noon rest, but took a bite and ran; but it was three o'clock the second day before he had his acre cut. When he was laughed at about it, he used to say: "The college boy was too much for me."

Suppose you are a dairyman, and raise wheat and potatoes to sell also. You want ten tons of corn meal to feed your cows in the winter, and so you plant corn. Now a careful account kept for a term of years, may show you that while you are making money from your wheat and potatoes, you are losing on your corn. Or on account of having a home market for the corn, and no good market for the potatoes, and not time enough to properly care for them, the corn may pay best. Knowing the facts, you can raise what will pay you best. The day has passed when it is necessary for a farmer to be a tinker, thing he wants for his own use. I might go on showing you where education would be of advantage to you every day of your life, and in every lot on your farm. Farming, or agriculture, is an art, based on a number of sciences, and the more we know of these sciences, or of the ones pertaining to our line of farming, the better we can run the farm.

Not long since, when coming out of a hall with a company of farmers who had been listening to a scientific lecture by a noted college president, one of them asked another: "Well, what did you think of that?" "O, I suppose it was good enough," he replied, "but it wouldn't feed the pigs or milk the cows." He was one of the kind of men who sneer at book-farmers, and think that a "fool can be a farmer." But, thank God, we have some farmers who are not content merely with being able to carry swill to pigs and strip the cows. I have been surprised this winter to see so many old men and women, seventy or seventy-five years old (in one case I saw three persons seventy-five years old in one load), get out to farmers' institutes and pay close attention to the lectures, even when they were quite scientific. This is well, but let the older ones not forget to educate the children. They may leave them a good farm, but they may be swindled out of it. Leave them an education, and no man can steal it, and if they want a farm, they can soon earn it.—T. B. Terry, in Country Gentleman.

A young lady in Hartford objected to the nomination of a fox in her yard by a party of telephone linemen. They didn't heed her protest until she cornered them with a scorpion, and then they paid her \$100.—Hartford Times.

Clothing.

Clothing, Clothing, Clothing.

Clothing.

Clothing, Clothing, Clothing.

Clothing.

Clothing, Clothing, Clothing.

Clothing.

Clothing, Clothing, Clothing.

GREEN AND GREEN

TAKE THE LEAD IN

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

With the Largest and Best Assorted stock of goods and lowest prices.

WE SELL

BOYS' SUITS: From \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and so on up through Better Grades to Suits worth \$5.00 each.

MEN'S SUITS: Good Business Suit for \$5. Better Suits for 6, 7 and 8 dollars than you can get elsewhere.

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