

How much more a touch of pretty to have so much beauty at once? This "touch of beauty" is a kind of "touch of beauty" as it were, and there is a touch of beauty at once. This "touch of beauty" is a kind of "touch of beauty" as it were, and there is a touch of beauty at once.

BRAZILIANS AT HOME. Breakfast at a small and quiet restaurant. The young woman, who was a poor Swedish peasant, and her husband, a young lady, were sitting at the table. The young woman was a poor Swedish peasant, and her husband, a young lady, were sitting at the table.

Miscellaneous. THE DAY-LIGHT CLOTHING HOUSE. At the Front. We have a splendid stock of Clothing—The finest makes, we claim:—And for first-class goods and various styles. We get there just the same.

Miscellaneous. JUST RECEIVED. A New Lot of JAPANESE NAPKINS! Of the latest designs and patterns in the ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

Miscellaneous. PENNYROYL WAFERS. The status of the wafers. The wafers are made of the finest quality of wafers. The wafers are made of the finest quality of wafers.

Miscellaneous. Colored Lithograph! With Blue and Red. ENTERPRISE OFFICE. Beautiful. Invitation Cards. With Blue and Red. ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

Miscellaneous. Desirable Medium for Advertisers. With Blue and Red. ENTERPRISE OFFICE. Village Officers. With Blue and Red. ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

Advertisement for Fruit-Tonic. "The most invigorating remedy to be used for the purification of the blood." Fruit-Tonic Co., Detroit, Mich.

just sent the last-board of the barn flyin' over the garden and the dust was settlin' when the feller drove up. I guess he busted two or three ribs and put my leg sorter out. I jint the first kick he made, but I reckon I'll will fix 'em up. I was afraid he'd back up and begin on the barn flyin' fence while the man was here, but he didn't happen to go. About the time he planted his foot in my ribs I'd a took 90 cents for him, but I s'pose it's just as well ter get a fair price. Always remember, my son, in future life of ye've sellin' yer wife's favorite buggy horse just own right up to it and put on a good price to sooth yer wounded feelin's at sellin' it go. Never forget that the straight truth is the best in a trade like this. *Estimate Bill.*

The Deadly Umbrella.
A female crank in Boston wants to establish a school to teach women art, and to that end she's writing the newspapers calling on the people to subscribe money at once. Without fishing to be considered as antagonistic to the intellectual advancement of women, says the *New Orleans States*, we must boldly announce that we cannot give the scheme our support, for the reason there are a great many things that a woman stands more in need of knowing than how to paint long-legged butterflies on window shades and yellow crockery. If an effort is made to found a school for the purpose of teaching the softer sex how to carry an umbrella on the street, we will remove the sereingie which encircles our plethoric pocket-book and deposit 50 cents in the contribution-box without betraying a single tremor of excitement.

A woman wants to know this. Ever since the umbrella was invented she has filled the soul of one gentleman who had contrived to get his bathing suit on him-side before, wandered along the ocean margin like a lost Ulysses; and that fat woman and fat man were never intended for this sort of exhibition; but taken all together, with its colors, and the silver flash of the breaking waves, the scene was exceedingly pretty. Not the least part of it was the fringe of children tumbling on the beach, following the incoming waves, and flying from the incoming rollers with screams of delight. Children, indeed, are a characteristic of Narragansett Pier—children and mothers. It might be said to be a family place; it is a good deal so on Sundays, and occasionally when the "business men" come down from the cities to see how their wives and children get on at the hotels.

After the bathing it is the fashion to go to the Casino and take a walk—sometimes through a straw and a dinner—everybody goes for a stroll on the cliffs. This is a noble scene; with its hand-some villas, its magnificent rocks, a fair rival to the walk as usually taken, three miles along the head of the bay, but an ambitious pedestrian continues it to the light on the cliffs. Nowhere on this coast are there so many studies in the visitor's curiosity is excited as in a mass of tangled woods planted on the crest of the hill, and his curiosity is not satisfied on nearer inspection, when he makes his way into this thick and gloomy forest, and finds a granite cottage and the tower, and the signs of neglect and wildness that might mark the home of a recluse. What is this noble tower? If it was intended to adorn the landscape, why need by piercing it irregularly bare windows like those of a

man to hold himself back from drawn into the history and romance of this Narragansett shore. The curious wooden pile called Canonica that already wears the air of tragedy. And here, at this end, is the mysterious tower, and an ugly unfinished dwelling-house of granite, with the legend "Druid's Dream" carved over the entrance door; and further inland, in a sandy and shrubby landscape, is Kendall Green, a private cemetery, with its granite monuments, every other one of which is inscribed with the top as a receptacle for food for birds. And one reads there these inscriptions: "Whatever their mode of faith, or creed, who feed the wandering birds, will themselves be fed." "Who helps the helpless, Heaven will help." This inland region, now apparently deserted and neglected, was once the seat of colonial aristocracy, who exercised a princely hospitality on their great plantations, exchanged visits and ran horses and the Carolinas, and were known as far as Kentucky, and perhaps best known for their breed of Narragansett paces. But let us get back to the shore. From "Their Pilgrimage," by Charles Dudley Warner, in *Harper's Magazine* for July.

Making a Sale.
A man was driving across the country in Dakota when he came to a house with a man hobnobbing around in the yard on a crutch. A fine looking horse tied to a post near by and the traveler stopped and said:
"Is that horse for sale?"
"Well, now, I tell you jest how 'tis at air boss; you see it's the one I drives, and I don't know as I can ter part with it. It's a very very gentle."

"What I want, a horse that is gentle and kind."
"That jest like that horse precisely, harder, no easier boss to handle in the country."
"Never kicks, I suppose?"
"Never knew him ter liste his foot 'cept ter walk."
"What is it worth?"
"That's jest it don't believe. I can sell him—my wife would miss him so. Tell you what I'll do, though; you give me \$175 for that horse and I'll try and break in one of the colts for her to drive. Don't believe I can ever get 'em as gentle as he is, but seein' you want him I'll let you have him for that."
"Well, I'll take it. What makes you so lame?"
"Oh, rheumatiz got hold on me again—jest 'bout used me up. I'll tie the boss behind yer wagon for you."
"All right. Your barn seems to be scattered around somewhat. Cyclone strike it?"
"Well, now, I should say there did—reg'lar 'rister up a tornado jest spread it all round. There, you'll find that boss'll lead up all right and be jest as gentle as a kitten. Good day, stranger, yer've got a mighty fine bargain there; that boss is sound and wouldn't hurt a fly."
The man drove off and a boy crawled out from under the house and said:
"Dad, it's a mighty fine thing that old Bill stopped kicking 'em he come 'long."
"You bet it was my son. He had

There have been found 275 varieties of birds in Washington Territory. It is said that there are fewer widows in Missouri than any other state in the Union.
A sewing machine which is held in the hands of the inventor, like a pair of scissors has been patented.
Milwaukee boasts of the champion beer drinker. One hundred glasses a day constitutes his *quintessential* sip.
Shillalahs, they say, are never seen in the hands of Irishmen in Ireland now. It is the tourist who swigs the stick.
The newslayers of San Francisco have organized a protective union. Ten cents is to be the highest price for a shine, and de-sting members will be taken care of.

The horse that does his hard days' work during the week desires to have an undisturbed rest on the sabbath. You cannot afford to wear good horses by making plow horses of them through the week and buggy horses of them on Sunday.
William Black, searching for novel motives in his trade of action, has had a horse-boiler built for him to be towed in the canals of England. The idea of a horse-boat, says the *Springfield Republican*, isn't half so bright as Frank Stockton's "Rudder Grange," with a real canal-boat.

The manufacture of beer in America is due to the Germans, and is still regarded as a mystery. There are about 2,200 breweries in this country. These sold last year over 19,000,000 barrels of malt liquor, little of which remains in store.
A Louisville lady says that milliners are the sharpest dealers on earth, and suit their prices to their customers' pocketbooks. She knows, for, after trying vainly to buy a bonnet for less than the \$25 asked, she went home and described the bonnet to her servant, who went to the shop and bought it for \$12.
The bent of the young American mind was strongly illustrated in the St. Louis High School, where the scholars were directed to prepare a list of the five greatest journalists dead and the five greatest living. The boys were nearly unanimous in heading their lists of greatest living journalists with the name of a well known baseball reporter.

It is asserted by an authority that it is a mistake to suppose that broiling is applicable to fish and meats only. It can be employed with fruits and vegetables, and when these are wafery excellent results are obtained. The apple, pear, quince and hawthorn, the cucumber, tomato, green pepper and egg-plant thus prepared make admirable dishes.
A Pompeian tourist from Cooperstown, N. Y., writes to the *Freeman's Journal* that of village that he accidentally left a cigar-holder of rubber among the small cities in the relic museum of the ancient city, and now he understands that the ancient Pompeian smoked cigars in rubber holders.
Mark Twain is much better satisfied with his career as a publisher than with his literary successes. When asked recently if he would continue in any magazine, he answered: "No, I don't want to be a money-maker. I would rather be a swerve from a resolution I have made to enjoy a solid old-fashioned life this summer."

The private bonjour of Miss Jennie Flood, the daughter of the San Francisco millionaire, in his newly-completed palace, is the counterpart of that of Marie Antoinette, all its appointments being after the Marie Antoinette style in maple with bird-seve panicles. The natural decoration is of cream color, and silk brocade ground. The bed, window curtains, and furniture coverings are of embroidered electric blue, and the carpet is a blue and tan Axminster of the finest French make.
The writer known as Count Paul Vasiloff says he doubts whether Gen. Ignatieff ever will return to power in Russia; as the Czar has lost all confidence in him. But he may yet have an hour of triumph if the labors of his whole life be crowned by the creation of a great slave empire extending south of the Bering Sea. He is a man to do him justice, but too late. As for the Countess Ignatieff she is the most ambitious woman in the face of the Earth. She played the part of a Queen at Constantinople, and certainly once dreamed of wearing a crown.

"The white gaiter seems to be coming into fashion among the young men of this favored city," says the *New York Mail and Express*. "It does not look pretty. Even the masses look with wonder and amazement at the to them, that they are English, is hard to determine. On ladies (and ladies occasionally wear them) they are a marvelous institution. Women now wear men's hats, men's coats and waistcoats, and hence, I suppose, think they might as well wear men's gaiters."
The Union Club in Paris is one of the most exclusive and brilliant in Europe, but it is not that sort of a "loading place" which most men of the world would admire. No one breakfasts there, and on an average not more than forty dinners are served each day, but the *cocking-and-the-wives* are excellent, and the servants are as strict, strict and attentive as could possibly be expected, even in such a club. From 4 to 7 o'clock members drop in to read the papers and magazines or to play a game of billiards. At 7 o'clock the club empties, to fill up again toward midnight, when card playing is indulged in.

"There has been much holding up of hands and shaking of heads," writes James Payn from London, "over a love affair in the Black Country, where two young men fought with fists for three-quarters of an hour by a Webster's clock for the possession of a fair damsel who had promised to take as her bridegroom the one who proved himself the better man; yet in the good old times nothing was more common, and such an incident was held to be full of romance. The whole difference lies in the fact that, in the case now, the combatants were knights in Milan steel, and in the other, workmen in their shirt sleeves, and I am inclined to think that a good deal of the chivalry of the Middle Ages would disappear if the Milan steel were scrapped off."
If it had not been for Mr. George W. Child's generosity and kindness Mme. Janauschek, the well-known tragic actress, would have been stranded in New York at the close of her season, which was so unfortunate as to leave her without one penny to return to her home in Europe. At one time, not many years ago, the great tragedienne had a small amount of property, but her last three or four seasons have been so bad that all her fortune except a small amount of property has disappeared. Hearing of the unfortunate position of

the artist Mr. Childs at once sent her a check for \$500, thus enabling her to return to her home. Mme. Janauschek left no debts, and will return for a last visit in the fall. *Philadelphia Record.*
The *Troy Times* relates that nearly forty years ago a prominent merchant of that city began commercial life as a peddler from house to house with a pack of goods. His was a true helpmate, said to him, "I suppose to lay aside a dollar every day, and then, in case of misfortune, we will have the money to fall back on." Daily she adhered to her duty, and so, although often at the cost of her own health, her husband's business grew and prospered and the family day was easily put by. The early additions to her capital and income covered the year total until, by careful husbanding, it had become a competency. Lamented reverses met the merchant, and then both his wife's fidelity and her prudence became manifest. When he knew not whither to turn his wife placed at his disposal the handsome result of her nearly forty years of savings, and he was enabled to retrieve his losses and stem the tide of disaster.

The President and Pat Sanders.
Representative Frank Lawler, of Chicago, takes more than 400 constituents to see the president than any other member of congress. The president has come to appreciate this fact. A few days ago Mr. Lawler took up the white house ex-Alderman Patrick Sanders, of Chicago, who has many constituents, who is very conciliatory, said to Lawler just as they were going into the white house: "I'll bet that I'm a millionaire." So, when Lawler presented him, he said: "Mr. President, let me present ex-Alderman Sanders, of Chicago, one of our millionaires." It did not take many minutes' conversation to show the president just what sort of a man the ex-Alderman was. "Mr. Sanders," said the president, somewhat suddenly, while his eyes twinkled, "do you ever loan money?" "Oh, yes, Mr. President," responded Sanders, adding cautiously, "on good security."
"Well," said the president, in a jocular way, "I have just begun house-keeping, and it is possible that I may want to borrow some money. I haven't much property for security. There's my country place, which is worth \$25,000, and I have some property in Buffalo that may be worth \$15,000 more—say \$40,000 in all. Now, if I should want to borrow \$10,000, do you think you could loan it?"
Sanders took it quite seriously, and began to talk with conflicting emotion. "Well, sir," he said, "after some hesitation, I'd like to accommodate you, but \$10,000 is a big discrepancy."
"Then," said Lawler, who tells the story, "he suddenly caught my arm and says, 'Frank, let's go,' and he didn't breathe free again until he was out of doors."

The plan of throwing a bridge over the Straits of Messina, that separate Sicily from Italy, will, when consummated, be one of the most striking feats of modern engineering. The bridge, when completed, will be two and a half miles wide and 361 feet deep, and two piers will support a viaduct of steel rails to a height of 328 feet above water.

Want Column.
Advertisements in this column under the heading will be inserted for one cent a word for each insertion. Nothing less than ten cents accepted for an advertisement.
Help Wanted, Situations Wanted, Real Estate for Sale, Houses to Rent, Wanted to Rent Houses, Rooms for Rent, Boarding, Wanted to Rent Rooms, Wanted Board, Wanted Agents and Canvassers, Lost and Found, For Sale, Miscellaneous, once a week and in insertion.
Advertisements must be handed in as early as Wednesday morning, with cash.
Advertisements to be inserted in this column must be paid for in advance.
Address: "Enterprise," Manchester, Michigan.
LOST.
LOST An Oxbay Stone, Gold Mounted. The finder will be rewarded by returning it to MATTY BLOSSBERG, Manchester.

WANTED.
WANTED: Boys, 14 and 15, must be in good shape. About \$1000 in small repair. Address: A. Esterline, 100 E. Michigan.
WANTED TO EXCHANGE. A number of good snuff cutters for the center table of profits for \$1000.00. Address: Box A, this office.
FOR SALE.
FOR SALE: A fine, new, early piano. A. G. TOMPKINS.
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THE GUARANTEED Remedy.
The first and best remedy for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat and Lung troubles. Price 25 cents. Trial sent free on request. Address: "Enterprise," Manchester, Michigan.
WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? We are daily guaranteeing Kemp's Sassafras to the people for curing the blood and giving a new lease of life. Price 25 cents. Address: "Enterprise," Manchester, Michigan.

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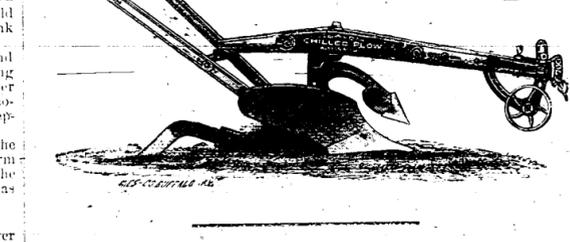
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Prescription of a physician who has had a life long experience in treating female diseases. Is used monthly with perfect success by over 10,000 ladies. Pleasant, safe, effectual. Ladies ask your druggist for Pennyroyal Wafers and take no substitute, or inclose postage for mailed particulars. Sold by all druggists, 41 per box. Address THE EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., DETROIT, MICH.
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Which we offer to you at a big bargain also a large line of Fine Wedding Goods, etc., etc.

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Best in the World
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CALIFORNIA FRUIT TONIC

This most invigorating Remedy is justly celebrated for its PURITY, EXQUISITE FLAVOR, and MEDICINAL VIRTUE. THE ONLY TONIC for General Use EVER MADE from PURE JUICES OF CALIFORNIA FRUIT. It is the GENUINE APPEZIZANT and SURE CURT for ANEMIA and ACUTE SWAMP FEVER, RHEUMATISM, AGUE, MALARIAL BLOOD POISON, and all other ailments of the system. FOR THE WEAK and DEBILITATED it has no EQUAL. It should be in every household as a FAMILY Tonic. LADIES and CHILDREN, as well as MEN, OLD or YOUNG, should never be without it. Contains nothing that could injure the most delicate patients. (Ladies in a delicate condition should use caution in taking.) This is no cure-all, but an excellent Family Medicine and Food. Ask your Druggists, Grocers, and Dealers for DeSanto's California Fruit Tonic. DETROIT, MICH.

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