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Manchester Enterprise

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LOYAL AT LAST.

A Tale of Love and Adventure in the Late Civil War.

BY EDWARD BIGNBY, AUTHOR OF "ELLEN'S SECRET," "FALLS AMONG THIEVES," "MY LADY FANTASTICAL," AND "OTHER STORIES."

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CHAPTER I. A WILLFUL WOMAN.

HERE is no people on the surface of the earth more prone to the ravages of the fever than the Americans. You, who have perchance raved over the Rhine, have probably had little conception of the story of the River St. Clair, as it rolls majestically by the eastern shore of Michigan, crystal clear, a mile wide, two hundred feet deep—a very epic poem written in water by Nature's own hand.

At a bend in its course, half way between the two lakes it connects, stands a substantial farm-house surrounded by neat outbuildings and blossoming orchards. It is from the latter feature that it inherits its name—the Orchard House.

And in that pretty dwelling lives a family which has a history.

When you look at the little summer-house in the garden, which evidently once was the pilot-house of a steamer, and see the tall, tapering mast with the stars and stripes floating in the breeze, you are prepared to be told that it is the home of a sailor.

A very old, weather-beaten hulk is Daniel Winthrop's, and he is a retired sailor.

His story opens nearly three decades ago, he was a hale, well-preserved man of sixty, whose silvery hair was the only external premonition of advancing age.

When the glad spring sun of 1851 was tinting the surface of his beloved river with every hue of the rainbow, who had a greater right to say: "The Lord has prospered me and my cup is full of joy," than Daniel Winthrop?

For thirty years he had sailed the lakes as captain of his own ships. Before "the peck-y railroads," as he expressed it, had "dropped the bottom out of freights," he had made money "hand over fist," and while yet enjoying the vigor of manhood, had "plunged" down to retirement in a small town of the name of Elysium—a well-kept farm-house, where he could sit on his own stoop and watch the vessels glide by and the ever-changing beauty of the lovely river. But he had bigger treasures than bank checks, broad acres, and a retired life.

His wife, Martha, who was the sweetest, simplest homelike that ever made sunshine in a man's home; his daughter, Nell, just twenty years old, whom he had done his best to spoil, but whose gentle nature had been nurtured against the day when she would be a help to her father.

His son, Harry, four years older than his darling daughter, who had never given him an hour's anxiety, but had been studiously inclined, had taken a fair degree of college, and was now occupying a well-paid position as teacher in the public schools of distant city.

Moreover, during that winter his home had been brightened by the visit of a radiant girl, Kate Frohisham, the daughter of a distant relative of his wife, who had married a Southern gentleman living in the Shenandoah valley, and the old sailor had learned to love the beautiful young Virginian maiden, who became especially dear to him when he learned that she had promised to become his son's wife.

But lightning came out of a clear sky and struck the Southern home—as it did the whole fair land, which had for years been basking in the sunshine of prosperity. Fort Sumter had surrendered, and the terrible war of secession was a reality.

An American of American, coming of an old Puritan stock of New England, Daniel Winthrop's heart was aflame with honest indignation.

Thus, one day in spring, just as the big ice barriers of winter had been swept away and the golden currents of a laughing river rejoined to be free, were once more rolling in their accustomed grandeur, Daniel Winthrop sat in the "best room" of his farm-house in council with his women folk.

In his hand he held a letter, which a boy had brought from a neighboring post-office, and he was reading it with a look of intense interest. "What is this to whimper about?" he said, in reply to the appealing looks of the ladies, as he hastily skimmed its contents; "it is from Harry, sure enough. Don't take an about it, mother; but he'd done just what a Winthrop should do when his country calls on him; he's—"

"Not enlisted?" Martha gasped, her face white as her snowy apron.

"That is just what the high-spirited lad has done. God bless him!" the farmer chuckled. "Fshaw! Martha, I am astonished at you. What is there to whimper about? It won't take more than a month or two to bring these stubborn rebels to their knees, and then—"

He paused abruptly, for Kate Frohisham was standing before him with flashing eyes and a heavy brow.

"Captain Winthrop," she said, speaking more calmly for her suppressed passion, "let me retire before you have said what would make me forget all your kindness. This night I leave your house to return to my own people. Do not make my parting more bitter than is necessary."

"Why, God bless my life," Winthrop stammered, "you don't mean to say that you are at heart a rebel—you, a gentle, lovely girl not six months out of school? The thing is preposterous."

"I am a Southerner," Kate said, quietly, "and I never was a part of the land of my birth as I am at this moment. The nearest trooper in my brother's regiment is, in my eyes, a hero."

"And Harry, my boy, Harry!" the father pleaded.

"Is no more to me, Captain Winthrop, than any other of the band of marauders whose ranks he has joined."

"Oh, Kate!" Nell sobbingly reproached, "and he loves you so!"

"And I loved him, Nell. Ah, God knows how I loved him; the girl acknowledged, with tremulous lips.

"Then, surely you will—"

"Never of my own accord set eyes on him again. It is my one hope that I may be able to forget his cruelty and mourn for him as one who is dead."

"Hush, child, hush!" Martha Winthrop interposed; "you do not know what you are saying."

"Aye," added the Captain, soothingly, "do not say in haste, lass, what you will repent at leisure. And, as for your going home, that is a matter which—"

"Is all provided for, sir."

"There was a flush of indignation as she looked at the question, for it was hard for her to believe that the girl he had thought worthy to name Harry's wife had so thoroughly laid her plans to return home without

vouchsafing a word of explanation to his family.

"Friend leaves for Cincinnati to-night; who will give me his protection thus far; there some of my own people will meet me," Kate replied, with assumed indifference, while at heart the proud girl was ready to fling herself at the old man's feet and confess the anguish these words cost her.

"Who, in the name of goodness, is taking you to Cincinnati?" the old man thundered. Ere Kate's lips framed the reply she cast a little apologetic look at Mrs. Winthrop and Nell, for the consciousness was strong within her that the revelation would cost her their sympathy.

"Mr. Croix," she stammered, "has offered—that is I have asked him—in fact."

Winthrop broke in on her confusion. "Alphonse Croix?" he exclaimed, while a flash of painful surprise showed his wife's and daughter's dismay.

"And why not?" Kate asked, with well-feigned calmness. "Why not Mr. Croix?"

The question was too much for the old man, who rose abruptly and said, with a sneer of a sneer as he could assume, "the good-natured Captain was not strong in sarcasm."

"So be it, then. It is natural that birds of a feather should flock together; but I little thought, Miss Frohisham, that I should ever be rivalled in my own home."

"To get rid of me," Kate suggested, with apparently unstrained composure.

The Captain disdainfully left the room, almost rudely igniting the hand she held out to him. Had he noticed the drooping eyelid and quivering lip which suddenly betrayed her deep emotion he might, by a kind word, have opened the flood-gates of her emotion, but with a mad rage every thing she said was met with a mad rage, the wrong she had done his boy Harry.

The wrong done his boy Harry! Aye, there was the rub. It was but natural that she should cleave to her own kin and be true to the associations of her childhood—reason to the Union; for women, he argued, are emotional creatures, and "always side with the under-dog in the fight"—but that she should turn from him and his to the protection of Alphonse Croix was an outrage beyond his power to conceive.

Alphonse Croix! He detected this Alphonse Croix with an aversion which knew no bounds of reason; not that he had, when he came to analyse the situation, any such strong feeling against the man, but that he was just grounds for such a school-boy's contempt for him in general principles.

Alphonse Croix, who was stirring such a torrent of animosity in the Captain's heart, was a young French Canadian, reared in a neighborly village across the river, possessing of a small fortune which he had inherited from an opulent father. Fortune had been fairly generous to him, and nature had been more than prodigal in her favors. His was the ideal of a school-boy's dream, a young man with black curly hair, large luminous dark eyes, regular features; teeth, which a Duchess might have envied; a soft, musical voice; a tender, sympathetic manner with women; and a lithe, active figure, whose every movement was graceful itself.

Then, his doting father had given him a college education, and, though his accomplishments were of the veriest veneer, he had acquired the art of making the most of his opportunities as a young man.

But his volatile manner clashed with Daniel Winthrop's staid views of life, and in the best of times, when Croix had been admitted at the Orchard House as a frequent jockeyman, he had not been a "frivolous" guest, but when the young man let slip indiscreet expressions of sympathy for the seceders and evinced a too warm appreciation of Miss Frohisham's society, his wrath knew no bounds, and he had ordered his women-folk to close the door on "the infernal young copperhead."

Therefore, when from his retreat in the pilot-house he saw the Frenchman drive to his door and bear away the young lady, he might be forgiven the storm of imprecations which rose to his lips. One thing comforted him; neither his wife nor daughter appeared on the threshold to bid God-speed to the departing guest.

And Harry was coming home that night, too. How could he meet his boy with this tale of sorrow? He would rather face the worst storm that ever raged on Lake Michigan than tell the poor lad that the girl he loved had been false to him.

Nevertheless, in the gloom of the evening he went forth to meet his boy, intercepting him in the big meadow, where years ago he had taught him to fly his kite and shoot red birds. As the buggy approached, he stopped the driver and said:

"Get down, Harry, and walk with me to the house. I have something to say to you."

Well might the father be proud of such a son—a tall, erect, the picture of animal strength, with a frank expression in his handsome face which would be his passport wherever he went. Harry Winthrop was as fine a young fellow as you would meet with in a long day's march. But the old man only noticed the pallor in his boy's face and shrank from the blow he was about to inflict.

For a time they walked arm in arm in silence. The Captain found it so hard to speak.

"Harry, boy," at last he gasped, "I have bad news for you—Kate Frohisham—you'll hear it like a man—she has—"

"Yes, I know, dear old dad, she has gone home."

"But do you know with whom she has gone?" the Captain asked, in surprised anxiety.

"Yes, she wrote and told me she was going with Croix."

"And you, my boy," the old man said, with lips tremulous with emotion, "have you the courage to show the girl that you—"

"Trust in her to the last. Why, of course I have. Do I not love her, dad?"

CHAPTER II. THE SEPARATION.

What fairer sight on earth is there than the rich valley and blue mountains of Northern Virginia, when the golden sun

spreads his mantle of glory over them in the first dawn of day, flashing scarlet streaks across the ispal sky?

It is to such a scene that I must transport the reader.

The haze of the departing mists of night yet lingered in the lowlands, while a small stream of water under the eye of a Lieutenant creeps cautiously, in Indian file, down the uncertain pathway formed by what in winter is a torrent and is now a rugged strip of sand and pebbles winding down the hillside.

It is not difficult to recognize Henry Winthrop as the leading figure in the line of horsemen.

He is at this moment turning in the saddle and in low tones addressing a youth who rides behind him, so young that he was more fit for a school-desk than a cavalry saddle.

"Gee," Harry is saying, anxiously, "what ails you this morning? Are you sick?"

"Yes," is the petulant reply; "sick to death the life we are leading. I came to fight, not to sneak around the country all day long feeling the way for men who will have all the glory of the battle, with the blessed chance of being popped off by one of Mosby's men at noon-day."

"You'll be fighting tonight before you are through, you young idiot," Harry said sternly, but there was a kindly gleam in his eye, for Gordon Grey had been one of his pupils, and when the lad had run away and enlisted he had promised his heart-broken mother that he would look after her boy.

"We've been so long doing nothing," the boy complained.

"What with Bull Run, and—"

Gordon Grey interrupted him with a bitter sigh.

"Aye, there was fun enough in running away. I wonder how your father swallowed that nauseous dose, Harry."

"Oh, Nell wrote me that he was pretty well over it; volunteered to shoulder a musket, and drove mother into fits of ecstacy; then, lightly springing behind him, he held the drooping form of his friend till they reached the camp."

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Manchester Enterprise

BY MAT D. BLOSSER

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

We solicit correspondence and news from all the surrounding towns.

Every communication must contain the name and address of the writer, but no return is made, but as a guarantee of good faith.

We must not be held responsible for any matter expressed by writers.

If you have any business to transact, please make the request that your name be put in the Manchester Enterprise, as a reference will always be granted.

Changes in display of advertisements should be in the order of the receipt at the office and can not be positively promised unless made at least one day before the day on which the desired insertion.

The Manchester Enterprise will accept a file at the office of the Chamber of Commerce, and notices of advertising orders can be left, when more convenient than at the office.

THE MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE, PUBLISHED WEEKLY, at the printing office of the Chamber of Commerce, Manchester, N. H.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 27, 1888.

With a new broom—factory, the village of Perry thinks she could make a clean sweep.

Some of the schools about the state have restored instruction in vocal music. Not a bad plan.

Polygamist Brown, who has 23 wives, was sentenced yesterday to four and one-half years at the Jackson prison.

The annual session of the grand encampment of odd fellows of Michigan department, will be held at Grand Rapids on October 9th.

Dr. Donald Maclean, of Detroit, was seriously poisoned a few days ago while performing an operation, but it is thought that he will recover.

In the event of war between Canada and the united states, will those fellows who went to Canada during our late war be likely to go again?

The semi-annual meeting of the southern Michigan conference will be held in the congregational church at Hudson, on October 15, 16 and 17.

Joseph Gellay, of Monroe, while walking in his sleep, fell from the third-story of a hotel through an open cellarway, and was badly hurt, but will probably recover.

Mrs. Caleb B. Packham, a resident of Coldwater since 1836, died there Monday, aged nearly 100 years. She was the oldest person in that place, if not in Branch county.

William Perkins, who lives near Bronson, got crazy drunk last Saturday, and attempted to kill his wife. He was locked up in a stable until the marshal could be found, when he hung himself.

No. 1, hard, brought \$1.12 at Minneapolis on Tuesday, but it is thought that the rivalry between that place and Duluth had more to do with it than the shortage of the wheat crop in the northwest.

An exchange remarks: "If young men in this country put half as much energy into their daily work as they do into playing ball, the young men of this country would be rich enough to marry before they were two years old."

Venus is an evening star, and is moving away from the sun. Mercury is the evening star but is too near the sun and too far to the south to be easily seen. Saturn is the morning star, rising at 2 A. M., the latter part of the month.

Three Mt. Pleasant schoolmarm have resigned because they are not permitted to open school with religious exercises, which they think necessary for the salvation of Mt. Pleasant children. And from what we can learn we think so too.

Lansing Republican: Convicts in Jackson prison are to be permitted to wear gray, instead of striped clothes, if they distinguished themselves by good behavior. This looks like expecting prisoners to become gray in the service of the state.

While the mortality in the yellow fever epidemic in Florida is appalling, 1,200 cases and 130 deaths so far, it is small in comparison to that from typhoid fever in New York city. During the year ending Sept. 11th, there were 907 cases with 267 deaths.

There is trouble on the border between Texas and Mexico, growing out of the shooting of an editor at Rio Grande City, by a U. S. revenue officer. The governor of Texas has called out the troops and there is likely to be a stormy time, if not a bloody one, as the greasers are fighting mad.

Last week Eugene Dresser left his home in Mosherville and came to this city to attend the state fair. He was in city Thursday, but somehow he got lost in the shuffle and has not since been anywhere near the surface. His friends are searching the city for him, but fail so far to find any clue.—Citizen.

Lenawee County Items.

Tecumseh schools made an exhibit at the county fair.

Eugene Smith, of Franklin, died last Thursday of consumption.

M. W. Redfield has taken Chas. Crowwell's place on the local of the Adrian Daily Times.

The democrats of Adrian advertise their meetings in the Times to give them proper publicity.

The next meeting of the Lenawee county teachers' association will be held in Adrian, Oct. 13.

Lenawee circuit court convened Tuesday, and after doing a little business adjourned until Friday.

One of Hudson's most esteemed ladies says she is not afraid of burglars because her husband is a "protectionist."

The Tecumseh News complains of the small boys who attend entertainments and disturb the audience and players.

Charles Thompson, of Adrian, aged 13 years, went hazle nutting and in climbing a fence fell, was injured internally and died in consequence.

The Adrian brick and tile company a few days since shipped a ninety-foot iron republican pole to Troy, Kansas. It was made of double thick iron, measured five inches in diameter at the bottom, and half an inch at the top.—Times.

Fred Rynd, of Adrian, aged 21 years, was of a roving disposition and Friday morning, while attempting to jump into the door of a freight car when the train was running rapidly, he fell and his leg was crushed by the wheels, and death followed soon.

Among Adrian's enterprising and prosperous merchants is numbered one who has a great liking for keeping things moving, and when business is a bit dull he profits by the let up, by loading his wagon at the front door, drives it around town until he is tired, and then returns and unloads again at his rear door.—The Times.

Last week Wednesday Prof. Bartholomew made a balloon ascension at the Centreville, St. Joe county, fair, and as the air ship moved rapidly skyward a dangling rope caught an old man by the leg and jerked him feet foremost from the ground. There he dangled until, as he says, the people below him looked like clothes pins and the horses like mice. By the aid of the professor he climbed hand over hand until he reached a position near the bar, on which the professor sat, and was about tucked out when the balloon sank to the earth and the old man was clasped in the arms of his friends.

Work was commenced once more Monday on the Coldwater gas well, in the endeavor to secure the lost boring tools at the bottom of the 2,030 foot hole. Many citizens of the place are confident the gas is there, and that if secured it will be worth more to the town than the two or three proposed new railroads. Dundee seems to be trying to raise gas, wind or something from the bowels of the earth, and they claim that they can hear a mighty rumbling underneath the ground.

Congressman Allen will start for Michigan tomorrow to fill a number of appointments which had been made for him without his knowledge by managers of his district. He will return inside of ten days if there is any prospect of adjournment; otherwise he may not come back at all during the present session. Mr. Allen has made a decidedly good impression in this, his first congressional term.—Washington correspondence, Tribune.

N. W. Ayer & Son, the reliable newspaper advertising agents of Philadelphia, have issued their newspaper annual for 1888. It is in every respect, typographically, in the arrangement of the matter and in the matter itself, all that a work of the kind can be. Any one desiring any information about newspapers and their circulation can find everything he wishes in this volume in a compact and comprehensible form.

Owing to the non completion of some of the Michigan monuments at Gettysburg, of which the ENTERPRISE has heretofore made notice, it has been found necessary to postpone the dedication of them all until next season, as several of them cannot be completed before November 15th, and that date is too late for fitting outdoor exercises.

The exhibit made by the agricultural college at the state fair at Jackson was much admired by the thousands who witnessed it. Prof. Willits says that they will not attend the state fair again but will show at the central fair in Lansing next year. The work attending such a display is considerable.

It is now claimed that V. S. Bidwell, whose wife skipped out with Charles Waldron, of Hillsdale, has been arrested at Quincy for confederating with his wife and Waldron to defraud. Later—Bidwell was released and has skipped with his wife to Indiana.

The tunnel under the river at St. Clair is at a stand still and a Detroit paper thinks it will be finished about the time the Detroit post-office is commenced.

We hope that our readers will be pleased with the new story, "Loyal at Last," which will be found on the first page of the ENTERPRISE this week.

At the Foot of the Stairs.

MANCHESTER, Aug. 25, 1884.

I know you remember, you can't have forgotten, the eye that we stood at the foot of the stairs. Where we exchanged kisses of love and affection. When so bright shone but the light of the stars.

It was there we pledged each to the other. With no one to witness but God and the stars. That we would walk life's rugged path together.

Through the eye we stood at the foot of the stairs. And scattered perfume to sweeten the air. Yet sweeter by far are our kisses to-day.

Through the eye we stood at the foot of the stairs. And our hearts have been ever since true. For the love of you has ever been true.

Some days have been cloudy, others been bright. Yet the light of affection grows stronger each day. And our love far sweeter than was that night.

Fairmount, Des., Aug. 25, 1887. E. P. C.

THE MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE, PUBLISHED WEEKLY, at the printing office of the Chamber of Commerce, Manchester, N. H.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 27, 1888.

Jacks'n County Items.

Norvell farmers' club on Saturday.

Mrs. Judge Videto, of Jackson, died suddenly on Sunday last.

Mrs. Sarah Campbell, who lives near Jackson, is said to be 102 years old.

The Brooklyn fair was slimly attended and the show did not amount to much, aside from the stock exhibit.

A new postoffice has been established in Columbia township called Johnsons, with Wm. Clark as postmaster.

John Perrine, an early settler in Jackson county, died at his home in Spring Arbor, on Tuesday, aged nearly 80 years.

The Jackson merchants and manufacturers have organized a fair association, and if they do not have the state fair there hereafter will hold one of their own.

Mr. & Mrs. Horace Hunt, of Jackson, celebrated their golden wedding on the 20th. Fifty years is a long time to work in double harness, but they have done so very heartily.

Arrangements have been completed for the organization of a stock company with a capital of \$200,000 for the manufacture of the Allington & Curist dust collector of East Saginaw. The company will take possession of the Geo. T. Smith purifier shops at Jackson, as soon as vacated, and expect to employ between 300 and 400 hands.

Washtenaw County Items.

David Robertson, of Ann Arbor, will get a pension.

Ypsilanti had her pocket picked during the fair last week.

The firm of Kittredge & Holmes, of the Ann Arbor Register, has dissolved, and Kittredge again assumes full control. Holmes will be the local editor.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. of Manchester, will furnish refreshments to those who come here to attend the convention free of charge, at the church parlors.

David Henning, of Ann Arbor, sued that city and the Michigan Central railway company for \$10,000 damages to his property by reason of certain damages in street and railway grades.

Emmons Wheelock, of Bridgewater, voted for Gen. Harrison in 1840. Since then he has raised seven sons, all of whom will vote for the present Gen. Harrison this fall. Hurrah for Wheelock!—Ann Arbor Courier.

Not all the democrats of the county are at Chelsea to-day attending the fair, neither will all the republicans be there tomorrow, although those days are designated as democratic and republican days, and the party that musters the biggest crowd is to receive a premium of \$25.

Mrs. Louis J. Leisner, wife of the editor of the Washtenaw Post, died in Ann Arbor last evening, of typhoid fever, aged 29 years. She has had much to do with the Post's editing for the past nine years, and much success of the paper is due to her. She was an accomplished scholar and writer both in english and latin.

Great excitement was caused in Ann Arbor, Thursday, by a large one-armed man chasing a little man down the street and yelling "Stop thief." The little man was T. G. O'Grady, and the pursuer was Constable Fowler, of Lansing. O'Grady was wanted for jumping a board bill of \$32.82 at the Chapman House at Lansing.

During a performance at the opera house, at Ann Arbor, Monday night, by the People's theater company, a plank 10 feet long, a foot wide and two inches in thickness, toppled over and struck the star, Miss Rose Goodall, on the head, cutting a long deep gash. She was so seriously injured that she was not able to finish her part.

Ann Arbor correspondent of the Detroit Tribune: In 1873 Thos. Harvey, an englishman living at Manchester, died leaving a considerable property, but no heirs could be found. The money, which amounted to \$4,555.66 was turned over to the county treasurer and placed in the "unknown heir" fund. Recently a petition was received from a woman named Elizabeth Walker Susannah Thebald, of Northdown, Isle of Thanet, England, who said she was a cousin of the deceased and his heir. Upon investigation this was found to be true, and judge Harriman has ordered the county treasurer to turn the amount over to her attorneys. The prosecuting attorney objects to the county's giving up this money which has been theirs so long, and has given notice of an appeal.

The action of the M. E. conference in returning Rev. Pope to this pastorate was very satisfactory to our people. He is evidently the right man in the right place.

Loyal at Last.

A Thrilling and Romantic Story of the Late Civil War.

BY BERNARD BIGSBY,

AUTHOR OF "ELLEN'S SECRET," "FALLS AMONG THIEVES," "MY LADY FANTASTICAL" AND OTHER STORIES.

This charming tale, dealing with scenes and incidents of the Rebellion, is one of the best series we have yet read on this subject. It is rich in stirring incident, has a good plot, and in interest is strong enough to hold the reader's attention from first to last.

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"As a newspaper proper, THE DAILY NEWS has earned a reputation for enterprising news-gathering second to none in the United States. It is the only cheap paper in the West that is a member of the Associated Press. It gives its readers all the news worth giving and gives it for two cents. (Now it does it for one cent a day.)

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THURSDAY, SEPT. 27, 1888.

LOCAL NEWS BREVITIES.

Quite cool weather now.  
Loyal at Last, what is week.  
The price of wheat is advancing.  
How do you like the new story?  
Has the equinoctial storm arrived?  
Guess our base ball club has wood-bined.

The doctors say that it is distressingly healthy.  
We had a little shower of rain Tuesday evening.  
Several new subscribers added since last week.

The Lake Shore pay car passed through here on Tuesday.  
H. E. Bowen gives his brooms that fashionable green tinge.

We have had beautiful fall weather thus far, now let us have a bountiful rain.  
The express train on the Jackson branch is composed of three passenger coaches this week.

"Loyal at Last" is the name of the new story to begin in the ENTERPRISE this week.

Grapes seem to be very plentiful this season and they are cheap too, only two cents per pound.

The dry weather, together with the cool nights, prevents fruit from ripening as fast as it should.

E. P. Crafts has contributed a poem for this week's paper, which will be found on the second page.

As soon as the weeds are out of the lakes and river the boys will try their hand at spearing fish.

Did you ever notice how that men and boys whistle more on rainy days and dark nights more than on any other?

Henson, the milk man, has sold his cows and gone out of the milk business. The cows will go to Monroe county.

You will say that "Loyal at Last" is the best story of its class we have published in the ENTERPRISE. Look for it this week.

The ladies of the presbyterian society will meet with Mrs. Holt next Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 2, to make arrangements for holding a fair.

Jacob Driegel, of the Goodyear House barber shop, has hung a large mirror on the wall, which is a great convenience to the patrons of the shop.

The Lake Shore carpenters have laid a new floor in the waiting room of the Jackson branch depot which, the boys say, "will make the place good for another 20 years."

Sam Kirchhofer, of Kansas City, Mo., has kindly sent us an official programme, a beautiful colored lithograph pamphlet of the Priests of Pallas festival, which was held there last week.

It does not seem likely that either the republicans or democrats will raise poles here this season, but both will probably burn some powder, kerosene and red fire before the campaign closes.

The poem on the 4th page was dictated by a lady nearly 80 years of age, who formerly lived in Freedom, but who moved to Grass Lake a number of years ago, and has been blind for several years.

Mr. Holt says that the improved machine, lately constructed, will do the work of two of the others, and do it better. Manufacturers of milling machinery are expected here to-day to look at it.

Our table and waste baskets are full of papers and documents from the various political parties, and our exchanges are filled with politics. News is very scarce and it is hard work to get up a readable paper.

The grand matched hunt talked of by our village nimrods will come off next Tuesday. We make this announcement so that the neighboring farmers may have ample time to get their live stock in safe places, so that they may not be injured by stray shots.

The hop farm west of the village, which was extensively advertised for sale some time since, has finally been sold to John Wallace, of Corunna, and he took possession yesterday. This was probably one of the largest sales of farm property in Southern Michigan, and represented some \$25,000.

Hon. B. F. Goenther, of Wisconsin, is announced to speak at Manchester, on Thursday afternoon, Oct. 4th, to the republicans. He is said to be a "big gun," and as he makes but four speeches in the state they have selected the four principal places—Grand Rapids, Saginaw, Detroit and Manchester.

Hunters who have been in the woods for birds this fall claim that the dry weather has driven the partridges and quail almost entirely from this locality. They were unable to get a living in the dry country, and after raising their young they have migrated to other localities, where the pickings were more generous.

Yesterday a young man took a load of wheat to the Jackson branch freight house, and was told to go to the freight agent's office to get a receipt for it. He passed by the office and climbed the ladder to the water tank, and walked around the edge looking for a door to get in, when a trick as we have heard of.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. T. H. Mosher was in Adrian last Tuesday.  
N. W. Holt went to Jackson to-day, on business.

M. J. Lehman, of Chelsea, was in town on Tuesday.  
Good Conklin was in Tecumseh, Monday, on business.

Mr. & Mrs. C. J. Robison drove to Tecumseh on Sunday last.  
Mrs. C. P. Vogel and Mrs. W. H. Lehr went to Tecumseh, yesterday.

Bert Rowe has secured a position in the university hospital, at Ann Arbor.  
Mrs. A. J. Austin, of Norvell, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Mat D. Blosser.

Fred Macomber has begun his fall trip on the road as a traveling salesman.  
Mrs. Henry Goodyear, of Dorp, Neb., has our thanks for a package of state papers.

Mrs. S. W. Clarkson and daughters are visiting in Manchester and Macon.—Ann Arbor Register.  
Rev. & Mrs. Patchin went to Elyria, Ohio, a few days ago, to see a relative who is very sick.

Mr. & Mrs. W. S. Culver and daughter, Louise, of Brooklyn, visited B. W. Amsden, over Sunday.  
Mr. & Mrs. C. J. Robison went to Tecumseh, yesterday, to attend the funeral of Miss Kittie Adams.

Miss Laura Green, of Manchester, has been visiting the Misses Gillett, a few days.—Saline Observer.  
Mrs. A. C. Gordanier returned from Wisconsin, on Friday last, where she had been to see a sick sister.

Mr. & Mrs. Chas. Baxter, of Ann Arbor, drove over on Sunday and visited at his father's, Wm. Baxter's.  
Frank Van Deyn will go to Allegan on the Grand Rapids branch of the Lake Shore, as a telegraph operator.

Miss Martha Keck, of this township, who has been visiting Saline friends the past two weeks, returned on Friday.  
We learn that the little daughter of our former townsman, W. G. Dieterle, of Ann Arbor, has been quite sick with diphtheria.

We received a very pleasant call on Friday afternoon last from our much esteemed friend, Hon. John J. Robison, of Ann Arbor.  
Mrs. J. C. Gordanier went to Chicago on Tuesday, and her daughter, Belle, returned from Toledo, where she has been visiting, the same day.

Fred Van Deyn went to Clinton yesterday to play with the Clinton club there against the Ypsilanti club at Clinton, and at the county fair at Adrian, to-day.  
Will Reed spent Sunday at his brother Herb's, in Tecumseh. He went to Ann Arbor to-day, and expects to enter the dental department of the university.

Mr. James Winton, who lived with his son Will in Jackson, and who, it will be remembered, started for Dallas, Texas, and lost his way, had a stroke of paralysis lately at the residence of his daughter, in Dallas, and is not expected to live.

F. E. Morey went home to North Adams, Tuesday, and will soon leave for Ann Arbor, to attend the university. He enters the dental department, and we presume he will be the fond possessor of a "sheepskin" when he returns next spring.  
Rev. Jos. Staus preached his farewell sermon in St. Mary's church on the 16th, and at St. Francis', in Freedom, on the 23d, and on Tuesday he moved to North Branch, Lapeer county, where he has a charge. The best wishes of the ENTERPRISE go with him.

Morenci Observer: After the excitement of attending conference, Elder Shier philosophically resumed his favorite sport of fishing, at Wampler's lake, this week. Three other enthusiastic Isaac Waltons were with him—Dr. Cole, Will Shepherd and Frank Cawley.

J. H. Miller, of Ypsilanti, was in town on Tuesday. He has just returned from California. Miller says that he met Dr. Munger, at San Diego, Cal., where he has a large drug store, and is doing well. He and his wife are living together and are apparently happy. Dr. Bessac is also in San Diego, where he has invested heavily in real estate.

We received a pleasant call on Monday forenoon from Elmer Cushman, of Delhi Mills, who drove over to L. D. Watkins', on Saturday, after Mrs. C., who has been visiting her parents. Elmer showed us his patent reach coupling for wagons, which, we are pleased to learn, is finding favor with all wagon makers who have examined it. It is certainly a good thing and we hope that he will make a fortune out of it.

Our faithful and efficient old Norvell correspondent, B. F. Burgess, Esq., who moved to Jackson a few years ago, and has been employed much of the time in the office of the register of deeds, where he has made many friends for his prompt, careful and polite manner of conducting business, has been nominated by the democrats of the county for the office of register of deeds. Could the ENTERPRISE say a word or a half column of words to assist him it would gladly do so, but everybody knows that he is abundantly capable to fill the position, is of good moral character, honest as the day is long, a good shot off hand, careful and painstaking, and ought to receive the votes of all parties, especially of the people living in the southern part of the county.

John Unterkircher informs us that bees are not storing much honey this season. It was hoped that the fall flowers would furnish honey making material in abundance, sufficient to make amends for the lack of summer flowers, but this has failed. Some bee-keepers are feeding bees with syrup so that they may have enough for their winter-keeping.

Loyal at Last is a thrilling but sensible tale of love and daring deeds in the late war. The scene of the opening and closing chapters is on the St. Clair river and the hero was a Michigan soldier. Gen. Custer and other brave boys from our state are spoken of, and everybody will be delighted with the story. Look for the opening chapters in the ENTERPRISE this week.

The October number of that sterling magazine for the youth of America, St. Nicholas, contains some of the most interesting matter ever published in one volume. The illustrations from the frontispiece, "The first Minuet" to the "Biddle box" are of the finest quality both for originality and artistic merit. Among the table of contents are "Sea Gulls," from the lighthouse, "The boy bears," "From house to house," "Two little confederates," and—but pshaw we can't begin to enumerate all the good things in it. If you are not a subscriber, send 25 cents for a sample copy and you will become one as sure as you read it.

The ENTERPRISE Publishing House has just completed and has ready for sale a new edition of "Gratulant," a german-american letter writer which is printed in english type. It is a book of about 200 pages, printed on heavy paper and is bound in neat style. The book will be very useful to readers of german, and can be used in schools to good advantage. It contains congratulatory letters, poems and best wishes for birthdays, New Year's days, wedding and other occasions, letters of acknowledgment, invitations, regrets, etc., besides a well chosen selection of autograph verses, also in german and english. The work will sell at the low price of 75 cents.

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BRIDGEWATER.

Frank Hogan went to Hilldale, Monday, to attend business college.  
Mrs. A. Morse, of Chicago, who has been visiting her uncle, Frank Palmer, returned home Tuesday accompanied by Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. H. C. Calhoun.

Neighbor Rawson had a good yield of wheat and tashow the fertility of the soil in this section I will state that Fred Mahre took 418 bushels of oats from six acres of land.

CLINTON.

Ed. Smith is quite sick.  
Gen. Daboll speaks to the republicans tomorrow night, at the town hall.  
Hause Bros. have started their cider mill and expect to make more cider this year than ever before.

The democrats of this village are arranging for a grand pole raising on Friday, Oct. 5th. Twenty or more hickories will be raised in various parts of the village, and a giant over 100 feet long will be placed at the corner of Jackson and Chicago streets. Good music will be in attendance, and John L. O'Mealey, of Adrian, and others, will speak on the tariff question. The fun will begin at 9 o'clock A. M.

NORVELL.

Mrs. Jake Scott is on the sick list again.  
Mrs. Joe Starks, of Milford, visited relatives here last week.  
The second nine will go to Grass Lake on Saturday to play ball.

B. F. Burgess, of Jackson, was in town the latter part of last week.  
A large number of citizens will attend the fair at Adrian, this week.

Lock & Long's show is billed here for Monday evening, Oct. 1st.  
Mrs. Fred Snow, of Onsted, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. O. P. Burton.

Mike Donahue and Edwin Sheffield went to Jackson on business, Tuesday.  
Miss Stella Hunt went to Jackson last week, and purchased fall millinery goods.

Mr. & Mrs. Johnson Post, of Jackson, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Trume Burton.  
Mrs. Addison Hunt went to Clinton, last Saturday afternoon, to attend the funeral of Mrs. S. Wood.

Mrs. Will Orr, of Tecumseh, arrived in town on Tuesday last, and is the guest of her brother, John Kay.  
Our popular young blacksmith's business is increasing so fast that he is going to take a lady partner from Detroit.

Howard Schofield went to Clinton, Wednesday, to catch for the Clinton club, and will go from there to Adrian to play ball on Thursday.  
Jas. A. Parkinson and Thos. E. Barkworth will address the people here on Wednesday evening, and the Hon. Jas. O'Donnell will speak Thursday afternoon.

About 20 members of Mrs. A. J. Palmer's Sunday-school class gave her a surprise on Tuesday last, and passed the afternoon very pleasantly, and left a beautiful silver butter dish as a token of remembrance.

List of Jurors.

The following were drawn as trial-jurors of the Washtenaw circuit court for October: Ann Arbor city—Albert M. Clark, Wm. J. Clark, Lawrence Curtis.  
Ann Arbor town—Harrison H. Camp, Augusta—Whitman T. Torrey.  
Bridgewater—Henry R. Palmer.  
Dexter—John Clark.  
Freedom—Phillip Kress.  
Lima—Michael J. Kaercher.  
Lodi—Frederick Bentschler.  
Lyndon—Andrew J. Boyce.  
Manchester—John Braun.  
Northfield—Charles Prochnow.  
Pittsfield—Austin F. Smith.  
Salem—Charles Highland.  
Saline—D. A. Townsend.  
Scioto—Orin T. Parker.  
Sharon—George L. Kuhl.  
Superior—B. F. Bennett.  
Sylvan—James P. Wood.  
Webster—Sterns Wheeler, Charles Van Riper.  
York—Milton Phillips, C. C. Sangree.  
Ypsilanti town—W. W. Voorhees, S. Crittenden.  
Ypsilanti city—F. D. Rathbone, George Miller, Patrick Begney, Charles Heiminger.

Our New Story.

We take pleasure in announcing to the readers of the ENTERPRISE that we have at last made arrangements for what we consider one of the very best serial stories we have ever read, and which will be commenced in the ENTERPRISE this week. The title is "Loyal at Last," and it is a thrilling and romantic story of the late civil war. It was written by Bernard Bigby and describes scenes and incidents of the rebellion.

The opening and closing chapters treat of scenes on the St. Clair river in this state, which ought to make the story doubly interesting to Michigan readers of all classes.

This will be a good time for those who are not subscribers to begin taking the ENTERPRISE, and to those who send in their name, and \$1.50 at once, we will send the paper until Jan. 1, 1890, so don't delay.

The fellows who come along with an apparatus, test the farmers' lightning rods at "the request of the insurance companies," pronounce the rod unsafe, offer to replace it at an astonishing low figure, and get the farmer to sign a contract to close the deal, are once more abroad in Michigan. And the contract turns up in the shape of a fat promissory note, for the farmer to pay, just the same as ever.

Oysters by the dish or can at the Manchester bakery.  
The Champion Washing Machine only costs \$7. Jas. Field.  
Amsden makes a specialty of repairing watches, clocks and jewelry.

Teachers, read the advertisement about "Merit Cards," on the 5th column of 2nd page.  
The ENTERPRISE to anyone who wishes to take it on trial until January 1, '89, for 30 cents.

All persons having unsettled accounts at Macomber Bros. will please call and settle same.  
Send the ENTERPRISE the balance of the year to some friend. It will cost you only 30 cents.

Wanted—Two good girls,—cook and dining room girl,—apply at once to the Goodyear House.  
Old newspapers for sale cheap at the ENTERPRISE office. Suitable for pantry shelves, cutting patterns, etc.

B. W. Amsden, the jeweler at Steinkohl's drug store, has a new stock of fine watches and jewelry for your inspection.  
We are always ready to execute Job Work in the finest style of the art, and on short notice. Give us a call at the ENTERPRISE office.

Our correspondents should remember that the items they send in are always very acceptable and no matter if you have but a few, send them along.  
If you are not a subscriber become one at once and read the new and thrilling story which will begin this week in the ENTERPRISE. For \$1.50 we will send the paper until Jan. 1, 1890.

Found—A fine wool buck was found by Geo. Heimendinger. The owner can get him by calling on Mr. Heimendinger, three miles south of this village, and paying for this notice.  
Samuel Bortie has fitted up the corner store of the Gwinner block and has put in a fine line of Cigars, Tobaccos, Fruits, Peanuts, home-made Candies, etc., and will keep oysters in season.

For Sale—Property consisting of a House, Barn and two Lots, situated corner of Boyne and Clinton streets, one of the very best locations in town. Easy terms. Address Jennie L. Moore, Ypsilanti, Mich., or enquire on the premises.  
We occasionally send sample copies of the ENTERPRISE to people whom we would be glad to have as regular subscribers, and if you are not a subscriber and get a copy please consider yourself invited and send or bring us your name and money.

We have just returned from New York with another large stock of Dry Goods. It will pay you to come to Tecumseh to trade. Try it. Three large stores filled with Choice Dry Goods and Carpets. Samples cheerfully sent.  
ANDERSON & CO.

Born.  
MARBING—In Norvell, on Monday, Sept. 24th, 1888, to Mr. & Mrs. Lute Marling, a daughter.

Died.  
OLMSTEAD—In Norvell, on Saturday, Sept. 22, 1888, of apoplexy, Mrs. William Olmstead.

KRAUSSE—In Norvell, on Wednesday, Sept. 26, 1888, of inflammation of the bowels, Magdalen Krausse, wife of Edwin Krausse, aged 48 years.  
Funeral services were held at the church, this afternoon at two o'clock.

Commercial.  
Markets by Telegraph.  
DETROIT, Mich., Sept. 27, 1888.  
ONIONS—Market easy at \$1.50@1.75 per barrel.  
APPLES—Market steady at \$1.25@1.50 per bu.  
POTATOES—Market quiet at 32@35¢ per bu.  
EGGS—The market continues steady at 17¢ per doz for fresh receipts.  
BUTTER—Market firm at 19@20¢ per lb for strictly first-class dairy receipts, 17@18¢ for good.  
CORN—No. 2, December, 10,000 bu. at 28¢ per bu.; January, 10,000 bu. at 27¢; No. 3, spot, 3 cars at 43¢.  
OATS—No. 2 white, spot, 1 car at 29¢; No. 3 white, 1 car at 26¢; No. 3 mixed, 1 car at 23¢; light mixed, 1 car at 24¢; 1 car at 23¢.  
WHEAT—No. 2 red opened at \$1.01; declined 1¢, and sold up to \$1.02; at the close, September sold first at \$1.01, but later \$1.02; was bid; October sold first at \$1.01; and closed with \$1.02; bid. November opened at \$1.02; and advanced 1¢. December opened at \$1.03; declined 1¢, advanced to \$1.04, declined to \$1.03. No. 1 white, spot, opened at \$1, advanced 1¢, dropped back to \$1,



Manchester Enterprise

BY MAT D. BLOSSER.

Traveler's Guide.

Table with columns for stations, times, and fares for Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway.

Table with columns for stations, times, and fares for Jackson Branch - Detroit Division.

Table with columns for stations, times, and fares for Toledo & Jackson Division.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 27, 1888.

LOCAL NEWS BREVITIES.

A number of our townspeople drove to Woodward's peach orchard, Sunday.

The Catholics do not know when they will have a minister again, but hope that one will be sent here soon.

We learn that B. G. Lovejoy intends to occupy his chicken house and will buy and ship poultry this season.

The new iron bridge at East Manchester was looked upon and admired by many of our citizens, on Sunday.

Marshal Stringham has heard complaints of boys stealing grapes, etc., and will be after the lads if they do not desist.

Schneider & Knebel Bros. have moved their cigar factory to Wm. Kirchgessner's building, on Railroad street, and they have more convenient and roomy quarters now.

Rev. Lewis, colored, of Richmond, Va., who is working in the interest of the second Baptist church of Ann Arbor, preached at the Baptist church in this village last Sunday morning.

The Manchester bottling works, under the management of Traub & Mahrie, is extending its business considerably and a large amount of Bohemian export is being bottled and shipped to neighboring villages.

The union services last Sunday evening were held in the Methodist church, which was fairly well-filled with people to hear Rev. D. B. Manger, of Palo, formerly Baptist pastor here, who preached a very impressive sermon.

There has been some talk at Clinton of extending the local telegraph line to Manchester, providing our people would put in instruments and assist in the work. It would be a nice arrangement and we should like to see it carried out.

Harlow Howard raffled off his bicycle on Friday evening last, and Will Kebbe drew it. Now Will is pretty good at wrestling but he would rather not tackle a bicycle, so he sold it to Lewis Snyder, who works at the Goodyear house, and he mounted it and rode gracefully—after a few trials.

A party of young men from Ann Arbor were driving about the village in a hack, last Sunday, on the back of which was the placard U. of M. in large letters, which clearly showed that they were students from the university, who were visiting our furniture dealers, Jenter & Rauschenberger.

Our people should not forget that the W. C. T. U., of Washtenaw county, will hold a convention here on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 31 and 4th; at the Presbyterian church. There should be a good turnout to hear the exercises—the music and the addresses, and our people should assist in entertaining the visitors so that they will wish to come here again.

As has been previously announced Willard Stearns, of Adrian, the democratic nominee for congress from the 2nd district, will address the people of this village and vicinity on the issues of the day at Goodyear hall, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 31. He is spoken of as a very fine speaker and one well conversant with the subject which demands the attention of the people at the present time. The ladies are invited.

If our citizens would only start some kind of manufacturing here we might do a little business while our neighbors are doing a good deal. The Adrian packing company, says the Times, have 154 hands at work putting up tomatoes. They use about 1,000 bushels per day, and from that number of bushels fill 20,000 cans. One machine, called a stuffer, fills 28 cans a minute. The company ships a carload of its goods per day. There was some talk last year of starting canning works here, but they thought that it would not pay. Perhaps it does not, but there are two or three such institutions at Adrian, and they keep enlarging their output every year.

Only in Fun.

For the Enterprise.

As one who doth with wondrous hands, Among the sheaves of ripened wheat Destruction cast, and burning brands— The harvest rain to compete.

So be it, that with fabled art, With mocking words of base import Deceiv'g his neighbor, breaks his heart, They say, 't, was I just in sport!

The beauty of a life is marred By careless words that mean no death. As some tall oak is scathed and scarred By forest fire, or storm king's wrath

The oak lives on through many years, Its symmetry and beauty gone; So, too, despite its bitter tears, The human life goes on and on.

So pass the years with woe, for fear, With hope all crumbled into dust, Suspicion of usurp the place Sacred to friendship's loving trust.

The wound heals not, when once a tale Of scandal's fond work has done; While listening to his victim's wail To author say, 'twas all in fun.

My son, if such a man beware, He will not prove a faithful friend; You cannot trust him any where, However well he may pretend.

BY MARY W. LANE.

Local Telegraph Line.

The "C. T. telegraph line" was started a few years ago by a few farmers who live in Franklin. They first bought telegraph instruments and erected lines connecting their residences. Then another neighbor wished to be put on the line; he bought an instrument, set poles and put up the wire from his neighbor's house, and the next one did the same until at length they had a line to Tecumseh. Merchants, doctors and others, in the village, had their places connected in the same manner, and thus the line grew until it now reaches, Adrian, Ridgeway, Clinton, Sand Lake, etc., and subscribers find it a great convenience, besides being a source of profitable amusement. It is connected with the Western Union offices in Tecumseh, Clinton and Adrian, and messages are received and transmitted over both lines.

The cost to each individual owning an instrument is nominal. The farmers cut, drew and erected the tamarack poles and assisted in stretching the wire which reduced the cost of construction considerably in the country, and being once up the cost of maintaining it is scarcely worth mentioning.

Last spring a few local "operators" at Clinton conceived the idea of connecting with the "C. T." line, and in a few days they had several more subscribers including merchants, doctors and mechanics, and since that time the line has been extended into the country east of the village. They now wish to build the line to Manchester, and one or two of the farmers on the route, having been spoken to, say that they would join, and we doubt not almost every one on the line would readily take hold so that the cost of construction would be very light. Once started the line would grow rapidly and from here it would extend in other directions, connecting the various sections of the country now reached by telegraph or telephone.

Our readers can readily see what a convenience such a line would be. In cases of sickness the three or four mile drive in any kind of weather to town for a doctor is anything but pleasant, besides being slow, and there are many ways in which such a line can be put to practical use.

As to learning how to telegraph, the farmers and others, who are on the "C. T. line," inform us that they "caught on" so readily, and in fact so easily, that they hardly knew when they learned it. It required but little study.

With a very little effort we think the line from Clinton can be brought to Manchester and the ENTERPRISE will stand ready to assist any party who attempts the work.

Real Estate Transfers.

JACKSON COUNTY. Ella D. Main, et al., to Jarus B. Main, land in Napoleon, \$2,700.

Almarin B. Merriman to Henry C. Palmer, land in Grass Lake, \$4,000.

WASHTENAW COUNTY. Wm. Stimpson to O. and O. Stimpson, land in Saline, \$700.

C. G. Kaercher to J. G. Kaercher, land in Chelsea, \$1,200.

J. G. Hertler, et al., to J. M. Gross, et al., land in Saline, \$250.

Chas. G. Kaercher to John C. Kaercher, land in Chelsea, \$400.

Chauncey W. Riggs and wife to Rowena Riggs, land in Chelsea, \$100.

Wm. R. Reinfrank and wife to J. G. Hertler, et al., land in Saline, \$200.

As mean, low-lived and contemptible a practice as there is that of endeavoring, on account of spite or envy, to defame another's fair name, and if each one would or could know that in making such attempts he injures himself far more than he does the one whom he seeks to, there would be a great and sudden decrease of the scandalous stories which are becoming only too common.—Adrian Press.

Brother, don't stop your paper just because you don't agree with the editor. The last cabbage you sent in didn't agree with us either, but we didn't drop you from our subscription list on that account. No; we simply said, make us thankful for what we are about to receive, and after we received it we were not able to say anything.—Smithville, Ga., News.

Campaign poet—I have got a nice little poem here, just the thing for your paper. Editor—Well, we are full just now, but

Campaign poet—Well, then, I'll call again—when you are sober.—Ex.

LESSONS REVIEWED.

THIRD QUARTER OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES CLOSED.

Lesson XIV. for Sept. 30, 1888—Topic, The Forty Years' Wandering in the Wilderness of Sinai—Golden Text, John 1, 45.

The Second Quarter closed the mission of Christ with an exposition of His great commission to His disciples, to "Go and teach all nations," an injunction which passed to their successors and rests upon the Christian world today. The Third Quarter's lessons relate to God's dealings with Israel and the settlement of the chosen people in the Holy Land—the action which prepared the scene and laid the foundation for the establishment of Christ's earthly kingdom.

The lesson for July 1 turns upon the awfully sublime promise, as quoted in Heb. viii, 10: "I will be to them a God and they shall be to me a people." This is, indeed, a "Golden Text." Then follows from Ex. xiv, 1-12 the announcement and formal ratification of God's covenant with the children of Israel, at the foot of Mount Sinai. From Egypt to Sinai the people had been taught God's power; in the giving of the law they were shown His majesty as lawgiver; they now received a glimpse of His character in the dispensation of grace. It was but a glimpse. It was the "first covenant." The last was to be manifest in Jesus Christ. The people accepted the first covenant; there was a universal confession of faith, and in the erection of the twelve pillars and the sacrifices offerings the covenant was ratified. Most appropriately the ratification closed with an awfully sublime visitation. Moses and Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel went up into the mountain and there had a vision of the "God of Israel," certain by a symbolic vision, a show of kindness, unlike that of terror at Sinai. This done, their long probation begun, the train of events to terminate in the incarnation of Christ.

The second Sunday of the quarter brings us to the first great apostasy, only forty days after the covenant. It is that apostasy Aaron was a participant; he took the golden ornaments and fashioned the golden calf, and they danced around it with the foolish notion that they were worshiping their God. It was a result of the force of habit. For 400 years they had been slaves to idolatrous customs, a people who worshiped the "Sacred Bull, Aphis," and when Moses was long absent the old idolatrous feeling returned. Many generations passed before the Hebrews were entirely purged of this idolatrous taint. Again and again they were scourged, again and again did God bring them into bondage to their enemies; yet their Jeroboam again led them into idolatry, and Jeroboam finally completed the division of their nation by setting up a golden calf. But the cure was thorough at the last. Idolatry was so thoroughly driven from the Jewish mind that all the power of Rome could not tempt them to admit the images of heathen gods into their public places. Moses, at God's command, no doubt, inflicted on them a terrible punishment.

In the third lesson Moses receives a remarkable assurance of the renewal of God's favor and a promise of His continued presence. The next lesson gives a pleasing illustration of the people's willingness to serve God. They give their choicest possessions as free gifts for the tabernacle. Of this giving the text of Ex. xxxv, 20-29, informs us that it was prompt, willing, even enthusiastic; that it was abundant and according to each one's ability. The last lesson for July (Ex. xl, 1-16) gives the final arrangement of the tabernacle and directions to the priests. Just a year had elapsed since the Israelites left Egypt, and their first anniversary was celebrated by the building of the tabernacle. It was their "national" day, their day of deliverance, their religious festival and their day of prayer and reconciliation. It was not only all to them that the Fourth of July is to us, but all that Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's are and all that the memorial days of various orders and demonstrations are to their members. It was all this, because in Israel government and religion were in one, patriotism and piety flowed in the same channel, and God was their King. Hence idolatry was not merely a sin as with us—it was the deadliest treason, and like other forms of treason was most justly punished with death. In the Holy of Holies was placed the "Ark of the Testimony," an oblong chest which held the two tables of stone, a pot of manna and Aaron's rod that budded. The cover was covered with precious stones, and in the center the two wonderful cherubim with wings outspread towards each other over the Mercy Seat, the top of the ark. The symbolic force and beauty of all this is sublime. Over this ark, over the Mercy Seat, rested the glory of the Lord, here was His visible presence, as far as He deigned to manifest Himself, and here He communicated with the High Priest who entered the Holy of Holies once a year with the blood of atonement and the golden censer. The Lord had before spoken out of the mount; henceforth He called into Moses and spoke unto him out of the Tabernacle of the congregation. Henceforth He was to speak often as the God of grace calling to the Mercy Seat.

In the next lesson (Lev. 1, 1-9) we find the directions for burnt offerings; and in the next an exposition of the symbolical and great lesson that "without the shedding of blood is no remission." A sinful priest cannot make atonement for a sinful people; so the first atonement was for the high priest himself. After the atonement, the institution of the priesthood and the removal of moral and ceremonial uncleanness, naturally comes the Feast of Tabernacles, which was studied in the lesson for August 19 (Lev. xxiii, 31-44); and having completed the ecclesiastical organization, the narrative at this point suddenly changes, and through the book of Numbers is historical and statistical. 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