



Manchester Enterprise

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MANCHESTER, CHELSEA, SALINE, CLINTON, Marshall, Brooklyn, Napoleon, Grass Lake, and all adjoining country.

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Subscription: \$1.50 a Year in Advance. If not paid in advance, \$2.00. One copy, six months, 75 cents; three months, 45 cents; one month, 15 cents.

Societies.

AMICANT ORDER UNITED WORKMEN meet at the hall, over Geo. J. Hauser's Drug store, on second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month. C. GORDAN, Sec'y.

MANCHESTER TRUST, No. 141, Knights of the Maccabees meet at their rooms over Geo. J. Hauser's store, the second Friday in each month. Visiting knights are invited to attend. C. W. BARNES, Sec'y.

ADONIRAM C. UNION, No. 24, R. & S. M. assemble at Masonic Hall, Tuesday evening after each full moon. All visiting companions are invited to attend. D. J. DUNN, T. I. M. M. M. D. BLOESSER, Recorder.

MERIDIAN CHAPTER, No. 48, R. & S. M. meet at Masonic Hall, on Wednesday evening of each month. Visiting companions are cordially welcomed. C. W. BARNES, T. I. M. M. D. VAN DUSEN, Secretary.

COMPTON POST, No. 32, G. A. R., meet at and third Tuesday evenings of each month at the hall over Hauser's store. Visiting comrades invited to attend. H. L. HOSE, Adm. A. A. STRINGHAM, Com.

MANCHESTER LODGE, No. 142, F. & A. M., meet at Masonic Hall, over Hauser's store, Monday evenings, on or before each full moon. Visiting brothers are invited to attend. K. S. ROOS, Sec'y. J. F. MERTZ, W. M.

GERMAN WORKINGMEN'S AID SOCIETY meet on the first Monday evening of each month. FRED. KUNAS, Sec'y.

Business Cards.

A. C. TAYLOR, M. D. Office at residence on A. and Arbor streets, Manchester. Calls by day and night will receive prompt attention.

J. D. COBURN, Conveyancer and Notary Public. Collections, and all other business left to him will receive prompt attention. Farm and village property for sale.

GOODYEAR HOUSE BARBER SHOP, J. J. BRIEGLER, Proprietor. Shaving, Haircutting, Shampooing, etc., Neatly Executed.

JOHN W. PATCHER, Attorney at Law. Office over Robson & Keeble's Clothing Store.

B. F. RETALD, Licensed—AUCTIONEER! Tecumseh, Mich. Sales in villages or country will be promptly attended to. Office at the Enterprise office, Manchester.

LAURA GREEN, Proprietor of the only Photograph Gallery in Manchester. Photographs of all sizes and latest styles. Gem etc., at the lowest prices.

F. A. KOTTZ, Manchester, Mich., Surgeon Dentist. All dental operations done promptly. Gas or Vitalized Air administered for painless operations. Gold filling, Crowns and Bridges work a specialty. Gold aluminum, Waxed metal and rubber plates guaranteed to fit. Office over Macomber Bros. store, at Dr. White's office in Clinton street Wednesday.

S. HARBESTLER, Manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of CEMETERY and BUILDING WORK. A specialty of Granite :: Monuments! A large and complete stock of finished monuments and tablets always on hand. Commemorative by mail will receive prompt attention. Works on Chicago Street, CLINTON, and Railroad Street, Tecumseh.

DRINK Beckley's Bottling Works Lager, Ales and Porter, Pure and Wholesome. ADAM UEBICH, TOLEDO, OHIO.

C. LEHR & CO., Dealers in Groceries! PROVISIONS, Canned Goods, Crockery, Boots and Shoes, Wall Paper, Woods, Willow, Tin and HARDWARE! Falate and Oils, Pumps, etc. Come and See Us! The Cheapest Store in town.

DON'T FAIL TO CALL and see our line of CARDS! We have beauties in fringe—lovely new patterns—the London Photograph Cards. the richest and newest cards in the market, all of which we will sell at Reduced Prices, at the Enterprise Steam Printing Office.

ALLEN GRAY;

The Mystery of Turley's Point.

Being a Few Romantic Chapters From the Life of a Country Editor.

BY JOHN S. BARNES, AUTHOR OF "WALTER BROWNFIELD," "HELEN LAKEMAN," "BANKER OF BEDFORD," AND OTHER STORIES. [Copyrighted, 1888, by the A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Company.]

CHAPTER I. THE FIRST ISSUE. In the midst of those verdure-crowned hills on the banks of the Middle river, nestled among the dales and forests, like a timid thing wishing to hide from the busy world, is a small village, which, for sake of convenience, we will call Turley's Point. It is a river town, and yet the river can scarce be seen from its streets; and many times the boats which still occasionally ply that muddy stream pass by without catching a glimpse of the dull, sleepy little hamlet. The town is in a valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, with just a narrow, oblique opening between two ridges, revealing some bosom of the river to view, and is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides by the village, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and from the spots the noise of the quiet can be heard, accompanied by the rapping of the woodpecker, just as they were a century before the foot of the white man trod their sacred haunts.

Turley's Point was in a state of helpless decay. Long before the days of railroad, it being a steamboat landing, and had become a place of desolation, and had grown and thrived, but when the railway began to usurp and absorb river navigation, Bentonville, a rival town eight or ten miles below, having secured one of the modern highways of the traffic, and at once became a place of business interest, the latter place adopted various means to rouse the drooping energies of the Point, but their most herculean efforts could not generate a spark of life, and all was going down, and unless something was done to revive its business interests it was only a question of when the village would be entirely deserted.

"We must advertise," they said, and an ambitious politician and property owner, once declared. The question of advertising was given serious consideration by the leading citizens of this moribund village. After mature deliberation it was decided that Turley's Point was in need of a revival of the *Bo-tonville Gazette*, Tom Simmons was appointed one of a committee of five to find a suitable person to manage such an institution, and in a few weeks reported that by making some donations to the enterprise, he could secure a paper with some experience and capital, who was willing to undertake the precarious business of establishing a paper at Turley's Point.

Early one summer morning one of those lonely steams, which at that time occasionally plied the Missouri, like the ghost of its former glory, sounded the whistle and rang the bell when opposite the Point, and gracefully swung into the landing. The stage-plank was thrown out, and a young man about four and twenty years of age, with a neatly combed hair and a pair of spectacles, stepped ashore. It was Mr. Allen Gray, the prospective editor of the new paper. It was not for lack of home talent that an editor had been imported to Turley's Point. The village was not without its literary aspirants. There was Tom Barnes, the poet, essayist, novelist and general "literary," and many other capable of managing a weekly newspaper; but as neither of these persons possessed the required capital, it was necessary to find some one else.

Allen Gray had some experience as a newspaper man. At the time he came in contact with Tom Simmons, he was looking about for a suitable location to publish a weekly newspaper. This was his first visit to Turley's Point, and he was bringing with him a stock of type and boxes of paper and all the manifold paraphernalia of a country printing office with him. Tom Simmons was at the landing to meet the new editor, who was to revive Turley's Point and bring to the printing press the presses, fonts of type and boxes of paper, and the new editor was carrying with him a stock of type and boxes of paper. Tom had taken the new editor's arm and was conducting him up the ascent to the village, all the while commenting on the golden opportunities that awaited the new enterprise.

To Allen the prospect seemed any thing but encouraging; but he was young and full of hope, and determined to make a vigorous battle for a position in the Western world. "This is your office," said the rollicking Mr. Simmons, as they passed in front of an old, dilapidated building, which had at one time been used as a general store. "There is plenty of room here for your presses and every thing. This is the best spot you can get, but when your business grows, you can build an office to suit it."

By this time the news had spread all over the village that the new editor had arrived, and the little town, for the first time in years, took on something like animation. Tom Barnes hastened to the building to see what was the newspaper office, for an introduction, and as soon as it was possible for him to do so, secretly informed the new publisher that he was a poet, and would have one of his effusions in the very first issue of the paper. Tom Barnes hadn't been in the thrill of horror which an older editor would at coming in contact with a local poet. Then Miss Leathy Hopkins, the ancient maiden, was next to seek an introduction, and assured the new publisher with the fact that she was a versifier. She wrote stories, "poems in rhyme or blank verse," tragedies, comedies, plays, and, in fact, every thing from an epistle to a humorous paragraph. Miss Hopkins devoted her leisure hours, when not engaged in her usual work, to teaching the village school. She was tall and slender, her nose was on the Hebrew plan, her small eyes seemed to glare triumphantly through her spectacles, and she surrounded the new editor with her multitudinous accomplishments.

Nothing could be done that day except get the press and material into the building, which was to serve as office, press-room, composing-room and general storage and waiting-room. A table at the front entrance was to serve as the editor's desk, and he had three chairs and one bench de-

signed him by the good citizens. That afternoon several of those persons who had devoted sums to the new enterprise met the editor in his office to discuss the future of the proposed publication. "The first thing to be decided on is a name," said Tom Barnes, familiarly seating himself on a table, and leaning back in a chair. "I have a name to propose," said Toney. "Call it the *Rebulet*." "Though he tried to gravely consider all advice, the new proprietor smiled. The name would certainly not be a telling one, but Tom Simmons, who had political ambitions, said: "That won't do, Toney; let's call it *Turley's Point Republican*." "No, no," interposed Mr. Strong, another capitalist, who had donated fifteen dollars to the concern: "that'll not do at all. Better not give it a name that'll indicate a political paper. This is to be an independent organ, for the upbuilding of *Turley's Point*, and we must be very keeplful what name we give it."

"What do you suggest, George?" asked Simmons. "The *Star* of *Turley's Point*." "Or the *Turley's Point Star* would be more euphonious," put in the poet. "Neither of those are suitable," said the new publisher. "Call it *Turley's Point Express* then," suggested Strong. Objections, however, were found to that. Then Mr. Simmons, whose ambition soared out beyond the narrow confines of *Turley's Point*, suggested that some broader name should be chosen. "Don't have *Turley's Point* in it at all," he said. "Call it by some name that'll go all over the West, and bring in glory to *Turley's Point*." This seemed sensible, and a hundred inapplicable titles were at once suggested, but almost instantly discarded. At last the new editor was appealed to as the proper person to name the paper, it being his own. "If you want a general name, one euphonious, and at the same time dignified and sweeping, call it the *'Western Republic*," he said. The name seemed to suit every one. Tom Barnes thought it sufficiently poetical; Miss Hopkins, who was present, declared it romantic; it was sufficiently broad for the expanding ambition of Mr. Simmons, and practical enough to suit the capitalist Strong, therefore the *Western Republic* was agreed upon. Allen selected from the large display of wood type on hand, the best of the old-fashioned, for the foreman, the Hatchett, and printers' devil, Toby Smith, he proceeded to put the office in shape. The villagers crowded in the room and about the windows to gaze in astonishment at the imposing stones, and the editor felt the hands and feet of the foreman, wondering what was going to be done with all them things."

Next day every thing was in shape ready for business. The editor had clipped some appropriate articles from the *Congress*, which he had induced the publishers to send him in advance, and the foreman was putting them in type. Toby, the apprentice, was standing on a box in order to be high enough to reach the case, with a stick in his hand, trying to acquire the art of putting the matter in type. The printer was doing all sorts of odd things which only a beginner at printing can. Allen Gray was writing his salutatory, a task not so easy as it may seem. The manner in which a new editor introduces himself to the public is very important. If he pleases public fancy, success is assured; but if he fails to do this, he might have to struggle for weeks to overcome the bad impression his introduction to the public made. The opening address is always read with a great deal of care. In it the editor makes his pledges to his readers, and the average reader seems more anxious to know what those pledges are than to see that they are kept. "Well, you've got started," said Mr. Simmons, entering the office just as the new editor had his delicate task fairly under way. "I just dropped in here because I knew you were alone, and thought it would be well to give you a little advice. I know more about this place than you do, by a blamed sight. That's all—flummy-diddle what Strong said yesterday against this being a political paper. The Republicans have a majority in this country, and Strong is a Democrat, and can well afford to say the paper shouldn't be political. Pitch right into politics, say I. As now while I'm on this pint, Mr. Gray, I've got a secret to tell you—though you must keep it to yourself. "I'm going to run for the Legislature next election, and of course I expect my next paper to support me. I wouldn't give a cent for it, if I hadn't been sure of it."

Allen assured the ambitious politician that there was plenty of time to consider the matter, and every thing being equal, the *Western Republic* would favor a home man. "Be sure to fight the rings; we've got plenty of 'em; and we brought you here to fight 'em," said Simmons, and the editor, who was not a mysterious whisper, he added: "There's another thing I wanted to mention to you. You've noticed that old rock house on the hill, didn't you?" "Yes," answered the new editor, now remembering the chateau or castle-like building which stood silent and apparently deserted on a hill about three-fourths of a mile from town. "Well, you've got started!"

For the moment he had forgotten his salutatory, and was sitting with his hand bowed on his head, when Mr. George Strong suddenly entered the office, and unceremoniously seating himself opposite the editor, said: "I'm very glad I've found you alone; I want to give you a hint or two. You're a young man, and though you may know good deal of the world, you don't know nuthin' of *Turley's Point*." "What do you mean by that?" asked the editor. "Well, isn't that correct?" "No, it's not. If you don't know how to spell you'd better get your run on a newspaper. I looked at a label which came on one of my boxes from St. Louis, and eggs with two 'g's' said the backwoods merchant. "That ain't no correct!" "The label was wrong; here is the way Webster spells it." And Allen turned to his dictionary. The grocer stood scratching his head and swore that either Webster or the man who made out the label was wrong. "That ain't no neither, the ad's wrong," he added. "In what respect? Let me see the advertisement," said Allen, almost out of patience. He took the paper and read: "*The highest price paid for eggs, butter, and poultry of all kinds, by the *Western Republic*. What is wrong about that?" "I don't want no poultry." "You certainly said so."*

"I just wanted to buy chickens." "Well, are you not a chicken politer?" "No, it means goose an' ducks an' turkeys an' pigeons. I only want chickens. Besides, you had the ad way down there in a corner where we can't see it. Can't you put it in the center of the page?" "That's what I'm going to do," said the editor, "but I will change it next week to suit you, and send you a proof of it; your ad shall have a good position." It would be difficult to say whether Allen was most amused or disgusted at the ignorance of some of the backwoods business men. Ere long he thought he began to see some of the causes of the downfall of *Turley's Point*.

Again the editor was busy with his article, when the door opened once more, and an old man, wearing a broad-brimmed hat, entered the office. "Why didn't you get in that piece about my boy killin' the rat rattlesnake?" he asked, somewhat viciously. "It was unavoidably crowded out," said Allen, without looking at him. "Send in your communications earlier in the week." "Crowded out! that snako snake who a whopper!" cried the irate old man. "If yer gwine to 'low important items like that to slip, an' fill up yer paper with cookin' receipts, and all that kind of trash, an' the old gentleman in no very amiable mood, turned about and left the office." It is not a very great exaggeration to say that by evening on Monday after the first issue of the *Western Republic*, the editor felt his mind inclined to commit suicide. After a few days he learned not to worry at the follies of some people, and besides, those who annoyed him most were greatly in the minority. By catering to the vanity of the few who are anxious to have their names in print, he preserved their favor, and did not injure his circulation. Those who were offended at being forgotten became good natured on being remembered.

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"You're a little too early for that. It would certainly endanger your cause." "D'y'e think it raley would?" "I know it." "Then don't by any means hint such a thing. I'm promising to act fair in the future; he disposed of the politician for the time being. But he was scarcely gone before Mr. George Strong entered to caution him not to be too intimate with Tom Simmons. "He's got no standin' here, an' all ruin yer business," said Mr. Strong. "He's a Democrat, an' it's a good bit off yet, but next election 'er 'bout made up my mind to run for shery on the Democratic ticket. I expect the *Western Republic* to support me."

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When Strong was gone, Toney Barnes, who had been walking back and forth in front of the office window, casting anxious looks inside for the last half hour, entered. "Well, what is it?" Allen asked, fearing another volley of MS. "Wasn't that an awf'ul piece Miss Hopkins had in the paper; wasn't it awf'ul?" "Oh, it was pretty fair." "D'y'e think so? Well, that may do, but I'd advise you to have nothing to do with Miss Hopkins' writings. She can't write any thing that will be acceptable to the public. If you want essays or stories, I'll write 'em for you; but she will be sure to ruin the paper."

Next day, as Allen was in the midst of news items concerning the wreck of a steamer, he was aware of some one entering the office, and discovered Miss Hopkins, the old maid school teacher, and Toney's rival as a poet. "I just thought I would call in, Mr. Gray," she said, smiling carefully, lest she should be supposed to quarrel with her Democratic friend. "Mr. Barnes is your last issue, and I concluded that if you was such a strain for poetry I would bring you some myself." The editor felt bad; he agreed her that he really had no occasion for poetry, but some-times inserted a few lines if the verses were never seen again.

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you amuse the boys, you frighten the cat, But you can't art dead, poor bat. Lying on the floor. None make your abroad None shed a tear. Unfortunate bat, Over your pier. "No tears be shed at this sad tale, So by its wings upon this wall I'll hang it. Only a bat, Hang on the wall, For folks to look at, And that's all."

This poetic effusion had the merit of brevity, and the editor thought he might have room for it. "I think I will soon begin a serial story in the *Western Republic*," said Miss Hopkins. Suppressing a groan, the editor asked her the title. "The Ghost of the Rock House on the Hill-Top."

The answer brought to the mind of the editor the mysterious house on the hill, and he asked Miss Hopkins if she knew any thing of the people who inhabited it. "Not much," she answered; "they've been there some months, and no one knows their names. Some say that the man is a

"I am pressed for time, Mr. Barnes," pleaded the editor. "Leave it and let me read it at my leisure." "Oh, no, it will not take long," replied Toney, with a commanding smile. "But you don't intend reading all that to me?" "It won't take long." "My time is very precious now. E're hour I lose this morning must be taken from my sleep to-night."

It was useless to expostulate. A country editor can not, like the city editor, send a clerk or office boy to take on the subject's author, unless the author read it himself. He usually is so unfortunate as to be acquainted with the literary aspirant, and escape from a personal interview is impossible. Toney Barnes was certain the editor would not discover the beauty in his poetry unless the author read it himself, and so he said the proper eulogiarious embellishments. It was no use to argue that he could not read it to every body, and that newspaper poetry is to be read and not heard; he was determined, and Allen was forced to listen long and fast.

"There are several pieces here," said the poet, with a cruel smile. "Let me see which I will read first." Allen had no choice, and at last the author seemed to have found one that suited for a beginning, and, spreading it out on his knee, said: "I will now read you something on spring."

A spring poem usually makes the experienced editor despatch. Country editors, especially, have a horror of spring poetry. They like all other poets having no regard for other people's nerves, began: "Those beautiful, sunny days have come, The gladiest of the year, When the sun is shining down on the earth With wild abundant cheer. Remain on lovely days, remain With all your piteous pains, And your piteous pains and cautions, And some birds never cease." "How do you like that?" asked Toney, with a triumphant smile.

Determined to assert his right as a critic, Allen rubbed hisaching brow for a moment and answered: "It seems to me, Mr. Barnes, that you might be charged with plagiarism in those lines." "Where?" "When you say: "Those beautiful sunny days have come, The gladiest of the year." One can not help thinking of the familiar lines: "The melancholy days have come, The sadness of the year." "What other place?" asked Toney, his face growing very red.

"Remain on lovely days, remain," might be thought by some to have been stolen from Burns' "How do you like that, return." "But it's not, sir," interrupted Toney. "I am the author of those verses myself, and waits and nobody else can claim 'em." "Watts is not likely to trouble himself about it, but you know, Mr. Barnes, that poets must avoid any thing that savors of plagiarism." "I guess you are right," said the poet, feeling that he was a persecuted man. "There is another point where the critics might attack you," said Allen. "Where?" asked Toney, beginning to shrink himself. "In the next to the last line there is an incongruous association of roses and cauliflowerers."

"It is a blending of the beautiful and practical." "Roses are beautiful and cabbage useful, it is true, but there seems to be an incongruity in their association that might subject you to criticism. Besides, one blooms in the spring, and the other usually matures in autumn." "Well, if you think that piece won't do, I'll read you one on the brooklet," said the author. There was no escape, and Allen told him to proceed.

"Laughing, bubbling bright and clear, Gushing, dimpling little brook, Gurgling, murmuring, and to hear, How you tamps me from my heels: Dealing, speckling, and hoar'd of spring, Slipping, tumbling, still you go, Laughing, bubbling, gushing, dashing, Flashing, whispering, gurgling, splashing, Gurgling, murmuring, and still you go." "How do you like that?" the poet asked, giving the editor a precarious look. "That's better." "D'y'e really think so?" "Yes—decidedly." "Well, suppose you use that?" "Very well," said, without further reading.

"How long have these people lived here, Toby?" "It's only been a few months since they come back the last time. They want to be made to do with an' 'em, an' don't hev nothin' to do with 'em."

"Where did they come from?" "No 'un knows. The house had been vacant, except two old people stayed there and kinder talk keer of it. The man was cross an' wouldn't talk nuthin' but French, an' the old woman was deaf and dumb. The boys used to try to get in the orchard, but the old feller come out with a gun an' swore in furlen language at 'em, an' skored 'em so bad they wouldn't get nigh it. Then the boys got in the house 'n' built it up."

"What were they?" "Well, Tommy Miles said he hoped he might drop dead if 'twasn't so. He was comin' home through the woods one night, an' thought he'd risk comin' by the rock house. When he got nigh it, he heard a awful scream, just like some one was bein' killed, an' every winder in the house was a great blow o' light. He said he'd swear he was a woman standin' at a winder with wings flin' ready to fly when some 'un pulled her back. She said she'd been there three or four night an' saw the binds an' curtains all alike like, an' people flyin' around the ceiling."

"Who is this man Dubois?" "He's a queer feller who lives out in the country on a farm." "Does he drink?" "Like a fish." "I guess he had been drinking that day,

which accounts for his seeing the wonderful sights at the old house." "He says 'twas spirits," said Toby. "Doubtless it was; but the spirits be drank before leaving town." "That's others," said Mr. Gray, returned Toby, after a few moments' pause. "There is some deep mystery about the house and people who live there, but when one understand it you will find nothing supernatural about it. Why do people here object to talking about that old house on the hill?" "Cos it's haunted," said Toby, with a shudder. "An' it drives people away from the Point. E're body says if it hadn't a been fur that old house on the hill we'd a had a boom here long ago."

Allen dismissed Toby for the day, locked the office and went to his boarding-house, his mind full of the strange mystery of which he could learn so little. Next day Toney Barnes entered with a smile on his face, and a bundle of manuscript under his arm. With an air of triumph, he said: "Just let me read you what I've got here." "I am pressed for time, Mr. Barnes," pleaded the editor. "Leave it and let me read it at my leisure." "Oh, no, it will not take long," replied Toney, with a commanding smile. "But

John Logan is recovering from his injuries and is able to walk out.

Patrick Riley, of Ypsilanti, will get a pension.

Ann Arbor sends more people to the Detroit mills than any other town in the state.

It has often been said that Michael J. Lehman, of Chelsea, has the hardest row to hoe of any democrat on the county ticket.

The democratic mass meeting at Ann Arbor, yesterday, was a perfect success.

We were thoroughly know a man up until he was laid out.

Originality is the faculty of adapting an old idea to a new occasion.

When a man ventures an opinion he finds someone who opposes it.

Simon Whelan, of Tipton, will draw a pension now.

On Monday evening next, Hon. J. K. Bates, of Hudson, will address the republicans at the town hall.

An Adrian driver discourses on the subject of cards and card playing, last Saturday evening.

At Tecumseh Halloween was observed by the team of homes from burning to death.

The committee of 15 men selected to circulate a subscription for a new machine to assist the Adrian straw goods company.

An amateur cyclone struck Sand Lake Saturday evening about six o'clock, and made things rather unquiet on the cottage and hotels.

There was a slim attendance on account of the rain, therefore they did not sell much property.

A young girl named Mabel Swartz, living in the family of Dr. H. Rice at Warsaw corners, had the misfortune to run the point of a needle in her left limb.

Mr. Hill Keller, of Denver, Col., came here yesterday to visit her parents, Mr. Hanke, for a few weeks.

Adolph Kappler is quite sick.

Frank Smith and Mr. Kappler each raised pigs in front of their residences within the past week.

No wonder that James Douglas smiles until his face wrinkles in merriment, he was married to a Jackson lady of color, last Saturday.

The Sharon mills are now in better order for doing good custom work than ever before.

New York state, visited her sister, Mrs. J. R. Holmes, the past week.

The social club will meet at the residence of Mrs. R. T. Van Valkenburg, Friday evening, November 9th.

Owing to the rain on Saturday night, the meeting of the Women's Foreign Mission Society was postponed to Sunday morning next, at the usual hour for preaching.

J. R. Holmes, J. H. Nelson and B. F. Mattson were elected delegates to the River Raisin quarterly meeting, to be held next Saturday and Sunday with the Bedford church.

Hon. L. H. Salisbury, of Adrian, will tell what he knows about the tariff at town hall, on Saturday evening.

A town hall was crammed full of people to hear John W. McGrath, the ex-congressman of labor, talk on the tariff issue, last Monday evening.

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