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Manchester Enterprise
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Rates Made Known on Application.
Subscription \$2.50 a Year in Advance.
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Societies.
AQUINOT UNITED WORKMEN
MANCHESTER TENT, No. 141, Knights of the Maccabees meet at their rooms over the J. H. H. building, second Friday of each month. Visiting knights are invited to attend.
MANCHESTER COUNCIL, No. 24, R. & S. M. meets at Masonic Hall, Tuesday evening, once each week. All visiting companions are invited to attend.
MIDLAND CHAPTER, No. 48, R. & S. M. meets at Masonic Hall on Wednesday evening, once each week. All visiting companions are invited to attend.
COUNCIL OF POSTS, No. 32, R. & S. M. meets at the hall over Hamilton's store, visiting companions invited to attend.
MANCHESTER LODGE, No. 144, F. & A. M. meets at Masonic Hall over Macomber Bros. store, Monday evening, once each week. Visiting brethren are invited to attend.
G. O. W. MEETINGS, No. 144, F. & A. M. meets at Masonic Hall over Macomber Bros. store, Monday evening, once each week. Visiting brethren are invited to attend.

Business Cards.
PEOPLE'S BANK
OF MANCHESTER
Organized under State Law.
Capital, \$50,000
Transacts a General Banking Business.
L. D. WATKINS, President.
J. D. COBEY, Vice Pres.
C. W. GARDNER, Cashier.

Attorney at Law.
Office over Robinson & Keroc's Clothing Store.
GOODYEAR HOUSE BARBER SHOP.
J. J. BRIGGLE, Proprietor.
Shaving, Haircutting, Shampooing, &c., Neatly Executed.
LAURA GREEN, Proprietor of the only Photograph Gallery in Manchester.
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F. A. KOTTS, Surgeon Dentist.
F. MARSTELLER, Chemist and Building Work.
Granite Monuments.
A NEW LINE Of Imported JAPANESE CRAPE NAPKINS.
Enterprise Office.

THE "MINE JUMPER."

The Little Christabel mine in Colorado long ago went through a process vulgarly called "pestering out." It is now a mere hole in the ground. The half dozen shafts and cables net it have long ago fallen into disrepair. Their roofs have caved in, and it is years since the gale in which their mine was the habitations of man. The entire gulch is deserted now, and the Little Christabel is only a memory to those who once shared in the prosperity it once brought to Fairplay gulch.

A long, narrow pile of decaying logs and parts of a "climber" road mark the spot where the boarding house was. There are still living many of the men who once gathered around the long, rough pine table that ran the full length of the cabin. One of them told me the story of Miss Millicent.

Miss Millicent Hay was the only woman ever seen at the Little Christabel mine. When Harley Vance, the owner of the mine, advertised in a Denver paper for a cook for his boarding house, Miss Millicent answered the advertisement in person.

She came walking up the gulch, leading by her hand a small black and white dog and a small black and white cat. She was dressed in a simple, plain dress, and she had a look of earnestness about her. She was a small, but well-proportioned woman, with a good deal of intelligence in her eyes. She was a native of the West, and she had a good deal of experience in the management of a household.

"AFTER DINNER WALK A MILE."

The Time When We Eat, However, Makes Some Difference.
"After dinner sit awhile, after supper walk a mile." That was suitable advice for the "good old times" when dinner was taken at noon. The wise man changes his mind, and our habits, too, have changed. We are now in the habit of eating at six, and our walks are now in the evening.

"I feel sure it is a strange law," the engineer was saying. "He changes his name 'Doc' every time he goes to a new place." "Grigson" said, "I feel sure it is a strange law, but I don't know why it is so. I have heard of it many times, but I never saw it myself."

"I don't know why it is so," the engineer said. "I have heard of it many times, but I never saw it myself." "I don't know why it is so," the engineer said. "I have heard of it many times, but I never saw it myself." "I don't know why it is so," the engineer said. "I have heard of it many times, but I never saw it myself."

AN OLD RIVER SPORT.

George Devol, a Once Famous Gambler on the Mississippi Steamboats.
A representative of a generation fast dying out was in Memphis the other day. It is a generation of men that flourished and decayed with the steamboat interest on the southwest rivers, and though not commendable from the moralist's point of view, they were an interesting part of life from Cincinnati to New Orleans.

"Everybody gambled," he said, "I was in the office, and all had stuff to lose. I handled every sort of tools them days—monte, faro, roulette, short cards and everything you wanted to bet on. I had the 'privilege' on all the big boats running over the river, and it was a good deal of money."

"I've been out and slashed and shot all over, but I'm here yet, you see. Look at that gam on my throat; that wrist shot all to fingers; and there's plenty more signs of the work. I've been out and slashed and shot all over, but I'm here yet, you see. Look at that gam on my throat; that wrist shot all to fingers; and there's plenty more signs of the work."

JUDASES IN MEXICO.

A Sort of Fireworks Which the Mexicans Shoot Off on Special Occasions.
The Judases are manifold as regards both form and material. There are scores of small little devils made of clay and painted, spidery of suggestion, being perhaps an inch long, but complete in make up, with tail and horns. These are sold from one half cent to one and a half cents each, and they are worn dangling from button or buttonhole. Then there are monkey shaped trifles, made of silken or woolen stuff, which are swung by scores in festoons in the shop windows, and hawked about the streets for a medio or a real, 60 or 120 cents each.

Good Friday night in Mexico, if one visit the churches, is apt to inspire somewhat of a solemn thought. It is the most frivolous, though it may be only through the impression of the services. But Saturday morning! Ah! Sabado de Gloria! Saturday of glory! Then it is that the Judases are fired—no slang; the term is literal. The youngsters set off their little "one horse" Judases, and on the street corners and in front of the most enterprising pulque shops—for the pulque is an excellent device for advertising—the large ones are suspended from ropes stretched from side to side of the thoroughfare and touched off amid general acclamation. They whizz and hiss and sputter, twirling on their ropes, until the fire reaches the fuse of the rockets which compose their internal economy, and then they bang! pop! away goes a fusillade of young artillery, and the crowd shrieks and yells and goes to plunk down their last piece of pulque.

The large Judases are less well made in Mexico than in the interior, where, also, the people have a naive way of giving to the face the semblance of a hated Gachupin (cant term for Spaniard) or some other unpopular personage. I remember a scene over—or under—a Judas—of the type of Manzanillo in my childhood, when the procession had already remained with me very strong and unpleasant. Those hot blooded, passionate cast people seem to regard the arch betrayer as a personal enemy, and his effigy as a living, sentient creature. While it hung in the air, whirling with the might of the forces engendered within it by its burning, they mocked it, they buffeted it, they spat upon it, they impaled it, they threw their last bits of positive contents burst it into fragments, they fell upon the pieces foot and nail, and bit and rent and tore them with a fury and ferocity that the thing's semblance to humanity made sickening. But the people of the plateau have been too long under the yoke of oppressors and the demerit, deadly dull grind on poetry to show so all America and France the man in screaming and in galling—City of Mexico Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

THE CRISIS AT WATERLOO.

All at once came the tragedy. To the left of the English and on our right, the head of the column of cuirassiers reared with a fearful roar. Arrived on the edge, with furious intent to the annihilation of the squares and cannon, the cuirassiers saw between them and the English a ditch—a grave. It was the sunken road of Obain. It was a frightful moment. There was the ravine, unlooked for, gaping, before their very horses' feet two fathoms deep between its banks. The second rank pushed in the first and the third pushed back, and the horses reared, their feet in the air, heaping up and overturning their riders. There was no power to retreat; the whole column was but a projectile, the momentum gathered to crush the English, crushed the French. The pitiless ravine still gaped till it was wide. Riders, horses, rolled together pell mell among the stones, making a clatter of metal in this gulf; and when the grave was full of living men, the rest rode on over them and passed on. Almost a third of Dubois' brigade plunged into this abyss.—World of Adventure.

Killed by a Moccasin's Bite.
About a month ago Curtis McBurney, an 8 year old child of William McBurney, colored, grabbed with his left hand at a fish in a pool which he and others had muddied, near Hawkinsville. As he did so a water moccasin, which had been unseen, struck its fangs into the fleshy part of his hand, between the thumb and forefinger. The child grabbed the snake with his right hand and tore it loose, but the snake instantly coiled around the left arm and inflicted several bites on it. The child's arm was treated by his parents, who applied to it such remedies as they could think of, but it steadily grew worse. They brought him to Hawkinsville to Dr. Taylor. The arm was dreadfully swollen, and the whole body seemed to be poisoned. Amputation was decided to be necessary, and the arm was taken off at the shoulder by Dr. Gus Taylor. The child rallied after the operation and bade fair to get well; but inflammation of the bowels set in, and he died.—Hawkinsville Dispatch.

The Dreaded Man with the Lantern.
"Of the greatest terrors in the old regions," says an old time operator, "is the man with the lantern. He has been the cause of more needless conflagrations among oil wells than any other thing, and has cost the region millions of dollars. He is usually an employe about the wells, and a fine intelligence, but he will persist in taking the chances in paying a visit now and then to some gas enveloped tank, carrying his lighted lantern with him. The result isn't always disastrous, but that isn't the fault of the man with the lantern. Usually an explosion results. If a lantern is fired does not follow the explosion the cause of a fire of this kind will not be quite certain at first, but it only needs a roll call of the employes of that particular property and the taking of an account of the tool house stock to ascertain the cause. There will be one employe short, and the number of lanterns will be less by one. Then it is known that the man who always disappears on occasions of this kind, and instances are rare when even a piece of his ear is ever found. But he is not dead.—The man with the lantern never dies in the oil regions. He will be sure to walk again long after he has disappeared, and will continue to walk at disastrous intervals as long as oil wells last.—Philadelphia Press.

TURKISH SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Turkish boys and girls are of the race which has given the world the sciences of numbers and navigation. They study only one book now and learn only one science. They study the Koran, from which they learn to read, and the science of Mahomet's religion, as soon as they can commit sentences to memory, either by having it read to them or by reading it to themselves. They study about as hard as ever they can, each beginning with a different sentence, reading to and fro, "weaving trouble" meantime. If they falter in their shrill repetitions the master's duty is first to admonish, and if this is unheeded, to spare not the rod. There is a lull when the "muezzin's call is heard at noon from the mosque minaret near by, and then the students and pupils, with faces turned toward Mecca, drop to their knees and say a prayer.

When the priest's call ceases and the prayers are over, the voice of the artful candy man is often opportunely heard near the school, for candy is peddled about on trays there, and not sold at shops as with us. The new scholar is permitted to "taste" all around on the first day, and these are "delicious" things, "Turkish delights"—pasty, creamy, crackly things made up from rose leaves, violets and poppies, nuts, dates, grapes and pomegranates, delicately mixed with honey, sugar, sirup and spice. Pure cold water after sweets is known by the most Turkish young and old to be the most delicious of luxuries, and for the school children, often carried to follow closely in the wake of the candy vender, anxious to lighten his burden and draw a profit, as well as spring water from the tanned skin of a pig, which he carries strapped to his shoulders like a bagpipe.—The Turkish water bucket.—Cor. Wide Awake.

MOHAMMEDAN SCHOOLSHIPS.

The greatest Mussulman educational center in northern Africa is the university at Garamou, in Morocco. The students number about 700 and there are forty professors. Work begins at half past 2 and 5 in the morning, according to the season. The first instruction consists of "taste" all around on the first day, and these are "delicious" things, "Turkish delights"—pasty, creamy, crackly things made up from rose leaves, violets and poppies, nuts, dates, grapes and pomegranates, delicately mixed with honey, sugar, sirup and spice. Pure cold water after sweets is known by the most Turkish young and old to be the most delicious of luxuries, and for the school children, often carried to follow closely in the wake of the candy vender, anxious to lighten his burden and draw a profit, as well as spring water from the tanned skin of a pig, which he carries strapped to his shoulders like a bagpipe.—The Turkish water bucket.—Cor. Wide Awake.

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OLD SAUL'S SHAKING HIS HEADS.

Old sailors shake their heads and look wise when the loss of the Boston schooner, George B. McFarland is mentioned. They have avoided her persistently and it has been almost impossible for her to ship a crew in Maine. Her ill luck is said to have been foretold by a Portland medium who announced just as the McFarland was finished, in 1869, that the spirit of Capt. Kidd was to sail a vessel about to be launched at Thomaston. Believers in the medium's knowledge of the ways while being launched and had to go into the dry dock for repairs before going to sea at all. Since then her record has been one of disaster.

Her first commander, Capt. Littleton Strong, got tired of partnership with the spirit of the renowned pirate or of something else, and gave up after two or three voyages. The vessel was successful. Capt. A. C. Strong came next, but the vessel showed a strange perversity in sailing into storms, and after numerous accidents was abandoned in mid-ocean. Somebody picked her up and carried her to Europe, and Capt. Strong tried it again. Two days out from Europe, when he was, she was wrecked by a sudden squall, and Capt. Strong, when passing along the deck, caught his foot in a rope, fell and broke his leg. She was refitted after her return to Maine, and Capt. Strong made a last trip in her, when she was wrecked again and burned as dangerous to navigation.—Lewiston Journal.

THE SECRETARY OF NAPOLEON III.

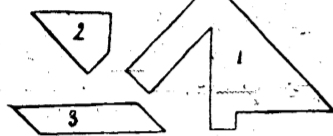
James Mortimer who, after holding the position of secretary to the Emperor Napoleon for many years, settled in London just before Sedan and established The London Figaro, is an American; that is to say, by birth, but he is just as much of a Frenchman as any American and more of an American than either, especially the latter, in appearance. He is a perfect terror to the plagiaristic playwright, for, however carefully his literary criminal may cover up his stolen plums with English conversation, Mortimer is sure to unmask them with his fearful memory, and label them "from a French" strengthening his assertion with date, circumstance and author.—Detroit Free Press.



No. 530.—Enigma in Rhyme. I'm heard in halls of festivity...

No. 531.—Word Square. A city of Anatoli, Asia Minor. 2. Gives vigor to 3. Young plants...

No. 532.—The Magic Octagon.



Upon a piece of cardboard draw The three designs below; I should have said of each shape four...

No. 533.—A Remarkable Journey. In a journey around the world I saw and heard many strange things...

No. 534.—Double Acrostic. My principal name a certain kind of puzzle, my final name riddles...

No. 535.—The Puzzling Pearls. A lady sent a case of pearls to be repaired by a jeweler...

No. 536.—Decapitations. 1. Decapitate a digest of laws and leave a lyric poem...

Key to the Puzzler. No. 530.—Metagram: Heart, earth, heart, bear, ear, art...

No. 532.—Curtain: Planet—plane—plant. No. 533.—Numerical Enigma: New York No. 534.—Rebus for Boys and Girls...

No. 535.—Numerical Enigma: New York No. 536.—Rebus for Boys and Girls: Boy and girl readers of the puzzle column should strive to do what they can't understand...

No. 537.—Charade: Sparrow hawk. No. 538.—Notes to Crack: 301 nuts. The least common multiple of 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 being 60...

The Highest Speed. According to The Engineer there is no properly recorded instance of a locomotive attaining a greater speed than eighty miles an hour...

Encouragement of Original Research.

If the scholar is to have his true place in our American life he must have his true home. It is too soon for us to expect that in a world so new as ours we can have those cloistered nooks which in other lands are at once the retreat of the student and his reward...

But we want space and place for men, who, whether as fellows or lecturers, shall, in connection with our universities, be free to pursue original investigation and to give themselves to profound study, untrammelled by the petty cares, the irksome round, the small anxieties, which are sooner or later the death of aspirations and fatal obstacles to inspiration...

Lulabrud Creek. Boone has recorded in his own quaint phraseology an incident of his life during this summer which shows how eagerly such a little band of frontiersmen read a book and how real its characters became to their mind...

The English Derby. In spite of oppositions of all kinds the Derby still holds its own, and is yet regarded as the foremost race of the year. There are, it is true, other contests of the "Frankenstein Monster" species, the winning of which brings in more money to the fortunate owner and these are therefore from a purely business point of view, more important than the Derby...

Antiquity of the Slot. Is there anything new under the sun? Now it has been discovered that the idea of the "drop a nickle in the slot boxes" is older than Christianity. In the Egyptian temples devices of this kind were used for automatically dispensing the purifying water...

Large Cats. "Cats twenty to twenty-five feet long," repeats an old story wearing gold rimmed spectacles, in a doubting tone of voice, as she sat in a Second Avenue car one day last week...

A Long Wet Spell. "Special umbrella makers to the queen," read Mrs. Phunnyman. "There it is again! Ridiculous! That's the way all prominent London merchants conclude their advertisements..."

SAMUEL'S LAST ADDRESS.

LESSON VI, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 11.

Text of the Lesson, I Sam. xii, 1-15—Comment 16 Memory Verses 14-15—Golden Text, I Sam. xii, 24—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

After the servant passed on leaving Saul and Samuel alone, Samuel took a vial of oil and anointed Saul captain over the Lord's inheritance, at the same time telling him of several events which would happen to him as he returned home...

"And Samuel said unto all Israel. The place of today's lesson is Gilgal, the first camping ground of Israel in the promised land, after they crossed the Jordan, where the twelve stones from Jordan were set up...

What Is the Moon? But when we look at the moon with our telescopes, do we see any tracks of water? There is, no doubt, many large districts which at a first glance seem like oceans, and were indeed termed "seas" by the old astronomers...

WANT COLUMN.

Advertisements in this column will be inserted for One Cent a Word, for each insertion. The full price must accompany the copy as we cannot afford to keep account of them.

IF YOU WANT

A Beautiful Birthday Card!

Plain or fringed, call at the ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

Bottling Works

MICHIGAN SOUTHERN BREWERY AND LAGER BEER!

By the Barrel, Keg, or Case. Extra Bot- tled Lager For Family Use.

J. KOCH, PROP. Traub & Mahle, General Agents.

One Dozen Drapion's Tourest's Taz! For attaching to Trunks, Baskets, Packages, &c.

With stout strings, ready to be on sent by mail on receipt of six 2c stamps, or sold at 2c.

Enterprise Office.

Bayard Taylor the night at a party was greatly bored by the persistent attempts of a guest to discuss sun-myths. No matter where the conversation strayed, this individual was sure to drag it back to sun-myths...

The Modern Waste of Health.

Our elaborate code of bylaws for the suppression of holiday recreations can still be circumvented by the resources of opulence, and the well known hopelessness of any other expedient has stimulated a race for wealth which does not hesitate to attain its object at any risk of social or sanitary consequences...

But when we look at the moon with our telescopes, do we see any tracks of water? There is, no doubt, many large districts which at a first glance seem like oceans, and were indeed termed "seas" by the old astronomers...

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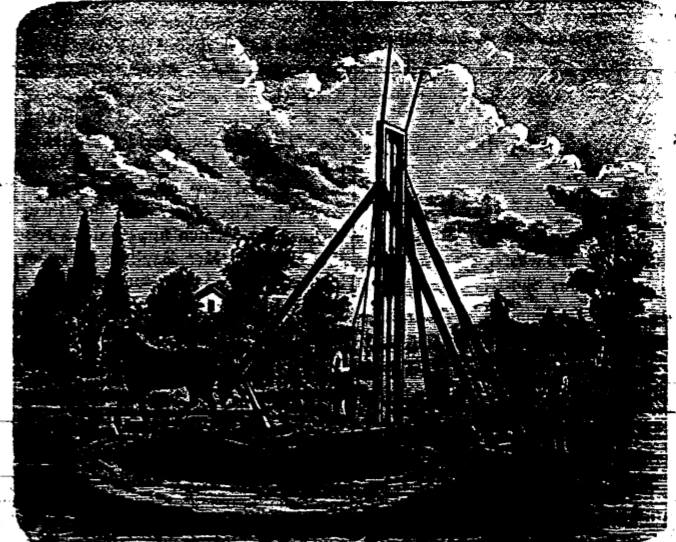
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NO WATER, NO PAY!

If you want a Good Well, call on CHARLES KREITNER, Manchester, dealer in



KALALAZOO TUBULAR WELLS REFERENCES—Frank Spaford, Henry Herman and Chas. Ooon, Manchester; Albert Perry, Sharon; Alasco Blitt, Norvell; John Fierbacker, Freedom.

ALL Wells Warranted.

TO CHEAP TO BE ECONOMIC.

THIS is true of a large percentage of the Clothing in these days. It's slightly superficially, attractive, looks well if You Don't LOOK DEEP, catches the inexperienced eye, but how many times you have felt like clubbing yourself for buying such stuff...

ROBISON & KOEBBE

IF YOU WILL NOT SELL YOUR CREAM, SAVE MONEY BY

Making GOOD Butter!

At home with the Buckeye Churn.

Don't pass me by if you want HARDWARE!

Or Tin Work done.

Get a GALE Plow!

Take Your Wheat to KINGSLEY'S ROLLER MILL

Fast—Manchester and have it exchanged for Hour J. H. KINGSLEY.

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS. FIGURES WONT LIE

We Boss the Market

WE MAKE THE PRICES. And we Sell the Goods.

BECAUSE We Lead, We Beat, We Undersell EVERYBODY!

Dry Goods and Notions Groceries and Crockery.

In Piles, Stacks and Cords. Give us a call and be Convinced. Bring us the Butter and Eggs and get the highest market price.

JOHN KENSLEK.



THE ITHACA ORGAN! HALLETT & DAVIS, STEINWAY AND

NEW ENGLAND PIANOS!

Every Style and Finish at the Lowest Cash Prices. If you want a Piano or Organ let me know as I can save you money.

Dr. G. F. KAPP, Manchester, Mich.

ATTENTION EVERYBODY! OLARK BROTHERS, Contractors and Builders

Are prepared to take contracts for building of all kinds With our new Steam Planing Mills

We are prepared to manufacture on short notice Sash, Mouldings, Etc.

Turning, Planing, Scroll Sawing, Etc.

First-Class Style Mills at Coe's Lumber Yard, near Lake Shore Depot.

Manchester, - Mich. WE HAVE A FINE ASSORTMENT

Blank Books!



of our own manufacture, such as Notes, Receipts, Township Orders, School Orders,

They are all neatly printed on good paper and substantially bound. We make them for the trade and sell them in quantities or at retail. We also make

TABLETS of various qualities and sizes, also Writing and Composition Books, and many other things in every day use by students and others.

CALL AND SEE SAMPLES at the Enterprise Steam Printing House

JUST RECEIVED A new lot and two sizes of Japanese Napkins!

of the latest designs and patterns, at the ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

LADIES' PEERLESS DYES Do Your Own Dyeing at Home. They will dye everything. They are sold every where. Price for a package. They have no equal for Staining, Bleaching, Amour, Fraying, or for Fastness of Color, or non-fading Qualities. They do not crack or stain; 40 colors. For sale by Lyons & Co. and F. K. Strickland.