



VOL. 22.—NO. 50.

MANCHESTER, MICH., THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1889.

WHOLE NO. 1142.

Manchester Enterprise

BY MAT D. BLOSSER.

Published Thursday Evening. Has a large circulation among Merchants, Mechanics, Manufacturers, Farmers and Families generally in the villages of MANCHESTER, CHELSEA, SALINE, CLINTON, Norvell, Brooklyn, Napoleon, Grass Lake, and all adjoining country.

Desirable Medium for Advertisers.

Rates Made Known on Application.
Subscription \$1.50 a Year in Advance.
If not paid in advance, \$2.00. One copy six months, 50 cents; three months, 35 cents; one month, 15 cents.

Societies.

ANCIENT ORDER UNITED WORKMEN meet in their hall, over Geo. J. Hummel's drug store, on second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month. D. E. HOOT, M. W. O. G. M., Moderator.

MANCHESTER TENT, No. 141, Knights of the Maccabees meet at their rooms over Geo. J. Hummel's store, the second Friday of each month. Visiting brethren are invited to attend. T. B. BAILEY, M. M. B. O. M. H. I. D., Com.

A DONORIAN CHURCH, No. 24, E. W. M. M. assemble at Masonic Hall, Tuesday evenings after each full moon. All visiting companions are invited to attend. D. VAN DYKE, T. L. M. M. M. D. Blosser, Moderator.

BERNARDIAN CHAPTER, No. 45, E. W. M. M. meet at Masonic Hall on Wednesday evenings or before each full moon. Companions cordially welcomed. C. W. GARDNER, T. L. M. M. M. D. Blosser, Secretary.

COMPTON POST, No. 352, E. W. M. M. meet first and third Tuesday evenings of each month at the hall over Hummel's store. Visiting companions are invited to attend. J. C. GARDNER, T. L. M. M. M. D. Blosser, Secy.

MANCHESTER LODGE, No. 145, F. & M. M. meet at Masonic Hall over Macomber's drug store, Monday evenings, or before each full moon. Visiting brethren are invited to attend. M. E. ROSE, Secy. J. F. BURNETT, T. L. M. M. M. D. Blosser, Secy.

GERMAN WORKINGMEN'S AID SOCIETY meet in their hall in the Academy Hill block, on the first Monday evening of each month. Visiting brethren are invited to attend. Wm. KIRKMAN, Secy. M. BURNETT, Pres.

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. COREY, Vice Pres't.
C. W. GARDNER, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:
L. D. Watkins, J. D. Corey,
Joseph Mc Mahon, Frank Speland,
Fred Vesperly, A. W. Freeman,
Jane Kinsley, S. F. Chapman.

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

J. D. COREY, Conveyancer and Notary Public in all jurisdictions, and all other business pertaining to his profession. Terms and charges on application.

TOMAS W. FINN, Auctioneer, will attend sales of all kinds, at lowest figures, last any other salesman. Office at No. 133-135, Grand street. Office hours from 10 o'clock till 4 o'clock. Terms on application.

JOHN W. FATHALL, Attorney at Law. Office over Robinson & Keeble's Clothing Store.

GOODYEAR HOUSE BARBER SHOP.

J. J. BRIGGL, Proprietor. Shaving, Haircutting, Shampooing, etc., Neatly Executed.

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

B. F. REYNOLDS, Licensed Auctioneer. Teannoseh, Mich. Sales in villages or country will be promptly attended to. Terms on application. Office over Enterprise office, Manchester.

D. S. HUSTON, Dentist. Office over Brown & Son's store, Clinton, Mich. Long experience enables me to practice in a most successful manner in all departments of the profession. All of the latest and most approved methods used, and satisfaction guaranteed. Will be at Dr. Lynch's office on Thursday of each week.

F. A. KETTES, Manchester, Mich.

Surgeon Dentist. All dental operations done promptly. Gas or Villedent Air administered for painless operations. Gold Filling, Crown and Bridge work a specialty. Gold and Platinum Crowns and rubber plates repaired. Office over Macomber's drug store, at Dr. White's office in Union street, Wednesday.

S. F. HARTSELL, Manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of CEMENTRY AND BUILDING WORK. A specialty of Granite: Monuments. A large and complete stock of finished monuments and tablets always on hand. Commencement by mail will receive prompt attention. Works on Chicago Street, CLINTON, and Railroad Street, Teannoseh.

A NEW LINE Of Imported JAPANESE GRAPE PAPKINS. Just received at the Enterprise Office.

Countess Narona.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

THE FIRST PART.

"We have known one another since we were children," she said. "Why should I feel a foolish pride about myself in your presence? You should have any secrets from you? I sent back all your brother's gifts as soon as time ago, I have been advised to do more, to keep nothing that could remind me of him—in short, to burn the letters. I have taken the advice; but I own I shrink a little from destroying the last of the letters. No—not because it was the last, but because it has this in it. She opened her hand, and showed him a lock of Montbarry's hair, tied with a morsel of golden cord. "Well, well; let it go with the rest!"

"She dropped it into the flame. For awhile she stood with her back to Henry, leaning on the mantel piece and looking into the fire. It took her some time to get her feet steady, with a strange contradiction of expression in her face; the tears were in her eyes, while the brows above were knit close in an angry frown. He muttered to himself: "Damn him!"

"She raised her courage and looked at him again, when she spoke. "Well, Henry, and why are you going away? You are out of spirits, Agnes, and I want a change." She paused before she spoke again. His face told her plainly that he was thinking of her when he made that reply. She was grateful to him, but her mind was not with him. Her mind was still with the man who had deserted her. She turned round again to the fire. "Is it true," she asked, after a long silence, "that they have been married to-day?"

"He answered ungraciously in the one necessary word: 'Yes.' "Did you go to the church?"

He repeated the question with an expression of indignant surprise. "Go to the church? He repeated. "I would as soon go to— He checked himself there. "How can you ask? he added, in a lower tone. "I have not even seen him since he left. You like the spouso and the fool that he is!"

"She looked at him suddenly without saying a word. He understood her and begged her pardon. But he was still angry. "I am reckoning costs to some men," he said, "and you will be there to see me to-day when he married that woman." Agnes took a chair by his side, and looked at him with a gentle surprise. "Is it quite reasonable to be so angry with her because your brother preferred her to me?"

"Henry turned on her sharply. "Do you defend the courtes, of all the people in the world?"

"Why not?" Agnes answered. "I know nothing against her. On the only occasion when we met she appeared to be a singularly sensible nervous person; looking dreadfully ill; and being indeed so ill that she could hardly stand. I should have thought that you would have been her friend. We know that she was innocent of any intention to wrong me; we know that she was not aware of my engagement!"

"He was talking. How does your husband behave to you?"

Emily's light gray eyes looked more watery than ever. She shook her head and sighed sadly.

"I have no positive complaint to make against him, miss. But I'm afraid he doesn't care about me; and he seems to take no interest in his home. I may almost say he's tired of his home. It might be better for both of us, if he were to get a divorce from me, and to be content to let me go free—just as he is now, which is beginning to be wanted sadly."

"I don't quite understand," said Agnes. "I thought your husband had an engagement to take some lady to Switzerland and Italy?"

"It was his ill luck, miss. One of the ladies fell ill—and the others wouldn't go without her. They paid him a month's salary as compensation. But they had engaged him for the autumn and winter—and the loss is serious."

"I am sorry to hear it, Emily. Let us hope he will soon have another chance."

"It's not his turn, miss, to be recommended when the next applications come to the courtes office. You see, there are so many of them out of employment, that no one can be recommended as a first choice. He is not recommended as a first choice, and he is not recommended as a second choice. He is not recommended as a third choice, and he is not recommended as a fourth choice. He is not recommended as a fifth choice, and he is not recommended as a sixth choice. He is not recommended as a seventh choice, and he is not recommended as an eighth choice. He is not recommended as a ninth choice, and he is not recommended as a tenth choice."

"I am sorry to hear it, Emily. Let us hope he will soon have another chance."

"It's not his turn, miss, to be recommended when the next applications come to the courtes office. You see, there are so many of them out of employment, that no one can be recommended as a first choice. He is not recommended as a first choice, and he is not recommended as a second choice. He is not recommended as a third choice, and he is not recommended as a fourth choice. He is not recommended as a fifth choice, and he is not recommended as a sixth choice. He is not recommended as a seventh choice, and he is not recommended as an eighth choice. He is not recommended as a ninth choice, and he is not recommended as a tenth choice."

"I am sorry to hear it, Emily. Let us hope he will soon have another chance."

"It's not his turn, miss, to be recommended when the next applications come to the courtes office. You see, there are so many of them out of employment, that no one can be recommended as a first choice. He is not recommended as a first choice, and he is not recommended as a second choice. He is not recommended as a third choice, and he is not recommended as a fourth choice. He is not recommended as a fifth choice, and he is not recommended as a sixth choice. He is not recommended as a seventh choice, and he is not recommended as an eighth choice. He is not recommended as a ninth choice, and he is not recommended as a tenth choice."

"I am sorry to hear it, Emily. Let us hope he will soon have another chance."

"It's not his turn, miss, to be recommended when the next applications come to the courtes office. You see, there are so many of them out of employment, that no one can be recommended as a first choice. He is not recommended as a first choice, and he is not recommended as a second choice. He is not recommended as a third choice, and he is not recommended as a fourth choice. He is not recommended as a fifth choice, and he is not recommended as a sixth choice. He is not recommended as a seventh choice, and he is not recommended as an eighth choice. He is not recommended as a ninth choice, and he is not recommended as a tenth choice."

tion of exaggeration in the picture presented to her. The main impression produced on her mind was an impression of nervous uneasiness. If she trusted herself in the streets by daylight with Lord Montbarry remained in the house, she could be sure that his next chance meeting might not be meeting with herself. She waited at home, privately ashamed of her own superstitions fears for the next two days. On the third day the fashionable intelligence of the newspapers sent her the departure of Lord and Lady Montbarry for Paris, on their way to Italy. Mrs. Ferrar, calling the same evening, informed Agnes, that her husband had left her with all reasonable expression of conjugal kindness, his temper being improved by the prospect of good abroad. But the other servant acquainted with the facts, Lady Montbarry's maid, rather a silent, unobscured woman, so far as Emily had heard. Her husband's brother, Baron Rivar, was already on the continent. It had been arranged that he was to meet his sister and her husband at Rome.

One by one the dull weeks succeeded each other in the life of Agnes. She faced her position with admirable courage, seeing her friends, keeping herself occupied in her leisure hours with reading and drawing, leaving no means untried of diverting her mind from the melancholy remembrance of the past. But she had loved too faithfully; she had been wounded too deeply, to feel in any adequate degree the influence of the moral remedies which she employed. Paroxysms of grief, which were not ordinary attacks of grief, were her frequent attendants. She was not, however, in the ordinary sense, a nervous woman. She was not, however, in the ordinary sense, a nervous woman. She was not, however, in the ordinary sense, a nervous woman.

"I am sorry to hear it, Emily. Let us hope he will soon have another chance."

"It's not his turn, miss, to be recommended when the next applications come to the courtes office. You see, there are so many of them out of employment, that no one can be recommended as a first choice. He is not recommended as a first choice, and he is not recommended as a second choice. He is not recommended as a third choice, and he is not recommended as a fourth choice. He is not recommended as a fifth choice, and he is not recommended as a sixth choice. He is not recommended as a seventh choice, and he is not recommended as an eighth choice. He is not recommended as a ninth choice, and he is not recommended as a tenth choice."

"I am sorry to hear it, Emily. Let us hope he will soon have another chance."

"It's not his turn, miss, to be recommended when the next applications come to the courtes office. You see, there are so many of them out of employment, that no one can be recommended as a first choice. He is not recommended as a first choice, and he is not recommended as a second choice. He is not recommended as a third choice, and he is not recommended as a fourth choice. He is not recommended as a fifth choice, and he is not recommended as a sixth choice. He is not recommended as a seventh choice, and he is not recommended as an eighth choice. He is not recommended as a ninth choice, and he is not recommended as a tenth choice."

"I am sorry to hear it, Emily. Let us hope he will soon have another chance."

"It's not his turn, miss, to be recommended when the next applications come to the courtes office. You see, there are so many of them out of employment, that no one can be recommended as a first choice. He is not recommended as a first choice, and he is not recommended as a second choice. He is not recommended as a third choice, and he is not recommended as a fourth choice. He is not recommended as a fifth choice, and he is not recommended as a sixth choice. He is not recommended as a seventh choice, and he is not recommended as an eighth choice. He is not recommended as a ninth choice, and he is not recommended as a tenth choice."

"I am sorry to hear it, Emily. Let us hope he will soon have another chance."

"It's not his turn, miss, to be recommended when the next applications come to the courtes office. You see, there are so many of them out of employment, that no one can be recommended as a first choice. He is not recommended as a first choice, and he is not recommended as a second choice. He is not recommended as a third choice, and he is not recommended as a fourth choice. He is not recommended as a fifth choice, and he is not recommended as a sixth choice. He is not recommended as a seventh choice, and he is not recommended as an eighth choice. He is not recommended as a ninth choice, and he is not recommended as a tenth choice."

tea. Her quaint gossip about herself and her occupations while Agnes had been away acted as a relief to her mistress' overburdened mind. They were still talking quietly, when they were started by a loud knock at the house door. Hurried footsteps ascended the stairs. The door of the sitting room was thrown open violently; the countess's maid rushed in like a madwoman. "He's dead! they've murdered him!" Those words were all she could say. She dropped on her knees at the foot of the sofa, and hid her face in a swoon.

"The nurse, sighing to let Agnes open the windows, took the necessary measures to restore the fainting woman. 'What's this?' she exclaimed. 'Here's a letter in her hand. See what it is, miss.' The open envelope was addressed (evidently in a feigned handwriting) to 'Mrs. Ferrar,' the postmark was 'Venice.' The contents of the envelope were a sheet of foreign note paper, and a folded inclosure.

"On the note paper, only one line was written. It was again in a feigned handwriting, and contained these words: 'To console you for the loss of your husband.' Agnes opened the inclosure next. It was a Bank of England note for a thousand pounds.

"The next day the friend and legal adviser of Agnes Lockwood, Mr. Troy, called on her by appointment in the evening. 'Mrs. Ferrar—still persisting in the conviction of her husband's death—had sufficiently recovered to be present at the consultation. The doctor, Agnes, she told the lawyer the little that she knew relating to Ferrar's disappearance, and then produced the correspondence connected with that event. Mr. Troy read (first) the three letters addressed by Ferrar to his wife; (secondly) the letter written by Ferrar's cousin friend, describing the visit to the lady in the house of Lady Montbarry; and (thirdly) the one line of anonymous writing which had accompanied the extraordinary gift of a thousand pounds to Ferrar's wife.

"Well known, at a later period, as the lawyer who acted for Lady Lyndair, in the case of the Countess's disappearance, he was not only a man of learning and experience in his profession, but was also a man who had seen something of society at home and abroad. He possessed a keen eye for character, a ready tongue, and a kindly nature, which had been sharpened by the lawyer's professional experience of mankind. With all these personal advantages, it is a question, nevertheless, whether he was the fittest adviser whom Agnes could have chosen under the circumstances. Little Mrs. Ferrar, with her little domestic habits, was an essentially commonplace woman, and her husband's person living who was likely to excite her sympathies—he was the exact opposite of a commonplace man.

"The look's very ill, poor thing!" In these words the lawyer opened the business of the evening, referring to Mrs. Ferrar as unconsciously as if the best of her. "She has suffered a terrible shock," Agnes answered. "Mr. Troy turned to Mrs. Ferrar, and looked at her again, with the interest due to the victim of a shock. He drummed absently with his fingers on the table. At last he spoke to her. "My good lady, you don't really believe that your husband is dead?"

"The look's very ill, poor thing!" In these words the lawyer opened the business of the evening, referring to Mrs. Ferrar as unconsciously as if the best of her. "She has suffered a terrible shock," Agnes answered. "Mr. Troy turned to Mrs. Ferrar, and looked at her again, with the interest due to the victim of a shock. He drummed absently with his fingers on the table. At last he spoke to her. "My good lady, you don't really believe that your husband is dead?"

"The look's very ill, poor thing!" In these words the lawyer opened the business of the evening, referring to Mrs. Ferrar as unconsciously as if the best of her. "She has suffered a terrible shock," Agnes answered. "Mr. Troy turned to Mrs. Ferrar, and looked at her again, with the interest due to the victim of a shock. He drummed absently with his fingers on the table. At last he spoke to her. "My good lady, you don't really believe that your husband is dead?"

"The look's very ill, poor thing!" In these words the lawyer opened the business of the evening, referring to Mrs. Ferrar as unconsciously as if the best of her. "She has suffered a terrible shock," Agnes answered. "Mr. Troy turned to Mrs. Ferrar, and looked at her again, with the interest due to the victim of a shock. He drummed absently with his fingers on the table. At last he spoke to her. "My good lady, you don't really believe that your husband is dead?"

"The look's very ill, poor thing!" In these words the lawyer opened the business of the evening, referring to Mrs. Ferrar as unconsciously as if the best of her. "She has suffered a terrible shock," Agnes answered. "Mr. Troy turned to Mrs. Ferrar, and looked at her again, with the interest due to the victim of a shock. He drummed absently with his fingers on the table. At last he spoke to her. "My good lady, you don't really believe that your husband is dead?"

"The look's very ill, poor thing!" In these words the lawyer opened the business of the evening, referring to Mrs. Ferrar as unconsciously as if the best of her. "She has suffered a terrible shock," Agnes answered. "Mr. Troy turned to Mrs. Ferrar, and looked at her again, with the interest due to the victim of a shock. He drummed absently with his fingers on the table. At last he spoke to her. "My good lady, you don't really believe that your husband is dead?"

"The look's very ill, poor thing!" In these words the lawyer opened the business of the evening, referring to Mrs. Ferrar as unconsciously as if the best of her. "She has suffered a terrible shock," Agnes answered. "Mr. Troy turned to Mrs. Ferrar, and looked at her again, with the interest due to the victim of a shock. He drummed absently with his fingers on the table. At last he spoke to her. "My good lady, you don't really believe that your husband is dead?"

tero on the table is the price of his absence, paid by the guilty person to his wife."

"Mrs. Ferrar's watery gray eyes brightened suddenly; Mrs. Ferrar's dull, drab colored complexion became enlivened by a glow of brilliant red.

"It's false!" she cried. "It's a burning shame to speak of my husband in that way. I told you I should offend you!" said Mr. Troy.

Agnes interposed once more—in the heat of passion. She took the offered wife's hand, and she spoke to the lawyer 65 reconsider that side of his theory which related harshly on Ferrar. While he was still speaking the servant interrupted her by entering the room with a visiting card. It was the card of Henry Westwick; and there was an ominous request written on it in pencil. "I bring bad news. Let me see you for a minute down stairs." Agnes immediately left the room.

Along with Mrs. Ferrar, Mr. Troy permitted his natural kindness of heart to show itself on the surface at last. He tried to make his peace with the countess's wife. "You have every claim, my good soul, to resent a reflection cast upon your husband. I may even say that I respect you for speaking so warmly in his defense. At the same time remember that I am bound, in such a serious matter as this, to tell you what is really in my mind. I can have no intention of offending you, seeing that I am a total stranger to you and Mrs. Ferrar; and a thousand pounds is a large sum of money, and a poor man may excusably be tempted by it to do nothing worse than to keep out of the way for awhile. My only interest, acting on your behalf, is to get at the truth. If you will give me time, I see no reason to despair of finding your husband yet."

Ferrar's wife listened without being convinced; her narrow little mind, filled with extreme capacity for her unfavorable opinion of Mr. Troy, had no room left for the prospect of correcting its first impression. "I am much obliged to you, sir," was all she said. Her eyes were now communicative—her eyes added, in the same way, "You may say what you please; I will never forgive you to my dying day."

Mr. Troy gave it up. He composedly wheeled his chair round, put his hands in his pockets, and looked out of the window. For an interval of silence, the drawing room door was open, and Mrs. Ferrar's eyes were fixed on the door. Mr. Troy wheeled round briskly to the table, expecting to see Agnes. To his surprise, there appeared, in her place, a perfect stranger to him—a gentleman in the prime of life, with a marked expression of pain and sorrow on his handsome face. He looked at Mr. Troy, and bowed gravely.

"I am so unfortunate as to have brought news to Miss Agnes Lockwood which has greatly distressed her," he said. "She has returned to her room. I am requested to make her excuses to you, and to say 'in her place.' Having introduced himself in these terms, he noticed Mrs. Ferrar, and held out his hand to her kindly. "It is some years since we last met, Emily," he said. "I am afraid you have almost forgotten the 'Master Henry' of old times." Emily, in some little confusion as if the best of her, begged to know if she could be of any use to Miss Lockwood. "The old nurse is with her," Henry answered. "they will be better left together." He turned once more to Mr. Troy. "I ought to tell you, sir," said "that my name is Henry Westwick; I am the younger brother of the late Lord Montbarry."

"The late Lord Montbarry?" Mr. Troy exclaimed. "My brother died at Venice yesterday evening. There is the telegram. With that startling answer he handed the paper to Mr. Troy.

The message was in these words: "Lady Montbarry, Venice. To Stephen Robert Westwick, Newbury's hotel, London. It is useless to take the journey. Lord Montbarry died of bronchitis at 8:40 this evening. All funeral details by post."

"What does this mean?" the lawyer asked. "I cannot say that it has taken me by surprise," Henry answered. "My brother Stephen (who is now the head of the family) received a telegram three days since, informing him that alarming symptoms had declared themselves, and that a second physician had been called in. He telegraphed back to say that he had left Ireland for London, on his way to Venice, and to direct that any further message might be sent to his hotel. The reply came in a second telegram. It announced that Lord Montbarry was in a state of insensibility, and that, in his brief intervals of consciousness, he had expressed a wish that his brother was advised to wait in London for later information. The third telegram is now in your hands. That is all I know up to the present time."

