



Manchester Enterprise

BY MAT D. BLOSSER. Published Thursday Evenings. Has a large circulation among Merchants, Mechanics, Manufacturers, Farmers and Families generally in the villages of...

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THE COQUETTE'S ALBUM.

Upon the table small between The window and the curtain screen, You find the volume full in view— 'Tis clasped with gold and bound in blue. Come, sit beside me here, I pray, And see me turn the pages o'er, With every pictured page, and call them back to me, my lovers all.

This was a young divine, whose eyes Saw nothing lower than the skies, Whose every tone and look and pace Was full of light and saintly grace. When at the church I saw the light From windows stained with colors bright, In rainbow glory round him fall, I thought I loved him best of all.

This was a youth whose eagle glance Had swept the prairies' wide expanse; Whose arms had plucked from store to store The waters of the fountain clear. When first I happened to behold His bright dark eyes and bearing bold, His graceful figure straight and tall, I said, "I loved him best of all."

Here is a scene in which the pride Of each is blest in soon decay; In days of Mount Olympus trod In and of old Greece's God More beautiful, and when above His chair he leans, and breathes of love, In summer, soft and musical, I knew I loved him best of all.

The light is growing very dim, And we will close the book with him. Tears on my cheek, you say? Ah, not to bid the stars too radiant gleam! One is the young divine—his woe; And one the dark-eyed youth—his dead; One, in far lands beyond my call, And yet I think I loved him best of all.

Antony in a Country Churchyard. An old man who sleeps by the roadside yonder, and upon whose tomb are the familiar lines beginning, "Remember me as you pass by," spent the greater portion of the last ten years of his life by his wife's grave. He came in the early morning, and after removing any microscopic weed that might have showed itself since the previous evening, would light his pipe and solemnly contemplate the graves in his vicinity. He went away regularly to his work, and as regularly took his afternoon nap on the grass by the graveside. Shortly before his last visit to the cherished spot he requested me to decipher for him the dates upon several of the gravestones, and we conversed about many we had known in life, and who had passed away. I remarked that the churchyard was a very pretty place, and his face lighted up as he rejoined, "Ah, mister, I've always thought I should like to be buried here, for," looking around, "you see, there's such a splendid view from here."

This was uttered in good faith, and the old man seemed convinced that neither coffin lid nor churchyard clouds would obstruct his view. Perhaps they don't. In a few weeks he came to his favorite haunt with me, and "old William," the flower upon your grave have run wild long ago, and no one seems to remember you as they pass by.—Chamber's Journal.

A Prudent Courtier. Frederick the Great of Prussia, who had a violent temper, was in the habit of playing at dice with one of his attendants, using a cup and two dice of solid silver.

One day Frederick complained that the game was rather dull when there was not money at stake, and proposed that they throw for a penny a throw. "Not much," replied the attendant, who was a plain spoken sort of a man, "I think we had better not risk any money. As it is now, without any moneyed inducements, when your majesty loses you throw the cup and dice at me. What will become of me if there should be money on the game and your majesty should lose!"—Texas Sittings.

"Four Le Roi De France." In the beginning of the Eighteenth century the now so powerful German empire was nothing more than the little kingdom of Prussia, having just dropped its title of Duchy of Brandenburg. The country was very poor and the military discipline very hard. Frederick Wilhelm I was very harsh, cross and stingy, and did not even know, perhaps, what it was to make a present. And his reputation was so well grounded and so widely spread that it became a byword to say that a man had worked for the King of Prussia when he had done some unprofitable job.—Notes and Queries.

Some Augusta-housekeepers think they have discovered the origin of the buffalo. They so claim that every carpet under which a certain kind of patent carpet paper has been placed has suffered, while those spread over old newspapers, straw or burlap have escaped. This theory will yet have to be further tested before it is proved, but it is worth something to have even a theory to work on in the effort to head off these pests.—Lewiston Journal.

None of His Business. I was sitting with some friends at sunset among the ruins of Karnak with a group of Arabs round us. One of our party said: "Mohammed, why does the sun rise here and set over there?" The youth looked puzzled a moment, and then, with acquiescent content, answered: "That is the business of my God, and not the business of me."—The Spectator.

Scientific Information. Professor—Have any of you experienced an electric shock? Impassioned Pupil (diffidently)—Yes, sir; I have. A touching of hands—you know. And (impulsively) she felt it, too.

Professor (severely)—Young man, that was not electricity. That was galvanism.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

How the Boy Viewed It. "Let's get some o' them apples." "I don't want any o' them. They let 'em take 'em. Come on down to Banker's and steal some o' his."—Epoch.

Journalism in Japan.

Journalism in Japan presents many peculiarities. As it has existed only a short time as yet, there is no paper there as important and as widely circulated as the principal journals of Europe and America. There are now in Japan 550 periodical publications. Tokio alone possesses seventeen daily journals, circulating an aggregate of 3,906,000 copies in a month, and 116 periodical publications, circulating 495,000 copies. It may be seen, therefore, that the circulation of such is more than 10,000 copies, half of which are sold at Tokio and the other half in the provinces. The Japanese newspapers insert very few advertisements, but get very good rates for them. They contain no sensational news or articles. In general appearance they resemble the French papers much more closely than those of London or New York.

In the preparation of the Japanese newspaper many difficulties are encountered which are unknown in Europe or America. There are no less than 14,000 Japanese characters, 4,000 of which are used constantly, and hence the compositor has to have cases containing 4,000 compartments. The compositor must be carefully trained in his art, possess excellent sight, and even use magnifying glasses. Each compositor has several assistants, who hunt the cases for all the ideograms that appear in any given article. The compositors then set up the article with these characters and the forty-seven syllabic signs also used in Japanese writing.

The persons employed in the preparation of a journal—for instance, the Nichi-Nichi—Shim-bun—are distributed as follows: A political director, an editor in chief, five assistant editors, four proofreaders, one copyist, twelve reporters, and three or four compositors, each of whom, as above stated, has several assistants, besides a certain number of type distributors—in all, 150 persons. The reporters are the most important, yet they can scarcely hope to earn more than \$10 a month; consequently, much of their news is invested. The most important sheets have special correspondents, who generally belong to the editorial staffs of papers published in other cities, or else are young persons who have studied in Europe. Many journals are subsidized by wealthy and influential men.—Transatlantic.

Polite and Unpolite.

It is possible that there is such a thing as being too polite; at least, one may err in the direction of a too obsequious courtesy. It is said that a royal personage once asked a courtier what time it was, and the man replied, with a low reverence, and with bated breath: "Whatever time your majesty pleases."

Doubtless the king would have been better pleased with a less flattering and more definite answer.

There is a tradition in a certain house that one of its guests was so polite that none of her preferences could be ascertained, and the following incident is related, which is quoted in illustration of her phenomenal courtesy.

"Now, Kitty," said her hostess, one morning, "we can either row or drive this morning, which would you prefer?"

"Thank you, that will be charming," was the non-committal reply, and as her hostess afterward declared, "with horses could not have drawn from her a further answer."

Such careful courtesy is often exceedingly amusing, and, when used by an Irishman, one can fancy that it would be provocative of smiles. An Irish sailor once called the captain of his vessel from a coffee-house with the flattering statement: "An't please yer honor, the tide is waiting for ye!"

Surely the captain might have thought himself more than the equal of King Canute, who found, by actual experiment, that he was unequal to controlling the sea.

Perhaps the advice of a certain dear old lady applies to etiquette, as well as to other affairs of life. "Speak the truth always," she was wont to say, "but speak it gently."—Youth's Companion.

Don't Kill Too Soon. It is a great mistake, often a fatal one, to kill a dog that has bitten a person, until it is established that the dog is mad. Imagination causes more deaths by hydrophobia than neglect does. Once the dog is dead there is no chance of proving it had not rabies; the patient is predisposed to think it did.

His fears get hold of his nerves and work on them until they induce the dread disease; visions of which are being constantly conjured up to the mind's eye. A dog after inflicting a wound should be caged and watched, and it were even well if some disinfection were practiced to make the patient believe the dog was all right, even should it develop symptoms. If people only knew how powerful cauterization is as a remedial agent, few would die of rabies.—Physician in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Caution for the Million. Russian caviare is the title given to the English embassy to the mottled mass of printers' ink which the censors block on to stay passage, they distribute in a book or paper. Any English paper you take up in St. Petersburg is sure to have one or two passages thus blocked out. The censors read through an entire work like "Meyer's Conversations Lexikon" or the British Encyclopedia, and block out here and there before they allow the books to be sold. The National Review.

Some Hints. "Now, don't you think he looks just like his father?" inquired the fond mother of the honest visitor, as she held up her year-old baby to admire.

"No," said the honest visitor, indignantly, "he looks exactly like I do. But perhaps he may, you know, after he gets his whiskers grown."—Somerset Journal.

PARLOR ENTERTAINMENTS.

HERE IS A GOOD ONE CALLED "THE OLD MAIDS FROM ALASKA."

It Was Given in a Big City and It Netted the Projector Some \$300 for a Charity, but It Can Be Replaced Anywhere and on a Smaller or Larger Scale.



THE entertainment here first described was arranged and carried out successfully, in its aid a charity, by a young girl not 19, which she netted nearly \$300, and all her performers were children with two exceptions. There was a little miscellaneous music, violin, whistling, etc., preceding a very clever sketch, which she wrote herself, calling it "The Old Maids from Alaska." During the performance the young children, dressed as old maids, went through an umbrella drill, and each recited, danced, sang or did something in a specialty way, one making a speech in deaf and dumb alphabet.

This idea could be carried out anywhere. The head one is the chief of the society of these old maids, and she has a long roll of paper which she reads off, which can be made to contain many local hits. This is done by introducing each one in her specialty, while appearing to tell why they have all decided to forever abjure matrimony. Their dress is black paper cambric, with white Bishop's Cuffs, and they wear black Shaker caps. It requires a chair and an umbrella for each. There can be a dumb-bell drill added to this, and any other taking business, and it was a genuine success.

Dumb bell drills and broomstick drills, as well as Mrs. Jarley's waxworks, "singing skews" and spelling bees all afford a good quota of entertainment; but they are not very novel, and should be judiciously mixed with other things. A doll's gaudillo is a very queer affair, and requires children of about 10 to 12, and they are to move about as if worked with springs and wooden joints.

There are two or three operettas which give a chance to bring in perhaps a hundred children in marches and ballets, and these are long enough to occupy an entire evening, but cannot well be undertaken except in places like Newport or Saratoga in the summer, or some very large house in the city in winter, or in school entertainments.

A very pretty and almost impromptu entertainment can be gotten up always.



providing there is plenty of "talent" and one bright, self sacrificing young lady, an efficient gentleman and a fair stock of good nature among the audience. A further reason is necessary. The first thing is, of course, the patient and hard suffering piano. Then the curtains part, showing a sheet, tightly stretched over a frame, and over this passes a series of shadowy figures of every imaginable kind—animals, birds, and reptiles, with an occasional human form.

The antics these figures are made to perform are wonderful and some very droll, but all are obtained by means of little pasteboard figures fastened to sticks and held in front of a bright lamp with only one wick, which, of course, throws a large, clear shadow. These little figures may be made to move by having the legs or arms loose and another stick, attached to the body, and they are moved, which, of course, makes the horses walk or kick, the men bow, the birds fly, etc. The shadows only show the various movements—not the cause; a pair of scissors, cardboard, pins and sticks are all these need.

After this little exhibition is over, a very pretty and effective tableau is shown of Hope leaning upon a pasteboard anchor, in a classic costume made of two sheets and a white wig. Then some more music, after which a song can be sung if there happens to be a singer there. In the meantime, behind the scenes, preparations can be going on for charades. For these the ordinary "properties" of household use can be utilized. If washboard is the name chosen, a wash tub with the useful young lady at work will serve, and board can be a boarding house table, or an ironing board, or a simple plank. Music should add its charms during the intermission to give the performers time to change the decorations, also to cover the noise they make doing it. Charades are so easily invented and so easily done that they offer many advantages for small entertainments, and they afford much sport to the audience in guessing at the words.

After the charades the gentleman is to make a speech, or recite a poem. Perhaps "The Seven Ages of Man" or "Hans' Jet's Soliloquy" is the best for the purpose. Music again, and when the curtain rises it is upon the spectacle of poor Fatima on her knees with a terrible bleary look about to behead her with a pasteboard scimitar covered with tinfoil. This is followed with a scene from one

of the opera, the music being played very rapidly without regard to time, and the ubiquitous two go through all the dumb show of the acting in that portion of the opera, in utter silence. This over, the curtain is drawn for a last act, and there is scuffling and pattering of soft little feet for a few moments, which the piano can hardly drown, and when it is opened behold a bank of grass and flowers and bits of trees, and cuddled all around are sleeping children, who have hard work to keep asleep until the last moment. Then, when the tireless young lady thinks the strain has been great enough, she gives a sign and they all awaken, rub their eyes, sit up and sing something she has taught them or they know by heart, after which they all get in a ring and sing Little Sally Waters, or Ring Around a Rose, or a little drill, dance or march, and then they are at liberty to rush back to their parents, who always think the entertainment perfect; the bank of flowers is an easy matter, being only green rugs, such as photographers have thrown over chairs, hassocks, etc., with all the old artificial flowers in the house, and a few branches from the neighboring trees, in default of better. A young lady or gentleman of an inventive mind in a house is worth three riches, in getting up these little informal entertainments, as one can make so much out of so little. One young girl made a monster kaleidoscope out of the cover of the piano, which she folded over, making the necessary triangle, and

THE THREE GRACES.

she shook up and down and twisted about a handful of bright rags and paper flowers before one end, while bright little eyes peeped in the other.

When flowers and children are abundant a most beautiful little operetta or spectacle can be gotten up; by giving each little girl the name of a flower, and a tiny bow of them, and having the boys for gardeners, birds and butterflies. It is easy for mothers to enlarge upon the idea and to dress their children accordingly, and most attractive little marches, counter marches, dances and flutters can be developed and children easily learn to sing in concert. Bits of suitable rhyme can be set to old songs and sung in chorus by the little tots, and it always sounds new and pretty.

The great difficulty in any of these affairs is that it is not easy to reconcile any of the performers to take a second above all these should be no quarreling, no nervousness on the manager's part, and let every one do their best. The more original they are the better. Hu-

ANDROMEDA AND PERSEUS.

He cannot be polite to somebody he hates. He would never think of passing his rival when he met him, as a woman will kiss her rival. He can't chew gum. He can't sit in a rocking chair without banging the rockers into the base boards. He can't put the tiddy on the sofa pillow right side out. He can't wear No. 3 boots on No. 5 feet. He'd die with corsets on! He'd get his death of cold with bare arms and neck.

And yet people who do not know call women the weaker sex!—Kate Thorn in New York Weekly.

The Latest Feminine Fraud.

Two young and pretty women entered a Broadway car, each carrying in her arms a little parcel in the most tender and motherly fashion. So solicitous were they over their respective parcels that a lady-like seemed almost bursting from their lips. They were not nurse girls, so they must be mothers, although it was apparent that they were young mothers, and very handsome ones withal. He is a dozen men jumped up to offer them seats. The girls giggled as they sat down—and no wonder, for the bundles they carried in such a motherly fashion had been deftly improvised under a sudden inspiration, to represent babies. There was little of them except a crook of the arm and a lace handkerchief to cover a supposititious babe, but enough to deceive poor, trustful man. The girls were general, for the girls and the babies seem to be a new and original plan.—New York World.

Florida and Lemons.

Florida will soon be the greatest lemon growing country in the world. Lemons weighing a pound each are common in Florida, and along the banks of Caloosahatchie there is a single tree which bears 5,000 lemons, many of which weigh a pound each. But, except for show, such large lemons are of little value, as they are coarse grained and pulpy. The best lemons are grown on poor soil, and for that reason they are very profitable crops. This country consumes more lemons every year than all other countries combined, and the consumption is constantly increasing.—New York Tribune.

Metallic Wall Covers.

For years the proprietors of a patent paper mache wall covering have imitated repousse work in metal by covering their material with bronze powder or metallic paints, but this latest invention shows that the real metal is coming into use. It is rolled almost as thin as note paper, and then put through patterned rollers that leave raised figures upon it. By means of grooved edges, such as are put on metal tiling, the sheets are perfectly adjusted. They are nailed to the wall with small beads.—New York Telegram.

A Bright Child.

Mrs. A.—Just think, Mrs. B., my little Mollie lost a dollar bill on her way to the grocery.

Mrs. B. (proudly)—That couldn't happen to my little Fanny. She is too smart for that, ain't she, Fanny?

Johnny—Guess I couldn't lose my dollar bill when you never send any money to the grocer's. He always writes it down in a book, and when he wants any money from us he has to come five or six times.—Texas Sittings.

A Safe Transaction.

First Jeweler—Are you the party that advertised an opportunity to invest \$100 in a safe transaction?

Second Jeweler—Yes; I'll sell you my old safe for that amount.—Jeweler's Weekly.

Field and Farn.

Mr. Millson believes that a great many bee keepers use altogether too much smoke in handling bees, and do nearly as much harm as good. Be careful about using smoke, and use as little as possible, and don't drive the bees all out of the hive.—Field and Farn.

THINGS MAN CAN'T DO.

He Has Accomplished Wonders, No Doubt, But Here's Where He Stumbles.

There is always something comical about a man's attempt to do a woman's work. And the fun of the thing is that a man never realizes that he cannot do it properly. There isn't a man on the footstool who does not privately entertain the opinion that, if he should only set himself about it, he could do anything better than any woman. But he can't, and all the women know it.

He means well, no doubt, but somehow he doesn't seem to have the faculty. His wife goes on a visit to her mother, and he keeps house. Now, he will tell Brown that he can cook a meal as well as the best woman that ever lived; but if he should see Brown and some of the boys coming up to his house to dinner, he would not only do and lie low till they went away.

He never can touch a kettle without getting soiled. He can't handle the fire irons without burning his fingers. He never thinks to hang up any towels; he keeps them on the floor, where they will be handy. A man cannot do two things at a time. A woman will broil a steak, and see that the coffee does not boil over, and watch the cat that she does not steal the remains of meat on the kitchen table, and dress the youngest boy, and set the table, and see to the toast, and stir the oatmeal, and give orders to the butcher, and witness the way her neighbor across the street is hanging out her clothes—and she can do it all at once and not half try.

Is there a man living who can hold fifteen pins in his mouth, and fit a button on a coat, and mend a pair of socks about the new minister at the same time? Of course there is not, and yet a woman can do it easily, and enjoy it, too.

A man will work diligently half the forenoon to find a shirt button, and when he has found it, it will be three sizes too large for the buttonhole, and then he will begin to thread his needle. And he will squint, and take aim, and sweat, and sweat, and the thread will slip right by the needle every time, and if ever he does get the needle threaded it will be such a big needle that it will split the button clean in two, and he will find himself exactly where he started from.

Man has done wonders since he came before the public. He has navigated the ocean, he has penetrated the mysteries of the starry heavens, he has harnessed the lightning and made it pull street cars and light the great cities of the world. Oh, yes, we are willing to admit that man has done his part, but he couldn't pour castor oil into a colicky baby without spilling it all over the baby's clothes, to save his life!

He can't find a spool of red thread in his wife's sewing machine drawers, he can't, and after he searches half an hour and manfully keeps his temper manfully, he will appear with a spool of blue silk, and vow that such a thing as red thread has no existence in that house.

A man cannot hang out clothes and get them on the line the right end up. He cannot hold clothes pins in his mouth while he is doing it, either. He would never think of passing his rival when he met him, as a woman will kiss her rival. He can't chew gum. He can't sit in a rocking chair without banging the rockers into the base boards. He can't put the tiddy on the sofa pillow right side out. He can't wear No. 3 boots on No. 5 feet. He'd die with corsets on! He'd get his death of cold with bare arms and neck.

Traveling Accommodations for Soldiers.

The secretary of war has ordered that the following sleeping and parlor accommodations be allowed officers and soldiers while traveling on public duty: Officers of the army traveling on duty with troops, clerks and agents in the military service traveling under orders on public business, sergeants of the post—non-commissioned staff, hospital stewards, and non-commissioned officers of like grade, sergeants of the signal service, and general service men, when traveling on duty without troops, and when necessary, invalid soldiers traveling under orders, will be allowed one double berth in a sleeping car, or the customary state-room accommodations on boats and steamers where extra charge is made for such accommodations. The regulations are subject to the discretion of the chief signal officer, in the case of corporals and privates of the signal corps when traveling on duty under orders without troops, when traveling at night, or when the travel exceeds twelve continuous hours. Officers of the army traveling on duty with troops shall also be allowed one seat in a day parlor car.—Washington Star.

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