



Manchester Enterprise

BY MAT D. BLOSSER. Published Thursday Evenings. Has a large circulation among Merchants, Mechanics, Manufacturers, Farmers and Families generally in the village of MANCHESTER, CHELSEA, SALINE, CLINTON, Norvell, Brooklyn, Napoleon, Grass Lake, and all adjoining country.

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THE SHADOW OF THE STUDIO.

Closed is the studio door, And none may pass that way; For the brush unheeded falls, And the light on the lofty walls Is cold and gray.

Who can tell what he feels, That "tears the arches dim Of some chapel for the dead Hours sun, when day has fled, A funeral hymn?"

Who knows what the painter feels As he brings his daubed, With aching heart and hand, To the wife of his bosom, wed To the Woeer still?

In a chamber of his soul, Never unlocked till now, The priestess, sorrow, stands, Pain's center to her hands, And an iron brow.

His nervous glow stills his eyes, As her bosom odors press To each far away recess Where feelings lie.

But his love is pale and still, With her golden tresses, And she, who once his heart Less looked in stone.

Where is her spirit now? To the shores of her native France Has she fled, her heart's desire, To the light of larger spheres Its joys enhance?

He only knows that he Remembers must climb alone The steep, stern ways of art, His heart dumb, his heart Less looked in stone.

Closed is the studio door, And none may pass in today; His brush unheeded falls, The light on his spirit's walls Is cold and gray. Travelers Record.

Baby Liked Him. The maxim that there is some good in everybody is constantly receiving fresh illustration.

A poor little ragamuffin, stepping in a large, thrifty and exceedingly poor family, was an eyesore to the thrifty inhabitants of the decorous, prosperous old village upon which his slatternly household had suddenly descended.

He was always in the streets, and always ragged and dirty, and even if he was set to work was sure to leave his job to follow the first hand organ.

In the course of nature he was arrested for vagrancy. He showed no emotion when the indictment was read, nor when he was sentenced to the reform school; but when the sheriff roughly bade him "brace up," for they had just time enough to catch the boy, he looked so troubled that his counsel asked him if he wanted anything.

"I'd like to see the baby before I go," he said, wistfully, and with his pale lips quivering.

A few questions to his mother and his stepfather brought out the fact that the wife had a domestic side to his formerly little nature, and that the baby preferred him to all the rest of the family.

His request was granted. The sheriff looked up a later train; a constable "shooked up" the boy home, and he had an hour with his baby brother before beginning his dismal journey.

It is to be hoped that to those who care he was committed were wise enough to take advantage of the "soft spot" thus unexpectedly revealed in a heart which had seemed so wanting in susceptibility to any good influence.—Youth's Companion.

Characteristics of the Cat. In contrast with the demonstrative philanthropy of the dog, consider the example of the cat. The cat has reticence. He has his hours of sportiveness, as Montague observed; "thus freely speaketh Montague about 'cats,'" says Isaac Walton. He will not disturb himself at any other moments for anybody. The blabberings of strangers he neither shuns nor seeks—he endures them.

He is never pleased with his own company. Of all animals he alone attains to the contemplative life. There is no pretense of sympathy about the cat. He lives "alone, aloft, sublime" in a dog's tail by accident, he utters "the lyric cry," and then dissolves in the elegies of apoplexy. The cat suffers and is silent, or faintly applies his paw to his forehead. He is excessively proud, and, when he is made the subject of conversation, will cast one glance of scorn and leave the room in which personalities are bandied. His disdain: accomplishments, and it is a fact that cats are losing the art of purring. All expressions of emotion he scorns as effulgent and inane, except the "meow" of the ambrosial night.

From the face from the society of man, he pours forth his soul in strains of unpremeditated art.—Toronto Globe.

The Good Influence of Women. The world is growing better, but it is not due so much to wealth or to good enterprises as to the influence of good mothers and gentle women.

The man of the world has no time to train his children in moral ethics. He may take time to punish them for overt immorality, but it is the mother who plants the seeds in the young hearts and nourishes the growth with gentle care.

Next to the mother ranks the sweet heart. By demanding gentleness, deportment, moral rectitude and refinement in manner, she encourages the development of that which the mother had tenderly watched and nourished. It is natural for man to endeavor to please those he loves; and for the sake of enjoying the smiles and favors of the woman upon whom his affections are centered, he will do anything to rise to her social and moral plane.

Many men are kept out of the gutter by their love and respect for pure, good women.—Pittsburg Gazette.

A novel feature of the coming exhibition in Edinburgh will be a working ship railway in which the vessel will be immersed in water while upon the pier.

DEATH IN A TREE TOP.

Dumb Evidence of a Fateful Tragedy in the Mendocino Redwoods.

W. S. Mills and Henry Eckhart, of Colusa county, who recently returned from a hunting hunt among the coast mountains of Mendocino, tell of a remarkable find among the great redwood forests of that part of the state, a story which, for thrilling, weird, woodland tragedy, excels.

In the northwestern part of the county, late one afternoon, just before sunset, while the hunters were making their way to camp, they noticed that the rays of the sun in the tree tops of a dense grove fell on and lighted up a white object high among the branches of a large madrona tree.

Approaching the foot of the tree for the purpose of getting a nearer view of the white object, they were astonished to find, lying on the ground at the foot of the tree, the remains of a well known Kentucky rifle barrel, with part of a much decayed stock still clinging to it.

The barrel and lock were covered with rust, indicating it had lain for years in its position. While they were examining the ancient gun, and looking for further evidence around the foot of the tree, the sun had so far declined as to throw the white object in the branches in a deep shadow, making it impossible to make out what it was.

As it was somewhat difficult to climb the tree, they concluded to return in the morning and make further investigation. Marking it by placing poles and fallen limbs against the trunk, they returned to camp.

Next morning they returned to the tree, and in the bright morning light had no difficulty in making out the white object to be the skeleton of a human being. Mills climbed the tree and found the skeleton to be that of quite a large man, resting across two large limbs, and tied near the thigh bones to the same.

There was not a particle of flesh on the bones, and but few dangling rags. Near the skeleton, and lying across one of the limbs, was the frayed remains of an old coat.

Throwing the coat to the ground Mills descended, it having been decided to leave the bones where they lay in the tree, rather than throw them to the ground to be scattered by wild animals.

There was nothing to indicate how the man had met his death, or why his gun should be on the ground and his skeleton in the tree.

They conjectured that the hunter might have been chased by a bear and had climbed the tree, and had accidentally dropped his rifle. The next day they returned to the tree, and found the rifle lying on the ground, and the man's skeleton in the tree.

Without deigning to notice me he ran back to where the overturned pail was, and began to lay about him with the sugar scoop, and before I could recover from any amazement nearly every pupil had gone shrieking and laughing down the stairs, with the irate grocer in mad pursuit, hammering away with the scoop on the heads and backs of the guilty and the innocent alike.

A few minutes later he roared up through the knot holes: "Now, if you can't make them youngsters behave themselves and have some manners, I kin!"

This singular lesson in courtesy had such a salutary effect on the school that the pail was not overturned again for two whole days. The next week a new and better room on the ground floor, greatly to the delight of the grocer.—J. L. Harbour in Wide Awake.

Eating by Smell. "Talking o' people eating," said a robust looking woman and the reporter of an exchange at the same time, "did you know that a great many people take the most of their food through their nose?"

"What do you mean by that?" inquired her friend.

"Just this. I can satisfy my hunger at any time by merely inhaling the odor of good cooking. The aroma of coffee, for instance, sustains and exhilarates me. A fragrant flavor is a great treat to me. The next week I will tell you that."

"Then why should people eat?" "They don't eat when they can get a full meal of cooking odors. This is why tramps hang around the open doors of kitchens and restaurants. Did you never feast on the smell of warm gingerbread? I am very fond of candy, but I never eat it, as the substance does not agree with me. But I buy a box of it every week, and when I feel candy hungry I take the cover off and inhale the delicious flavors. The candy itself I give away to those who are not yet educated up to feeding through the olfactory."

"The friend looked at her in amazement, but she only replied, "It is to be a crank."

Superstitions. The days of superstition are by no means over. There are women, not over conscientious in the discharge of religious observances, who would throw a roomful of guests into confusion than sit down with twelve others at the dinner table. The lover will not give his sweetheart an opal ring, however pretty the stone may be; the guest at the table shudders when he spills the salt, and furtively tries to propitiate fate by throwing a few grains of salt about his plate. Pen and scissors are tabooed as presents. Many a man would choose any day in the week but Friday for starting on a journey, or beginning some great enterprise. Many a woman dreads (apart from sympathetic sentiment) to meet a funeral or encounter a black cat.—Young Ladies Journal.

Couldn't Account for the Name. The young lady who gets the tariff mixed up with the cognomens of the states is apt to do almost anything. A sweet Washingtonian, who has recently been doing a great business in remarking, "I have traveled all over Michigan, and yet have seen so few sheep, I wonder why it is called the Wolverine state."—Washington Post.

Wasn't That Enough. They found a Montana Indian dead on the highway the other day, and after three days' investigation came to the conclusion that all he died of, below zero. They may be particular about that, but in this section they would regard that as plenty enough to die of.—Detroit Free Press.

SCHOOL OVER A GROCERY.

Amusing Episodes Told by a Pioneer School Teacher of Leadville.

I taught one of the first schools ever taught in the great mining camp of Leadville, Colo., and in my occasional visits to my old home in the west, I had many unusual and amusing experiences. The schoolroom was the second floor of a two-story log building, the lower floor being used for a grocery store.

Everything in the schoolroom was of the most primitive kind. The seats were long pine benches. There were no desks, no blackboards and not an inch of plastering in the whole building. There was nothing between the grocery store and the schoolroom but a loosely laid floor of unseasoned pine that became looser as it seasoned. It was, unfortunately, full of knot holes, and whenever a customer came into the store for a bar of soap or a pound of sugar, the school teacher would be transacted, and as the merchant was a well known man we often heard some funny things.

The schoolroom water pail was kept on a pine box at one end of the room and it was accidentally overturned a good many times that winter, and, strangely enough, the boys sitting near it could never tell just how these accidents happened, but they always declared that there were more than the usual number of customers in the store below, and they never failed to throw the school into paroxysms of joy. The effect was different on the groceryman.

"Here you, Mister Teacher!" he would roar up to me. "Well, what is it?" I would ask in a deprecating manner as I could assume when talking through knot holes at my feet.

"Them boys is pourin' water down here ag'in and wettin' my goods and my customers, and I ain't goin' to stand it!"

"Boys!" I would say sternly, "did any of you upset that pail?" "No, sir," would come from a dozen of the innocent ones.

"And they did!" the groceryman would shriek out, "you just come down here and see if you can't make 'em behave I kin now and I'll do too!"

One day he carried his threat into execution. There were several customers in the store and he was in the act of pouring when an ominous splash and the giggling of two boys told me that the newly filled water pail had gone over again. There were little feminine shrieks below, and the next minute the grocer, sugar scoop in hand, appeared in the school room.

Without deigning to notice me he ran back to where the overturned pail was, and began to lay about him with the sugar scoop, and before I could recover from any amazement nearly every pupil had gone shrieking and laughing down the stairs, with the irate grocer in mad pursuit, hammering away with the scoop on the heads and backs of the guilty and the innocent alike.

A few minutes later he roared up through the knot holes: "Now, if you can't make them youngsters behave themselves and have some manners, I kin!"

This singular lesson in courtesy had such a salutary effect on the school that the pail was not overturned again for two whole days. The next week a new and better room on the ground floor, greatly to the delight of the grocer.—J. L. Harbour in Wide Awake.

The Teachings of Death. There is nothing so nothing, innocent or good, that dies and is forgotten; let us hold to that faith or none. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and play its part, through them, in the redeeming actions of the world, though its body be burnt to ashes, or drowned in the deep sea. There is not an angel added to the host of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in these that it loved here.

Forgotten! oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear! for how much charity, mercy and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves. When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity and love to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the destruction of the dead, bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven.—Charles Dickens.

A Sort of Joint Proposal. A short time since, at a wedding in South Carolina, a lawyer moved that one man should be elected as president; that this president should be duly sworn to keep secret all the communications that should be forwarded to him in his official capacity that night; that each unmarried gentleman or lady should write his or her name on a piece of paper, and under it place the name of the person they wished to marry, then hand it to the president for inspection, and if any chosen each other the president was to inform each of the result, and the names of those who had not been reciprocated in their choice were to be kept entirely secret. After the appointment of the president, communications were accordingly handed up to the chair. It was found that twelve young ladies and gentlemen had made reciprocal choices, and eleven of the twelve matches were solemnized.

In the Paragon. "Henry," cried Mrs. Smithers, "there are burglars in the house! Get right up, and go downstairs." "I hear them in the study now," returned the reverend gentleman. "I hear them in the study now." Perhaps they will get away with a few of those dressing gowns and pieces of knitted bric-a-brac we have received. I don't know what else to do with them.—Harper's Bazar.

STAMPS WITH A HISTORY.

They Help to Tell the Story That Led to the American Revolution.

There have lately come into the possession of the National museum two articles which are of great interest to every American, and of particular value to every student of American history. These are nothing more nor less than two of the original stamps engraved in England for use in the American colonies in accordance with the provisions of the stamp act of February, 1765. This was the act which caused such an uproar among the colonies, and was one of the main causes of all the trouble immediately preceding and leading up to the Revolution.

It was intended that the revenue to be raised by the stamp act should come from the sale of stamped paper and stamps which were required to be placed upon all papers used in commercial transactions, such as law, publications, transfers of real estate, inheritances and marriage licenses.

Thus a tax was placed upon the colonies without their consent, and the money derived from this tax was to be used for the support of a standing army, which in turn was expected to enforce the payment of the tax. An Englishman dreamed of any resistance to the act, and it is said that Grenville, the minister under whom the act was passed, afterwards made the statement that he would have staked his life on the obedience of the colonies to the measure. Of course, however, there was a decided resistance, as every American knows, which led to the repeal of the act in March, 1766, under the Rockingham ministry.

The stamps themselves were handsomely engraved, and ran in value from a half-penny up to several pounds. The two stamps now in the museum are of the value of a half-penny and a penny. They are uncancelled and are two of eight which were preserved by the heirs of Hon. Welbore Ellis, who was commissioner of internal revenue for Great Britain in the year 1765. After his death they came into the possession of his son, Welbore Ellis, jr., who was a partner in the famous banking house of Walker, Malby, Everett & Ellis, which failed in the great financial panic of 1857.

These two stamps remained in the Ellis family up to a few years ago, when they were given to Mr. E. J. Walker, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, by his grandfather, the senior member of the above mentioned banking firm, who was interested in antiques and curiosities. A short time ago the two stamps were given by Mr. J. Walker to Mr. John A. Brill of Philadelphia. Very soon after the stamps came into his possession, Mr. Brill received an offer of \$100 from an English collector for the two, but declined it at once, whereupon the Englishman called him an offer several times as large, which was also declined. Mr. Brill came to the conclusion that if the stamps were of that much value to an Englishman, they would be of much more value to an American museum of historical relics, and he promptly presented them to the National museum here, where they will be appreciated and properly preserved.

They will be installed in a handsome frame, which will have pictures and proper legends that will help to tell the story of the causes that led to the American Revolution.—Washington Star.

That Crochety Meteor. A gas meter is to my notion a thing of consent. I would like to have some one convince me that it in any way indicates the amount of gas burned, that there is in a pound represents something that we can prove up. The gas meter will register air blown into it as well as gas that passes through it. Would it not be a more rational way to assess gas bills as the water department does—on the basis of the number of rooms in a house? Any one who will make the experiment will find that it turned flat head on every night for a month that the bill for that month will be no larger than usual. The gas that is forced through the meter, if not burned, will leak away anyhow. That is the explanation of gas bills rendered for months when a house is closed up and no gas burned. Some safeguard against waste in the turn off the gas behind the meter during the day.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mr. Grady's Home Life. At home Mr. Grady was full of fun and frolic. One of the funniest games I ever witnessed was during a dinner at Mr. Grady's house. When we seated ourselves at the table Mrs. Grady gave a warning look at her husband, who then commenced to carve the chickens, as she said: "Henry, I am going to say grace." With a resigned air Mr. Grady sat, his head a little inclined to the right, his lips pursed up. Mrs. Grady, who was a devout Methodist, began to say grace, while Mr. Grady kept up an undercurrent of soft tones, "So vociferous that the chickens, who were getting cold." "Now, dear, don't make it longer because you've got company." "Now, dear, these people can't be thankful; they look ready to eat me." And yet Henry Grady was a sincerely religious man. He simply could not suppress his bubbling spirits. That's all.—Philadelphia News.

HOSPITALITY.

Decline of the Old Fashioned Virtue. Reasons for the Change.

There is something more than the talk of the traditional grumbler in the charge that the old-fashioned virtue of hospitality is on the decline. Where in the days of our fathers or grandfathers it was not unusual for people to have their houses literally overflowing with guests, it is now hard to find anybody who ever thinks of entertaining more than one or at the most two at a time, and it has become the exception rather than the rule that it used to be for anybody outside of a country house in summer to have guests at all. The succession of country cousins who were once almost as regular visitors to all well regulated city dwellings as the tax collector and the gas man, are seen no more forever, and the modern housewife would as soon think of opening a carding house for the sake of having her home overrun as it was in the days of her grandmother.

The reasons for this change are numerous. In the first place, the increased facilities for traveling of modern times has made it so easy for visitors to come to town that if the doors swung as hospitably open as of old, it is feared that the rightful owners of any given domicile would be in serious danger of being crowded out of their own premises. There is, moreover, the increased expense of living and the complex requirements of modern society, which renders it impossible to keep up the old-fashioned customs, with imminent danger of finding any ordinary income and any ordinary housekeeping, it is to be added, is so much more elaborate than that which obtained in the olden days that it cannot allow the interruptions and upsets which formerly made no great difference. The housekeeper of today is at the head of too intricate a machine to see with any chance the arrival of guests which throw out of gear the whole mechanism. We are more selfish than of old, and we are forced to be if we hope to keep up at all to the requirements of society. We are asked to be able to do so much that the country cousins, the poor relatives, the stragglers of all sorts, must be attended to in some other way than that of having the house doors opened to them.

The sense of individuality which has been developed so greatly within the last century has undoubtedly much to do with the present state of things. It is recognized that a man's house must be his castle mentally as well as physically, if he is to preserve his individuality and his personality, and in the stress of our over nervous time and climate it would be practically impossible to meet the requirements which stand ready to meet step over their own threshold, did they not make that threshold a bar to the claims of the outside world as far as possible.

The danger perhaps lies in the direction of the home life becoming stagnant, and the sanctuary's becoming a mere resting place. There is, too, in the exercise of personal hospitality a fine broadening of the character which is to be come at in no other way so surely. The change of entertaining guests and being entertained, diminished by modern fashions that there is room for fearing that we shall all too soon forget how it might seem to entertain the heavenly visitors at all. Of course each must in this as in other matters draw the line for himself; but out of regard for himself and for his own character it will be well if he draw it a great deal nearer the old-fashioned idea than is generally done in these days.—Boston Courier.

Not long ago two men who live near here took a beagle hound and went over to Red Ridge to hunt rabbits. A large bulldog followed them and stayed near them while the beagle scared the rabbits out of the brush. All at once a big rabbit scampered out from the underwood and dashed down the slope past the men. Its appearance excited the bulldog, and he gave chase at the top of his speed. When he was within a few feet of the rabbit the dog got tripped in some running vines and was turned end for end, like a flash. He didn't realize that he had been reversed, and in his eagerness to get at the rabbit he ran straight up the hill the moment he got out of the tangle. By that time the rabbit was well toward the foot of the slope; and after the confused dog had run several rods he stopped all of a sudden, as upon his haunches and howled for a minute or so, much to the amusement of the hunters.—Stauffer's Mill Cor. New York Tribune.

Up a Stump. The governor of Rhode Island found that Charles Paul had been convicted of a robbery of which he was innocent, and had served two years on a term which he should never have had. He, therefore, pardoned him, and inside of ten days he discovered that Charles ought to have got three other sentences for two other robberies he actually did commit. A jury seldom puts an innocent man in a hole.—Detroit Free Press.

A LEFT HANDED BEAR.

And the Hard Luck of Some Pennsylvania Hunters' Dogs.

"Guess you fellows never tackled a left handed bear," said an old Pocono hunter to a group of bird shooters the other evening. "I didn't exactly tackle one myself," he added, "but I saw one fight two dogs over at the head of White Oak run last winter, and he didn't use his right paw once. Me and Charles put up a white bulldog and a roan" bounded on the bear's track in about a res inches of snow, and the way they made the woods ring was music. The white dog took the lead, and for all of two miles we couldn't keep up. Then the yelping of the two grew louder and sharper. We hurried ahead and found that they had caught up to a large bear and were worrying him. The bear tried his best to get away in the scrub oaks, but the dogs pressed him so hard and nipped his hind legs and flanks so often that he backed up against a rock and got mad. He was mighty mad, too, but the dogs didn't seem to care a snap if he was for they both kept snatching at him, an every time they made a lunge he brought his left paw down with force enough to break a cow's back. We might have plugged the bear with bullets right there, but the dogs appeared to enjoy teasing him, and pretty soon the bulldog made a leap and tried to grab the bear by the nose. Then that old left paw of his got in its fine work. He brought it down so hard and so fast that the bulldog failed to grab his nose, and before he could get out of the way that awful left paw struck him on the right jaw and tore the bone loose. That used up Mr. Bulldog, but the other dog was as brave as a lion, and he faced the huge paw and got knocked into the brush, twenty feet off. The bear didn't try to use his right paw once, and when he had cleaned both dogs out, he waddled off as cool as you please and we shot him dead."

"I never met a left handed bear," said another old Monroe county hunter, "but I ran across as tough a killer as your left handed bear was. I was guiding a party of city sportsmen through the North Mountain district at the time. On the third day one of the city fellows got tired of standing on runways, and so he took his setter and shotgun and went off by himself after ruffed grouse. I found a bear's track in the snow near Knob pond that morning, and the deer shooters said they guessed they would just soon track the bear for a while. So I got three dogs and put them on the track and stationed the city chaps here and there. The dogs hustled the bear into a swamp and then out of it. On the edge of the swamp one of the dogs got in his way and was killed, and before any of us could get a shot at him he took the back track and vanished another dog. The third dog was too sharp for the bear, and bounded him into the swamp and out four or five times. Finally the bear gave up trying to hide in the swamp and headed for a ravine half a mile off. The funniest thing of it all was that the bear ran right into the neighborhood where the bird hunter was trying to find grouse. He got into the brush and changed to realize what all the cracking in the brush meant, the bear crashed through the saplings close to him and appeared in sight. The grouse hunter said his first thought was to leg it up the hill, but he was afraid the bear would chase him, and so he faced the music and fired two charges of No. 6 shot into the bear's face and eyes. The bear couldn't see to travel after that, and we killed him."

One day the young son of a man who lives on Tunkhannock creek went a mile or so from home to gather beechnuts. A large, jet black Newfoundland dog accompanied the lad, and while the boy was busy picking nuts from under a tree he saw the dog prick up his ears, wag his tail and trot off as though he had spied another dog and was going to meet him. This surprised the boy, but he didn't call the dog back. He watched him though, and he quickly saw that the dog was trotting toward a much larger animal and one just as black as his dog. When the dog had got within a few yards of the other black creature he suddenly put his tail between his legs, whirled right about and ran past the boy as though he was half scared to death. The moment the dog did this the other animal, which the boy then saw was a huge black bear, turned tail just as suddenly and waddled off in the opposite direction as the rabbit one. Each had been very much frightened by the other, and the boy saw nothing more of the dog until he reached home.

Not long ago two men who live near here took a beagle hound and went over to Red Ridge to hunt rabbits. A large bulldog followed them and stayed near them while the beagle scared the rabbits out of the brush. All at once a big rabbit scampered out from the underwood and dashed down the slope past the men. Its appearance excited the bulldog, and he gave chase at the top of his speed. When he was within a few feet of the rabbit the dog got tripped in some running vines and was turned end for end, like a flash. He didn't realize that he had been reversed, and in his eagerness to get at the rabbit he ran straight up the hill the moment he got out of the tangle. By that time the rabbit was well toward the foot of the slope; and after the confused dog had run several rods he stopped all of a sudden, as upon his haunches and howled for a minute or so, much to the amusement of the hunters.—Stauffer's Mill Cor. New York Tribune.

Up a Stump. The governor of Rhode Island found that Charles Paul had been convicted of a robbery of which he was innocent, and had served two years on

AMONG THE BEES.

Comb Foundations Various Combs Built by the Bees.

"In changing from the production of comb to extracted honey, it is best to have the bees (weak colonies) build their combs, or buy foundation?" was a query recently answered as follows by several well known bee keepers in American Bee Journal:

Buy comb foundation.—M. Mahin. Buy foundation.—G. M. Doollittle. I would use foundation.—J. P. H. Brown. I should use foundation.—Eugene Secor.

Buy foundation.—J. M. Haambaugh. I think that I should buy foundation.—C. C. Miller. I should prefer to buy foundation.—H. D. Cutting.

I should prefer to use foundation.—R. L. Taylor. I would advise the use of full sheets of foundation. It is the cheapest in the end.—Will M. Barnum.

I would buy foundation; then I would have light combs that would not color white honey.—Mrs. L. Harrison. Buy combs, if you can, and if not, get foundation by all means.—James Heddon.

I would buy foundation every time, even if I had to borrow the money to do so.—C. H. Dibbern. I prefer foundation; though in some cases it pays to have bees build combs. For extracting wired combs are very excellent. To obtain these we must have foundation.—A. J. Cook.

I would not try to produce comb honey with weak colonies. The bee keeper's golden rule, "Keep all colonies strong," is especially valuable in producing comb honey.—A. B. Mason. If the bee keeper is prompt, diligent, painstaking, persevering, accurate, skillful and level headed, buy foundation. If he is not all these things he would better not have the bees.—J. M. Shuck.

By all means give them comb foundation. Weak colonies are very poor to depend on for building combs.—The Editor. Directions for Marketing Poultry. A Boston firm furnish the brief directions here appended for dressing and shipping poultry:

Bleed from the mouth; dry pick while warm; should be neatly drawn, with as little cutting as possible; should thoroughly cool before packing in boxes or barrels. Lay not over 200 or 300 pounds in each, with breasts down, clean straw between each layer. For ready sale and best market prices, ship often in small lots. Game, such as quail, partridge, grouse, woodcock, etc., should not be dressed, but wrapped in paper and packed, same as poultry.

Here and There. The New York State Dairyman's association has elected for the ensuing year W. H. Gilbert, of Richland, president, and Josiah Shull, secretary. Our own wild turkey is reported as successfully acclimated in Austria.

At the National Swine Breeders' annual meeting, B. R. Vale, of Bonaparte, La., was elected president, and Phil M. Springer, Springfield, Ills., secretary, for the ensuing year. Cotton seed meal is very largely used by fertilizer manufacturers in the south as a source of ammonia.

Large quantities of ashes are exported every year from Canada to the United States. Remarkable Instances of Antipathy. Amatus Lusitanus relates the case of a monk who would faint on seeing a rose, and never quitted his cell when that flower was blooming. Orfila, a less questionable authority, tells us of Vincent, the painter, who would swoon when there were roses in a room, even though he did not see them. Nalait tells of an officer being thrown into convulsions by having a pink brought to his chamber. Orfila also relates the case of a lady of 46 years, a hale, hearty woman, who, if present when linen was being prepared for any of its various uses, would have violent coughing fits, swelling of the face and partial loss of reason for the next twenty-four hours.

Hinting at these peculiar antipathies and aversions, Montaigne remarks that there have been men who more feared an apple than a cannon ball. Zimmerman tells of a lady who could not bear to touch either silk or satin, and who would shudder and almost faint if by accident she happened to touch the velvet skin of a peach. Boyle records the case of a man who would faint when his room was being swept; and of one who naturally abhorred honey.

Hippocrates mentions one Nicanor who would always swoon at hearing the sound of a flute. A lunar eclipse caused Bacon to completely collapse, and the sight of a roast pig had the same effect upon Vaughan, the famous German sportsman.

The editor of "Notes for the Curious" has a sister who will not stay in a room where a watermelon is being sliced, and who, although she has long since grown out of all other fanciful whims, says that she has never been able to look upon that delicious product of the vine without feeling as though an emetic had been taken. So, too, the writer knows a youngster, away up in the teens, who, in counting, will not say "18," and thinks no more of saying "17, 19 than the average person would of saying 17, 18, 19. He says that the bare thought of the objectionable figure makes him feel the same in the stomach and gives the same sensations that swinging to a dizzy height does—i. e., a sort of an "all-gone feeling."—St. Louis Republic.

The Kaiser's Daily Bread. The German emperor is fond of variety, even in such small matters as his daily bread. Thus he takes for breakfast a small white loaf, the top of which is powdered over with salt, and which accordingly goes by the name of salt bun. After it he consumes a half penny bun, known as the "Luca ere." For his sandwiches he requires yet another kind of bread, made of the Vienna flour, and baked till the outside, which is afterward cut off, is quite black. At dinner with the soup, so called "broth sticks" are served. They are made after an Italian recipe, which is the secret of the court bakers.—American Miller.

LET THE BOYS SHOOT.

Give Your Son a Gun When He Understands Handling It.

By all means let the boys have their rifle and shotgun, furnish them a reasonable amount of ammunition and pay their license to shoot, if we ever come to that protective measure. How else can the boy learn to shoot? If I had my way every boy and every girl should learn to shoot, even though they never killed alone a single head of game. It is not the extinguishing of the vital principle of either bird or beast for which men go afield, and the game butcher should never be classed as a sportsman.

The rifle and revolver are weapons, the use of which demand physical conditions never found in the indolent, effeminate or the dissolute. They are weapons for men and women not for dolls of either sex. If every boy and girl were early taught the use and abuse of firearms the death rate from accidents caused by carelessness would be reduced to a minimum; the number of corner loafers, cigarette smoking, round shouldered, delicate boys and girls afflicted with corsets, nerve tire and headaches would decrease in direct proportion to the increase of recruits to the army of those now enjoying such a port.

And what is to hinder? Any one of a half dozen American manufacturers makes rifles sufficiently light for ladies and boys to use; prices are such that any one of moderate means can own the very best; accuracy is unsurpassed; and ammunition, that is the 22-caliber cartridges, which are plenty large enough for all ordinary range, is very cheap. But, alas! fickle fashion has decreed that the girls of child shall be a woman before reaching womanhood, and must never understand to mingle in manly sports unless the thin veneer of fashionable polish should be marred. Fathers forget they were ever boys and wanted a gun; or, being without desire that way, compel their boys to think as they do, or to use weapons surreptitiously. No! give the boys a chance, and the girls too.

Let those parents who are not sportsmen and are blessed with children imbued with such instincts, take the time and trouble to learn the art themselves and instruct their boys and girls. My word for it, such children will love you with a deeper intensity, will spring to obey your commands with a better grace, for has not the father their ideal of all that is good and great, associated himself with them in their play? And where is there a normal child who would not father associate with his father than with any other companion?

You, who yourselves love the gun, do not, I beg you, think it a bore to guide the youngster in the path of his love so well or think it a trifle to initiate him in the mysteries of an art fascinating alike to young and old. Bear in mind your own youth, and your heart would have gone out to any one who would have taken time and trouble to help you become a good shot.

Our boys and girls are to be the fathers and mothers of other boys and girls, and how can we mold the generation of those who shall take our places unless we now stand sponsors to the sports as well as to other educational advantages, and where is there to be found a cleaner, more scientific, more manly sport than rifle shooting?—Forest and Stream.

A Historic Wooden Leg.

A celebrated wooden leg has been discovered in an old Vincennes shop, which was once a smithy. There is abundant evidence to prove that the relic in question is the sham limb which replaced the leg which Gen. Daumesnil lost in the big wars of Napoleon I. This rugged old warrior defended the fortress of Vincennes against the allied army, and is famous for having saved to the invaders, when summoned to give up the place, "Bring me back my leg which you have shot off and you shall have my keys." The wooden leg now found had been sent by Daumesnil to a Vincennes smith in order to be "shod," as the general expressed it. Before the article was sent back the old warrior died suddenly, and the sham limb remained in the ancient smithy to the present day. It is now in the artillery museum of the Hotel des Invalides among many other martial and historic souvenirs.—London Telegraph.

Early Wise.

"He made a feeble and impotent gesture," read the father of the family from his newspaper; and then, seeing that his children were listening, he added, "Kitty, what is an 'impotent gesture'?" "I guess it's when you snap your fingers in somebody's face," returned Kitty, wisely.

"Truly, an excellent illustration of an impudent gesture. It is the same Kitty who is constantly asked by her younger brothers to define hard words because she is never at a loss for an answer, and can always find reasons, sometimes more ingenious than true.

"What is it to have 'versatility'?" asked Teddy one day. "It's to be a poet," returned Kitty, without hesitation. "To make verses, you know."—Youth's Companion.

Death of the Dinner Bell.

The dinner bell has long since suffered a decedence, and it is rarely now that it sends its merry tinkle through the corridors of aristocratic houses. It has been the custom to have meals announced by the butler, or by neat aproned aid called "Phylisses." But the latest is the Japanese gong. It is a succession of three bronze hemispheres, graduated sizes, connected by chains. The gong is suspended usually in a convenient curve of the stairway; and, when dinner is served, the family is musically summoned to the banquet hall by strokes upon the gong with a small hammer. One artistic wife I know of has succeeded in teaching her maid the notes of the sister's call from "Die Walkure," and three times daily do the Wagnerian tones echo through the house.—Table Talk.

Met by Chance.

FUR CLAD Individual (his hand closing on a silver dollar in his pocket)—You poor child! Have you no friends? Thinly Clad Little Girl (whose mother had married for love)—Why, Uncle Victor! Is that you? FUR CLAD Individual (his hand gripping the dollar tighter)—Why—hum—Nelly, I didn't know you. Folks all well? Good day.—Chicago Tribune.

A well trained shepherd dog is a valuable animal on a sheep farm.

TO YOUNG HUSBANDS.

Some Advice Regarding the Best Way to Treat Your Wives.

One of the most despicable practices that a married man can be guilty of is a kind of coarse jesting at the bondage of the married state, and a laugh at the shackles which the wife imposes. On the contrary, be it your pride to exhibit to the world that sight on which the wise man passes such an encomium: "Beautiful before God and men are a man and wife that perfectly agree." Make it an established rule to consult your wife on all occasions—your interest is hers—and undertake no plan contrary to her advice and opposition. Independent of better motives, what a responsibility does it free you from! For if the affair turns out ill, you are spared reproaches both from her and your own feelings.

But the fact is, she who ought to have most influence on her husband's mind is often the person who has the least, as a man will frequently take the advice of a stranger, who cares not for him, nor his interest, in preference to the cordial and sensible opinion of his wife. A due consideration of the domestic evils such a line of conduct is calculated to produce might, one would think, of itself be sufficient to prevent adoption; but, independent of these, policy should influence you, for there is a woman of intuitive quickness, a sagacity, a penetration and a foresight into the probable consequences of an event that make her peculiarly calculated to give her opinion and advice. "If I were making up a plan of consequences," said the great Lord Bolingbroke, "I should like first to consult with a sensible woman."

Have you any male acquaintance whom, on reasonable grounds, your wife wishes you to resign? Why should you hesitate? Of what consequence can be the civilities or even the friendship of any one compared with the wishes of her with whom you have to spend your life, whose comfort in your marriage vows you have promised to attend to, and who has a right to demand not only such a trifling compliance, but great sacrifices if necessary? Never witness a scene from your wife with equal indifference. Be assured, when you see a tear on her cheek, that her heart is touched, and do not behold it with coldness and insensibility. It is unnecessary to say that contradiction is to be avoided at all times; but when in the presence of others be particularly watchful. A look or a word that may, perhaps, in reality convey no angry meaning, may at once lead people to think that their presence alone restrains the eruption of a discord which probably has no existence whatsoever. Some men who are married to women of inferior fortune or connection will frequently have the meanness to upbraid them with the disparity. My good sir, allow me to ask you what was your motive in marrying? Was it to oblige or please your wife? No, truly, it was to oblige and please yourself, your own dear self. Had she refused to marry you you would have been (in lover's phrase) a very miserable man.—Mrs. Grace Wilcox in Montreal Star.

His Best Girl's Name in Gold.

A new industry has made its appearance in the hotel corridors which, from the satisfied expression of the proprietor's face, seems to pay handsome profits. The man does not confine himself to any one locality, but is now found in one familiar corridor, now in another. His business has a certain amount of sentiment in it, for out of this sheet gold he manufactures pretty lace pins, the design of which is the signature of any fair one to whom his customer desires to present his offering. The signature, which, singularly enough, is almost without exception the first name of the maiden, is clipped from the end of a letter and handed to the artist. After looking at it closely through a magnifying glass he gets a thorough idea of the proportion of its shading and all of its characteristics. Then with the thin sheet of gold in his fingers and a delicate pair of finely tempered scissors and a hair file he reproduces the signature in the precious metal in nearly as short time. The work of soldering pin to the signature and pecking it in a box filled with tinted and perfumed cotton is a matter of a few moments. It is said that bridegrooms are this man's chief patrons.—New York Times.

Minors and Jury Duty.

One day this week I made the astounding discovery that in order to be eligible to jury duty it is not necessary that the party summoned on a panel should be 21 years of age. The name of my son, who is not 20 years of age, was given in a list of young men, in the house where he is employed, supposed to be eligible for jury duty. When I went to see Judge Withrow on the boy's behalf, I stated the fact of his minority, but the judge said that made no difference; that if he was but 9 years of age and possessed of the requisite intelligence he would be obliged to serve, and that failure to appear would lay him liable to attachment and fine. This was news to me. It seems under the law that a man may be too old for jury service, but not too young.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Ass and the Wild Horse.

An Ass who was at Pasture one day was approached by a Wild Horse, whose graceful movements and perfect freedom from the restraints of Man so filled the Ass with Envy and Delight that he begged the Privilege of making an Excursion in his company. The Horse consented and the two set out together, but they had not traveled above three or four miles when a pack of wolves made a rush and cut the Ass off from his companion. He cried out in Terror for Assistance, but the Horse said, "I have forgotten to mention the fact that this sort of life has its drawbacks as well as any other, and this is one of them."

Moral: Nature puts us all where we belong.—Detroit Free Press.

Business Is Business.

Life Insurance Agent (out west)—What did Mr. Newcomer say? Assistant—He wouldn't talk with me at all; said he was too busy to think about life insurance. "Well, I'll hang around his house to-night and shoot holes through his windows, and when he comes down town in the morning you'll be behind him, as he'll be so scared he'll put a few balls through the top of his hat. Then when he reaches his office I'll drop in and talk life insurance again."—New York Weekly.

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. Nothing less than Ten Cents accepted. Advertisements must reach us as early as Wednesday noon. Address, Manchester Enterprise, Manchester, Mich.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE.—A Type Writer, cheap, at the Enterprise office.

FOR SALE.—Potatoes in any quantities to suit at my residence. N. VAN DERWERKEN.

WANTED.

WANTED.—A Horse for its keeping, for a month or longer. Good care guaranteed. A. O. GODDARD.

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FOR La Grippe, Colds, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Headache, Rheumatism, etc. use West's Cure. "Electricity in a Bottle." Agents Wanted. N. VAN DERWERKEN, General Agent, Manchester, Mich.

One Dozen Deane's Tourist's Tags!

For attaching to Trunks, Baskets, Packages, &c. etc.

With stout strings, ready to tie on Sent by mail on receipt of six 2c stamps or sold at

Enterprise Office.

Prof. Loissette's MEMORY

DISCOVERY AND TRAINING METHOD

In spite of advanced intelligence which make the theory and practical results of the Original, in spite of the numerous imitations which have been made, the truth of the Original is now being demonstrated in the most convincing manner. The Original is now being demonstrated in the most convincing manner. The Original is now being demonstrated in the most convincing manner.

F. G. SCHREPPER, PROFESSIONAL

VETERINARY SURGEON.

Who graduated from the university at Gettengen Germany, and has had considerable practice in the German army, has

Located in Manchester Village.

He has had extensive practice in Washburn, Wayne, and Monroe counties and will be responsible for all his treatments.

Calls Promptly Attended

Office at the residence, corner Clinton and Boyne streets.

DON'T FAIL TO CALL

and see our line of

CARDS!

We have Beauties in fringe—lovely new patterns also the London

Photograph Cards,

the richest and newest cards in the market, a of which we will sell at Reduced Prices, at the

Enterprise Steam Printing Office.

THE ODELL

TYPE WRITER!

Will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER. Warranted to do as good work as any \$100 machine in the market.

Simplicity with Durability—Speed,

ease of operation—wears longer without the cost of repairs than any other machine. See our list of ribbons to both the operator. It is neat, substantial, reliable, perfect and adapted to

ALL KINDS OF TYPE WRITING.

Like a printing press it produces Sharp, Clean, Legible Manuscripts. Two to ten copies can be made at one writing. Editors, lawyers, ministers, bankers, merchants, manufacturers, business men, etc., can not make a better investment for \$10. Any intelligent person in a week can become a good operator on a \$1000 case in two months.

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For more information send for the ODELL TYPE WRITER CO. THE ROOKERY, CHICAGO, ILLS.

MICHIGAN SOUTHERN BREWERY

—AND—

Bottling Works

MAQUETTE MICH.

LAGER BEER!

Brewed by the Barret, Keg, 50 Cents. Extra Bottled Lager.

For Family Use.

J. KOCH,

PROP'R.

Trab & Mahrie, - General Agents.

BLOOD OR BUSINESS.

Gore or Greenbacks

That's what we are after.

This established fact that this has been a very backward season for Clothing Dealers. In order to reduce our stock of all Heavy Winter Goods, we will make the DEEPEST CUT in prices known in Southern Wash-tenaw. Give a few prices to establish the fact in your mind.

Table with columns: Item, Former Price, Now Price. Items include Blue Satin Lined Overcoat, Blue Chinchilla, Black, Union, Grey and Brown Kersey, Union Fur Beaver, Splendid Canada Grey, Ulsters and Storm.

Youths, Boys and Childrens Overcoats out in the same way. Suits, Gloves, Mittens, Fur and Scotch Caps, all must go. This is a bonafide Cut without any advance. Call and get our prices.

Robison & Koebbe.

Daylight Clothiers.

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

East-Manchester and have it exchanged for flour

J. H. KINGSLEY.

WHAT WOULD MAKE A BETTER

HOLIDAY PRESENT THAN AN

Upholstered Chair!

Reed Rocker, or Camp Rocker, Fancy Antique Oak Rocker, a Platform Carpet Rocker, in fact—

Nice Bed Room Set

Or, if you want to do the handsome thing, give

A PARLOR SUITE

You will find we have a fine stock of all these goods and will make Special Prices for the Holidays. We have

Oil Paintings and Artotypes!

With Stylish Frames. We have Mouldings and can make Frames to Order. See what we have

FOR THE CHILDREN!

Tables, Lounges, Rockers, etc. Call and see them.

JENTER & RAUSCHENBERGER.

ALWAYS THE FIRST

IN THE FIELD

Ready & Fall Trade

My Fall Stock is now Complete and I am prepared to meet Your wants.

MY BOOT & SHOE ASSORTMENT

Is complete, direct from the most reliable manufacturers, including the celebrated

Robinson & Burtenshaw Line Of Fine Shoes

For which I have the exclusive agency. Kait Felt and Overs for men, and Boys, at prices that cannot be discounted

Rubber Footwear for Men, Women, Children.

I have the best stock of GLOVES and MITTENS ever shown here purchased from the most reliable manufacturers, enabling me to make prices that will surely sell them. My

Grocery and Crockery Department!

Was never more complete and QUALITY is a consideration never lost sight of. Come and see how Cheap you can buy a Decorated Toilet Set.

I WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD.

Will sell for cash as cheap as the cheapest at all times. Highest market price for Butter Eggs and other produce. Give me a call and I will try to please you. Respectfully

JOHN KENSLER.



Dr. C. F. KAPP,

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CLARK BROTHERS.

Contractors and Builders

Are prepared to take contracts for buildings

of all kinds. With our new

Steam Planing Mills

We are prepared to manufacture on

short notice

Sash, Mouldings, Etc.

—And do—

Turning, Planing,

Scroll Sawing, Etc.,

First-Class Style

Mills at Carr's Lumber Yard, near Lake

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Manchester, - Mich.

WE HAVE A FINE ASSORTMENT

—of—

Blank Books!

They are all neatly printed on good paper and

substantially bound. We make them for

the trade and sell them in quantities of at retail. We also make

Notes,

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School Orders.

60, 60

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 10c a package. They have no equal for Strength, Brightness, Amount in Packages, or for Fastness of Color, or Non-Fading Qualities. They do not crack or swell. For sale by Lynch & Co and F. R. Steinhilber.