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Manchester Enterprise

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

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ADONIRAM COUNCIL, No. 24, R. F. & N. E. M. U. W. meet at Masonic Hall, Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock.

MERIDIAN CHAPTER, No. 48, R. F. & N. E. M. U. W. meet at Masonic Hall, on Wednesday evenings at 8 o'clock.

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When I Go Home.

When I go home, when I go home to him! Or greeting me, and what his lips shall say. And mine reply; and will his eyes be dim.

With a heart of joy-tears? Will my coming be As dear to him as he has dreamed? Will all the glad excitement that he sought So sweet in fancy find its verity?

When I come home? Or will some fancied change Of speech, or look, or mien the same trans- fer? Who used to wear for him a nameless charm, Tempering his joy with shadows new and strange?

With shadows darkling for a little space? Ah! then, O, sweet beyond imagining! The cadence, half sob, half song, will bring With the old music, hallowing the place.

My glad heart has no room in it for doubt, The morning of my life is bright as the day, With leaves and blossoms, and leaflets leav- ing o'er.

Fleeting the sunshine, cannot keep it out. I love to fancy the felicitous That shall be mine upon that day of days, The old endearing names, and tricks of eye, And smiles that haunted all my reveries.

It rains or sunshine be, or gloom or gleam, The day of my return, sweet opportunity Of gladness flooding mood and circumstance, Smiles across the mist with rosy beam.

When I go home again! When I go home! My feet have strayed upon these journey- ing, But my heart never; all my longing elms To the old haunts, and the old haunts come.

Back to the old abiding-place to rest, How'er I wander under alien skies, And find forever there their paradise, Love's very self adorning my heart's house.

LITTLE JIM'S FUNERAL. Little Jim's death has caused a good deal of talk.

Of that there was no doubt. Every motherly person in that portion of the city known as the "Patch" has been talking about it for the last week.

It is not alone of his death they are talking, however, for that had been anticipated for some time, and besides deaths are so common there that little Jim is thought of.

Mrs. Murphy, one of the leading ladies of the "Patch," expressed the general opinion tersely but fairly when she said recently: "Sure the worst thing about dyin' is that betwene the doctors, the wake, the undertakers, an' the buryin' it's chaper to live."

Not at all. It was his funeral that gave rise to all the talk. It was one of the most remarkable funerals ever seen in south Brooklyn.

None who knew Little Jim in life would have supposed that he could command such honor in death.

Jim's life was not one that even the ordinary street arab would naturally envy.

The locality in which Jim lived and died does not include among its inhabitants any whose names figure in any elite directory.

There are a sprinkling of longshoremen and truckmen, some ordinary laborers, and some people who neither toil nor spin.

There are the usual dingy run-shops that are more prosperous than any other kind of shops.

There are pigs, and goats, and dogs innumerable, that always seem to be engaged in breaking city ordinances and getting their owners into trouble.

It is a unique locality in more respects than one.

Tradition in the patch has it that at one period Jim had a father and mother. Now, society at the Patch does not ask for much, but it would come up to the social requirements of even this easy-going locality, so that there was no regret when Jim's mother died after a prolonged spree, and his father left the Patch never to return.

This did not occur, however, until after a more friendly brawl, one or the other, or both of them, had in some manner, injured Jim so that he remained a cripple until the day of his death.

It was about this time that Timothy Murphy, longshoreman coming home from his work one night, and being thirsty, directed his steps to a resort for the bibulously inclined, known as the Hole in the Wall.

He was just quenching his thirst when he saw a quondam form enter, partly by the side of an improvised crutch.

The gentleman who presided in the establishment leaned over the counter and said: "Well, what is it?"

"I'm lookin' for my fadder," was the reply.

"Well, yer father an't here, so you'd better get out."

"Hold on," said Mr. Murphy, longshoreman at this juncture. "Come here, me lad. It's myself that knows yer blagard of me. It's my own opinion yer'll see him no more, an'orra meech less."

The boy set up a whimper, and then the big longshoreman put his broad hand over his mouth.

"Whish," he said, "come with me, an' the burlly longshoreman and the little cripple left the store together.

A few moments later Mr. Sullivan, longshoreman, appeared in his own domicile with little Jim.

"It's that bye of Flaherty's Mary," said he to his motherly looking wife. "Give him a sup an' a place to sleep. We're enough av our own to feed, but we're a few less miss what he eats. If we've a family a sorry bit av me but thinks that he's used to the same."

And that is the way Jim became domiciled with the Murphys. Hard enough times the Murphys had of it, too, for there were days and weeks when Murphy, longshoreman, had enough to do to keep his family in bread.

Yet the ugly duckling that he had taken in got as good as the Murphys did. The warm heart of Mrs. Murphy went out to the little forlorn cripple, and she treated him as though he had been her own child.

Nor was Jim ungrateful. He developed a variety of talents that brought many a penny into the treasury of the Murphys. He was a strapping boy for most of the Patch, and spite his crutch could perform a mission

more quickly than most other boys and with more intelligence. He snatched up somehow the art of writing a queer spider-like fashion, and wrote letters for those denizens of the Patch who could not write themselves.

There is a formula followed in writing such letters as these, for the writer usually starts out with the rather superfluous announcement that he "takes his pen in hand" and always ends by "wishing this will find you in good health as it leaves me at present," regardless of his actual condition of health.

This formula is as immovable as were the laws of the Medes and Persians, and by his fidelity to it little Jim added to his popularity and his income.

Then Jim had a little, cracked voice, with just a little sweetness in it, and he sang two or three songs in a manner that the people of the Patch considered as being extremely artistic.

Jim's repertoire was not extensive. He sang "Only a Picture," and warbled about the Scotch lad with Geordie, who left his Jean to fight with the Scotch brigade, and never came back, and he sang about a letter that some one had received from Ireland. In addition he somehow learned to play several airs on an old accordion that belonged to the Murphy family.

At the last summer Jim used his accomplishment in various directions and picked up a good many dollars. Most of these went into the Murphy's purse, but one day in rummaging about his bed Mr. Murphy found an old handkerchief, and tied up in it were several dollars in small silver.

"Lard love the boy, it's savin' up for soethin' he is," said good-natured Mrs. Murphy. And she tied up the money and placed it where she had found it. She said nothing to Jim about it, but afterwards came to the conclusion that bit by bit Jim was adding to his hoard.

One day Jim, who seemed to have something on his mind, surprised the good woman by abruptly asking: "Where do the people in the Patch get buried when they die?"

"Arrah, Jim, what a matter? What questions yer askin'?" said the astonished woman.

"I asked you where people that dies around here are buried," said Jim. "Where, sure, but in the cemetery," responded Mrs. Murphy.

"And if I died where would I be buried?" said the persistent Jim.

"The Lord forbid ye should die, Jim; but if ye did the old man would die, Jim; has wan lot in the cemetery where our weeny wans is buried, and ye should lay there, Jim."

Jim looked both relieved and thoughtful, and left the house without asking any more questions.

Mrs. Murphy, who was a good deal of a humorist, told her husband of her conversation with the young man.

"I dunno, Mary," said the longshoreman thoughtfully, "they say children can look ahead, an' the bye is too knowin' to live. That cough av his, too, is bad. But don't borry trouble."

It was certain when the winter opened that Jim was getting thinner, and that he had a painful cough, which was growing worse. The people of the Patch had enough to do to live, and yet there was not a house in it where Jim was not welcome to what ever there was.

His conversation with Mrs. Murphy about burial had been quiet, but it was a subject which was growing more and more on his mind.

One of the younger inhabitants of the Patch had something to say about the matter, too, when he was seen.

"You kin say that our Jim is going to have a funeral?" he said.

"We're raisin' the money," he said. "We're raisin' the money," he said. "We're raisin' the money," he said.

"It may be, but it's not just that style, but them's about the sentiment in it," concluded Jim's friend.

And so, while Jim in life was of little consequence, after death he has been honored. The same can not be said of the great ones of the earth.

A Ludicrous Blunder. An amusing mistake of a telegraph operator, which might have been attended with unpleasant results, was brought to my notice recently.

The future of the cattle industry in Texas has not looked so bright as it does at present for several years.

One of Chicago's leading general stores now works 350 cash girls only 8 hours and has them at school 2 hours.

A big contracting firm in Pittsburg is bringing negroes from Virginia to take the place of the Italians it formerly employed.

Philadelphia in population is second only to New York, but under the recent action of her license court she has only 1,173 saloons, while New York has 9,885 saloons bars.

The first negro land company of the South, and probably of the world, has been organized by leading colored men of Atlanta. The company begins with 100 shares of stock, representing \$10,000.

From careful estimates received from farmers the cost of raising a bushel of wheat in an average crop—15 bushels to the acre—is believed to be 49 cents.

Mrs. Sarah Williams, of Calamus, Mich., gives this sample of home industry: The other morning she made a barrel of soap, did her family washing, churned 16 pounds of butter, put on her other dress, and read the morning paper all before 10 o'clock.

Never in its history has the State of Texas been so prosperous as now. The crops for this year have been the best ever known; for the greatest advance has been in the cotton crop. Conservative estimates place its value at \$90,000,000, or \$20,000,000 above any crop of previous years.

The total agricultural product will this year exceed \$120,000,000.

scraps of Philosophy. A man is never too poor to get married. The desire to get even is the first acknowledgment of failure.

Impatience is a tyrant that a man creates to reign over him. If cleanliness is next to godliness, the Baptists begin their religious life well.

Justice is never so blind but she can tell the difference between a rich and poor man.

Hope may be the anchor of the soul, but Faith is the wharf at which the soul lies moored.

Repentance is often a matter of circumstance, a bad liver is sometimes mistaken for remorse.

"He phrase, 'Heaven is for the good,' rather loses its force when we consider that everybody expects to go there.

Looking before you leap means to put the friends of a man's friends before telling him your secret.

The Eleventh Commandment. George Francis Train says he has been long enough in Boston to learn that the eleventh commandment in that city is: "Thou shalt not get caught."

HOT WEATHER VOTING.

Oregon Indulges the Luxury Every Two Years. Oregon has just had its biennial June election. It was an important contest, as the selection of Governor, State officers, Congressmen, and United States Senator depended on the result.

The outcome leaves the State without change in its representative public men.

The election of a Republican legislature secures the re-election of John H. Mitchell as United States Senator.

Senator Mitchell is now serving his second term as Senator, and will begin a third term in 1891 if he lives.

He is a Pennsylvanian, 55 years old. He went to California in the Fifties and practiced law in San Francisco. He removed to Portland, Ore., in 1860. He was 4 years in the State senate, half of that time as president of the body.

He was a candidate for United States Senator in 1866, and was defeated in the primary caucus by one vote. He was chosen professor of medical jurisprudence in Willamette University, at Salem, Oregon, in 1867, and served in that position nearly 4 years.

He was elected to the United States Senate from March 4, 1873, to March 3, 1879; and was again elected to the United States Senate in 1885. His term of service will expire March 3, 1891.

B. Hermann, the present Representative, was also re-elected to Congress, securing an emphatic endorsement of his public course.

He is one of the most popular men in the State. He is a Marylander, 47 years of age. Since 1868 he has been a lawyer in Oregon.

He has been in the legislature and was deputy revenue collector and a land office receiver. He gets the largest salary paid to any Congressman, his mileage amounting to over \$3,000.

Governor Enoyer, the present Democratic incumbent of the office, was also re-elected, sufficiently proving his popularity by carrying for a second time a charge over him.

He is a Democrat, and is ranked as one of the staunchest in the Republican line in the country.

BUSINESS AND INDUSTRIAL. A \$300,000 cotton mill is talked of at Florence, Ala.

Russians use American sleighs lined with buffalo robes.

A Chicago working girls' club teaches dressmaking, millinery, cooking, etc.

In Brooklyn it is against the law to charge over \$1.50 a load for moving a half mile.

Chicago terra cotta workers and the stone masons have worked 8 hours since 1887.

A Philadelphia father recently paid \$3,500 for a doll's house for his little 4 year old daughter.

Nine sewer pipes works near Toronto, Ohio, have been purchased by an English syndicate.

Prominent men and leading clergymen in New York are aiding the demand for seats for the girls in storks.

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SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

Speech is external thought, and thought internal speech. I will utter what I believe to-day if it should contradict all I said yesterday.

The one who will be found in trial capable of great acts of love is ever the one who is always doing considerable small ones.

It is often more necessary to conceal contempt than resentment, the former being never forgiven, but the latter being sometimes forgot.

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against and not with the wind. Even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm.

The foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing is a vice so mean and low that every person of sense and character detests and despises it.

Industry is essentially social. No man can improve either himself or his neighbor without neighborly help, and to better the world is to set the world to work together.

We hate some persons because we do not know them; and we will not know them because we hate them. Those friendships that succeed to such aversions are usually firm, for those qualities must be sterling that could not only gain our hearts, but conquer our prejudices.

Discretion and good nature have always been looked upon as the distinguishing ornaments of female conversation. The woman whose price is above rubies has no particular in the character given of her by the wise man more en- dearing than that she openeth her mouth with wisdom and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

Children may be spoiled in numerous ways—by never contradicting or correcting them, by always indulging or giving way to them, by excessive praise, by injudicious comparisons, and last, but not least, by setting them a bad example. An only child, whether son or daughter, is always in danger of being spoiled, and the mischief is soon done. Many men and women who turn out thoroughly selfish, were meant by nature to be generous, warm hearted, and self denying.

Thousands go down and disappear for want of the power of physical endurance; quite as many thousands for lack of steadily improving brain capacity; but perhaps most of all are smitten, crushed, and routed because of their poverty of clear and steadfast moral purpose. The real strength of man is his heart, his manly and physical, and without this, no matter how good, no advantage of the way, however great, no stroke of luck, however wonderful, can save him from defeat. Like all other creatures, his means of defense must be commensurate with every possible occasion; or final victory can never crown his brow.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN. Salt is frequently applied to asparagus beds, but soapuds are better. Celery is also benefited by liberal applications of soapuds.

It is recommended in trimming currants not to cut back the new wood, but to cut out clean what is cut, so as to leave no chance for shoots to grow. It is worth trying on a few bushes.

Vick's Magazine says that the keeping qualities of the foliage of the Japan rose Rugosa are not less remarkable than its beauty. The editor has kept a sprig of foliage in water for several weeks, and it retains its green and fresh appearance to the last. It will serve for a number of relays of rose flowers that are lacking in foliage.

Sunflowers planted about a drain or on portions of land from which impurities arise will absorb noxious gases, and thereby prove beneficial to the health of the people about. Besides being useful, these plants are exceedingly ornamental if arranged to form a dense bank. At the rear plant a row of the "New Primrose" variety, next a row of the ball shaped kind known as "gobosus," then a row of the California, and lastly a row of "Miniature" sunflowers.

Geraniums must have any leading shoots cut back to make them throw out laterals. Verbenas should be pinned down until they have covered the bed, and any faded flowers or rusty leaves must be removed. A bed of verbenas should be kept very free from weeds. Coleus being grown for their color, massiveness and evenness of surface must be aimed at, and any shoots that show a tendency to run beyond the others must be pinched back severely. The more pinching a coleus receives the better it will look.

CARE FOR YOUR WATCH. A Few Valuable Directions for Keeping It in Order.

Boys and girls sometimes treat their watches badly from indifference, some times because they do not know how to take care of them. Here are some hints that have been furnished to Youth's Companion:

Do not let a watch run down, but wind it regularly at a fixed time each day.

Set your watch by and compare it with a reliable regulator.

Hold the watch still when winding it. Never shake a watch violently.

Never carry your watch near an electrical machine.

Do not let your watch run more than two years without cleaning.

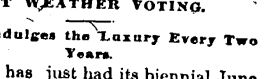
Never put your watch in the hands of a poor workman.

If your watch stops, see whether it has run down, and if it has, wind and set it. If it has not run down, see whether the hands have caught. If they have, by using care you may free them.

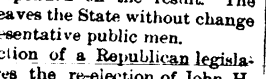
If neither of these, take the watch to a watchmaker.

If a watch is dropped into the water, if into fresh water, open the cases to the works and put the watch, opened, into a cup of kerosene or machine oil. No time should be lost in doing this. Then, as soon as possible, take it to a watchmaker.

The Original Package is the name chosen for a paper to be published as Old Orchard, Me., during the coming summer season.



JOHN H. MITCHELL.



B. HERMANN.



A. HERMANN.

S. S. LESSON—JULY 27.

THIRD QUARTER, 1890.—STUDIES IN LUKE.

Lesson IV.—Lost and Found.—Luke 15: 1-10.

Commit to Memory Verses 4-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.—There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.—Luke 15: 10.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE. I then drew near unto him all the publishers and sinners for to hear him.

2. And the Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.

3. And he said unto them, saying, I have found that which was lost, and have brought it home, and ye have not rejoiced over this.

4. And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing.

5. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me;







