



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

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Dreams.

Some time elaps'd, one evening, grew mischievous, it seems. And broke into the store-room where the standard sleep his dreams. And gathered up whole armfuls of dreams all bright and sweet. And started forth to peddle them a-down the village street.

Oh, you would never, never guess how queerly these dreams sold. Why, nearly all the youngest folk bought dreams of being old. And one was chap in curls and kitta, a girly little thing, Invested in a dream about an awful pirate king.

A maid, who thought her pretty name old-fashioned and absurd, Bought a dream of names the longest and the queerest ever heard; And, smiling to a lad, who owned all sorts of costly toys, Bought a dream of selling papers with the raggedest of boys.

And then a dream of summer and a barefoot boy at play Was bought up very quickly by a gentleman quite gray. And one old fellow, smiling through the grief he tried to hide— Bought a dream of tender visions of a little girl who died.

A ragged little beggar girl, with weary, wistful gaze, Soon chose a Cinderella dream, with jewels all. Well, it wasn't many minutes from the time she came in sight. Before the dream was all sold out and the elves had taken flight. S. Walter Norris in St. Nicholas.

A DOMESTIC CHRONICLE.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Cavendish, entering his wife's room. "I've sent that girl of yours about her business."

Mrs. Cavendish looked up with a start. She was buttoning Bob's apron, patiently following him about the room as he frisked after the cat.

"What?" said she, in a dismayed voice.

"I spoke distinctly enough, didn't I?—have discharged Lucy."

"Who? For Jane?"

"Hawley, that's all."

"But Lucy never could have been in-olent," pleaded Mrs. Cavendish, twitting off the last button from Bob's apron in her perturbation.

"Oh, couldn't she, though? I just wish you had been there, that's all."

"What did she say, James?"

"I told her she was half an hour behind with the breakfast and asked what she meant by it, and she told me she was doing the best she could and couldn't do better if all the world depended upon it."

"But James, the poor girl is nearly frantic with the toothache this morning."

"I can't help that, she has no business to answer me impudently. It wasn't the words so much—it was the manner."

"Poor Lucy! And you have discharged her?"

"That's your all over," said Mr. Cavendish, angrily. "I believe you'd take anybody else's part against me. Yes, of course I discharged her. I told her to have her things outside of the house in two hours or I'd fling them out of the window."

"But James what am I to do?" said Mrs. Cavendish, who had by this time captured Ethel, the second child, and was buttoning her boots with nervous rapidity.

"With one of my sick head-downs coming on, and Willie and Pen as usual with the measles, and not a soul to lift a hand for me!"

"That's a pretty question to ask," said Mr. Cavendish, standing with his hands in his pockets. "One would think you women were made of sugar or salt nowadays. My mother had ten children—ten—and did every stroke of work for ten herself year in and year out; and here you make such a rumpus because you happen to be left without a servant for twenty-four hours—because, of course, I shall expect to stop at Wiggins' and send you up a Swede or a Norwegian this afternoon."

Poor Mrs. Cavendish burst into tears.

"James," said she, "Lucy is the best girl I have ever had. You should not have sent her out of the house in this way. How would you like it if I went down to your wholesale boot and shoe place and discharged your clerks?"

"I should like it perfectly right," returned Cavendish, "if they answered you impudently. Now don't snivel! If there is anything I hate it is a scene. I'll go downstairs and boil the coffee myself—any one can make coffee—and you hurry down with the children as soon as you can. There's plenty of bread and butter and cold ham, anyhow. Nobody ever starved on that."

Mr. Cavendish had "cramped out" a good deal during his bachelor days, and succeeded in preparing a remarkably good pot of coffee. The bread and butter and cold ham were not bad of their kind, but the children cried aloud for milk. The Cavendishes kept a cow, and the milk had not yet been brought in.

"And that is what kept Lucy!" involuntarily cried Mrs. Cavendish.

"Condensed milk is good enough for anybody," asserted Mr. Cavendish. "But Bob and Ethel declined to drink it on any terms."

"Starve 'em to it," said the father, drinking his hot coffee in prodigious gulps. "Healthy children have no business to be dainty."

And he caught up his hat and ulster and made a bee-line for the train.

Mrs. Cavendish looked pitifully around at the disordered table, the ash-choked fire, general desolation of the room. Her headache was gradually working itself up to the supreme moment of desperation. The children about stairs were crying for breakfast; Bob was sailing his shoe in the cedar pail of water; Ethel was feeding the kitten from the can of condensed milk.

"Ma," piped up Bob, "there's a tramp at the kitchen window!"

But it was no tramp. It was Miles.

"Oh, Miles, I am so glad!" said Mrs. Cavendish. "You have brought us the milk!"

"I haven't that, mum," said Miles. "The cow's lost, an' it an't meself is going to track her through the swamps an' bogs. If the master wants his cow took care of he's got to pay me a dollar a week more wages."

"Got to, Miles?"

"Kin't be bodily restored the man. 'Tis to be put on no longer, Dr. Miller's man—"

"Very well," said Mrs. Cavendish; "you may go!"

"Ma!" echoed the astounded servant.

"You are discharged," said Mrs. Cavendish, firmly—"at once!"

Miles slunk away and disappeared.

Mrs. Cavendish went up to her room, and after ministering as well as she could to the wants of the poor little victim, she threw herself on the bed with a wet towel bound around her head and despair in her heart.

"There's one comfort," said Mrs. Cavendish, gloomily smiling, "if he discharged Lucy, I have sent away Miles!"

Mr. Cavendish had an unusually busy day in the city. As he was hurrying toward the depot in the afternoon he remembered that his mission to Mr. Wiggins' famous "intelligence bureau" was yet unfulfilled.

"Confound it!" said Mr. Cavendish to himself. "However, to-morrow will do just as well. My mother did without any help at all."

At the station no buggy was waiting.

"I wonder what that lazy villain Miles is about?" said Mr. Cavendish, a dark frown gathering upon his brow. "He may think he's got a snug place of it, but I'll teach him I'm not to be trifled with."

When he reached Althea lodge everything was disorganized. Ethel was pulling the feathers out of the paragon's nest; Bob was guffawing around the bar-yard on the back of Pounce, the pony.

"We're having such fun, pa!" he cried. "Pounce hasn't been fed, 'cause I couldn't find the key of the oat bin, and the cow is lost. Such fun!"

"Where's Miles?" roared the father.

"Ma's discharged him."

"What for?"

"'Cause he talked saucy to her."

Mr. Cavendish stood a moment staring at the pony and the peacock, the boy and the girl.

"Ethel," said he, "let that bird go. Robert, get off the pony at once and come into the house."

Ethel obeyed reluctantly, Robert with alacrity.

"We've got company," chirped the latter youth—"company, pa! I most forgot to tell you. And ma's in bed with headache, and there's no one to get them any supper. Hooray!"

Mr. Cavendish hurried into the house. The parlor was undisturbed, yesterday's flowers still in the vase, and the fire had died into a mass of feathery cinders. Through the open door was visible the dining-room, with the remains of the breakfast still visible—as dispiriting a scene as could well be held.

And there, in the midst of all this forlornity, sat Mrs. Burgoyne's sister from the west, to whom he had frequently boasted of the perfection of his wife's housekeeping arrangements, and a Mrs. Ridgway, who once, years ago, had been a sort of old, sweet best of his. Of all people, he was most anxious that his home should appear pleasant in the eyes of those two women! And now—

He made the best of it, however. He extended to them an ostentatiously hospitable welcome, hurriedly built up a blazing candle coal fire in the grate, and hastened upstairs to where poor Mrs. Cavendish was deluging her forehead in cologne and endeavoring to twist up the wet braids of her heavy hair into company order.

"Julia," said he, "what does this mean? Miles gone?"

"I discharged him," said she, resolutely. "You said I was perfectly justifiable in doing so if he spoke impudently to me. And he did so."

"But what am I to do?"

"Precisely the question I asked you this morning."

Mr. Cavendish had nothing further to say for himself. He simply uttered some kind of an anathema between his closed lips.

"Do you know," he said, "that there is company down-stairs?"

"Yes; but until this moment I have been unable to leave my bed."

"My dear," he said, compassionately, putting his arm around her shoulder, "does your head ache so hard?"

"It is better now, James."

"I do believe," slowly observed Mr. Cavendish, "that I have been a fool."

"Oh, James!"

"I wish I hadn't flown into such a passion with poor Lucy. And all about nothing, too, when one comes to think of it."

Mrs. Cavendish laughed hysterically.

"We all make mistakes, James," said she. "Wait a minute, dear. I'll go down-stairs with you now, if you'll give me your arm. I couldn't ask your sister and her friend up here with the children sick with the measles, could I?"

"Who is with them now?" the child, red, leaping young girl from the village—Lucy's sister.

"Couldn't—couldn't she help us with dinner?" ventured Mr. Cavendish.

"She is too young. Besides, she has had no experience. But James—"

"Yes, Julia."

"Open confession is good for the soul," said Mrs. Cavendish. "Lucy came back to me about two hours ago. She said you had sent her away, but that she could not bear to leave me at such a time. She is getting dinner down-stairs now."

"She's a trump," cried Mr. Cavendish.

Scarcely had he introduced his wife to the ladies in the parlor than the folding doors of the back room slid open, revealing a bright fire and a well-spread table, decorated with spring flowers—daffodils, tulips, and a few purple spikes of lilac. A pair of ducks had been roasted in the best and most tempting style. There were sweetbread and chicken salad by way of entree; a delicious steam pudding, and four fresh strawberries, and Lucy was just bringing in the tomato soup.

Mr. Cavendish nodded good-humoredly toward her. She courtesied respectfully.

"You needn't worry about the horse and cow, sir," she said, in a low voice. "Peter Frink from the Low farm is coming to attend to them."

While the family were discussing the steam pudding and prune pie, Lucy slipped into the parlor, and, to use her own terms, "straightened up" the dis-

order there, and the last impression taken away by the visitors was one of neatness and comfort.

Mr. Cavendish drew a long breath as he watched the retreating footsteps of his company toward the road that led to the train.

"Julia," said he, turning to his wife, "I've come to the conclusion that times have changed since my mother did the work for ten children without any servant."

"I quite agree with you," said Mrs. Cavendish.

"And I was entirely wrong when I sent Lucy away; and were quite right when you discharged Miles. Henceforward, my dear, we'll try and mingle a little common sense with our house-keeping."

And Mrs. Cavendish smiled as she assented.—Helen Forest Graves in Philadelphia Saturday Night.

PECCARY VS. LOCOMOTIVE.

How a Pack of the Obstinate Little Brutes Came to Grief.

A Fort Davis (Tex.) correspondent writes to N. Y. Times:—"The peccary story, which has now become a part of the unwritten history of this section, will best serve to illustrate the headstrong disposition and wonderful courage of the little peccary. The Southern Pacific Railroad, which passes this point for a part of its route, cuts through a long stretch of chaparral country abounding with peccaries, wild mustangs, and various wild animals. One day, while driving along at moderate speed through the Pecos bottoms, an engineer saw a herd of small animals scattered along the track a few hundred yards ahead. Believing them to be domestic porkers, he kept the whistle couple blasts and blew straight ahead, supposing of course that the brutes would take the hint and get out of the way. No such thing. With snouts in the air they scornfully surveyed the approaching engine and made up their minds to stand their ground. Quickly forming a semi-circle in mass, with angry eyes and grunting snouts they coolly awaited the whistle. The engineer, determined to demolish the locomotive and cars or get 'busted' themselves, so to speak. Still the engineer thought they would move and made no attempt to ease up or stop the train. When almost upon them he saw that a collision was inevitable, and so he opened the throttle, set the old whistle to peep, and here down upon the band with all the speed he could command. Crash! he went through the band of peccaries like a rocket, filling the air with spare ribs, tenderloins, and bits of flying pork. Those belligerent little rascals who were unhurt rushed into the wheels, the cars, and the coach-catcher, showing their spitefulness to the bitter end, but of course, they were smashed out of existence in their attempt to do nothing.

The engineer says: "Next day when I came back over the road there were the remaining peccaries on the same spot, arranged in battalion front, and all waiting for the train to come along so that they could get even for the previous day's disaster. Away I went at them again, filling the atmosphere with pork, while the live ones frantically rushed at the cars, wheels, and trucks, attempting in their mad fury to wreck the train. This they kept up trip after trip until only three peccaries remained. True to their resolution, when the final day they took a bold stand on the side of the middle of the track and prepared to make a last fight for the honor of peccaries and hogs generally. Two were tossed into eternity by the cowcatcher and the third was cut into sections by the iron wheels. Since then no more peccaries have attempted to buck against Uncle Sam's mail."

The Struggle of Sea and Land.

We stand on a bluff at the sea-shore. The surf is undermining it. That deep cutting into the bank is its work. An overhanging mass of earth is thrown down and becomes the toy of the waves, which reduce it to gravel. This in its turn becomes ammunition to be hurled against the shore. Wherever this process is going on, the land falls back before the advancing sea, and considerable islands are evident in short time. The island of Heligoland has been reduced, within a thousand years, from a considerable island to a mere rock. The strings of rocky islands along many coasts are remnants of destroyed shoreland. Thus the land yields with hardly a struggle to the supremacy of the sea. Look at all the islands given away by the sea. The Zuyder Zee, so-called, is but a bay 500 years ago, and Holland, part of which is below the level of the sea, would have been likewise overflowed if it had not been defended by artificial dikes. Subsidence of ground have also been sometimes observed during earthquakes. In other places the sea gives way. Rivers carry out masses of detritus and deposit them along the shores, causing the land to advance. By the operation of this process Roman ports on the eastern coast of Italy have been left away inland, and whole alluvial districts of the upper Italian plain have been wrested from the sea.—Popular Science Monthly.

Private Allen Takes a Bath.

Representative John Allen says all the primitive people don't live in Mississippi. "When I was stung up in Pennsylvania two years ago," says he, "I had to put up one night in a hemlock town with half a dozen houses scattered about. I had been traveling over a dusty soft-road, and the cinders and soil were thick enough to give the impression that I was a Democratic dandy. I stopped with an old Dutch tanner, and after supper asked him if he couldn't fix up so could get a bath. He got a blue China bowl of soft soap, a roller towel, and led me about five rods back of the kitchen to a small horse pond."

"Here you is," said he, "just yamp right in."

"I looked around. The women were in plain sight in the kitchen, and three or four other houses were within a stone's throw."

"Is this all the place there is? I asked."

"Yah."

"How do your woman folks do?"

"De'w as all booty well. Boy 'as yours?"—Washington.

WASHINGTON HIGH LIFE.

SOCIAL EXTRAVAGANCES AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Pathways Paved With Gold—China Plates That Cost \$100 a Piece, and Tea Served in Gold-Footed Bots—Rich Official and Private Dinners.

Special Washington Letter.

The United States is the richest nation on the globe. Our possessions amount, all told, it is said, to \$40,000,000, or \$1,000 to each man, woman, and child in the country. We are fast approaching the condition of Rome in its most prosperous days, and the old motto of "Easy come, easy go," is in force. Our citizens spend more, proportionately, than any other nation. We have dukes who can sport their 100 suits of clothes, and our statesmen order their trousers by the dozen. Our society belles wear silks and jewels that queens could hardly afford 100 years ago.



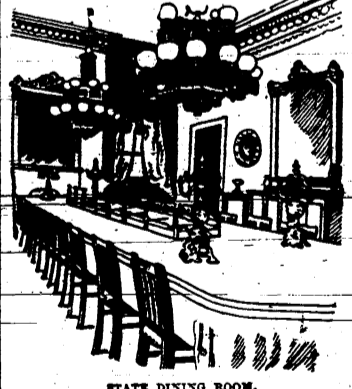
A SWELL OCCASION.

Of late years, and partly in consequence of the growth of wealth, Washington has become a rich man's city. Owing to its beauty of location, and the vast improvements undertaken by the Federal Government, as well as its social attractions, wealthy people have moved here from all parts of the country, and hundreds of magnificent residences have been erected in the fashionable quarters of the city, and the national capital probably boasts more millionaires among its winter population than any other city in the country. In fact, the era of Jeffersonian simplicity is a matter of history.

The extravagance shown at Washington during recent social seasons would make Andrew Jackson turn in his grave, and the economical soul of John Adams would quiver with indignation if it could appreciate the wasted money of to-day. President Adams could not grow fat on his snack of oat cake and lemonade while he read paragraphs describing the luncheon of Mrs. Senator Stanford, which the Pacific coast ladies ate off china plates that cost \$100 apiece, and the tea of which was served from a gold set of six pieces, and the sugar dropped into it with gold sugar tongs. George Washington's plain meals of toast and tea, at which Martha herself made the toast while the guests waited, would hardly compare with the simple little dinners of Senatorial millionaires, where each plate represents a cost of from \$10 to \$50, and Zach Taylor's love for fitch and eggs would hardly be satisfied by one of Vice President Morton's terrapin steaks.

Apicius spent a fortune on his stomach, and we read of dinners in ancient Rome made of nightingale's tongues. The dinners of Washington could not be more expensive if their pepper and salt were grains of gold dust, and in this letter I will write of the bills of fare that will make your mouth water.

At Mrs. Stanford's luncheon, where the gold tea set above spoken of was used, it took two hours and a half to serve the twelve courses, still it was only a luncheon, and its bill of fare was as follows: Raw oysters, consommé in cups, baked bass and potatoes, macaroni, roast beef and tomatoes, Roman punch, brown squash, salads, cheese and olives, fresh strawberries and cream, charlottes, ices, dessert, coffee and sweets.



STATE DINING ROOM.

Now are the state dinners at the White House, where the dear people pay the bills, by any means ascetic affairs. They are gorgeous in the extreme, and the guests sit for hours at the table. The Executive Mansion is provided with magnificent services of china and a goodly display of silver, and the republic need not be ashamed when it banquets the ambassadors and ministers plenipotentiary of effete European monarchies. It is not in their food alone, however, that these Washington dinners are noted. The serving of the dinner and the preparation of the table are quite as important as the dinner itself. At state dinners at the White House the table is a veritable banquet, and both cook and gardener become artists in getting up ornaments for it. The cook captures his figures in wax, and the gardener makes his decorations of flowers. There are always corsage bouquets at the plates, and at a state dinner not long since these were entirely of orchids, which is by no means the viceroy man's flower.

Take the decorations of Mrs. Stanford's dinner on a recent occasion. The center of the table was an old gold satin scarf, bordered with blue plush, and the ends were embroidered in the patterns of a Georgian leaf. A silver vase was filled with frequent roses, and the ends of the table were tall silver candelabra, each of which consumed a silver brick

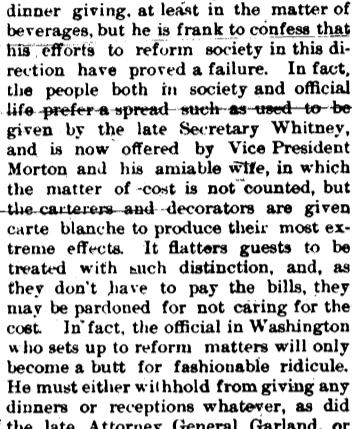
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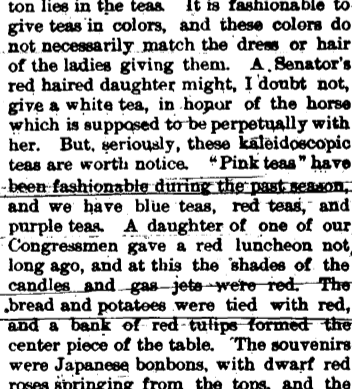
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SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VI.—August 10.—"The Rich Man and Lazarus"—Luke 16:19-31.

Golden Text—How Hard it is For Them That Trust in Wealth to Enter into the Kingdom of God.—Mark 10:24.

Time—December, A. D. 29, or ear ly in A. D. 30; not long after our last lesson.

Interce—Perse beyond the Jordan. Intervening history—After telling to the Pharisees the parables of our last two lessons, with probably only a brief interval, Jesus spoke the parable of the unjust steward to his disciples—particularly to the publicans and sinners who believed on him. The Pharisees derided his teaching. Jesus replied with an application to them of biblical truths, of which only a brief summary is given, and closed his instructions with the parable of a to day's lesson.

THE PARABLE—This parable is not an allegory, like the parable of the sower, but is rather an illustrative story, like that of the good Samaritan, or unjust steward in which every particular of each one of them might have been historical. As from the parables of the sheep, the steward, the wedding-feast, we may learn the customs of that day, so from the parable we may learn the truth about the other world and its relation to this. It is the parting of the veil that hides the other world from this, giving a momentary glimpse of the realities beyond.

19. There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day: 20. And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores, 21. And desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover the dogs came and licked his sores.

22. And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried;

23. And in hell he was lifted up, seeing, being in torments, and seeing Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.

24. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue: for I am tormented in this flame.

25. But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy

A new railroad is to be built from Leeds, via An Arbor, to Flint, traversing the richest farming country in eastern Michigan and intersecting the centers of Washtenaw, Livingston, Oakland and Genesee.

"When does the 20th century begin?" is asked. The instant after December 31, 1900, and not 1899, as many believe. The reason is this: The first century did not end with the year 99, but the year 100.

Counterfeit two-dollar silver certificates are flooding in New York and will in a few days be in the lookout for them. They are said to be well executed and highly dangerous.

Jackman County Items. The sparrows booby in Jackson Co., amounted to \$157.00 for July.

Leavenworth County. The republican congressional convention of this district will be held in Adrian September 2d 1890.

The Tecumseh News rejoices over four new factories and electric light established during the year 1890. We rejoice too, to find that Tecumseh is waking up out of her Rip Van Winkle slumber.

A New Danger from Tobacco. It is stated that a German physician, on examination of a number of cigar tips found that many of them were infected with tubercle bacilli.

Washtenaw County. A teachers examination will be held in Ypsilanti in September.

The Washenaw county republican convention will be held in An Arbor on August 21st.

Brigawater, Lima, Lyndon, Manchester, Scio, Superior and Webster townships each only three qualified judges, Sharon has two, while all the other townships have four.

It was quite surprising one evening last week in seeing three young girls, whose ages ranged from 14 to 16 years, sitting on the steps of one of the city's churches at a late hour.

ESTABLISHED 1857. A third of a century of experience and progressive improvement is represented in THE LEADER LINE OF STOVES and RANGES.

FAMILY ANNIVERSARIES

Current Selections from History's Record Page. 1642 James I of England killed before Roxburgh.

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JUST RECEIVED

Japanese Napkins! Superior quality, elegant designs, suitable for all occasions.

VETERINARY SURGEON. Located in the center of the city, equipped with the latest appliances.

Colored Lithograph. Beautiful reproductions of historical scenes and portraits.

BOTTLING WORKS. Specializing in the bottling of various beverages and medicinal wines.

LAGER BEER! Imported from the best breweries, guaranteed pure and delicious.

PERFUMES! A wide selection of the finest fragrances and essences.

TOILET SOAPS! Clean, fragrant, and gentle on the skin.

THE BEST BOX WRITING PAPER. Smooth, durable, and easy to write on.

PARIS GREEN IS CHEAP! High quality paint for interior and exterior use.

THE PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE. A variety of medicines and health products.

DR. KITO'S WONDERFUL BLESSING. A powerful remedy for various ailments.

JAPANESE WONDER! A remarkable product for health and vitality.

SPECIAL SPRING

ANNOUNCEMENT! The Assortment of Spring Suits in all new designs of Sacks and Outwears.

Robison & Koebbe Daylight Clothings. A collection of stylish and comfortable clothing.

All that Furniture! A complete line of furniture for every room.

FURNITURE AND CARPETS. Quality craftsmanship and materials.

You Should see the Baby Carriages. Stylish, safe, and comfortable for your child.

JENTER & RAUSCHENBERGER. A variety of household goods and appliances.

THE ENTERPRISE. A publication of local news and events.

ADHESIVE COUNTERS. Durable and easy to use for counting.

THE ENTERPRISE. A publication of local news and events.

Contractors and Builders. Skilled professionals for all construction needs.

STEAM PLANING MILLS. Efficient machinery for wood processing.

Hardware. A wide selection of tools and building materials.

Manchester Enterprise

LOCAL NEWS-BREVITIES. Green corn is in order. Two signals shows this week.

Green corn is in order. Two signals shows this week. What did you catch? Is the common question now days.

Robison & Koebbe Daylight Clothings. A collection of stylish and comfortable clothing.

All that Furniture! A complete line of furniture for every room.

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PERSONAL

S. R. Spencer had a shock of paralysis on Saturday last. Mr. & Mrs. John Rauschenberger spent Sunday in Leoni.

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From the Yellowstone Excursion.

At eight o'clock we arrived at the delightful village of Livingston, the gateway to the Yellowstone National Park, where our cars were side-tracked until the following morning when we continued our journey 59 miles south.

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Anderson's

20 Day Carpet Sale. Best Ingrains 63 cents! And Brussels Proportionately Low.

Also look at our stock of Lace and Chenille Curtains! Ladies and Misses FINE SHOES!

Warranted the Best! New Laces, New Embroideries, Chaises, Flouncings, Curtains, Flouncings, Etc.

ROLLER & BLUM. WHATEVER YOU WANT REMEMBER

Kensler's Store! The place to buy it. ORANGES, LEMONS, MELONS, CANDIES, & C.

BEST IN TOWN. BUTTER & EGGS. JOHN KENSLER.

DENTIST. TEETH INSERTED WITHOUT PAIN. Commercial

Manchester Enterprise. The balance of the Year for 50 cents. 1000 50 CENTS.

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