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Manchester Enterprise

BY MAT D. BLOSSER.
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MANCHESTER, CHELSEA, SALINE, CLINTON, Howell, Brooklyn, Napoleon, Grass Lake, and all adjoining country.

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The members meet at their rooms over Geo. J. Housner's store, on second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month. ED. E. RUOT, M. W. O. MANAGER, Recorder.

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Canned Goods, Cutlery, Bookbinders, Wall Paper, Wooden Ware, Tin and

HARDWARE! Paints and Oils, Flows, Pumps, etc.

Come and See Us! The Cheapest Store in town.

W. H. BARR, Dealer in Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Notions, Cigars, Tobacco, Fine Wines and Liquors.

Fresh Lager Beer Always on hand. South side Exchange Place, Manchester, Mich.

IN GLAD WEATHER.

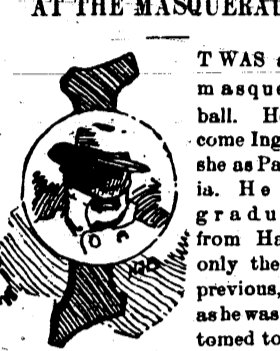
I do not know what aches these were, Nor if the wind was high or low; I think I heard the branches stir: A little when we turned to go: I think I saw the grasses sway As they tried to toss our feet— And yet, it seems like yesterday That day together, sweet!

Think it must have been in May; I think the sunlight must have shone; I know a scent of springtime lay Across the fields; we were alone. We went together, you and I: How could I look beyond your eyes? If you were only standing by I did not miss the skies!

I could not tell if evening glowed, Or moonday heat lay white and still Beyond the shadows of the road: I only watched your face, until I knew it was the gladdest day. The sweetest day that summer knew— The time when we two stole away And I saw only you!

—Charles B. Going.

AT THE MASQUERADE.



IT WAS at the masquerade ball. He had come Ingomar, she as Parthenia. He had graduated from Harvard only the June previous, and as he was accustomed to spend his vacation with his family in Europe or on the seaboard, he had scarcely been home for four years. This was the first event of his homecoming, so not only was he a comparative stranger, but the few recognizable faces were masked from view. The accident of their costumes had assured him his first dance with Parthenia, and fortune had given him the rest.

He did not know her and scarcely cared to. She danced well and seemed satisfied to give him as many numbers as he chose. She talked pleasantly and not too much. He was pleased with the simplicity of her manner. As they danced together it was as if they were moving in a dream. In the strange jumbling of the garments of all ages and climes, they too seemed fated to cling together, and thus to be alone. In the mystery of her presence he forgot himself and his isolation, content with the thought that for the moment there was harmony between them. Often utter strangers are attached by subtle ties of sympathy, and in the first hour of intercourse are induced to touch on heart secrets that years of friendship could not elicit.

Once she seemed to question who he was. "You have been to college—Harvard?" she said, as they were dancing a quadrille. He looked at her inquiringly. For a moment he fancied he recognized her voice. "No," he answered, as he took her hand in the grand right-and-left. Then, regretting even a masquerade falsehood, or perhaps, with his vanity aroused to know why she had thought him a college man, he waited until they were together again and asked the reason for the question. "Nothing," she replied softly. "Only I once had a friend at Harvard, a very dear friend."

"That is such a distinctive misfortune," she remarked, with a touch of smiling irony. She seemed sadder and more thoughtful and did not reply. His curiosity was aroused; possibly he was touched with the dreamy regret of her voice. "I once lived in Cambridge," he said tentatively, "and knew many college men."

She shook her head and was silent. "I knew Ethelbert Perry and Earle Marvin."

She was startled. "Yes," she replied, after a moment's hesitation. "Mr. Perry is engaged to a Miss Craig and Mr. Marvin is now in Europe."

He caught his breath as if to assure himself that he had not said too much. They were standing on the outskirts of the dance, and he made haste to take her hand and break in to the waltz. He was sorry that he had mentioned the subject at all, and did his best to efface the impression. She danced very well. As often happens with girls of her restrained disposition she became strangely impulsive with the excitement of motion. When they ceased and went together into the conservatory she was beaming with gladness.

"How pleasant," she exclaimed. "Oh, it makes me feel as if I were a girl again and thought of nothing but friendship and flowers!"

He was amused at her assumption of maturity. "Really," he said with a sly irony, "You bear your age wonderfully; you are remarkably well preserved."

She laughed at the odd banter of his tone. "Do you really think me so young?" She asked a little piqued. "Ah," he said, with a languishing look, "You are as young as the unfolding lily, as young as the rosebud at dawn."

"That is true," she said demurely. "My mother has often told me that I was born young."

Very soon she relapsed into her mood of silence. After all he liked her better thus. As she clung to his arm she brought him dreams of his boyhood, when he had cared for one as lovely as she, perhaps, but now so long forgotten. They walked out into the hall and ascended the central stairway where they could overlook the dancers beneath. He leaned his head against the balustrade. She sat clasping her knee and gazing at him abstractedly. She was under the strangely imaginative influence of the masquerade. Perhaps it was just this very dream influence that pleased him so, for it is not all friendship, all passion, a dream? Certain it was that as they sat together, strangers though they were, there was a perfect understanding between them, so perfect indeed, that for a long time neither spoke or wished to speak.

He had been watching the gay movements of the quadrille. The motley dancers in the parlors beneath were in and out in a turmoil of movement and color. He felt peculiarly isolated among so much mirth and gaiety. A stranger in a strange land is not half so lonely as a stranger in the home of his people. At last, as if recalling his fancies, he turned and said, fixing his gaze on her mask, "I am so glad that I came as Ingomar."

She was listening but did not mind his words. Perhaps it was the rich strength of his voice that caught her ear. "Because, you see, my custom privileges me to devote myself to Parthenia."

She bowed her head for pleasure. He fancied he could see a heightening of color even beyond her velvet masque. However, she remained silent, and he was on his guard. "And yet there is a subtle feeling of sorrow in the thought that it is Ingomar and not myself that you have favored."

Her gaze still seemed to pass through him and beyond. She had the air of speaking from the shadow of a dream. "No," she said quietly. "I have enjoyed our dances very much. You are like an old friend of mine." After a while she asked, "Do you ever fancy yourself different, do you ever feel as you used to in the years gone by? I have felt all the evening as if I were living my girlhood again."

"Yes, sometimes," he said, "I used to feel when I was happiest and most light-hearted."

She seemed pleased at this and repeated, "I have enjoyed our dances very much."

"And I may have the waltz after the unveiling?" he said, smiling at the naive of her remark. "Because you see as yet I have known only Parthenia. And I, too, have enjoyed our dances."

She shook her head softly. "No, I shall go home before the unveiling."

She arose and they descended to the hall. His heart was filled with delight at her presence. Already he had conceived a friendship for her. She was so simple and so graceful, that it seemed as if he had always known her. The thought of her going filled him with tender regret.

The quadrille had ended. It was but a moment before the unveiling. "Come," he said, "You say you have really preferred myself to Ingomar; can't you give me just this one last dance? The rest you know were scarcely my own."

"No," she said, "the unveiling would spoil it all. Let us part unacquainted."

"Now what shall I believe?" he burst out with pretended pique. "It is I, not Ingomar, and yet the unveiling would spoil it all."

"No," he answered after a slight hesitation. Then she added, "I have heard he was very popular."

"Pshaw, no," he replied with a nervous laugh. "Oh, well, yes, at first sight, as I said, but he got many rebuffs. Did you ever hear the story his conquest with Miss Boardman? She was an opera singer who was so fascinated with the way he played foot-ball that she paid him much attention. He went to her reception in the green room the night of the victory, proud of the honor. When he got there, however, O'Leary, pitcher of the Boston nine, was ahead of him and she turned him over to one of her chorus girls to be entertained. He never heard the last of it from the fellows, and in future confined himself to Cambridge society. That is the way it always was. He was a good deal of a dandy."

He could not understand. Oh, leave me my dream! She was ravishing in her emotion. "Without this one favor," he pleaded, "your whole presence is a dream to me."

"No," she said, turning her face from him, "I must go."

An unmasked man in motley came up to him. It was Ethelbert Perry. "Masks off," he shouted, and seizing one in each hand tore them from their faces.

"Hello, Marvin!" he exclaimed in surprise. "When did you come home?" Then turning he said, "Why, May! why didn't you tell me?"

A moment Miss Craig gazed on Marvin's discovered features, then her face blanched and she leaned against the wall like one who sees a ghost.

"May, Miss Craig! Oh, I thought it must be you!" Marvin burst out in delight. "I demand the waltz, it must be mine."

But their masks were off and the waltz was gone. Perry stood aghast, still holding the masks in his hands. He looked at Marvin in mute surprise and at Miss Craig in mute reproach. Marvin was dazed with the realization of what had passed. She was choking with emotion and her eyes were filled with tears.

"Good night, sir," she said at last. Marvin picked her handkerchief from the floor, and stood motionless watching them ascend the stairs. The next morning he received a note. "Dear Earle—It seems that we must have had some subtle intimation of each other's presence last night that brought back the thoughts of those old Summer times. The generosity of our childish friendship has always been one of my pleasantest memories. Ethelbert and I have often regretted that your life has grown so far apart from ours. He died with me to-morrow. Will you not come also, and let us talk over the pleasant old days together? Sincerely, MAY."

"I thought I had forgotten her long ago," mused Marvin, as he wrote his regrets to the invitation. "No doubt she thought too she had ceased to care for me. What simplicity, what delicacy, what tact! How strange that I could have lost her image for so long! And thus it ends." John Corbin, in the Harvard Advocate.

Doctors' Names. Something might be said in favor of the primitive practice of naming men after they were grown up instead of while they were babies. Under the present system it often happens that a man's name is curiously out of keeping with his character or pursuits. The literary editor of The Doctor has lately been examining a new directory of physicians, and seems to have been greatly impressed by the singularity and inappropriateness of some of the names contained in it.

He thinks, for example, that Dr. Coffin might sound unpleasantly suggestive to a nervous patient, though less so, perhaps, than another name which follows it—Dr. Death. A timid person might object to Dr. Sexton also, and if one were very sick indeed it would certainly seem ominous if Dr. Death, Dr. Coffin and Dr. Sexton were to hold a consultation at his bedside.

Other names almost as bad as the foregoing are Dr. Butcher and Dr. Slaughter, though they occur several times each in the directory. There are two Dr. Cranes—fewer than might have been expected—and one Dr. Craze, who is perhaps in charge of an insane asylum.

Some of the names may be called inappropriately appropriate, such as Aikon, Carver, Custer, Haas, Diet, Hurt, Mangle, Pellett, Pillmore, Tomb and Toothaker. Dr. Ague and Dr. Shivers might very well be partners, and if a third man were wanted they could hardly do better than to call in Dr. Sweat.

A Queer Industry. For years many natives had made a snug living out of the hunting, and killing of cobras and other reptiles. It was a perilous occupation and many men lost their lives at it. But now an easier and simpler plan has been adopted, which is also more profitable. This is nothing less than cobra farming. The cunning Hindus caught a number of the snakes alive and imprisoned them in a carefully constructed pen, from which escape was impossible, but in which the cobras would feel entirely at home. There the snakes increased and multiplied at an amazing rate. From time to time the snake farmers would thin out their stock and get the bounties on a few dozen heads. The business was conducted just as systematically as poultry raising. About 500 cobras were kept as breeders, and the large number of marketable snake heads was large. But the government officials became suspicious because of the business-like way in which the heads were brought in, and their investigations soon exposed the whole scheme and broke up the enterprise.—Culcatta Correspondence, New York Tribune.

Where Anarchy Lurks. Chicago Herald. A Springfield, O., street-girl graduate has patented a new method of cooking Saratoga chips, and is now supplying a single firm in Cincinnati with 600 pounds of chips a day. When a young and energetic woman takes it into her head to be a useful member of society she generally succeeds. When some inventive genius finds a way of cooking tripe so that it will not taste like a fried liver-pan there will be less excuse for anarchy.

Authors' Wives. A lady well acquainted with Mr. Howells and his family, says: "That in reading the later works of the novelist she met passages which had a familiar appearance. She did not believe she had seen them in print before, but little bits of description of dress or scenery, little remarks, opinions or witty sayings, had a reminiscence quality, not the least especially, in the substance. The secret is in Mr. Howells' powers as a quick observer, and the fact that he is blessed with a bright, intelligent wife, and she with a bright, intelligent sister. Many the happy thought, the witty comparison, the picturesque remembrance, is given expression in the home-intercourse of this family, dallying at the breakfast table or at eve, when the two ladies and the Boston novelist are seated comfortably in the best room, with the light from two student lamps throwing a shaded radiance around them."

The earliest manuscripts of William Henry Bishop went to the publisher in a very crude condition, with erasures, interlineations, additions and changes chasing each other over the pages in a very frightful manner. All this is changed now, and why? Because there is a Mrs. Bishop on hand to look after these very important "minor details." She is his constant companion and her work is not without its reward. She takes part in the cutting and trimming operation wherever it is necessary, and puts really as much energy and care into her work as her husband does into his. Together they read each manuscript over and over again until it suits the taste of both in all particulars.—Daughters of America.

MEN'S SUNDAY DRESS.

Is It Good Form to Wear a Dress Coat Every Night? Points of etiquette interest the public from time to time, and in this country, where rules are not laid down with great force or with any hope that they will be consistently carried out, questions of what is right and what is not right do not are often topics of animated discussion.

There is not so much to quarrel over in regard to evening dress, and still a quiet litigation is always going on as to whether men are to wear it Sunday evening or not. Some men undoubtedly think it a hardship to get into a swallow-tail coat every evening of the week. When the age for swallow tails arrives the young man who dons it has most decided scruples about appearing in anything else, but those men are rare in America who keep up the custom year in and year out. One sees young married people begin their housekeeping with stringent rules in this regard, but it does not take long for them to alter their views, and in respect to Sunday evening most of all.

The subject came up at the Sunday evening supper-table of a society lady not long ago. There were four young men present, one of whom was in evening dress. The others were not, and after the party had warmed up to the subject under the gentle influence of Chablis with creamed lobster prepared at table by the mistress of the house in a silver chafing dish, reasons were given for and against. One man said that he had enough of formal things during the week and he never accepted invitations for Sunday evening where he knew he would have to dress. Another said that he was brought up in New England, where church-going was the order of the day, and evening and he never felt quite so comfortable in his dress suit on Sunday night. The third agreed with the first, and thought that Sunday was a day when formality could be put aside. It was the man who was in evening dress who really had the best of the argument. He said he would no more think of not dressing on Sunday than on any other day. His family dined at night on that day, as they ways did every other, and he could not see any reason for omitting wearing evening dress.

There's the solution of the matter. It is the dining in the middle of the day, as so many New Yorkers do, which produces the informality in most houses. The lack of uniformity in this regard prevents a rule from being established. Formerly there was one very strong reason for not wearing evening dress. The churches held evening service, and it being the proper thing to go, the custom did not admit of the otherwise daily formality of dressing. There is undoubtedly another reason to be found why men do not find it necessary to change their dress on Sunday evening, in the fact that they are carefully dressed at night, and by the middle of the day, our leisure class is so small that it is not worth while to consider it, and it may be taken for granted that on week days men spend their time in the different business pursuits, and that they are glad when evening comes to get out of the clothes they have been wearing, and to slip into something else which they do not care to be dressed in. But Sunday, being already dressed in the "Sunday-go-to-meeting" garments, they find it unnecessary to make a change.

The New Zealander's Heaven. The New Zealanders imagine that the souls of the dead go to a place beneath the earth called Reinga. The path to this region of the soul is a precipice close to the seashore at the Remark Cape. This is said to be the natives who live in the neighborhood can, at night, hear the sounds caused by the passing of spirits through the air. It is a common superstition with them that the left eye of every chief becomes a star as soon as the chief dies. Shingie, a celebrated New Zealand King, once ate the eye of a valiant chief, thinking thereby to increase the brilliancy of his own "eye star." Sometimes apparently it was thought that there was a separate immortality for each of the eyes of the dead, the left ascending to Heaven as a star, the right in the form of a spirit, descending to Reinga.

It might be mentioned in this connection that the natives of the Sandwich Islands, at the time of their discovery, held a confused notion of notions concerning the future life. The current fancy was that the souls of their chiefs were led by a god whose name denoted "eye-ball of the sun," to a life in the heavens, while the souls of the common herd went down to Ekeka, a place corresponding with the New Zealander's Reinga.

Gourmandism in Russia. The Russians eat, on an average, every two hours. The climate and custom require such frequent meals, the digestion of which is aided by frequent draughts of vodka and tea. Vodka is the Russian whiskey and made from potatoes and rye. It is fiery and colorless and flavored with some extract like vanilla or orange. It is drunk from small cups that hold perhaps half a gill. Vodka and tea are the inseparable accompaniments of friendly, as well as of business, intercourse in the country of the czar. Drunken men are rare. Russia and Sweden are the only countries in which the double dinner is the rule. When you go to the house of a Russian, he is a friend of a stranger, you are at once invited to a side table, where salted meat, pickled eel, salted cucumbers and many other spicy and appetizing viands are urged upon you with an impressiveness that knows no refusal. This repast is washed down with frequent cups of vodka. That over, and when the visitor feels as if he had eaten enough for twenty-four hours, the host says: "And now for dinner."—Christian at Work.

Not Good. A silk handkerchief, so often recommended for wiping spectacles or eyeglasses, is not good for this purpose, as it makes the glasses electrical and causes the dust to adhere to them.

Manchester Enterprise

BY M. P. BISSER.

THURSDAY OCT. 23, 1930.

THE EDITORS' CUTTING.

From *Regina to the West* to *Iron Mountain, St. Paul, Minneapolis*, the *Yellowstone* and *the Gem of the North*.

FROM NAPLA TO GEDEN.

The visit to Boise City had taught us a lesson. We had supposed the miles of west side brush plains over which we had passed was a God-forsaken country, but when we saw the beautiful prairie fields, fruited orchards, and endless teeming with vegetables of all kinds we recognized our mistake; God never forsakes.

THE CHANCE OF A LIFE TIME.

On the morning of the 22nd, a grand opportunity to visit the vast territory west of the Missouri river will give on September 23rd and Oct. 14th, 1930, via the Union Pacific.

IF I WERE YOU.

If I were you, I often say, I'd never go to the office. I'd stay home and read the paper. I'd think of the good things that I'd like to eat. I'd try to get a good rest. I'd try to get a good night's sleep.

THE SPARKS OF LIFE.

Here-of weapons with the mark of Spain, and the mark of the old Roman Empire, the Indians regard these bubbling mince as "big medicine" and refuse to drink of them. They would go miles to get fresh running water rather than touch them.

DISPOSITIONS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

The name by which the Prince of Wales is known in the Royal family is "Bertie." That is, the name that he has given to himself.

THE UNION PACIFIC HAS BUILT A FINE

large depot building at the foot of one of the main streets of the city which is fitted with all modern improvements in unique and elaborate style.

LOOKING UP THE STREET ONE GETS AN IMPRESSION

that the West coast mountains are close to the city. In fact they are so close that they are almost within reach of the city.

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AN OLD MAM.

There is a story told of an old man who had lived for a long time. He was a very old man, and he had many children.

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FOR 30 DAYS

A SPECIAL
Watch Sale
AT PRICES THAT WILL
SELL THEM
IF YOU
Want a Watch
DO NOT MISS BUYING AS
I WILL NOT CONTINUE

Selling

AT THESE PRICES LONGER
THAN
30 DAYS.

Amsden, Jeweler.

Manchester, Oct. 23rd.

WALL PAPER.

W. A. R. DECLARED!

WALL PAPER!

In Manchester, consisting of 10,000 Rolls. We will sacrifice the entire lot.

Fred Steinkohl's

Druggist and Book Store.

THE BEST

VETERINARY SURGEON

THE BEST

TOURIST'S TRAP!

Enterprise Office.

Enterprise Office.

Enterprise Office.

Enterprise Office.

WATCH SALE

Is the time to be
LOOKING AROUND
To find the best value for the money. The wearers of
CLOTHING
Suits numerous and we are in a youth to please all who are looking for a Winter
Suit or Overcoat in Men's, Youth's, Boy's, or Children's Size. The
Assortment is all in for anything in the Hat, Cap, Glove or Mittens line. It
is unnecessary to look further as our stock is complete and of the

LATEST STYLES!

For Underwear all we can say is, if you want any, come and see us. We Have
It. ROBISON & KOEBBE,
DAYLIGHT CLOTHING HOUSE.
PEOPLE ASK, WHERE ARE
Jenter & Rauschenberger taking
Their Assortment is Large.
Their Prices are Low.

DAYLIGHT CLOTHING HOUSE.

Photograph Cards.

All that Furniture!

We see them going East, West, North and South every day with loads of
FURNITURE AND CARPETS.
The answer is, They deliver goods to purchasers all over the country
and to neighboring towns.
Their Assortment is Large.
Their Prices are Low.

You Should see the Baby Carriages.

THEY MAKE A SPECIALTY OF ORDERED WORK.
Call and See Them.

JOHN KENSLEY.

Gieske & Bresselhouse.

JOHN KENSLEY.

TOURIST'S TRAP!

Enterprise Office.

Enterprise Office.

Enterprise Office.

Enterprise Office.

Enterprise Office.

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STATES OF MICHIGAN, County of Warren.

IN SENATE, January 23, 1930.
The Senate has received and read the report of the Commission on the Administration of Justice, and has thereupon resolved that the same be printed and distributed to the members of the Senate.

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DR. TALMAGE'S



A LEVEL HEAD

The Advantage of Presence of Mind in an Emergency.

During the late strike on the New York Central Railroad, the militia were ordered to be in readiness in case of a riot, but they were not called out.

A signal service to weak womanhood is the finding of a "run-down" system. Nothing does it so surely as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures all the derangements, irregularities and weaknesses peculiar to the sex. It's the most perfect of strength-givers, imparting tone and vigor to the whole system. For overworked, debilitated teachers, milliners, seamstresses, "shop-girls," nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, it is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. "Favorite Prescription" gives satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it is promptly refunded. That's the way it's sold; that's the way its makers prove their faith in it. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to de-range digestion; a legitimate medicine, not a beverage. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Prop'r, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Caused by these Little Pills.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For Cough, Whooping Cough, General Debility and Wasting Diseases, there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

Scott's Emulsion

There are poor imitations. Get the genuine.

IF YOU are suffering from BRONCHITIS, WHEEZING, HOARSENESS, ASTHMA, or any of the ailments of the THROAT, LUNGS, and BRONCHIAE, Scott's Emulsion is the best remedy for you. It is a powerful and reliable cough medicine.

Home Decoration

Our improved Novelty Rug Machine is the best in the world. It makes rugs of all patterns, colors, and textures. It is simple to operate and produces a perfect imitation of hand-knotted rugs.

ARE YOU WEAK?

Do you feel tired, nervous, and out of spirits? Do you have a headache, or aching muscles, or a general feeling of weakness? If so, you need Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. This medicine is famous for its ability to restore the blood and give strength to the system.

BORE WELLS! MAKE MONEY!

Our Bore Well Machines are the best in the world. They are simple to operate and produce a perfect imitation of hand-knotted rugs. They are also very durable and long-lasting.

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MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY

IF USED BEFORE CONFINEMENT.

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ERTEL'S VICTOR HAY PRESS

Warranted to be the most economical, fast and neat baler in use. It is simple to operate and produces a perfect imitation of hand-knotted rugs.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

A perfectly pure and neutral soap, combining the emollient and healing properties of Vaseline.

IMPORTANT NEW DISCOVERY

The best Toilet Soap for the Skin ever made, "VASELINE" SOAP.

IF your druggist does not keep it, forward 10c. in stamps, and we will send a full sized cake by mail, postage paid.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. COMPANY, 24 STATE ST., NEW YORK.

THE CAMP FIRE.

INTERESTING ITEMS FOR OLD SOLDIERS AND SONS OF VETERANS.

Blind Veterans on Luck. High Price of Bait—Fests of a New Cruiser—Other Matters.

A Twilight Song.

(One of Walt Whitman's latest compositions, written by the failing poet while seated in his private room, resting on the tragic scenes of the late conflict.)

As I sat in the twilight, late, alone, by the flickering oak flame,
Musing on long-past war scenes of the countless buried unknown soldiers,
Of the vacant names, unappointed air and seas—the unreal dead,
The brief traces after battle, with grim burial-watons, and the deep-filled trenches
Of gathered dead from all America, north, south, east, west, whence they came,
From wooded Maine, New England's farms, from fertile Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio,
From the measureless west, Virginia, the dark, dark mountains, and the deep-filled trenches
(Even here my roundabout and half-light, in the noiseless, flickering flames,
Again I see the stalwart rank-on-going, rising—I hear the rhythmic tramp of the armies);
You million unwritten names, all, all—you that best burst from all the war,
A special verse for the relation of duty long neglected, your mystic roll strangely gathered here.

Swindling a Pensioner.

Uriah E. Bair, a pension claim agent of Philadelphia, Pa., was arrested on a charge of demanding and receiving more than the legal compensation for obtaining a pension. The complainant is Mrs. Margaret Reese, of Philadelphia, who told quite an interesting story to United States Commissioner Edmunds at Bair's hearing. She said that she was recommended to apply for her pension through Bair, and after a considerable time he secured an allowance for her of \$2.700 as a back pension. He, however, represented to her that it was a very difficult undertaking, and that he had gone to considerable expense, having a congressman push the claim through.

Blind Veterans on Luck.

Within a few days two very large checks have been paid at the pension office in New York to blind men whose misfortune was the result of exposure and injuries during the war. Singularly, too, each of them was lifted from absolute poverty to comfort by the long delayed, but none the less welcome, bounty of the government.

Homes for Old Soldiers.

J. O. Clark, 70th Ill., indorses the views of R. E. Arthur in relation to starting a colony of veterans in the South. He thinks many old soldiers who have no homes, and who never can, secure any if they remain where they are now, might get good homes in the South; and many who are suffering from ill-health, the result of their service, would be greatly benefited by living in that section. He is sure that a few well-directed efforts would be sufficient to encourage the comrades, so that the result would be the establishment of several large and prosperous colonies of old soldiers and their relatives.

Wonderful Feats of a New Cruiser.

The United States cruiser San Francisco, which had a successful trial trip in Santa Barbara Channel returned to San Francisco, having made the trip up the coast at a speed ranging from thirteen to fifteen knots. She was given an enthusiastic welcome as she passed up the bay to her anchorage, and her log fire was blown almost constantly in response to salutes from

steam whistles. During her trip up the coast the new cruiser was given a number of turning, reversing and steering tests, and naval officers aboard pronounced her maneuvering qualities wonderful. These tests were all made while she was running at the rate of thirteen and one-half knots. One engine was suddenly reversed and her helm thrown hard over. In 6 minutes and 2 seconds the cruiser turned a complete circle, the diameter of which was less than her own length. She also turned a complete circle, without reversing one engine, in five minutes and thirty-two seconds. While going ahead at full speed both engines were suddenly reversed and in forty-five seconds the vessel was moving backward, having changed her direction within her own length. She was also given an eight-hour trial, with but one boiler in use, under forced draft, the other three boilers not being used. During this trial she averaged thirteen and fourteen knots, and consumed approximately between eight and nine tons of coal per hour.

Gen. M. Walter, Messenger of the Adams Express Company, Baltimore, Md., says: "Having used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for the past ten years in my family, I wish to say that I consider it the best cough syrup I ever used. It has cured my children of group several times and saved me many a doctor's bill."

Boots are said to have been invented by the Carlians.

Adam might have been the "goodliest man of men since born"; but it doesn't appear that he ever did anything especially good for his large family. What a lasting blessing he might have left behind if he could have made Salvation Oil and kill pain.

Swedish Asthma Cure never fails; send your address. Trial package mailed free. Collins Brothers Drug Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Nearly all the Wesleyan clergy in Australia are abstainers.

There is a hotel in New York nearly a quarter of a mile long.

A Pleasing Sense
Of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when constive or bilious. For sale in 50c and \$1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

THE POINT.

From a Catholic Archbishop down to the poorest of the poor all testify, not only to the virtues of

ST. JACOBS OIL,

The Great Remedy For Pain, but to its superiority over all other remedies, express d thus:

It Cures Promptly, Permanently; which means strictly, that the pain-stricken seek a prompt relief with no return of the ailment, and this, they say, St. Jacobs Oil will give. This is its excellence.

PENSIONS.

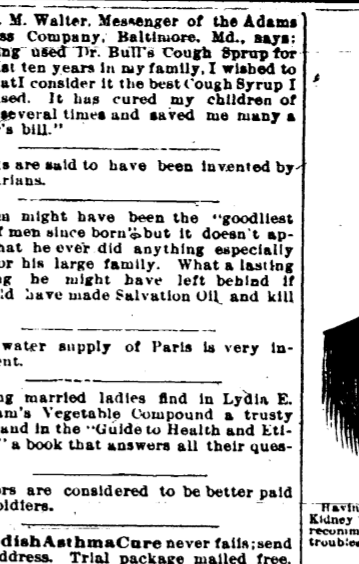
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Late Commissioner of Pensions,
Washington, D. C.

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Entirely devoted to the best interests of the order of the "King's Daughters," and of striking interest to every "King's Daughter" in the land. It will be written and edited by Mrs. Margaret Bottomme, the founder and President of the Order, who in this department, will give each month "talks" similar to those which she made famous last winter in the drawing-rooms of the best New York houses.

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