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WHERE MEMORY SLEEPS.

Where memory sleeps the soul doth rise, Free of that past where sorrow lies, And steth against future lies. The courage of the constant hills, The comfort of the quiet skies, Where memory sleeps.

UGLY RACHEL.

Many years ago, in the Cumberland mountains, near a much traveled road, and not far from a stream that seemed to exist in a succession of accidental tumblings; there lived an old man who held natural claims to local distinction, but who was chiefly known for one cause. Simply because he was the father of Rachel Moss.

Old man Moss, Rachel's father, took summer boarders, but the girl never attempted to force her society upon them. When not engaged in the kitchen, or when not shyly picking her way along the tumbling stream, she sat alone in an attic room. One evening a distinguished looking traveler stopped at the old Moss house. He was an artist and at one time dreamed of fame, but the unexpected inheritance of a large estate and the ease which naturally followed, turned his mind from the thoughts of a struggle for a place in the capricious world of art.

One day he caught sight of Rachel. His first impression was a shudder of repulsion, and then moved by a strange fascination, he sought a better view of her face which, when gained, made him yearn to place a closer look upon her features. At dinner he was over and the boarders sat in the shade of the porch, nodding. The woodpecker with his red bill glancing in the sunlight tapped on the dead arm of a white oak tree and a ragged sheep, with her eyes bulging in a melancholy stare, stood in the dusty road. Rachel shyly stole away, and sought the cool brink of the hurrying stream. The artist followed her. She had gone some distance up a willow-suckled tree, was looking at a wild-weaselsuckled tree, when she heard a stone splash in the water. The next moment she had turned to run away, when the artist scrambled out of the stream, whither a treacherous bowlder had thrown him and cried: "Please wait a moment."

She paused, though with painful embarrassment, until he approached, and half hiding her face, waited for him to speak. "If the water had been deeper I should have had a good ducking," said he. "I am not so dry as a powderhorn, as it is."

"I am sorry you fell in," she answered. "Oh, it doesn't amount to anything," he cheerfully replied. "We live in the same house, I believe?" "Yes, I am Mr. Moss' daughter."

"I didn't know he had a daughter," "Then you have not heard of me?" "No, I have heard of nothing concerning the family affairs of anyone in this neighborhood."

THE FARM AND HOME.

WORKING AT LESS COST OF TIME AND STRENGTH.

Find the Best Way to Do a Thing—Mixed Feed is the Best for Sheep—Cucumber Bugs—Swine Notes and Home Hints.

Working to the Best Advantage. Every farmer ought to be continually watching to learn something that will help him to do his work to the best advantage, at the least cost of time and strength, and so that it will be done effectually and not need to be repeated soon again because not right.

Then handling the potato crop, it is surprising how many farmers follow the old, slow method. They plow the potatoes up, large and small together, until they have a wagon full, and drive to the house and stack in the wagon as they carry them into the cellar, and it will take two men a full quarter of a day to unload a wagon in this way.

A farmer sometimes maligns the buzzards and the dogs for spreading the swine plague. Often there is cause for it, but need not be if every farmer would burn or securely bury such hogs as soon as dead. Another point worthy of consideration is that oftentimes proper sanitary conditions and pure foods of several kinds will save the hogs, notwithstanding the fact that the buzzards fly over the farm daily for weeks as scavengers of adjoining farms and the dogs have numerous runs across the farm for the same purpose.

Swine Notes. A sow may bring a good litter and yet fall to be a good mother. Young pigs are often starved by exposure to cold, wet storms. Sprinkling air-slaked lime around the eating places will be beneficial. Separate any animal from the others whenever he shows signs of being sick.

Home Hints. It is best to buy hominy, beans, rice, etc., in quantities. Never set aside a bottle dry. Wash, clean and turn with the neck down that may dry, and do not be in it when you want it.

Red table-cloths and napkins lose their fresh, red color soon unless carefully handled. They should be soaked for half an hour in cold water, then put quickly through lukewarm water rinsed in salt water and hung up immediately.

One of the most popular ways of buying nuts is in five-pound cartons, provided you get the best quality of nuts. The ordinary mixed nuts of commerce frequently contain some which are old and undesirable, and which could be sold only at a very low price if offered by themselves.

SOME ANCIENT JEWELS.

SEAL RINGS OF THE GREEKS AND ROMANS.

Engraving Work in Some of the Gems of Antiquity—Customs of the Assyrians Six Thousand Years Ago—Intaglios.

One of the most ancient and beautiful of engraved gems, says the Jeweler's Weekly, is a cameo representing the Pharaoh Iotemio Philadelphus and his Queen Arsinoe, who reigned in Egypt 1,0 years B. C. It is as perfect to-day as when it was first carved, and the portraits are lifelike. A prettier woman than Arsinoe must have been rare even among the Greeks, to which race she and her husband belonged. Perhaps the most interesting and important engraved gem ever found was one that bore a legible inscription locating a store of treasure in a hill in Pontus.

Engraved gems are among the most interesting objects of art inherited by us from the ancients. Though many of the cameos and intaglios were engraved on precious stones over 2,000 years ago they are still as clear and fine as if they were cut yesterday. The designs engraved on the stones indicate that the old Greeks and Romans regarded them as charms against accident or misfortune.

Stones were formed into the shapes of beetles by the ancient Egyptians. They regarded the beetle as an emblem of immortality, and hence it was the most popular of all forms of ornament. Counterfeit beetles of common stones were commonly buried with dead persons, and it was customary to engrave upon them the expression of wishes for future repose and happiness, dedications of the soul to God, and various hieroglyphs.

The ancient Greeks wore engraved gems in rings of silver, gold and bronze as early as 600 B. C. By the Romans they were adopted as seals, though at first their use as such was restricted to the emperors, who assumed the right of giving like permission to others. The popes followed this custom in adopting "The Fisherman's Ring"—an intaglio of a fish cut in carnelian—as a symbol of authority transmitted from one pope to another.

Embassadors of kingdoms wore gold seal rings as a part of their official regalia, just as Bishops of the Roman and Anglican church do to-day. Subsequently senators, chief magistrates and military officials acquired the right, which was in time extended to the army and citizens. Readers of eastern tales will remember what power the seal of Solomon had to inclose an evil spirit in a bottle or to accomplish other marvels. A seal ring transmitted from one monarch to another has commonly been respected in the past as an emblem of authority.

The ancient Assyrians nearly 6,000 years ago put in moist clay their seals, engraved in intaglio upon precious stones, on chests and doors in order to prevent their being opened. There were no locks or keys in those days. If they wanted to send a private letter, which often seal it with a hippogriff, which fabulous winged horse was regarded as an emblem of secrecy. Centuries later the Greeks and Romans adopted similar devices for the same purpose.

YOUTH AND CRIME.

Offenses Committed by Mere Boys Uncommonly Numerous.

A very large proportion of the criminal offenses brought to the notice of the courts consists of those committed by boys, or young men under the age of twenty-five years.

In many cases the crimes are the result of the influence of older criminals, or are committed without a realization of the great wrongfulness of the act. Sometimes, however, the criminal instinct is strong in even immature youths. A boy of fifteen years of age, who was brought before me a few years ago, was convicted of a high degree of robbery, and it appeared that in other cases he had been guilty of similar offenses, but on account of his extreme youth had escaped punishment. He took part with older men in assaulting citizens on the street and taking property from their persons.

The fact that so many crimes are committed by persons of immature years, however sad it may be, proves that to some extent at least, the penalties of the criminal law are of little influence in preventing crime. Young men who have had their first experience in reforming a penal institution either learn caution and do not again expose themselves to conviction of a serious offense, or become convinced that honest employment at some laborious occupation is, after all, more profitable than the criminal career, with its liability of detection and severe punishment. Some of course, of the young offenders continue their lives of crime and become professional criminals. The number of professional criminals is, however, smaller than is ordinarily supposed.

A Dying Custom.

There is a notable decay in the use of emblematic signs on shops in our cities, the barber's pole, the druggist's colored waters, the cigar pompy and tavern signs being about the only ones that survive. This may be due in part to the improved education of the masses of the people, but the antiquary can't help regretting the change for there were some curious revivals in old signs even the druggist's waters being a reminder of medieval magic.

Missionaries in Madagascar.

The London Missionary Society has thirty missionaries in Madagascar and these report 828 ordained ministers, 4,395 native ministers, 4,395 native preachers, 61,000 church members and 280,000 adherents.

LITTLE BITS OF HUMOR.

Hotter McGinnis—"It is mean of you to be always abusing your friend Jones behind his back." Gus De Smith—"I can't see it that way. If I abuse him to his face he will pound the life out of me." Texas Biffing.

Wiggy.

Wiggy—"There'll be some fun when Newsplike meets Johnson, the organist, who played at his wedding." Wiggy—"Why?" Wiggy—"As the bride party was going down the aisle he played 'Will You All Be With Me When the Scrap Begins.'"—New York Herald.

NATURAL HISTORY.

There is reported to be a dwarf willow growing on the summit of Ben Lomond in Scotland, the full height of which is two inches.

A French beekeeper has experimented with his bees as carriers of dispatches. One difficulty of the bee-service is that insects will not return over a distance of more than two or three miles.

According to the Orville, Cal., Register there is a gigantic fig tree in the yard of E. Tucker, of that place, the roots of which have filled the bottom of his well, which is thirty-two feet deep.

G. W. Dunn, the California naturalist, has collected over 70,000 insects belonging to the hornwinged family, 500 of the cricket tribe and about 4,000 butterflies, and numerous rare plants and animals.

Twelve thousand silk worms when newly hatched scarcely weigh one-quarter of an ounce, yet in the course of their life, which lasts only about thirty-five days, they will consume between 800 and 400 pounds of leaves.

The longest continuous fiber known at the present time is that of silk. A cocoon of a well fed worm will often yield 1,000 yards long, and in one instance one has been produced which contained 1,295 yards without a break.

Correa has its seven wounds, among which is a hot mineral spring believed to cure all diseases; two springs of which one is full and the other empty, and vice versa; a cavern from which a wintry wind perpetually blows; a forest that cannot be destroyed, and a drop of the sweat of Buddha. No plants grow within thirty paces of this drop.

There is now said to be no animal or bird in the New York Central Park menagerie that does not eat peanuts. Many species in the cages were much averse to peanuts, but the persistence of the children in forcing them upon every creature there has had such an effect that even the lions and pelicans, and everything except the snakes, have felt obliged to acquire the peanut habit.

By Max D. Blossman.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1892.

ACTIONS speak more forcibly than words; they are the test of character. Like fruit upon a tree, they show the nature of the man; while motives, like the sap, are hidden from view.

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and silliness against nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth.

The young emperor of China is engaged in a struggle for the mastery of the English language. If they can keep him from getting an idea prematurely of how it is spelled the youth may persevere.

Mexico has a very summary manner of treating train robbers. It takes about three weeks to catch them, convict them and hang them in that country. One must admit that in these things the republic on our southern border is a little in advance of us.

No matter how exclusive its receptions, no matter how conventional its forms, no matter how distinguished its supporters, no matter how polished its veneer, that society which tolerates shams is not good society. By the word shams is meant hypocrisy of any sort; whether it be winking at dishonesty, playing football with virtue, or encouraging unwarranted extravagance that leads to theft.

In that great intellectual struggle for the supremacy of ideas, compared to which the clash of armies meeting in physical shock is mere child's play, the rudeness of barbarism meaning much but affecting little—in that warfare of ideas, eternal in its consequences if not in its duration, the newspaper must have its side, and when issues are joined, must strike its blows and strike them hard.

Put our roads in the condition the roads of France are in and you have at once affected a saving in freight equal in any view of the case to at least 20 per cent of the total cost of moving our farm products seven miles by wagon. Yet this is only a part of the showing. It is not farm products alone that are transported by wagons. Millions of tons of other forms of merchandise are annually transported over our highways by wagon under the same conditions of delay, annoyance and cost.

Neither the farmer, the merchant nor the mechanic ever stops to consider that at present it actually costs more to move a ton of freight over a mile of our average roads than to move it twenty-five miles by rail. Get the figures, make your own calculation and see if this statement is not correct. Thousands of dollars might be annually saved to the farmers of this and the balance of our counties, if we had good, solid road beds, easy grades and all that is meant by a good, serviceable, properly constructed highway.

A TEACHER refined in manners, in dress, in sympathies, is sure to obtain an influence that will work for good long after the pupil has passed from his or her immediate charge. The favorite study of a pupil, and often the profession in life, is determined, not so much by the attractive character of the study itself as by the subtle, magnetic power of the teacher. On the other hand, the cold, indifferent manner of teachers; their sharp, shrill tones; their impatient temper, have sent many a pupil from school to utter disgust with anything pertaining to study.

THE best lesson of many rich men's lives is the incapacity of enormous wealth to bring with it any happiness or honor in proportion to its vast amount. There is no advantage or entertainment in the possession of wealth that grossly exceeds the capacity of the owner to enjoy. Beyond the mere sense of power which great wealth brings, a man is far happier with a million than with twenty millions. To men who are not philanthropists and do not enjoy the organization and conduct of benevolent enterprises, enormous wealth means only an opportunity for the unbridled indulgence of animal tastes, or, if the man is not sensual, it means a lifelong, feverish struggle to win his millions in order to win other millions.

THERE is a habit which is seldom cultivated, and which it may seem almost contradictory to call by that name—the habit of variety. Generally habit is exclusive. If we act, or think, or feel in special directions time after time we naturally leave other paths untrodden. Thus we are apt to become narrow, one-sided, uninterested in other lines of thought and action, perhaps inflexible and dogmatic. The literary man scorns business; the merchant cares nothing for science; the artist has no sympathy with the mechanic. Or men will go on doing their work in one way to which they have become accustomed, although another and a better way has been discovered. Thought and even feeling get into grooves; conscience is satisfied with obeying a prevalent code of morals and seeks for no new duties. All this is a foe to progress and should be guarded against both in education and self-culture.

We talked of life and death. She said: "Whoever of us two first dies Shall come back from among the dead And teach his friend these mysteries." She died last night, and all this day I swear that things of every kind Are trying, trying to convey Some message to my troubled mind. I looked up from my tears ere while; That white rose lying in the cup Was gazing at me with her smile— It blushed her blush as I looked up.

And when the wind rose at my door It clamored with a plaintive din Like some poor creature begging sore To be let in. I let it in. It blew my light out; round my head It whirled, and swiftly in my ear Had whispered something ere it fled; It had her voice, so low, so dear. The looking glass this living day Has worn that curious, meaning air; I feel it when I look away Reflecting things that are not there. For hours no breath of wind has stirred. Yet tends the lamp's flame as if fanned; The clock asks o'er and o'er a word, But I—O God!—can't understand.

A MYSTERY.

Suppose a landman knew that whenever he left his house he was under surveillance—shadowed by someone who meant him evil, and was waiting for a favorable opportunity to stab him in the back? His feelings need not be envied. Take the same instance on the broad ocean—one craft shadowing another day and night with evil intent, and you can imagine Jack Tar's feelings—no law to appeal to—no chance to evade the grim pursuer. Such a case happened to me when second mate of an Australian trading schooner, and some of the queer points about it will never be cleared up. We had picked up a cargo among the spice islands of the Banda sea, and the intention was to proceed to Singapore for a market. At an island called Wetta, where we stopped to take on the last of our hardwood, we were offered a big price to take a band of about fifty natives—men, women and children—to the island of Timor, lying to the south. This charter was made, and we had a pleasant run and no trouble. Oddly enough there were about a dozen natives at Coepang, which is the chief seaport of Timor, who wanted to go to the east end of the island of Java. They were, as we afterward knew, conspirators who were planning against the government of Java, but they paid us a good price, and we carried out our part of the contract.

The difference it made to us was that we must now coast along the zig-zag of Sunda straits, a matter of 700 miles, instead of voyaging the landlocked Flores and Java seas. While open piracy was unknown, there were many suspicious crafts in those seas, and at brief intervals traders were plundered or captured outright. We had no cannon, but our crew of eight men had muskets and cutlasses and could be depended on to fight. We stood off the coast under the land breeze after landing our men at night, and by daylight had an offering of twenty-five miles. Then we headed to the west. We had just done so when we noticed a craft rigged like an Arab dhow coming up astern of us. She was nearly of our size, but could sail three feet to our two in any sort of wind. Such crafts confine themselves to the coasting trade and seldom make long voyages. We could not see why this vessel should be so far from the coast, unless on our trail, and we soon felt assured that his business was with us. He shortened sail to keep about a mile astern of us, and hung right there all day.

"His plan is to creep up to us and lay us aboard at night," said the captain, as we talked the matter over. "While I can't make out over four or five men on his decks, I'm satisfied that he has twenty or thirty hidden away."

We should have been prepared as well as we could when night came, but late in the afternoon a gale came up from the north-west, driving us out to sea, and we knew he'd have all he could do to manage his craft, even if he dared to keep up the pursuit. That he dared was soon settled. Indeed, his craft was as seaworthy as ours, but the natives of those islands are not looked upon as proficient navigators. We were driving away in the darkness, the sea pitching us like a cork, and when we lost sight of him astern, we sheltered our lights, broke a point of the course we were leading and felted ourselves that we would not be in sight when morning came. What was our astonishment and disgust to find him holding his old position as daylight came. It did not seem as if he had changed by ten feet. How he had kept it was a marvel to us, as the night was so thick from the time it shut that our night glasses could not locate him. The gale still held, and we still drifted away into the Indian ocean, and if he meant us harm we had plenty of time to prepare for him.

The second night came on bright and clear, and we could not have evaded him by any trick at midnight. The gale had blown itself out, and an hour later we had sail on the north-west and were headed up to the north-west under a change of wind. The dhow followed our example as promptly as if signaled to, but as there was still a heavy sea running, we had no fear of her for several hours to come. When morning came she was sticking like a burr in the same old spot, and her grim persistency began to unnerve us. Some of the men insisted that she was a "pirate ship," sailed by dead men, and that her hanging in our wake was an omen of disaster and death.

It was a real relief to see her about 9 o'clock in the forenoon forge ahead to windward of us. This move was doubtless made to enable them to inspect us. We could make out four or five men aboard of her, but no more, and she did not sit low enough in the water to prove the presence of much cargo in her hold. A glass or two was no doubt leveled in our direction, and anxious to make a big showing of strength we kept the men dodging about as briskly as possible. The stranger must have concluded that we had from fifteen to twenty men to defend our decks, and after running a parallel course of two or three hours he dropped back into our wake and hung there like a wolf in chase. So

wore the day away, and so came the night. The possibility that the dhow was a peaceful trader like ourselves was no longer an excuse with us. We could not say on the other hand, that she was a pirate bent on our capture, but one which took a firm hold of everybody's mind. Had she come along up and laid us aboard and had done with it, each man would have felt relieved and given her the best he could. It was the waiting—the mystery—the speculation as to her intentions that took the nerve out of our men and made them carry pale faces. The breeze died out with the sun, so that when night had fairly come we were not making over a knot an hour, with a full moon to light up the sea until you could have made out a ship's yawl a mile away. There was no use trying to dodge the stranger on such a night, and both watches were kept on deck with guns and cutlasses at hand for instant use. At about midnight the dhow crept up until his bowsprit was not more than 200 feet from our rudder post, and every man knelt at the bulwarks with musket in hand. We tried our best now to make out how many men he had on his decks.

We could see no one, not even one figure. They were either hidden by the sails or sheltered by the bulwarks. He had a better sight of us, and perhaps seeing that we were ready he gradually dropped back to his old position, and there we found him again at daylight. To show you how the presence of this unknown told on the nerve of the men, let me say that after breakfast the men sent a spokesman aft to request the captain to luff up and have it out with him, and if we were all to have our throats cut, to have it over and done with. This he refused to do, however, telling the men that we were heading straight for Sunda, and the nearer we got to the coast the less danger there was of an attack. We had only a moderate breeze during the day, and the dhow kept her place as on the previous one. If she meant us evil she would be pretty certain to attack us that night, as the morning would bring us almost in sight of the coast. Darkness did not affect the breeze, which was about a four-knot one, and we had the same moonlight after 10 o'clock. The big silver orb was hardly finger high out of the sea when the dhow began to close upon us, and now we felt certain that the climax had come. Nearer and nearer she came, creeping like a shadow of evil, and she was only a cable's length off our post quarter, and evidently all ready to sheer down upon us and lay us aboard, when she suddenly luffed up into the wind, sluttled and slapped and then went off to the southeast and was soon out of sight and that without our seeing a soul except the man at the wheel. It was queer enough, as we all agreed, and it was a mystery we were never tired of discussing, but her object and identity we never ascertained. Every man forward will believe to the day of his death that she was a spirit ship.

Every dog has his day—and every dogma. Lane's Family Medicine. Moves the bowels each day. A pleasant berry drink. The best thing out—a conflagration. My daughter was troubled with neuralgia in her neck and back and was cured by Salvation Oil. I endorse this remedy fully and cheerfully recommend it. G. FIFER, 108 North Poppleton St., Baltimore, Md. Better late than never—going to bed. Learn shorthand by mail. Postions secured by W. G. Chadler, Oswego, N. Y.

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Unspeakingly happy—a deaf mute bridegroom. BERCHAM'S PILLS cure bilious and nervous ailments. Bercham's Pills will be because they cure. 25 cents a box. A doctor says one person in nine is left-handed.

\$100 Reward. \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure ever known for this terrible disease, which is often fatal, and by which many thousands suffer. It is a constitutional disease, and requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 7c.

A new hotel is building at Mackinaw Mich. for the use of lay-fover sufferers alike. GOING IN THE SPRING. The cultivators of what the New York Sun calls the "strange grain" of the East will bear with mixed feelings the reports of the yield that has been gathered from the farms of the Northwest. Far seeing men, a long time ago, predicted that which we now see happening in the country north-west of Lake Superior. The yield this year has been good in many places in the western part of the continent, but amongst the largest returns reported are some from Manitoba and Saskatchewan. Over their own signatures a number of farmers have answered questions put to them by a circular from the local Gov-

ernment, giving precise details as to the acreage under crop, the quantity of seed used, and the amount of grain harvested. The replies of some show over 50 bushels per acre, but this is exceptional. There are many over 40 and a great number have averaged 30 of wheat, with heavy yields of oats and barley. The truth appears to be, and the New York Sun explained the reason, that the soil of Manitoba and the adjacent provinces is exceptionally rich and specially adapted for mixed farming, by reason of its adaptability to wheat, and from the rich grasses that grow so luxuriantly throughout the country. And the authorities of these provinces have been active in offering their land free to those who choose to settle on it; for the measures they have adopted for assisting newcomers, and in making no distinction between Canadians and other people. The railways, too, by giving purchasers of land a free ticket westward, have shown an appreciation of the situation. The spring will see many availing themselves of the chance offered them.

A lazy man steals from himself. It would require 1,000 horses to cart away the amount of soot which falls in London each month. SICK HEADACHE! Carter's Little Liver Pills. The Women Were of One Opinion. At a meeting called in memory of the late Lord Lytton, "Owen Meredith," at which favorite quotations from the dead author were to be handed in in writing, every woman present gave the following: "The heart of man is like that delicate weed Which requires to be trampled on boldly Ere it give forth the fragrance you wish to extract; 'Tis a simple, trust me, if not new, exact." All the men in the crowd gave in the quotation commencing: "O, hour of all hours, blessed hour of our lives! We may live without friends, we may live without books, But civilized man can not live without cooks. We may live without love—what is passion but plating! But where is the man that can live without dining?" Verily, the poet knew how to touch the different chords of the human heart—Indianapolis Journal.

Royal Nonsense. Henry the Eighth, most sensual and cruel of sovereigns bestowed the gift of a dissolved priory on a widow Cornwallis, because she made him such fine puddings! Sultan Osman had a gardener who pleased him so well by his tact in planting cabbages, that he rewarded him by creating him Vicar of the Isle of Cyprus. Mark Anthony, who was a voluptuous gourmand, gave the house of an eminent Roman citizen to his cook, as a reward for an exquisite supper! Louis the Fourteenth made a duke of a country lad, who in his youth taught him to make bird traps! The East River Bridge. It is hard to believe in these days of careless financing that in transactions covering a period of twelve years and an amount exceeding \$13,000,000, there should have been but one error of \$10, and that one found to have been made up. Nevertheless that is the record of the East River bridge as reported by experts who have gone over the accounts.

COMPLIMENTS OF THE DAY.

De Smithers—"Do you object to colored grubber at the club?" Blossman—"I object to grubber." Blossman—"What have you got for mourning band on your old hat?" Pinkstone—"The hat needed it."—Clothing and Furnisher. No, my son, it is not always polite to tell a man what you think of him. It is safer to tell it to somebody else, and it is just as effective in most instances.—Boston Transcript. Boarding House Keeper—"That Rathbone takes after both his father and mother." Friend—"How so?" Boarding House Keeper—"One eats a long time and the other a good deal."—Puck. Chapple—"Were you aw presented to her majesty in London?" Rosalie—"Yes, and the next time I met her out driving I smiled and bowed, but the old lady never paid the least attention to me."—New York Herald.

"You are another poor victim of circumstance, I presume," said the charitable housekeeper. "No one," replied Mr. Higgins proudly, "I ain't. I'm a self-made man, even if I ain't much of a job."—Indianapolis Journal. Count Peco d'Argento—"I called upon Mr. Osawell this afternoon and made a formal proposal for his daughter's hand." Interested Friend—"Ah, indeed! And what was the outcome?"—Count Peco d'Argento (sadly)—"I was."—Boston Post. Head of Firm—"Mr. Penwiper, you have been very faithful to us, and we have decided to show our appreciation." Penwiper—"Yes, sir, I have tried to do my duty." Head of Firm—"So we have decided to show our appreciation of you. We have decided to reduce your salary."—Clothing and Furnisher.

The vexing question of this vexing age is what can you expect from one who could say that long dark spell without Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup? The Thames (London) police force consists of 2,100 men. Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills are unquestionably good. They are, in my opinion, the only medicine that I have tried them and found in them what I needed. I believe they will cure Dyspepsia, and that is saying much for any medicine. I am glad, therefore, to give my testimonial. The Rev. DANIEL F. WARRAN, D. D., Rector Holy Trinity, Jersey City Heights, Write Tr. J. A. Deane & Co., Catskill, N. Y. Your truly, ROBERT S. LAWRENCE.

Why is necessarily like some lawyers? Because it knows no law. When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children she gave them Castoria. Mansion House street, London is traversed by 23,000 vehicles daily. The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word. There is a 3-inch display advertisement in this paper this week which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each one appearing each week from the Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word, and they will return you BOOK, BEAUTIFUL LITHOGRAPHS OR SAMPLES FREE.

About 8,000,000 pieces of mail matter are distributed by postal clerks in the country yearly.

MANY LIKE THESE. Bethany, Mo., Aug. 4, 1888: NEURALGIA. "Suffered for years with neuralgia, but was finally cured by St. Jacobs Oil." T. B. SHELTER. Constipation, Mich. Feb. 16, 1887: "Was troubled 30 years with pains in the back from strain; in bed for weeks at a time; no relief from other remedies. About 8 years ago I bought St. Jacobs Oil and made about 14 applications; have been well and strong ever since. Have done all kinds of work and can lift as much as ever. No return of pain in years." D. M. REARICK. 760 Dolphin St., Balto., Md., Jan. 18, 1890: "I fell down the back stairs of my residence in the darkness, and was bruised badly in my hip and side; suffered severely. St. Jacobs Oil completely cured me." WM. C. HARDEN, Member of State Legislature.

These combinations cure in half time of any other treatment of money returned, because all agencies are at work instead of 1, and both at one time. Almost all the best bottles of either for 5c. Now and a 5c. Plaster free in the same wrapper. ALL DEALERS.

FRANK J. CHENEY MAKES OATH THAT HE IS THE SENIOR PARTNER OF THE FIRM OF F. J. CHENEY & CO., DOING BUSINESS IN THE CITY OF TOLEDO, COUNTY AND STATE AFORESAID, AND THAT SAID FIRM WILL PAY THE SUM OF ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR EACH AND EVERY CASE OF HALL'S CATARRH CURE THAT CANNOT BE CURED BY THE USE OF HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

SWORN TO BEFORE ME, AND SUBSCRIBED IN MY PRESENCE, THIS 6TH DAY OF DECEMBER, A. D. 1889. Frank J. Cheney, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the Blood and mucous surfaces. E. B. WALTHALL & CO., Druggists, Horse Cove, Ky., say: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cures every case that takes it." L. A. JOHNSON, Medina, N. Y., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." CONDUCTOR E. D. LOOMIS, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it. J. C. SIMPSON, Marquette, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh."

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is sold by all Dealers in Patent Medicines. Price 75 Cents a Bottle. The only Genuine HALL'S CATARRH CURE is manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. Testimonials sent free on application. SEEDS. 3,000-PUB. POTATOES GERM.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once.

Talent and genius have many quarrels. FITS—Epilepsy permanently cured by new system of treatment. 250 SMALL BOTTLES FREE. Send for Treatise. Epilepsy Remedy Co., 48 Broad St., New York. Williamsport, Pa., will saw 270,000,000 feet of logs this year.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle. American Car Company, capital \$100,000, is to start at St. Louis. "Hansen's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure, money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents. The President of the Swiss Republic receives but \$3,000 per year. They are waiting in vain the resignation of Quay. Though the hard writing so plain can be seen, the only Union that has not tried Cassette. That for headache he had not tried Cassette. Tomorrow is the day on which lazy folks work and fools reform. For Throat Diseases and Coughs use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROUCHARS. Like all really good things, they are imitated. The genuine are sold only in boxes. The Chinese reckon this to be year 7,910,341.

ACADEMY, MANITOWOC CO., Mich., Oct. 5, 1891. MINARD'S LINIMENT Mfg. Co., Boston, Mass. GENTLEMEN:—Will you send one dollar's worth of your Minard's Liniment. I have had a lame back for years and that is the only Union that has not tried Cassette. I also jammed my hand seven weeks ago and I used that, and in three hours there was no pain. It was jammed so hard that I thought it was broken. Send by express via Frankfort. Yours truly, ROBERT S. LAWRENCE.

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The wrong way, with Catarrh, is to stop it without curing it. The poisonous, irritating snuffs, strong caustic solutions, "creams," balms and the like may, perhaps, palliate for a time. But they may drive the disease to the lungs. The wrong way is full of danger. The right way is a proved one. It's with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It cures, perfectly and permanently, by its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, the worst cases of Chronic Catarrh. It has proved itself right, thousands of times, when everything else has failed.

And this makes its proprietors willing to prove that it's the right thing for you, no matter how bad your case or of how long standing. If they can't cure your Catarrh, they'll pay you \$500 in cash. They mean it. They're certain of their medicine.

SALVATION OIL. TRADE MARK. KILLS ALL PAIN 25c A BOTTLE.

YOU WANT IT! MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT. CURES RHEUMATISM. Pains in Chest, Side or Back. Neuralgia, Headache, Etc. WE REFUND MONEY if 5 Bottles does not cure you or if 1 bottle does not give you benefit. TRY IT! 1 Per Bottle, 25c. 5 Bottles, \$1.25. YOUR DRUGGIST HAS IT. 316,408 BOTTLES Sold in New England States in 1891. WE WARRANT IT!

Illustrated Publications, with the Free Home. NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R. Best Agricultural, Orchard, Gravel and Timber lands now open to settling. Address: CHAS. B. LARSON, Land Com., N. P. R. R., St. P., Minn.

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FREE. Grandest Illustrated Garden Catalogue. SEEDS! 1 cent a packet. Free by mail, 100,000 packets of seeds. Catalogue sent at once for Free. BOOK, R. H. SHAWWAY, Rockford, Ill.

\$3.00 ELECTRIC BELL \$3.00. Complete with Bell, Battery, Push Button, 100 Ft. Insulated wire and diagram and full directions for setting up.

DR. HARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. DO NOT GRIP FOR SEVERE. Size can be FOR NICK HEADACHE, indigestion, constipation, biliousness, nervousness, etc. Each box contains 100 pills. Sold by all druggists. Price 25c. Write for list of testimonials. DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

ASTHMA. CURED TO STAY. W. N. U. D., 10-5. When writing to Advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this Paper.

If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water.

CANCER Tumors cured without pain. Dr. A. M. & C. W. MASON, Orono, Me. INCUBATORS ONLY \$12.00. A. Williams, Bristol, Conn. OPIUM Morphine Habits Cured in 10 to 15 Days. DR. J. C. HAY, New York. WANTED! MEN TO TRAVEL. We pay \$100 per month. STONE & WELLINGTON, Madison, Wis. AGENTS WANTED AT ONCE for a high-class, useful, and profitable business. Address: H. H. Woodward, Baltimore, Md.

IF you want to make a small investment that is absolutely safe, write Chas. M. Stone & Wellington, Madison, Wis. They will mail you a Free Plan, Map and Views, with full instructions.

WE SELL FARMS. Write for Free Catalogue. A. M. & C. W. MASON, Orono, Me. Remedy Free, Instant Relief. Pain in the head, neuralgia, toothache, etc. A. M. & C. W. MASON, Orono, Me. SIMPLE CURE for Catarrh of the Bladder. Address: J. H. FOLK, 100 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

FAT POLKS, ETC. Mrs. Alice M. Folks, 220 Broadway, New York, N. Y. "ORANGE BLOSSOM" Cures all Female Diseases. Sample sent free. Dr. J. A. McGill & Co., 3 and 5 Pearson Place, CHICAGO, ILL.

Photo Remedy for Catarrh in the Best, Fastest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Haseltine, Warren, Pa. WANTED. Who has ever had a sore throat, a cold, or a cough? The address of all soldiers who have served in the War of 1861-62. W. E. MOSES, P. O. Box 125, Denver, Colorado.

HOW TO BUILD A HOUSE. If you are thinking about building your house, you will find this book a most valuable one. It contains all the plans and specifications for a house of any size. Price 25c. J. E. O'CONNOR, 53 So. Street, New York. FREE FARMS. If you want a FREE FARM along a line of RAILWAY in MONTANA, ALBERTA, or SASKATCHEWAN, apply for particulars to L. A. HAMILTON, Land Commissioner, WINNIPEG. GET GARRETT'S READINGS. Best things for Lysons and Church Bibles. Recitations. PLAY. Send for Booklet. FUN For the Boys. Send a Scout badge and receive a book of fun stories. FREE LANDS. Illustrated Publications, with the Free Home. NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R. Best Agricultural, Orchard, Gravel and Timber lands now open to settling. Address: CHAS. B. LARSON, Land Com., N. P. R. R., St. P., Minn.

BOILING WATER OR MILK. EPPS'S COCOA. GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. LABELLED-L2 LB. TINS ONLY.

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