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BY MAT D. BLOSSER.

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Business Cards.

TWO LITTLE FEET.

Oh life, so prodigal of life!
Oh love and destiny at strife!
Oh earth, so full of busy feet!
Oh woods and hills and all things sweet!
Was there no room amidst you all
For two more feet, so soft and small!
Did'st envy me, where thousands sing,
The one bird that made a l my spring,
My dove, that had so many ways
Of making beautiful life's days?
No room! Or ra her it may be
Earth was too small t' imprison thee.
God only knows. I know I miss
Thy sweet caress, thy loving kiss,
The patter of thy dear small feet,
Thy hand in mine through lane and street;
While all that now remains to me
Is just a precious memory.
Two little feet 'neath earth's brown sod.
Two white wings somewhere safe with God
—Chambers' Journal.

WILKINS' HEIFER.

Buffeted by the rude winds of capricious fortune, for sometimes so much that I had completely lost my bearings, I found myself stranded on the bluffs of Benchville, I was duly authorized by proper documents issued by an Eastern medical college, to experiment with the anatomy of my fellow man, and here, I concluded would be the safest place to begin my melancholy operations. A few days after my arrival, I strayed into the court building to gain a closer acquaintance with the subjects whom I anticipated would soon become my prey.

Entering the temple of justice, which, by the way, was rather primitive in style of architecture, and seating myself upon one of the rude benches, I was soon absorbed in the business before the court.

The case which particularly attracted my attention was that of John Wilkins, a resident of Goose island in the Mississippi river, of which he and his family were the sole inhabitants. Among other worldly possessions, he owned a certain heifer, which had disappeared between the setting and the rising of the sun. Disappeared as completely as if it had been swallowed up by the great "Father of Waters." John firmly believed the heifer had met a violent death, though not by drowning. He felt convinced, further, that the animal had been stolen and that his neighbor Ike Allen, living on a small island adjacent, was the thief. This belief was not based on mere surmise but upon circumstances almost amounting to proof. A few days after the loss, John had found at the store of one of the merchants of Cashville, a village on the mainland, a hide strongly resembling that of the missing heifer, making the further discovery that Ike had sold the hide to the merchant, he at once procured the arrest of the former upon a charge of larceny. The proceeding was, I believe, what is in legal parlance called a preliminary examination. Judge Ferguson had discharged the grand jury, and was about to adjourn, when the prisoner was brought into the court room and arraigned before Squire Stumpf.

"Ish de state ready?" inquired Justice Stumpf.

"We are ready, your honor," replied Abraham Gant, the prosecuting attorney.

"Ish de defendant ready?" continued the justice.

The lawyer for the defendant answered in the affirmative.

"Prosheed mit de kase, shentlemen," concluded the justice.

Judge Ferguson had expressed his desires to testify on behalf of the state and took the stand.

"Judge," began the prosecutor, "are you acquainted with the defendant, Ike Allen?"

"Not much, sah. I know him when I see him, sah."

"Judge, please tell the court all you known concerning the theft of John Wilkins' heifer, and what connection, if any, the prisoner had therein."

"Very well, Abe;" here Judge Ferguson took a chew of tobacco, and, leaning back in his chair in an attitude of comfort, continued, "I'll give ye the fax as I know 'em. To begin with, Tobe Campbell, you know, is my son-in-law; he married my oldest—"

"But, judge," the prosecutor interrupted, "do you know anything about this stolen heifer?"

"Just wait a moment, Abe, I'm a-coming to that by and by. As I was going on to say, Tobe Campbell married my daughter, and, bein' a farmer, settled down to farmin' a few miles below here on the river. Shortly afterward he took it into his head to buy a milk cow—"

"But, judge, what about this case," interposed the restless lawyer. "Please tell the court what you know about this heifer, if anything."

"Don't be in a hurry, Abe. I'm givin' ye the fax. As I was about to remark, Campbell went to Illinoiy, I believe, but I won't be certain to Hanksburg, and bought a fine young milk cow thar. I distinctly remembah that she was kind of red and white, girded with a sort of brindle color on the stomach. He tied her to the back of his skiff and swum her across the river—"

"Judge, allow me to interrupt you, will you please state to the justice what you know about this case?" pleaded Mr. Gant.

"Not so fast, Abe, not so fast. You see, I'm givin' you all the fax and circumstances of the case as I know 'em. I'm comin' to that by and by, Abe, I want Squar Stumpf to distinctly understand all I know about this case; and, as I was remarkin' my son-in-law, Campbell, brought the cow home, that is, he took her down to his farm. It warren't long after this the cow gave birth to a calf—a heifer calf—and, to the best of my knowledge and belief, this happened in the month of June two years ago."

"Well—but, judge, what—"

"Never mind, Abe—let me finish. As I was a-goin' on to say, when the calf was about four months old I happened to be out at my son-in-law's farm, and for the first time I saw the calf—it was a suckin' of the cow. I believe at the time, and I couldn't help noticin' the strikin' likeness betwixt the mother and her offspring. Shortly after this, the Widow Connor—who lives adjoinin' of me in Cashville—bought a heifer calf—"

At this juncture Squire Stumpf came to the relief of the unhappy prosecuting attorney, and although in the presence of his superior in office, said:

"Vell, shedge, let's prosheed mit de kase. Vat you know about dees hafer vat ist lost?"

"I'm a-comin' to that, squar, I'm a-givin' ye all the fax in the case as I know 'em. You see, the Wido' Connor is an old neighbor o' mine. I knew her before she was a wido'. Her maiden name was Smith. I think she married Connor along in 'forty-seven or eight. They moved to the place joining me about 'sixty-four or five, anyhow about the close o' the wah—"

"But, judge," interposed the now distracted prosecutor, "what about the heifer?"

"Wall, yas" resumed the witness with the utmost composure, as he deliberately threw his long legs across the corner o the squire's table, and tilted back his chair in a position of exceeding comfort, "wall, yas—as I was a-goin' on to say, Connor and his wife moved to the place in 'sixty-four or five, and begun to improve it. They bult a house, put up a neat picket fence about the lot, and planted the yawd in blue grass. After old man Connor died, the wido' kept up the place; and about two years ago, as I was a-passin' along the walk in front of the yawd, I saw the heifer of Campell's cow in the lot a-grazin' on the blue grass. I asked the wido' if she'd bought it, an' she told me she had."

"Judge, is this the heifer that Wilkins afterward owned?"

"Wait a moment, Abe; I'm comin' to that by and by. I took a good square look at the calf and could not help noticin' it was a fine animal. I saw the calf a-feedin' thar every time I passed, for a month or more, but one day I failed to see it, and asked the Widow Connor what had become of it, and she up and told me she'd sold it to Wilkins."

"Now, judge, did you ever see this calf after Wilkins bought it?"

"No, Abe, I did not."

"Do you know this to be the heifer that Wilkins lost?"

"Certainly, Abe. You must remember I hadn't seen this heifer since it was a six-months-old calf. That was about a year and a half ago. Wall, the other day I was at Cashville, and Wilkins met me and said he had found a hide at Jenks Brothers' store correspondin' to his heifer's. Says I to Wilkins, 'let's take a look at the hide again.'"

"Well, judge, did you see the hide?"

"I'm a-comin' to that, Abe. I saw the hide; it was salted down, and says I to Wilkins, 'unfold that hide.'"

"Did he unfold it?"

"He spread it out on the floor, hairy side up."

"Well, judge, was it the hide belonging to Wilkins' heifer or not?"

"Wait a moment, Abe. I'm comin' to that by and by. Says I, 'Wilkins, I can't tell from the way that hie's a-layin' thar whether it's the heifer's or not.'"

"Then you are not certain, judge, that the skin belonged to the Wilkins' heifer?" interrupted the wearied Mr. Abe Gant. He had, thus far, failed to discover the least relevancy in the witness' statement and was anxious to get him off the stand.

"Yes," responded Judge Ferguson, "I'm certain that hide came off of Wilkins' heifer."

"How's that, judge?" said the prosecuting attorney, with newly awakened interest in the case.

"Wall, you see, it had been a long time since I had seen the calf, and I couldn't so well tell by the color of its hair. Besides, I may forget the kind of hat, coat or boots a man wore, but I never forget the expresshun on his face. So I says to Wilkins, 'just take that hide up by the ears and hold it up before me, so that I can take a square look at it between the eyes.' He done so—"

"Well, judge, did you recognize the calf in the skin of the face?"

"I took a good, square look at the hide, between the eye holes, as Wilkins held it up, and the same old expresshun was thar."

"Well—judge—"

"I'll swear that hide came off Wilkins' heifer."

"Mister Constable," sighed Squire Stumpf, "adshurn dees court till tomorrow mornings, nine o'clock."—Arkansaw Traveler.

The Chinese Baby.

The most important event in the early days of the Chinese baby is the shaving of the child's head. Chinese nurses are amazed to find that American boys and girls, whose mothers neglect this important duty, can still boast of flowing locks when the years of childhood are passed. Chinese parents are afraid to give their children the fine high-sounding names their love suggests, lest the evil spirits, of whom they stand in constant fear, should come to understand how precious they are, and cause some calamity to overtake them. And so you constantly meet with children answering to the name of Little Stupid, Vagabond, Flea, Dirt or Spring Dog—the idea being that when the spirits hear the little ones called by such uncomplimentary names they will imagine that the parents care very little for them, an will not take the trouble to molest them.

A Complete Surrender.

"She won't give him up?"

"No," replied the perplexed father, "she loves him still. She says she won't give him up."

"Then send her abroad. Once she's on the ocean she's likely to give every thing up."—Philadelphia Times.

SIDNEY LORAINE,

Or, The Count's Burden.

CHAPTER III. CONTINUED.

Stirred by the thought, she roused herself to talk. The sketches proved a good introductory topic.

"To-morrow, if it is fine," he said, with a glance at the rain pouring down out of doors, "I shall go forth and explore the country; and if not, there are several drawings I should be glad to take from the house itself. The one of the opposite building—I should imagine the older part of the house, taken from the room above this—would make a charming picture."

"I wish I could draw," she interposed, "for I should like to have just that bit. It *is* charming. Ah, but," with momentary enthusiasm, "it should be done in summer, when the acacias are in leaf,—or on a starlit summer night,"—her hands clasping and unclasping,—"it is a dream of loveliness then. I should like to have it."

He looked at her as if surprised at the unwonted stir in the tones, but he saw she was not looking at him, and the softness vanished from her eyes, when, "I will come down and do it for you," he said. "Show me what you would like, and I will do my very best."

"Thank you, you are very kind," she answered. "But, unfortunately, you have to leave out of a picture the thousand scents of a summer night, the thousand gentle sounds which make it into a living reality. But it is kind of you to offer to do it for me, and I should value it. Some day, you know, I suppose, if I live long enough, I shall have to leave here, and a short stout man who hunts five days a week will take possession. And as he cannot hunt here, I don't suppose he will love it quite as much as I do."

"It must always be a bitter thing to make a new home," he said, and felt that it was a purely conventional phrase, which carried not the slightest weight.

"It must, I should think," she answered. "But, come, as it is so wet, we will explore the house now, and find bits suitable for your pencil."

"I do not know why it is," was his thought, as he followed her about the house, "I always feel sorry for her, though surely there is no need. Every one says she is proud and cold, but I do not always think so. Sometimes it seems to me as if she would willingly take more interest, if she could. What stands between her and life? Is it that she is satisfied with the present, or is it that she has a past?"

"Will you come for a walk?" he asked her one afternoon. It was late, nearly four o'clock, but it had rained all day, and she had not been out, and at the suggestion she rose at once.

"It would be very pleasant. It has stopped raining," looking out of the window. "I will put on my hat."

Very little later they were making their way, against the blustering wind, through the narrow village street.

"Is it too rough for you?" he asked.

"No, I enjoy it," she declared. "We will go above to the pine-wood; I love the sound of wind in pine-trees."

"You are sure it will not tire you?"

"It is staying at home and waiting that tires one," she answered quickly. "Do not you also think that?"

"I should think it must be so, but that is rarely a man's fate."

"No, it is a woman's."

He turned his head quickly. It sounded to him as if the words came with a sob, but perhaps the strong wind had caught her breath, for the road they were toiling up was very steep. He paused a moment, however.

"There is no use offering you an arm," then he said. "You are far too independent to take it, even if you were tired."

"Even if I were tired," she repeated, "which I am not. But I am grateful all the same."

"No, you are not. Nothing that I could do for you, nothing that I could offer you, would you ever be grateful for. You would say 'thank you' because it is conventional to say 'thank you,' and you are too well-mannered to forget it."

"Well, it is no concern of mine," he went on. "Be happy in your own way. You know what I came down here to say to you. You have put me off day by day, but I could not go without saying it. My love is yours—has been yours, I think, since the first day I saw you. There is no hope in my heart, but I could not go back leaving the words unsaid. You need not even answer them—what is there to answer? You can only reply you know it, and that you do not care for my love; but all the same it is yours, to do what you will with."

She moved a step away when he had spoken.

"You need not be afraid," he said; "I am going to say nothing more—nothing. And you need not move; you have the knack of making a man feel as if he stood so far away, that his words could scarcely reach you."

He spoke bitterly, and she lifted her eyes with something that might have been appeal in them; and her voice was a little unsteady as: "Forgive me," she answered; "I do not mean to be unkind, but I can only say that I should not be happier married. No," regaining steadiness of tone, "do not say anything more; I should not like to lose your friendship."

"That is for your father's sake, not for your own. But even on those terms, I would rather keep it, though it is not much."

"You will forget," she said.

"I do not think so," he answered quietly, but he made no further protestations.

Almost in silence they returned. Under the circumstances it was difficult to prolong the walk, besides it was growing dusk, so they went back the way they had come.

The dinner hour was rather a terrible ordeal to look forward to under the circumstances. Sydney wished it well over many a time, as she dressed. It was difficult to talk as if nothing had happened, and yet it must be.

"He will soon forget. He will go away to-morrow, and when next we meet——"

She did not complete her sentence. Her thoughts drifted away to her own life, her own future.

"It would not be fair to any one," she said, looking at her sad eyes in the glass. "I could not help fretting, it would not be right."

The dinner was not as uncomfortable as she had feared might be the case.

Mr. Loraine had done a good afternoon's work, and was full of his book, and some drawings Mr. Carteret had done for him, and he himself appeared to talk as lightly and easily as usual. No one seemed to noticed Sydney's silence. Her black lace dress made her look very pale, and there were dark shadows under her eyes which even the brightness of the diamond stars in her hair and throat did not quite counteract.

"Men's hearts do not break so easily," she thought bitterly, as she listened to the steady flow of talk. "They think it hurts for a little while, and then they go away—and forget."

The words, the train of thought they engendered, caused her such a pang that she shivered as if in actual pain.

"You caught cold this afternoon," Mr. Carteret said, turning his head directly toward her. "I feared you would."

"No, no," recalling her straying thoughts. "I never catch cold."

"Don't boast."

He resumed his conversation at once with Mr. Loraine, and her mind was not recalled to the present talk again until she heard him say something that attracted her attention. Of what came before she was unaware,—what caught her ears were the words "When I was in Pomerania." She leant forward suddenly, a question in her eyes and on her lips, but what it was remained unasked. Mr. Carteret, watching her, paused in his sentence, wondering what it was in his light adventures that had attracted such vivid, though momentary, interest. Losing the thread of his story in his conjectures, he did not again refer to Germany, and a few minutes later she left the dining-room.

But only to wait, in feverish impatience, until he should follow her.

It was so extremely unlikely, but still every chance, however faint, was worth trying.

And what did she want to know? Long, long ago, was over and buried the faintest possibility of any happy future accruing to her from the knowledge of the life he was leading.

"But I should like to know," wistfully. "I should always like to know." Her thoughts had pictured him so often with the blonde German girl, grown matronly and tender, teaching him year by year to return the love that shone in her honest eyes—had pictured him sometimes with little children about his knees; little children with frank blue eyes, and corn-colored hair, who were added links in the chain that bound him to their mother.

"I should like to know," she thought wearily, and then the door opened, and Mr. Carteret entered the room, before she had time to banish the softness from her eyes that the thought of the past had brought there.

"Tell me," he said at once, without any preface, "what did you want to ask me at dinner?"

"You said"—hesitatingly. Then, lifting her eyes steadily, "you said you had been in Pomerania—where were you—when was it?"

"It was—let me see, two, three, four, nearly five years ago. I went for a very sad reason; to tell an old man, whom I had never seen, about the death of his son. I was staying at a small inn for a couple of nights. The son was there, very ill—he was on his way home. I stayed with him till he died, which he did the next day, before any of his people could be sent for, and afterward—"

Afterward!

Ah, what more was there to hear! No need for any name even—she knew it all now.

Out of her cheeks and lips the color slowly ebbed as she watched him; only her eyes, wide and painful with unshed tears, looking into his, seemed to compel him to go on; but when he reached that word, which seemed to shut out hope and life, she staggered back, and would have fallen but for his steadying hands.

"He is dead," she cried, but very low, sinking down on to the broad window-seat, but she did not let go the hands that held hers; she seemed to cling to them, as if for comfort and support.

"He died, poor child! years ago. Why, did you not know it?"

Of a sudden he seemed to understand so much; seemed to feel such pity for the trembling, despairing woman by whose side she knelt, as to preclude all idea of love, except as comprised in tenderness.

"He was to come back," she said, "or write."

"And you did not hear?"

"Nothing, nothing," with a despairing sob; "I have waited."

She did not cry, she had wept all her tears years ago. They had been wept over his grave, there was a feeling of peacefulness almost in the thought.

"Tell me more," she said at length. There was unreality in Roy Carteret's presence; he was not the man whose love-making only that very afternoon had troubled her, but a kind friend who had a warm human heart, and who sympathized with her in her loneliness and despair.

There was so little to tell; but he told it all, kneeling by her side, whilst the wind blew in at the open window, and her eyes looked abroad to the stormy sky above, or to the wind-tossed trees below.

"He was never quite conscious from the first moment that I saw him. I sat up with him that last night,—but he did not speak, and in the morning he died. His brother came next day, and at his wish I went on to his home, and saw his father, and told him all I could. But you see it was not much."

"Thank you," she said softly—could he ever have thought her eyes cold and hard?—"you have been very kind. I think you might tell father; he was very fond of him, and at first sometimes wonder—Ah" her voice breaking, —"it has been such pain, such terrible pain!"

He felt he could hardly trust his own voice to say much.

"Good-night," he said,—"or good-bye, if you are not down early."

"Good-bye," she repeated, almost mechanically, and turned away.

But even in her own room she did not weep much.

A few tears fell as she unlocked, and took from a case that she had not opened for years, a small framed miniature of a fair-haired man, with blue eyes that looked somewhat sadly into hers. It was the only relic she possessed of that buried time and her eyes grew dim as she looked upon it. All the tears she had shed had been upon his grave, for long years he had been at rest. He had been saved the battle, the burden had all fallen to her share. "And I was strong, and have borne it," she thought. "He has been saved so much, and as it had to be, I am glad—yes, I *think* I am glad, that *he* never knew. It is I who have borne it all!" And she looked into the mirror at the gray hairs and the saddened eyes that were the price she had paid. "And, after all, I have been to blame. I did not trust you as I promised I would. You said if you lived you would come back. It seems as if I never remembered that until to-night. But I told you once," she murmured, with hands clasped, "that whatever happened, I would never grudge the price, and I do not—even now, even now!"

The storm blew itself out in the night, and a bright May sun shone out in the morning, to throw a little cheerfulness over Mr. Carteret's departure.

He had wandered about the garden had admired the peacocks so palpably standing to be admired, hoping that he should see Sydney Loraine before he left. But she did not appear.

"So best," he thought with a sigh. "There is, after all, nothing I can say." His "Good-bye" said to Mr. Loraine he went into the library to fetch a book,—it would not be so very long now before he must find his way to the station. But he had only been alone in the room a few minutes when the door opened and she came in.

She appeared taller than usual in the long white morning dress; no color anywhere, and his heart ached when he saw her.

"You do not look fit to be walking about," he said kindly, taking her hand in his. "I hoped that you were resting."

"No," she said, "I wanted to see you. I could not let you go without saying good-bye, and thanking you——" her voice drifted away into a sort of dreary echo of its usual tones.

"You were so kind," she began again. And then, altering to a fresh sentence, "Are you going to-day?"

"Yes," he answered; "don't worry about me."

"Why do you go?" she asked; "you know father likes you being here,—you," hesitatingly, "were going to stay longer than this."

"It is better," he answered.

He did not turn his head as he spoke. "Your father is coming up to town in a fortnight, and I will see him then."

She did not answer, but remained still for a moment, looking at him, as if wondering what to say next,—and then, with a few steps, she stood beside him, and he knew she was speaking again, her voice very soft and low.

"Please do not go—" Her voice was so unsteady, that he could scarcely catch the words, and he turned his head, and looked down at her where she stood beside him, her hand resting on his arm. "I think," she began falteringly, "that it is *I* who wish you to stay—you know everything, will you stay now? I think I want some one to take care of me."

MARRIAGES IN ENGLAND.

Peculiar Unions of May and December Reported to the Registrar.

Of the many interesting matters that come under the notice of the Registrar General there is nothing more surprising than the frequency with which youth and age try the paths of matrimony together, says a Manchester paper. Of 3,366 brides over 50 years of age who were married last year, one secured a youth of 20, three were accommodated by men of 21, and fourteen others kept their choice of striplings below 25. In one of the last-named cases the good lady was 40 years older than her partner.

Turning to the veterans among the husbands there is even greater disparity. There were never fewer than 369 bridegrooms above 70 years of age, and of these one took a girl of 17, another one of 19, and four others kept under 21. Between 50 and 70 years of age 2,084 men married. Three of them took girls under 18, and twenty-seven others were content with partners who had not reached their majority. As many as 4,576 males whose ages ranged between 50 and 60 were, also brought to the altar, and here again a score of the wives were in their teens. A hundred were not more than 21 and 248 were under 25.

Among other strange matches was one between a couple of octogenarians, while three ladies of "85 and upward" got husbands whose ages were 75, 65 and 55 respectively. Taking the gentlemen of "85 and upward," we find that one of them secured a bride of 45. But even greater contrasts are to be seen in the venerable Adonis of 70, who got a mate of 21 and in the 75-year-old buck who secured a blushing damsel of 19.

At the other end of the scale we have a marriage between a girl of 13 and a boy of 18, and another when the contracting parties were 16 each, and a third where men of 21 saddled themselves with wives of 14. Two husbands of thirty took partners whose ages were under 15, while no fewer than seventy husbands of forty found wives of from 16 to 20 years of age.

Posted Their Letters.

"Last summer we staid at an out-of-the-way country place, through which the trains ran but once a day," said a woman artist to the Woman About Town of the New York *Evening Sun*. "'We' is Bertha von Hillern and myself.

"One morning we started to the town to mail our letters, as we usually did, on the train. We chose the railroad track as being the most direct route to town. We had got in sight of the station when we heard the noise of the coming train behind us. 'We can't reach the station in time to mail our letters now,' I said to Miss von Hillern.

"'Yes, we can too,' she said, catching me by the hand; 'don't get off the track, but run.'

"In an instant we were flying like deers down the track, with the train close behind us. They whistled and whistled, but on we ran, keeping straight on the track.

"We are still a good many rods from the station and I would have jumped to one side save that Miss von Hillern still held my hand and would not let go. 'Keep on,' she panted. They were slowing down and the station was getting nearer.

"I don't quite know how we did it, but we reached the station just a few inches in front of the cow-catcher, while all the people rushed out to be in at the death if there was to be any.

"'Why didn't you get off the track?' asked a man, rushing up wildly; 'did you lose your heads?'

"'Oh, no,' said Miss von Hillern as coolly as her gasping would allow, as she handed her letters up to the postal-car, 'we wanted to keep the train back till we could mail our letters.' That was all.

Blood Manure for Roses.

English rose-growers are using blood manure for their vines with much success, it is said. They take sixteen pounds of blood and as soon as it begins to putrify pour into it four ounces of muriatic acid and four ounces of proto-sulphate of iron, previously mixed, which turns the blood into a dark, dry powder that will keep for any length of time. A half pound of this is mixed with the soil over the roots of each rose-bush.

Chief Justice Fuller has presented, through the Hon. W. L. Putnam, a fine portrait of himself to the Cumberland (Me.) bar. It will be given a place in the attorney's office at the City Building at Portland.

ON THE DRUM-HEAD.

The Curly-Haired Spy Shot to Death by the Soldiers.

We had crossed the river to hunt for Lee and give him battle in the wilderness. Darkness was just settling down, and the advance had halted for the night, when a squad of cavalry brought in a young man from our front. He wore a mixed uniform, says the New York World, as did most of the confederates at that day, or as did most of those belonging to the partisan commands. He had on blue trousers, a butternut jacket and his hat belonged to neither side. They said he was a spy. They said it carelessly enough, but there was an awful significance in the term at that hour. In camp he would have been searched, interrogated and imprisoned. It might have been weeks before his trial and he would have been allowed every chance for his life.

We were on the march. There had been fighting. There would be more to-morrow. That meant a drum-head trial for the spy.

How speedily everything was arranged! I was at headquarters and saw and heard it all. Within an hour a court martial was convened—grave-faced officers who looked into the face of the young man at first with interest—then with something like admiration. I said a young man. I was wrong. He was a boy of 17 or 18. He had big blue eyes, chestnut curls, and his cheeks were as smooth as a girl's. He was a handsome lad, and I believe that every man in the tent felt to pity him.

"What's your name?"

"James Blank."

"What regiment?"

No reply.

"Are you a citizen or soldier?"

No reply.

"Can you make any defense to the charge of being a spy?"

No reply.

The officers looked at each other and nodded, and the president waved his hand. It didn't seem a minute before a file of soldiers came. The face of the boy grew white, but he moved like one in a dream. His big blue eyes looked upon one after another, as if searching for a friend, and my heart yearned to cry out that he was only a boy and ought to be given more time.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

It was the detail marching him off into the darkness.

"Halt! Tie this handkerchief over his eyes."

They had brought a lantern. By its light I saw the blue eyes for the last time as they looked around in a dazed way. I wanted to shout to the boy and warn him that it was not too late to prove that he was not what they believed him to be, but the grimness of the scene parched my tongue.

"Place him there! Fall back! Attention. Ready—aim—fire!"

Ten minutes later the officer in charge of the firing party touched his cap and reported:

"Orders have been executed, sir!"

"Any further evidence?"

"No sir, except that she was a young woman!"

WHEN THE CAPTAIN SAYS SO.

Military Duty Looked at From a "Regular" Point of View.

The "regulars" and the militia were in camp side by side. There had been rumors of serious trouble with the miners, and one or two small outbreaks had served to give them color, so it was thought well to have some troops on the scene.

One of the "regulars" was lying on a blanket smoking a pipe, and a couple of militiamen were sitting near discussing the probabilities of a fight.

"I think," said one of them, "that I would hesitate to shoot to kill."

"Well, I don't know," returned the other. "If I had a brick or two thrown at me I rather think I'd turn loose for keeps."

"It's a pretty serious matter to take human life," argued the first. "A man sort of thinks twice before he does it unless in the heat of passion."

"Yes, that's true," admitted the second; "but if you don't act quick some one else may."

Then one of them turned to the "regular" and asked:

"Under what circumstances would you feel justified in shooting a man?"

The latter took his pipe from his mouth, yawned, and replied:

"When the captain says so."—Chicago Tribune.

She Threw Away a Fortune.

Mr. Newpop—Uncle Si is very rich, Marie.

Mrs. Newpop—So you have said.

Mr. Newpop—I have hopes that he will leave us his money if we keep friendly with him.

Mrs. Newpop—All right; let us keep friendly with him.

Mr. Newpop—I have just received a letter from him in answer to the one I sent telling him of the arrival of the baby, and he says he wants to name her.

Mrs. Newpop—The dear old darling! What does he want us to call her?

Mr. Newpop—He sends two names from which he asks us to make a choice.

Mrs. Newpop—What are they?

Mr. Newpop—Mehitable and Hepzibah

Mrs. Newpop—The old fool! Let him go to grass with his fortune. I wouldn't give her one of those names for a million millions.—New York Press.

Already Done.

His Rival (sarcastically, as Adams gives his chair to the lady)—You ought to have had that chair decorated, Adams.

Adams—It is decorated.

His Rival—I mean you ought to have distinguished it in some way.

Adams—It is distinguished.—Truth.

Manchester Enterprise

By Mat D. Blosser.

THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1892.

THE BOILER EXFLODED.

Six Men Were Killed and Sixteen Injured at East Jordan by a Most Fearful Saw Mill Accident.

James Carr, the Desperado and Dive Keeper of Clare County, Pays the Penalty of a Life of Sin.

The Board of Managers of the State Soldier's Home Alter the Rules. --Other State News.

Six Killed, Sixteen Injured.

The most horrible accident in the history of northern Michigan occurred at East Jordan, 13 miles east of Charlevoix. The four boilers of the East Jordan Lumber company's mill No. 2 exploded, totally demolishing the structure and killing six men, seriously injuring four and injuring, more or less, twelve others. The killed are: Albert Cook, aged 30 and married; Emanuel Hunt, aged 40 and married; John Brown, aged 20 and single; William Beach, aged 18 and single; Simon Carney, aged 26 and unmarried; Amzi Christy. The latter was the only one of the dead not instantly killed. He lingered for three hours in terrible agony. The others were mangled beyond recognition. Of the injured, Reinhart had his limbs broken and mangled and cannot live. John Ringle had both eyes blown out and will unquestionably die. There were several miraculous escapes. Andrew Parish, while driving a cart, got in the way of the falling smokestack, which crushed both horse and cart, but left the driver uninjured. The concussion was heard for miles. It is impossible to say what caused the explosion. Pearson the only man in the mill who came out unhurt, says it was probably due to low water or to high pressure, but blames no one for the accident.

James Carr, Desperado.

In a log cabin near the village of Meredith James Carr, one of the most noted desperadoes in the history of the state, came to his death. For more than 10 years Carr's desperate exploits have made him the terror of the entire county of Clare and his many sensational deeds have made him the subject of numerous newspaper articles. Carr first came into prominence as the keeper of a stockade ranch to which scores of innocent young girls were decoyed from their homes in the larger cities of the state on promise of good and reputable positions and kept confined there, a prey to the brutal passions of the rough and filthy lumbermen in the surrounding woods. But few reports of these inhuman proceedings reached the ears of the outside world, for the keeper of the infamous den kept close watch over all his creatures and, it was alleged, harbored bloodhounds on his premises to assist in the capture of any that might escape. Through means such as these Carr amassed a considerable amount of money and occasionally took extended trips about the country. Of late years however, his business decreased, and falling into habits of dissipation he rapidly squandered all of his ill-gotten money. For more than a year back he has been but little better than a pauper, living mostly on the slender earnings of his wife Maggie who has stuck to him through everything.

Prohibitionists Will Not Fuse.

At the session of the Prohibition state convention at Grand Rapids a state central committee was constituted as follows: First district, C. P. Russell, G. Vivier; second, D. W. Brandon, C. H. Perrin; third, O. H. Hoyt, A. G. Bruce; fourth, Mahlon Jacokes, A. N. Eldred; fifth, Albert Dodge, S. E. Richards; sixth, G. R. Malone, Rev. W. C. Clamo; seventh, John Russell, J. S. Parker; eighth, John Newberg, A. G. Troy; ninth, J. F. A. Raider, S. Stele; eleventh, O. M. Brownson, A. W. Dodge. The tenth district was not represented in the convention, members were not named for it. Azariah Partridge, founder of parties and standing candidate for governor, read an original history of ancient and modern politics, and, in closing, presented a resolution that Prohibitionists ratify the People's party platform of Michigan and join hands with it in all elections as far as appertains to the national ticket. The resolution was the notice for a fight, and John C. Russell first gained the floor. He offered a substitute that the Prohibition party should oppose combines and fusions of any and all kinds with any party or element now in existence. Prof. Samuel Dickie joined in the opposition to fusion, and Russell's substitute was adopted by an overwhelming majority.

State Crop Report.

The March crop report for Michigan makes the following showing: About 40 per cent of the correspondents report wheat as having suffered some injury, but it is believed to be in an average condition compared with previous years. The total number of bushels of wheat reported marketed by farmers in February is 1,366,123. Of this amount 302,752 bushels were marketed in the first or southern tier of counties, 258,466 bushels in the second tier, 258,512 bushels in the third tier, 384,335 bushels in the fourth tier, 148,238 bushels in the fifth and sixth tiers and 13,320 bushels in the northern counties. At 46 elevators and mills from which reports have been received there was no wheat marketed during the month. The total number of bushels of wheat reported in the seven months, August to February, is 11,216,818, which is 1,166,498 bushels more than reported marketed in the same months last year.

Soldiers' Home Changes.

The annual meeting of the Soldiers' Home board was held at Grand Rapids. General L. Rutherford resigned as treasurer of the board and W. L. Sprague, of Greenville, was elected his successor. B. F. Graves was re-elected clerk. The accounts were transferred, showing $19-731.72 on hand. A resolution was adopted by which pensioners shall, if they remain in the home, pay over to the managers all pensions they receive in excess of $4 per month, the money to be forwarded to the dependent members of the family if any and where there are none to go toward the maintenance of the home. Heretofore veterans who received $12 or more monthly pensions were not admitted. Under the new rule any old soldier can come in upon paying to the officers all pension money above $4 a month. This rule is made to prevent the quarterly debauches indulged in by veterans who squander all their pension for liquor.

MICHIGAN STATE ITEMS.

Niles has a Don M. Dickinson club.

A new flour mill is wanted in Owosso.

Ishpeming is pushing a pearl button project.

Gagetown has a newly organized relief corps of the G. A. R.

A party of 115 woodsmen left Bay City for Alexander, W. Va.

John Matthews, a Calumet miner, was killed by falling rocks.

The students of the normal school will organize a mock congress.

Harbor Springs' Hollanders are going into the celery growing business.

The Capitol wagon works has shipped its first carload of wagons from its new Ionia plant.

The Estey-Calkins sawmill at Pinconning is in operation. The firm is also erecting a planing mill.

Now that the normal school at Ypsilanti has adopted a yell, the boys are trying to find suitable school colors.

Within two weeks I. O. G. T. lodges have been organized in nearly every town and city in Calhoun county.

About 75 of the Grand Trunk's employes at the Battle Creek shops will take out their first papers in a bunch.

Orrin Stoddard was found dead on the road near LeRoy. Heart disease is supposed to have been the cause.

Ypsilanti's new butter factory has made a starter in the way of a thousand-pound shipment to New York.

The Bronson Creamery company has announced its inability to continue the business. The plant is for sale.

Harrietta has discovered a big deposit of brick clay, and the man who will establish kilns there will get a bonus.

In the little city of Nashville a woman has been bound over to the circuit court on a charge of running gambling tables.

A 5 year old daughter of Alexander Oullette was burned to death in a fish shanty in Hampton township, Bay county.

R. Connable & Son, fishermen of Traverse City and Petoskey, have contracted for the construction of 25 fish cars.

The Manistee & North Eastern railroad has 106 new flat cars just from the factory, all needed because of increasing business.

The Apollo Orchestra of Hudson is planning a tour through the South, beginning at Cincinnati and extending to New Orleans.

Oscar Hoyt and wife, of Mason, were nearly suffocated by gas from a coal stove. Only the most skillful treatment saved Mrs. Hoyt's life.

The Democratic convention for Livingston county to send delegates to state convention, will meet at the Court House, Howell, April 27.

The Democratic students club of the university will celebrate Jefferson's birthday and is now looking for some distinguished Democrats to give eclat to the occasion.

A Saginaw merchant received a $5 bill on the back of which was written: "Here she goes, save your salary, don't gamble or play faro. This bill is the last of $20,000."

A couple of thousand people watched the casting of an iron keel, weighing 11,000 pounds at Marquette. Peter White dropped a $5 gold piece in the mold for good luck.

Rev. W. J. Eyles, student at Morgan Park university, has been unanimously called to the pastorate of the Niles Baptist church. He will enter upon the pastorate in April.

The state pomological committee of the World's Fair has a project on hand to bodily transplant a Michigan orchard to the grounds in Chicago. All fruit trees will be represented.

Mancelona's handle and wooden ware factory is shipping goods to all parts of the globe. The company have just purchased a large tract of hardwood timber land in Antrim county.

Geo. Leonard, of Bay City, a young man of good standing, is believed to be lying under the ice in the Saginaw River. When last seen he was starting to cross on the ice from the west side.

James Butler, known as No. 4,972 in the state prison, a colored crook of unenviable reputation, escaped from that institution. He makes the eleventh to escape in the past year.

Mrs. Susan Stonhouse's frame store building at Escanaba burned. Justice Stonhouse's office with all its records was destroyed and also the stock of the Sutherland shoe company, of Milwaukee, which has just been put into the store.

Two carloads of laborers for the northern extension of the C. & W. M. railroad, numbering 100, were stranded in Grand Rapids for two days, without money, food or adequate clothing. They hung around town rendered almost desperate by hunger.

Secretary W. C. Hewitt of the Michigan World's Fair educational committee has already received $1,600 in the shape of penny contributions made by the pupils on Washington's birthday and thinks that the total receipts from this collection will approximate $3,000.

The Commercial Savings Bank, of Iron Mountain, capital stock, $50,000, has been authorized to commence business by Banking Commissioner Sherwood. Jessie Spaulding of Chicago is president of the board of directors which represents a liability of $16,000,000.

Gov. Winans in an interview at Grand Rapids expressed himself as desiring to see Cleveland the party candidate for president. But he adds that it is his belief that neither Cleveland or Hill will secure the nomination. If the candidate is to come from the west he thinks Boies is the man, and if from the east then Gorman has the best chance.

The Farmers Alliance and National Union is making arrangements through its Michigan purchasing agent, A. J. Wickham, of Fowlerville, to make Lansing a distributing point of the union for all merchandise except dry goods. Mead & Co. became a National Union house, and negotiations are now in progress to occupy what is known as Mead's hall in connection as storage rooms.

Mrs. Cooper, who lives near the Hall school house in Eaton county, has a mother's warm heart. Seven of the school children, ranging in ages from 7 to 10 years, fell through the ice and into a pond up to their necks. She didn't alarm the neighborhood, but fished the youngsters out, took them to her house, stripped off their clothes, tucked them all snugly into a big bed, dried their clothing, dressed them again and sent them all back to school. Mrs. Cooper used to slide a little herself when she was a girl.

War in Venezuela.

A cablegram from Caracas, Venezuela, announces that the opposition to President Palacois has resulted in a resort to arms at last, and a bloody engagement has been fought between a body of revolutionists and the government troops near that city. So far as can be observed now the advantage rests with the government but the fear is generally expressed that this is but the beginning of a long and desperate fight for the control of the country, which may result in the loss of many lives and again plunge the republic into the chaos from which it was just beginning to emerge.

Chicago After Boodlers.

Chicago is excited over revelations going to show that a ring of big boodlers exists in its board of aldermen. Corporations alleged to have been bled by the ring and the amount of boodle secured are the Northern Pacific, for passing an ordinance, $280,000; Economic Gas Company, an ordinance, $150,000; Compressed Air Company, an ordinance, $130,000. The grand jury now sitting is expected to return several indictments. Several aldermen, it is said, have squealed. Officers of the Northern Pacific deny the charges against them.

GENERAL NEW ITEMS.

Anarchists' Dynamite Exploits in the City of Paris Make the Residents Fear a Second Reign of Terror.

Cleveland Quoted as Not Being Desirous of Pesidential Honors, but Mrs. C. Urges Him Forward.

Five Children Cremated by the Burning of a Minnesota Home.-- Prince Bismark Ill.

Reign of Terror in Paris.

Paris special: President Carnot signed a bill introducing a clause in the penal code, making the willful destruction of property by means of explosives punishable with death. This cause was introduced in the chamber of deputies. The frequency of anarchist outrages of late has caused a general feeling of consternation in Paris. It is believed that the anarchists will gain courage from their immunity from arrest, for the police have not succeeded in detecting the authors of any of the explosions, and serious apprehensions are felt regarding the action they may take on May day. Interviews have been had with two of the anarchist leaders, who are known to their colleagues as companions X and Z. They made no attempt to disguise their sinister intentions. They said: "We have begun a war a l'outrance. We have long since abandoned hope of obtaining anything from socialism or legal action. The laws are made solely for the purpose of safe-guarding capital and property. The final struggle is commencing. Yes, it is by terror that will overcome the present state of things. We cannot upset it in any other way."

Cleveland Don't Want the Office.

The New York Telegram says it is in a position to know that Mr. Cleveland is not seeking the presidential nomination. It says that Mr. Cleveland recently wrote a vigorous, sweeping letter declaring that he would not allow himself put in nomination. Mrs. Cleveland was the only person who knew of the letter which she strongly opposed. The day before the letter was to be given to the Associated Press Mrs. Cleveland sent for one of her husband's most trusted friends. To this gentleman Mr. Cleveland frankly confessed that he was sick of the littleness and bickerings and insults that daily infringe upon his private life; that he had not lifted so much as his little finger to secure a nomination; that nothing would induce him to enter the race, and that he had plainly said so in a letter that could be printed at once. After a few minutes conversation Mr. Cleveland's friend induced him to promise that the letter would not be given out for 24 hours. Word was sent to several of the most faithful and level-headed Cleveland men, and a council was hurriedly held. Mr. Cleveland spoke with great feeling at this council, but he was at last persuaded to withdraw the letter.

Vesselmen Protest.

Vessel owners at Detroit, Chicago and elsewhere are sending telegraphic protests against the pending bill which requires lake vessels in the coast wise trade to make reports and manifests of goods laden or unladen at intermediate ports. They say it would be a great hardship to vessels to furnish these and that the requirement is intended merely to fit a few small cities which are not points of general call or termination of trips. Mr. Vilas, who introduced the bill in the Senate, however, is very earnest in its support, saying it is a mere matter of justice to intermediate cities that they have records showing the amount of commerce of these ports instead of it being credited to the ports at the end of the route as at present. The bill has been favorably reported.

Five Children Burned.

News of a terrible disaster six miles south of Springfield, Minn., has been received. A house took fire and five children fell victims to the fiery fiend. The oldest was about 22. The father whose name is Leahay, was severely scorched, probably fatally. He was pulled out by a boy 14 years. Only one inmate escaped unhurt. He woke up, ran from the house and returned and dragged his father out. The mother was absent from home at the time. The father had just returned from the East.

Bismarck is Ill.

Berlin special: It is reported that Prince Bismarck was attacked with sudden illness. In view of the condition of affairs here, the news has caused intense anxiety. Many municipalities and other bodies throughout Germany have already begun their preparations to celebrate Bismarck's approaching 77th birthday on April 1. The illness of the prince is said not to be serious. Owing to the attack, however, he has given up his intended visit to Ralzburg, the capital of his duchy of Lauenburg.

Steamship Record Broken.

The steamer Oceanic, which arrived yesterday from China and Japan, by way of Honolulu, broke the records. She made the through trip in 18 days. From Yokohama she was 11 days going to Honolulu. Here she was quarantined for 19 hours, then made the run from the islands here in a little over six days.

BRIEFLY TOLD.

There is talk of forming a ribbon trust.

There is a movement in Maine looking to a resubmission of the prohibitory law.

Chas. Libby, a mining boss, fell down a shaft near Farmington, Mo., and was instantly killed.

A Kansas man thinks he can make binding twine out of Spanish bayonet and knock out the trust.

The Senate has confirmed W. H. Lawrence, of Pennsylvania, secretary of legation at Rio de Janeiro.

A resolution has passed the New Brunswick legislature favoring the union of the provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward island.

William Losen, confidential bookkeeper for Mallison Bros. & Co., New York played policy. The round-up shows that he is $64,000 short. He is under arrest.

J. F. Phelps, clerk, class 5, Sedalia & Dennison railroad postoffice, seventh division, has won the gold medal offered for the best record in the railway mail service.

In the Canadian senate Premier Abbott denied the report that Sir Charles Tupper, the Canadian high commissioner in England, had declared that Canada would shortly strike a vital blow at the United States.

A bill has been introduced in the New York Senate for an apportionment on the federal census, which gives 17 surely Democratic districts and three doubtful districts, the remaining 14 being almost surely Republican.

At a fire at the village of Lock No. 2 Henry Hartwig of the New Bremen, O., fire department met his death by the explosion of a keg of powder while he was carrying it away from the burning building. The loss to property was $25,000.

The election of the National League of Musicians which occurred at New York, resulted as follows: President, C. H. W. Ruhe of Pittsburg; treasurer, J. M. Lander of New York; secretary, Jacob Beck of Philadelphia. The next convention will be in Detroit.

RUSSIA IS GRATEFUL.

The Relief Steamer Indiana from this Country Recived with Joy.

A cable from Libau, Russia, says: The American steamer Indiana, Capt. Sargent, which brought to this port the gifts of flour and provisions sent by Americans for the relief of the Russian famine sufferers, was towed in the harbor by the steamers Concordia and Vorwaerts. If unbounded popular enthusiasm is proof of appreciation, the officers and crew of the Indiana will carry from this country a lively recollection of the gratitude of the Russian people. When the Indiana passed the jetty she was greeted with loud and enthusiastic cheering by the crowd that had assembled. The steamer was received by the communal authorities and a large delegation of the leading merchants of the port. After she was moored a number of the orthodox Greek clergy proceeded aboard of her and held a thanksgiving service, which concluded with the formal and impressive ceremony of blessing the ship. At a banquet tendered the officers of the Indiana, Count Bobrinsky said that the Czarwitz was deeply touched by the humane motives and sentiments of friendship that had prompted this noble act, and had charged him to convey to the donors cordial thanks for the token of international brotherly love extended to the Russian people.

PREPARE FOR WAR.

Russia Gives Orders to Her Troops on the Prussian Frontier.

The London Standard's Warsaw correspondent says: The Russian troops at Kalish have been ordered to have all their arms and accoutrements in readiness and dynamite bombs and electrical batteries in good order so that within half an hour of the word of command they may cross the frontier and destroy the Prussian communications.

SENATE AND HOUSE.

Senate.—The following memorial was presented on the 18th from the Philadelphia conference of the M. E. church, that congress shall "secure, in some way, the American Sabbath so that the law of God and of nearly all the states of the nation may be respected at the Columbian Exposition of 1893." Memorials both for and against free coinage of silver were presented. A bill to establish a uniform standard of wheat, corn, oats, barley and rye was reported and placed on the calendar. The bill making Des Moines, Ia., a port of entry was passed. Executive session. Adjourned. House.—The principal and only important feature of the session was brought up by Mr. Williams, of Massachusetts, who objected to printed headlines in the Record of a portion of a speech delivered by Mr. Walker, which the former gentlemen considered personally insulting. The heading was: "Hot shot for mugwumps—Hoar and Williams shown up—Williams' report on silver coinage riddled." The matter was finally referred to the committee on printing for investigation and recess was taken until 8 o'clock when private pension bills were considered.

Senate.—The House bill ratifying the act of the Arizona legislature appropriating $30,000 in aid of exhibition at the World's Columbian Exposition was passed on the 16th. An amendment to the sundry civil appropriation bill appropriating $100,000 for expenses and to be entered in connection with the World's Columbian Exposition was referred. A bill from the committee on naval affairs reported a bill for the construction (by contract) of three battle ships of from 7,500 to 10,000 tons displacement, two armored coast defense vessels, five gunboats of 800 to 1,200 tons displacement and eight first-class torpedo boats, referred. A bill to provide a fund by graduated tax on incomes and real estate. Executive session. Adjourned. House.—A resolution was passed for printing 45,000 additional copies of the special report on the diseases of horses. A bill for the admission of New Mexico as a state was placed on the calendar. A bill for the admission of Arizona took the same order. The House went into committee of the whole on the free wool bill. Mr. Bryan, of Nebraska, made a decided impression upon his auditors in his address in opposition to the McKinley bill and favoring the free wool bill. Adjourned.

Senate.—A bill was introduced, on the 15th for the adjustment of the rights of Indians in Indian Territory with a view of admitting that territory into the union: referred. Another to increase the facilities of the Postoffice Department for obtaining buildings, the object being to interest private capital to erect buildings on approved plans, and fixing a maximum rental, referred. Mr. Teller introduced a bill, which was referred, fixing the value of certain coins and to prevent discrimination in favor of gold coin or bullion as money. The conference report on the urgent deficiency bill was agreed to. The military appropriations bill then passed and after an executive session the Senate adjourned. House.—A majority report from the committee on postoffices and post roads favored the repeal of the mail subsidy act: placed on the calendar and the minority granted leave to report. The conference report on the urgent deficiency bill then passed and the House went into committee of the whole on the free wool bill. After several addresses had been made the committee arose and the House adjourned.

Senate.—A bill was reported and placed on the calendar on the 17th exempting American coastwise sailing vessels, piloted by their licensed master or by United States pilots, from the obligation of paying state pilots for services not rendered. Mr. Peffer introduced a bill to establish an electrical experimental station for the purpose of investigating and determining whether electricity can be profitably used and applied as a motive power in the propulsion of farm machinery. Referred to the committee on agriculture. Executive session. Adjourned. House.—Mr. Crutchfield, the journal clerk, was selected to prepare a digest of the rules of the present Congress. A bill from the military affairs committee for the acquisition of a site for harbor defense at San Diego, Cal., was referred. The House then went into committee of the whole on the free wool bill and soon after adjourned.

Senate.—The session of the 21st evolved nothing of general importance. Senate bill to amend the act for the relief of certain settlers on the public lands and to provide for the repayment of certain fees, purchase money and commission paid on void entries was taken up as a special order. A few amendments were agreed to and without disposing of the bill the Senate adjourned after an executive session. House.—The committee on printing presented a resolution to expunge from the Record that portion of the speech of Mr. Walker which was not delivered in the House and to which Mr. Williams took exception. The matter was laid over from the time being and the House went into committee of the whole on the army appropriation bill, which was passed. The free wool bill then came up. Mr. Goodnight, of Kentucky, assailed the present protection system. After his speech the committee arose and the House adjourned.

The national weather bureau will give special attention to thunder storms this year from May 1 to August 31, and desires the co-operation of meterological observers and others interested. Postal cards and instructions may be obtained from the central stations of the respective states.

RUSSIA WANTS A HAND.

Says She Sold to the United States the Waters of the Behring Sea With the Alaskan Territory.

Further Says That She is Able to Deliver the Goods and Give the Necessary Protection.

England Must Keep Hands Off and Russia Will Oppose Arbitration as Impeaching Her Honesty.

Special correspondence: Lord Salisbury has just learned a lesson in statecraft which will do him a great deal of good. Lord Salisbury has been shrewd enough to induce the United States to enter into negotiations with him concerning the management of the seal business, which belongs exclusively to this country. As our government has considered the idea of arbitration with an insolent free-booter, the other and heretofore silent factor in the Behring Sea affair has entered the case. The Czar of all the Russias has sent word to Lord Salisbury that Russia is able to maintain her right and absolute proprietary interest in the North American country which she sold to the United States and that Russia will not stand idly by and permit Great Britain to assert to the world, by indirection, that Russia received money from the United States under false pretenses; that Russia owned the Pribyloff Islands, and controlled the entire coast and sealing rights which were then sold to the United States. Russia and France are natural allies of the United States, and the world may as well know it. Russsia is anxious for a war with Great Britain. Lord Salisbury will probably digest his spleen in secret as he commits his lesson to memory.

If the arbitration treaty is likely to be ratified Russia will protest against any such action for those reasons. The state department at Washington is unusually noncommittal on the subject. Mr. Wharton refuses to answer any questions concerning the Russian note, for that is the shape it came in, but a member of the cabinet deeply interested in the present proceedings said that the above statement fairly covers the facts.

German Cabinet Crisis.

Berlin cable: There is a crisis in the Prussian Cabinet, resulting from the meeting of the ministers at which the emperor presided. The subject under discussion at this meeting was the primary education bill and it is well known that there is a considerable divergence of opinion among the ministers on this measure. The resignations of Dr. Herrfurth, Minister of the Interior, and Count von Zedlitz-Trutzschler, Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, Instruction and Medicinal Affairs are pending.

The Kruez Zeitung publishes a report that Chancellor von Caprivi has resigned. The North German Gazette confirms the report that Count von Zedlitz-Trutzschler intends to resign. It is stated that Caprivi offered his resignation at the cabinet meeting as the result of protracted contest on the education bill, which the Chancellor, as Prussian premier, has championed from the first. There is no definite information as to the action of the kaiser on the premier's resignation.

Gas Discovered by Accident.

An explosion of nitro-glycerine took place at Findlay that was felt all over northwestern Ohio. The little town of Williston, 12 miles east of Toledo, felt the shock severely. An hour after the explosion a pond near the Williston depot was noticed to be in a state of disturbance. Hundreds of minature geysers dotted the surface. They were accompanied by a roaring sound, which increased as the waterspouts grew in height. Before many hours the roaring resembled that of a cyclone, and the water was thrown into air many feet from countless spots. The Findlay explosion had rent the earth, opening a mineral gas pocket, and the application of a lighted match made the surface of the pond a sheet of fire. Leasers and gas and oil men are traveling the entire neighborhood securing control of as much land as possible. Every one believes that a new field has been discovered, and preparations are fast making for the drilling of wells.

THE MARKETS.

Detroit.			
CATTLE—Good to choice	$4 25	@	$4 75
HOGS	4 00	@	4 65
SHEEP	4 00	@	5 00
LAMBS	5 50	@	5 60
WHEAT—Red Spot, No. 2	91	@	92
White Spot, No. 1	89	@	90
CORN—No. 2 spot	41	@	41
No. 2 yellow	41½	@	41½
OATS—No. 2 white, spot	[illegible]	@	[illegible]
BARLEY	1 25	@	1 25
RYE	85	@	85
HAY—No. 2 per ton	12 00	@	12 50
POTATOES—Per bu	25	@	28
SWEET POTATOES—Per bbl	3 25	@	3 50
APPLES—Per bbl	2 25	@	2 50
BUTTER—Per lb	23	@	24
Creamery	25	@	28
EGGS—Per doz	12½	@	13
LIVE POULTRY—Chickens	11	@	12
Turkeys	12	@	13
Ducks	10	@	11
Chicago.			
CATTLE—Steers	$3 85	@	$4 60
Common	3 25	@	3 80
SHEEP—Native	5 25	@	5 70
LAMBS	5 50	@	6 25
HOGS—Common	3 65	@	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	87½	@	87½
No. 2 spring	83⅝	@	83⅝
CORN—No. 2	37½	@	37¾
OATS—No. 2	29	@	29½
RYE	81½	@	81½
BARLEY	56	@	56
MESS PORK—Per bbl	9 97½	@	10 00
LARD—Per cwt	6 25	@	6 27½
New York.			
CATTLE—Natives	$3 75	@	$4 60
HOGS	4 90	@	5 50
SHEEP—Good to choice	6 00	@	6 60
LAMBS	7 00	@	7 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	98	@	1 00
CORN—No. 2	45⅞	@	46¼
OATS	36	@	36¼
Kansas City.			
CATTLE—Steers	$3 30	@	$4 00
HOGS—All grades	3 95	@	4 60
SHEEP	3 95	@	5 00
LAMBS	3 90	@	5 35
Buffalo.			
CATTLE	$4 00	@	$4 10
HOGS	5 00	@	5 05
SHEEP—Good to choice	5 65	@	6 00
LAMBS	6 50	@	6 90

Weekly Review of Trade.

New York, March 21.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: Storms, bad weather and bad roads have much retarded trade, reducing the movement of grain and curtailing trade in many cities, but nevertheless reports indicate on the whole an improvement in the distribution of goods and a fairly sustained demand, in some branches increasing, for manufactured products. There is no trouble anywhere about money, even at the south markets being fairly supplied. While imports of merchandise show a large increase over last year—for half of March 10.4 per cent—there also appears an increase in domestic exports for two weeks of March of about 6 per cent. Reports from interior cities are generally more encouraging. Speculation in breadstuffs has been depressed by the official report of wheat in farmers' hands, and on moderate sales wheat has declined 3¼c, corn ¾c and oats 2c. In pork products no change appears, nor in coffee, but oil is 2¼c lower. In cotton a decline of 6¾c has been followed by a recovery to 6.81, but receipts and exports for the week both exceed last year's. Sales of pig iron at low figures continue, some makers even contracting for such prices for the whole of this year. The demand for bar iron is dull, but for plate a little better, though prices are demoralized. The market for copper seems to indicate some agreement and is stronger, but coal is dull. The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days number 245. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 215.

RED TAPE IN THE ARMY.

Britishers Maintain Discipline by a Most Ridiculous Performance.

The commandant of a certain division of the British army in India, some years ago, having a very considerable degree of authority vested in him and perceiving that his command included many men who were illiterate, issued an order that one of the younger lieutenants should be detailed in each regiment to teach soldiers who could not read or write. In each regiment, therefore, an officer was duly detailed for this purpose, says the Chicago Tribune. In the Two Hundredth the man assigned to this duty was Lieutenant Beacham, a young officer who had just joined the regiment.

After taking the introductory steps as regimental schoolmaster, Beacham came to the colonel one day with a significant smile on his face.

"I have to report," he said, "that there is not a single illiterate in the Two Hundredth. Every man has been to school in England, and every one of them can read and write perfectly well."

The colonel, who was an unbending martinet, frowned severely.

"No matter," said he, "orders are orders and must be obeyed. You must teach the illiterates of this regiment."

"But there are no illiterates."

"Never mind! You will organize some at once."

"But how am I going to make them——"

"No further questions, Mr. Beacham. I shall issue an order to the captains of companies A, B and C to detail five men from each company to act as illiterates, and you will give them daily instructions in the alphabet."

The colonel's order was issued at once. Fifteen soldiers of the Two Hundredth were detailed as illiterates. Once a day they were marched out upon the parade with primers in their hands of the same sort from which they had studied in school many years before, and were gravely taught their letters by young Lieutenant Beacham, though the alphabet was as familiar to them as it was to him or the commanding general himself.

The soldiers of the regiment gathered about and enjoyed the scene.

After this pleasing farce had been going on for several days, the colonel strolled up one day to the place where "Beacham's babies," as the regiment called the "illiterate detachment," were reciting their lessons.

"Mr. Beacham," he asked, "is your class making favorable progress?"

"Very favorable, indeed," said the lieutenant, saluting.

"The men are now able to read and write?"

"Perfectly well."

"You are ready to report, then, that your duty is fully accomplished?"

"I am."

"Then an order will be issued terminating the detail and returning the men to their duty."

Thus the "illiterates" of the Two Hundredth were no longer called upon to take daily instructions in their A, B, C's; but it was many months before their comrades ceased to rally them in headquarters upon their school-going.

The Oyster Groves of Honduras.

Travelers and tourists who have been for a summer's outing among the islands which skirt the coast of Honduras tell marvelous stories of the oyster groves of that country, and the rare delicacy of the bivalves "which grow on the trees." The facts in this "tree oyster" case are these: The mangrove trees grow in either fresh or salt-water swamps, and even in water five or six feet deep. The limbs of the mangrove are drooping like those of the weeping willow. In case they do not reach the water, the attraction of the moisture below causes shoots to put out which often extend far beneath the surface; thus a thicket of mangroves is a matted mass of limbs, trunks, shoots and roots. On these limbs and shoots, deep down under the surface of the water, large bunches of oysters cling, thus forming the far-famed "oyster groves of Honduras."—St. Louis Republican.

In a Bad Way.

The late Sir Thomas Chambers was not a wit, and laughter seldom entered the court over which he presided so solemnly. There is, however, one good story told of him in the Temple. It is to the effect that a prisoner, who was undefended, pleaded "guilty," and, counsel having been instructed to defend him at the last moment, withdrew the plea and substituted that of "not guilty," with the result that the jury acquitted him. In discharging the prisoner, Sir Thomas is said to have remarked: "Prisoner, I do not envy your feelings. On your own confession, you are a thief, and the jury have found that you are a liar."—Argonaut.

Too Much Lynch Law.

First Citizen (Golden Gulch): Well, we caught up with the feller wot stole your new overcoat, an' lynched him.

Second Citizen: Ha, ha! That's somethin' like. Teach these coyotes they've gotter obey the laws o' the land. Hung him, eh?

"No. We shot him full o' holes."

"Gee whittaker! He didn't have my overcoat on did he?"

"Jerusalem, partner, come to think, I'm 'fraid he did."

"Ye ought to be arrested, every one of ye. This ere lynch law is a disgrace ter civilization."—New York Weekly.

The Old Man's Opinion.

Mr. Scrimpps—I asked your daughter a very important question last night, and she referred me to you.

Old Gentleman—Humph! What did you ask her?

"I asked her if she'd marry me."

"Well, she won't."

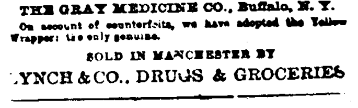
"Eh! Has she said so?"

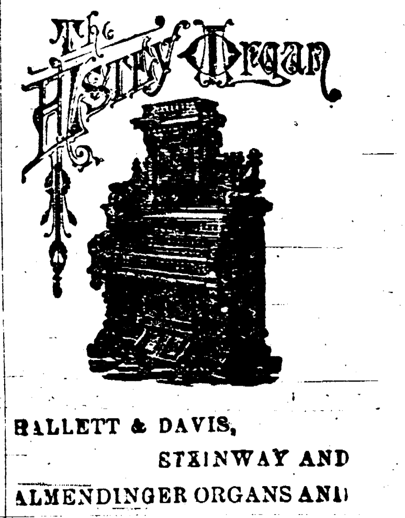
"No; but from what I know of the girl I don't believe she would have bothered herself about me if she really wanted you."—New York Weekly.

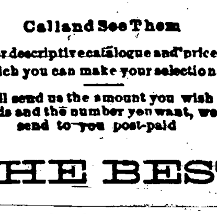
Keeping Her in Suspense.

Bingo: While I was matching that ribbon for you to-day in a dry goods store a man came in, threw down a bomb; there was a terrible explosion, several people were killed, and I barely escaped with my life.

Mrs. Bingo (anxiously): You didn't lose that piece of ribbon, did you?—Cloak review.







Manchester Enterprise

By Mat D. Blosser.

THURSDAY MARCH 24. 1892.

SIX PAGES.

LOCAL NEWS BREVITIES.

Have you visited the school lately?

This is March and there is no disputing it.

New subscriptions are coming in quite lively.

Was not that a genuine blizzard last Saturday?

The roads were quite good until the rain came.

Only a few days more then three weeks before easter.

Who will be the next landlord at the Goodyear house?

The shipment of field stone from this station continues.

The Lake Shore pay master passed over the branches yesterday.

A large amount of wheat has been drawn to market this week.

Rev. I. L. Case will preach at the universalist church next Sunday morning at 10:30.

Farmers claim that wheat has suffered much on account of the unfavorable weather.

W. T. Perkins of San Francisco, California, has our thanks for a late copy of the Examiner.

The price of cloverseed advanced considerably just as the farmers were ready to buy a supply.

A number of catholics went to Clinton last Saturday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Kirchgessner.

Tomorrow is badge day. Attend the chapel exercises in the morning and see the happy children.

In our advertising column this week Freese & Son of Clinton have something interesting to say about carpets.

The democrats of this township will hold a caucus at the township clerk's office on Saturday, March 26, at 2 p. m.

The fruit tree agents are forwarding their orders to the nurserys. Mr. Brooks has taken a large number of orders this season.

The Enterprise poultry yards have already furnished several settings of eggs and has some orders on the books to be filled later.

Miss Pfister, the milliner, has received her spring stock of goods from the east and in a card to be found on the 4th page invites the ladies to call and see them.

The psalms and hymns to be sung at the M. E. church will hereafter be announced in advance by a neatly printed placard hanging in a conspicuous place.

The superior quality of paper used in the tablets manufactured by the Enterprise publishing house is so well appreciated that they are in great demand.

As it is about the time of year that horsemen are getting printing done we would say to them that we are prepared to do all that kind of work in a first class manner.

The Enterprise poultry yards have received a few more pure bred Plymouth rock fowls from some of the well known breeders to improve the heretofore very excellent breeding pens.

As most of the magazines close their volumes with the year, many of our readers must have some volumes to be bound. Bring them to the Enterprise office and we will do the work.

Dr. C. F. Kapp, assisted by Drs. Lynch and Iddings, held a post mortem examination on the body of John Koch, on Monday afternoon, and found that he died from disease of the heart.

A corporation fence (?) was built on the corner of Exchange Place and Clinton street before election, but it took a tumble and the builder fled to Clinton. The alderman should take his rails home.

S. B. Traub of Chicago has sent us a copy of Saturday's Tribune containing an account of a fire which occured in the house formerly owned by Gen. Logan, and now partially occupied by Wm. Traub.

Business men should look out for bogus drafts on the exchange bank of South Lyons. The state is being flooded with them by a gang of sharpers working from outside of the state, and there is no such bank in existence.

James Moore of the Wampler's lake house was in town Monday. He says that there has been but little fishing through the ice at the lake during the past winter and that there will be no spearing there this spring.

The township has been divided into two voting precincts as there are more than 500 voters in the township. Sections 18, 19, 29, 30, 31 and 32 are set off for precinct No. 2 and the polls will be held at the Dorr school house.

It has been over 1,500 years since the rule was adopted which makes Easter the first Sunday after the first full moon after the sun crosses the line. By this arrangement of things Easter may come as early as March 23 or as late as April 25.

Carm Middlebrooks says that a prophet is not known in his own country and insinuates that his fame is such that he has received overtures from a proprietor of a dance hall or show of some kind, to fiddle for him at the world's fair.

PERSONAL.

J. H. Hollis is expected home tomorrow.

Ab VanTyne of Chelsea was in town on Monday.

A. F. Freeman is in Adrian today on legal business.

H. Kirchhofer was in Adrian on business yesterday.

E. D. Main of Wampler's lake was in town yesterday.

Will Collum of Saline visited Prof. Blodgett on Monday.

Miss Jennie Eckler has gone to visit friends in Jackson and Leslie.

George Nisle has gone to Ann Arbor today to ship his buss to Clare.

Mrs. Ella Miller of Toledo visited her father, S. H. Perkins, on Monday.

John Volland of Jackson has been visiting his parents in town this week.

Mr. & Mrs. W. S. Culver of Brooklyn were in town a few hours this forenoon.

Frank Montgomery has been in town this week selling his excellent medicines.

Fred Kensler has been to Detroit where he will engage in the cold storage business.

Russell Packard of Weston is visiting Rev. R. L. Cope and Dr. Iddings this week.

Rev. J. Stauss of Jackson was in town last Thursday visiting his former parishioners.

Mrs. A. J. Austin of Norvell visited her sister, Mrs. Mat D. Blosser, over Sunday.

Fred H. Blosser will be home from the Fayette college on Friday and remain over Sunday.

Mrs. Rev. Wm. Cope of Caro came here last Friday with Rev. Cope to visit a short time.

Among the orators selected by the class of '92 at the agricultural college, is Whitney Watkins.

Miss Lorada Wheeler of Saline visited her friends, Mary Schaffer and Jennie Silkworth over Sunday.

We learn that Albert Case of Summit has the contract for carrying the mail between South Jackson and the city.

We learn that Dr. Geo. E. Brown, who has been living in Saginaw for the past year, has moved back to Grand Rapids.

Mrs. W. R. Bigham and children of Clinton passed through here on Saturday on their way to Ypsilanti to visit her sister.

Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Rehfuss, N. Schmid, Jacob Reichert and Mart Traub went to Detroit on Tuesday with the funeral party.

Dell Ordiway has bid farewell to his Clinton friends and for the present is with his mother at Onsted.—Clinton Local.

It is rumored here that A. G. Amsden of Chicago, superintendent of the western division of the L. S. & M. S. R'y, has resigned.

David Reed went to Tecumseh to stay with his sons last week, but was taken quite sick again and Mrs. Reed was sent for on Monday.

Miss Marie Kirchhofer, the assistant teacher in the union school, secured a second grade certificate at the examination at Ann Arbor recently.

We have received a copy of "The Visitor," a weekly paper published at Mossy Creek, Tenn., by Helam Spaulding, formerly of this village.

We learn that Charles VanValkenburg intends to move to Belding where his father is engaged in the manufacture of chemical engines, and will do printing for his father.

John Koch, Jr., who had only just begun an engagement as foreman in a large brewery in Iron Mountain, was called home on Monday on account of the death of his father.

Mrs. Martha Denison, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Hall, at Ypsilanti the past few weeks, came home last Saturday and remained until yesterday when she returned to Ypsi.

Bernard Elfring of Sharon has rented E. G. Carr's residence and will move to this village this spring. He talks of going to Sutton, Nebraska, in the fall where his brother is engaged in business.

Misses Hulda and Brtha Koch were called home from Detroit Saturday night on account of the death of their father. They were accompanied by their uncles, Mr. Koch and Mr. Strasburg of Detroit.

G. G. Nichols, who has written up several towns on the Lake Shore railway including Tecumseh and Clinton, for the Toledo American, is in town writing up our mercantile and manufacturing interests for his paper.

Monday forenoon little Bennett Root, son of Ed E. Root who resides on Ann Arbor street, had climbed upon a load of wood and in attempting to get off the wagon his foot caught in the wheel and he was thrown, breaking his leg both above and below the knee.

Engineer Frank Smith of Elkhart, Ind., who has been running on the Jackson branch of the Lake Shore road lately, came in off his run yesterday afternoon and was taken suddenly ill. He was conveyed to the office of Dr. W. E. Jewett and the doctor made him as comfortable as possible. He was taken back in a carriage to the Lake Shore hotel where he is confined to his room, although very much improved. The attack was in the nature of congestion of the brain.—Adrian Times.

On Thursday, March 31, Mrs. Eleanor Glimpse, executrix of Emanuel Glimpse' estate, will sell at public auction on the place, two miles northeast of Clinton, the personal property, consisting of stock, farming tools, grain, etc. Ben Reynolds, auctioneer.

The Sunday school institute held at the baptist church in this village yesterday was not largely attended, indeed most of the parties announced to speak failed to come. However, those who were here did their best to make the exercises profitable and interesting.

We have just added several new fonts of the latest styles of job type and borders besides cases, rules, etc., and have our order in for more. Our facilities for doing first class job printing shall be kept up regardless of expense, and for style of work we cannot be surpassed by any city office.

This village needs to have several of its streets improved this season. There are some places where tile should be put down to carry off the surplus water, and the road bed should be made wider. There is no use putting on gravel to raise the streets unless some means is first employed to carry off the water.

We should like to see our citizens who own residences or village lots get a move on them and set out some shade trees in front of their places this spring. Arbor day will soon be here and it would be a nice thing if everyone would set out at least one tree. The best way to make your property salable is to make it attractive, and a nice row of shade trees go a long way towards doing it.

The alpha sigma society has elected the following officers for the fall term of school:

President—E. C. Silkworth,
Vice Pres.—Joseph Lamb,
Secretary—Edith Kapp,
Treasurer—Ella Braun,
Librarian—Grace Smith,
Chaplain—Belvia Waters,
Chief Marshal—Willis Green,
Ass't Marshal—Chas. Leeson.

We understand that a party of agents are canvassing the county and taking orders for groceries. While the business may be legitimate our country readers should not forget that it is better to patronize our merchants exclusively. We are afraid that the farmer does not fully appreciate the difference between a reliable village merchant who is always ready to make good any discrepency, and the foreign merchant who is here today and not to be found tomorrow.

Death of John Koch.

Through the death of our townsman, John Koch, Manchester loses one of her foremost enterprising citizens, and his death has caused great grief in his household and brought sorrow to the hearts of many who held him as a true and trusty friend.

Last summer he suffered from over-exertion and has not been well since. During the winter he had la grippe and Dr. Kapp, who attended him, detected a heart trouble which it was impossible to overcome, and which finally caused his death on Saturday afternoon.

His death, of course, was sudden, as is usual with those troubled with heart disease, and his oldest children were all away from home, but his wife, Dr. Kapp and a few friends were at his bedside.

He died in the full possession of his faculties, fully aware of his condition and seemingly prepared for the change.

Mr. Koch was born in Wurtenburg, Germany, Nov. 18, 1840. He received a liberal education and learned the art of brewing. In 1866 he came to America, settling in Detroit, where he worked at his trade for two years and then started in business for himself and was very successful, but his health was not good and about eight years ago he rented his brewery and went to Germany again.

Relaxation from business cares and the change of climate soon restored his health and on returning to Detroit he came here and purchased the southern brewery property, which was then in a dilapidated condition, and at once set to work putting it in first class shape. He has spent thousands of dollars in changes and repairs and it is now one of the finest breweries in the state.

He was an excellent business man, generous to a fault and honorable in his dealings. He gave employment to workmen and mechanics regardless of nationality, and patronized home tradesmen wherever it was possible. Though not a member of any church, he was a liberal supporter of Emanuel's church and gave liberally to all who applied for aid. To the unfortunate citizen he was ever kind and generous and his many acts of kindness will long be remembered.

He was first married in 1870 to Miss Francis Niedling of Detroit, by whom he had three children. Mrs. Koch died in 1882 and a year later he married Miss Lena Strausburg, who, together with four children, remain to mourn his untimely taking way.

He was a member of the knights of honor and arbeiter societies, both of which orders attended his funeral in a body.

The funeral was held at Emanuel's church on Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Schoettle officiating, and his remains were taken to Detroit where the final services were held at the residence of his brother, J. W. Koch, and the body deposited in the family lot in a cemetery in that city.

The estate of the late S. W. Dorr, about six miles southwest of town, is offered for sale. There are 140 acres, to which can be added 80 acres more, with good buildings, fruit, etc.

Masonic Society News.

MANCHESTER.

At the next regular communication of Manchester lodge F. & A. M. April 11, there will be work in the third degree.

CLINTON.

Clinton lodge No. 175 worked the third degree at a special meeting Saturday evening. There were about 50 brothers present and an enjoyable time was had by all.

CHELSEA.

At the meeting of Olive lodge No. 156 F. & A. M., on Tuesday evening, March 15, there was a number of visitors present from Dexter, also E. L. Cooper of Grass Lake. The third degree work was conducted by John W. Spoor, W. M. of Dexter lodge, in a very impressive manner. After lodge closed about 50 repaired to the town hall where refreshments were served by the ladies of the baptist church. It was a very enjoyable event.

TECUMSEH

At a special communication of Tecumseh lodge No. 69, held Friday evening, March 18, the E. A. degree was conferred.

Eighteen companions of Tecumseh chapter No. 43 went to Brooklyn last Thursday evening and conferred the royal arch degree.

The chapter has been invited to go to Adrian on Wednesday, April 6, and confer the royal arch degree.

Monday evening, March 21, we conferred the past master and most excellent degree on three.

Royal arch work Wednesday evening the 23rd.

Invitations are out for a banquet given by the ladies of the eastern star to the members of the blue lodge and their ladies.

IRON CREEK.

Chris Bauer lost a valuable horse one day last week.

Mrs. L. M. Baldwin is visiting her son Dell, at Lawrence.

Wm. Martin has bought the old Curtis farm at the church corners.

The farmers' club meets at Albert D. English's on Friday, April 1.

George Gilbert will work the Turner farm in Norvell the coming season.

Fred Kern moves onto his father's farm south of Manchester this week.

Mrs. Perry Cole and daughter, Lulu, were guests of Mrs. B. F. Matteson last week.

Miss Alta Perry closes her school in the Dorr district this week. Spring term begins April 5.

A new triumvirate was elected recently to guide the temporal affairs of the F. B. church.

George Bowins, who has been visiting in this vicinity for some time, returned to his home in Canada last week.

Mrs. Sophia Vosburg and son, Arthur, of Saginaw have been visiting relatives in this vicinity for some time past.

A number of young men from Ohio have entered the employ of farmers hereabouts. The tide of migration favors Manchester.

We understand that many residents of the southwestern part of township are making a vigorous kick against being deprived of the privilege of voting in the village.

This part of the township will, at the coming party caucuses, present candidates for the offices of supervisor, justice, highway commissioner and board of review. We hope the aspirations of the candidates will not all come wholly to naught.

SHARON.

Florence Merriman is visiting her sister, Mrs. L. B. Lawrence.

Merritt Lemm of Wayne has been visiting his uncle, Jeff Lemm.

The republicans of this township will hold their caucus at the town hall on Monday March 28, at 2 p. m.

The north Sharon Sunday school will meet to elect their officers for the coming year next Sunday at 3 p. m.

Alden Cooper and family, who have been spending the winter at Laingsburg, have returned to take up farm duties.

Mr. & Mrs. C. C. Dorr attended the wedding anniversary of Mr. & Mrs. George W. Green in Norvell Monday evening.

A number of young people surprised Harry O'Neil last Wednesday evening. It being leap year, the boys furnished the cake which was excellent.

The Sharon friends of Rev. R. L. Cope gave an afternoon warm sugar visit and donation for his benefit at the the town hall yesterday. The result was a sweet time and over $40 in cash.

A little four-year-old daughter of Henry Marshall, while playing in the barn last Saturday, fell and fractured her arm at the elbow. Dr. Iddings reduced the fracture and the little one is doing as well as could be expected.

Editor Enterprise:—Permit me on behalf of myself and family to use your excellent paper as a means of expressing to our friends in Manchester and vicinity for the large donation given us at Arbeiter hall on the 10th. The donation is especially appreciated, not only for its intrinsic value in dollars, which came in a time of need, but especially as it came from representatives of all the churches of Manchester and from many who, though designated as out-siders, have proven themselves "brothers and fellows" in the finest sense of the term. We trust the Master, whom we preach, will bless them all. So mote it be. R. L. Cope.

Special sale on all ladies' shoes above $3.00. E. W. Freese & Son.

Arbor Day—Plant Trees.

Catalpa a fine ornamental and shade tree, 7 to 8 feet high, 30 cents each, other trees, Maple, Sycamore, etc., furnished at reasonable prices by A. A. Brooks, Nurseryman, Manchester, Mich.

Help Wanted.

Strong, healthy girls can find immediate employment at the Ypsilanti woolen mills. Steady work and good wages. Apply in person or by letter to Hay & Todd Manufacturing Company, Ypsilanti,

Charley Rose, a brakeman on the Ypsilanti branch, had his foot badly crushed at Litchfield last week. He was brought home here on Tuesday.

We have a new lot of union school tablets. Price, 15 cents, at the Enterprise office.

Our new spring dress goods are now open. We shall be pleased to show them or to send samples. Anderson & Co.

Bulk oysters direct from Baltimore every Thursday at N. Senger's east side grocery store,

The finest carpet room in southern Michigan outside of Detroit is Freese's, Clinton, and the lowest prices.

It will pay you to come and see our carpets and lace curtains.
E. W. Freese & Son, Clinton.

We can save you money on carpets and lace curtains. E. W. Freese & Son.

Fresh oysters by the dish, can or bulk at the Manchester City Bakery.

We have a fine line of school tablets at the Enterprise office.

A new line of Japanese Napkins at the Enterprise office.

New spring stock now open at Anderson & Co's.

Plenty of old papers at the Enterprise office.

☞ The Enterprise is the best local, family newspaper in three counties and has more reading matter than any other paper. Count the columns.

Born.

KERN.—In this village on Wednesday, March 23, 1892, to Mr. & Mrs. Fred Kern a daughter.

KNORPP.—In this village on Saturday, March 19, 1892, to Mr. & Mrs. Charles Knorpp, a daughter.

Died.

KOCH.—In Manchester on Saturday, March 19, 1892, of heart disease, John Koch aged 51 years.

WATSON.—In Norvell on Monday, March 21, 1892, of pneumonia, James Watson, aged 13 years.

The remains were taken to Jackson on Wednesday for burial.

KNOPF.—In New York City on Sunday, March 13, 1892, from effects of an operation, Mrs. R. L. Knopf, aged 33 years.

Deceased was the oldest daughter of Mrs. E. S. Deane, formerly of this village but now of Detroit. She was born in the township of Franklin, Lenawee county, Oct. 14, 1858. Her father died when she was ten years of age and they then moved to this village, where she resided until about 19 years of age. At this period she obtained a position as saleslady in a large dry goods house in New York City. It was while in that city that she met and married Mr. Raphael Knopf. A pleasant and contented life accompanied her until within the past year, when a severe and continuous pain in the side forced her to seek medical aid. An examination disclosed the fact that a tumor had started and her physician advised an operation. The dreaded occasion was postponed in hopes that a change of treatment would be of benefit, but it was useless, and with admirable courage and the prayers and good wishes of all, she consented, and on Thursday, March 10, a successful operation was undergone. For two days it seemed as though she would certainly recover, but on Sunday she commenced sinking and at night death relieved her sufferings. The sad news was telegraphed to relatives and friends throughout this state, filling them with untold grief. The remains were brought here on Thursday and the funeral took place in the afternoon at the residence of O. A. Wait. The remains were laid to rest in Oak Grove cemetery. The bereaved relatives have the sympathy of the entire community.

Commercial.

Home Markets.

BUTTER—In good demand at 18@20c per lb.
BARLEY—Steady at $1.00@$1.20 per cwt.
BEANS—Hand picked, $1.25@$1.50 Unpicked, $1@$1.25.
CLOVER SEED—Brings $6.00.
EGGS—Dull at at 11cts per doz.
HOGS—Live, $4.25@$4.50.
HAMS—Country, bring 8c, per pound.
OATS—Best white 27@30c per bu.
POTATOES—Dull at 25c per bu.
WHEAT—White or red 83@84c per bu.

Manchester Enterprise

BY MAT D. BLOSSER.

THURSDAY MARCH 24, 1892.

SIX PAGES.

Letter From California.

Through the kindness of Mrs. James A. Field we are permitted to publish a portion of a letter she lately received from her father who, with his daughter Inez, moved to California a few years ago:

GILROY, CAL., Feb. 23, '92

We are having a splendid winter here. The weather is about like September in Michigan. We have cool nights but not cold enough to freeze ice, only once in a while a slight frost. I have not seen a flake of snow this winter, but I suppose Jim has had to wade through lots of it going and coming from the shop. In place of snow we have rain, and not very much of that this winter. I like the winter here better than I do the summer. It quits raining in May and then we do not have another drop until about the first of December. Things get pretty well dried up but the ground holds enough moisture to mature the crops and fruit. We have the finest fruits of all kinds that grow anywhere. Strawberries from the middle of May to November, then comes cherries, apricots, peaches, nectarines, figs, pears, plums, grapes and apples.

Things in the way of business here is very dull, everything being overdone. Wages are good when one can get anything to do. Inez is doing first rate in her photo business, and has all she can possibly do and more than she ought. She has no competition now, all the business to herself.

I like this country first rate, think it is far ahead of Michigan, but the great fault of the country is its large ranches or farms. One man owns and controls over 80,000 acres in this valley of Santa Clara and I do not know how much in the San Joaquin valley, but you can ride sixty miles in a straight road on his land in that valley. A great deal of this land is mountains which could never be cultivated but affords good grazing for his stock.

He was asked one day how many head of cattle he owned and replied that he did not know, that he had branded over 40,000 head of calves that fall, so you can make your own estimate.

There are lots of chinamen here and in fact this town is well represented by all nations—americans, spaniards, french, english, germans, danes, swedes, irish, mexicans, greasers, portugees, italians, a few indians but no darkies.

There is another queer thing about this country. We never, in the valley, have any winds, hurricanes or cyclones and not even a thunder shower. All of the above are unknown here, but once in a while we have a slight shock of earthquake but not enough to do any damage.

Washtenaw County.

M. T. Woodruff, publisher of the Sentinel, is talked of as a candidate for mayor of Ypsilanti on the democrat ticket.

The new butter factory in this city shipped a thousand pounds of butter to New York on Tuesday. This is a good starter for the new enterprise. The butter nets the company 28 cents on board cars.—Ypsilantian.

Deputy sheriff Michael Brenner is contemplating entering a walking contest and thinks he stands a good chance of becoming the champion of Washtenaw county. Yesterday he had a paper to serve between Whitmore Lake and Lelands, and walked the eight miles distance between the two places.—Times.

Benjamin Mahrle of Bridgewater was brought before Justice Pond at Ann Arbor Saturday on the charge of saying naughty things about Amelia Kulenkamp. The case was adjourned until April 8, the defendant in the meantime being placed in the custody of deputy sheriff Thomas F. Leonard. The slander is claimed to have been spoken during the trial of a case in the circuit court.—Times.

Lenawee County

Clinton village received $1,305.64 last year, paid out $840.54 and has $465.10 on hand but will not have electric light or water works.

Free Press: Peter Ternes and family have moved to Adrian where they will make their home with Rev. Anthony P. Ternes, a son, pastor of St. Joseph's church at that place.

The firm of Millard & VanDegrift has desolved, Mr. VanDegrift retiring and Mr. Millard taking the business and assuming all the responsibilities. Mr. VanDegrift is undecided what course he will pursue but will undoubtedly get into something for which his well known business qualifications fit him.—Adrian Times.

Jackson County Items.

Justice B. F. Burgess of Jackson refused to unite a young couple in marriage as the girl was not 16 years of age, although the prospective bridegroom had stated her age as 16 when he procured the license.

Dr. Kotts is delighted with his new discovery. He says he can extract teeth and badly decayed roots with comparatively no pain, where formerly he was compelled to give gas or chloroform. It is perfectly harmless and acts alike on everyone. Give it a trial.

NAPOLEON.

Wm. Dilley is on the sick list.

Mr. & Mrs. George Smith have a girl.

The upper room of the M. E. church is ready for the plaster.

Wm. Rexford disposes of his personal property at auction on March 25.

From the cold northwest equinoctial winds many predict a cold, late spring.

The alumni association is making arrangements for their entertainment and banquet.

Ben Lansing, who has been at one of the Keeley institutes for treatment, has returnred.

Mr. & Mrs. George Wetherbee of Norvell have moved onto the farm owned by T. Ward.

Wheat in the vicinity of Napoleon begins to show much injury from the bleak March weather.

Mrs. Delos Case was found dead in bed Sunday morning. Aploplexy is supposed to be the cause.

Ex-sheriff Lockwood lost one of his girls by scarlet fever and has two more sick with the dread disease.

Farmers, in general are commencing their spring work, sowing clover seed, dragging corn stubble, etc.

The young people's society at Mr. Hess' was a grand success. The proceeds of over $7 being for missionary purposes.

The alliance party have a caucus on the 25th to nominate candidates for township offices, and the republicans have one on the 26th.

The oldest son of our townsman, Levi Baker, who now lives in Dakota, has returned and taken Miss Stacia Cornell unto himself for a wife, and will return to their future home in Dakota soon.

Despite the blizzard weather of the 19th a large number of farmers of Napoleon met at M. L. Dean's and discussed the subject of whether there was a limit to legislative agitation for the benefit of the farmer, and decided that the excessive deliberations are detrimental to their interests.

During seasons of such roads as we have been having for the past few weeks the idea presents itself that it would be a good plan to purchase a stone crusher and give our numerous country walkers and pie-and-cake boarders compulsive invitations to tread them for the purpose of macademizing our roads.

WAMPLER'S LAKE.

Mrs. A. Larzalere is painting her house.

There was a skating party at Moore's last Saturday evening.

April Bullard of Jackson has been at John Watson's the past week.

We understand that Burt Knowles is very sick again. He has a relapse of the grip.

Misses Minnie and Sarah Main spent Sunday with Mrs. Wm. Henion of Manchester.

Mr. Mann of Norvell has rented Vint Roberts' farm for three years and is moving onto the same.

Mrs James Douglass of Sharon has been here for the past week taking care of her nephew, James Watson.

Charley Aikens goes to Wolf lake this week for a few days. He has bought eight acres more land adjoining his place.

Last Friday while Henry Blumb and his hired boy were cutting wood, the ax glanced and cut the boy on the head. He was taken to Brooklyn where the wound was dressed and is now doing nicely.

John Watson is more than afflicted. A short time ago death took his wife, and on Monday his only son, James, aged 13 years, died after an illness of three weeks. He has the sympathy of this community.

NORVELL.

Mrs. B. G. Harris is on the sick list.

John Kay was in Brooklyn Monday on business.

G. W. Harris went to Grass Lake Tuesday on business.

Mrs. George Osborn of Grass Lake visited at Geo. Harris' the for part of the week.

Mr. & Mrs. Clarence Palmer of Pontiac, who have been visiting in Boston, arrived here Tuesday to visit a few days.

Mrs. A. J. Austin went to Clinton last Friday and returned as far as Manchester Saturday where she visited over Sunday.

Monday evening, March 21, a number of neighbors and friends met at the home of Mr. & Mrs. Geo. W. Greene and gave them a very pleasant surprise, it being the 26th anniversary of their marriage. They were presented with a number of useful and elegant presents which were highly appreciated by them.

BRIDGEWATER.

H. A. Becker of the normal visited his parents here over Sunday.

Christian Ernst bought the Rommel place east of Manchester for $700.

Mrs. Elenor Glimpse will have an auction on her farm, Thursday, March 31.

St. John's church will take up a collection next Sunday for the starving Russians.

Several from around here expect to attend the teachers' examination at Ypsilanti tomorrow.

The collection in district No. 5 for the educational exhibit at the world's fair amounted to 75 cents.

Miss Florence Becker returned to Adrian last Saturday after a pleasant visit with relatives in Detroit, Ypsilanti and Bridgewater.

Notice.

On and after this date we will deliver coal on Thursdays of each week.

JAMES KELLY.

Commissioners' Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Frederick Miller, late of said county, deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed, by order of said Probate Court, for creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the office of C. F. Kapp, M. D., in the village of Manchester, in said county, on the 15th day of June, and on the 15th day of September next, at 10 o'clock a. m., of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims. Dated March 15, 1892.

ISAAC HALL,
CHRISTIAN F. KAPP,
Commissioners.

Commissioners' Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate court for said county, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Emanuel Glimpse, late of said county, deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date, are allowed by order of said Probate Court, for creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased and that they will meet at the late residence of said deceased in the township of Bridgewater, in said county, on the 14th day of June and on the 14th day of September next, at 10 o'clock A. M. of each of said days, to receive, examine, and adjust said claims. Dated, March 14th, 1892.

GEORGE S. RAWSON,
THOMAS VAN GIESON,
Commissioners.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Saturday the 5th day of March in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety two.

Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Arthur C. Freeman Ralph Freeman and Chauncy Freeman, minors.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Amariah F. Freeman, guardian, praying that he may be licensed to sell certain real estate belonging to said minors.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Tuesday, the 12th day of April next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the next of kin of said minors and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the *Manchester Enterprise*, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

J. WILLARD BABBITT,
(A true copy.) Judge of Probate.
WM. G. DOTY, Probate Register.

A MEDICAL ROMANCE.

Scarce had I captured my M. D. and hung
my modest shingle,
When a maid I chanced to see made all
my pulses tingle;
And when my malady grew worse, on
careful diagnosis,
I found—'tis hard to tell in verse, a case
of die—o'know—sis.

I did as any other man—proscribed an
introduction,
And soon I came to look on Ann with
chronic heart affection
At last I ventured to propose, and tell my
tale pathetic.
And she consented to the dose—she is my
Ann—æsthetic.

—New York Herald.

BARON MUNCHHAUSEN.

There appeared in Halberstadt, Germany, in the spring of 1702, a handsome, well-dressed stranger, with distinguished manners, who called himself Baron Carl Friedrich Munchhausen. He came there, he said, to claim some estates that belonged to his family, but which had been leased and the leases were about to expire. He gave out that he belonged to that branch of the family which was settled in Courland, near Golding. His father, Lieutenant-Colonel Munchhausen, was dead, and the supervision of the family property had devolved on himself. He had traveled much and had met with surprising adventures.

Through his lawyer he had made the acquaintance of and married a middle-aged spinster named Anne Margaret Heintz, daughter and heiress of a counsellor lately deceased.

Both parties were content—the lady, because her husband had given her a title; the gentleman, because at the time he was embarrassed for money, and his bride was ready to let him sell one or two of her houses in Halberstadt to provide the funds he needed.

The baron treated her with kindness and courtesy, and dazzled her vain mind with the pictures he drew of the wealth that would eventually come to him. The pair lived as though they were already in receipt of revenues of estates which were all, curiously enough, in dispute, and could only be recovered by actions at law; and to pay for this extravagance more of the baroness' property had to be sold.

In order to expedite legal proceedings, the baron now proposed to visit the North of Germany with his wife; she saw no objection, and in May, 1703, the travelers arrived at Jever, where the drost, or high sheriff, was a Munchhausen. In the neighborhood was property belonging to the Courland Munchhausens, and on this the baron attempted to raise mortgages. The tenants received him with respect, not doubting for an instant that the stately noble with ribbon and star was their lord; the notaries doubted quite as little. Only the money-lenders desired delay and inspection of the deeds.

As in duty bound, directly on their arrival the baron and baroness called on their relatives, the Drost Munchhausen and his wife, and claimed a kinship, which could be proved by pedigree, and which established a certain cousinship. It does not seem that the sheriff doubted that his visitor was what he pretended, and received him accordingly. Entertainments were given, and the baron and baroness were introduced to the best society of the neighborhood. The cousinship, it is true, was distant, for the Courland Munchhausens were a branch somewhat remote, but a stout, well-endowed branch, not to be disregarded.

The baron talked a great deal about his travels and extraordinary adventures. One day he told Madame von Munchhausen that his first wife had been a daughter of Major-General von Werder. Madame von Munchhausen was puzzled, as it happened that she knew the Von Werders, and next day, when the baron called she told him that his story perplexed her, as Major-General Von Werder had but one daughter, who was married to a gentleman named Haseler, in Saxony. The baron turned crimson, stuttered, and finally admitted that his story had been rodomontade—that he had never been married before he took his present wife.

One would have supposed that this would have opened the eyes of the neighborhood to the character of the man, and provoked inquiries. But it did not. People laughed, and said he was a boaster, and that perhaps his travels were as fictitious as his matrimonial adventures, but it did not occur to them that he was not the Baron Munchhausen he gave himself out to be.

One night the Baron's secretary, Monsieur Folte dined with the Baron and his lady in their apartments. After dinner, at which the Baron was silent, he said:

"Folte, I am out of spirits; let us make an evening of it, and get roaringly drunk!"

Folte declined the invitation; he had work to do at home, letters to answer, and at ten o'clock he retired to his lodgings. As he left, he saw that a maid was busy cleaning and arranging a reception-room, in which carpenters had been engaged that day. The Baroness had desired that the cleaning might be postponed until the morrow, but the Baron insisted upon its being finished that night. The girl continued her work until midnight, and then, tired out, lay down in the kitchen to sleep.

Suddenly, about one o'clock in the morning, cries were heard in the street.

"Murder! Thieves! Help! I am robbed! My wife is murdered!"

The maid was roused; so also was the servingboy; and the baron appeared in his dressing-gown, profoundly agitated. Folte was sent for, windows opened, and citizens waked by their cries, asked what was the matter. Monsieur Folte appeared half-dressed, with a drawn sword. Some of the neighbors hastily clothed themselves and entered the house.

They found the baron wringing his hands in despair by the bedside of his wife, who had been shot through the head. The baroness was still breathing, but was unconscious and unable to speak. There was no sign of a struggle. The coverlet was smooth; the poor woman lay in the bed as one who had fallen quietly asleep. She had evidently been shot whilst asleep. The back door of the house was open, and near it was the baron's box, in which he kept his valuables, broken and robbed of its contents.

The police acted with such promptitude that suspicion soon fell on the baron; he was arrested, and it became evident that he was an impostor, who had married several wives under as many different names.

For a long time the magistrates of Jever were in doubt as to who the man really was. Of his guilt, they had little doubt. He was embarrassed for money, and he had made his wife draw out a will constituting him her sole heir in the event of her death.

He was finally put to the torture to extract a confession, but, though he confessed, he would not admit that the murder was premeditated. He said he had shot her in a fit of drunkenness; but the servants testified that the baron was not drunk on the night in question.

Sentence was pronounced against him that he should be broken on the wheel, but the prince of Anhalt-Zerbst commuted the sentence to death by the sword. He was executed under the name of Fabian von Sternburg, Baron Scharrenschild; but it was never discovered who he really was, whence he came and what were his antecedents before he appeared under that name and title one of several.

Such is the curious and tragic story of Baron Munchhausen, a story that was talked about throughout Germany, and was not readily forgotten. Any imposter who appeared in a place without credentials, who gave himself out to be a baron, and talked of his wonderful travels, the duels he had fought and his adventures with savages, was said to be another Baron Munchhausen.

A VERY FAIR QUESTION.

There Are Times When the Humblest Spirits Ought to Kick.

"I was in the mountain regions of West Virginia not very long ago," remarked the drummer at the Cadillac to the usual crowd, including a Detroit Free Press reporter, "and one day as I drove along in my buck-board I overtook a man in front and asked him to get in with me. He did it without coaxing and I began to question him.

"You live here, I suppose?" I said for a starter.

"Yes, an' hev fer ten ye'r," he replied, rather sharply, I thought.

"Are you a farmer?"

"Kind of a one. That is, my wife 'tends to the place an' raises enough fer us to live on, but I mostly preaches."

"Oh," I said, with increased respect, "you are a local preacher. It's a noble calling, sir."

"P'r'aps," he answered curtly, "an' p'r'aps not. It don't pay much."

"No?" I queried negatively.

"No, tain't a gold mine, I reckon."

"Of course not, but it is a labor of love, and your reward comes after a while."

"That's what they been tellin' me round these parts, but a man's got to live somehow. I preached last night at the Lick Run meeting house, and I took up a collection of twenty-four cents. Sunday over on Hurricane I got thirty-two cents and footed it eight miles thar and back and had a cold dinner. I ain't never averidged more'n seventeen dollars a ye'r in the whole ten ye'r, but I never raised my voice agin hit till now."

"And why now?" I asked.

"Because they're going to cut my salary down; say I'm gittin stuck up an' proud an' wear store clo's, an' I need tamin.' Hold up," he exclaimed, as we came to a path leading off the road. "I've got to git out here, an' I'm much obleeged to you fer givin' me a lift, but before I go I'd like to ax you as a fa'r minded man ef you don't think cuttin' my salary under existin' conditions ain't jist a leet'e like wallupin' the gospel into the mud?"

I assured him I thought it was, and with a hearty shake of my hand, he hurried away down the path and I went on my way pondering.

Is Iron Rust a Cause of Fire?

When oxide of iron is placed in contact with timber excluded from the atmosphere and aided by a slightly increased temperature the oxide will part from its oxygen and is converted into very finely divided particles of metallic iron, having such an affinity for oxygen that when afterward exposed to the action of the atmosphere from any cause, oxygen is so rapidly absorbed that these particles become suddenly red hot, and if in sufficient quantity will produce a temperature far beyond the ignition point of dry timber. Wherever iron pipes are employed for the circulation of any heated medium, whether hot water, hot air or steam, and the pipes allowed to become rusty in close contact with timber it is only necessary to suppose that under these circumstances the particles of metallic iron become exposed to the action of the atmosphere and this may occur from the mere expansion or contraction of the pipes in order to account for many of the fires which periodically take place at the commencement of the winter season.—The Hub.

Dictionary Additions.

Recent literature has added a few words to the dictionary. Carlyle is foster father to more of these than any other one writer. Some twenty-eight are traced to him. Browning loads the poets.

Quite a number of slang words and phrases such as "bulldoze," "cheek," "cheeky," "fad," "filibuster," "firebug," "fish story," a "dark horse," and to "have on the brain," now find a place in new standard dictionaries.

The technecalities of the stock exchange, "bulls," "bears," "long," "short," "option," "margin," and the rest, make their appearance for the first time.

"Telegrapher," "telephone," "microphone" and "phonograph" are well established, and "cablegram," though still viewed with suspicion, is probaply inevitable.—The Writer.

They Come Easy in Idaho.

It is very easy to secure a divorce in Idaho, and, as a local paper remarks "people in adjoining states are beginning to appreciate the fact." Six months constitutes a legal residence, and some county seats in the state are so remote and secluded that actions are never heard of until after they are decided. It is as easy to tie as to untie the matrimonial knot in Idaho. No license is required and few questions are asked.

ON A RAILROAD TRACK.

THE GHOST OF A MAN MURDERED NEAR THE SPOT.

Blood Streaming From a Wound in the Head—With a Laugh of Derision The Apparition Disappears—A Wierd Story.

A writer in the Tipton, Ind., Advertiser tells the following story of a trip over the Pan Handle railway from Chicago to Cincinnati in the fall of 1869:

We left Kokomo at 2 o'clock a. m. The night was densely dark, with a mist of rain falling—travel was not heavy, yet the coaches were completely filled with passengers who were trying to sleep, but could not, for travel over that road which was dubbed the "Jerkwater," was not a matter of luxury compared with the New York Central.

We were moving at a usual rate of speed—about twenty-five miles an hour—and had passed a little station called Windfall, in Tipton county, and had fairly got into the swampy country a few miles to the south, near the "Round Prairie," when suddenly a signal of danger was given by the engineer, and the train was brought to a standstill with such force as to throw most of the passengers from their seats and resting places. The cause of the sudden stop was announced by the brakeman that a man had been run over. The train was backed slowly to the place of the supposed accident, and the conductor and brakeman, with lanterns, proceeded to look for the maimed body.

They had not proceeded many rods when their ears met most lamentable groaning and moaning as from one in the throes of death. They were bewildered—could not exactly locate those pitiable cries, which were intermingled with the quivering shrieks of a screech owl near by, and re-echoed and answered by its mate, rendered the occasion one not soon to be forgotten. While thus searching they were confronted at an unpleasantly near distance by a man in a nude condition with a gaping wound in his head. The apparition was so near that in the glimmering light of their lanterns they could discern that it was the image of a man entirely destitute of clothing and the blood streaming from a wound in his head.

With a laugh of derision the apparition disappeared to the west. Bewildered and frightened, the conductor shouted for help, the brakeman fainted and was carried to the coach in an unconscious condition, not recovering until after arriving at his home in Cincinnati. The engineer, an old and trusted man in the service, made a statement of the fact: that he was moving the train with usual caution, when he observed, only a few feet in front of his engine, a man on the rail, and before he could check the ponderous machine, the entire train had crashed over the body.

"So certain," said he, "that such was the case that I became violently sick and unnerved, and was compelled to have the assistance of a fireman who had had years of experience until we reached Richmond, where an engineer was supplied for the balance of the run." Said he, "we have noticed in this vicinity what seemed to be an apparition, and always dreaded the night run over this section of country with that peculiar fear." He continued, "these apparitions always disappear to the west or southwest in the direction of what is known as the 'Old Logan Deadening,' a few miles distant, in which forest was committed, a few years since, the most diabolical and cold-blooded murder on record."

Many of your readers well remember the circumstances of this murder and of the location. The Logan deadening—a strip of woods deadened at an early period in the settlement of Tipton county, which, after many years, had grown up with underbrush to such an extent that wild game was quite plentiful in this almost impenetrable forest—is located midway between Windfall and Tipton, varying a little to the south. In the fall of 1863, October, Eshelman, a middle-aged bacheler, who was known to have some money which he always carried upon his person, was induced by two men by the name of Wilkie and Elliston to accompany them on a hunt in this forest. During the day they hunted, each going in different directions, with an understanding to meet at a certain point in the afternoon. They met at the camping place, which was not far from a swamp which, during the season, had become overgrown with tall grass.

The facts disclosed that Wilkie and Elliston had been together during the day and had every arrangement perfected for the murder of the unwary and unsuspecting Eshleman. After preparing supper and having comfortably spent the evening around the campfire relating stories of adventure they retired, each with his blanket, for the weather was not cold. Eshleman was soon sleeping soundly. At a given moment or signal his slayers crept stealthily upon their victim and shot him through the head. His money, some $800 dollars, was taken, his clothing stripped from his body and burned, the body carried to a swamp a few hundred yards away and concealed under an old log or tree that had been covered with the tall grass, and not until in December following was the body found by any organized party who had been searching for it.

The trial of the case attracted widespread attention. Owing to some technicality of the law the punishment inflicted upon the criminals for this crime was nominal compared with the offense. That the country between Elwood and Windfall is a ghost-ridden country there is not a ghost of a doubt, and the man who thus doubts has not a ghost of a show for his doubt.

A Pet Rooster.

A Brooklyn storekeeper has the satisfaction of possessing a pet peculiarly his own. It is a rooster, whose antics attract many people to his owner's shop. This bird is oftentimes seen on the sidewalk playing with the children. He will let a stranger pick him up in his arms and stroke him, and enjoys the process with as much apparent delight as would a dog or cat. The owner of the bird is particularly attached to him, and appears to be one of the proudest men in the city, going to and returning from his store with the rooster following him as would a pet dog. When the owner reaches out his hand the bird jumps up to peck at it and altogether they attract a good deal of attention.

A FARMERS' TRAIN.

How Long Island Farm Products Are Brought to Market and Sold.

One of the unique sights in railroad traffic to be seen on the Long Island railroad, is the train known as "the farmers' train," which is devoted to carrying the farmers' horses and wagons loaded with farm products to and from market. This train runs from Locust Valley to Long Island City and makes three round trips a week. It leaves Locust Valley, which is on the Glen Cove branch of the Long Island railroad, on Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday nights, returning on the alternate days. After leaving Locust Valley the train stops at Glen Head, Albertson's and Mineola, which is on the main line of the railroad. After leaving Mineola it runs directly to Long Island City.

At each station at which the train stops there are long wooden platforms with inclined approaches on which the farmers drive their horses and wagons. The horses are then unhitched and the wagons are drawn on to large open flat cars especially constructed for carrying them. The horses are put into box cars and the farmers and drivers make themselves comfortable in the passenger coach attached to the train.

The distance from Locust Valley to Long Island City is thirty miles. The railroad company charges $4 for each two-horse wagon, a round trip which includes the carrying of the horses and men.

The farmers' train passes through one of the finest and most productive sections of Long Island. Hempstead, North Hempstead and Oyster Bay townships, which are famous for the large quantities of fine asparagus, cauliflower, egg plant, cabbage, potatoes and other farm and garden products.

The idea of running a farmers' train is original with Traffic Manager Smith, says the New York Times, and was first put into operation on the railroad three years ago. The project has been so successful that the train is often such a long one that it has to be run in sections.

On the arrival of the train in Long Island City the horses and wagons are unloaded from the cars and the farmers drive them across the ferries to dispose of their produce in New York.

One of the great advantages to the farmers in employing this method of getting their produce to market is that it brings them nearer to the consumers and does away very often with one or more middlemen. The farmers' train is such a success that farmers living along other branches of the road have petitioned the railroad company to run like trains for their benefit and accommodation.

Great Libraries.

The three largest libraries in the world are the National Library at Paris, the London British Museum and the St. Petersburg Imperial Public Library. These contain respectively 2,200,000, 1,500,000 and 1,000,000 volumes. The libraries in the United States containing over 100,000 volumes, named in order from the largest, are the Congressional Library at Washington, Boston Public Library, New York Astor Library, Harvard University Library, New York Mercantile Library, Chicago Public Library, Cincinnati Public Library, Philadelphia Library company, Boston Athenæum, Albany State Library, Yale College Library, the House of Representatives Library Washington, and the Wisconsin State Historical Library at Madison.

OLD WORLD ECHOES.

From the small island of St. Kilda, off Scotland, 20,000 young gannets and an immense number of eggs are annually collected; and although this bird lays only one egg per annum, and is four years in attaining maturity, its numbers do not diminish.

Some painters in Geneva have been painting a panorama of the Bernese Alps, which had a height of 51 feet and a width of 345 feet to go to Chicago. The whole cost about $300,000. It was all sketched from the summit of the Mannlichen, 6,600 feet high.

In the southwestern islands of Japan the women are the laborers. Their hands are rough and tanned with heavy work, while the men's are delicate and white. The men play the samisen while the women dance, but it is considered a disgrace for the women to play.

An Englishman has invented a new aerial machine. According to the English Mechanic, the machine is divided and constructed in imitation of the arrangement of every feather in the wing of a crow, the bird selected as a model. The dimensions are thirty feet from tip to tip of the large wings. The whole weight is about 650 pounds. The machine is to be operated by a light engine.

NAMES ON EVERY LIP.

Russell Sage's income is said to be $15 a minute.

Ellen Terry's superb wig of white hair which she wears in Irving's production of Henry VIII. was cut from her mother's head to relieve neuralgia, and made up into a wig for the daughter.

Edinburgh ladies are collecting money to erect a statue to Mary Queen of Scots.

The widow of "Stonewall" Jackson suffers severely from a neuralgic affection of the head and is under treatment therefor in Richmond.

Barnes Greeley, the only brother of Horace Greeley, lives a quiet life on the old Greeley farm in Chautauqua county, near Jamestown, N. Y.

Franz von Lenbach has finished a portrait of Emperor William. Von Lenbach began the painting more than two years ago and has endeavored to make it one of the great works of his life. The emperor appears in the white uniform of the Garde du Corps, with the helmet surmounted by the silver eagle.

The literary entertainer travels in couples. The newest partnership exists between Thomas Nelson Page and F. Hopkinson Smith, better known as "Hop." James Whitcomb Riley and George W. Cable are another team. Beecher, Wendell Phillips and Gough lectured alone, as does Edward Eggleston.

On the day of Cardinal Manning's consecration as an archbishop an Irishwoman in the attendant throng audibly expressed disapproval after the ceremony, basing her criticism on the theory that he "had one foot in the grave already." The prelate, overhearing the remark, observed to someone beside him: "I think there are twelve years' work in me yet." That was twenty-six years ago.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

THE SEVEN STARS OF ORION AND THEIR GOD.

Dr. Talmage Traduces the Heavenly Realms for Truths Told by the Stars —Amos of Tekoa and His Interest in the Heavenly Bodies.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 20, 1892. In this sermon Dr. Talmage traverses wide realms of thought to teach useful every-day lessons based on the text, Amos 5: 8, "Seek him that maketh the seven stars and Orion."

A country farmer wrote this text—Amos of Tekoa. He ploughed the earth and threshed the grain by a new threshing machine just invented, as formerly the cattle trod out the grain. He gathered the fruit of the sycamore tree, and scarified it with an iron comb just before it was getting ripe, as it was necessary and customary in that way to take from it the bitterness. He was the son of a poor shepherd and stuttered; but before the stammering rustic the Philistines, and Syrians, and Phœnicians, and Moabites, and Ammonites, and Edomites, and Israelites trembled.

What a life of solitude, all alone with his herds! Poor Amos! And at 12 o'clock at night, hark to the wolf's bark, and the lion's roar, and the bear's growl, and the owl's te-whit-te-who, and the serpent's hiss, as he unwittingly steps too near while moving through the thickets! So Amos, like other herdsmen, got the habit of studying the map of the heavens, because it was so much of the time spread out before him. He noticed some stars advancing and others receding. He associated their dawn and setting with certain seasons of the year. He had a poetic nature, and he read night by night, and month by month, and year by year, the poem of the constellations, divinely rhythmic.

And there are some things which makes me think that it may not have been all superstition which connected the movements and appearance of the heavenly bodies with great moral events on earth. Did not a meteor run on evangelistic errand on the first Christmas night, and designate the rough cradle of our Lord? Did not the stars in their course fight against Sisera? Was it merely coincidental that before the destruction of Jerusalem the moon was eclipsed for twelve consecutive nights? Did it merely happen so that a new star appeared in constellation Cassiopeia, and then disappeared just before King Charles IX. of France, who was responsible for St. Bartholomew massacre, died? Was it without significance that in the days of the Roman Emperor Justinian war and famine were preached by the dimness of the sun, which for nearly a year gave no more light than the moon, although there were no clouds to obscure it?

In the first place Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made the Pleiades and Orion must be the God of order. It was not so much a star here and a star there that impressed the inspired herdsman, but seven in one group, and seven in the other group. He saw that night after night and season after season and decade after decade, they had kept step of light, each one in its own place, a sisterhood never clashing and never contesting precedence. From the time Hesiod called the Pleiades the "seven daughters of Atlas," and Virgil wrote in his Æniad of "Stormy Orion" until now, they have observed the order established for their coming and going; order written not in manuscript that may be pigeon-holed, but with the hand of the Almighty on the dome of the sky, so that all nations may read it. Order. Persistent order. Sublime order. Omnipotent order.

Amos saw that God was not satisfied with making one star, or two or three stars, but he makes seven; and having finished that group of worlds, makes another group—group after group. To the Pleiades he adds Orion. It seems that God likes light so well that he keeps making it. Only one being in the universe knows the statistics of solar, lunar, stellar, meteoric creations, and that is the Creator himself. And they have all been lovingly christened, each one a name as distinct as the names of your children. "He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names." The seven Pleiades had names given to them, and they are Alcyone, Merope, Celæno, Electra, Sterope, Taygete, and Maia.

But think of the billions and trillions of daughters of starry light that God calls by name as they sweep by him with beaming brow and lustrous robe! So fond is God of light—natural light. Again and again is light harnessed for symbolization—Christ, the bright and morning star; evangelization, the daybreak; the redemption of nations, Sun of Righteousness rising with healing in his wings. Oh, men and women, with so many sorrows and sins and perplexities, if you want light of comfort, light of pardon, light of goodness, in earnest prayer through Christ, "Seek him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion."

Again, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made these two archipelagoes of stars must be an unchanging God. There had been no change in the stellar appearance in this herdsman's life-time, and his father, a shepherd, reported to him that there had been no change in his life-time. And these two clusters hang over the celestial arbor now just as they were the first night that they shone on the Edenic bowers, the same as when the Egyptians built the Pyramids from the top of which to watch them, the same as when the Chaldeans calculated the eclipses, the same as when Elihu, according to the Book of Job, went out to study the aurora borealis, the same under Ptolemaic system and Copernican system, the same from Calisthenes to Pythagoras, and from Pythagoras to Herschel. Surely, a changeless God must have fashioned the Pleiades and Orion! Oh, what an anodyne amid the ups and downs of life, and the flux and reflux of the tides of prosperity, to know that we have a changeless God, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

Again, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made these two beacons of the Oriental night sky must be a God of love and kindly warning. The Pleiades rising in mid-sky said to all the herdsmen and shepherds and husbandmen: "Come out and enjoy the mild weather, and cultivate your gardens and fields." Orion, coming in winter, warned them to prepare for tempest. All navigation was regulated by these two constellations. The one said to shipmaster and crew: "Hoist sail for the sea and gather merchandise from other lands." But Orion was the storm-signal, and said: "Reef sail, make things snug, or put into harbor, for the hurricanes are getting their wings out." As the Pleiades were the sweet evangels of the spring, Orion was the warning prophet of the winter.

Oh, what a mercy it is that in the text and all up and down the Bible God induces us to look out toward other worlds! Bible astronomy in Genesis, in Joshua, in Job, in the Psalms, in the prophets, major and minor, in St. John's Apocalypse, practically saying, "Worlds! worlds! worlds! Get ready for them!" We have a nice little world here that we stick to, as though losing that we lose all. We are afraid of falling off this little raft of a world. We are afraid that some meteoric iconoclast will some night smash it, and we want everything to revolve around it, and are disappointed when we find that it revolves around the sun instead of the sun revolving around it. What a fuss we make about this little bit of a world, its existence only a short time between two spasms, the paroxysm by which it was hurled from chaos into order, and the paroxysm of its demolition.

And I am glad that so many texts call us to look off to other worlds, many of them larger and grander and more resplendent. "Look there," says Job, "at Mazaroth and Arcturus and his sons!" "Look there," says St. John, "at the moon under Christ's feet!" "Look there," says Joshua, "at the sun standing still above Gibeon!" "Look there," says Moses, "at the sparkling firmament!" "Look there," says Amos, the herdsman, "at the seven stars and Orion!" Don't let us be so sad about those who shove off from this world under Christly pilotage. Don't let us be so agitated about our own going off this little barge or sloop or canal-boat of a world to get on some "Great Eastern" of the heavens. Don't let us persist in wanting to stay in this barn, this shed, this out-house of a world, when all the King's palaces already occupied by many of our best friends are swinging wide open their gates to let us in.

When I read, "In my Father's house are many mansions," I do not know but that each world is a room, and as many rooms as there are worlds, stellar stairs, stellar galleries, stellar hallways, stellar windows, stellar domes. How our departed friends must pity us shut up in these cramped apartments, tired if we walk fifteen miles, when they some morning, by one stroke of wing, can make circuit of the whole stellar system and be back in time for matins. Perhaps yonder twinkling constellation is the residence of the martyrs; that group of twelve luminaries is the celestial home of the Apostles. Perhaps that steep of light is the dwelling-place of angels cherubic, seraphic, archangelic. A mansion with as many rooms as worlds, and all their windows illuminated for festivity.

I had studied it before, but the Cathedral of Cologne, Germany, never impressed me as it did the last time I saw it. It is admittedly the grandest Gothic structure in the world, its foundation laid in 1548, only eight or nine years ago completed. More than 600 years in building. All Europe taxed for its construction. Its chapel of the Magi with precious stones enough to purchase a kingdom. Its chapel of St. Agnes with masterpieces of painting. Its spire springing 511 feet into the heavens. Its stained glass the chorus of all rich colors. Statues encircling the pillars and encircling all. Statues above statues, until sculpture can do no more, but faints and falls back against carved stalls and down on pavements over which the kings and queens of the earth have walked to confession. Nave and aisles and transept and portals combining the splendor of sunrise. Interlaced, interfoliated, intercolumned grandeur. As I stood outside, looking at the double range of flying buttresses and the forest of pinnacles, higher and higher and higher, until I almost reeled from dizziness, I exclaimed: "Great doxology in stone! Frozen prayer of many nations!"

But while standing there I saw a poor man enter and put down his pack and kneel beside his burden on the hard floor of that cathedral. And tears of deep emotion came into my eyes, as I said to myself: "There is a soul worth more than all the material surroundings. That man will live after the last pinnacle has fallen, and not one stone of all that cathedral glory shall remain uncrumbled. He is now a Lazarus in rags and poverty and weariness, but immortal, and a son of the Lord God Almighty; and the prayer he now offers, though amid many superstitions, I believe God will hear; and among the apostles whose sculptured forms stand in the surrounding niches he will at last be lifted, and into the presence of that Christ whose sufferings are represented by the crucifix before which he bows; and be raised in due time out of all his poverties into the glorious home built for him and built for us by 'Him who maketh the Seven Stars and Orion.'"

"Gen. Grawnt."

A drama in five acts was produced at a theater in London recently. The play was not a success. It was founded on the civil war, dealing with an episode of the great conflict.

The soldiers uniforms looked like those of the London letter-carriers and the picturesque attitudes of the officers were enhanced by the addition of emerald-green caps with gold braid, their coats having bright red collars. The Northern and Southern soldiers wore the same uniforms, and Gen. Grant, who is referred to in the program as "Commander-in-Chief of the Second Brigade, United States Army," was invariably called "General Grawnt."

This is another evidence of the ignorance of the English about American customs and American history.

Milk Sterilized by Heating.

It has been found that milk can be thoroughly sterilized by heating it to a temperature of 140 degrees Fahrenheit without causing it to lose its odor, taste or appearance.

Grape Seeds Furnish a New Industry.

The oil of grape seeds has been found to be so valuable for certain purposes as to warrant its extraction at considerable expense, and a new industry will soon be developed.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XIII.—MARCH 27—THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

Golen Text: The Glory of God Shall Be Revealed and All Flesh Shall See It Together — Isa. XL., 1-10.

Home Readings.

M.	Blessings of the Gospel	Isa. xl. 1-19
T.	The Greatness of God	xl. 11-31
W.	Promises to Israel	xli. 10 20
T.	The Servant of God	xlii. 1-4
F.	Awake, O Zion	lii. 1-12
S.	Arise, Shine	lx. 1-22
S.	The Anointing Spirit	lxi. 1-6

Introductory—"The sentence in chapter xxxix. had been declared with unflinching sternness, but the voice of divine compassion is speedily heard comforting the mourners. Let not Zion say she is forgotten of God. He marshals all the host of heaven, and the earth is but an atom before him; yet he has a tender care for his frail human creatures. Jerusalem's penitance shall be accepted. He himself will visit our world, and all the flesh shall behold His glory."—Kay. The "The great and joyful thought, central in this chapter, is that God is coming in some signal manifestations of power and grace and in fulfillment of promise. For this let His people be comforted, let his way be prepared."—Cowles.

I. Jerusalem Pardoned. Verses 1-2. 1. "Comfort ye my people." It is God who speaks these words. He says not merely, I will give thee comfort, but let all my prophets proclaim it.

2. "Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem." Literally, "Speak ye upon the heart of Jerusalem," so as to quiet her anxiety. "Cry unto her." Make proclamation as properly authorized heralds of the king. "Her warfare is accomplished." The word "warfare" is probably used in the sense of "a long period of hardship and drudgery." "Her iniquity is pardoned." The Hebrew translated "pardoned" means literally, "paid off or satisfied." "She hath received of the Lord's hand." Quietly submitting to the imposed penalty. "Double for all her sins." This cannot mean that the evils sent of God have been twice as much as she justly deserved, but must be taken as a strong form of saying that those inflictions have been ample.—Cowles.

II. The Glory of the Lord Revealed. Vers. 3-10. 3. "The voice of him that crieth." In verse 2 the herald is bidden to make proclamation. At once such a herald's voice is heard. "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." The primary reference here is to the return of the Jews from the Babylonian exile—"prepare the way of the Lord to go before his people across the desert in this great restoration to their own land." But the voice of the herald making this proclamation prefigured John the Baptist announcing the coming of the Messiah.

4. "Every valley shall be exalted." As in Oriental countries and ancient times a herald was sent forward to announce that the king was coming and to give the people notice to level the hills, fill the valleys, make the crooked straight and the rough plain, so for Christ's personal coming a preparation very analogous to this was necessary in the sinful hearts of the people.

5. "The glory of the Lord shall be revealed." This "revealing" was begun at the first advent of Christ, and is to be completed at the second. "All flesh shall see it together." The reader will notice that the broad, universal expressions used here carry the mind to something far more vast in its range and scope than the restoration from Babylon. "The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." This is the guarantee that it will come to pass.

6-8. The revelation is made to the prophet in a boldly dramatic way. He hears two voices. The first says "Cry;" the second responds, "What shall I cry?" The first answers, giving him his message. The point made in these three verses is that God's word is sure of accomplishment. Men may fail, but God—never. The generations of men pass away; there are no passing generations in the eternal life of God. Man may prove untrue, but God is forever truthful.—Cowles.

9. "O Zion, that bringest good tidings." Revised Version, "O thou that bringest good tidings to Zion." This translation is probably to be preferred. "Get thee up into the high mountain." From which vantage-ground thou mayest to the best advantage deliver thy message. "O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings." O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem. "Lift up thy voice." Speak out the inspiring words with joy and power. "Be not afraid." Have no hesitancy about telling the whole glorious truth. "Behold your God." "Lo, here is your God." He is come.

10. "The Lord God." The Lord Jehovah. "His arm shall rule for Him." The "arm" of the Lord is the symbol of His power. "His reward is with Him." His mission cannot be a failure.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

It is stated that in some of the English agricultural districts, the population has decreased 40 per cent since the last census.

The treasury department has decided that a Chinese woman who marries an American citizen is entitled to admission into the United States.

There are 800 public baths in the city of Tokio, Japan, where natives are parboiled at a temperature of 110 degrees for a sum equivalent to one cent.

While a man was lecturing in Chattanooga, Tenn., recently to husbands and urging them to treat their wives better he was arrested on the charge of bigamy.

Dr. Enoch Fithian, of Greenwich, N. J., is the oldest college graduate living. He was in the class of 1816, University of Pennsylvania. Yale's oldest alumnus graduated in 1820.

The people of Rome get their supply of water, which is said to be remarkably pure, from the Appennines through an ancient acqueduct that was constructed by their forefathers.

The Georgia dude can rival his Northern brother in some particulars. One at Macon, for instance, sports a necktie made from the skin of a rattlesnake, the rattles bein used as the pin.

IN FUN AND EARNEST.

At one crossing in Chicago 1,256 locomotives pass every twenty-four hours. The danger to travel is consequently very great.

The Harvard students who have adopted the cap and gown are now negotiating for a supply from the London firm that furnishes them to the Oxford students. It is estimated that a plain mohair gown with a broadcloth cap will cost about $12.

A somewhat summary way of reprimanding a horseman for driving faster than the regulations allow, was taken in Golden Gate park, San Francisco. He was shot and killed by a mounted policeman.

Two ladies were elected members of parliament during the reign of Edward III.

A Chicago violin maker and dealer says the demand for fine violins is growing with great rapidity. "The increase in the violin trade is so phenomenal that it has even surprised those in the trade. Within the past two years there has been an increase of fully 500 per cent and the demand comes from the small villages as well as the big cities."

Manchester Enterprise

By Mat D. Blosser.

THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1892.

A GOOD conscience is a port which is land-locked on every side, where no winds can possibly invade. There a man may not only see his own image, but that of his Maker, clearly reflected from the undisturbed waters.

CENSURE and criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they can't hurt you unless you are wanting in manly character; and if true, they show a man his weak points and forewarn him against failure and trouble.

NOTHING really succeeds which is not based on reality; sham in a large sense, is never successful. In the life of the individual, as in the more comprehensive life of the state, pretention is nothing and power is everything.

READ not books alone, but men; and among them, chiefly thyself; if thou find anything questionable there, use the commentary of a severe friend rather than the gloss of a sweet-lipped flatterer. There is more profit in a distasteful truth than deceitful sweetness.

IT appears that during the last forty years the population of the colleges has increased nearly three times, or, exactly, by 256 per cent., while the population of the union as a whole has increased by 165 per cent. only. The growth was most rapid between 1880 and 1890, when the increase in the number of college students was one-half, though the population of the union increased by one-quarter only.

A PERSON pretending to be in need of relief solicits aid of all the charitable organizations. He is not in need at all. So far as the purposes of the organization are concerned he is an imposter. If he had obtained the relief he asked it would have shown that the charitable funds were expended in a manner to permit and encourage imposture and mendicancy. But he did not get relief from any one of the organizations. Perhaps the charitable agents might say that the imposture was such a shallow one that they were able to detect it on sight. Whether they do or do not, the failure of an attempt to get charitable funds bestowed on a man whose pretended need was a fraud is an unqualified vindication of the charitable organizations.

IT is a peculiar satire upon American civilization that no one knows to what eminence the American intellect may roam, because our great men rarely live beyond sixty-five. Now that Americans have recovered their country from a wilderness and have made it the richest nation of the world there is really no reason why they should still bow to the old-time ethics which bade every man to work steadily from the cradle to the grave. What is the use of life if it means naught but a constant struggle for vast wealth while the beautiful things of life and nature are passed by without attention? It is a great thing to have more miles of railroads, more telegraph wires, more rolling mills and a larger crop than any nation in the world. It is a better thing for a man to so divide his labors that he can live a little by the wayside and drop into his grave at eighty instead of sixty-five.

LIKE individual character the farm never remains the same for any long time. If not improving it is necessarily retrograding. The longer improvement is delayed, the less easy it is to make a beginning. Yet in the West the process of soil exhaustion from which Eastern farmers have suffered began with its first cultivation, even when the farmer was one who left the East to secure new and fertile soil. If a system of carefully saving manure and frequent seeding with clover had been adopted at the first, it would have been much easier to retain fertility than it can be when lost to restore it. But the cheapness of fertile soil inevitably leads to its despoilation. What inducement is there to maintain fertility when the crop of a single year will buy as much fertile land as it was grown upon? High prices for land are therefore helps to good farming. They make it necessary to grow on few acres what used to be grown on a great many.

THERE is a class of people who pride themselves on their honesty and frankness because, as they tell us, they "say just what they think," throwing out their opinions right and left just as they happen to feel, no matter where they may strike or whom they may wound. This boasted frankness, however, is not honesty, but is rather miserable impertinence and reckless cruelty. We have no right to say what we think unless we think kindly and lovingly; no right to unload our jealousies, envies, bad humors and miserable spites upon the hearts of our neighbors. If we must be bad tempered we should at least keep our ugliness locked up in our own breasts and not let it out to wound the feelings and mar the happiness of others. If we must speak out our dislikes and prejudices and wretched feelings, let us go into our own room and lock the door and close the windows, so that no ear but our own can hear the hateful words. If a man seemeth to be religious, or even morally decent, and bridleth not his tongue, that man's religion is vain and his character is unprincipled and base.

IT IS WRITTEN.

Grapes ripen not on thorn trees,
 Thistles bring forth their own,
Man reaps in tears or laughter
 The harvest he has sown.
Be sure of store of roses,
 When harvest is o'er past,
If at the time of sowing
 Rose seeds thy hands have cast.

—Arkansaw Traveler.

HANNAH DIDN'T GO.

The report started in Blake's store. To disbelieve a report that started in Blake's store was an unheard-of heresy at the Corners. So astonishing as this was, the Corners received it without a shadow of doubt. It hardly needed to be known that Mrs. Goodrich herself was the authority.

She was down at the store Saturday afternoon as usual to make her weekly purchases. Anson Blake, who never failed when groceries were purchased to conduct the customer to the other side of the store to look at the dry goods, and vice versa, endeavoring to lead Mrs. Goodrich over to look at some new winter goods. Then it came out. With a bit of pardonable pride she let him know that she had no need to look at fall goods in Witham Corners or Witham Center either, since "her Hannah was going to the city next week to do their fall shoppin'; that she (Hannah) had an aunt there who had the whole summer been urgin' her to come and that now she was goin' for a few days."

Mrs. Goodrich shook her large skirts and swept out—figuratively speaking, of course, as her garments always escaped the floor by some inches.

Meeting was hardly over the next day before Hannah was interviewed as to her intended trip, and the ladies who were not present in the morning interviewed her in the evening on the subject. They were so numerous then and kept her so long that Jerry Downing, waiting impatiently for her outside, concluded she had gone out the back door on purpose to cut him and walked home with another girl. His mother, who had not been on speaking terms with Mrs. Goodrich since that good lady made some remarks on the strength of the butter Mrs. Downing brought to the minister's donation last winter, let Jerry know when he got home of Hannah's intended trip, and suggested that a girl who couldn't buy her winter dress at the Corners but must go to New York for it was too fine to be a farmer's wife. Jerry went to bed in despair, while Hannah was crying herself to sleep wondering how she could have offended him.

The next afternoon, when she came in from her school, Hannah was more than surprised to find Mrs. Downing in the sitting room with her mother. As the visitor had not been in their house for a year, Hannah was sure that she bore some message from Jerry and greeted her accordingly, wondering meanwhile why her mother looked so grim and knit as furiously as if the whole family were barefooted and suffering.

It was no message from Jerry, however, that brought Mrs. Downing there to-day. The lad was plowing in a distant field, and did not know of his mother's call. After her little remark last night about Hannah's city shopping tour, she had thought best to keep this visit a secret from him.

"I was just telling your ma," she began, when Hannah, flushed and expectant, was seated, "that I'd been down to Blake's to get my winter dress, and that there wa'n't a thing there I'd put on my back."

"Oh, not a thing!" Hannah assented, quickly. "I'm going to New York for our winter things."

"So I heard, and I was telling your ma that, as long as you are going to town and going a-shopping, buying one more dress wouldn't be no trouble to you."

Buying a whole wardrobe for Jerry's mother would have been a delight!

"Oh, no trouble—a pleasure!" Hannah cried, despite her mother's frown.

"There's that brown merino I got three years ago last fall," Mrs. Downing went on. "The wear I've had out of it just beats all. I've worn it steadily wherever I went. I was telling your ma that I didn't know as I could be suited better than to have another just like it. So if you won't mind getting me ten yards of dark-brown merino—say about 80 cents a yard, or you might go as high as 85—I'd be much obliged, and will do the same by you."

"Don't mention it!" cried Hannah, taking out her notebook and adding the small item to the long family list.

"The money'll be all right," added Mrs. Downing.

"Of course it will." Hannah laughed.

"Going to stay long?"

"From Thursday to Monday only. I can't leave my school longer."

"I'll be over, then, Monday night after it."

"Waal, I must say," Mrs. Goodrich burst out, as the door closed after Mrs. Downing, "she's got brass! The idea of her asking you to lug a dress up from the city for her! I didn't give her any encouragement when she spoke to me about it, I can tell you."

"Oh, mother, I wouldn't refuse for the world," Hannah returned. "How could I?"

Tea was over. Mrs. Goodrich was washing the dishes, Hannah was drying them, when the kitchen door was unceremoniously opened. A tall, gaunt woman with a commanding air, as if she were at the head of a disorderly regiment, marched in. It was Mrs. Moore.

"I was down to Mis' Downing's," she began, without a small prelude of a greeting, "fur a dish o' tea an' a few minutes set, an' she was tellin' me that Hannah was goin' to the city this week."

"Yes, on Thursday," Hannah answered. "Will you sit down?"

"I hain't no time fur a set. Mary she's gone over to her grandmother's, and there ain't nobody to hum to git Moore's supper. Mis' Downing was saying you was goin' to git her a brown mereener."

"Yes."

"I s'pose it won't be no trouble, as you're buyin', to buy me a black mereener, too, at the same time?"

"None whatever." Hannah's smile was getting hollow.

"How long be you goin' to stay?"

"Till Monday."

"I'll be 'round Monday evenin' with the money. You can get me 70-cent stuff, about seven yards."

She departed with as little ceremony as she had entered.

"I told you so—I told you so," said Mrs. Goodrich, as she lighted a candle and went down cellar with the milk. "Ef you do fur one you'll have to do fur the whole town."

Miss Brown, the dressmaker, dropped in a little later.

"I heerd only just now that you're goin' to York," she said, as if to apologize for not coming sooner, "and that you're goin' to get some things for Mis' Downing?"

"Yes, a dress," Hannah returned, while her mother gave a tremendous "Ahem!"

"So I heard. I don't get to York very often myself, and I'm afraid I'm getting a little behind the fashions. It don't pay, you know, for me to get behind," she simpered. Miss Brown was more noted for her simpers than for the correctness of her styles.

"Of course not."

"So I made bold to step 'round and ask you, as you're going to the city anyway, an' will be lookin' at the fashions, to just give a look for me."

"I shall certainly study the fashions well for my own benefit."

"I can't say exactly how many patterns I'd like you to buy me."

"Oh, you want me to buy patterns, do you?" Hanna asked, quickly. She was one of the most obliging girls in the world, but this sort of thing was becoming monotonous.

"As long as you're in the city, an' goin' right by the fashion stores, I s'pose it won't be no trouble for you to step in and buy a pattern or so? You can get whatever you think is pretty—some sacks, bodies and skirts and so on. You can tell better'n I can when you see 'em. You might get about $5 worth. I think it'll pay me. I'll let you have the money when you know how much it is, or I'll sew it out."

While Hannah was silent making a note of this Mrs. Dobbs, their next neighbor, came in.

"Pretty neighbors you are," was her greeting. "Pretty neighbors! 'Melie she just come up from the store. 'Ma,' sez she, 'what do you think? Hannah Goodrich is going to the city a-Thursday a-shoppin', and is going to get Mis' Downing a dress. I wonder if she wouldn't buy me a felt hat. I'm sick an' tired of Mis' Miller's hats.' 'Of course she would,' sez I. 'A pretty neighbor she'd be ef she wouldn't.'"

"Why certainly," said Hannah, trying to call up a smile. It was only the ghost of one that responded, however. "What kind of hat will Amelia want?"

"She's goin' to leave that to your judgment. Sometnin' pretty and dressy, and stylish, and that'll be becomin' to you."

Hannah was dark, with delicate features, and very pretty; Amelia was light, with coarse features, and homely.

"She's willin' to go as high as five dollars," Mrs. Dobbs went on. "Still, ef you don't have to spend so much she'll be tickled. Looking around a leetle and not taking the fust thing that's offered, you kin sometimes save as much as fifty cents."

Mrs. Green from the Corners, Mrs. Drake from the Center, Mrs. William from North Witham, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Coles, one after the other, were ushered into the sitting room and begged to have a piece of goods matched or something big or little bought in the city. They always knew it would be no trouble for her as long as she was buying for herself, and not one offered to advance the money for the purchase.

After supper on Wednesday evening Hannah wrote out her list in full. She was studying it, a little amused and very much vexed, when her mother entered.

"Ma, I've been counting up," she said.

"Waal?"

"The things I am requested by the neighbors to buy amount at a rough guess to $180. They would easily fill three trunks, and the work of hunting for them would occupy me at least four days. Not one has offered a cent in advance or the money to pay expressage. I have just $80 and two days to spend in the city."

"I told you so—I told you so."

"What could I do? I should have offended every one of them if I had put the case to them as it is."

"Waal, what air you going to do? You're in for it, you see."

"I'm not going—that's what I'll do about it. We'll buy our winter dresses at Blake's, as the rest of Witham will for all me. The next time I make up my mind to go to New York not a soul in Witham will know it till I am gone, if you please, ma."

Mrs. Goodrich did please. When Hannah went early the next spring, even Mrs. Downing was not told till the last moment and then it was because Hannah changed her name to Downing the day she went, and was as pleased as before, of course, to undertake any commissions for Jerry's mother.—True Flag.

Horace Greeley.

Greeley was vain.—Ingersoll.

Quaint rambler of the hills, the woods, the brooks, lover of daisies, dandelion, wort and weeds, thou later Franklin, read in many books, reverent of faith, indifferent to creeds, sincere of soul—careless, somewhat, of collar; humble to truth, not to almighty dollar; of man's sublimest passion glorious arouser, while wrinkled bootleg hid a furtive trouser; spotless of soul, but inkstained oft on cuff; gentle of heart—to bores and bullies gruff; fool 'mong politicians, patriot among knaves; rebel 'gainst rebellion, ransomer of slaves; nor color, caste nor race obscured thy sanity in loving best the lowliest of humanity.

Horace, come forth in brown type-metal sheeted. Unmock thy form. [illegible] headline and memorial. Our Bob declares on earth thou wert conceited. Indite one more immortal editorial. A nation's noblest [illegible] of peace [illegible] devotee, one unafraid of God, will bend in awe of thee. Who hopes no heaven, thy formidable shade is enough to make him fear eternity of hades.—Chicago Herald.

Physically or Financially?

"I see," said the large man to the doctor, "that you advertise to reduce fat men."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you mean physically or financially?"—Washington Star.

King Charles I was beheaded on Friday.

It never hurts the devil any for church members to be seen at a horse race.

It doesn't make meanness one whit better to baptize it and call it religion.

When you undertake to pluck fruit for Christ, don't try to do it with mittens on.