



VOL. 25—NO. 17.

(Entered at Manchester Postoffice as Second Class Matter.)

Manchester Enterprise

Societies.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN

MANCHESTER LODGE, NO. 148, F. A. M.

MERIDIAN CHAPTER, NO. 48, R. A. M.

ADONIRAM COUNCIL, NO. 24, R. A. S. M.

COMSTOCK POST, NO. 352, G. A. R.

MANCHESTER TENT, NO. 141, K. O. T. M.

Business Cards.

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MICHIGAN NEWS.

THE NEWS OF THE STATE TOLD IN BRIEF ITEMS.

County Conventions Selecting Delegates to the Republican State Convention.

MANISTIQUE: Charles Thonen and John A. Robinson were chosen as delegates to the state convention by the Republicans of this county.

ROSEMOUNT: Instructions for Rich County Republican convention from this county.

MACOMB: The delegates to the Macomb county Republican convention were about evenly divided as Pingree and Rich men.

WAYNE: Wayne county's 77 delegates will vote solidly for the favorite citizen and mayor of Detroit—H. S. Pingree.

DETOIT: The citizens county Republican convention instructed delegates to vote for Rich for governor.

ALLEGAN: The delegates to the Allegan county Republican convention stand for Rich as endorsed by the resolutions adopted.

ALLEGAN: Twelve for Rich and four for Pingree in the Allegan county Republican delegates stand.

ALLEGAN: No instructions were given Gratiot county delegates, but the majority say—favor Rich.

HARRISVILLE: Instruction for Rich makes Alcona county in line for the Elba farmer.

NORWAY: Dickinson county refused to instruct for any candidate for governor, but delegates favor Rich.

BELLAIR: Pingree secures the Antium county delegation.

The "Fighting Ninth." The great reunion of the Calhoun county battalion, Sons of Veterans.

Wheeler & Company, of Bay City, have decided to double the capacity of their engine house.

Joseph Burns, of Cadillac, while handling a bottle of carbonic acid at Kalkaska, spilled the contents over his head and shoulders.

Southwestern Michigan colored people will hold an emancipation celebration at Niles, August 1.

Lake Argeline at Ishpeming will soon cease to be a lake, a massive pump will within 60 days pump it dry.

Congressman Springer, chairman of the ways and means committee of the national House of Representatives, and his wife, arrived at Traverse City and are stopping with Perry F. Smith, of Forrest Lodge.

A reporter for an Ionia paper published an article regarding a pretty young lady a few days ago that she did not relish. She laid for him and gave him a good pummeling.

Selby & Long are erecting an evaporator building at Davison 30 by 40 feet, two stories high and a large boiler-room.

Capt. Jas. B. Quick, of the Tamarack copper mine, is charged with receiving bribes from men seeking positions. Laborers propose to make him prove his innocence or resign.

E. H. Jonkers, a prominent farmer of Ovrishick, about 10 miles from Holland, hung himself in his barn.

The quality of Michigan wool this year is below the average, and fine is selling at from 21 to 23 cents, with coarse ranging from 20 to 30 cents for extra good lots.

AROUND THE STATE.

A giant muskallunge weighing nearly 29 pounds was caught at Spring Lake.

In the state the corn crop in over half the counties is reported at full average or above.

The Spring Lake basket company's building was partially destroyed by fire. Loss, \$500, insured.

Mrs. Dell Smith, of Williamston, was choked to death by a piece of meat which lodged in her throat.

Petitions were filed for a resubmission of the local option question to the voters of Van Buren county.

The Van Buren county state teacher institute was held at Paw Paw with about 125 teachers in attendance.

The Salvation Army encampment will be held at Wenona Beach on the base ball grounds from July 21 to 30 inclusive.

The Marshall Statesman, a paper that has celebrated its fifty-third birthday, has been purchased by T. G. Stephenson, of Ionia.

Marshall's postoffice does a business of \$10,000 per year, and a petition for letter carriers will be sent to Washington's head clerk.

Ties and poles for the new electric street railway have been received at Henton Harbor, and the work will be pushed as fast as possible.

Michigan wool is not in as bad a state as has been alleged. Wad Stelzer, of Chocoma, has sold a big clip in Howell for 29 cents straight.

The Colby mine at Bessemer is assessed at \$1,300,000, while the remainder of the city is the taxrolls at less than one-third of the amount.

Lansing capitalists have raised \$500,000 and will manufacture Maud S. pumps and windmills. Orlando K. Barnes is president of the company.

Ex-Sheriff Kinney, of Coldwater, leaves shortly for Washington to enter service in the government secret service, which he left to become sheriff.

The Cornfield Point lightship, the first of the lightships constructed at Wheeler's yard for salt water service, is completed and has cleared for Staten Island.

Frank Clements, of Elsie, is dangerously ill from blood poisoning and lockjaw is feared. He stepped upon a rusty nail—and it penetrated his foot deeply.

The Michigan State Millers' association with meet at Detroit, July 19.

Renton Harbor now has a Keeley Institute of its own, and all the morphine, whisky and tobacco victims in that part of the state will have a soft snap.

F. W. Stock is spending \$25,000 on improvements on his four mill at Hillsdale. When completed he says that he will have the finest 800 barrel mill in the west.

While E. E. Thresher, editor of the American Fish and Game Warden, was shooting a bird target at Kalamazoo his 330 gun exploded, blowing his left hand nearly to pieces.

Samples of wheat heads examined show that the continued rains have blighted one-third of the crop in the neighborhood of Glad, washing off the pollen or blossom.

The Macacbas a most remarkable increase in membership. The gain during June is reported at 3,000. Venus tent in Flint sent its membership up from 280 to 329.

Wheeler & Company, of Bay City, have decided to double the capacity of their engine house so that they can manufacture engines of the largest sizes used on the lakes.

Joseph Burns, of Cadillac, while handling a bottle of carbonic acid at Kalkaska, spilled the contents over his head and shoulders.

A BATTLE IN IDAHO

Twenty Killed and a Number Wounded in the Fight—Union Men Roll a Car of Dynamite into the "Scab" Stronghold and It Explodes With Terrible Effect.

The strained situation in the Coeur d'Alene labor troubles at the mines near Wallace, Idaho, culminated in a bloody battle, between union and non-union miners.

A rumor is current that twenty of the non-union strikers were killed in the Frisco mill, when the structure was destroyed by dynamite.

The situation and the events of the battle are told thus: The owners of the Gem and Frisco mines locked out union men because they asked \$3.50 per day when \$3 was the rate.

The Gem mine strikers were killed in the Frisco mill, when the structure was destroyed by dynamite.

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'T'WILL DO HIM NO GOOD NOW.

W. W. Astor, the 150 Time Millionaire Dies in London.

London cable special: William Waldorf Astor died at the Lansdowne house for some mysterious reason there seems to be a disposition on the part of the Astor family to suppress in London the news of Mr. Astor's death.

William Waldorf Astor was considered the second richest man in America by his father, John Jacob Astor.

He was a man of business rather than of pleasure. He studied law in the office of the firm of Evans, Outwater & Co. in New York.

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8,000 SOLDIERS

SENT TO HOMESTEAD TO QUELL THE DISTURBANCE.

Sheriff McCleary Acknowledges His Inability to Maintain the Peace and Gov. Pattison Calls Out the State Troops of Pennsylvania.

The entire division of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, about 8,000 men, have been ordered to Homestead to support Sheriff McCleary in suppressing the riots at that place.

Gov. Pattison's action was taken on receipt of the following dispatch: Governor E. Pattison, Governor, Harrisburg, Pa.—The situation at Homestead has not improved.

The situation at Homestead has not improved. While all is quiet there, the strikers are in control and openly express to me and to the public their determination that the work shall not be resumed unless by themselves.

After making all efforts in my power, I have failed to secure a posse respectable enough in numbers to accomplish anything and I am satisfied that no posse raised by civil authority can do anything to change the condition of affairs and that any attempt by an inadequate force to restore the right of law will only result in further armed resistance and consequent loss of life.

Only a large military force will enable me to control matters. I believe if such force were sent the disorderly element will be overthrown and order will be restored. I therefore call upon you to furnish such assistance. Wm. H. McCleary, Sheriff.

Governor Pattison, as commander-in-chief of the National Guard, at once issued the following order: GEORGE R. SNOWDEN, Major-General commanding National Guard of Pennsylvania.

Put the division under arms and move at once with ammunition to the support of the sheriff of Allegheny county at Homestead. Maintain the peace, protect all persons in their rights under the constitution and laws of the state.

Communicate with me. ROBERT E. PATTISON, Governor. To Sheriff McCleary the following telegram was sent: Wm. H. McCleary, Sheriff of Allegheny county, Pittsburgh: Have ordered Major-General George R. Snowden, commanding the National Guard of Pennsylvania to your support at once.

Put yourself in communication with him. Communicate with me further particulars. ROBERT E. PATTISON, Governor. General Snowden, with the adjutant-general and quartermaster-general, once proceeded to formulate the orders for the mobilization of the guard.

All regimental commanders were at once ordered to report at certain points as soon as possible and as fast as transportation could be provided were sent to Homestead.

When the news of the action of Gov. Pattison was received at Homestead there was intense excitement. Little groups gathered here and there and all seemed to derive some satisfaction from the fact that they had downed the Pinkertons, organized labor's great enemy.

The opinion was freely expressed by the rank and file that the militia would be received by no hostile demonstration and that a strike would be declared after their departure.

But they will have to go away some time," said the leader of a little group near the depot, "and when they do we would like to see them run the mill non-union."

This little sentence expresses as fully as could be desired the situation that will be ushered in by the advent of the militia. As long as this army of militia-men are on the ground there will be no opposition from the strikers.

But when the militia is withdrawn, the strikers will swoop down like birds of prey upon the non-unionists whom it is attempted to install in their places.

Entered—A committee of locked-out men—leaders of the Amalgamated association—waited upon Gen. Snowden, who is in command of the troops. The committee desired to give the troops a formal reception and well-wishes.

Gen. Snowden very despotically refused to recognize the committee other than to give them to understand that the troops were there to assist the sheriff in maintaining law and order.

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CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

The International Convention at New York Large Attended.

The eleventh International Christian Endeavor Convention held in the New York City at Madison Square Garden was the largest religious conference ever held in this country.

July 25, 1900 delegates from all parts of the world including India, Africa, China, Europe, Australia, besides Canada and the United States.

The first day session was opened by prayer, service and address of welcome. The annual address of welcome was by the president, Clark, father of the society, was presented with a beautiful gavel made from the pulpit and cornerstone of the Williston Church, Portland, Me., where the first society was organized.

The annual report of the secretary showed that there are now 22,000 societies in the United States an increase of 5,726 in the past year. The total membership is now 1,370,200. There also 2,574 junior societies, Canada has 1,377 societies. Australia has grown from 82 societies last year to 233 at the present time and more forming every week.

This phenomenal growth is evident in all sections of the world. The following resolution was passed unanimously and telegraphed to the president of the United States Senate: "The eleventh annual convention of Christian Endeavor societies assembled in New York City, 20,000 strong and representing 1,300,000 people, respectfully request the Senate of the United States in connection with the House of Representatives to take such action as will compel the commissioners of the Columbian Exposition to close the grounds on the first day of the week, except on the days of the week, and prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors upon the grounds of the above said fair.

Republican National Committee. W. J. Campbell, chairman, and T. H. Carter, secretary of the Republican national committee, gave out at the Imperial hotel, New York City, at the name of the national executive committee in whose charge the fortune of the Republican party has been placed during the present campaign. They are as follows:

J. S. CLARKSON, Iowa. GARRETT A. HOBBS, New Jersey. SAMUEL F. JOHNSON, Connecticut. HENRY C. PATYNE, Wisconsin. RICHARD C. KIRBY, Massachusetts. Wm. A. BOUTWELL, New York. JOSEPH H. MANLY, Maine. JOHN B. TANNER, Illinois.

The committee will hold its first meeting at which Mr. Campbell in place of Mr. Campbell will be chosen about July 16.

A City as a Saloon Keeper. Work in the interest of the United States Commission on liquor scheme for the city of Sioux Falls, S. D., to become a saloon keeper is progressing rapidly. At the council meeting a committee was appointed to look after the matter. Rev. Mr. Grant, of the Unitarian church, preached on the saloon at the most pronounced manner. Messrs. Lyons and Grant called on the county commissioners for moral support for the plan. The commissioners did not officially, but incidentally, lauded the proposition and promised to do what they could for it. The city saloon appears to have fair sailing.

Want the Sealer Released. The Dominion government, through the governor-general has telegraphed the British minister at Washington to once apply to the United States government for the release of the British Columbia sealing steamer recently seized in Alaska by a United States cruiser. The government at Ottawa offers to put up bonds as security until the case is finally settled before the courts.

Under suspension of the rules Congress will bring up the bill to put silver lead ore on the free list and limit the amount of tourists wearing apparel to the value of \$100, will probably come up for consideration.

Distorted the Salvation Army. George Heiderow, a young fellow in the house of correction for disturbing a Salvation Army meeting, held at the house of the Salvationists' barracks, while their meetings were in progress.

The Owosso Light Infantry has received plans for an \$8,000 armory. Miss Bina B. West, state organizer of the Lady Macabees has organized a hive with 25 charter members at Berrien Springs.

Owosso has nine labor unions, representing with their families about 3,000 people. The clerks' union, recently formed has 75 enrolled.

Mrs. A. B. Miner has resigned the position of librarian of the Hackley public library at Muskegon on account of the meagreness of salary.

Hon. Spencer O. Fisher shows his belief in the future of Bay City by acquiring property. His latest purchase was a business block, which cost him \$17,000.

Genesee county Republicans want to have D. D. Aitkin of that county nominated for congress and are going to use all possible means to realize their wish.

Grand Rapids business men are going to try to block diamonds from the city by closing coal fields and if satisfied will discontinue the use of the Pennsylvania output.

No one knows why Anna Pratt, of Bay City, took a big dose of poison during the absence of the family. She did take it just the same and by it departed this life within two hours.

Two men employed in a lumber yard at Owosso left their watches in their vests on a pile of lumber and went away a few minutes. When they returned their vests and timepieces were missing.

Saginaw's new city hall has cost \$125,000 so far and they say that \$45,000 more is needed to complete the structure and even then a considerable amount will be needed for inside furnishing.

J. Wolkendoerps was driving a mustang in Saginaw when it ran away throwing him out and dragging him a long distance. His leg was so badly splintered that amputation was necessary to save his life. Unless internal injuries prove more serious he will recover.

Daniel Hogan, of Genesee, and a railway engine displaced the right of way to a crossing some time ago, with the usual result. Now Daniel wants \$5,000 as a plaster for his injuries, and has begun suit to compel the railroad to pay it.

Mrs. Ransom A. Campbell, well-known in Port Huron, was thrown from her buggy, and severely injured by her horse running away. Her little girl was also thrown out and hurt. The accident was caused by some smart alecks racing their horses on the public road.

HE WAS GREAT AND NOBLE.

Cyrus Field Dies With a Broken Heart After a Useful Career.

Cyrus W. Field is dead. This news which has been expected for weeks was flashed throughout the world—crossing the mighty waters of the old Atlantic in the great cable which he had laid through the enterprise and brilliant energy of this great and noble man.

The death occurred at the country seat at Dobb's Ferry, N. Y. Cyrus W. Field was born in Stockbridge, Mass., on July 12, 1824. He was a New York state. Before he was 21 years of age, Field was in business on his own account. He had amassed what he considered a fortune at 33, and made up his mind to retire.

But he was not content with that. He made a journey to South America, where he remained six months. At this time the telegraph was in its infancy. Its successful operation suggested a line to Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, where communication could be maintained with steamers.

Field was asked to assume the direction of the project. Turning over a globe one day the idea flashed on him: "Why not a telegraph across the Atlantic?" This was the germ of the Atlantic cable.

It was in 1854 that Mr. Field first took hold of the cable project and in 1858 the first cable united the two continents. Its success was short lived, but in 1866 the Great Eastern was completed in laying the great cable. Mr. Field became famous and was awarded a gold medal by Congress.

He next became interested in rapid transit and secured a controlling interest in the elevated railroad system of New York. He amassed a great fortune from this and his other enterprises.

In 1867 he lost his millions through a corner in Wall street, which was engineered by his friend, Gould. He was left with only the \$2,000,000 of the \$20,000,000 invested in a big building on Broadway and other real estate. More recently he almost beggared himself to pay the debts contracted by his son who was financially crookedness broke the old gentleman's heart and undoubtedly hastened him to his grave.

A Brilliant Actress. Kate Castleton, a handsome woman, a good singer and a graceful dancer, is dead. She expired unexpectedly at Providence. Her husband, H. Murray, took charge of her remains. Miss Castleton was about 35 years old and was born in England. Her death was due to peritonitis.

ITEMS CONDENSED. Twenty roads running out

Manchester Enterprise

By May D. Blossom

Notice to the Public

Advertisements wishing to change their names... must get the copy to me so the work can be done as early as possible... it will be set after the paper is out and is printed the next week.

THURSDAY, JULY 14 1892.

Astronomers have discovered that there is a range of mountains in the planet Mars.

The law now requires that milk needs be cut the same as Canada thistles and the proper officials should have an eye on those who neglect to cut them.

An old New Bedford whaler has been taken to Chicago to be exhibited at the world's fair. We can see an old whaler most any day without going away from home.

A one-legged fraud, in company with a one-armed female companion, are advertised by the state press as victimizing odd fellows. All lodges are warned to keep an eye open.

The Howard City Record, one of the very best county papers printed in the state, by B. J. Lowrey, the efficient secretary of the Michigan press association has begun its 21st year.

Adrian is not as much of a mossy town as it was before the boom struck it, yet the Times says that a stalk of corn is lifting its head to the skies from the cornice on the row of brick stores on the west side of north main street, just north of Franklin alley.

"P. C." of Detroit asks the editor of the Journal the following question: "Why should the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern instruct its agents to employ all legitimate influences to secure in their respective localities delegates to Saginaw favorable to the nomination of Mr. Rich?"

Let a timid dog start through the streets of a town, and the first dog he meets will take a snap at him. Then the timid dog will move faster, yell, maybe, and other dogs will chase him. Before he gets through the town half of the dogs will have taken a bite at him.

A correspondent of the American Farmer says: "I often wonder why so many who live in the country seem to look only on the dark side of their home life. I lived in the country until I was 25, and in the memory there is far more sunshine than shadow; in fact, I often look back upon those days with an indescribable longing. Many farmers are so grasping and spend so little money on luxuries, or frequently even necessities, that to their families life is anything but pleasant."

Jackson County Items.

"Uncle" Noah Keeler, the oldest pioneer in Jackson county, died Sunday at his residence in Liberty township. He had reached the age of 81 years and had lived in Michigan ever since he was a boy of 24.

A smooth swindler is canvassing the neighboring towns claiming to represent James Vick, the New York seedsmen. He sells what is purported to be a clematis at \$18 per dozen, but it is only an ivy dug from the woods—Jackson Citizen.

In the Jackson county poor house there is an old lady in her 90th year, who spends most of her time crooning over her bible. When her husband died, 11 years ago, she sold her farm for \$8,000 and divided the money among her five children, all of whom are married and reside within a few miles of the almshouse where their mother is a pauper. Will Carleton's "Over the hills to the poor house" was no fiction after all.

Farmers of Washtenaw, Attention.

The Michigan board of world's fair managers desire to make the following request: That all exhibitors at Michigan fair of 1892, who are awarded first premium on grain or grass seed or grains or grasses in the heads with full length stalk, (bundles not to exceed four inches in diameter), contribute to the Columbian exposition four quarts each of seed and their exhibit in the straw or stalk. For which contribution each person shall receive due credit in the report of the Michigan state board, and also will receive copies of such public documents, relating to the exposition, as may be published for general distribution.

An authorized person will be present on the last day of each fair to receive and ship the exhibit.

Any person in the state not exhibiting at the fairs, and having extra specimens of the above articles, is earnestly requested to send them well boxed, with freight or express prepaid, to the undersigned at Jackson, Mich., and will receive therefor the same considerations and premiums, Premiums in this last class will be based upon the largest variety and best quality received. Should the largest display contain less than 100 varieties, the premiums will be scaled in proportion.

- a. Name of object,
b. Name of producer and P. O.,
c. Place where grown,
d. Character of soil,
e. Date of planting,
f. Quantity of seed planted per acre,
g. Method of cultivation,
h. Date of harvesting,
i. Yield per acre,
j. Weight,
k. Price of product—at nearest home market.

Washtenaw County.

The Republicans of Washtenaw county are said to favor Rich.

An unknown man attempted to kidnap two little boys at Ann Arbor last Thursday.

Seventy-seven men have taken out their first naturalization papers in the county clerk's office since January 1st.

The county treasurer's receipts for the month of June were \$4,976.03, and disbursements \$13,506.79, leaving the county treasury, on July 1, overdrawn \$8,530.79.

Eliza Courts found bail, shook the dust of the Washtenaw county jail from her garments and returned to Detroit and the little flock who adhere to the belief in the flying roll.

Lee Wing, the Chinese laundryman at Ann Arbor, jumped off a street car while it was in motion and his left hip was put out of joint and his right leg sustained a compound fracture.

It is expected that 20 houses will be built on the Miller addition to the city of Ann Arbor before snow flies, says the Times. Three hundred new houses will be built in the city this year.

Teachers get ready for a teachers' institute for Washtenaw county will be held on Aug. 6, in the city of Ann Arbor. It will be conducted by Prof. A. E. Strong of the Normal, S. T. Morris of Dexter and county school commissioner Cavanaugh of Ann Arbor.

The Ann Arbor agricultural company is reported to be 1,000 behind in their orders for hay tedders. For the past week hay tedders have been shipped daily by express. The hay crop is reported to be enormous this year in all parts of the country.—Times.

The bill for the care of patients at the eastern insane asylum at Pontiac for the last quarter amounted to \$793.45. Among the items charged for are, a pair of spectacles, 16 cents; dress, \$1.50; socks, 19 cents; pants, 78 cents; coat, 70 cents; vest, 36 cents; suit of clothes, \$5.50; shirt, 42 cents.

A. Tucker of Ann Arbor, one of the directors of the Ann Arbor fruit and vinegar company, who deals in cider presses made in New York and has special opportunities for getting reliable news in reference to the apple crop throughout the country, said to the Times reporter yesterday, "The prospects for the apple crop this year are very poor throughout the country. I have received reports from the home office which indicate that the average apple crop will not be 20 per cent of the usual crop. These reports are made up from what our general agents write. They are all stockholders of the company and are interested in seeing them perfectly reliable. I have been in every county in Michigan in which apples are raised and believe we are better off and will have more apples than any other state in the union. Anyone who has apples to sell this fall may expect to get a good price for them."

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

"THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN LIMITED," AND "THE BIG 5."

Two Grand Trains Daily Between the World's Fair City and the Foothills. One Night Out or One Day Out. Take Your Choice. Business Demands It, and the People Must Have It.

The popularity of the "Great Rock Island Route" as a Colorado line—it having a long time since taken first place as the people's favorite between the lakes and the mountains—has compelled the management to increase its present splendid service by the addition of a train that is one night on the road from Chicago to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo. This train will be known as the "Rocky Mountain Limited," and will be put in service May 1st. Leaves Chicago daily at 10:45 a. m., arriving in above cities in the afternoon of next day, earlier than any of its competitors.

Our "Big 5" will continue as usual, leaving Chicago at 10 p. m., and arriving at Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo the second morning, being but one day out, and this fast and popular train goes through Omaha. Our No. 11 will leave as heretofore at 6 p. m., arrive at Kansas City at 9 a. m., and will reach Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo the second morning.

IF YOU WANT A Beautiful Birthday Card! Plain or Embossed, go to the ENTERPRISE OFFICE. SPRING, GENTLE SPRING! THE GRAND OPENING! ALL WALL PAPER Closing Out Prices. Gilt Papers from 10c up. INGRAIN COME EARLY AND OFTEN Strictly pure Paris Green, London Purple and Hellebore For The Potato Bug, MACHINE OIL, Paints, Oils, and Lead. Geo. J. Haussler. ATTENTION, EVERYBODY! CLARK BROS., Contractors and Builders. Are prepared to take contracts for buildings of all kinds. With our STEAM PLANING MILL We are prepared to manufacture on short notice Sash, Mouldings, Etc., And do TURNING, PLANING First Class Style Mill at Jayne's Lumber Yard, near Lake Shore Depot. Manchester, Michigan.

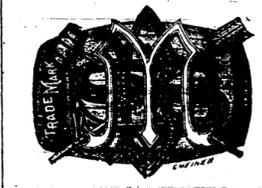
FARMERS MUST HAVE A Wire Fence.



Is the Cheapest and Best. Those wishing such a fence call on address FRANK MERITHEW, Sharon, P. O. address, Manchester, Agent for Sharon and Freedom.

MICHIGAN SOUTHERN Brewery

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Large Beer by the Barrel, Keg or Case. Extra Bottled Lager For Family Use.

Chas. Adrion & Co MANCHESTER, MICH.



PIANOS! Every style and finish at the Lowest Cash Price. If you want a Piano or Organ let me know as I can save you money.

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ALL WALL PAPER Closing Out Prices. Gilt Papers from 10c up.

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STEAM PLANING MILL We are prepared to manufacture on short notice Sash, Mouldings, Etc., And do TURNING, PLANING First Class Style

Manchesters, Michigan. HAVING BOUGHT J. H. Kingsley's HARDWARE I wish to announce that I shall keep a full line of Shelf and Heavy Hardware, TINWARE, OILS, & C. I have a first class TINNER and one ready to execute all orders. Please give me a call. FRED WIDMAYER.

BARGAINS!

25 PER CENT

REDUCTION SALE

—On all— Fancy Crockery, Lamps, Etc. —Good for—

SIXTY DAYS

If you want First Class Groceries Cheap. Give us a Call.

GARDEN SEEDS

a specialty. Cash paid for Butter and Eggs. Gieske & Blum.

A FLAT FACT. Are You With Us

Seeking Bargains?

A short time ago we had an opportunity to buy for Cash of J. M. Mertens & Co., largest Manufacturers of Fine Goods in Syracuse, N. Y.,

- 57 Men's Casimere Suits,
39 Boys' Fancy Suits, 14 to 18 yrs
43 Childs' 2 & 3 piece, 5 to 14
16 Spring Overcoats
23 Pair Light Weight Pants

At Prices never before Quoted in this Market, and we are going to give our Customers the Benefit of this Purchase. It is like selling wheat at 50c per bushel to fail to see these goods before you buy.

ROBISON & KOEBBE, Manchester.

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED.

LOOK OUT!

—FOR—

KENSLER'S "ADV."

—ON—

DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES

NEXT WEEK.

ORGANIZED AND READY. For the Spring Trade.

GEO. NISLE & SON Manchester, Mich., Make a specialty of building the best style of light ROAD WAGONS,

Trimmed in No. 1 style, that will be Sold as Cheap as any outside firm can furnish them. We also build Single and Double Carriages and open Buggies that for style and workmanship CANNOT BE BEAT!

An experience of 25 years in the Carriage Business enables us to know the wants of the people and we are ready to supply them. Special attention will be paid.

TO ORDERED WORK.

Second-hand buggies taken in exchange and for sale. We are prepared to do Repairing, Wagon work, Blacksmithing, Painting and Trimming in first class style, on short notice and at REASONABLE PRICES.



JOLLY TAR

PLUG CHEWING TOBACCO BEATS THE WORLD it is GOOD AND CHEAP. TRY IT. Your dealer has it.



H. S. PINGREE.

Do you wear the Pingree Shoe? A shoe with a record! For Ladies, Gents Boys & Girls.

IF YOU DO NOT, Be sure to try them the next shoes you buy. You can get them at the store of John Kensler, who handles them exclusively in this locality.

We are the pioneer shoe manufacturers of the west, having been manufacturing shoes exclusively for over a quarter of a century, and SELL NO GOODS THAT ARE NOT OUR OWN MAKE. Pingree & Smith, Detroit.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Washtenaw, held at the Probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Monday the 27th day of June in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety two. Present, J. Willard Rabbitt, Judge of Probate, in the matter of the estate of William Tabor, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Sarah Ingraham praying that administration of said estate may be granted to Samuel Antchiff or some other suitable person. The court it is ordered, that Monday, the 25th day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said estate and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court, to be held 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. Judge of Probate. J. WILLARD RABBITT. (A true copy) Wm. G. Doty, Probate Register.

JUST RECEIVED Japanese Napkins! ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

MY SHIP.
O, Captains, if you sight my ship—
My ship that went to sea,
I pray you, wait a moment
O'er the salt waves come to me.

For she may be where breakers roll
And roar on rocks above,
The ship I fashioned with my soul
And freighted with my love.

But the captains—they are silent,
And the sailors do not see;
And not in light and not in night
Comes my lost ship home to me.

But over in the darkness
Of shores where breakers sound,
One voice to me: The moaning sea
That murmurs of the drowned!

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlantic Constitution.

THE OLD TAVERN.

Twenty years ago, before so many railroads were built there was a great deal of travel over the old trail which runs through the mountains of Northern Georgia into Tennessee. This was sufficient excuse for the existence of the old Blue Tavern, crowded into a niche high up on the mountain side, just at the beginning of Hutter's gap.

Sarah, the daughter of the house, was a beautiful girl of 17. She had no remembrance of any other home than the bleak mountain inn, and if she was tired of the lonely life made no complaint. She had had a governess for several years so was better educated than most girls of her acquaintance and was very happy with her books and piano.

Will, the son, was a lad of 15, not fond of books, but perfectly happy with his gun and dog, spent half of his time in hunting, sometimes alone, but more often in company with Joe, the stable man.

Those were lawless times, twenty years ago, but no trouble had ever come to Mr. Harbin through the lawless characters that infested the mountains until a few weeks before the time of which I write. Then a valuable horse had been stolen from the stable, of which no trace had yet been gained. Then one day in February, word was sent to him to come at once to the county seat, Delongue, some fifteen miles away, to see if he could identify his horse among a number which had been captured along with several desperadoes.

To do this he must leave the children alone, the two negroes being away as meeting on the other side of the mountain. They would be home before dark, and the boy and girl were quite destitute of fear, so they urged the father so strongly he saddled up and was soon on his way.

Now Will was a merry-hearted fellow, always whistling and singing. In fact his father often said he could make more noise in a day than any other boy he knew could in a month, but that morning he went about so quietly, Sarah was quick to notice it.

"What is the matter, Will?" she queried, pausing in her work as he came in with a big armful of wood, and after putting it in the box sat down with a moody face. "Why are you not whistling?"

"Nothing, only I wish father had not gone. I don't know what ails me, but I am sure something dreadful is going to happen."

"Why, what can happen?" cried Sarah, with a merry laugh. Then glancing from the window she added: "We may get snowed in and have to stay alone to-night, but that will not hurt us. Poor papa! He is not half way to town yet."

In thinking of his father's discomfort, Will forgot his gloomy fears and by the time he had made things snug at the barn, he was whistling away as happy as ever. It proved to be the worst storm of the season, and all that day, all night and into the next afternoon, the wind blew and roared, and the snow came down in blinding sheets. The colored people did not return and time dragged by on leaden feet. How long they would have to remain alone was a question that troubled them not a little, when near night on the second day a man drove up to the door and shouted.

He drove one horse hitched to a light wagon, with a queer, old-fashioned top which was drawn closely. The horse was well-nigh exhausted, and Will was not surprised when he demanded lodgings for the night. Sarah hesitated, not liking to take in a stranger in her father's absence, but it was still snowing heavily and she could not well refuse. So bidding Will show him where to put his horse, she set about preparing supper. The stranger was an evil-looking fellow and showed his low breeding at the supper table in various ways. He was very talkative and rudely inquisitive in regard to the affairs of the household. Will answered sanely at times, at which he scowled savagely at the boy in a way that made Sarah's heart beat quickly with fear.

When he had finished his supper, he sat down beside the kitchen stove, where, after ordering Will to bring him some liquor, he proceeded to fill and light his pipe. Fortunately Mr. Harbin had taken the key of the spirit-room, so the man grumblingly contented himself with some bottled ale which happened to be in the cellar.

Sarah hurriedly finished her work and retired to the dining-room with her brother, and there the fellow sat drinking and smoking until about 9 o'clock. Then he lighted the lantern and went out to see if his horse was all right he said.

When Sully returned from the barn he retired at once to his room, which opened off the kitchen, first inquiring where the others were to sleep. His face wore a look of satisfaction when told in the other part of the house that puzzled Sarah not a little.

What she had told him was strictly true, but owing to the peculiar manner in which the house was built, the back of Sarah's room adjoined that which had been given Sully. She was so afraid he would mistrust her proximity that she retired without a light and lay shivering and sleepless for hours. Everything remained quiet, however, and she was beginning at last to doze, when a noise in the next room startled her broad awake, and she caught a gleam of light through a crack in the thin partition. A moment she lay faint from fear, then slipping from the bed she put her eye to the aperture.

Sully had lighted both lamp and lantern and with the latter in his hand was in the act of leaving the room. Sully dressed, even to overcoat and mittens. Listening intently she

heard the outer door open and shut, then ran quickly to Will's room with the tidings. Quickly dressing he returned with her to the post of observation and together they waited for what might come. They soon heard him coming, walking as if he carried a heavy load. He made no pretense of being careful as to noise, but flung his burden upon the bed with an exclamation of relief, and stood a moment pausing heavily.

It was a human form wrapped in a blanket, and Sarah had well-nigh uttered a scream of horror as he pulled the covering aside and she saw it was a man with his throat cut from ear to ear. Grieving horribly, Sully propped up the lantern and again passed out of sight.

Then a wild unreasoning terror took possession of the girl, and grasping Will's hand she sprang up whispering shrilly: "He is coming to murder us! Let us hide in the store-room."

"—Had they remained quiet he would perhaps have not molested them, but needless to waste their movements, he heard them and followed ere they could close and bar the heavy store-room door behind them.

Sarah had caught up her watch as she fled and was thrusting it down in the meat chest, when he saw her and guessed she was hiding something valuable. Will had brought a lamp from the table in the dining room as he ran past, and had been but a moment in lighting it. So the man's tigerish face was plainly visible as he stepped to Sarah's side, he ordered her to give him whatever she had hidden. Seeing she was too frightened to stir, he turned to Will and with a savage curse called him to hold up the heavy lid of the chest while he reached for the things himself.

The boy obeyed, not daring to refuse, and bending over the ruffian began groping in the meat with his hand. Now this meat chest was a huge affair six feet long and four feet square the other way.

It had but little meat in it that night and as Sarah saw the fellow bending so far over an idea suddenly flashed into her mind. By motions she communicated it to her brother, and by united effort they sent him heading into the bin and slamming down the cover, fastened it with a hasp and wooden pin. A keg of white sand and a jar of meat were quickly placed on top of the cover and then the two looked at one another with quiet satisfaction. The murderer was caught and let him pound, rave and curse as much as he chose it would benefit him not one whit.

"Will he smother in there?" started Will after a moment, and a startled look came into his sister's face. A moment she stood thoughtful, then ran across the room and took an auger from the wall. The chest was oak and well seasoned by age, but they succeeded in boring several holes in it near the top. Then, paying no attention to the cries and entreaties of the man they went out, locking the door behind them. They also locked the door leading to the kitchen, shivering with dread as they thought of that thing of horror in the bed out there. Then sitting hand in hand by the fire in the front room, they debated what to do. Mr. Harbin had said he would be gone four days if not more. The negroes having gone on foot might not return in a week, but neither mentioned it for a time. The snow had stopped, the wind had gone down and a full moon made it almost as light as day.

"The wolves will be out and the road may be impassable," said Sarah at length, voicing the thoughts of her brother.

"Still, I must go," and he rose with a resolute air. Sarah grew very white, but got his overcoat, muffler and mittens without a word, and the brave lad was soon on his way to Delongue, mounted on the best horse his father owned. Sarah bade him a cheery Goodspeed and he never guessed the agony of fear she endured at being left alone in the great house with two such dreadful companions. It was only 1 o'clock and long hours must pass ere he returned with help.

The boy will never forget that night ride. His horse could only get along in a slow walk, the snow was so deep, and in places had to founder through great drifts. The howling of the hungry mountain wolves made his blood run cold, but none molested him, and about ten o'clock he rode into the village and told his story. By the time he had breakfasted, his father and a posse of men, with the sheriff at their head were ready for the return; but it was four o'clock ere they rode up to the door of the Blue Tavern.

Sarah opened the door, her worn, haggard face proving what a terrible waiting it had been to her. Sully was dead where they had left him, half dead from cold and hunger, but lived to be hung for the crime he had committed. The children were highly complimented for the course they pursued, and the story of their bravery widely repeated, but I wish to ask you who was the bravest, the one who went, or the one who stayed?—Rye Johnson, in The Home.

"(Gas) Firing."
There recently died at Roma Ricci Consorti, the well-known master of ceremonies of the Capitol. Formerly he was the officer who preceded the pope's carriage in the streets to open the way and keep order. An anecdote connects his name with the memorable Sept. 20, 1870. About 10 o'clock on the morning of that day he was seen, in his usual livery, running hastily into the Vatican through the bronze doors, where was stationed the papal guard, and crying loudly: "Cease firing! his holiness the pope has given orders to yield!" Soon after the white flag floated from the cupola of St. Peter's, the roll of cannon ceased at the Porta Pia and the temporal power fell!

One of Them Caught Him.
First conductor—How did Wilson succeed as a street conductor?
Second—He was a flat failure.
First conductor—Why was that?
Second—He was too slow in getting acquainted with the officers and spectators.—Yankee Blade

TALMAGE IN EUROPE.

HAVING A VERY BUSY SEASON IN LONDON.

Churches of England Not Large Enough for America's Great Divine—A Thrilling Sermon on the Resurrection of Manhood.

LONDON, Eng., July 10, 1892.—Dr. Talmage is spending a very busy season in England. Not only in the London churches, but in the provinces, enormous crowds have gathered to hear the eloquent American preacher. The great Shoreditch Tabernacle in the East of London, where Rev. W. Cuff preaches, was thronged almost to suffocation and the large Congregational church in the Hackney District could not hold half the people who tried to get into it though it was on a Monday evening. Dr. Talmage preached there. Outside London, the eagerness to hear him has been quite as intense. In Liverpool, Manchester, Nottingham (where and Hainey no church could be found large enough to accommodate the audiences, and Dr. Talmage preached in the halls in which the great political conventions are held, and the capacity of these was exhausted), and in other cities, he has preached seven times each week. The sermon selected for publication this week is from the text: Rev. 7: 9-10. "After this I beheld, and lo a great multitude which no man could number, of nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."

It is impossible to come in contact with anything grand or beautiful in art, nature or religion, without being profited and elevated. We go into the art-gallery, and our souls meet the soul of the painter, and we hear the hum of his forests and the clash of his conflicts, and see the cloud-blossoming of the sky and the foam-blossoming of the ocean; and we come out from the gallery better men than when we went in. We go into the concert of music and are lifted into enchantment; and days after, our souls seem to rock with a very tumult of joy, as the sea, after a long stretch of weather, rolls and rocks and surges a great while before it comes back to its ordinary calm.

On the same principle it is profitable to think of heaven, and look off upon that landscape of joy and light which St. John depicts: the rivers of gladness, the trees of life, the thrones of power, the comminglings of everlasting love. I wish this morning that I could bring heaven from the list of intangibles, and make it seem to you as it really is—the great fact of all history, the depot of all ages, the parlor of God's universe.

This account in my text gives a picture of heaven as it is on a holiday. Now if a man came to New York for the first time on the day that Kossuth arrived from Hungary, and he saw the arches lifted, and the flowers flung in the streets, and he heard the guns booming, he would have been very foolish to suppose that that was the ordinary appearance of the city. While heaven is always grand and always beautiful, I think my text speaks of a gala day in heaven.

It is a time of great celebration—perhaps of the birth or the resurrection of Jesus; perhaps because of some despotism; perhaps because of the rising in of the millennium. I know not what, but it does seem to me in reading this passage as if it were a holiday in heaven; "after this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."

I shall speak to you of the glorified in heaven—their number, their antecedents, their dress, their symbols, and their song. But how shall I begin by telling you of the numbers of those in heaven? I have seen a curious estimate by an ingenious man who calculates how long the world was going to last, and how many people there are in each generation, and then sums up the whole matter, and says he thinks there will be twenty-seven trillions of souls in glory. I have no faith in his estimate. I simply take the plain announcement of the text—it is "a great multitude, which no man can number."

Every few years, in this country we take a census of the population, and it is very easy to tell how many people there are in a nation, but who shall give the census of the great nation of the saved? It is quite easy to tell how many people there are in different denominations of Christians—how many Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians and Presbyterians; of all the denominations of Christians we could make an estimate. Suppose they were gathered in one great audience-room; how overwhelming the spectacle! But it would give no idea of the great audience-room of heaven—the multitudes that bow down and that lift up their hosannas. Why, they come from all the chapels, from all the cathedrals, from all sects, from all ages; they who prayed in splendid urgency, and those who in broken sentences uttered the wish of broken hearts—from Grace church to Sailor's Bethel, from under the shapless rafters and from under high-sprung arch—"a great multitude,—that no man can number."

upon a hillside you see forty thousand or fifty thousand men pass along. You can hardly imagine the impression if you have not actually felt it. But you may take the armies that the earth has ever seen—the legions under Sennacherib and Cyrus and Caesar, Xerxes and Alexander and Napoleon, and all our modern forces and put them in one great array, and then on some swift steed you may ride along the line and review the troops; and that accumulated host from all ages seems like a half-formed regiment compared with the great array of the redeemed.

"I stood one day at Williamsport, and saw on the opposite side of the Potomac the forces coming down, regiment after regiment, and brigade after brigade. It seemed as though there was no end to the procession. But now let me take the field-glass of St. John and look off upon the hosts of heaven—thousands upon thousands, ten thousand times ten thousand, one hundred and forty and four thousand, and thousands of thousands, until I put down the field-glass and say, "I cannot estimate it—a great multitude that no man can number."

You may tax your imagination, and torture your ingenuity, and break down your powers of calculation in attempting to express the multitudes of the released from earth and the en-

raptured of heaven, and talk of hundreds of hundreds of hundreds; of thousands of thousands of thousands; of millions of millions of millions; until your head aches and your heart faints, and exhausted and overburdened you exclaim: "I cannot count them—a great multitude that no man can number."

But my subject advances, and tells you of their antecedents, "of all nations and kindreds and tongues." Some of them spoke Scotch, Irish, German, English, Italian, Spanish, Tamil, Choctaw, Burmese. After men have been long in the land you can tell by their accentuation from what nationality they came; and I suppose in the great throng around the throne, it will not be difficult to tell from what part of the earth they came.

These reaped Sicilian wheatfields and those picked cotton from the pods. These under blistering skies gathered tamarinds and yams. These crossed the desert on camels, and those glaced over the snow, drawn by Siberian dogs, and these milked the goats far up on the Swiss crags. These fought the walrus and white bear in regions of everlasting snow, and those heard the song of fiery-winged birds in African thickets. They were white. They were black. They were red. They were of every color. From all lands, from all ages. They were plunged into Austrian dungeons. They passed through Spanish inquisitions. They were confined in London towers. They fought with beasts in the amphitheaters. They were Moravians. They were Waldenses. They were Albigenes. They were Scotch Covenanters. They were Sandwich Islanders.

In this world men prefer different kinds of government. The British States want a republic. The United States want a republic. The British government needs to be a constitutional monarchy. Austria wants absolutism. But when they come up from earth from different nationalities, they will prefer one great monarchy—King Jesus ruler over it. And if that monarchy were disbanded, and it were submitted to all the hosts of heaven who should rule, then by the unanimous suffrages of all the redeemed, Christ would become the president of the whole universe. Magna Charta, bills of right, houses of burgesses, triumvirates, congresses, parliaments—nothing in the presence of Christ's sceptre, swaying over all the people who have entered upon that great glory. Oh! can you imagine it? What a strange commingling of tastes, of histories, of nationalities, "of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues."

My subject advances and tells you of the dress of those in heaven. The object of dress in this world is not only to veil the body, but to adorn it. The God who dresses up the spring morning with blue ribbon of sky around the brow, and strings of dew-drops hung from tree-branches, and mantle hung from tree-branches, and mantle of crimson cloud flung over the shoulder, and the violet slippers of the grass for her feet—I know that God does not despise beautiful apparel. Well, what shall we wear in heaven? "I saw a great multitude clothed in white robes." It is white! In this world we had sometimes to have on working apparel. Bright and lustrous garments would be ridiculous out of place sweltering amid forges, or mixing paints, or plastering ceilings, or binding books. In this world we must have the working-day apparel sometimes, and we care not how coarse it is. It is appropriate; but when all the toil of earth is past and there is no more drudgery and no more weariness, we shall stand before the throne robed in white. On earth we sometimes had to wear mourning apparel—black scarf for the arm, black veil for the face, black gloves for the hands, black band for the hat. Abraham mourning for Sarah; Isaac mourning for Rebecca; Rachel mourning for her children; David mourning for Absalom; Mary mourning for Lazarus. Every second of every minute of every hour of every day a heart breaks.

The earth from zone to zone and from pole to pole is cleft with sepulchral rent; and the earth can easily afford to bloom and blossom when it is so rich with mourning life. Graves' graves! But when these bereavements have all passed, and there are no more graves to dig, and no more coffins to make, and no more sorrow to suffer, we shall pull off this mourning and be robed in white. I see a soul going right up from all this scene of sin and trouble into glory. I seem to hear him say:

I journey forth rejoicing
From this dark vale of tears,
To heavenly joy and freedom,
From earthly care and fears.

When Christ my Lord shall gather
His kingdom to inherit—
Good-night till then.

I hear my Savior calling:
The joyful hour has come.
The angel guards are ready
To guide me to our home.

When Christ our Lord shall gather
All his redeemed again,
His kingdom to inherit—
Good-night till then.

My friends, will you join that anthem? Shall we make rehearsal this morning? If we cannot sing that song on earth, we will not be able to sing it in heaven. Can it be that our good friends in that land will walk all through that great throng of which I speak, looking for us and not finding us? Will they come down to the gate and ask if we have passed through, and not find us reported as having come? Will they look through the folios of eternal light and find our names unrecorded? Is all this a representation of a land we shall never see?—of a song we shall never sing?

Round to be Fashionable.
Daughter—Where is the sealing-wax?
Father—What do you want of it?
"I want to seal this letter."
"Um—don't you think it, rather foolish to close a gummed envelope with sealing-wax?"
"I've washed the gum off."

A Delightful Season.
Mr. Suburb—Spring is the most delightful season of the year in the country.
Mrs. Suburb—Yes, indeed. All the neighbors clean house, and you can see every one of their carpets.
A Lord of Creation.
Friend—I heard your wife giving you fire again this morning.
Jinks—That wasn't my wife. That was the servant girl.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III—JULY 17—THE FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Golden Text: The Lord Added to the Church Daily Such as Should Be Saved—Acts 2: 37-47.

Introductory.—The first sermon of the Christian church was preached on Sunday, May 28, A. D. 30, by Peter. The promise of the Father had been fulfilled. The occasion of the sermon was the false charge that the apostles had been drinking and that the speaking in strange tongues was the result of the wine.

I. Conviction of Sin.—Ver. 37. "Now when they heard this." Which Peter had been saying. "They were pricked." Conscience smitten. "In their hearts." The sense of their guilt came upon them with overwhelming power. "And said unto Peter and the rest of the apostles." Personal conversation with inquirers followed the public sermon. "What shall we do?" They believed that something must be done and were ready to do whatever was required.

II. The Way of Salvation.—Vers. 38-40. 38. "Repent." Meaning the reversal of man's controlling thoughts, feelings and aims in life. "And be baptized." As an open consecration to the Saviour's service. "Every one of you." Without exception. "In the name of Jesus Christ." Acknowledging His claims, subscribing to his doctrines. "For the remission of sins," is the entire cleansing of the heart from actual sin. "Add ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." He would dwell with them, teaching, guiding, comforting and purifying them.

39. "For the promise is unto you and to your children." To the present and future generations without limit. "And to all that are afar off." To all Gentile nations. "Even as many as the Lord our God shall call." The promise is for all Jews and Gentiles.

40. "And with many other words." All that he said is not recorded. "Did he testify." Bear witness. "Save yourselves." By accepting the offered salvation. "From this untoward generation." From the influence of, and the condemnation pronounced against the Jews.

III. Public Profession of Religion.—Ver. 41. "They that gladly received." The word rendered "gladly" means "freely," "joyfully." "Were baptized." Not necessarily on the same day, but they accepted the truth at once.

IV. The Fourfold Training.—Ver. 42. "And they continued steadfastly." They persevered. "And fellowship." Literally, a sharing in common. "Breaking of bread." The earliest phrase for the Lord's Supper. "And in prayers." Meaning, probably, gatherings for prayer.

V. An Ideal Community.—Vers. 43-47. 43. "Fear came upon every soul." Awe; a reverential astonishment. "Many wonders and signs were done by the apostles." Including miracles described more in detail in subsequent chapters.

44. "And all that believed were together." They had one central home. "And had all things common." Not a communism established by law, but one based on brotherly love.

45. "Sold their possessions and goods." Lands, houses, and personal property. "Parted them to all." Not to friends, but "as every man had need." Many need to relearn "the lesson of large, regular and proportionate giving."

46. "And they continued daily with one accord in the temple." Jesus had called the temple his Father's house, and it was natural that his disciples should love to worship there. "Breaking bread from house to house." Rev. Ver.: "at home." Did eat their meat with gladness. "Because they shared with those poorer than themselves." "Simplicity of heart." Purity and sincerity.

47. "Praising God." They lived a life of praise. "And having favour with the people." In contrast with the Jewish ecclesiastics. "And the Lord added to the church." Rev. Ver.: "to them." "Such as should be saved." They were not saved, but only in the process of being saved.

GRAINS OF GOLD.
Whiskey is the devil's looking glass. Be slow to promise and quick to perform.
Command your temper, lest it should command you.
Faith and works are twins who never quarrel and fight.
Be careful is the true way to guard against care.
There are many people who mistake trouble for religion.
To know, and not be able to perform, is doubly unfortunate.
How easy it is to see how much better other folks might be.
There is often more religion in a smile than there is in a tear.
Sometimes our mistakes attract more attention to us than our virtues.
There are men who help the world most when they get out of it.
It is the first distemper of learning to study words and not matter.

SHARP POINTS.
In one way a congressman is like a potato: the oftener he is paired the smaller he seems in the eyes of his constituents.
There is not a man living who would not rather have finely chisled features than have them cut by an awkward barber.
It is hardly a square deal to send a blind man to jail for having no visible means of support, or to commit a deaf man without a hearing.
The coalman's season may be the winter, and the summer the ice-man's harvest, so that it's possible the milkman finds his greatest profit in the spring.
He was a philanthropist to the end. His last words were spoken in a whisper to his assassin: "Take Mr. A. for your lawyer and your acquittal will be assured."

Lynchings seldom occur in New Jersey, not because the residents have great self-control, but because they generally feel pretty sure that the New Jersey detectives have caught the wrong man.

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\$4.00 Hand-sewed Welt Shoe.	\$2.50 Best Douglas.
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\$2.50 Extra Value Calf Shoe.	\$1.75 For KIDDER.
\$2.25 Working-man's Shoe.	For BOYS & YOUTH'S.
\$2.00 Goodwear Shoe.	\$2 & \$1.75 SCHOOL SHOES.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES. IT IS A DUTY you owe to yourself and your family, during these hard times, to get the most value for your money. You can economize in your footwear, but not in the quality of the shoes which, without question, represent a greater value for the money than any other makes.

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There is no question but what there is a great deal of harm arising from the distinctive American trait of hurry and worry.

A GENTLEMAN in the Fast who some years ago took a champagne bath at a cost of \$800, has taken his life at very small expense because he had nothing to eat and not raiment enough to wade a gun.

It looks like useless goodness of heart for the United States government to set the British slench on the trail of the London swindlers who make money out of American seekers of great estates.

In order to arrive we must start," said Tallyrand and this terse bit of epigrammatic wisdom holds its significant lesson to those of us who are too often by way of being dilatory in carrying out our intentions.

We have to work at the universally adopted rate in order to keep up with the competition of the times in any line in which we may be engaged, but even this being true, can the business man not cultivate the habit of laying off the cares of his surroundings as he does his office coat, and go into the atmosphere of home and society, forgetting the dark cloud of the day, trusting that a brighter to-morrow's sun may dispel it or bring a clearer sky?

In no country in the world are the people living in the mental and physical strain that they are here. In every other country the relief comes to the business man and the laborer in the shorter hours occupied; the few moments' respite enjoyed with companions over the glass and the lunch when the forenoon is but half spent, and its repetition again in the afternoon just as the burdens of the day begin to be a heavy weight, in the holidays crowded with everything which would tend to drive from the mind the cares of the bread-winning, gain getting struggle of life.

The desire to be remembered is a common, and not an ignoble feeling. When we are dead and gone it will really make no difference to us whether we are remembered or not. When the time comes for friendship and acquaintance and reputation to be translated into memory we will be engaged in a journey of discovery whose interest will take our whole attention; even the most enterprising newspapers have no subscribers in heaven. Even the meanest newspapers, though well fitted for circulation on earth, have no constituency in hell. So that the account of our funeral in either class of papers will make no difference to us when once we have crossed the line. We will never read it. Nevertheless we have a desire to be remembered.

Anarchy cannot be attributed either to liberty of speech or liberty of the press. Where there is free discussion its spread is impossible. The secret nature marks it as the natural means of fighting the regressive policy of absolutism. The most conclusive evidence on this point is that it does not originate in lands where the liberty of the press and of speech is the greatest but where they are least. It takes its root in England or the United States, but attains its most universal development in autocratic Russia. It may seem a contradiction of this rule that the anarchists are active in the French republic, but we must remember that not even the republic has refrained from repressive measures toward the radical element of Democracy, while the real seeds of the small anarchist growth in France were sown by the repressive tendencies of this second empire.

The making of fine distinctions involves no end of painstaking. But it is precisely the perception of these that constitutes the variety, charm and picturesqueness of every coveted good of life. In our public schools, see how the boys and girls have to persevere in learning to match the ideas they want to express with the fitting nouns, adjectives and verbs. So to speak, all the verbal colors they know at first are yellow ochre, Indian red and coal black. Look at their compositions and see what dreadful discords glare out of their language embroidery. One adjective seems to them just as good as another, alike whether they are characterizing Cleopatra or a sculpin, majestic ocean steamship or a clumsy dog.

THE WAY TO ARCADE.

Lashed the way to Arcady. "The worldling answered, 'You must hold flowers and lands, and bonds and gold. 'Tis wealth and power are the keys to turn all locks in times like these.' I shook my head. There could not be a sordid road to Arcady."

SPIRITS' MOUNTAIN.

The pages were gathered in many groups; the counts of Borges and Alardi were mounted on magnificent steeds, and they rode behind their son and daughter, Alonso and Beatriz, who kept at some distance ahead of the cavalcade. Alonso was speaking as follows: "This mountain, which is now called the spirits' mountain, formerly belonged to the Knights Templar, who were warlike monks. After Sorla the king sent for the Templars to come from a distant land to defend the city on the side next to the bridge; thus wounding the feelings of the nobility of Castile, who as they had conquered the city, were capable of defending it without any outside help."

Therefore the knights of that new and powerful religious order and the noblemen of the city were on bad terms for several years and finally this feeling deepened to a profound hatred. "The Templars had this part of the mountain set aside as a preserve for game to satisfy their wants and contribute to their pleasure; while the nobles determined to organize a grand hunt in the enclosure, in spite of the severe prohibitions of the monks with spurs—as they styled their enemies, and they did not once think of the game for they fought with one another, and many a poor mother had to mourn the loss of her son. Instead of a hunt there was a frightful battle; the mountain was strewn with corpses, and the wolves they had desired to exterminate enjoyed a bloody feast."

Finally, the king interfered and commanded that the mountain, the cause of so much mischief, should be abandoned. So the monks' chapel situated on the mountain, and wherein friends and enemies were buried together, gradually fell into ruins. "But ever since, on All Souls' Eve, the chapel bell tolled for the dead; and the ghosts enveloped in their shrouds roam around through the woods and bushes as though engaged in a fantastic hunting expedition. The deer fly before them, bleating with fear, the serpents hiss fearfully, and on the following day the footprints of the fleshless ghosts are seen on the snow. Therefore in Sorla we call it the spirits' mountain, and for that reason I have thought best to leave it before night sets in."

Alonso finished his story just as the two young people reached the end of the bridge which extends to the city on the other side. They waited for the rest of the cavalcade to join them, and all entered together the warm, dark streets of Sorla. The servants had just cleared the table, and a bright fire was playing in the Gothic fireplace, shading its glow on several groups of ladies and gentlemen, who were talking around the hearth, while the wind beat against the windows.

Only two persons did not take part in the general conversation, Beatriz and Alonso. "My lovely cousin," finally exclaimed Alonso, breaking the deep silence. "We are soon to separate, and acquaintance and reputation to be translated into memory we will be engaged in a journey of discovery whose interest will take our whole attention; even the most enterprising newspapers have no subscribers in heaven. Even the meanest newspapers, though well fitted for circulation on earth, have no constituency in hell. So that the account of our funeral in either class of papers will make no difference to us when once we have crossed the line. We will never read it. Nevertheless we have a desire to be remembered."

"Any way, I foresee that I shall soon lose you; and when we separate, I would like to have you carry away a remembrance of me. Do you remember when we went to church to give thanks to God for having restored your health, which you came to seek here? The jewel that fastened the plume in my cap attracted your attention. How well it would look in your dark hair, confining your veil. It has already been used for that purpose by a bride; for my father gave it to my mother, and she wore it to the altar. Would you like to have it?"

"I do not know how it is in your country, but in mine, if one receives a present it is binding. Only on a holiday can one accept a present from a relative—who can even go to Rome without coming back with empty hands. The scornful tone in which Beatriz pronounced these words disturbed the young man a little, but finally recovering himself, he said in a sad tone, "I am aware it contains, but to-day is All Saints' day, and your name day as well as that of others; so it is a fitting time to receive gifts. I assure you. Will you accept this from me?"

Beatriz slightly bit her lip, and extended her hand to take the jewel, without saying a word. After a few moments, Alonso proceeded. "Before the end of All Saints' day, which is my name day as well as yours, you may give me a souvenir without compromising yourself. Will you not do so?" urged Alonso, fixing his eyes on his cousin's which gleamed brightly as a diabolical thought flashed through her mind. "Why not?" she exclaimed, carrying her right hand to her shoulder, as though seeking for something amid the folds of her wide velvet sleeve embroidered with gold. Then with a childish air of disappointment she added: "Do you recollect the blue ribbon I wore to-day on the hunting expedition, and which you said was the emblem of your soul, on account of its color?" "Yes, I do." "Well, I have lost it. I have lost it, and I wanted to give it to you as a souvenir!" "Where was it lost?" inquired

Alonso, raising himself in his seat, with an indescribable expression of mingled fear and hope. "I do not know, perhaps on the mountain." "On the Spirits' mountain?" he murmured, turning pale and throwing himself back in his chair, "on the Spirits' mountain!" Then he went on in a harsh trembling tone: "You know, for you have heard everybody say so times without number, that I am called the king of huntmen throughout Castile. As I have not yet been able to try my strength in battle as my ancestors have done, I have exerted in that pastime of warlike sport all the hereditary ardor of my race, and all the strength of which I am possessed. The mat under your feet is the skin of a wild animal, I slew with my own hands. I know its haunts and its habits, I have fought against them day and night, on foot and on horseback, alone and together with other huntmen, and nobody can say that I ever shrank from danger at any time. On any other night I would do so joyfully, but to-night, yes, to-night—why should I hide it from you?—I am afraid. Do you not hear the bells tolling? The hour for evening prayer has struck at San Juan del Duero; the ghosts begin to emerge from their graves, curdling the blood of any one who beholds them, turning his hair gray, or dragging him off in the whirl of their fantastic dance, as a leaf is swept along by the breeze."

An almost imperceptible smile curled Beatriz's lips while the young man was talking, and she exclaimed in an indifferent tone after he ceased, meanwhile stirring the fire so that the bright sparks flew out: "Oh, no, indeed! How silly! Don't think of going to the mountain now after such a trifle. On such a dark night, too, when the ghosts are abroad and the road is full of wolves!" As she spoke these last words she emphasized them so that Alonso did not fail to understand her bitter irony. "As though mechanically, he arose, passed his hand over his forehead as though to dispel the fear he felt mentally, but not in his heart, and in a firm tone he said, addressing the beautiful girl, who was amusing herself by stirring the fire on the hearth: "Farewell, Beatriz, farewell! If I return it will be soon."

"Alonso, Alonso," she said, turning around rapidly; but when she desired to detain him, or appeared to do so, the young man had already disappeared. Soon after the sound of his horse's hoofs was heard as he galloped off. The proud beauty, with a radiant look of gratified vanity lighting up her face, listened attentively to the sound until it died away, though the church bells kept on their lugubrious tolling. An hour, two and three elapsed, and midnight struck as Beatriz retired to her oratory, but Alonso had not returned yet, though he had had plenty of time to go and come back. "Perhaps he was afraid!" the young girl exclaimed, closing her prayer book, after vainly attempting to murder some of the prayers the church dedicates to All Souls' day, for the spirits of those that have passed away. After putting out the lamp and drawing the silk curtains around her bed, she fell asleep. But her sleep was restless and uneasy.

The postern clock struck twelve, and Beatriz could hear its slow, sad strokes, and half opened her eyes. She thought that she had heard someone call her at the same time, in a faint, suffering accent. The wind still moaned and shook the casement. Beatriz tremblingly thrust her head out of the curtains, and listened for a moment. She could hear many strange sounds, but passing her hand over her brow, she listened again, but all was now still and quiet. Her pupils were dilated and she seemed to see shapes moving around all over the room; but as she fixed her eyes more closely, she perceived that the darkness was impenetrable and it was due to her imagination. "Bah," she said, resting her lovely head again on the pillow, "can I be as timid as those poor souls whose hearts beat with terror under their armor on hearing some ghost story?" So, closing her eyes, she tried to go to sleep, but in vain did she endeavor to calm herself. She again started up, pale, uneasy and more terrified than ever.

This time it was no illusion, the brocade portieres over the door had rustled as they were pushed aside, and she could hear heavy footsteps on the carpet. The sound they made was dull and almost imperceptible, but continuous, and as they moved along she could hear something creaking, like dry wood or bones. The footsteps drew nearer and nearer, and the prayer desk near her bed moved. Beatriz uttered a sharp cry, and burying herself under the clothes, hid her head and held her breath.

The wind beat against the casement, while the monotonous flow of the fountain could be heard from afar, and the barking of dogs, as well as the church bells of Sorla, some near, some farther off, while they sadly tolled for the dead. Thus the night passed on, and to Beatriz it seemed as though it would never come to an end. Finally, the first faint rays of dawn lighted up the sky, and she opened her eyes and recovered her self-possession. After a sleepless night of terror, how beautiful seems the bright, clear morning light! She drew back the curtains of her bed and was about to laugh at her terror of the previous night when suddenly cold perspiration broke out on her forehead, her eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and a deadly pallor overspread her cheeks; for on her prayer desk she beheld the blue ribbon stained with blood, the blue ribbon Alonso had gone in quest of. Thus the night passed on, and to Beatriz it seemed as though it would never come to an end. Finally, the first faint rays of dawn lighted up the sky, and she opened her eyes and recovered her self-possession.

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pass All Souls' Eve on the Spirit mountain, told on the day before he died, of some of the horrible sights he had seen there. Among other things he said that he had seen the fleshless bodies of the ancient Knights Templar, and the Soria noblemen that were buried in the chapel, on the stroke of 12 arise from their graves with a terrible clamor; and mounted on their skeleton steeds wildly pursue a beautiful woman, who—pale with dishevelled locks and her feet bare and bleeding—was roaming around the unfortunate Alonso's tomb with wild and fearful cries.—Gustavo Adolfo Bequer in Short Stories.

A "HUMAN OSTRICH."

The First Authentic Case of the Kind—Its Results. The first case on record of a human being indiscriminately devouring everything that came within his reach is that of the French boy, Tarara, who first gave an exhibition of the capacity of his stomach by eating a full peck of carrots and seven bars of soap with apparent relish. Of course, he was not always a boy, and as he grew up the freakish antics of his stomach took many varied twists. On one occasion, when a druggist's back was turned, Tarara hastily swallowed a couple of dozens of corks of all sizes. At last his stomach being full of such indigestible matter, he became the victim of violent attacks of colic and was finally compelled to seek the advice of M. Girard of the Hotel Dieu. Girard called a council of physicians and Tarara's case was thoroughly discussed. They tried to explain to the man what would be the final outcome of such performances, but were greatly surprised, if not angered and chagrined, to find that he had actually swallowed a watch chain, seals and all, besides a bunch of seven keys and a glove hook which were on an ivory ring nearly inches in diameter; all this while the learned gentlemen were securing him. At the time of this examination he regularly ate twenty-four pounds of beef a day, besides other victuals in proportionate quantities. He now entered the French army, being first attached to the ninth regiment of Hussars, Mar Courville retaining him as a freak. He was daily allowed the regular rations of three men, and the right to the refused scraps and other pickings. When on the march he would eat cat bones and serpents and swallow them whole. On one occasion he ate a cat, bones far and all, and was noticed to reject the hair and other indigestibles within the course of half an hour, the process being similar to that which carnivorous animals undergo. Colonel Marpel and General Beauchamp both make a 'd'avisit that they saw him eat thirty pounds of liver at one sitting, and others de-lare that he once ate a 14-month-old child!

BANTER AND BLARNEY.

The man who invests in shad may have his money's worth in the meat, but he's stuck with the bones. The first "big four" that ever engaged extensively in the live stock business are believed to have been Noah, Shem, Ham and Japheth. Husband—"How do you like your new girl?" Wife—"Well, she works me a little harder than the last one, but she is more respectful." Patient—"And now, doctor, I wish you would copy and forbid this list of dishes I do not like, so my wife will not cook them for me any more." "You borrowed a fire of me the other day, you know." "Ya-as," "I'd like to have it back if you can." "But, my dear boy, I've spent it." Wool—"Do you make your domestic one of the family?" Van Peit—"No, we don't dare; she's kicked about the size of it when she came." Miss Goldberg—"I wouldn't marry you, sir, if you were as rich as Croesus." Mr. Hardrow—"Well, that's just the difference; I wouldn't marry you if you weren't."

After Execution.

That weird story that comes from Texas of the negro who hanged upon the scaffold until justice was satisfied that he was legally dead, and who afterwards came to life and is now able to polish off a 'possum in a first-class style, reminds me that there are several cases on record of criminals surviving judicial execution says a writer in the St. Louis Republic. More than six centuries ago Juetta de Beisham hanged for three days, was cut down and pardoned, the superstitious people believing that God had decreed otherwise. Obadiah Walker, a former student of New College, Oxford, England, tell of a Swiss who was hanged thirteen times, every attempt being frustrated by a peculiarity of the windpipe which prevented strangulation. Ann Green, who was hanged in Oxford in 1650, survived the ordeal; and was pardoned by the Crown and was soon after married. In 1808 one John Green was hanged in London and recovered on the dissecting table of Surgeon Blizard. A fitting close for this "note" is the story of "Half Hanged Maggie." She was hanged in Edinburg in 1704; came to life while being taken to the potter's field and lived for years afterwards.

Botanical Freaks.

A whole book and one of large size, too, might be written on the vegetable wonders of the world. Even the Malayian savage knows that it is possible for a plant or a flower to be a real oddity, for botanists tell us they have an extraordinary flower which is known to them by a name which signifies "Wonder-Wonder." It is a flower and a flower only, having neither leaves, stem or roots. It is a globular parasite, about 3 feet across, and bursts into a dream of loveliness from the surface of decaying logs and stumps. The "wonder-wonder" is exceeded in size by only one other species of known flower, the Victoria regina of Ceylon, which is 5 feet across. India the home of serpents, has what is known as the "vegetable boa constrictor," a species of climber, which sometimes about great trees so tightly as to strangle them to death. The butcher plant, one of the carnivorous vegetables, is found only in the near vicinity of Wilmington, N. C.

Bricks of Plate Glass.

Bricks made out of plate glass are of very superior quality. A sand of iron and glass is forced into a mold under a pressure of several thousand pounds per inch. Then the bricks are subjected to a temperature of 2,700 degrees Fahrenheit, which causes the glass and sand to unite. The bricks are perfectly white, and will stand both frost and acid. The story is told of Professor John Blackie that on one occasion he coaled on the blackboard in the University of Edinburgh; Professor Blackie will not meet his classes to-day. An audacious student rubbed out the c in classes. Professor Blackie discovered the change and modified it further by the removal of the L. Col. Gorehunter—Ah, my dear Miss Pinkerly, this is an unexpected pleasure to have you alone for a few moments. Wouldn't you like to hear how I got through the enemy's lines at Chattanooga? Miss Pinkerly—I can easily imagine you. You probably bored your way through.—New York Sun.

STAR-EYED SCIENCE.

An electric railroad 800 miles long is to be constructed in Russia. The best existing map of the moon shows 32,856 crater-shaped projections, according to M. Wilhelm Meyer, and astronomers tell us that 100,000 are brought into view with a telescope of medium power. A prominent physician of Washington claims that the phonograph can be used for the cure of deafness. He says that the modulated sounds which he is able to send into the ear with this instrument will gradually bring the hammer and anvil bones of the delicate organ into their normal condition. A writer in an electrical magazine, in discussing the probability of death by an electrical current, said that he at one time stood on the top of one of the Alpine peaks in a storm and had lightning pass through his body to an extent sufficient to make a loud crackling noise and to produce long, blue streams of sparks from the fingers, representing probably many millions of volts, without any effect upon the body other than to force him to descend without delay. Sunshine is recorded at the meteorological office of England by means of the Stokes-Campbell instrument, the essential features of which is a spherical lens, which acts as a burning glass. As the sun accomplishes its apparent journey from east to west it burns its autograph into a strip of card placed beneath the lens, but can only do so when it is unobscured. As the card is divided into hours, it is easy to calculate the amount of actual sunshine with which each day is favored. Eucalyptus oil has come into such demand that over 30,000 pounds were sent to England from California last year, the tree having been planted in immense quantities in that state. General Stratton planted 55 acres near Hayward in 1869 chiefly for timber purposes. In 1883 it was discovered that a decoction of the leaves would remove the incrustated scales from boilers. While the engineers were preparing the liquid they imagined the odor cured one of bronchitis and the other of asthma, and they started a factory to extract the oil at San Lorenzo, which is said to have been the beginning of this industry.

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A prominent physician of Washington claims that the phonograph can be used for the cure of deafness. He says that the modulated sounds which he is able to send into the ear with this instrument will gradually bring the hammer and anvil bones of the delicate organ into their normal condition. A writer in an electrical magazine, in discussing the probability of death by an electrical current, said that he at one time stood on the top of one of the Alpine peaks in a storm and had lightning pass through his body to an extent sufficient to make a loud crackling noise and to produce long, blue streams of sparks from the fingers, representing probably many millions of volts, without any effect upon the body other than to force him to descend without delay. Sunshine is recorded at the meteorological office of England by means of the Stokes-Campbell instrument, the essential features of which is a spherical lens, which acts as a burning glass. As the sun accomplishes its apparent journey from east to west it burns its autograph into a strip of card placed beneath the lens, but can only do so when it is unobscured. As the card is divided into hours, it is easy to calculate the amount of actual sunshine with which each day is favored. Eucalyptus oil has come into such demand that over 30,000 pounds were sent to England from California last year, the tree having been planted in immense quantities in that state. General Stratton planted 55 acres near Hayward in 1869 chiefly for timber purposes. In 1883 it was discovered that a decoction of the leaves would remove the incrustated scales from boilers. While the engineers were preparing the liquid they imagined the odor cured one of bronchitis and the other of asthma, and they started a factory to extract the oil at San Lorenzo, which is said to have been the beginning of this industry.

BANTER AND BLARNEY.

The man who invests in shad may have his money's worth in the meat, but he's stuck with the bones. The first "big four" that ever engaged extensively in the live stock business are believed to have been Noah, Shem, Ham and Japheth. Husband—"How do you like your new girl?" Wife—"Well, she works me a little harder than the last one, but she is more respectful." Patient—"And now, doctor, I wish you would copy and forbid this list of dishes I do not like, so my wife will not cook them for me any more." "You borrowed a fire of me the other day, you know." "Ya-as," "I'd like to have it back if you can." "But, my dear boy, I've spent it." Wool—"Do you make your domestic one of the family?" Van Peit—"No, we don't dare; she's kicked about the size of it when she came." Miss Goldberg—"I wouldn't marry you, sir, if you were as rich as Croesus." Mr. Hardrow—"Well, that's just the difference; I wouldn't marry you if you weren't."

After Execution.

That weird story that comes from Texas of the negro who hanged upon the scaffold until justice was satisfied that he was legally dead, and who afterwards came to life and is now able to polish off a 'possum in a first-class style, reminds me that there are several cases on record of criminals surviving judicial execution says a writer in the St. Louis Republic. More than six centuries ago Juetta de Beisham hanged for three days, was cut down and pardoned, the superstitious people believing that God had decreed otherwise. Obadiah Walker, a former student of New College, Oxford, England, tell of a Swiss who was hanged thirteen times, every attempt being frustrated by a peculiarity of the windpipe which prevented strangulation. Ann Green, who was hanged in Oxford in 1650, survived the ordeal; and was pardoned by the Crown and was soon after married. In 1808 one John Green was hanged in London and recovered on the dissecting table of Surgeon Blizard. A fitting close for this "note" is the story of "Half Hanged Maggie." She was hanged in Edinburg in 1704; came to life while being taken to the potter's field and lived for years afterwards.

Botanical Freaks.

A whole book and one of large size, too, might be written on the vegetable wonders of the world. Even the Malayian savage knows that it is possible for a plant or a flower to be a real oddity, for botanists tell us they have an extraordinary flower which is known to them by a name which signifies "Wonder-Wonder." It is a flower and a flower only, having neither leaves, stem or roots. It is a globular parasite, about 3 feet across, and bursts into a dream of loveliness from the surface of decaying logs and stumps. The "wonder-wonder" is exceeded in size by only one other species of known flower, the Victoria regina of Ceylon, which is 5 feet across. India the home of serpents, has what is known as the "vegetable boa constrictor," a species of climber, which sometimes about great trees so tightly as to strangle them to death. The butcher plant, one of the carnivorous vegetables, is found only in the near vicinity of Wilmington, N. C.

Bricks of Plate Glass.

Bricks made out of plate glass are of very superior quality. A sand of iron and glass is forced into a mold under a pressure of several thousand pounds per inch. Then the bricks are subjected to a temperature of 2,700 degrees Fahrenheit, which causes the glass and sand to unite. The bricks are perfectly white, and will stand both frost and acid. The story is told of Professor John Blackie that on one occasion he coaled on the blackboard in the University of Edinburgh; Professor Blackie will not meet his classes to-day. An audacious student rubbed out the c in classes. Professor Blackie discovered the change and modified it further by the removal of the L. Col. Gorehunter—Ah, my dear Miss Pinkerly, this is an unexpected pleasure to have you alone for a few moments. Wouldn't you like to hear how I got through the enemy's lines at Chattanooga? Miss Pinkerly—I can easily imagine you. You probably bored your way through.—New York Sun.

In Country Hamlet. far from a physician, Dr. H. H. C. Certain Group Cure is doubly valuable. It acts as a laxative, purgative, and cleanser. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all ailments of the bowels and removes any irritation however deep seated, at once. Coughs, Colds, Night Sweats, Chills, Fever, Whooping Cough and Asthma, relieved promptly. 50 cents. Druggists can get it of Williams, Davis & Brooks, also Farrand, Williams & Clark, Detroit, Mich. Manufactured in Buffalo, N. Y.

Life is not so short but there is time for courtesy. Health Tonic—Keeps weak, nervous men, fit for duty. Ohio Chemical Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

We are all willing to admit the desirability of other folks. Get a Good Start in Business Life by securing a thorough business education at home by mail, low rates; Bryan's College, Buffalo, N. Y.

There is nothing more easy than to make a foe of a friend. "Hansen's Magic Cure Salve," Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Thou must be true to thyself, if thou the truth would teach. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The best friends are those who stimulate each other to good. When you get up in the morning with a swell-head, bring it to natural dimensions by taking Hydrargyrum.

There is nothing more difficult than to make a friend of a foe. BECHAM'S PILLS stimulate the system in taliva, remove depression, give appetite, and make the sick well.

When the mouse laughs at the cat he sure there is a hole near. THE BEST Ointment in the world for skin diseases is Hill's S. R. & S. Ointment. Try it! At all druggists. 15 cents.

A man's character is what his enemies say about him. An empty gun that you think is loaded will scare you as badly as one that is.

WANTED! MEN TO TRAVEL. We pay 10 cents per day for an Abolition Lecturer's Prayer Book. 100 copies of the same. Apply to W. L. Douglas, 255 Greenwich St., New York.

Flags & Banners, Silk or Bunting, Made to Order. Also, all kinds of Flags, Banners, etc. Apply to W. L. Douglas, 255 Greenwich St., New York.

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ASTHMA KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure Remedy for Asthma. Fat Folks Reduced. PENSION JOHN W. MOHRER'S. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. "ORANGE - BLOSSOM" Cures All Female Diseases.

N. H. Downs' Elixir WILL CURE THAT Cold AND STOP THAT Cough. Has stood the test for SIXTY YEARS and has proved itself the best remedy known for the cure of Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, and all Lung Diseases in young or old. Price 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 per bottle. SOLD EVERYWHERE. HENRY J. HARRIS & CO., Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

SICK HEADACHE CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills. It is the best remedy known for the cure of Sick Headache, Dizziness, Indigestion, and all Liver Troubles. Price 25 cents. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE—SMALL PRICE.

LEWIS' 98% LYE PURELY AND PREPARED. The strongest and purest Lye made. It is used for the purpose of cleaning, scouring, and bleaching. Price 25 cents. PENNA. SALT MFG. CO., Gen. Agents, Phila., Pa.

Bile Beans Small Positively cure Sick-headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Colds and General debility. 40 to the bottle. Sugar coated. Easy to take. Do not gripe nor sicken the stomach. Sold by druggists. Price 25c. Reliable and economical. Sample dose free. F. F. Smith & Co., 255 Greenwich St., N. Y.

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YOU WANT IT! MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT. CURES RHEUMATISM, Pains in Chest, Side or Back. NEURITIS, Headache, Etc. WE REFOUND MONEY if 15 Bottles does not cure you, or 1 bottle does not give you benefit. TRY IT! 15c per Bottle, 50c per Dozen. YOUR DRUGGIST HAS IT. 316,408 BOTTLES Sold in New England States in 1891. WE WARRANT IT! MINARD'S LINIMENT N. H. O., Boston, Mass. W. N. U. D., -10-29.

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