# GOD'S HOME.

Thy home is with the humble, Lord,
 The simplest are the best;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
 Thou makest there thy rest.

Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!
 If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,
 I'll build a house for thee.

Who made this beating heart of mine
 But thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then but thee,
 And let it be thy rest.

Thy sweetness hath betrayed thee, Lord!
 Great Spirit, is it thou?
Deeper and deeper in my heart
 I feel thee resting now.

# Aunt Sarah's Will

Aunt Sarah Snowden had never married, and furthermore she had always been a burden on her relatives. That is to say, she had worked about twice as hard as any paid hand for her board and clothes, and was still at it when she was 50 years old.

She was called "Aunt" as a term of derision, and as she was irascible and sour-tempered her life was not overburdened with sunny days. At 50 she was expecting nothing but to drudge along for the rest of her days and be known as a poor relation, when a most unexpected event happened.

At 30 years of age Aunt Sarah had almost been engaged to an old bachelor. She had come so near to it that he had seen her home from church on several occasions and "sat up" with her in the evening. She had also accompanied him to a circus and a camp-meeting, and a marriage might have resulted had they not fallen into a dispute over some trifling matter.

Both were "sot" in their opinions, and after some hot words the bachelor withdrew and left the maiden all forlorn. He passed out of her sight to die twenty years later and leave her $30,000 by will.

The news of Aunt Sarah's windfall threw the hamlet of Rosedale into a flutter that did not quiet down for months.

Of course nine-tenths of the people, including her brother Ben and his wife, hoped it wasn't true, but a lawyer came on to prove her claim, and finally hand her over the cash; and then nine-tenths of the people made a lightning change. From being the drudge of the family, aunt Sarah was exalted to the post of guest.

That $30,000 looked bigger than Taylor's hill to the farmers and villagers, and it was an astounding thing that it should come to a little old woman who wouldn't know what to do with it.

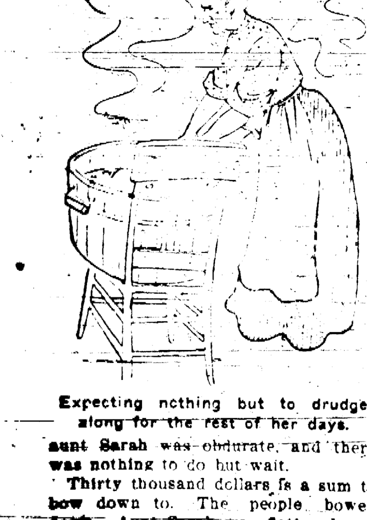
In one week everybody who knew the old maid had called to congratulate and advise, and inside of another at least a score of people who had never spoken a word to her called to borrow or to interest her in plans and schemes.

From brother Ben who wanted to build a new barn and buy four more cows, to Rev. Mr. Johnson, who had been for years hoping to raise enough money to build a Baptist church, there was some one after portions of that money day and night.

Aunt Sarah did not lose her head. She bought herself a new alpaca dress and a bonnet of a style not over three years old, and set up housekeeping for herself. She neither gave away nor loaned a dollar, but after a while made an announcement.

As the money had come to her by will, it should go to others in the same way. The doctors had told her that she had a weak heart, and was liable to drop dead any hour, and she did not expect to live over four or five years at most. The Baptist church, brother Ben and all the rest must wait for her demise to benefit.

This was looked upon as a sinful trick by some, and there were whispered criticism behind each door, but



Expecting nothing but to drudge along for the rest of her days.

aunt Sarah was obdurate, and there was nothing to do but wait.

Thirty thousand dollars is a sum to bow down to. The people bowed down. Aunt Sarah was flattered and cajoled.

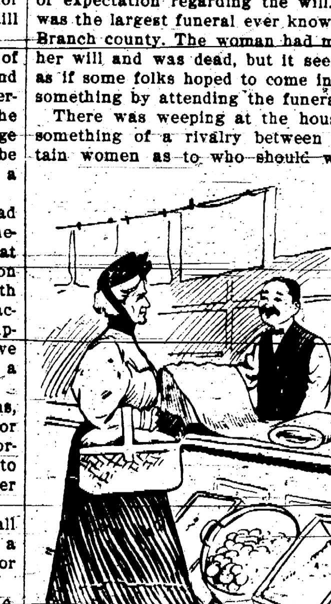
Two or three old widowers came "spooking around" to talk marriage, and speculators came from a distance to offer ground-floor shares in gold mines and oil wells.

She had the best pew when she went to church, the politest attention when she called at the postoffice or the drygoods store, and everybody made up his or her mind to be mentioned in her last will.

The woman lived in clover for five years and then died. The term "clover" should be interpreted to mean that so many custards, pumpkin pies, glasses of jelly, jars of preserves, fresh eggs, baskets of fruit and spring chickens were sent in to her by neighbors that she lived high without buying much, and the women were so kind about dressmaking that her clothes cost her next to nothing.

About 50 people were on the tip-toe of expectation regarding the will. It was the largest funeral ever known in Branch county. The woman had made her will and was dead, but it seemed as if some folks hoped to come in for something by attending the funeral.

There was weeping at the house—something of a rivalry between certain women as to who should weep



The politest attention.

the hardest—and there was weeping at the church. The mile-long funeral procession moved at a slow and dignified pace, and there was no undue haste to get back home.

The executors named did not live in Rosedale at all, but they were on hand to let the provisions of the will be known.

"Firstly," read the document so long waited for, "I give and bequeath to my brother Benjamin the sum of $1000, but as I drudged for his family eighteen years without pay I direct my executors to put in a claim for $1500 as an offset.

"To Mary Snowden, wife of Benjamin Snowden, who hardly ever gave me a decent word until I got my money, I give and bequeath my three best dresses, minus the sleeves and buttons.

"To Rev. Mr. Johnson, with which to build a new Baptist church, I leave the sum of $3000, but I direct that before coming into possession of it he shall preach ten sermons, during which no one shall fall asleep, and that he shall never attempt to sing in public again."

There were fifty bequests in all, and it must have taken Aunt Sarah a year to study them out to her satisfaction. She had about twenty relatives, none of whom had shown her much consideration during her days of loneliness and hard work, and while she had left a bequest to each and every one it was under such conditions that none could accept. Every woman in the village who had ever rubbed her the wrong way was duly remembered, but little good did it do them.

The only bequest without a proviso read:

"To Job Sanderson, the village cooper, who once helped me over a mudhole without asking me why I never got married, and who didn't recommend a cure for freckles and wrinkles, I bequeath the sum of $2000, and may it do him much good."

The residue of her estate, which meant all but the $2000 above named, was bequeathed to a charity and went there, and then the smile on Aunt Sarah's face as she lay dead was explained.

Before the reading of the will it was whispered that she had been talking with the angels. After the reading it was announced in loud tones that the angels were somebody else—somebody with tails and hoofs.—Cyrus Derickson in Boston Globe.

### A Fainting-Room.

One of the latest ideas in New York is a room to which ladies can retire if they feel faint and go off in a swoon, amid the most artistic and beautiful surroundings. Several restaurants and tea shops have adopted this idea, and members of the fair sex whose nerve force is run down can find in the fainting-room a soothing resting-place. The room is partially darkened and the prevailing color green, whilst it is liberally decorated with various sweet-smelling flowers. Comfortable sofas and chairs are provided for the "fainters," and a lady doctor is kept on the premises should her services be required.—London Tit-Bits.

### Cause and Effect.

Mrs. Nextdoor—I saw the doctor stop at your house this morning. Is any one sick?

Mrs. Homer—Yes; my husband.

Mrs. Nextdoor—Indeed! What seems to be the trouble?

Mrs. Homer—Dyspepsia. He ate too much health food.

## THE OLD MAN WAS WISE.

### Had Good Reasons for Thinking Minister's Zeal Misdirected.

A clergyman who was carrying in his hand a small packet of handbills the other evening was proceeding down the village street when he encountered an old parishioner who was just hobbling home after his day's work.

"And now, John," said the minister pleasantly, as he put one of the leaflets into the peasant's horney hand, "we are going to have a missionary meeting in the schoolroom to-morrow evening and hope to see you there. There will, of course, be the usual collection at the close in order to raise sufficient funds to send out a missionary to convert the South Sea Islanders.

"Now, minister," remarked the old rustic solemnly, "do as you like, of course, but if ye take my advice ye'll be careful."

"Indeed, John, I don't understand you," said the minister wonderingly.

"Weel," continued the old villager, "it's like this. When they South Sea Highlanders ha' been converted there'll be more money wanted to build a church, then there'll be the minister to provide for, and presently curates' salaries to be thowt of, as weel as choir excursions every year; then think of what it'd cost for coal, clothing and blankets to be given away to the poor and indigent at Christmas time. I tell 'ee, zur, unless ye can see yer way clear to be continually providin' money for all these here things ye'd best be careful and leave very weel alone."

## CATERING TO THE WOMEN.

### Sarah Grand Tells a Witty Story of Rival Churches.

At the Whitefriars' club in London, Ambassador Choate proposed a toast to "Sovran Woman" at a recent ladies' banquet, and to this toast Sarah Grand replied. Her reply was witty. Among other things she said:

"It is good of you to set apart as you do here, one day a year for women. It is also wise of you to do this. To cater to the ladies is never a waste of time.

However, there is such a thing as offensive and inapt catering to the ladies, and I recall a case in point. There were two rival churches in a small inland town, and whatever one church did, the other endeavored to surpass. Both were in course of renovation one summer, and, as the work went on, they watched each other anxiously, to escape being outdone.

"Two spies from the first church, visiting the second as the renovations neared their end, saw painted above the chancel the motto, 'Good will to men.'

"'Ha,' they said, 'this won't do. We have no motto over ou chancel. We must get one, and one that beats our neighbor's here.'

"Accordingly they placed above their own chancel the words, 'Good will to women.' And that was a case of catering to the ladies which was hardly apropos."—Detroit News-Tribune.

### Had Never Tried It.

Abe Hummel was talking with a friend from the west the other day. "It seems strange to me," said the unsophisticated stranger, "that you can have more kinds of crime than we have on the sparsely settled plains."

"Well," said the lawyer, "life is more complex in a metropolis, certainly. Why shouldn't there be more reasons for crime?"

"But you have crimes without reason," objected the westerner. "Look at this: A few months ago the proprietress of a 50 cent table d'hote restaurant shot down a customer in cold blood. Why? Simply because he wouldn't drink the wine with his dinner."

Mr. Hummel looked at his friend pityingly. "And you call that a crime without reason? Great heavens, man! Have you never tried a 50 cent dinner with wine?"—New York Times.

### The Sacrifice.

Desert with your fiery heart
 And your hot, red sands that eat the sun,
Take your primeval sacrifice,
 The life-drops of another one!

So death and hate have battled long
 In mortal conflict on your breast,
And here in blood your sons have sealed
 Their heritage of wild unrest.

They steal like phantoms through the dawn,
 Like desert lizards do they hide,
Like desert demons swarm the path
 Where e'er the White Intruders ride.

Their eyes are keen, their rifle-balls
 Fly true and bear their vengeance far;
They fade like shadows and they rise
 Like the sand devils that they are.

'Tis over, and the cavalcade
 With sated vengeance in their eyes,
Ride on and leave the Aztec god
 To claim his human sacrifice.

—Wallace Irwin, in Sunset Magazine for June.

### Her Objection to Hansoms.

Any one could have told from the cut of her gown and the old style bonnet perched on her gray head that she was from the country. As she stood at Twenty-third street and Broadway the procession of hansoms seemed to interest her more than the Flatiron building.

"Land sakes!" she exclaimed to a woman by her side. "I wouldn't ride in one of them rigs fer the price of our farm."

"Why?" asked her companion.

"If the hoss got to acting up I couldn't grab the lines," replied the old country woman, shaking her head gravely.—New York Press.

### The Rich Man's Plaint.

I don't see what good my money does me. I can't eat it. I never saw it in its entirety. I dress no better than my private secretary, and have a much smaller appetite than my coachman. I live in a big barn of a house, am pestered to death by beggars, have dyspepsia, and most of my money is in the hands of others who use it mainly for their own benefit.—New York Press.

### The Beginning and the End.

"Love," remarked the chronic bachelor, "is the birth of an illusion."

"If that's the case," rejoined the man with the scanty hair, "marriage must be the death of it."

## TROUT ON A SPREE

John Pronklin, a saloonkeeper at Oyster Bay, New York, has a big tank cooled by water from a well 105 feet deep. In it he keeps his beer in kegs and also a colony of twenty-seven big brook trout that used to swim in Mill Neck creek before they were brought to the saloon.

Recently the bartender at Pronklin's saloon dumped four new quarter kegs into the pool. That was at 7 o'clock. An hour later, just as Pronklin started to work the beer pump, something slapped up against the inside of the door leading into the room containing the tank. It slapped again harder than before, and then there were more slaps. John Pronklin stopped pumping and opened the door. As he did so the biggest trout in the tank turned a handspring on its fins and went flopping toward the bar, three others followed, and several more were tumbling around on the floor beside the tank. Some of those in the pool were jumping clear over the beer kegs. Some were landing on top of them and sliding down the sides, and all were beating the water, splashing, and rolling over, and chasing each other like mad.

Two males were fighting. They had their jaws locked together and the water was streaked with blood. One had its back fin partly torn off, and some were swimming on their backs, some were going tail foremost, and some kept their heads out of the tank for a long time, while they wiggled their fins and "treaded" water. All bumped into the beer kegs and appeared to be confused generally whenever they started to go anywhere.

Now, John Pronklin knows these trout well, and they had never done such stunts before, so, when a fine two-pounder rolled over and slapped its tail hard against the side of one of the kegs, John Pronkin discovered something. He discovered that one of the "quarters" which had been put into the water full of beer at 7 o'clock didn't contain beer at 8. A hoop was broken and the bung was out.

The next day John Pronklin's trout lay under the spout with the cold spring water and air bubles trickling soothingly down their backs. Their food for the day lay untouched at the bottom of the tank. One only is dead. It was found under a keg.

## WHAT THE EYES DISCLOSE

The color of eyes has hitherto chiefly concerned the novelist and the poet and lately, says the London Express, the cold-blooded statistician has been looking into them.

It is announced that, taking the average of Europe and America, 44.6 per cent of men have light eyes, including blue and gray. The proportion of women having blue or gray eyes is 32.2 per cent. In other words, blue eyes are decidedly rarer among women than among men.

Men have light eyes oftener than women, but in the intermediate shades between light and dark the percentage of the two sexes is very nearly the same. In this intermediate category are brown and hazel eyes. The percentage of these among men is 43.1 and among women 45.1.

Blue eyes are considered to possess great attractions. This was the case among the Greeks and Romans of classic times. Upon the goddess Minerva was bestowed a surname to signify the blueness of her eyes.

Gray eyes have ever been the ideal of all great novelists. Among the number Charlotte Bronte, George Eliot, Kilkie Collins and Charles Reade. Most of the heroine in up-to-date fiction are gray-eyed maidens.

Of the living great, as well as the famous dead, most have eyes of gray or blue. Shakespeare had eyes of gray; so had nearly all the English poets. Coleridge's eyes were large, light gray, prominent and of liquid brilliancy. Byron's eyes were gray, fringed with long black lashes.

Charles Lamb's glittering eyes were strangely dissimilar in color, one being hazel, the other having specks of gray in the iris. Chatterton's brilliant gray eyes were his most remarkable feature. Under strong excitement one appeared brighter and larger than the other.

As to green eyes, they are for glory. The Empress Catharine of Russia had eyes of this hue.

## MOSQUITO PLANT A BASIL

The mosquito plant, is, it appears, no new discovery. Sir George Birdwood, the distinguished physician, physiologist and botanist and oriental authority, sends an interesting letter on the subject to the London Times. He says that this plant and allied basils have been known "from time immemorial" throughout India as a defense against mosquitoes and a prophylactic in malarial districts. The Hindus recognize several species, such as "wild Tulsi," "white Tulsi" or "black Tulsi," Krishna-tulsi, and Tulsi par excellence. One or other of these basils is found growing everywhere in India, especially about temples, and most of them are grown in gardens.

In farther India especially they are planted upon and about graves, and a decoction of the stalks and leaves is a universal remedy in cases of malarial fever. Sir George Birdwood says that when the Victoria Gardens and Albert Museum were established in Bombay the men employed on these works were at first so pestered by mosquitoes and suffered so much from malarial fever that, on the recommendation of the Hindu manager, the whole boundary of the gardens was planted with holy basil and any other basil at hand, on which the plague of mosquitoes was at once abated and fever altogether disappeared from the resident gardeners and temporarily resident masons. The site of the gardens had before been one of the worst malaria-stricken spots on the Island of Bombay. No one in those days knew anything of "the mosquito-malaria theory." Sir George himself used myrrh as a protection against mosquitoes. They never, he says, came near any bed in which a little myrrh was burned or a little tincture of myrrh sprinkled when retiring for the night.

## THE BENEFIT OF FASTING

The fast cure is one of the new ideas from which great benefits may be derived by suffering humanity if they will but observe its simple rules. It is already believed in by many who have adopted its ways with good results, but more should follow. It is an undisputed fact among men of science that a great many of the ailments that humanity suffers from proceed directly from the stomach, while as many more proceed indirectly therefrom. Apoplexy, heart failure and in many cases sudden deaths, can be traced directly to the stomach, overtaxed and weak, yet pushed on to the task for which it is unequal. The result is inevitable.

A restricted diet is always an aid toward recovery. Fasting in connection with cups of hot water drunk during the day as a tonic, will produce remarkably quick cures in some stomach troubles. Doctors prescribe milk diets and other diets not so much for the virtue of the diet itself as to avoid the harmful effects of the foods it excludes. To keep a person on a milk diet for a week or two means that the stomach gets a complete rest.

Dyspepsia especially yields to fasting and light meals rather than dieting. Indigestion is only a symptom of something awry with the internal machinery, and one of the most common-sense cures is to give the machinery a rest and let the body right itself; but dyspeptics are continually dosing themselves with drugs or trying to find something they can eat with safety. Everything disagrees with the overburdened digestion, but they never stop to give the wheels a rest. Like the foolish muleteer who put the load all on one side and then tried to make things balance by putting a heavy stone on the other, they overload their weakened stomach with food and then attempt to counter-balance by ladling in a lot of powerful drugs.

## FOOLED BY SLICK TRAMP

Harry Sanderson, manager for Tony Pastor, who resides at Cranford, N. J., not feeling particularly well, took a day off recently and remained at home. From the window of his library he observed a tramp entering his gate and he walked down to the rear door to meet him. It was the old story—a request for a meal. Having a load of unsawed wood in the shed he told the fellow that if he got to work and performed on the sawbuck for a brief period he would have something prepared for him.

The tramp went to the shed and immediately the sound of vigorous sawing was heard, stick after stick parting under his energetic efforts. Calling the tramp into the kitchen, Sanderson complimented him upon his energy, and the tramp replied, with a modest air, that whenever he had anything to do he generally paid attention to it. The meal was eaten and the tramp expressed his thanks and departed.

Shortly after Sanderson went out to the shed and was surprised to find every stick of wood intact. Upon inquiry in the village he ascertained that he had been entertaining a stranded ventriloquist, who was working his way back to New York from Easton, Penn. The mean chap had simply gone into the shed and given his imitation of sawing wood.—New York Times.

### Origin of Term "Sack."

In Shakespeare's plays the term "sack" applied to wine is common. "Sherris sack," a term used by Falstaff, is "seco de Xeres," a name still well known in Spain, from which the wine comes. The epithet seco, or dry—the "sack" of old English authors and the "sec" of French writers—is used in contradistinction to the sweet malvoisies and muscatels, which are made of the same grapes. Wine of this sort, it is said, was introduced into England about the time of Henry VII, whose close alliance with Ferdinand and Isabella was cemented by the marriage of his son with their daughter. It became still more popular in England under Queen Elizabeth, when Essex and those who sailed under him pillaged Cadiz in 1596 and brought home the fashion of drinking sherris sack.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AN INDEPENDENT, LIVE, LOCAL NEWSPAPER.

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**Manchester Enterprise**
By MAT D BLOSSER.

*Societies.*

MANCHESTER LODGE NO. 148, F. & A. M., meet at Masonic Hall Monday evening on or before full moon. Visiting brothers are invited. T. B. BAILEY, W. M. Ed. E. Root, Secretary.

MERIDIAN CHAPTER NO. 48, R. A. M., meet at Masonic Hall, Wednesday evening on or before each full moon. Companions cordially welcome. MAT D. BLOSSER, H. P. Ed. E. Root, Secretary.

ADONIRAM COUNCIL NO. 24, R. & S. M., assemble at Masonic Hall, Tuesday evening after each full moon. All visiting companions invited. J. H. KINGSLEY, T. I. M. Mat D. Blosser, Recorder.

MANCHESTER CHAPTER NO. 101, O. E. S., meet at Masonic Hall Friday evening on or before full moon. Visiting members are invited. MRS. SARAH HENDERSHOTT, W. M. MRS. SOPHIA GLOVER, Secretary.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN meet in their hall over Haeussler's store on second and fourth Tuesday evening of each month. GEO. FELDKAMP, M. W. Arthur Jacquemain, Recorder.

MANCHESTER TENT NO. 141, K. O. T. M., meet in Maccabee Hall, first and third Tuesday evening of month. Visiting Knights invited. FRED K. STEINKOHL, Com. W. J. Hoffer, Record Keeper.

MANCHESTER HIVE NO. 126, L. O. T. M., meet in Maccabee Hall second and fourth Tuesday evening of the month. Visiting ladies invited. MRS. FLOY NISLE, L. Com. Mrs. Johanna Schmid, L. Record Keeper.

COMSTOCK POST NO. 352, G. A. R., meet first and third Tuesday evening of each month, at hall over Hagaman's store. All Comrades invited. G. H. PUTMAN, Com. Geo. B. Sherwood, Adjutant.

COMSTOCK W. R. C., NO. 230, meet first and third Tuesday afternoon of month at hall over Hagaman's store. Visiting members invited. MRS. MARY N. RUSHTON Pres. Miss Nettie E. Taylor, Secretary.

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The man who invented fireworks knew his work would get noised about.

To the seasick passenger any landing is the land of promise and heart's desire.

Some men can stay at home with their wives and daughters and still be among the breakers.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### QUIPS AND QUIRKS.

Amounts to nothing—oooo.

The ties that bind—sureties.

The scarecrow is the crow we have to eat.

The hog for work seldom saves his bacon.

The man who beats about the bush often finds himself up a tree.

Can a stocking be said to be perfect when it's darned good? Knit!

# Michigan Happenings

### AN APPALLING WRECK.

**Durand the Scene—Twenty-Three Killed, Sixty Injured.**

One of the most appalling railroad accidents in the history of Michigan occurred in the Grand Trunk yards, Durand, at 3 o'clock Friday morning when one train of the Wallace Bros.' circus crashed into another one-half mile west of the Durand station. The dead so far number 22. Most of them are canvas men and unskilled employes of the circus, but three of the 22 are widely known in Michigan. These are Train Master McCarthy, Chief Detective Large and Wallace's train master, Thorpe. The cause of the collision was the air brake on the second train getting out of order and failing to work when the engineer saw the red light of the first train, which had come to a standstill. Nobody seems to be to blame. The first train was waiting for orders.

The scene in the yards was appalling. The wreckage of the engine and cars, which was strewn about, together with the shrieks of the injured victims, and the bellowing of the wild animals, made a most weird spectacle. It was some time before all the injured could be taken from the cars. Their wounds are of a fearful nature, in some cases. Chief Detective Large, Grand Trunk Trainmaster McCarthy and Wallace Bros.' Trainmaster Thorpe were asleep in the rear car of train No. 1 when train No. 2 struck it. McCarthy and Thorpe were killed instantly. Large lived an hour and a half. Quite a few of the others killed were also in this car. The shrieks of the injured, the roars and screeching of the terrified animals in the circus menagerie and the wreckage generally literally paralyzed the first people to reach the scene. They hardly knew which way to turn and actually half an hour elapsed before the first of the injured was pulled from the wreck. When the first gleam of daylight appeared the people began to regain their senses. Drays and express wagons were hustled out and soon there was a procession of these improvised ambulances carrying the dead and wounded—the dead to the morgue, the injured to the temporary hospital.

The death of John Thompson, of Peru, Ind., at Harper Hospital, Detroit, added another to the number killed by the terrible wreck at Durand, the total now being twenty-three. Engineer Probst, of the second section, who is virtually held responsible by the Grand Trunk officials for the accident, admits that the air brakes worked all right at Lansing, but is emphatic in stating that they did not work when he tried to turn them on just before the collision. Both his fireman and the brakeman, who were on the engine at the time, say the same thing. Mr. Wallace, the owner of the circus, places his loss at about $25,000, which does not include loss of prospective profits from dates which had to be canceled.

**His Arm Torn Off.**

Roy Jackson, the 15-year-old son of Beecher Jackson, of Three Rivers, had his left arm torn off Sunday afternoon by having his coat sleeve caught in the gearing at the Michigan Central pumping station, just west of the city yards. Jackson was oiling the machinery when the coat sleeve caught. He was whirled over and the arm torn off pretty close up to the shoulder and the bone pulled out of the socket at the shoulder. He will probably recover.

**Robbery at Gaines.**

Burglars on Saturday broke into Cooper's jewelry store in Gaines and carried off six dozen gold watches and some gold rings, the value of the plunder running from $600 to $800. Beside this, some $400 in merchandise was taken from the dry goods stock in the same store. A wagon must have been used to carry off the goods. An itinerant umbrella mender is suspected as one of the gang.

**Frightfully Mangled.**

Hazel Dreyder, a boy 13 years old, while assisting his father in a sawmill at Mt. Forest, three miles northwest of Montrose, fell against the circular saw while it was in motion. One arm was severed above the elbow, two fingers of the other hand taken off and the tip of the elbow of the arm sawed off. The lad was picked up by his father and carried to his residence, half a mile away, when a physician was summoned.

**Missing Man Located.**

Alex. Franz, the missing bridegroom whose disappearance from Olivet eight hours before he was to be wedded to Winifred Patten, made a sensation, has been located at Elkhart, Ind. He has written his relatives telling where he is. He claims, it is said, that tramps carried him off, took his money away, and are holding him in captivity. Hunter, who was suspected of kidnaping him, is in Johnstown, Pa.

**Tanner's Body Found.**

The body of Martin Tanner, who disappeared mysteriously last week from the Greyhound while en route from Detroit to Toledo, was discovered floating in Lake Erie about two miles off Raisin point Saturday. The body was identified by means of a letter found in the pocket addressed to Martin Tanner and was in a badly decomposed condition. No mark has been found indicating foul play.

Saginaw's carnival and street fair is said to have been a record-breaker so far as attendance goes.

One thousand head of cattle, 5,000 sheep and 400 angora goats are being shipped to a ranch in Roscommon county.

The Eighth Michigan Cavalry will hold its thirty-second regimental reunion at Lapeer on Wednesday, September 9.

The burning of Verne Bray and Wm. Houck's barns, with a loss of $3,000, is attributed to firebugs. Almost a dozen barns in the vicinity of Quincy have been burned within a few weeks.

**Aneut Andrews's Pardon.**

Gov. Bliss was asked Thursday for a statement regarding the rumor that he was about to pardon or parole Frank C. Andrews. His answer was given in a deliberate and positive manner, and it was of a nature to put a stop to the travels of the story that Andrews's release would be effected in a few days.

"I have been asked on all sides by friends to consider the matter of Andrews's release," said the governor, "but I told them that I would not consider it until the depositors in the wrecked City Savings bank, the people that suffered in the dealings of that time, and the men who have been trying to straighten out Andrews's affairs petitioned for his release upon the ground that they would be aided by his presence and judgment in the direction of affairs at this time.

"This is the only ground upon which I have been asked to consider his release.

"After such a petition had been signed, I said, I would agree to consider the matter of his release, but even then I would withhold my opinion. I have made no promises, and there is no truth in all the talk of his parole at this time."

While Gov. Bliss will not permit himself to be driven into making the announcement at the present time, his friends do not hesitate to give the assurance that he will not pardon Frank C. Andrews. It is not known that any of Mr. Andrews's friends have asked for a pardon, though they have sought a parole for him.

**The August Crop Report.**

The August crop report issued by the secretary of state says that the season has been fairly favorable for wheat this year. It was too cold and dry in some counties save in the spring, the report says, but the crop recovered largely later on.

The condition of corn improved somewhat during July. If the weather had been warmer in connection with the frequent showers the improvement would have been more marked.

The oat crop varies throughout the state similar to corn. In some localities it made a large growth while in other counties the condition has not been up to the average.

"The season so far has been better than the average for potatoes.

The condition of sugar beets at this time is very favorable. Apples are fair and the peach crop is light.

**Mrs. McKnight's Trial.**

The first case on the Kalkaska county Circuit Court's docket, August term, was that of Mrs. McKnight, who was arraigned Monday charged with the murder of her brother-in-law, John Murphy, and suspected of poisoning the wife and infant child of Murphy and several other persons variously estimated at from six to eleven. It will be remembered that at the hearing when she was committed for trial without bail, the prosecuting attorney testified to a confession made to him by the accused woman, which alleged confession the defense attempted to discredit, but with indifferent success. On application of her attorneys, who claimed that owing to the absence of important witnesses whom they were unable to reach, they were not prepared to try the case, it was continued to another term.

**Foolish Girls Run Away.**

Sorrow and anxiety have invaded the home of two well-known farmers in the vicinity of Northville within the last three days, all through the thoughtlessness of two silly boys and two sillier girls. The parents of Martha Lorenz, aged 17, of South Lyon, and of Emma Lorenz, aged 16, of Northville, have, since Sunday, been ransacking the city of Detroit with truant officers and detectives for the persons of their runaway daughters and the two 17 and 18-year-old farm hands, Albert Sessions and Charles Hamilton, with whom they left Northville Friday night. So the runaways, two childish-looking, fair-haired girls and two farmer boys, are still at large, though how long their little sum of money will hold out is a question.

**Stabbed To Death.**

Fighting with all his strength, his face pounded to a jelly and covered with blood, Charles Ismond, of Detroit, unable to overcome the furious onslaughts of the man who he believed had won the affections of his wife, pulled a pair of ordinary barber's scissors from his pocket and stabbed Arnold McLeod twice on the left side of the neck, killing him almost instantly. Ismond gave himself up. He found McLeod and his wife together on returning home Saturday night and becoming infuriated by jealousy committed the deed.

Dr. A. W. Adams has been appointed postmaster of Sault Ste. Marie to succeed Mrs. M. C. Pim, resigned. The latter had held the office 33 years.

Governor Bliss has appointed Charles L. Benjamin, of Saginaw, state oil inspector, dating his commission August 8, 1903. The governor said that there would be practically no changes among the deputies as only one, and that contemplated by the late Inspector William Judson, would be made.

Mrs. A. R. Johnson, of Whitewater, Mich., had an arm broken and was seriously bruised and cut in a wreck of an electric car at Anderson, Ind. Sitting in the seat next to her was Walter McCowan, of Alexandria, Ind., who was killed instantly. Nearly a score more passengers were bruised and cut.

The fiercest southwest gale of the season swept over Berrien county early yesterday morning. It is feared that the loss to fruit growers will reach thousands of dollars. Unconfirmed reports from various inland fruit points say that thousands of bushels of pears, peaches, plums and apples were shaken from trees.

**STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.**

The Iosco County Agricultural association has appropriated $200 for an exhibit of the county's product at the state fair.

Twelve-year-old Mary Harris, of Traverse City, admits that she crawled through Mrs. Edward Barber's window and stole $7.

Much sympathy is felt for Miss Jennie Mitchell, a popular school teacher, who is dying of cancer at the Branch county house.

Warner Wheeler, a very well known farmer living near Pulaski, fell down the cellar stairs Saturday, sustaining concussion of the brain. He is now dead.

Amiel Westfall, of Sawyer, who went insane and attacked his aged parents, was lodged in the county jail and sent thence to the home for the feeble-minded in Lapeer.

A raft of 5,000,000 feet of logs broke away from the tug Boscobel, about 18 miles off Sturgeon Point, Monday in a fierce gale. The Boscobel put into Alpena for assistance.

The arbitrators engaged on the appraisal of the Flint water works have valued the plant at $282,500. The purchase of the plant is to be submitted to the people on this basis.

Gibson C. Norris, a prominent and respected farmer of Berrien county, died of lockjaw, caused by a wound in one of his fingers inflicted by a toy pistol that a grandchild handed to him.

Governor Bliss denies any ambition to succeed Julius C. Burrows as United States senator. He claims his only desire now is to leave behind him a record as governor satisfactory to the people.

John Tripp died Saturday from injuries sustained at the farm of John Nelson, in Rush township, several days ago. A pulley fell from the frame of a hay fork, striking him on the head.

The Holt Lumber Co., of Oconto, Wis., is operating a summer logging camp in Ontonagon county. About seventy-five men are employed and twelve carloads of logs are being shipped daily.

Charles Conroy, a lineman working for the Michigan Telephone Co., fell from a pole in Fenton, Saturday, a distance of 35 feet and broke both arms below the elbow. His home is in Port Huron.

Some prominent citizens here are moving to secure a pardon for Albert E. Cummins, former register of deeds of Hillsdale county, now serving a five-year sentence at Jackson for obtaining money under false pretenses.

Five Italians were drowned Sunday at Vulcan, two miles from Norway. The accident was caused by the capsizing of the boat containing the men 100 yards from shore. All were single men except one, who had a wife in Italy.

Three of the five Niles trustees present at a recent meeting ordered cement crosswalks. Now the council cannot hold a meeting because the two who formed the minority are angry and won't attend, and the sixth trustee is insane.

A colony of hoboes estimated at 1,500 have infested the lake shore, in St. Joseph county, from Watervliet on the north to New Buffalo on the south, for the past three months. They live in camps and enjoy a life of their own ideal.

Farmers round about Quincy are not as hopeful for a large crop of corn as they were. On closer investigation it is found that the recent hail storms broke off wagon loads of ears, which is almost a total loss, as the corn was not matured.

J. S. Stevens, 21 years old, cashier of the Swift Beef Co.'s local branch in Ishpeming has confessed to embezzling $2,000, stealing regularly each week by changing bills he collected from local meat firms to their account in the beef company.

Mrs. M. Colby, residing at Shaftsburg, was struck by lightning and instantly killed Monday. She was in the act of taking clothes from a steel wire clothes line when the accident occurred. She was 42 years old, and leaves three children.

Three Indians, Jack Robinson, Jack Green and Mike Cone, filled up on fire water in Hart and then got into a three-cornered fight. When they were disentangled Robinson had a bad knife stab between the ribs, and may die. The other two are in jail.

Wm. Green, an Owosso painter, has withdrawn his application in Co. H, Third Infantry, M. N. G. He says the members of the painters' union have told him that if he becomes a soldier he will have to quit the union, and that that would mean loss of work.

Charles Hall and his wife, Lulu LaTisco, acrobats, and Diavolo, who "looped the loop" with the Wallace circus, left the show at Bay City and came to Flint. They say that the price of the attraction has been cut in half and their salaries likewise sliced.

A colored man, who gave the name of Boston, had no trouble in getting credit and money by "flashing" what seemed to be a $15,000 New York draft and by pretending that he wanted to buy a big farm from Roscoe Frary, of Nottawa. He jumped his board bill after borrowing $35 from Landlord Cary, of Nottawa.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles was given a spontaneous ovation at Cumberland, Md., en route from Washington to San Francisco. Thousands of people turned out with the Union Veteran league and members of the G. A. R. to cheer him and shake his hand.

The only survivor of the America's crew which lifted the now famous cup in English water, Capt. Henry C. Hoffman, who was a boy aboard the boat on the historic occasion, was badly hurt in a runaway in Brooklyn, his carriage being overturned trying to dodge an automobile.

A gift of 28 cents from a Maine woman, a widow, who said it was all she had, was the beginning of the collections for foreign missions taken up at Old Orchard, Me., by Rev. A. B. Simpson, of New York, in the Christian Alliance camp meeting. About $42,000 was raised in the three principal meetings of the day.

# ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM MANY STATES

Important News Gathered from Abroad for the Benefit of Our Readers.

**The Pope's Strenuous Work.**

Pope Pius X. had a fainting fit Tuesday morning while celebrating mass. His holiness soon revived. The pope has been overexerting himself to such an extent that his naturally strong constitution was unable to bear the strain put upon it by the coronation ceremonies. Such has been the effect upon his nerves that he has been unable to sleep for whole nights, while numerous receptions made matters worse. Monday night his holiness was very much agitated, but insisted upon admitting next morning to hear his mass all Venetians who had journeyed to Rome purposely to attend the coronation. They numbered about 300 when the mass began in the Pauline chapel and the air was vitiated, with the temperature above 90 degrees. His collapse is considered to be due to heart weakness aggravated by fatigue. It constitutes the first victory of his enterage, which has insisted that he should make the change from his previous life less strenuously.

**One Hundred Perished.**

Eighty-four bodies have been recovered and the death list probably will exceed 100 in the underground disaster which occurred on the Metropolitan electric railway in Paris Monday night. Although the accident occurred at 8 o'clock Monday evening the officials and firemen were unable, until early Tuesday morning to descend into the tunnel owing to the blinding clouds of smoke from the burning train. Frequent attempts to enter the tunnel were made by heroic volunteers, whom it was necessary to rescue, half suffocated, and carry away to the hospitals. The scenes at the mouth of the tunnel where the victims were brought forth were heart-rending, crowds of weeping men, women and children struggling in an effort to recognize their missing relatives and friends. Most of the victims are from the middle and working classes, as the trains were carrying them home from their work.

**Worth Bustling For.**

Mrs. August Vanclerke, of Shawnee, Kas., reported to the depot authorities in St. Paul that she had lost a bustle containing $7,800, while en route to St. Paul on a Rock Island train. Mrs. Vanclerke, who is well advanced in years, stated that she feared to leave her money in a bank, and thought it would be safe if she sewed it in her bustle. This she did, and then started on a journey to Pierz, Minn., to visit her son-in-law.

When within 30 miles of St. Paul, Mrs. Vanclerke says she left her berth to finish dressing. Shortly afterward she missed the valuable piece of personal apparel, and believes that it fell from the train. A searching party has been sent out.

**Dead Bandits Come High.**

Deputy Marshals Bennett, Willetts and a posse arrived in Guthrie, Okla., from Pawhuska, Osage Nation, with the bodies of two members of the Martin gang of outlaws killed in the fight on Saturday. The dead men have been identified as Will and Sam Martin. Rewards aggregating $12,000 had been offered for the men, dead or alive. Deputy Marshal Haines, who was wounded in the fight, is in a critical condition.

The fight occurred eight miles south of Pawhuska, where the outlaws were located, fortified behind a knoll in a deep ravine. As the officers neared their camp the outlaws opened fire, which was answered, and a steady exchange followed. Will Martin was shot in the mouth and died instantly. Sam Martin was shot in the right side and fell dead while running away. Clarence Simmons escaped. The officers recovered about 1,000 rounds of ammunition and several rifles.

Two months ago the outlaws held up and robbed nearly 100 travelers on a lonely road. They also are charged with killing a citizen in the robbery of the railway station at Hennessy, Okla., with killing City Marshal Cross, of Geary, and with robbing the postoffice at Hepeton.

**A Texas Sensation.**

There was quite a stir in social and political circles of Texas when it was learned that former Gov. F. R. Lubbock was to be married Wednesday. His bride is Miss Lue Scott, of Abilene, Tex. This will be the third time Lubbock has married. His last wife died one year ago this month. Lubbock is in his 90th year, hale and hearty, and the bride is said to be quite young. He is quite wealthy. He was the confederate governor of Texas; was captured with Jefferson Davis and John H. Reagan at the close of the war between the states; served in the state legislature following reconstruction days, and was for 20 years, consecutively, state treasurer.

**CONDENSED NEWS.**

It is reported that 700 persons were drowned in the disastrous floods which occurred at Che Foo, China, July 27.

The circuit court in Delaware, O., has declared the criminal clause of the Valentine anti-trust law to be unconstitutional.

The cotton mills of Fall River, Mass., which are shut down, throwing idle 7,500 operatives and 75,000 spindles, will probably be closed for six weeks.

A blazing meteor fell in the back yard of Mrs. Sarah Sibley, in Chickasaw, I. T., during a thunderstorm. The woman was stunned by the terrific explosion.

## BELIEVES SHE IS A GENIUS

MISS LYDIA M. JOHNSTON

Miss Lydia M. Johnston, daughter of the late Prof. W. H. Johnston of Trinidad, Colo., is giving New York an exhibition of western pluck. She arrived in New York six months ago with her aged mother and $600 in money. She has a voice with a range of four octaves, and has been studying under New York vocal teachers since her arrival there, earning the means by making and selling photographs. She is 17 and pretty.

New York reporters have found in her a wonderful combination of modesty and assurance. She declares emphatically that she has genius, but admits it is undeveloped.

"There is no doubt about my being just the greatest genius," said Miss Johnston. "We might as well get that point settled at the start. I didn't know I was destined to be a great personage until one day way out in the west. I woke up and discovered that I had a voice with a range of four octaves. This was really discovered for me. Then something bubbled right up in me and told me to come to New York and make the world better for my having lived."

During an electrical storm a number of Italians took refuge in a building on Kelly street, Pittsburg, and two men were killed by lightning. Three others were injured, but will recover.

Parents' objections to a stage career caused Mabel Main, aged 24, a student at a nurses' training school in New York, to commit suicide. She was the daughter of a wealthy Jamaica banker.

Tom Horn and Jim McCloud, murderers, broke jail in Cheyenne, Wyo., Sunday morning, but were recaptured within 300 feet of the prison. They wounded Jailor Proctor in a fight before their dash for liberty.

Striking drivers in New York engaged the police in a pitched battle last night when the officers tried to rescue a non-union driver from the mob. A number of men were injured.

A woman vagrant, arrested as a professional beggar in New York, was found to have 1,400 pennies, weighing 15 pounds, on her person, besides books showing bank deposits of $1,600.

Instructions have been forwarded to the managers of the cotton mills of the China, Webster and Pembroke manufacturing companies at Suncook, N. H., to shut down the three corporations until August 24.

**The Playing of War.**

The naval search problem, which began when Rear Admiral Barker took up the plan of defending the Maine coast from a "hostile" fleet which put to sea under Rear Admiral Sands, ended Saturday morning when the Olympia, the flagship of the defending fleet, discovered and intercepted the "white squadron" of the enemy, headed full speed for Winter Harbor. The hostile vessels were running in close order formation and had not the fog lifted at a favorable moment it is thought the enemy would have eluded those on guard.

In this search problem the value of the wireless telegraph in the navy has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of the naval officers. Under ordinary conditions it would have been several hours before the Olympia could have communicated her discovery of the enemy to any other ships of the squadron even though she could have made a run for it, which the rules prohibited. But by aid of wireless service not only was she able to inform the admiral of the approach of the enemy, but Admiral Barker's flagship, the Kearsarge, transmitted the message sent by the Olympia from ship to ship along the whole length of the coast from Mount Desert Rock to Cape Ann, so that in a short time all defending squadron was informed of the fact that the enemy was in sight and reinforcements to Admiral Barker were coming from miles along the coast.

**To Recover American Dollars.**

English society, especially that element in it which has married in America, is profoundly stirred by the announcement that Baroness Halkett, who was Miss Sarah Phelps Stokes, daughter of Anson Phelps Stokes, the New York multi-millionaire, who recently secured a divorce from her husband on the ground of extreme cruelty, intends to sue for the setting aside of the millions settled upon Baron Halkett at the time of the marriage. The best English lawyers say the Baroness will win her suit. The success of Baroness Halkett would mean the beginning of similar suits not only in England, but in France, Germany, Italy, Austria and Russia, which, in turn, if successful, will necessitate the turning to card sharping, promoting and other genteel methods of making a living open to indigent noblemen.

**Remarkable Atmosphere.**

One of the most remarkable atmospheric disturbances is reported from Oacoma, S. D. Following the hottest day ever experienced there came an atmospheric condition, lasting only a few minutes, but fatal to live stock and greatly distressing human beings.

During the day nearly every kitten in the vicinity of Oacoma died, apparently from the effects of some gaseous matter in the air. A bunch of 18 head of cattle in one drove was seen coming down from the flats, when eight of them fell to the ground. A farmer living nearby ran out to them and found six of the eight already dead. The other two jumped up and ran frantically away.

John Marris, a stockman living on White river, reports the loss of six cattle the same day.

The world's fair suffered considerable damage by storm at St. Louis, several buildings being partially wrecked.

Detroit is one of the centers proposed by Miss Clara Barton in her chain of cities in which to establish Red Cross bureaus.

**LIVE STOCK.**

Detroit.—Cattle—Choice steers, $4 50@5 00; good to choice butcher steers, 1,000 to 1,200 pounds, $4 00@4 75; light to good butcher steers and heifers, 700 to 900 pounds, $3 25@3 85; mixed butchers' fat cows, $2 75@3 50; canners, $1 50; common bulls, $2 50@3 00; good shippers' bulls, $3 00@3 50; common feeders, $3 00@3 50; good well-bred feeders, $3 25@3 75; light stockers, $2 75@3 25; milch cows and springers steady, $25@45.

Hogs—Light to good butchers, $5 55@5 60; pigs, $5 65@5 75; light yorkers, $5 55@5 65; roughs, $4 00@5 00; stags, one-third off.

Sheep—Best lambs, $5 00@5 25; fair to good lambs, $4 25@5 00; light to common lambs, $3 25@4 00; yearlings, $3 50; fair to good butcher sheep, $2 75@3 25; culls and common, $1 25@2 25.

Chicago.—Cattle—Good to prime steers, $5 10@5 50; poor to medium, $3 50@4 90; stockers and feeders, $2 50@4 30; cows, $1 50@4 50; heifers, $2@4 75; canners, $1 50@2 75; bulls, $2 25@4 60; calves, $2 50@7 00; Texas fed steers, $3 50@4 75; western steers, [illegible].

Hogs—Mixed and butchers, $4 95@5 65; good to choice heavy, $5 30@5 50; rough heavy, $4 65@5 20; light, $5 75@5 70; bulk of sales, $5 15@5 40.

Sheep—Good to choice wethers, $3 40@3 85; fair to choice mixed, $2 50@3 40; native lambs, $5 00@5 65.

East Buffalo.—Cattle—Fresh arrivals light, few holdovers, prices steady. Calves—Strong, best, $7@7 25; fair to good, $6@6 50.

Hogs—Heavy, $5 80@5 85; mediums, $5 85@5 90; roughs, $4 80@5; stags, $4@4 25.

Sheep—Best lambs, $5@5 75; fair to good, $5@5 25; culls to common, $4 50@5; mixed sheep, $3 75@4; fair to good, $3 50@4; culls, bucks, $2 75@3; wethers, $4@4 25; ewes, $3 25@3 50; yearlings, $4 25@4 50.

**Grain.**

Detroit.—Wheat—No. 2 red, September, 5,000 bu at 81¼c, 5,000 bu at 81¾c, 10,000 bu at 81c, 5,000 bu at 81¼c, 10,000 bu at 81½c, 15,000 bu at 81¾c; spot, 1 car at 80½c; No. 1 white, 1 car at 80½c; December, 5,000 bu at 82c, 5,000 bu at 82¼c, 10,000 bu at 82¼c; sample, 1 car at 78c, 1 car at 74c, 1 car white at 75c.

Corn—No. 3 yellow, 20 cars, 55c.

Oats—No. 3 white, 5 cars at 36½c; August, 13,000 bu at 35½c.

Rye—No. 2, 1 car at 52½c.

Chicago.—Wheat—No. 2 spring, 81@82c; No. 3, 76@80c. No. 3 red, 78@79½c.

Corn—No. 2, 52¼@52½c; No. 2 yellow, 55c.

Oats—No. 2, 33¾c; No. 3 white, 35½@36¼c; No. 3 white, 34½@36c.

Rye—No. 2, 51c.

Edgar H. Frantz, a well known young drug clerk of Lancaster, Pa., murdered his 19-year-old bride of four months, from jealousy, and then took morphine. He will die.

William Hamilton White, the Asotin, Wash., farmer who confessed to assaulting and murdering 12-year-old Mabel Richards, was taken from the jail by a mob and lynched.

Beheading her children, daughters, aged 2 and 5 years, is the crime for which Rizzie Aiken, a negro woman is lodged in jail in Columbia, S. C. The woman says she was divinely inspired in her deed.

Manchester Enterprise

By MAT D. BLOSSER.

THURSDAY, AUG. 13, 1903.

King Edward sees now that he might have done it sooner.

Russia and Japan both are talking peace and accumulating cartridges.

Maybe the prophets received with stones in their own country were weather prophets.

Japan is crazy to have a war with Russia. That sentence is good, however you understand it.

A woman can despise a man for his weakness, and yet love him for the suffering they bring him.

"Danny" Maher rode many a wild race in safety. But what is a horse compared with a bucking auto?

The Reliance is to be overhauled at Bristol. We hope she will not be overhauled later by the Shamrock.

It is said that the czar's favorite dish is codfish fried in oil. Somebody ought to introduce him to baked beans.

So far Russia has not thought it necessary to call on any of the big powers to prevent Japan from licking it.

People who have wondered what the rest cure was for received a flood of light in the discovery of the "laziness disease."

Most people have a distinct advantage over James R. Keene. Very few of us could be annoyed at the loss of $1,500,000.

When the coal barons see a chance to join hands in boosting prices the germ of the "laziness disease" is not in evidence.

An Ohio artist is about to establish his home in the branches of a tall oak. Possibly he is expecting a visit from Santos-Dumont.

Connecticut will have only a fraction of a peach crop this year, and the tobacco crop is spindling. How about the wooden nutmeg crop?

Wall streets brokers are said to be planning an elephant hunt, which, while more exciting, is less profitable than the pursuit of the lamb.

When the Chicago Record-Herald says, "Our total exports of gold since Jan. 1 have amounted to $32,475,720," we presume it is not using the editorial "we."

Bargains in baseball draw the men just as bargains in shirt waists and things draw the women. And the baseball bargains draw a good many women, too.

Thirty million dollars' worth of diamonds were brought into this country last year. Only a few old-fashioned people out in the country now wear paste gems.

The reconciliation in the Vanderbilt family probably means as much in the future to Cornelius Vanderbilt third and his little sister Grace as it does to anybody else.

Siam wants to borrow $5,000,000. Why doesn't the King of Siam show some enterprise and get one of his twenty or thirty sons to marry an American heiress?

The actress who kissed Sir Thomas three times before he could break away will no doubt be gratified to learn that nearly every paper in the country mentioned it.

A Kentucky cow swallowed two sticks of dynamite, and when she took a playful run on the hillside there was not enough of that cow left to make a barbecue for mosquitoes.

Perhaps the seals that deserted their old haunts off Alaska and went in search of new quarters are not consumed with a desire to be made into sealskin sacks just at present.

It is denied now that the "Old Curiosity Shop" in London has been sold to an American with the idea of transplantation to the United States. If this is so, some American has saved money.

Englishmen, it is rumored, are willing to float that $[illegible] loan for Cuba if America does not want it, but doubtless Mr. Morgan will take a few minutes off at lunch some day and attend to it.

The plan for a railroad to Russia through Alaska, with a tunnel under Bering straits, will have the warm approval of people who do not go to Europe now because they are afraid of being seasick.

The Duchess of Abercorn has over 250 living descendants, including so many great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren that she cannot remember the names of half of them. She scouts at the idea of r--e sa---de.

A model tenement house to be erected in New York will have three sets of fire escapes, located on the front, rear and in an alcove adjoining the light court, so that the tenants will have plenty of room to store their surplus furniture.

Prof. Thomas claims that the mosquito can be killed by invading his territory with certain musical sounds. It is inferred from this that Prof. Thomas plays the slide trombone.

Who can blame Jim Keene for looking discouraged after a loss of $1,500,000? How would you feel if you should lose even half as much as that?

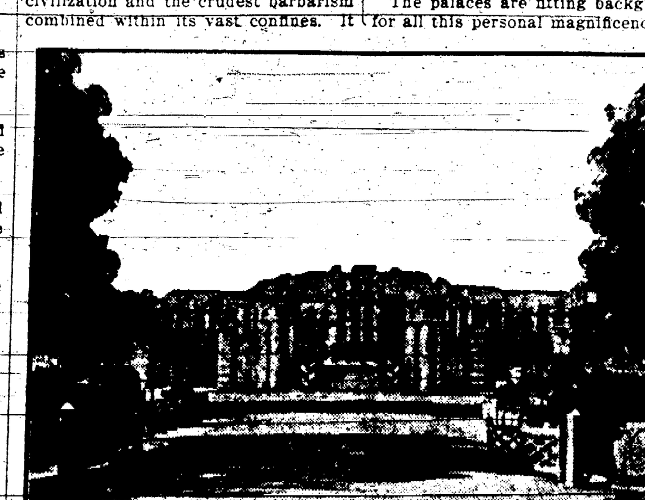
We believe with all due modesty that Alabama deserves the credit of being the first in the field with a petrified sea serpent.—Birmingham News.

# SPLENDOR IN RUSSIA.

## Subjects of the Czar Lead the World in Magnificent Display and Barbaric Extravagance—Priceless Jewels at Court Functions.

(Special Correspondence.)

The eyes of the whole world are upon Russia just now, and the magnificence of its people is the wonder of the century. The last of the great European countries to become civilized, it has forged ahead with mighty strides, and to-day shows the highest civilization and the crudest barbarism combined within its vast confines. It is of its higher classes that one speaks when one uses the word magnificent, for there are portions of the Russian empire in which the inhabitants are complete barbarians.



Entrance to Palace

These splendid high-class Russians can teach the world all there is to know of luxury, for in the comparatively few decades since they became as other European nations they have learned to love the splendor of fine things, and no people on earth are so extravagant, so lavish, so imperially magnificent as these subjects of the Great White Czar. Their palaces are the most superb in the world, their jewels the most costly, their dress the most lavish and ornate. Yet, even now, you scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar, and even this untamable Russian nature is magnificent.

The czar is master of twelve vast palaces which are his homes, and it is almost impossible to give an adequate idea of the treasures of this ruler of a splendid people, one tithe of which are as splendid and numerous as all other royal treasures of Europe put together, and the coronation crowns of the czar and his consort make all other coronets seem mean and tawdry in comparison. That of the czar is surmounted by a cross formed of six matchless diamonds, and this stands on a single great ruby. Arches of perfect pearls support the central part of the crown, and about the band for the brow are twenty-eight huge diamonds. The crown of the czarina is one solid mass of diamonds, hundreds of them of the purest sort.

A court function in Russia surpasses in pomp and grandeur anything else of the sort in the world, and the barbaric splendor of the interiors where these same festivities are held is more like something from the "Arabian Nights" than what the twentieth century has to offer. No western imagination can picture the splendor of the jewels, the colossal superfluity of display, which the wealth of generations of nobles in Europe, the servility of numberless sultans, Asiatic kings and potentates have heaped at the feet of the czar of Russia.

At court functions the empress is weighed down with jewels that fairly dazzle one, ropes of diamonds as large as marbles, necklaces and stomachers of emeralds and pearls like pigeon's eggs in size.

And the ladies of the court are equally loaded; heads and throats and shoulders fairly aching with the heavy, splendid gems. A group of these bedecked court ladies is something to remember always, and no fairy tale ever told of such splendor.

And it is not only in their jewels that these magnificent Russian ladies astound the world, but in their dress as well. Their court gowns are of cloth of gold or silver, rare handwoven velvets and priceless brocades interwoven with threads of pure gold. These are encrusted with hand embroideries in gold and precious stones. No such gowns are worn anywhere in the world but in Russia.

These rich court robes are all made in Russia, even the silk and velvet being woven there, but all the rest of the wardrobes of these magnificent ladies are obtained in Paris, and even the reckless orders of American heiresses pale into insignificance beside those of these splendid orientals, who so love display and striking effects.

The palaces are fitting backgrounds for all this personal magnificence, and those who have been permitted to see the splendor of these interiors have been awed by the wonder of their richness and barbaric splendor.

The Winter Palace at St. Petersburg is a huge red pile, 500 feet square. One side faces an immense square, across which is a semicircular mass of ministerial buildings culminating in the center in a tall arch, surmounted by a bronze chariot and four plunging horses of Victory.

Within this palace even the functionaries are laden with gold lace and draped with gold cords, with their splendid uniforms bearing conspicuously the imperial two-headed black eagle. The floors are of costly polished woods, and there are columns and columns of polished marble.

In the state departments the decoration is dazzlingly beautiful. The ballroom at night rivals any "Arabian Nigths" dream ever dreamt. There are two gigantic candelabra of massive Russian crystals, nearly ten feet high, standing on the floor on each side of the huge supper room doors. Rows of orange trees stretch down the banquet hall, and under these the tables are set, and there are hundreds of birds in golden cages suspended from the ceiling, and two marble fountains set in the wall spray their perfumed waters continuously from a succession of shells.

Near the private apartments of the beautiful young empress is a deserted suite of rooms over which hangs an air of mystery and awe. These are the rooms of the assassinated Alexander II. Into them he was borne from the fatal canal bridge, near the Nevski Prospect, with his body below the waist shattered, and here, within an hour, he expired.

In these rooms everything is to-day exactly as the murdered czar left it. The study is lined with tall, black bookcases, crowned with carved heads of Roman emperors, and in the bedroom, which the czar used as a second study, is the old worn leather chair in which he loved to sit and read his books on history, theology and jurisprudence.

The old summer palace of Catherine II. is a huge white building of very attractive appearance. It is a royal abode greatly liked by the czarina, and there she goes for picnics.

Her private apartments there are lofty, splendid rooms, paneled from floor to ceiling with a marvelously beautiful inlaying of purest amber of priceless value, and so beautifully carved that one is awed by the exquisite wonder of it.

Drawing Room of Empress.

The marvelous, mellow effect of this rare translucent setting, sweeping into carved cupids and nymphs and roses, gives one the idea of what fairyland might be. And there are tall vases and daintily carved cabinets also of golden amber standing about everywhere, catching the light softly and looking like condensed sunshine.

An adjoining room is elaborate in an entirely different way, the walls being inlaid with bits of mother-of-pearl, forming exquisite flowers and fruit. The rich floor is of polished ebony covered with delicate traceries in mother-of-pearl, a fitting thing for imperial footsteps.

### WHY IT DIDN'T WORK.

**Bullheadedness of Millionaire Backer Spoiled Good Thing.**

"When I was young," remarked the seedy man, "I was an inventor. And one day when I had the disease badly I invented a machine which I called 'Mother, dear,' because it would call you early. It was a clockwork arrangement which was meant to stand by your bedside, and at whatever time in the morning it was fixed for it would drag you out of bed and force you into your clothes. There were a lot of other things attached to it as well, such as a machine which would black your boots and an arrangement for making a cup of coffee and frying bacon, and so on. Well, I got it all completed at last, and it worked beautifully; and then I got a millionaire to come and look at it, so that he might find the capital to put it on the market."

"Well," said the listener, breaking in upon the silence; "didn't it work?"

"Yes," replied the inventor sadly; "it worked very well. But that idiot of a millionaire insisted on trying it himself; and he laid down on the bed the wrong way for the machine, so that it dragged him out the wrong way up, and the boot-brushing apparatus got to work on the top of his head, while the other end poured hot coffee down the leg of his trousers, and when he finally got free, he broke up my humble little home with the patent. That discouraged me, and I haven't invented anything since. Ah-h!"

### WHEN COWS ARE BRAVE.

**Animals Seem to Have No Fear of the Flames.**

Most animals are afraid of fire, and will fly from it in terror. To others there is a fascination about a flame. Some firemen were talking the other day about the conduct of animals during a fire. A horse in a burning stable, they agreed, was wild with fear, but a dog was as cool in a fire as at any other time. A dog, they said, keeps his nose down to the floor, where the air is purest, and sets himself calmly to finding his way out. Cats in fires howl piteously. They hide their faces from the light and crouch in corners. When their rescuer lifts them they are, as a rule, quite docile and subdued, never biting or scratching. Birds seem to be hypnotized by fire and keep perfectly still; even the loquacious parrot in a fire has nothing to say. Cows, like dogs, do not show alarm. They are easy to lead forth, and often find their way out themselves. Rodents seem never to have any difficulty in escaping from fires. The men said that in all their experience they had never come upon the burned skeleton of a rat or a mouse.

**Varying Whims of Fashion.**

The Princess Chinquilla, daughter of the late Lone Star, Chief of the Cheyennes, attended a reception not long ago attired in the native costume of her rank. The Princess is a Carlisle graduate, and an unusually bright and interesting woman, quick to think and to speak. Her costume was rather conspicuous, and presently it became the subject of conversation among a little party about her.

"Do you wear it on the streets of New York, Princess?" inquired a man.

"Not now," she replied. "I did when I first came to the East, but the people laughed at me so I changed it to your native style. I laughed, too, at the hats your women wore, and I thought how delighted our wild chiefs would be if they could have headdresses like those."—New York Times.

**She Wanted to Know.**

Among the fads of the Hon. Benjamin F. Tracy at his fine farm in Tioga county was the breeding of pigs which had something more than a local reputation as pork producers, so that fancy prices were paid for hams and bacon from "the Tracy hogs." One day a party of young people were shown around the place, a fair bud being the ex-secretary's companion. She seemed intensely interested in the animals, so much so that Mr. Tracy asked her about it.

"Well, I'm very curious you know, and I'm eager to find out which one of the famous Tracy hogs it is that furnishes the boneless bacon!"—New York Times.

**To the Evening Star.**

Star that bringest home the bee,
[illegible]
If any star shed peace 'tis thou
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as [illegible] we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odors rise,
Whilst far off lowing herds are heard
And songs when toil is done
From cottages whose smoke unstirred
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse;
Their remembrancer in heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.
—Thomas Campbell

**An Especially Fast Horse.**

Harris Cohen, the Baxter street clothier, whose recent death revealed the fact that the money he had made in business had all been lost in horse racing, was anything but an Irishman, yet frequently he made bulls.

One of his bulls concerned a horse he had just bought. A man said this horse was a poor one—said it could not compare with a certain animal of his own.

"Rubbish!" Cohen retorted. "Rubbish! Why that horse of mine can stand still faster than yours can gallop."—New York Tribune.

**Discouraged Genius.**

"So you have decided to give up journalism?"

"I have," answered the fair-haired, blue-eyed youth. "I have done my best, but—"

"Is the work too hard?"

"Too hard? No, it's too easy. After I had gotten up some splendid article explaining the precise intentions of Russia in Manchuria and the prospects of free trade in England or the coll[illegible] of American wealth [illegible] a fuss because [illegible] about a [illegible] town."

# OLD NEW ENGLAND.

## Newcastle, To-day a Small Fishing Community, Has in the Past Played an Important Part in the Life of This Great Nation.

(Special Correspondence.)

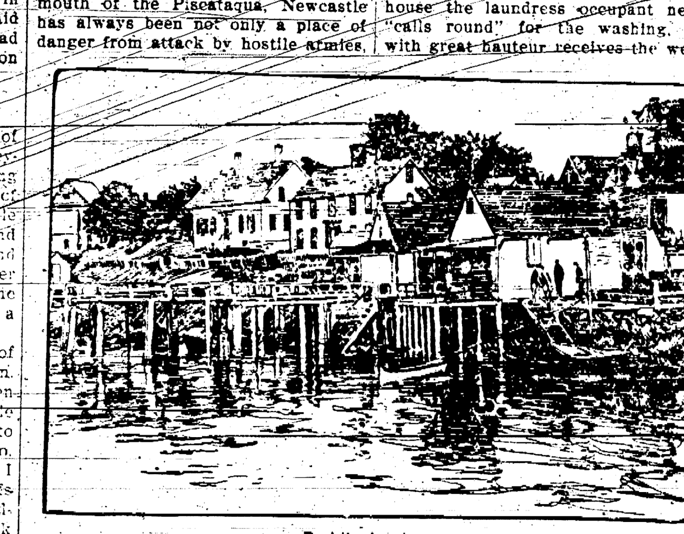
If you say to some people that Newcastle, N. H., is a place of historic association, that once played an important part in the life of the nation, they laugh at you because the place is so small. That compact little fishing community is ludicrously diminutive with our present standard of national expansion, but, doubtless, the very quaintness and charm which constantly attract visitors from the big rushing world is a survival of the past, or better still, we like to think the little town has yet the simple and wholesome life which made it once a stronghold of free government.

As a military outpost the tiny town of Newcastle has always played a part in both colonial and national interests. Doubtless that is the source of its name, for not only is the island girt about with a rockbound shore and buttressed into the sea as if built by nature as a fortress, but it has nearly always been surmounted by a walled fortification of some kind, which is a part of its picturesque features.

There was early built "an earthwork with certain great guns," but a regular fortification was erected there as early as 1688. There was a great stir in Newcastle when, in December, 1774, the King's colors were hauled down from this fort, and it is said that the ammunition which supplied the continentals at Bunker Hill was stored here.

The site has been alternately fortified and neglected from the earliest times up to the recent Spanish war, when the fear of an attack from the Spanish fleet frightened all the seacoast. At that time the ruins of Fort Constitution were again rehabilitated and the soldiers stationed there made things lively for the quaint old town. But only the season prior every one had looked upon the place just as a melancholy ruin, and old residents would tell the story of its ancient building in the time of William and Mary. The names of those sovereigns were then associated with it, but the vicissitudes of its history have each given it a different title. During the revolution it was called Hancock, and when rebuilt in 1808 the name was again changed to Constitution.

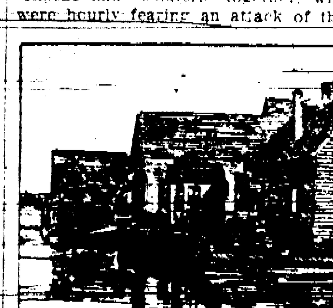
From its exposed situation at the mouth of the Piscataqua, Newcastle has always been not only a place of danger from attack by hostile armies, but to mariners at every season its shoals are to be dreaded. Sailing parties know how easily the squalls come upon this vicinity, and dread the approach. And yet for years the islands had no lighthouse. At last the Fort Point lighthouse was installed, an inner light for Portsmouth harbor.



Puddle Luck.

It was during the administration of Gov. John Wentworth that the first one was built, in 1771. Before that a lantern hung from the flagstaff of the fort was the only beacon for sailors. When the governor, in his most eloquent phrases, appealed to the assembly, there was talk of "squandering the people's money," but the governor built the lighthouse and the assembly afterward paid for it. The wooden Colossus at that time was 90 feet in height, so that it became confused with the Whalesback, so it was shortened 60 feet and later, in 1879, displaced by the present iron tower.

Martello tower, west of the fort and lighthouse, is the most picturesque object in Newcastle. Built on a ridge of high ledge, it is a favorite object for artists to paint. It is said to have been constructed in a single night by citizens and soldiers together, who were hourly fearing an attack of the British, but romantic persons are apt to weave legends about so fine an old ruin.



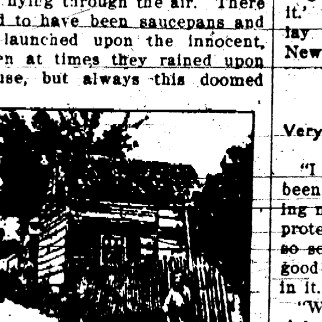
Edge of Fishing Village.

Hardly less antique in its historic associations than the fortress itself is the old Jaffrey house, which, though somewhat remodeled, has yet in its structure great timbers like a ship, so it may stand the wear and tear of two or three more centuries.

It was built previous to 1680, though just when is not known, and in its picturesque location it has always been a center of romantic interest. It is a favorite resort of lovers, many of whom have been married there, and it has been much visited by noted people. Longfellow is said to have here mused on the ballad of Lady Wentworth. The big parlor was for a time used as a meeting place of the provincial assembly, and the militia was drilled there during 1812.

A single Lombardy poplar tree is a famous landmark in Newcastle, since it indicates all that remains of the Walton house of witchcraft days. The delusions of Salem did not propagate extensively in this wind-blown town, but there was one well-defined circumstance of a "missile-throwing devil" which stirred deeply for a time certain pious souls.

One deacon had to wear his head bandaged in consequence of a scurrying trillet which this uncanny spirit had set flying through the air. There are said to have been saucepans and pokers launched upon the innocent, and even at times they rained upon the house, but always this doomed house of Walton was the scene of havoc.



Turn of Crooked Lane.

Prayer meetings were held regularly in consequence, that evil might be averted, but long ere these sessions had been given over the missiles had ceased to fly, and apparently this particular devil had moved along. Now even the Walton house exists no more and only this solemn tree is standing in a negative way, with half its branches naked of leaves, a sorry survival of the flourishing group which shaded a once proud doorstep.

The oldest house in town is standing as the melancholy background of a lusty cabbage patch. Such patches have of late acquired much dignity, and because of the literary as well as the historic distinction of the old house the laundress occupant never "calls round" for the washing, but with great hauteur receives the weekly burdens from the boarders down the lane, and thus it is the oldest house becomes the motive of a pilgrimage.

The brave historians of Newcastle ascribe to the life of this tiny hamlet three distinct periods, two of which are included as the rise and fall, indicated by its historical association, and the third period of present prosperity comes to it as one of the thriving summer resorts of the New England coast. It is a quaint souvenir of the former dignities of the island that the lordly hostelry which has grown up here since colonial times should bear the name of the colonial governor whom Longfellow has happily immortalized in Lady Wentworth.

The favorite diversions of a summer's day for visitors at Newcastle are sailing and deep sea fishing, and there is a great fascination in following this pastime of the ancient residents. Like the other seafaring communities at Salem and Marblehead, Newcastle still adheres to its maritime interests, but where once this life took these men quite round the world, it leads them nowadays only to the distant northeast haunts of cod and mackerel, so that their lives have become yet more remote and solitary.

Most of these towns have in consequence degenerated, but not so Newcastle. The very isolation of this island home, with its spirit of political independence and sturdy resourcefulness, appears to have kept their lives pure and wholesome. They are still a primitive people, but the historic associations they can boast are not darkened by a single crime.

**Indian relics.**

Two Indian spearheads recently found on a farm in West Bridgewater, Mass., further indicate that there are many Indian relics in the same soil. Charles H. Fuller, who has a farm in West Bridgewater, picked up a unique spearhead recently. Six weeks ago, in the same soil, he found the first. The first head was of hard flinty rock, some ten inches long, and is one of a kind that is familiar. The second is a green stone with a vein in it such as runs through marble. No one has been able to classify it.

**Coincidence in Meeting.**

A peculiar coincidence occurred last week at Broad Brook, Conn., when William Stuaz of San Fransico, who has been away from Broadbrook for eighteen or nineteen years, came on a visit to his brother Frank of Broad Brook and on the same day his brother Henry of Florida arrived. There had been no communication on the subject, and the meeting was wholly unexpected. The brothers had not met for a number of years.

### BEECHER NOT FOND OF MONEY.

**Major Pond Tells Good Story on Famous Divine.**

The late Major James B. Pond, who had many stories to tell of the famous lecturers whom he managed, was especially fond of indulging in reminiscences of Henry Ward Beecher, for whom he had a great admiration. One of his favorite Beecher anecdotes was this one:

"One day while I was making a long railway journey with Mr. Beecher, he happened to put his hand into the little watch pocket of his trousers. He drew from it a sealed envelope, gave the envelope a puzzled look, and then tore it open. A little while later he passed it to me, saying: 'Major, see what is inside. Some weeks ago I officiated at the marriage of a great railway manager, and after the ceremony he handed me that envelope. I hurriedly slipped it into my pocket and then forgot all about it. Just now I happened to run my fingers into the pocket and discovered it.' I opened the envelope and there lay five one-thousand-dollar bills!"—New York Times.

### DORCAS MADE A POINT.

**Very Neatly Turned the Tables on His Better Half.**

"I don't see how you can say I've been neglecting my home and wasting my time attending club meetings," protested Mrs. Dorcas. "You men are so sordid in your views you can't see good in anything unless there's money in it."

"Well, what good is there in that club of yours that keeps you away from home most of the time?"

"Intellectual good, my dear," returned his better half; "something more to be desired than all the money in the world. For instance, our club has gone in for nature study, and I have learned all about the habits of the interesting little creatures of the insect world."

"You have, eh?" sneered Dorcas. "Well, all I can say is that if you'd kept away from your old club and studied insect life at home, I would have been spared the shock I received on opening the wardrobe and finding holes."

**Starting Early.**

Dr. Francis L. Patton, President of Princeton Theological Seminary, has a reputation not only for the excellence of his sermons, but for the short notice at which, on occasion, he can prepare them. Some time ago he was conducting a "question box" at a summer school, when he was asked by one of his auditors:

"Will you tell me, Dr. Patton, your method in preparing your sermons? Do you begin early in the week?"

"Yes," said Dr. Patton, "quite early."

"But," persisted the questioner, "how early?"

"About 6 o'clock Sunday mornings."—New York Times.

**In Classic Boston.**

Bliss Carman, the poet, tells of a young friend of his who was seeking apartments in Boston's aristocratic section, Beacon Hill. At one house he was received by the landlady, a spinster of uncertain age and aggressive refinement of manner. Awed to a great degree by the lady's manner, the rather nervous young man stammered:

"And would it be possible for me to secure apartments in your house, Mrs. Blank?"

Whereupon the spinster held herself even straighter than before and replied with haughty reproof:

"Miss Blank, Sir! Miss—from choice."—New York Times.

**Proverb Against Him.**

Down town they are telling how E. C. Benedict remarked the other day to S. L. Blood, at the latter's Broadway office, that he had an important matter to talk over with some one he could trust. Now Mr. Benedict and Mr. Blood are close friends.

"Well?" replied Mr. Blood.

"Some one in whom I had implicit faith," Mr. Benedict continued. "I'm not sure about you."

Mr. Blood grew red. "And why not?" he asked, with emphasis.

"Well," said Mr. Benedict, "this is a matter of absolute confidence, you see, and they do say, 'Blood will tell.'"—New York Times.

**Sonnet.**

[illegible] find
What things [illegible] may be known or guessed
Of him that [illegible] gives no rest.
The [illegible] of human mind:
Thy [illegible] who hav'st to [illegible]
All [illegible] quest
None [illegible] more nearly pressed
Nor hast [illegible] to serve mankind.
'Tis said of [illegible] that will large
Their [illegible] stage and tomb
They are gulfs or estuaries of Shakespeare's sea,
Lofty the praise and honor enough to be,
As children [illegible] by his mighty marge
Glorious with [illegible] of the foam.
—William Watson, in the Fortnightly Review.

**Senator Burton's Answer.**

A story is going the rounds of Senator Burton of Kansas. To him a mischievous lot of school girls wrote a letter concerning their high school exercises.

"Our topic is 'The Racial Relation Between the Early Hebrews and Egyptians,'" their letter ran, "and we need a simile for something that is very complex yet simple, sweet yet sharply defined. Won't you send us immediately such a one from your inexhaustible collection?"

The answer—short and to the point, was: "Mince pies, such as mother used to make!"—New York Times.

**As It Was Printed.**

There is one woman poet in New York who will read proof carefully [illegible] error wears [illegible] of which [illegible] listened with it [illegible] Keeper.

# FAIR SPONSORS OF BATTLESHIPS TO ORGANIZE IN HONOR OF THE NAVY

A new patriotic order—and one more select than any that has ever been organized among the women of the nation—soon will spring into being if pending plans mature. Its membership is to be limited to the fair sponsors for the war vessels, large and small, forming Uncle Sam's "new" navy.

The position of these beautiful girls is an enviable one to that portion of feminity that has never been so fortunate as to crash the beribboned bottle of champagne against the bows of a new war vessel, and pronounce the magic words that bring fame to the gallant ship, its country, its state, and, last, but by no means least, herself.

society, has won fame in more ways than one since she was selected to name the Maryland, another of Uncle Sam's new warships.

If she had to do over again the act that first brought her before the eyes of her country, this southern girl would not be so "frightfully nervous" as she was when she sprinkled the sides of the Maryland with wine and splintered glass.

Among the many American girls who have been called upon of late to christen vessels of the navy, none have discharged that duty more gracefully than Miss Katharine Vaugn White, the attractive and accomplished daughter of Albert B. White, governor of West Virginia.

Her father was Commodore William Truxton, United States navy, and her great-grandfather was the famed Commodore Thomas Truxton, who did his country such great service during the war for independence, and later during the trouble with France.

Miss Truxton has seafaring blood in her veins, and the torpedo boat Truxton, named for her great-grandfather, was christened under conditions accorded few of the biggest battleships.

The Pennsylvania will probably be the next warship launched, and Miss Sue Quay, the daughter if Senator Quay of Pennsylvania, will be the sponsor on that occasion.

The latest and one of the biggest launchings of a national defender ever held was that of the Colorado, which added Miss Cora May Peabody's name to the list of eligibles for the select organization. In Cramps' shipyard, Philadelphia, she earned her right to become a member of the new society. When the first meeting is held, and the members proceed to recount to each other their experiences, no one, unless it be the Maine's sponsor, Miss Anderson, will have a more interesting story than the pretty young daughter of Colorado's governor, for not only was her own state well represented but a party of foreign and national statesmen and many others of note were present from Washington.

As the Colorado started down the ways the girl stood a moment as though petrified, then, springing forward suddenly, she smote the bows with the bottle, and as the wine sprinkled the hull her clear, girlish tones rang out, "I christen thee Colorado."

With a roar the crowds acknowledged Miss Peabody's success and the great vessel, sliding into the Delaware, dipped its prow as though in salutation to its fair sponsor.

Miss Brown of Baltimore, the pretty daughter of ex-Governor Brown of Maryland, who is among those who are at present intent on organizing a

The warship for which Miss White acted as sponsor was the armored cruiser West Virginia, the largest of its class, which was recently launched at Newport News, Va., in the presence of 25,000 people, including many prominent persons.

The occasion on which Miss Mary Preble Anderson made her debut in naval circles was July 27, 1901, the day on which the mighty new Maine was set afloat to take the place of its ill fated namesake that was sent to the bottom of Havana harbor Feb. 15, 1898. No vessel ever glided into the water under more auspicious circumstances. Since it was the Maine the Cramps, the builders, departed from their custom of late years and threw wide open the great yards, that all might see. Fully 30,000 persons comprised the great throng.

Miss Anderson evidently realized that the eyes of the nation as well as many citizens of her native state, were upon her, for she listened carefully to the instructions of Henry W. Cramp, and sagely nodded that she fully understood her responsibilities.

As the order came to "Cut away all!" before the saws had ground away the last inch of the shoes, there came a creaking, ripping sound, and the Maine started on its first journey. The girl from Maine raised her arm and sent the beribboned and bold cord bound bottle squarely against the hull, and with the tinkle of shivered glass came the sizzle of freed wine.

"I christen thee Maine!" said Miss Anderson, as the hull started riverward. It really seemed that the blow of the baptismal bottle had aided this great mass of steel in starting. But once started it went faster and ever faster, until, despite oil and tallow lavishly laid on, the ways ground together and ignited by the friction.

Once clear of the ways the great ship bowed. All ships do at this particular stage of their career. But the Maine made no perfunctory dip. It was essentially a graceful courtesy of the old school kind, and was evidently intended entirely for Miss Anderson, who bowed in turn, in response to the cheers that went up.

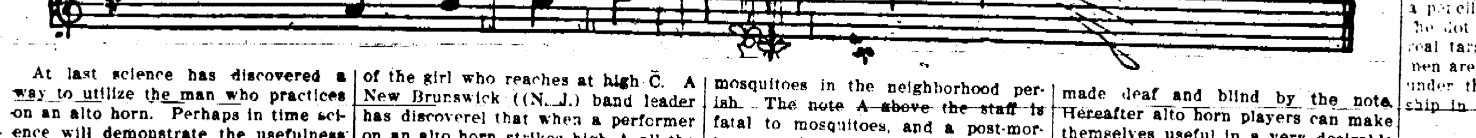
When the United States cruiser Des Moines was freed from the blocks in the Fore River shipyard, Quincy, Mass., Aug. 20, last year, a novel departure was made in the christening, as there were two pretty Americans concerned in the vent.

One of them was Miss Elsie Macomber of Iowa's capital, who wielded the bottle with which the huge bulk was to be christened, and the other was Miss Clara N. Carleton of Haverhill, Mass., who severed the cord which released the vessel on the ways.

As the Des Moines was the most important war vessel completed in a Massachusetts navy yard since the days of the early American navy, it was decided that the New England state must be represented in the ceremonies by one of her pretty women, and the daughter of the former mayor of Haverhill was the one on whom the honor devolved.

Miss Isabelle Truxton, who is a perfect type of the beautiful southern girl, will be entitled to membership in the society after its organization, as she was the sponsor for the torpedo boat Truxton, launched from Sparrow's Point, Va., in the summer of 1901.

### HIGH A SOUNDED ON AN ALTO HORN STRIKES MOSQUITOES DEAD




At last science has discovered a way to utilize the man who practices on an alto horn. Perhaps in time science will demonstrate the usefulness of the girl who reaches at high C. A New Brunswick ((N. J.) band leader has discovered that when a performer on an alto horn strikes high A all the mosquitoes in the neighborhood perish. The note A above the staff is fatal to mosquitoes, and a post-mortem examination shows that they are made deaf and blind by the note. Hereafter alto horn players can make themselves useful in a very desirable fashion.

### ORANGES BY THE CARLOAD.

**Golden Fruit Raised in Immense Quantities.**

Oranges are eaten one by one. But when they leave Los Angeles for the East and for Europe it is by whole train loads of forty cars each, all laden and fragrant with the luscious yellow globes. As many as 200 carloads have been sent East in a single day.

A writer in the London Times gives some amazing figures of the fruit exports from Southern California. Of oranges and lemons there were exported in 1902 7,000,000 boxes of 70 pounds each. From the Los Angeles district alone 18,000 carloads were sent by rail, each carload representing from 12 to 15 tons of fruit.

Of prunes California distributes 160,000,000 pounds, of raisins 100,000,000 pounds and of dried peaches 60,000,000 pounds.

The total exports of dried fruits of all descriptions from California for the year amounted to 325,000,000 pounds. In the same period California exported 1,400,000 boxes of apples, each box representing fifty pounds of fruit, and of these 154,000 were shipped to London, 110,000 boxes to Liverpool, 21,000 to Glasgow, 9,000 to Hull and 3,000 to Hamburg.

Of canned goods there were sent from California 4,500 carloads, a minimum of fifteen tons each; of Lima beans, 2,300 loads; nuts, 1,300 carloads; vegetables, 3,200 carloads; wine, 4,300 carloads; wool, 520 carloads.

**Belfringing Feat.**

In King's Norton belfry the other day the ringers performed the "London Surprise," the most difficult combination, it is declared, known to campanologists, involving no fewer than 14,112 changes. It took eight hours and forty-five minutes to accomplish the great feat.

**Heartstrings Particularly.**

Whatever music there may be in the instrument called man cannot be brought out fully and entirely until a woman takes it in charge and plays upon the strings of it.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### HE DRANK WITH THE ELITE.

**Why Struggling Artist Took His Cocktail at Delmonico's.**

R. K. Munkittrick, in speaking of the singular methods employed by young professional men who would gain the fame that means continuous prosperity, tells a story of an artist who began his career by drawing garments for a fashionable magazine. From this humble beginning he rose steadily until, in the words of the story teller, "he could throw the finest kind of a church window extant." While rising from the work of showing the various elevations of basques and shirtwaists to that of designing mural decorations for cathedrals and nymphs for theater ceilings, the then unknown artist made a practice of borrowing a quarter every night that he might buy a cocktail at Delmonico's. One day an economical friend said:

"Why do your give a quarter for a cocktail at Delmonico's, when you can go elsewhere and get two for a quarter?"

It was then that the Boticelli of the Bronx smiled in his blandest manner and replied: "I don't care anything about the cocktail, my dear fellow, I only want to be seen drinking it in Delmonico's.—New York Times.

**The Root of Evil.**

He is a young man, and he has recently come from one of the country towns up the state to make his fortune in this city. At present he is employed in a well known department store, and, while his salary is small, it ought to be enough for him to live well until he has a raise. So his minister thinks, at any rate. To him the young man was complaining the other evening.

"Remember, my boy," said the clergyman, "there are things in life better than money."

"Yes, I know that," replied the young man, briskly, "but it takes money to buy them."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Has No Use for the Bed.**

The family of a Milwaukee man wishes to have him adjudged insane because he has not gone to bed for twelve weeks.

### GREAT POET'S POOR HAND.

**Shakespeare's Writing Not His Chief Claim to Fame.**

W. Carew Hazlitt in a recent article on Shakespeare's handwriting says: "We have to bear distinctly in mind when we seek to criticise these somewhat unclerkly examples of penmanship that the great dramatist used the court, not (like Jonson and Bacon) the Italian, hand, and that in the case of his contemporary and countryman, Michael Drayton, the characters of the signature are equally distant from fulfilling technical postulates and, if possible, still less elegant. The question of handwriting is, of course, independent of that of educational acquirements, as we may satisfy ourselves from innumerable instances, ancient and modern, but if Shakespeare was less happy in his calligraphy than in other directions the circumstance does not affect, as some have sought to demonstrate, his general learning, and was his personal idiosyncrasy rather than the blame of the excellent provincial school which had the unique honor of being his alma mater."

### THE BLESSINGS OF HUMOR.

**Moral Drawn From Career of the Late Max O'Rell.**

If there is a moral to be drawn from the career of Max O'Rell it concerns the practical value of a sense of humor in promoting the comity of nations. The satirist sets people by the ears, but the humorist, by teaching them to smile at each other's amiable weaknesses, predisposes them to friendship. We and the French are undoubtedly the better friends and the more conscious of our common humanity for the genial manner in which M. Paul Blouet alternately chaffed John Bull and Jacques Bonhomme. As the merry mutual friend of the middle classes of the two countries he rendered a service to which they may now join in paying tribute; and one wonders, without feeling unduly sanguine, whether there will ever arise among our foreign language masters a German Max O'Rell, whose kindly jests will have an equally salutary effect upon our relations with our Teuton kinsmen.—London Graphic.

**The Man Behind the Fire.**

A worker at the Sailors' Mission in East Boston, has a story of heroism to tell. One night in January a fireman on one of the ocean steamers walked in the darkness down an open hatchway. He fell to the hold, broke his leg and received other injuries. His outcry brought a group of stevedores to his help, and they were excitedly discussing what to do for him when it became evident that he was trying to speak.

"Be quiet, boys," said one of the men. "Maybe Jake's wanting to send a word home."

But it was not of home poor Jake was thinking, even in that moment of agonizing pain.

"Tell the fifth engineer to look after the boiler!" he whispered.

That is the sort of fidelity and courage to put to shame the theorists who would have us believe that self-interest is the only motive that rules men in the workaday world.—Youth's Companion.

**"Bob" Gerry's Money.**

A Gerry of Gerrys is young Bob, oldest son of Uncle Elbridge Thankful Gerry, the richest lawyer in New York. When Bob Gerry was at the university Papa Gerry was exceedingly particular about his money. Bless you there was no dearth of it! He had a bigger allowance than any other youth in his class. The bills were sent to him in sheets, just as they come from the bureau of engraving and printing to our leading banks, and it was one of his pastimes to clip them apart with a pair of silver steel shears. In his mahogany desk were seven pigeonholes dedicated to Mammon. In one Bob piled his $100 bills, in another his fifties, in a third his twenties, and so on down to his tens, fives, twos, and ones. It was a beautiful sight to the poorer students, and one that filled many a soul with envy. Bob was careful of his money. No one was permitted to disarrange it.—New York Press.

**The Silent Little Prayer.**

My little boy knelt at my knee last night
And said the prayer my mother taught me long ago;
Then for awhile was silent, with his head still bowed,
And when at last he rose to give the kiss
For which I waited, and withdrew his arms,
I asked him why he had kept kneeling when
His "Now I lay me down to sleep" was done.
Grave-faced, he said "In Sunday school they asked
The children all, when they have said their prayers,
To whisper, asking God, up there, to bless
The little ones in China and to put
The love of Jesus in their hearts." If one
True, tender little prayer like that were said
For me each night, I'd ask no more, and claim
The richest blessing God may send as mine.

**Broad Imagination.**

"If all of J. P. Morgan's money were put in one-dollar bills it would make a streamer long enough to fly a kite around Mars."

"Yes, but you bet the Martians wouldn't touch it. If they did Morgan would climb up and seize their canals."

**Mechanical Aid For Gunners.**

The wonderful target practice of the British navy, 49 per cent hits (which has since been beaten two points by our Atlantic squadron in its quarterly practice), is said to be largely creditable to mechanical contrivance invented by Capt. Scott of the English navy, called a "dotter," by which a small paper target drawn to a scale, is caused to move in front of a gun with a combined vertical and horizontal movement. While the target is in motion the gun pointer endeavors to train the gun so as to keep the cross wires of his telescope on the target. Whenever the cross wire are "on" an electric connection causes a pencil to make a dot on the target. The dot representing a real shot on a real target at 1,600 yards. Thus the men are accustomed to train the gun under the disturbing conditions of a ship in a seaway.

**His Time for Giving.**

Marcus Daly, the mining millionaire, left a fortune of $[illegible] and was accounted one of the most generous of the rich mine owners. He had his own ideas, however, about the time and place of giving.

A newspaper woman called upon him one evening for a contribution to a newsboys' home.

"These poor little flowers of the street," said she; "couldn't you give me a goodly sum for them?"

"There are only one kind of flowers I like," answered the miner.

"What are they, Mr. Daly?"

"Four o'clocks. They never collect money after closing time in the afternoon."

The visitor took the hint. Her next morning's mail brought her a good sized check for the newsboys.—New York Times.

**As Compared.**

Ethel—What do you think of young Softhead?

Mae—Oh, he reminds me of a blotting pad.

Ethel—Indeed! What's the answer?

Mae—He bears the impression of some good things, but lacks the ability to make use of them.

# Wealth That Is Dead.

It is astonishing how much of the world's wealth is locked up in diamonds, things which are of no earthly use to anybody except for the mere purpose of ornamentation. The money spent for diamonds every year would build fleets of peace and war, equip and pay armies, almost wipe out poverty in city slums, endow hospitals and schools, build railroads and create great libraries. Every now and then some American woman has trouble with the customs authorities over the duty on jewels the value of which represents a sum sufficient for an ordinary man to raise and educate a large family of children.

Millionaires and crowned heads possess diamonds which represent idle wealth sufficient to build whole streets of model tenement houses for the poor. The diamonds belonging to the German empress are valued at $1,250,000. The crown jewels of England, largely made up of diamonds, exceed in value $15,000,000. The imperial crown alone contains 2,783 splendid diamonds. Besides this, the king and queen possess diamonds to the value of about a million more dollars, which are their private property. The crown jewels of Russia represent about $20,000,000. No one knows just how much the diamonds possessed by the Sultan of Turkey are worth, but they represent many millions. Many native princes in India own diamonds of great value. The gems of the Gaekwar of Baroda, consisting largely of diamonds, are valued at $15,000,000. Among his treasures is a carpet made entirely of diamonds and pearls, all matched and blended. Many churches, too, in the old world are rich in diamonds. The largest diamond in the world, the Excelsior, found at Jaggersfontein in 1893, is so valuable that a special syndicate has been formed to stand the expense and risk of cutting it.

A large part of the world's gold, too is locked away in royal treasure houses in the form of dishes or ornaments. In the Kremlin are many great gold dishes, so heavy that a strong man cannot lift them, and many millions of dollars' worth of gold made into ornamental forms. The gold dinner service at Windsor Castle is valued at $4,000,000, and a golden peacock with jeweled tail there is valued at $400,000. In the treasure house of the Sultan of Constantinople are tons of gold plate, and great golden bowls filled to the brim with rare pearls. Gold in every form which the ingenuity of man has been able to invent is scattered about in splendid confusion in the palaces by the Bosporus. The Shah of Persia has golden ornaments and diamonds stowed away in his palace which, turned into money, would enable him to build railroads and open up his country to civilization.

The world's dead wealth is something enormous when you come to think of it.

# To Prevent Fire Loss.

The annual fire bill of the United Kingdom may be taken at £20,000,000, that of the United States at £28,000,000. There are besides the fire insurance annual bill and the bill for the fire stations, with their costly sites and buildings, the fire engines, the other machinery and the horses. All this outlay keeps us poorer.

But the loss of life is worse, and it is easy to build fireproof—or, better, incombustible—houses, such as in the River Plata countries and probably in Bethlehem and Nazareth. The manner is as follows:

In these countries they neither use the arch iron, but hardwood, which, having mostly to come a thousand miles down the river, is dear. So all the floors and the roof, which is flat, are supported by joists shaped as in this country, and across them are laid rails of the same hardwood, about a foot apart, upon which rests the ends on thin bricks, on which another layer of bricks, or sometimes two, is laid in mortar and on this tiles. Then there is no skirting or paneling. In Britain cement should be used for that purpose and there should be no boxing of doors and windows, the frames being built in securely. The doors are also of hardwood. In that fine climate no lath or plaster is ever used. In this country the laths should be of iron and if molding is wanted around the doors it could be of cement instead of dangerous, inflammable wood.

In such houses a bonfire made by piling a lot of sticks and shavings on the best bed in the best bedroom and setting fire to it would not set the house on fire. The writer has for sixty-four years lived in or been connected with the great city of Buenos Ayres, the capital of the Argentine Republic, and the largest city in the southern hemisphere, with 852,000 inhabitants, and never heard of a life being lost by fire, though there are fires. Latterly, as pine from the United States is now abundant, some builders have used it partially in buildings in the capital and such are not quite fireproof, but it is a bad practice. In Britain, as roofs must slope because of the snow, and flat roofs would not do, the slates should be fixed in some way to iron strips. This might be a little troublesome at first, but our slaters and smiths would soon find out the way.—Chambers' Journal.

# Kings of the Diamond.

With the reported princely salaries to be drawn by some of the baseball players, whose services are in demand by both the National and American leagues, the older fans are reminded of the deals of years gone by when King Kelly, John Clarkson, and other players whose names are now but memories were the central figures in the baseball world. It was in 1885 that the baseball world was astounded by the purchase of Mike Kelly from the Chicago club by the Boston management, the sum of $10,000 being paid the former club for "The King's" release.

This deal, gigantic as it was for one player, was beaten two years later, when Bob Carruthers was sold by Chris Von der Ahe of the St. Louis Browns to the Brooklyn club, also of the American Association, for the magnificent sum of $14,250. This record for the sale of players is still unique in baseball lore. Carruthers was then attached to Comiskey's twirling staff, and had been the mainstay of the Browns for the three seasons when they won the pennant in the association. Then the Brooklyn club determined to get into the race, and offered great sums to President Von der Ahe for some of his stars, among them Carruthers.

When the deal was finished the sum of $8,250 in cash was paid for the sale of the release of the pitcher, and a bonus of $1,500 was paid to him for signing with the eastern team, as well as a salary of $4,000 for the season being given to him. In addition to this, it cost Brooklyn $500 additional salary to carry out the deal, making a total of $14,250 expended in securing this star.

The Boston-Kelly deal, which created a great stir at the time, and is remembered by every old-time fan in the country as one of the great events and landmarks of the game, cost Boston the sum of $10,000 for the release of the player. Then a salary of $4,000 was guaranteed him for the season, making a total of $14,000. While the Brooklyn club was strengthening, with the purpose of weakening the Browns that the pennant would go east the following year, they persuaded Von der Ahe to part with a couple more of his stars for goodly sums, Dave Foutz being sold for $5,500 and Bushing for $500 less.

# A Warning to Parents.

A case which occurred in Cheshire, England, in 1897 is probably without parallel in the history of tragic coincidences. A lawyer well known in Liverpool, whose name we will say is Smith, was playing with his children one evening when his youngest boy, a little fellow of five, asked to be lifted up. The father at once complied by placing a hand on each side of the boy's head and raising him a foot or so from the floor. When he placed him on his feet again the boy fell to the ground apparently lifeless. Every effort was made to restore him to consciousness, but without effect, and the doctor was sent for.

After examination the medical man asserted that the child was undoubtedly dead, and asked the lawyer what had occurred. Calling another of his children to him Mr. Smith, exclaimed: "As I live, doctor, all I did was to lift him a few inches from the floor, like this," and, suiting the action to the words, he raised the boy a few inches, as he had done the dead child scarcely half an hour before.

The result can be guessed. Before the doctor could call out a word of warning the child had fallen to the floor unconscious, and a moment later was dead. At the double inquest the doctor certified that the spinal cords, so fragile in young and delicate children, had undoubtedly snapped the instant the little victims had been lifted off their feet; and though the father was exonerated from all blame the jury felt compelled to add a rider to their verdict warning parents against the dangerous practice of lifting young children by their heads.

# The Tragedies of Life.

It is beyond the power of onlookers to estimate the tragedy hourly going on in our imported population, says an observer writing from California. Out of the droves of ignorantly hopeful people who come herding over to us, their souls glowing not only with impossible fancies of wealth and power to come, but with equally preposterous expectation of present welcome, only a rare few gain independence, while the rest slave and suffer, sicken, die and rot to form an awful human fertilizer for the land they came to share. The animal hunger and desperation shining in their eyes appeal to us merely as an unpleasant, but inalienable, attribute of the "lower classes," not at all as the signs of the death struggle of a lonely brother man. Loneliness fills as many graves as whisky. The loneliness of Italians in California is pitiful; they come with notions of placer mining in their back yards and cultivating grapes in their front yards, with the presidency always hopefully within reach. In San Francisco the situation is worse on account of the climate. Few people understand how emphatically San Francisco is not California. The confirmed San Franciscan knows less about the Golden State than any Pueblo Indian baby. San Francisco, within an hour's journey of a torrid belt, is never hot; San Francisco, within sight of snow-clad peaks, is seldom frigid; San Francisco is cool, breezy, and foggy. To an Eskimo it is hades; to an Italian it is perpetual winter.

# Manchester Enterprise

By MAT D. BLOSSER.

Established in 1867. Six Pages Published every Thursday afternoon. Office second story of Masonic block.

Those having bulletins at the Probate Court please do not neglect to request Judge Kinsley or his deputy to send the advertising for the Enterprise to Manchester.

Advertisers, wishing to change their advertisements must get the copy to us on Thursday morning to insure its appearance the following week. Copy received after the paper is out will be inserted the next week.

Birth, Marriage and Death notices, free. Obituary notices, five cents a line.

Card of Thanks, five cents a line.

Long distance Bell Telephone No. 44.

Residence No. 41. Call us up for News, Job Work or Advertising.

Address, ENTERPRISE Manchester, Mich.

THURSDAY, AUGUST, 13 1903.


People who take trips in an automobile do not announce when they will return. That depends upon whether the durned thing works or not.

A swarm of bees has taken possession of the terminal box of one of the telephone lines at Adrian and the boy that goes to rob that nest may get more than he bargains for.

Senator Van Allen gives out the information that the $5,000 voted by the legislature for the monument to the soldiers who fell in the battle of the Raisin, will be available by next September.—Adrian Times.

If air brakes fail to work as often as reported, it would be well for railroads companies to return to the use of hand brakes or have other appliances that will work put on. Human life and property should have better protection.

Subsequent happenings have proved that standard time had all of the good qualities claimed for it and more too. Soon after the adoption of standard time in this city, Ypsilanti, Manchester, Saline and Dexter adopted the same time so that practically the whole county is now uniform in this regard.—Ann Arbor Times. You are way off, brother. Manchester adopted standard time long before Ann Arbor thought of it but many of our people have gone back to so called local time.

Every little helps, is a true saying, and if that little is only in the right direction, the good accomplished may be of great benefit to mankind. Our citizens should acquire the habit of speaking a good word for one another and especially where one is concerned in a public enterprise or a private one, for that matter, when it improves the condition of our village and its inhabitants. The spirit of selfishness should be kept down and that of good will to mankind more generally cultivated. Let all aid in building up the public and private institutions of the village and there is no easier way to do this than by speaking a good word for your neighbor and his business.

**Jackson County.**

The corolos is being put on the Otsego hotel at Jackson and the building begins to look quite imposing.

About $60 in money and stamps were stolen from the postoffice and Brooklyn railroad office at Michigan Center, Monday night.

Mr. & Mrs. Chas. Fellows of Ypsilanti visited Mr. & Mrs. R. C. Witherell at Jackson on Friday and Saturday. The two gentlemen made a business trip to Battle Creek Saturday.

Two children were bitten by a dog at Jackson. One a boy, was badly bitten in the face. The lad has been taken to the Pasteur institute at Ann Arbor for treatment. The dog will also be sent there to ascertain if he had rabies.

Rev. O. C. Bailey, formerly pastor of the congregational church here, now of Andover, Mass., has been extended a call to the congregational church at Grass Lake by an unanimous vote of the society. It is expected he will begin his pastorate Sept. 1.—Chelsea Herald.

**Real estate transfers:**

Edgar W. Adams to Wolf Wildwood Association, part section 19, town 3 south range 2 east, $2,400.

William D. and Hattie Page to Edgar W. Adams, part section 19, town 3 south, range 2 east, $2,400.

Charles Smith and wife to William R. Schaefer and wife, part section 26, town 3 south, range 1 east, $200.

**Lenawee County.**

Tecumseh did Clinton at baseball, Saturday at Tecumseh, 7 to 1.

Morris Primrose of Tecumseh was found dead in bed Monday morning from heart disease. He was 71 years of age.

A ten-year-old miss at Onsted nearly severed her own two feet with an axe, but succeeded in chopping off her three-year-old sister's little finger, a few days later.

**Real estate transfers:**

Fred Chiverall to Charles W. Martin, et al., Tecumseh village, $1,100.

John Lowery to Hiram H. Smith, Tecumseh village, $1,000.

Wm. Gaston, a popular young railroad man, residing in Tecumseh, went to Detroit yesterday to report for duty on the Grand Trunk system, after a few days illness at home. Mr. Gaston belonged to the crew of the train which was wrecked with such terrible results at Durand last Friday morning. Just before his train started out on its ill-fated trip, he was taken ill, and compelled to return home. It was certainly a providential experience for him.—Times.

## A TRIP TO ALASKA.

Letter from a Manchester boy in the U. S. Service to his parents.

DUTCH HARBOR, ALASKA, July 27, 1903.

Received your welcome letter a couple of weeks ago and as usual was very glad to hear from you.

The Pacific squadron consisting of the cruiser N. Y., flag ship and the cruiser Marblehead and gun boat Bennington arrived in Bremerton the morning of the fifth on their way to this port to coal ship and get marines enough to fill their marine guards. The Marblehead was short one corporal so I was sent down to fill the vacancy. Was transferred to the Marblehead the afternoon of the 6th which set sail the next morning at nine to the tick of the clock. Passed Cape Flattery at the mouth of Puget sound at 4 o'clock the next morning. Cruised along the coast of British Columbia all the next day then put in sea and for the next five days we never saw a speck of land or a ship.

On the morning of the seventh day we came in sight of a few islands. We nearly run ashore on one of them, the fog was so thick we could hardly see 50 rods ahead of us. All the ships had to anchor for safety for fear of running on the rocks. When the sky cleared, the stern of the Marblehead wasn't over 50 rods from the beach. At this time we were about 100 miles from Dutch Harbor.

Dutch Harbor is a coaling station on the islands of Unalaska belonging to the Alentian group, bought of Russia by the United States with the territory of Alaska. These islands are all rocky and mountainous, covered with a sort of grass, outside of that there isn't a thing to be seen, not even trees. Haven't seen a tree or shrub on any of them so far. The mountains are covered with snow, and from the looks of them, I shouldn't think there are but two or three peaks over seven or eight hundred feet high. The air is cool and frisky like November in Michigan. We are in the port of Unalaska, a little trading and coaling station, belonging to Dutch Harbor. There is only a distance of a mile between the two places. The harbor is so narrow that they could not make the station large enough but for two ships to coal at the same time, so they built another station here. I do not think there are over 250 inhabitants in both places and most of them are Siwash Indians.

We began coaling ship at one o'clock today and if nothing happens, will finish by tomorrow noon. So far we have averaged 35 tons an hour. As soon as we get done we will join the flag ship and get orders, then go for a three weeks' cruise to look for a location for another coaling station. After that we will come back here to coal again, then return to Bremerton as the N. Y. is very much in need of repairs. By the time she is completed, we may get orders to take a cruise along the coast of South America and out among the south sea islands. This fleet always goes south in the winter.

When you have time, take a map, and look up Alaska and right off the end of the peninsula, you will find these islands. It is 1,730 miles from Bremerton, Wash., to Dutch Harbor. On the way up, we averaged 10 knots an hour. A knot is one and one sixth miles. The reason it took us so long to come up is that we did a great deal of maneuvering. We had splendid weather. It rained nearly every day, but what I mean is, we did not have any rough sea and furthermore I did not get sea sick.

So far I like life on the ocean wave. I like this ship better than I did the Barracks because on a ship we will be on the move most of the time, just what I like. I saw a few whales when I was coming up here. They are monsters and there are lots of them in these waters.

The mail steamer, St. Paul, is expected here today and I expect this letter will go on her, so this is all for this time. I hope to hear from you soon. The next time I write I will tell you more about this country.

Address my letters and have the Enterprise addressed to

E. MORSHHEISER,
Co. E, 8th Marines,
Care Navy Day Office, San Francisco, Cal.

## RETURNED FROM PHILIPPINES.

Letter from a U. S. Regular to his parents in Manchester.

PIRESIDIO, CAL., July 7th.

It is a long time since I have written to you. There have been many and great changes since I last took up a pen but the greatest and best change is that the 25th battery has returned from the Philippines. We came home with great honor and a good record, every man of us.

From the 6th to the 16th of last April we were under fire, assaulting the Ilato of Backlog. The battle was something for me, or any man who took part in it, to remember the rest of his natural life. There were several difficulties attached to it, the worst of all being the cholera which was raging all during the campaign. The 15 days we were out we lost 25 men from the cholera alone. There were 18 men killed and 27 wounded. Some had their arms cut off, some received cuts or gashes from the dreadful short swords, while others were shot, but thank God I came out safe and sound and never lost a day's duty. I have been first sergeant of the battery for the last eight months and have not lost one minute's duty in all that time, so you see I am enjoying the blessing of good health.

I am getting more freshy since our return to the good old United States which every man of us was more than pleased to see again. We will be stationed here at Presidio for the next six months and then we are going to Fort Riley, Kansas.

We are a light field battery here for which we have horses instead of mules. I like the place very much.

Tell me all the news and all the happenings of the good old Michigan town.

STEPHEN BRIGHTON

# Personal...

Welcome the coming and speed the parting guest.

Mrs. Fred Widmayer went to Jackson Monday.

Lawyer Witherell of Chelsea was in town Tuesday.

Mrs. S. M. Case and daughter spent Sunday in Clinton.

Carl Emery went to Ann Arbor Monday to spend a few days.

Mrs. Crow of Detroit was a guest of Mrs. Frank Morey this week.

Capt. F. F. Allen of Ypsilanti visited at Mrs. Campbell's over Sunday.

Harry Olmstead of Chicago is spending the week at J. A. Goodyear's.

Miss Julia Unterkircher of Clinton spent the latter part of last week here.

Miss Lelah Blythe went to Clinton last Friday and visited friends until Tuesday.

Mrs. Wm. Brighton and children of Monroe are visiting at Wm. Brighton's.

Mrs. Will Wickham of Saginaw came Monday to visit her parents and friends.

J. W. Rauschenberger and daughter, Laura, spent Sunday with friends in Scio.

Mrs. George Belding of Tecumseh visited over Sunday with Miss Elizabeth Bedline.

Mr. & Mrs. William Schroeder finished their vacation on Saturday and returned to Toledo.

Miss Hazel Burtless visited in Jackson last week. Mrs. Burtless visited there over Sunday.

Mrs. Elmer Stark and Mrs. Palmatier visited in Ypsilanti and Detroit the first part of the week.

Chris Riedseler and family have gone to Petersburg and Sigo to visit relatives and friends a few days.

Mrs. Jacob Riedel and Mrs. Wm. Seckinger went to Ypsilanti yesterday to attend a catholic picnic.

J. H. Kingsley left last Saturday for Port Huron to join his wife and spend a week at La Salle beach.

Miss Alma Schmid returned last Saturday from Ypsilanti where she has been attending summer school.

Mr. & Mrs. Marshall Fisk and their grand children who were visiting here went to Jackson yesterday.

Mr. & Mrs. C. W. Case visited Mrs. Case's brother, C. J. Robison, and family at Clinton Sunday afternoon.

Roy Blythe was kicked on the leg by a horse, while working in the stable Tuesday morning, and is quite lame.

Fred Kapp and Ben Heber of Ypsilanti drove over last Saturday night and spent Sunday with their parents.

Peter Baumeister of Rockwood is acting ticket agent at the Lake Shore depot here during Frank Magin's absence.

Joseph Lamb left Tuesday for Ann Arbor, whence he proceeds to Alpena in hopes of escaping hay fever. We hope that he may.

Eugene Waite and daughter of Grand Rapids came Tuesday to visit his father. He had been to Reading to visit his brother, Bert.

Mr. & Mrs. Sebastian Minkle and Mr. & Mrs. Frank Braun and daughter of Detroit spent Sunday at Mrs. G. L. Unterkircher's.

Mrs. George Walz of Grass Lake came her last Saturday to visit her mother and sisters, returning Monday accompanied by her sister, Sophia.

Miss Mae McCollum went to Clinton last Saturday to visit over Sunday. Her sister Ada who had been visiting there, returned home with her.

Miss Ada Collins has returned from a week's visit with relatives at Iron Creek. Miss Sadie Weaver accompanied her home for a short visit.—Citizen

Mrs. F. M. Freeman and Misses Cynthia Bailey and Bernice Holmes went to Tecumseh last Saturday to see the ball game between Tecumseh and Clinton.

John G. Ayres who lives near Elk Rapids, Antrim county, is here visiting friends. He used to live here but left for the then wilds of Michigan in 1871.

Prof. & Mrs. J. G. Leland and Mrs. Wm. Campbell went to Ann Arbor today to visit friends and will spend Sunday at Whitmore Lake with Capt. Allen of Ypsilanti.

Miss Kathryn Nisle who is clerking in a large dry goods store at Blissfield, completed her vacation, which was spent here with her parents and friends, and returned to work Monday.

Mrs. Alice Amsden and daughter Eugenia, of Grand Rapids came here last Saturday to spend a week with Mrs. Martha Dennison and A. W. Spencer and will also visit in Ypsilanti.

Mrs. J. M. Carey and daughters, Elna and Frances of Adrian came here last Friday. Mrs. Carey returned Saturday but the daughters will visit at William Brighton's this week and next.

Prof. J. G. Leland of Mt. Vernon, O., who has been drilling for a large New York firm during the summer school vacation, came here last Saturday night to spend the balance of his vacation with his wife and mother.

Miss Carrie Rauschenberger of Mack & Co. leaves the store tonight for a two weeks' vacation. Miss Rauschenberger will be a visitor next week in Manchester going there to attend the wedding of her cousin,—Ann Arbor Times, Aug. 3.

Miss Anna Dowling spent Sunday in Ypsilanti.

Albert Retan returned from Grand Ledge on Monday.

Miss Mattie Gainsley returned from Ypsilanti yesterday.

Seymour Bennett was in Detroit Tuesday to visit friends.

Mrs. J. A. Goodyear returned from Detroit, last Friday night.

Mr. & Mrs. Andrew Coon of Chicago are visiting at Frank Spafard's.

Miss Florence Poucher went to Burlington, Wis. to spend the remainder of her vacation with her father.

Elias Ortenberger of Detroit and Katie Metz of Bridgewater were guests of Mrs. J. A. Lowey last week.

Freeman Schofield and Frank Burgess of Norvell were pleasant callers at the ENTERPRISE office this forenoon.

Mrs. E. H. Green drove over from Ypsilanti Tuesday to attend the university picnic and will visit her sisters a few days.

Verner and Leland McAdam of Tecumseh who have been here visiting their grandfather J. Zimmerman, returned home yesterday.

Mrs. Sophie Hutzel and Mrs. L. Stanger of Ann Arbor have visited H. Kirchofer and family this week returning home yesterday.

Six nights of honor, Wm. Lehr, N. Senger, J. Wuerthner, R. Weiss, Mat Wurster, and George Miller were pallbearers at the funeral of Christian Lampartar in Bridgewater.

Mrs. R. C. Miller and Miss Lula Snell of Toledo came today to visit Mrs. Fred Spafard. Mrs. Miller returned this afternoon to sing for a masonic dotings but will be back again Saturday to remain a few days.

Among those who come here to attend the funeral of Mrs. Almeron Case were Mr. & Mrs. Harry Case of Toledo and Clyde W. Case of Adrian, sons of Mrs. Case, also Mrs. Clara Klingensmith and Mrs. Mary Bump of Pittsford.

Dave Jones, son of the late John Jones, arrived in town on Tuesday. He is a good telegraph operator but is out of a job just at present though he hopes to get a position on the Lake shore. He has been in the south and west for several years.

Frank Magin, the jolly Lake Shore ticket agent, is taking a vacation. His brother-in-law, T. W. Sennett of Detroit, and he are camping at Fay's lake. It will be remembered that this is the place where the sea serpent was seen a while ago, but they are not afraid as Frank has a pocket pistol with him. If they get close alive, they intend to go to Niagara Falls on Friday.

**Washtenaw County.**

Sports day at Chelsea, August 20.

Spencer K. French of Ann Arbor died from the second stroke of apoplexy last Saturday, aged 26 years. He was a printer and had worked in Chicago.

Saline intends to cut great capers on Wednesday next, Aug. 19 and have a gala day, with wheelbarrow races, bicycle races, apple and bucket race, tug of war ball game, slack wire performance and illuminated balloon ascention, etc.

Those who attended the Old Virginia Show this afternoon are loud in their praise of the excellent performance and the clean and respectable manner in which it was conducted, says the Evening Times of Fostoria, O., Aug. 11, 1902.—Will exhibit in Manchester, Aug. 21.

Pay Your Taxes Now.

The tax roll of the village of Manchester is in my hands and all taxes should be paid at once.

GEORGE WURSTER, Treasurer.

Teachers' examinations will take place at the court house, Ann Arbor, beginning third Thursday in August.

FOR SALE.—Roofing, Sheating and Building Timbers. W. KIMBLE.

Smoke the Ben Allow five cent Cigar, and look pleasant.


DO NOT NEGLECT TO PAINT NOW

I am prepared to furnish you with everything in the

Painting Line

The best strictly pure Leads and Oils, guaranteed strictly pure. The best Varnishes for House or Carriage use.

Mixed Paints

That have stood the test by actual wear. I sell

SAVE YOU MONEY

On your job by giving me a chance. I have only the best to offer you at the lowest price, give me a call.

G. J. HAEUSSLER.

DON'T BE LED ASTRAY BY THE REPORTS OF IRRESPONSIBLE STRANGERS.

We have just received 200 Bundles of Bale ties. Enough to bale 1000 tons of Hay. This looks as if we were still in the Hay business. Hay will soon be ready to bale and we will be ready to buy all grades of Hay at the highest market prices. Parties having stack Hay will leave their addresses at our office so our buyers can see it as early as possible.

LONIER & HOFFER.

FOR.....

Dry Goods
Groceries
Notions
Boots & Shoes

GO TO THE

East Side Store

OR CALL PHONE NUMBER 3.

JAEGER & DIETLE.


House to rent, two blocks east of school house. Enquire at residence of Mrs. McCord.


GO TO

LOUIS KUEBLER

WHEN YOU WANT

A TINSMITH

His shop is on Railroad street and he carries a good line of tin, galvanized iron etc., and can do your repairing or put up new work on short notice.


File No. 9208 15-908

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court, for the said County of Washtenaw, held at the Probate office, in the city of Ann Arbor, on the 29th day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

Present, WILLIS L. WATKINS, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Mary Meyrimon deceased. Grace Meyrimon administrator of said deceased, having filed in this court her final administration account and administrator praying the same may be heard and allowed, and for the assignment of the residue of estate to follow allowance of said account.

It is ordered that the 27th day of August next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, be appointed for examining and allowing said account and that the heirs at law of said deceased are hereby directed to appear at a session of said court, then to be held at the Probate office, in the city of Ann Arbor, and show cause why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted: Provided, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE a newspaper printed and circulated in said county of Washtenaw.

WILLIS L. WATKINS,
Judge of Probate.

(A TRUE COPY)
LEO L. WATKINS, Probate Clerk.


W. H. Lehr,

Dealer in

GROCERIES.

Crockery, Glassware, Notions, Tobacco, &c

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS.

FRESH LAGER BEER

Always on Draught. South side of Exchange Place, Manchester.

C. H. GAINSLEY

Would announce to the people of Manchester and vicinity the opening of a fine line of Ladies' Misses' and Children's Jackets, Knit Underwear, Corsets, Corset Covers, Skirts, Waists, Hosiery, Gloves, Notions, etc., etc.

We Show a Large and Varied Assortment

of Glassware, Tinware, Woodenware, Enameled ware etc., etc. Get your Kitchen requirements here, it means a big saving.

Throughout the whole Store there is not a price that is not emphatically low and no hands off signs here. The freedom of the store is yours and you are a perfect liberty to examine any article in the Store.

We are constantly on the lookout for Special Bargains, adding new Specialties every week. We rely on low Prices to win trade, on fair treatment to retain it.

C. H. GAINSLEY

OIL! OIL! OIL!

Has been found in Bridgewater

And the Cheapest place in this County to Buy

GOOD FURNITURE

Has been found at

Foster & Wurster Bros. & Co.

UNDERTAKERS & FURNITURE DEALERS

MANCHESTER CITY BAKERY

Cream, Graham, Boston, Brown, Rye and Wheat

BREAD Always Fresh

ICE CREAM—By the Dish, Quart or Gallon.

FRUIT AND OTHER LARGE CAKES

Pies, Cookies, etc. baked Fresh every Day. We want you to sample our goods. We shall try to please you.

Fleischmann & Co.' Compressed Yeast, always on hand

Kirchgessner & Schaible.

Full Line of Fancy and Plain

CREPE PAPER

in stock, also

Plain Tissue

a full variety.

Also the widely advertised

LAUGHLIN FOUNTAIN PEN

Your choice of these two styles, equal to any other $3.00 kind, for only

$1.00

Mail orders from out of town friends will receive prompt attention.

A nice line of these Pens at

STEINKOHL'S



# Manchester Enterprise

By MAT D. BLOSSER.

THURSDAY, AUGUST, 13, 1903.


## BRIEF NEWS ITEMS.

The high school have arranged for a lecture course.

Jenter & Rauschenberger sold a Tryber piano to Phillip Blum of Bridgewater, on Monday.

Several of the Bulgarians who worked on the cement plant, left here Tuesday afternoon.

The methodist society will have a social at Prof. Emery's next Wednesday afternoon.

Charles Sloat fell from a wheel scraper at the cement plant and hurt his hip but not seriously.

Messrs. Winchell and Palmer of Napoleon went to Ann Arbor with the military band.

The universalist picnic at Wampler's lake Tuesday was well attended and much enjoyed.

On Sunday the 16th at St. Mary's church: Holy day of obligation. Service at 10 o'clock a m.

A good many people have been to look at the work of extending Clinton street south across the marsh.

Marshall Fisk hurt his back while working on a scraper at the cement plant, Monday and has laid off.

Take the children to Spark's Show to see the little baby Lion and pretty little Ponies, at Manchester, Aug. 21.

The examination of Roy Hall for talking Wells Martin's horse, was adjourned yesterday at Ann Arbor, for one week.

People are somewhat anxious about their coal supply for the coming winter. Some have the coal, others the promise of it.

The universalist society was well pleased with Miss Young and engaged her to preach, but she will not begin her duties this month.

Lewis & Co. will ship a carload of celery to Pittsburg next week. Dan Gage will also ship a carload to Columbus, next week.

The interior of W. H. Lehr's grocery and saloon has been freshly painted and papered and now the front of the building is being painted.

Mr. Weaver, construction boss at the cement plant, took the man that was so badly hurt last week, to his home where he could have better care.

The military band made a fine appearance yesterday morning as they marched to the depot to take the train for Ann Arbor. There were 24 pieces and drum major.

Manchester chapter O. E. S. have been invited to visit Chelsea chapter and exemplify the degree work, on Friday evening, Aug. 28th and has very gladly accepted.

Three candidates were given the 2nd degree by Manchester lodge F. & A. M., Monday evening. There will be a special meeting next Monday evening for same work.

A new plank platform has been built around the south and west sides of the Lake Shore passenger and freight house. That is probably all we will get of a new depot for several years.

Our citizens should use their best endeavors to secure new industries. The cement plant will assist in making business good in the town and it will be a factor in inducing other concerns to locate here.

L. C. Gillette of Lapeer, agent for John H. Sparks' shows, was in town yesterday making arrangements for the appearance of the show here on the 21st. He was a former agent for the old Whitney family.

Clare Blythe was driving team on a wheel scraper at the cement plant Monday, when he was caught between the wheel and axle in dumping the scraper. It rendered him considerably but he is at work as usual.

The pocket book advertised in the ENTERPRISE last week was lost by D. A. Donaldson and the advertisement saved him $38 as August Listle picked it up. Mr. Donaldson is a firm believer in advertising and is very thankful for the return of the money.

A gang of laborers at the cement plant were mixing a batch of concrete last Friday when the whistle blew for 6 o'clock. They dropped their shovels and refused to finish the batch though it was explained to them that it would spoil if left unfinished. It would not have taken more than 10 minutes to have finished the batch. The boss laid them off Monday morning.

A Chelsea ball team came here Tuesday noon to play a picked-up nine of Manchester boys a game of ball on the grounds in front of Frank Hall's residence. There was a good crowd of spectators and the game was very fairly played. The score was 12 to 8 in favor of Chelsea. As we have no team here and our boys have had no practice, we think that they did very well.

A small crowd surrounded "Sailor Jean," on the streets Tuesday. He started from Augusta, Maine, April 1st, on foot, pushing a trolleycrete and expects to visit the capital of every state. The trip will take three and a half years and he will travel 22,000 miles. He has traveled 1,200 miles and was on his way to Lansing. He is making about 20 miles a day and is 13 days ahead of time allowed.

Large numbers of people visit the cement plant and are surprised at the work done. The foundations are immense.

O. J. Foster, Adam Wurster, J. H. Kingsley, C. W. Case, Wm. J. Hoffer, and Mat D. Blosser went to Jackson last Friday to inspect the machinery and talk with the gentlemen connected with the Globe fence company. They certainly make a good fence and have a wonderful machine for weaving. It would be a grand good thing if we could induce the company to locate here.

Manchester was right in it at Maccabee celebration at Ann Arbor yesterday. Out first prize, $15, for having largest number of men in line; first prize $25, for tent coming longest distance. The Manchester military band made the finest appearance of those in attendance. E. F. Chase was elected president and W. J. Hoffer secretary of the county association. The celebration will be at Manchester next year.

On Friday Mat D. Blosser was notified that his cousin, Frank Thorp of Dundee, train master for Wallace's circus, was instantly killed in his birth on the wreck at Durand. Mr. Thorp was 37 years of age and single. The remains were taken to Dundee by his brother, Thos. Thorp of Detroit, where their mother, Mrs. Chas. Willis, and sister, Mrs. W. Gilley reside and who were almost prostrated by the sudden and terrible affair. The funeral was held Sunday and the remains were taken to Tecumseh for burial at which Rev. Kemp of the Episcopal church officiated. Mr. & Mrs. Blosser attended.

The circus given by John Sparks and his aggregation, at Seventh and Cherry streets, is the best 15 and 25 cent show ever seen in this city. Every performer is a star in his or her class and the entire exhibit from start to finish is clean, wholesome and enjoyable. The trained dogs are the finest ever seen here, the dancing of a big elephant, the trapeze and tumbling is all of the highest order and no one who goes will regret the money spent. People can always afford to give such a show as this, careful as it is in its management, a liberal patronage, and if the tent is packed it will be no more than such an exhibit is worthy of. So says the Erie, Pa. Daily Herald, Aug. 7, 1902. Will exhibit at Manchester Aug 21.

There was a great crowd of people in Chelsea on German day. The procession was not much but the speaking was listened to with considerable interest. Senator Gazier made the welcoming speech. Charles Werner of Detroit, president of the state bund, Hon. Chas. E. Townsend of Jackson, M. J. Lehman and W. W. Wedemeyer of Ann Arbor, Hon. Wm. Alden Smith of Grand Rapids made short speeches, some in german and some in English. Sports and games followed. The fireworks caught fire and the scene was terrible to behold. People and teams ran pell mell in every direction. Roman candles, etc. shot here and there in dangerous proximity to the frightened multitude. One lady was injured but not seriously.

The young friends and acquaintances together with the relatives of Miss Ethel Hanhan and Perley R. Snell, both of this place, were greatly surprised to learn of the marriage of the young couple in Windsor, Dec. 31, 1902. Rev. Hinds performed the ceremony. Both young people are well and favorably known here in Tecumseh where they have a large circle of friends, who extend to them congratulations for a happy and prosperous life.—Tecumseh Herald. The bride is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Hanhan, who were residents of Manchester for many years and the young people are well known here. The young man graduated from the Tecumseh high school this year. They are living with his mother.

A very pretty wedding took place at the home of Mrs. Esther Klahpaugh who resides three miles northwest of this village, at high noon last Thursday when her daughter Florence was joined in marriage to George Chatfield of South Haven. The ceremony was performed on the porch of the residence, it having been beautifully decorated with golden rod and ferns, by Rev. E. B. Allen of Toledo, the ring service being used. Miss Bertha Porter of Fruitridge acted as bride's maid and J. Pomeroy Munson of Chicago, Ill., as best man.

After the ceremony, an elaborate dinner was served to the large company, about 60 guest from out of town being present. The wedding gifts were numerous and beautiful.

Mr. & Mrs. Chatfield left that afternoon for Detroit and a trip around the lakes.

Almeron Case arrived here from Southern California, Monday forenoon with the remains of his wife who died last week Tuesday evening of hemorrhage of the lungs. It was a sad journey, those 3,000 weary miles, but different from that of nine months ago when he journeyed to the summer land with his wife beside him, his heart full of hope that the climate would be benefited and prolong her life. She has been in delicate health for many years. Wednesday night she said, "I will go for a little walk." He thought she was merely improving. She returned and he noticed a change, in a few moments she had passed away calmly, sweetly, leaving him and his two sons to mourn the loss of a loving wife and mother. The funeral was held Monday afternoon at the residence of his brother, C. W. Case, Rev. Steininger officiating.

## FREEDOM.

Jacob Lutz is on the sick list.

Mrs. M. Waidelich is on the sick list.

Will Foor of Tecumseh was here over Sunday.

Mr. & Mrs. Ben Heubl of Chelsea spent Sunday here.

Mr. & Mrs. Alfred Braun spent a few days in Ann Arbor.

Theo. Koebbe and family of Sharon spent Sunday here at his mother's.

Rev. A. Mre. F. N. Schlecker are attending a camp meeting at Howell.

Mr. & Mrs. Geo. Beurle and family of Ann Arbor spent Sunday with J. M. Alber St.

Mr. & Mrs. Mat Staib and Mr. & Mrs. John Staib of Clinton spent Sunday with Mr. & Mrs. Frank Dettling.

Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Bahlow and daughter Helen, Mrs. & Mrs. Laubengeyer of Ann Arbor spent Sunday at Mrs. J. Braun's.

Christian Lamparter was stricken with apoplexy last Saturday night as he was about to retire and died in about half an hour.

The Misses Esther, Pauline and Florence Beno, Norma Offel of Sharon and Miss Hunting of Norvell spent Tuesday at John Beno's.

The Misses Amelia Kress, Tina Uphaus and Rudolph Paul and Frank Kress spent last Thursday in Chelsea with Will Kress and family.

The school board of district No. 6 have decided to have the interior of the school house painted and frescoed. Jacob Bihlmeier will do the work.

The annual mission services at Bethel church were a great success. The weather was perfect, the attendance large and the collection amounted to $300.

The Sunday schools of the Evangelical association of Sharon and Freedom, will have a picnic at Pleasant lake, Thursday, Aug. 20. C. M. Fellows of Ypsilanti will speak.

## BRIDGEWATER.

Maygard Kidd broke his arm Saturday. Miss Mary Ryer is visiting in Saline for a few days.

Mrs. Anna Shade of Ypsilantiis visiting with her parents here.

Ed. Blum returned to Detroit Sunday after one week's visit here.

Mr. & Mrs. Mike Stabler of Ann Arbor spent Sunday at Geo. Paul's.

Miss Viola Schoen and brother, Hermann spent the past week in Saline.

Miss Margarette Ortenberger of Detroit is the guest of Amanda Rheinfrank.

Mrs. Louise Tag of Clinton is the guest of her sister, Mrs. F. Schoen, this week.

Mrs. Nellie Morse and daughter, Olive, of Chicago are visiting at F. P. Palmer's this week.

Philip Blum and family, O. F. Blum and family, Ed. Blum and family, Miss Louise Maygard of Detroit, and Emma Riedel spent Saturday at Wampler's lake.

Sidney Clarkson of Ann Arbor drove out to H. R. Palmer's Saturday and returned the next day accompanied by his son Willis, who had been spending his vacation there.

Highway Commissioner Westphal has been at River Raisin several days this week making preparations for moving the long bridge across the river near the Dressel house mill. A new iron bridge will be placed there.

## SHARON.

Fred Jones is visiting relatives in Battle Creek.

Wallace Jones led the Epworth league Sunday evening.

Gust Kuhl and family spent last Sunday visiting friends at Ann Arbor.

Mr. & Mrs. Alfred Smythe and Mr. & Mrs. Elmer Bowers spent Sunday at Wampler's lake.

The ladies' aid society of the Rowe's corners church met with Mrs. William Hosmer Thursday.

Chester Bunford at Manchester is having some needed repairs done on his residence at his farm here.

Mrs. Walter Blum of Detroit and Miss Anna Uphaus of Jackson are spending the week with her mother, Mrs. Anton Uphaus.

Mrs Snyder and Mrs. Stearns who have been guests of their brother, John Jones, have returned to their home in Battle Creek.

Mr. & Mrs. W. R. Mount have been spending the past three weeks in Ludington as the guests of Mr. Mount's sister, Mrs. John Carr.

Mr. & Mrs. J. McGowan of Houston, Texas and Mrs. Dolker of Plymouth visited at J. H. Dolker's and with other friends the past few days.

## NORTH SHARON.

Mr. & Mrs. H. Ordway visited at Albion Wednesday.

Mrs. Will Alber led the league meeting last Sunday evening.

Mrs. Wm. Fletcher of Chelsea has been visiting friends about here a few days.

Mr. & Mrs. J. E. Irwin have closed their house and goes to Bay View to spend the hay fever season.

Milton Hasselschwardt spent last Thursday at Ypsilanti, where he soon expects to enter business college.

Miss Carrie Fairchild has returned from New York where she has visited during vacation, and is attending teachers' Institute at Ann Arbor this week.

The evening prayer meetings will be held at Wm. Dorr's grove next Thursday and Friday evenings and Saturday afternoon and evening concluding with three services Sunday.

The Sunday school convention at Will Alber's last Thursday was well attended. Miss Bennett of Ann Arbor gave an excellent address in the afternoon and Rev. Case and Mr. Callister of Ann Arbor gave addressed in the evening.

## IRON CREEK

Many from this section will go to Wampler's lake Saturday where they have a picnic and the men have a clay pigeon shoot.

Ben Mattison has John Jackson and others at work laying foundation walls for a new barn on his farm. It will be 48x90.

## CLINTON

Episcopal picnic at Wampler's lake Tuesday.

Rev. Eugene Allen of Detroit preached at M. E. church Sunday.

Mr. & Mrs. Joe North of Brooklyn made Clinton friends a visit last Thursday.

Mrs. Ida Pollard of Los Angeles, Cal., is enjoying the week here with friends.

Bertine Chamberlin of Bedford, Ohio, is visiting her cousin. Miss Ines Halladay.

A large number of Clinton people are going to Adrian Friday to see the circus.

The methodist ladies cleared $16 from their sale of home baked stuffs Saturday.

Miss Laura Parker of South Bend is a guest of her grandmother, Mrs. Mariam Parker.

Rev. C. C. Kemp and family and Mrs. Kemp's sister are enjoying cottage life at Sand lake.

Bert Kirk of Freese & Son's and Eugene Brown of Lindley's stores are in Detroit on a vacation.

Mr. & Mrs. C. W. Case of Manchester spent Sunday afternoon with Chas. Robison and family.

A large number of our citizens attended the ball game at Tecumseh, Saturday and saw our boys defeated.

Misses Gertrude and Mable Raymond of Muncie are guests of their cousin, Miss Bessie Corwin, this week.

Miss Lizzie Roll returned to Washington, D. C. last Thursday after a pleasant visit with her sister, Mrs. James Hause.

John Haywood, who has been visiting relatives in Buffalo, N. Y., is enjoying a few days' visit with his daughter, Mrs. E. R. Smith, before going to Los Angeles, Cal.

## BROOKLYN.

Robert Thompson is clerking for Dr. Farnham.

Miss Edythe Boots of Jackson is visiting Adoce Palmer.

Mr. & Mrs. Victor Dewey of Detroit arrived on Wednesday for a few days' visit at Albert Dewey's.

Dr. F. H. Austin went to Saginaw and Bay City Saturday. Found his friend Dr. Walter Crego nicely located in a fine office.

His mother went as far as Marcellus with him.

Little Leonard Johnson, who has been so ill with acute Brights disease for several weeks, died Sunday morning and the remains were taken to Reading for burial on Tuesday.

Quite a change is taking place in the business portion of our village. Myron Thompson has closed his meat market and Joe North is fitting up the place for a clothing store. Ed. Culver is moving his grocery into the building vacated by the postoffice and Geo. A. Worthington & Son are moving their furniture and undertaking stock into the A. P. Cook block.

By a peculiar circumstance Mrs. Chas. Webber died of concussion of the brain on Tuesday evening. She had gone to the street for a quart of milk, and while she was absent her husband, who was afflicted with epilepsy and fell heavily, her head striking the hard ground causing concussion of the brain. A physician was summoned but she had died instantly.

## NORVELL.

Sailor Jean passed through here Tuesday.

Mrs. Thos. Wanless is entertaining a niece from Big Rapids.

Mrs. Z. T. Kimble and sister-in-law visited in Manchester Tuesday.

Mrs. Cynthia Hunt of Highland and Mrs. Nancy Merrill of Pentelost are visiting in town.

Harmon Palmer of Washington, D. C., was at S. B. Palmer's last week and left for Chicago Sunday.

Dykemaster & Hickman have a fine thresher this year, self feeder and stacker. Wednesday they threshed 1,360 bushels of grain for A. J. Austin and set the machine three times.

This week's Potter Journal has this to say of Sparks circus which drew an unusually large crowd on Monday and the reputation of the show was again fully maintained. The absence of rowdyism and gambling is a pleasing feature and the management seems desirous of giving the worth of the money in exhibits and of treating the people courteously," says Condensport, Potter Co., Journal, July 10, 1902. Will exhibit at Manchester Aug. 21.

Karl C. Jorenda of Ann Arbor aged 84 was found dead in bed Monday morning.

## Died.

LAMPARTER.—In Freedom, on Saturday, Aug. 8, 1903, of apoplexy, Christian Lamparter, aged 90 years.

Deceased was one of our much respected farmers. He leaves a wife and three children. The funeral was held at Bethel church on Tuesday at 10 o'clock, a. m.

## Married.

CHATFIELD—KISHAUGH.—In Manchester, on Thursday Aug. 6, 1903, by Rev. E. B. Allen of Toledo, Mr. George Chatfield, of

# IN WOMAN'S INTEREST

**White India Silk Frock.**

Simple and girlish is a white India silk frock for a 16-year-old girl. The skirt has a yoke effect given by rows of lace inserting and fine tucks. A ruffle of lace and tucks round the foot gives it the soft, frilly look so dear to the feminine heart. The round waist has a square yoke of lace, with groups of lace and tucks below. The puffed sleeves are caught in by bands of the lace and finished just below the elbow with a lace ruffle.

**Blouse of White Silk.**

Blouse of white silk made with groups of tucks and trimmed at the top, yoke fashion, between the tucks, with straps of pink velvet, or silk, ornamented with motifs or white lace. The standing collar is made with groups of stitching and the little cravat is of pink velvet, or silk.

The sleeves are tucked in the same way, the tucks opening out to form a puff at the elbow, and the lower part is trimmed with the pink velvet and lace motifs.

The girdle is of pink velvet, or silk, fastened with a silver buckle.—Wiener Chic.

**Calico Coming Again.**

There is an old material coming to the fore again, and this is nothing more nor less than old-fashioned calico. A calico gown is so out of date as to be hopeless to the majority of people, yet those who keep right up to the mark are looking at the new calico and investing in it.

The special cause of the return of calico to popularity is the shirt waist suit, for calico makes up so very neatly into these suits. And another reason is the improvement in the patterns of the new calicoes which leave so very little to be desired. There come very pretty calico patterns in cream with a little figure and in light blue and light pink and in the darker colors, brown, green and navy blue. These wash well, wear like iron, and are so very neat that one is tempted to invest so that one can have a pretty shirt-waist suit for morning wear.

**Boy's Sailor Blouse.**

The sailor blouse is the accepted favorite for small boys and the jaunty style shown here is characterized by a double-breasted front under which the edge of the yoke is sewed. The sleeve is the "navy" style with plaits at wrist and at shoulder. The collar may be pointed or square in front, as provision is made for both styles. The trousers are shaped by side, inside and center seams and may be closed with a fly or at the sides.

Linen, pique, galatea, flannel, duck, cheviot and suitings in general are suggested, using braid or bands or contrasting material for trimming and decorating the shield and sleeve with emblems.

**Making Ribbon Rose.**

To make a handsome ribbon rose is now one of the most popular of the smart girl's dress accessories. You take three yards of No. 60 satin ribbon in two shades of pink. Three loops two and a half inches to three and a half inches deep, and one end four inches, of light pink ribbon, with two loops of deeper pink ribbon added, form a bow, which is the background of the rose. The single end is tied about the bow and trimmed to a point. In this row the rose is embedded. The center of the rose is made of the deeper pink ribbon. A yard and a fourth of this is doubled down the middle, and wrapped about a wire stem to form the rose center. Three petals of dark and three of light pink ribbon are added, each two and a half to three and a half inches deep. These are simply loops of ribbon which form the outer petals of the large rose. A spray of rose foliage can be used to make the effect more realistic. A bow for the hair can be made of one yard of light pink ribbon, with five loops and one end. Four buds made of darker pink ribbon are added. The stems (with calyx) are bought ready-made.

**Fried Cauliflower.**

Divide a cooked cauliflower into small branches and dip them separately into some stiff bechamel sauce, which has been mixed with sufficient tomato catsup to make it pink, and put them aside until the sauce is set. Then dip the pieces of cauliflower into beaten egg and cover them thickly with panurette (red bread crumbs), and after allowing about a quarter of an hour for the crumbs to harden fry the cauliflower in a wire basket.

**Dainty Cloth Waist.**

Blouse of pearl-colored cloth made with lengthened shoulders and a group on each side of the front and back. It is trimmed with stitched straps of the material, fastened at the ends with steel buttons.

The fronts, ornamented with larger steel buttons, open over a little waist-coat of white cloth, with revers of the same, which is finished with stitching and fastened with a single row of steel buttons.

The gathered plastron is of white mousseline de soie.

The blouse has a basque attached under the girdle which is of the material fastened with a steel button.

The sleeve is gathered into a cuff, finished with a stitched band, ornamented with the tiny buttons.

**Taffeta Shirt Waist.**

When the summer girl wishes to look the most captivating in the morning she will appear in either a fresh hand-embroidered linen shirt waist or in a crisp-looking shirt waist costume of taffeta. The stylish way of making a taffeta shirt waist dress is to trim it with medallions of Irish or Paraguay lace, with French knots in some striking contrasting color, outlining each medallion. Two medallions are sufficient to use on the shirt waist, which will look smart if fastened with pearl buttons, which are so much the fashion this season.

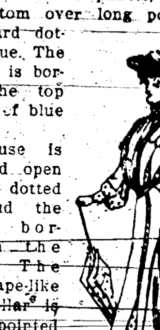
**Bizarre Trimming.**

Practical frocks in biscuit, yellow and ivory shades are mostly trimmed with black taffeta. But these bizarre contrasts are not effective unless carried out with consummate skill.

**Gooseberry Pudding.**

Stew a quart of green gooseberries and sweeten well; when cold add the juice and grated rind of a lemon, beaten yolks of five eggs and beaten whites of two; mix all together; beat three whites of eggs and add six ounces of powdered sugar and a few drops of lemon juice; butter a small baking dish, put fruit in and pour icing evenly over the top; bake ten or fifteen minutes.

**Gown of Blue Voile.**



The skirt is cut in panels, opening at the bottom over long points of white foulard dotted with blue. The front panel is bordered at the top with bands of blue embroidery.

The blouse is also slashed open over the dotted foulard, and the fronts are bordered with the embroidery. The deep cape-like shoulder collar is cut in pointed blocks, or tabs, at the edges. The plastron and cravat are of white taffeta and the girdle is of blue. The sleeves flare at the bottom where they are slashed open over undersleeves of the dotted foulard.—Le Guide des Couturieres.

**Effective Hat Trimming.**

Among popular hat trimmings is the odd sort of rosette. It is made by folding the ribbon half its width, shirring it and sewing the close gathers spirally on a circular piece of buckram. This rosette deserves its name, for, skillfully wrought, it closely resembles a rose. Sometimes it measures four inches across and looks like a very large cabbage rose. A pair of these are sometimes seen at each side of the crown of a sailor and they also form additions to the plateau hats with their garlands of field flowers.

**Cherry Bounce.**

Cherry bounce is a species of popular cordial used in the South, and kept among the familiar rules of sick-room cookery. Take four pounds of sour cherries and the same quantity of sweet ones. Put them in a wooden dish. Pound them hard enough to crush the cherries and break all the stones. Put the cherries into a stone jar, mixing in two and a half pounds of white sugar. Pour a gallon of the best whisky or brandy over them, and turn the whole into a demijohn. Keep it corked tightly and shake it every day for a month. At the end of six months or a year strain it and bottle it. Use it for a cordial, serving it in miniature glasses.

**Negligee Jacket.**

Pretty matinee of heliotrope silk, made with a watteau plait in the back and fastening a little on one side in front. It is finished at the bottom with three rows of tucks.

The tucked yoke is of the silk bordered with a drapery, or scarf, of mousseline de soie to match, finished on each side with a rosette and long end. Both collars and the cuffs are of ecru lace, and the full undersleeves are of mousseline de soie like the scarf.—Wiener Mode-Album.

**DR. HALE POSTED ON BEANS.**

**Boston's Famous Preacher Discourses Learnedly of the Hub's Favorite.**

Dr. Edward Everett Hale comes to Washington once a year to deliver a sermon in the church in which he made his debut in the pulpit half a century ago. He spent part of his time during his recent visit here with friends eminent in the scientific and literary world.

"Dr. Hale," said one of them, "I can give you a piece of news in which you, as a Bostonian should take much interest. It is that the world's demand for beans has become greater than the supply." "I knew it would some day," the celebrated divine replied, "and this fact must be due to the influence Boston exerts on the world. We are the pioneer bean eaters. Perhaps you are not aware that the reason it has taken mankind so many centuries to learn the worth of beans as a food for human beings is that the nations have unconsciously inherited an ancient prejudice against them. The Egyptians cultivated this legume extensively, but finally set them apart as an offering to their deities. Pythagoras warned his disciples against beans. Some historians declare that he imbibed his doctrines concerning beans from the Egyptians, among whom he had been educated, but Aristotle has another explanation. He calls attention to the fact that in their voting the Romans used black and white beans as ballots, as the Greeks used oyster shells, from which we get 'ostracize,' and that Pythagoras, in counseling his followers against this legume, was speaking symbolically, merely meaning that they should forswear politics. It has taken centuries to overcome these ancient preachments against beans, and Boston, in setting the example which has restored this wholesome food to its proper place in man's diet, has earned additional honors."—Washington Correspondence New York Tribune.

**ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.**

**Titled British Woman Has Reached Advanced Age.**

Viscountess Glentworth, a noted Englishwoman, celebrated her one-hundredth birthday recently. "My old friend Pery, in the shape of Lord Glentworth, is going to be married to Maria Villebois—a fortunate woman, I think, to find herself a countess after all." So wrote Disraeli to his sister in 1836. The Pery in question had, by the death of his father, taken the courtesy title of Lord Glentworth, but he died a few weeks before his grandfather, the earl of Limerick. The untimely death of her husband, after eight years of married life, prevented Maria Villebois from becoming more than a courtesy viscountess—a title she retained after her second marriage. It is sixty-four years since Disraeli wrote, on the death of Lord Glentworth: "The lady survives, but does not find herself a countess after all."

Lady Glentworth is not able to walk much and this is the chief sign of weakness to be detected in her at her advanced age. Even when over 90 years old she was daily abroad in her pony carriage paying attention to every detail of life upon her farm.

**A Poem From the Cloister.**

She wrote (dear child) from London
To her sister at Saint Luke
(The merry madcap, Alice,
To the novice at Saint Luke):
"I have just come from the palace
With a duchess and a duke.

"In your poor secluded cloister,
O my gentle Geraldine!
With its round of dreary penance
And its ever dull routine—
What think you of the honor
Of an audience with the Queen?

"A countess went before me,
And a marchioness behind,
And all the royal chamber
With noblemen was lined;
And the prince beside his mother
Looked upon me fair and kind.

"For I wore my snowy velvet,
And my set of precious pearls,
And the crown of whitest roses
Resting lightly on my curls—
Now, was I not, sweet sister,
The happiest of girls?"

And Geraldine made answer
From her convent by the sea:
"God keep thee ever guileless
In thy gayety and glee,
But bear with me, beloved,
While I tell my joys to thee.

"To-day, my little Alice,
I, too, at court have been;
Have entered at a palace
And held converse with a Queen,
A fairer and a dearer
Than any earthly queen!

"With wreath of whitest roses
They crowned thy kneeling nun,
And when the Queen embraced me
(My darling little one!)
Before the court of angels
She espoused me to her Son!

"The richest, rarest jewels
He hath brought me from the sky;
He hath clasped me to His bosom
With a love that cannot die.
Oh! tell me, happy Alice,
Art thou happier than I?"
—Eleanor C. Donnelly, in New York Press.

**Came Down Crab Fashion.**

F. Norton Goddard, the conqueror of New York's policy evil, told at the recent dinner given in his honor at the Savoy hotel an odd story of a maid servant.

"This maid," he said, "had just come over from the old country, and she was very green. Everything she did proclaimed her greenness. One of her habits was always to come down stairs backward.

"I assure you, it was a funny sight to see her descending a staircase slowly in that way. Her hand grasped the balustrade for safety, and every little while she looked round to see how much farther she had to go.

"'Why do you come down stairs backward, Kathleen?' someone asked her.

"'Sure, sir,' she answered, 'that's the way we always came down stairs in the ship comin' over. Isn't it the fashion in America?'"—Boston Post.

**As He Was Saying.**

Husband—This cake isn't at all bad, my dear, but don't you think there ought to be a little more—

Wife (interrupting)—That cake came by express this morning. Your mother made it.

Husband—As I was saying when you interrupted me, there ought to be a little more of it.

**THE SMALL BOY DRESSED IN HIS VERY BEST.**

Costumes for little boys are exceedingly chic and pretty, and while fashions for little folks are generally supposed to be quite simple and easy to follow, yet they are not at all easy to make attractive.

The newest models for small boys are decidedly picturesque and attractive.

**French Flannel and Butchers' Linen.**

The Russian blouse suits still cling to popularity, but are made somewhat more elaborate, a great many of them being hand embroidered.

The three models shown in the cut were sketched from the latest designs. They are simple and easily made, yet stylish and pretty and suitable for afternoon or morning wear.

The coat and vest effect on the center figure is one of the newest designs and is here shown in navy blue French flannel combined with white silk flannel with a tiny blue figure.

The other two are linen suits, which are kept clean and fresh with very little trouble.

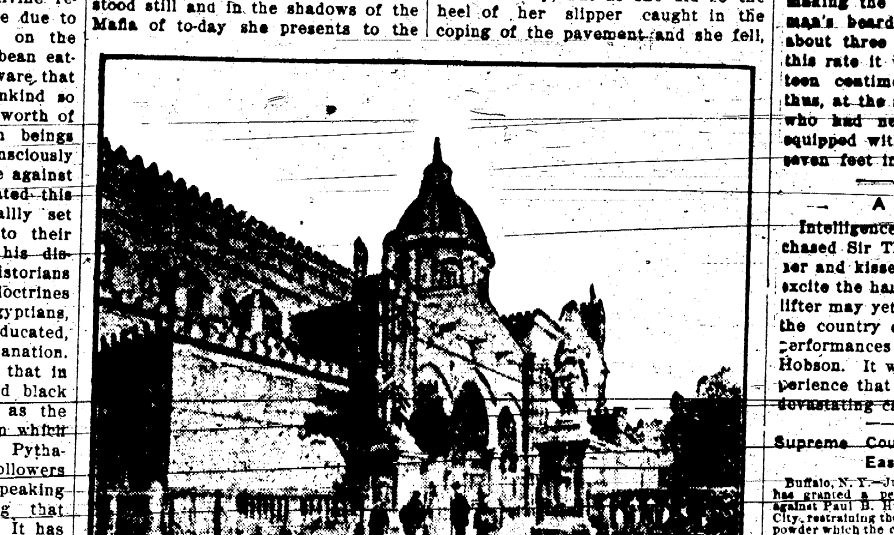
Butchers' linen is extensively used for these suits.

# THE DREADED MAFIA.

**Accounts of the Origin of This Ancient and Crime-Stained Sicilian Order Differ—The Revolt of Palermo in 1282.**

(Special Correspondence.)

Modern Sicily is little known to the world to-day, but the little that is known includes the outward workings of the great crime-stained society, "La Mafia." When the rest of the world was moving on, Sicily seems to have stood still and in the shadows of the Mafia of to-day she presents to the rest of the civilized world a study of a state of society for the analogue of which, in England, one would have to go back to the time of Henry VII., when England was passing away from the old system of feudalism into a brighter and higher life. It is almost precisely the same condition which existed in Germany after the Thirty Years' war, and it presents the same picture of semi-barbarism as did France during the years that preceded the French revolution.



Cathedral, Palermo.

What is La Mafia? The question is one that is asked many times. Writers of Italian and Sicilian history have devoted many pages to an explanation of its fearful and mystical organism and yet when they have said all, they have given merely an account of its outward workings. The wisest of these historians set the bewildered reader right in the beginning of their accounts by saying candidly that there is no satisfactory or definite answer to the inquiry. It may be due to the fact recorded by Giuseppe Alonghi, that "it is dangerous for Sicilians to occupy themselves very earnestly with the study of this question." With other writers, he says that La Mafia is not a sect or cult, nor yet an association having rules, regulations or by-laws; that Il Mafioso is not necessarily a brigand, a robber or a highwayman. Another historian says, "La Mafia is the consciousness of one's own importance and power; an exaggerated conceit of one's own individuality, in the sense of being superior to moral, social or political law, sole arbiter of all questions concerning one's relations to other individuals or to society at large." La Mafia in general seem to be a phase of Sicilian society; it is not a compact organization of people who are bound together by oaths, with passwords and grips; it is a state of social immorality in which may be found peasant and land owner, brigand and judge. Franchetti has described it as the survival of a medieval sentiment which brings about a union of persons of all ranks and classes and professions who are constantly reuniting to satisfy their common interests. But the best descriptions do not give a full definition of this part of Sicilian life.

The Mafia is probably of very ancient origin. It is more than 600 years old. Just exactly when or how it sprang into existence is not exactly known. Some historians say that the Italians' love for intrigue and mystery prompted the organization, but the writers who cling to the romances of history tell a pretty story, which shows that the society sprang into existence from an inspiration of patriotism, but its very birth was heralded by a libation of blood. These writers have its origin at the revolt of Palmero, which took place during an Easter ceremonial in the suburbs of that city in the year 1282. A beautiful young girl and her betrothed, in accordance with the quaint customs of that people, approached the church of the Holy Ghost to be united in marriage at the altar, and while the lover sought the padre in the little room at the rear of the building, his bride waited in the threshold. As she stood there a drunken sergeant of the French garrison came along, threw his arm about her waist and kissed her. She tore herself from his grasp and turned to fly, but as she did so the heel of her slipper caught in the coping of the pavement and she fell, striking her head against a sharp projection of the cornice.

At that instant the returning lover's eyes fell upon her prostrate form and with the fury of a wild beast he threw himself upon the French sergeant, driving his stiletto into his heart and crying "Morte ala Francia!" Death to the French. The maddened cry became the roar of infuriated thousands. It swelled and deepened; it took on a deeper meaning and became nationalized and then burst forth: "Morte ala Francia Italia anelea!" (Death to the French is Italy's cry.) For seventy-two hours armed bands, headed by the father and betrothed of the girl hunted down the hapless French. In dread of the vengeance of the French nation these unhappy people formed themselves into secret organization with the password and name of the society made up with the initial letters of the words which compose that fateful death cry, thus forming Mafia.

But setting aside the possible ancient origin of the society, its present development seems due to the great corruption which existed under the Bourbons and especially in the police of that time, the consequence of which was a general tendency on the part of the Sicilians to do justice for themselves. One of the principal functions of the Mafia is, indeed, to decide differences and dispense justice without apealing to the decisions of courts or tribunals.

The Mafists have their so-called code of honor, and disregarding social law, accept "Omerta" and are guided by the teachings and by it regulate their lives and adjust their relations to their fellow men. In the opinion of the Mafists, the "Omerta" lifts them above law. According to it, if a man appeals to the law against his fellow man, he is not only a fool, but a coward.

The Mafia is properly divided into two parts, the one existing in Palermo and the larger cities, and the other outside in the open country and in the mountains. Without organization it seems impossible that members of the society should be capable of recognizing other members. The intercourse comes about through a cattle fair, which is held every year, and landowners, and peasants, rich and poor, mingle one with the other.

Since 1876 the Mafia has been very quiet in Italy and has been little heard of elsewhere until 1891, when its bold operations in New Orleans and the assassination of Chief Hennessy of that city, so aroused the better elements of New Orleans that the citizens proceeded to the jail and shot or hanged eleven of the Italian criminals confined there who had been implicated in the murder. Since then the Mafia has not dared to raise its head in the United States, though no doubt there still exists organization among the lower classes.

Public Fountain, Palermo.

**Marriage in England.**

Of every 1,000 marriages in England 672 take place in Anglican churches, 128 in Nonconformist churches, 154 in Registrar's offices, 40 in Catholic churches and 6 in synagogues

**Killing Kings in Servia.**

A correspondent in Belgrade writes: "The bitterest sarcasm on the Servian situation was made by an Englishman who has a smattering of the language. In the park there was a notice stating that something or other was strictly forbidden. I asked him what it was. 'So far as I can make out,' he replied, 'it says: "You are strictly forbidden to kill kings in the park. There is a palace specially provided for the purpose."'"

**Barbers Necessary.**

According to a Dublin scientist, who has spent considerable time in making the necessary calculations, a man's beard grows on an average about three millimetres a week. At this rate it would increase about sixteen centimetres every year, and thus, at the age of eighty-four, a man who had never shaved would be equipped with a beard about twenty-seven feet in length.

**A Fearful Thought.**

Intelligence that a young woman has chased Sir Thomas Lipton into a corner and kissed him several times will excite the haunting dread that the cup lifter may yet be seen prowling around the country emulating the osculatory performances of Richmond Pearson Hobson. It was the same kind of experience that started that hero on his devastating career.

**Supreme Court Sustains the Foot-Ease Trade-Mark.**

Buffalo, N. Y.—Justice Laughlin in Supreme Court has granted a permanent injunction with costs against Paul B. Hudson and others of New York City, restraining them from making or selling a foot powder which the court declares is an imitation and infringement on "Foot-Ease," now so largely advertised and sold over the country. The owner of the trade-mark "Foot-Ease," is Allen S. Olmsted, of Le Roy, N. Y., and the decision in this suit upholds his trade-mark and renders all parties liable who fraudulently attempt to profit by the extensive "Foot-Ease" advertising, in placing on the market the spurious and similar appearing preparation involved in this case. This, the court declares was designed in imitation and infringement of the genuine "Foot-Ease." Similar suits will be brought against others who are now infringing on the Foot-Ease trade-mark rights.

**For Free Port at Bordeaux.**

Paris cable: A congress organized to promote an Anglo-French commercial rapprochement resolved in favor of the creation of a free port at Bordeaux and advocated negotiations with the United States.

There are only two more weeks left to avail yourself of the American Wire & Steel Bed Co.'s offer of their Diamond Spring Bed for $5.00. The offer is a novelty as it comes direct from the manufacturing company who are specialists in that line. A good night's rest can't be had unless a perfect tensible spring bed is used. Get the DIAMOND; it's a marvel of comfort and ease.

**Volcano in Action.**

Colima, Mexico, dispatch: The Colima volcano is in eruption. Great clouds of smoke are issuing from the volcano and are being carried to the northeast by a strong wind from the sea.


**HOW'S THIS?**

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio; WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.


If you would learn to read character listen when a person laughs. A hearty laugh is the echo of the music of the spheres.


**ALL UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPERS**
Use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers.


The most cowardly lone wolf is the bravest when he has a pack at his back.

In searching for means to an end we often forget the end.


**To Cure a Cold in One day.**
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.


A soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties.—M. Martineau.

*The Woman with a Beautiful Complexion*

is the woman whose cheeks portray the glow of health. The sedentary life of most women makes it absolutely necessary for them to assist nature in keeping the functions of digestion in a healthy condition. That's why

**Dr. Caldwell's (Laxative) Syrup Pepsin**

is so popular with the women of America. It is a gentle corrective laxative, stimulating the liver and kidneys to healthy action—keeps no headaches, no constipation, no nervousness; instead—the glow of health.

**ALL DRUGGISTS**
*50c and $1.00 Bottles*

Sent Free: Sample bottle and an interesting book, "The Story of a Traveling Man."

**Pepsin Syrup Company**
**Monticello, Illinois**

**ANTS DRIVEN AWAY WITH**
*WATSON'S*
**ANT-SUGAR**

This is a powder, not a poison, and may be safely sprinkled wherever you find ants, and they will quickly vacate. Pleasant and Effective. Price 25c. postpaid or at druggists.
THE BRISTOL DRUG CO., 84 Main St., Ansonia, Conn.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION


# TREASON OF A FEATHER.

With hidden noose and tangle set,
Stood Cupid in the clover
Along the sea to lure and trap
A duckling flying over!
The snare was sprung—when Cupid freed
The quarry from his noose,
He found that he had baited for
A duck—and caught a goose!

Dan Cupid, for a lover's charm,
Upon milady's bonnet
Did fix a feather of that bird,
And set his seal upon it;
I called milady "dove" and "duck"—
The matrimonial noose
I wound about her heart—and then
I found I caught a goose!

# The Second Half

To lounge dejectedly in his chair, gazing pensively at the mantelpiece, had become one of Bob's daily occupations. Perhaps the white letters, W-E-L-L-E-S-L-E-Y, standing out conspicuously on a pennant in the center had fascinated him. Perhaps the mere knowledge that she had given it to him made Fate seem less cruel.

Be that as it may, the Wellesley pennant held the place of honor in the room, the spot wherein the football player's heart had hitherto stood.

A long row of pretty faces reaching across the wall told their own story of a brief reign. And now, where each in turn had stood, hung an inanimate pennant.

Tom was rudely recalled from dreamland by a knock at the door.

"Come in!" he shouted, inhospitably and without looking around.

"What's up, Bob?" inquired Ned Summers, entering the room in football attire. "Why are you mooning around here? The fellows are waiting."

He glanced about the room for some explanation of Bob's evident mental disturbance.

"Hang football," was the uncivil response.

Ned vented his feelings by a whistle of surprise. After a minute he laid a hand on Bob's shoulder.

"What's the matter, old chap?" he asked. "Do you want those fellows to wipe us off the face of the earth on Saturday? One might think so from the way you've played this fall. I'd suggest that you were in love, but—hello!"

His eye fell on the pennant on the mantel. "Where's her picture? Who is it now?"

"That's the question—where is it? She didn't give me one."

Bob's dejected air was so unusual as to cause Ned to look curiously at him.

"I say, Bob, is your brain affected?" he asked, half seriously.

"No; I tell you, Ned, it's my heart. I'm hard hit."

"Why don't you tell her?"

"Why don't you ride to the moon in an auto?" Evidently there were rough spots in Bob's temper.

"Come, Bob, what's it all about?" Ned's expression was one of bewilderment.

"I tell you, she won't listen to me. I met her at Green Lake in August. She spent the summer there with her mother, and on the afternoon of the night she was to leave I tried to tell her all about it, only to become entangled in one of those sarcastic conversations which ended in a quarrel.

To cool off I went out for a turn in the water, intending to return and apologize for some things I said. When I was nicely out in the middle the wind went down and left me lulled two miles from shore, my sails empty and no sign of an oar."

"Well?" asked Ned, leaning against the mantelpiece and becoming interested.

"Well! It wasn't well at all," corrected Bob, impatiently. "When I finally reached the hotel, several hours later, she was gone, but not without a parting shot at me in a note. She said a lot of things about people losing their tempers and all that rot, and of how a real gentlemen would have apologized for what I had said. You see, she thought it was intentional—my going out on the lake and remaining until she was gone."

Bob's eyes sought the pennant again.

"But why don't you write to her? She'll listen to reason." Ned was beginning to show signs of sympathy.

"I did, and I'm waiting yet for the answer."

"And the pennant—how about that?"

"Oh, she gave that to me—before. It's all I have of hers."

"Do you realize that you haven't enlightened me as to who 'her' is?"

"She's Lourene Richmond. Lives in Corning."

It was Bob's own fault that he did not detect the shaft of surprise that shot across his friend's face.

"Well, it's pretty tough, old man, but this won't win our game for us. Come, we must practice. A bump or two on the gridiron will shake all sentiment out of you. We must do those fellows Saturday."

A few minutes later, when they stepped into the street, together, Ned ran on ahead and disappeared around the corner, ostensibly to telephone to a friend.

But the telephone message was written on a telegraph blank and read:

"If it is so easily won, Bob," she said.

"Miss Gladys Irving, Corning, New York. Arrange to come to game Saturday an bring Lourene without fail. "Ned."

* * * * *

Expressions of mingled surprise and disappointment were plainly visible on many faces in the crowded stand. Terbell, the halfback, had fumbled every ball in the first half. He was not playing in his usual form.

When "time" was called, Ned Summers rushed up to a small boy standing on the field. All out of breath from playing, he gasped:

"Run to Bob Terbell's room. Know where it is? All right. Bring the pennant hanging on the mantel. Bring it here as fast as you can scamper."

As the players took their positions for the second half Bob Terbell, bending over with his head between his knees, glanced casually at the grandstand.

Through the space he saw a white-lettered pennant floating in the breeze. Without thought of the game he stood erect, just as the signal was to be given. On a pretense of adjusting his noseguard, he stood for a minute while the signal was held.

"X-Y-Z-11-3!" called the quarterback, as Bob resumed his position. The fight for the pigskin was on.

Bob played football as well in the second half as he had played badly in the first, and all because he saw a face behind the flying pennant.

* * * * *

"But you played so much better in the last half, Bob," said Lourene, as she put a little hand in the two big ones in the deserted grandstand. Two other thoughtful young persons were walking in an opposite direction. "You saved the day."

"No; you did it," replied Bob, looking ridiculously happy and forgetting to release the hand he held. "You won the game. But for the sight of your face, so unlooked for, behind that pennant, I should have fumbled through the whole game. A part of my anatomy was wanting."

And a long time afterward, when he had taken off his football clothes and had regained some of his equanimity, he said, "Do you suppose, dear, that you could help me win the battle of life as you did the game to-day. You can—but will you?"

"If it is so easily won, Bob," she said.

And they began on the second half of the game.—Dorothy Blackmore in Boston Globe.

Gazing pensively at the mantelpiece.

**Infection from Table Salt.**

It perhaps does not occur to many people that there is risk in our present unclean method of using table salt from an open dish or salt cellar, as it is always exposed to the dust and germs floating about in the atmosphere. Knowing also the affinity salt has for moisture, it is only reasonable to expect that it will absorb this from a sick room (which may possibly be humidified artificially) and then take up the germs of disease at the same time.

**Was Born Without Them.**

George Lawder, president of the Union Cro[illegible] club, was walking along the shopping district when a uniformed attendant of a painless dental parlor handed him a card. After glancing at it Mr. Lawder handed back the card with the remark:

"I haven't any use for this." I was born without teeth."—New York Times.

[illegible]

# POULTRY

**Marketing Poultry Products.**

Poor poultry products are seldom marketed with profit. It costs just as much to express a certain number of stale eggs as it does fresh ones. The charges are just as great on a barrel of inferior fowls as on the quality that will take the top of the market. Many of the other expenses of transport are the same for poor as for good quality. This fact must not be lost sight of in the conduct of poultry raising operations. The quantity of first-class products on the market is now greater than ever before, and the people that want only good poultry and eggs are having less trouble than ever before to get them. The immediate result is that the poor stuff sells at a still lower price in the market, and its tendency is downward. The shippers of inferior products frequently complain that the money received for their consignments is not enough to pay cost of producing and selling, to say nothing of profits. This condition is likely to be intensified as skill in poultry culture increases. In the marketing of poultry, it is worth the while of the seller to thoroughly understand the practices of some of the dealers in poultry. Most of these will make honest returns when they are selling on commission, but there are some that do not. In quite a number of instances commission men have been caught in what they call "averaging up." That is they add together all they have received on all the consignments and divide the receipts according to the quantity sold. Thus, if Mr. Jay, the commission man, sells 100 pounds of Smith's turkeys for $10.00 and 100 pounds of Brown's turkeys for $6.00, he makes a return of $8.00 to each man. By this practice, Mr. Brown gets $2.00 that belongs to Mr. Smith, and the latter gentleman gets no pay whatever for sending to market a product very superior to that sent by Mr. Brown. The excuse of the commission man for this practice is that it "prevents kicking," as Mr. Smith does not know that he has been robbed, and Mr. Brown is well pleased at the amount received for his very ordinary product. It is, however, a practice that is essentially detrimental to the business of the intelligent poultryman ambitious to put on the market products that will entitle him to more than the ordinary remuneration.

**The Dorking.**

From the Farmers' Review: The Dorking fowl is one of the oldest breeds as well as one of the best, as they hold their own in England and are forging ahead at a great rate in this country, and, when their true worth is fully known, they will be far more popular than they are to-day. I have always been a great admirer of the Dorking, even when a boy they were my first fowls in England. Why? In the first place they are the best table fowl on earth on account of their large full breast and long bodies, and anyone who has ever eaten them will vouch for what I say, and if you do not believe it you take a hen that weighs 8 pounds or over, and there are lots that weigh over, and roast it and you will say the same thing, for the meat is very white and juicy and of fine flavor. The young mature early and that of course makes them very profitable for the farmer or broiler plant, and they find ready sale, especially among people who know what they are. They do not lay as many eggs as some breeds, but if they were sold by weight they would not be far behind the best, as their eggs are large and they are good winter layers. They are hardy and will stand confinement well and do not need such a high fence as most other breeds, owing to their weight. They are very tame, also good sitters, and I have never known one to leave her nest; they are the best of mothers and will defend their brood until the last. And lastly, when you come to beauty, what looks nicer than a flock of Silver Gray Dorkings with their stately male and beautifully marked females. It is a sight long to be remembered. If you have never seen any send and get a sitting of eggs from some good breeder and you will never regret it.—R. Chant & Co., Fulton County, N. Y.

**Grooming the Herd.**

After the cattle have had their hay in the morning they are cleaned up for the day. We use good stiff root brushes for the purpose and the curry comb is brought into requisition when necessary. The cows enjoy this brushing and stand perfectly still, frequently stopping their eating during the operation. Some authorities claim that brushing stimulates the circulation, thereby increasing the milk flow. Whether or not this is so, I do not know. That a clean row of cows is more attractive and pleasing to the eye, there is no doubt. Besides this, can you tell me of anything more repulsive than milking vile smelling, filthy cows? If the custom of cleaning cows was more general among farmers, the butter makers and creamery men throughout the country would have much less trouble in producing a first class article.—D. W. Howie.

"In-and-in breeding" means mating animals that are closely related to one another. This practice of family breeding is not carried on to the extent it was at one time, but it is still done. It is no doubt the quickest way of establishing a uniform breed of animals, but it is often attended by a lack of size and constitution.

A man who breeds without a definite object, or without holding in his mind's eye an ideal animal and trying his best to produce such animals, will usually meet with unsatisfactory results.

Unless a man takes a keen interest in horses, and has had a good deal of experience, he will rarely make a successful breeder.

"Gills" is a term often applied to the wattles.

**Have Built Many Churches.**

The Christian Endeavorers of America have built twenty-nine churches in destitute portions of the United States. Twenty-one of these have been built by the Christian Missionary League of the Reformed Church in America. The Christian Endeavor gifts from this denomination during the past year amounted to $10,477.

**Use American Implements.**

Not only are American mowers, harvesters and hay rakes in use in all the farming districts of South Germany, but our smaller agricultural implements, such as forks, garden and lawn rakes, hoes, shovels, spades and hand potato diggers, have also rapidly grown in favor, and are now on sale in nearly every local hardware store.

**Has Her Doubts.**

"A horse," said the lover of animals "is man's truest friend." "I didn't know that," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "Judging from Charley's experience at the race track, I thought a horse was the kind of a friend who borrows your money and forgets to return it."—Washington Star.

**Famous Elephant Dead.**

The famous decoy elephant Kapuri has just died at Ellawella, India, at the age of 78. The animal was well known to the Prince of Wales and the late Duke of Clarence and Edinburgh, having taken part in several elephant hunts while they were in India.

**Real Ship Trimmers.**

Sir Thomas Lipton and J. P. Morgan both arrived on the same steamer. By berthing them on opposite sides it was possible to bring the ship across on an even keel, but it was noticed that her Plimsoll marks were pretty well down in the water.

**Dubuque Catholics.**

Dubuque is the strongest Catholic city in the west, 52 per cent of the population belonging to that faith. There are seven parochial schools, attended by 16,424 children, and 19,655 young people are under the care of the church.

**World's Debt to United States.**

This country invented the parlor, sleeping and dining cars, the pressed-steel freight car, many of the best features of the automatic coupler, and a host of related devices, and it runs the fastest long-distance trains.

**Endless Chain Religious Work.**

If there were only one Christian in the world and he worked a year and won a friend for Christ, and if these two continued each year to win another, and if every man thus led into the kingdom led another every year, in thirty-one years every person in the world would be won for Christ.—Church Eclectic.

**Harvest for Watchmakers.**

All the watch repairers in New York are working over time these hot days. They account for this peculiar business phenomenon by saying that when men discard their vests they do not properly secure their watches in the trousers' fob. The result is an epidemic of dropped time-pieces.

**Blames the Brother.**

Harry—What nonsense to say her description was photographic! It wasn't a bit like it. Dick—When I used the word photographic I had in mind some of the pictures her brother Fred takes with his camera.—Boston Transcript.

**She Didn't Care.**


Maplehill, Ia., Aug. 10th.—"I felt as though I didn't care whether I lived or died, I was so miserable all the time."

In these words does Miss Nellie Barfoot of this place describe her condition. Every woman who is, or has been sick and suffering will understand and appreciate just how Miss Barfoot felt, and there are no doubt many thousands of similar cases.

It is truly an awful thing when a woman gets so low that she can say "I don't care whether I live or die."

But Miss Barfoot tells a different story to-day, and her words should guide every suffering woman to the path of health and happiness.

"I used Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I am cured. I feel like a new person, and I would say to every woman suffering as I did, give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial and you will not be disappointed. They are worthy of the highest praise."


**DANVILLE GUARD IS CHANGED.**

**Company A, Fourth Infantry, Ordered to Relieve Men of Seventh.**

Springfield, Ill., special: Adjutant General Scott has issued an order directing companies H and I, Seventh infantry, I. N. G., which has been on duty at Danville, to proceed to their home station at Arcola, and ordering company A, Fourth infantry of Arcola to proceed to Danville. It is believed that troops will be needed at Danville only a few days more.

**To Rise in the World.**

"Books that have helped me!" chuckled Tommy, as he piled enough bound volumes of the Congressional Record on a chair to enable him to reach the shelf where his mother kept the marmalade.—Chicago Tribune.


**RED CROSS BALL BLUE**
Should be in every home. Ask your grocer for it. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.


**To Cool Off.**

Crack some ice fine, add a few sprigs of mint, inclosed in a canvas bag and apply to the wrists, the back of the neck and the crown of the head. A little whisky and sugar with the ice and mint, applied internally, increase the efficacy of the prescription.


**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.**
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.


Great as you are, your friends will laugh merrily after your funeral.

Short-sighted people are naturally close observers.


Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Endsley, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.


The truly humble hide their humility.

**Revolution in Street Car Traffic.**

Electricity is rapidly coming to control the country and a decided decrease is shown in the number of companies and trackage of other kinds of power. Of the single track mileage, 21,914 miles, or 97 per cent, are operated by electric power and 416 miles, or 1.9 per cent by other mechanical traction, while only 259 miles, or 1.1 per cent, are operated by animal power, as compared with 69.7 per cent in 1890.

**Geniuses and Others.**

During the year 1902 there were made at the English Patent Office 28,976 applications for patents, of which only 13,764 were granted. Next to electric traction and motor car specifications the favorite subjects for invention were wireless telegraphy, golf balls and clubs and reversible outside seats for tram-cars. The Queen Victoria street fire led to a big boom in applications for patent fire escapes.

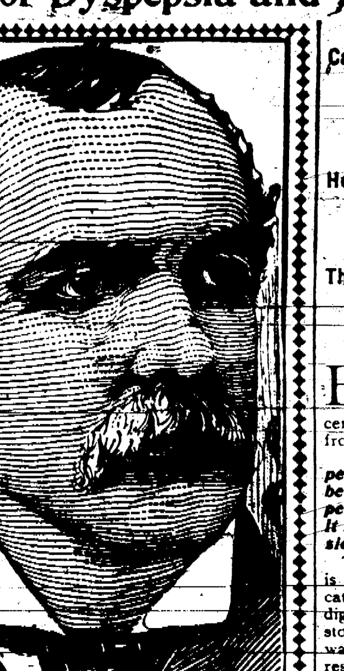
**Reach After Converts.**

The Protestants of Boston are making contributions to a fund of $60,000 to convert Spanish women. Headquarters will be opened in Madrid, and it will be known as the Gulick Institute. Bishop Lawrence of the Episcopal Church of Boston says it is time for his church to convert the Italians, who are settling in that city in large numbers.

**Quite a Ceremony.**

A Buddhist dignitary was recently buried in Japan, and the police attended the funeral and made an official report of the ceremonies, which must have been rather picturesque. The report merely says: "Three hundred and eleven injured, 75 fainted, 121 thefts, 374 pickpockets captured, 1,921 articles lost and 79 people rescued from canals."


**U. S. SENATOR FROM SOUTH CAROLINA**
**Recommends Pe-ru-na**
**For Dyspepsia and Stomach Trouble.**



Ex-Senator M. C. Butler.

**Catarrh of the Stomach is Generally Called Dyspepsia—Something to Produce Artificial Digestion is Generally Taken.**

**Hence, Pepsin, Pancreatin and a Host of Other Digestive Remedies Has Been Invented.**

**Those Remedies Do Not Reach the Seat of the Difficulty, Which is Really Catarrh.**

Ex-U. S. Senator M. C. Butler from South Carolina, was Senator from that state for two terms. In a recent letter to The Peruna Medicine Co., from Washington, D. C., says:

*"I can recommend Peruna for dyspepsia and stomach trouble. I have been using your medicine for a short period and I feel very much relieved. It is indeed a wonderful medicine besides a good tonic."—M. C. Butler.*

The only rational way to cure dyspepsia is to remove the catarrh. Peruna cures catarrh. Peruna does not produce artificial digestion. It cures catarrh and leaves the stomach to perform digestion in a natural way. This is vastly better and safer than resorting to artificial methods.

Peruna has cured more cases of dyspepsia than all other remedies combined, simply because it cures catarrh wherever located. If catarrh is located in the head, Peruna cures it. If catarrh has fastened itself in the throat or bronchial tubes, Peruna cures it. When catarrh becomes settled in the stomach, Peruna cures it, as well in this location as in any other.

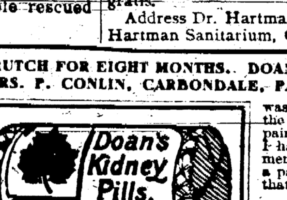
Peruna is not simply a remedy for dyspepsia. Peruna is a catarrh remedy. Peruna cures dyspepsia because it is generally dependent upon catarrh.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

**COMPELLED TO USE A CRUTCH FOR EIGHT MONTHS. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED MRS. P. CONLIN, CARBONDALE, PA.**

Mrs. P. Conlin, 82 Greenfield Avenue, Carbondale, Pa., says: "I suffered with backache, and, despite the use of medicines, I could not get rid of it. *I was compelled to use a crutch for eight months*, and a part of the time was unable to walk at all. I fairly screamed if I attempted to lift my feet from the floor, and, finally, I lost control of my limbs through weakness, as I could neither bend nor straighten up to my full height, and if ever a woman was in a serious condition, I was. My husband went to Kelly's drug store and brought home a box of Doan's Pills. I felt easier in a few days, and, continuing the treatment, I was soon able to walk. At the end of two weeks the pains in my loins left. When I had completed the treatment, I had not an ache nor a pain, and I have been in that condition ever since.





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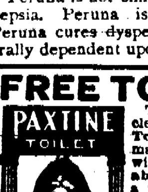
For free trial box, mail this coupon to Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. If above space is insufficient, write address on separate slip.

Aching backs are eased. Hip, back, and loin pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs and dropsy signs vanish.

They correct urine with brick dust sediment, high colored, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency, bed wetting. Doan's Kidney Pills remove calculi and gravel. Relieve heart palpitation, sleeplessness, headache, nervousness, dizziness.

**FREE TO WOMEN!**





To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free. This is not a tiny sample, but a large package, enough to convince anyone of its value. Women all over the country are praising Paxtine for what it has done in local treatment of female ills, curing all inflammation and discharges, wonderful as a cleansing vaginal douche, for sore throat, nasal catarrh, as a mouth wash and to remove tartar and whiten the teeth. Send today; a postal card will do.

Sold by druggists or sent postpaid by us, 50 cents, large box. Satisfaction guaranteed. THE R. PAXTON CO., Boston, Mass. 214 Columbus Ave.


W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 33—1903


**BANKING BY MAIL**

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| Capital Stock Paid-in | $100,000.00 |
| Additional Individual Liability | $100,000.00 |
| Surplus and Undivided Profits | $7,388.10 |

**Interest at 4 per cent per annum**

paid on deposits from the day of deposit to the day of withdrawal. Interest compounded semi-annually.

The Detroit United Bank Limited commenced business September 3, 1902, in the handsome new Banking building at 204-206 Griswold Street, which was erected for it. For convenience, light, solidity, security and artistic design, this building will compare favorably it is believed with any banking structure in this country.

The Detroit United Bank Limited is strictly a savings bank. No loans are made on commercial paper, nor under its charter can it take any commercial risks whatever. Its funds are invested only in first mortgages upon centrally located improved real estate for not exceeding 50 per cent of present cash value of security in any case.

The favor with which the public regard this bank and the conservative system for which it stands is evidenced by the many hundreds of depositors it already has both from Detroit and from outside towns.

It has been open but three-quarters of a year and at this time has upwards of a quarter of a million dollars of deposits.

It has depositors in seventy-six cities and towns outside of Detroit, the aggregate of such deposits exceeding $100,000.

It already has in its vaults over a third of a million dollars of first mortgages on real estate, worth at least double the amount of mortgage in each case.

It is seeking to interest savings depositors whether residing in Detroit or elsewhere. You are invited to open an account, and at all times are assured of courteous treatment and every facility which a first-class modern savings bank can provide.

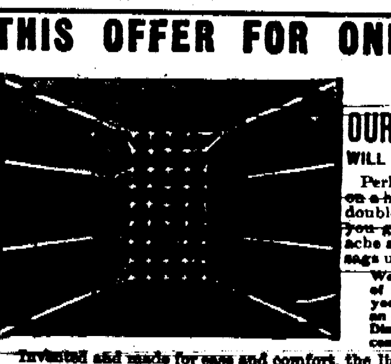
Send for booklet on **BANKING BY MAIL**, fully illustrating the system introduced by this bank, under which it is as easy for persons residing at a distance to carry their savings accounts with a strong metropolitan bank as for those residing in Detroit.

204-206 GRISWOLD STREET, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

**Sick, Nervous and Neuralgic Headaches**

**QUICKLY CURED BY BROMO SELTZER**
*SOLD EVERYWHERE.* **10¢**

**THIS OFFER FOR ONE MONTH ONLY.**



A TREAT FOR YOUR FAMILY.

**OUR DIAMOND SPRING BED**
WILL SUSTAIN A WEIGHT OF 5,000 LBS.

Perhaps you toss about restlessly all night on a hard unyielding spring bed, or lie bent double in a soft one of poor wire! When you get up from the former your bones ache as if you had been beaten; the latter sags until your back is nearly broken.

Would you like to know what a night of perfect rest is? Is any member of your family sick and unable to sleep on an old fashioned spring bed? If so our Diamond Spring Bed will exactly and completely fill your want.

Invented and made for ease and comfort, the lightest persons find in it real enjoyment, yet the tension of the fabric is such that no weight can make it sag. It has a National Coppered link chain support beneath a tinned, well woven fabric. The frame is of solid steel of such fine quality that it is lighter than a wooden frame.

We Guarantee the Diamond Spring Bed neither to Sag nor Break for 20 Years.

For one month only, as an advertisement, we will deliver this Spring Bed at your station for $5.00, the price your local furniture dealer would have to pay. We want him to know about our Diamond Spring. The Diamond Spring Bed is our own invention. The idea is only one year old, yet wherever introduced, people will have none but the Diamond Spring Bed. For instance, from Washington, D. C., where more than 10,000 Diamond Spring Beds are in use, orders for more are still coming in by the hundreds.

**ORDER ONE NOW**

Send in $5.00 by check, money order, or cash in registered letter and we will ship you one Diamond Spring Bed immediately, freight prepaid.

State size of bed, and whether bedstead is of iron or wood. Address all letters

**AMERICAN WIRE & STEEL BED CO.**
**324 W. 26th St., New York City, N. Y.**

When answering Ads, please mention this paper

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

**CHAMPION TRUSS** EASY TO FIT, EASY TO WEAR.
Ask Your Physician's Advice. BOOKLET FREE.
Philadelphia Truss Co., 610 Locust St., Phila., Pa.

AGENTS

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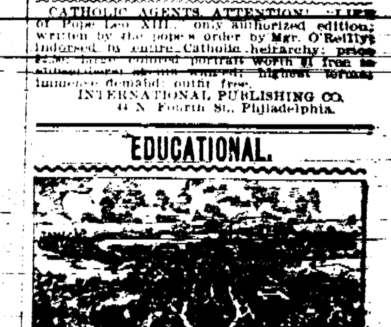


**THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.**
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

FULL COURSES IN Classics, Letters, Economics and History, Journalism, Art, Science, Pharmacy, Law, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, Architecture.

Thorough Preparatory and Commercial Courses.

Rooms Free to all students who have completed the studies required for admission into the Sophomore, Junior or Senior Year of any of the Collegiate Courses.

Rooms to Rent, moderate charge to students over seventeen preparing for Collegiate Courses.

A limited number of Candidates for the Ecclesiastical state will be received at special rates.

St. Edward's Hall, for boys under 13 years, is unique in the completeness of its equipment.

The 60th Year will open September 8, 1903. Catalogues Free. Address P. O. Box 251.

REV. A. MORRISSEY, C. S. C., President.

**ST. MARY'S ACADEMY**
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

Most beautifully and healthfully located. Conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Chartered 1855. Embracing a national patronage. Thorough English, Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Advanced Chemistry and Pharmacy. Regular Collegiate Degrees. Preparatory Department training pupils for regular, special or collegiate courses. Physical Laboratory well equipped. The Conservatory of Music is conducted on plans of the best Conservatories. The Art Department is modeled after leading Art Schools. Minim Department for children under twelve years. Physical Culture under direction of graduate of Dr. Sargent's Normal School of Physical Training. The best modern educational advantages for fitting young women for lives of usefulness. The constant growth of the Academy has again necessitated the erection of additional fine buildings with latest Hygienic equipments. Moderate cost. New school year begins September 8th. Mention this paper. For catalogue and special information apply to The Directress of ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, Notre Dame, Indiana.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

# OLD NEW ENGLAND.

## Newcastle, To-day a Small Fishing Community, Has in the Past Played an Important Part in the Life of This Great Nation.

(Special Correspondence.)

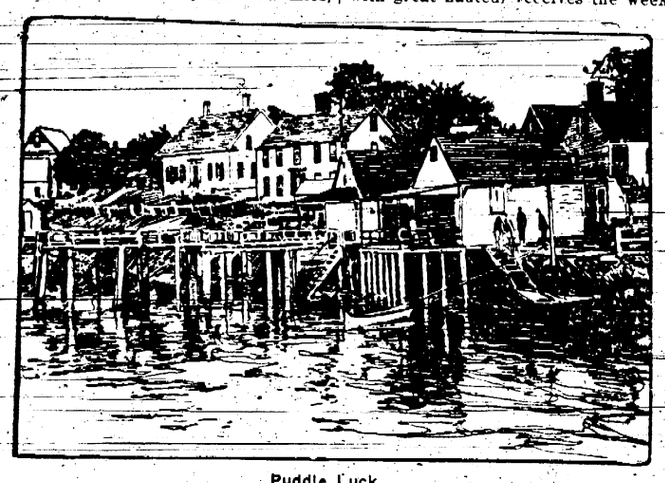
If you say to some people that Newcastle, N. H., is a place of historic association, that once played an important part in the life of the nation, they laugh at you because the place is so small. That compact little fishing community is ludicrously diminutive with our present standard of national expansion, but, doubtless, the very quaintness and charm which constantly attract visitors from the big rushing world is a survival of the past, or better still, we like to think the little town has yet the simple and wholesome life which made it once a stronghold of free government.

As a military outpost the tiny town of Newcastle has always played a part in both colonial and national interests. Doubtless that is the source of its name, for not only is the island girt about with a rockbound shore and buttressed into the sea as if built by nature as a fortress, but it has nearly always been surmounted by a walled fortification of some kind, which is a part of its picturesque features.

There was early built "an earthwork with certain great guns," but a regular fortification was erected there as early as 1688. There was a great stir in Newcastle when, in December, 1774, the King's colors were hauled down from this fort, and it is said that the ammunition which supplied the continentals at Bunker Hill was stored here.

The site has been alternately fortified and neglected from the earliest times up to the recent Spanish war, when the fear of an attack from the Spanish fleet frightened all the seacoast. At that time the ruins of Fort Constitution were again rehabilitated and the soldiers stationed there made things lively for the quaint old town. But only the season prior every one had looked upon the place just as a melancholy ruin, and old residents would tell the story of its ancient building in the time of William and Mary. The names of those sovereigns were then associated with it, but the vicissitudes of its history have each given it a different title. During the revolution it was called Hancock, and when rebuilt in 1808 the name was again changed to Constitution.

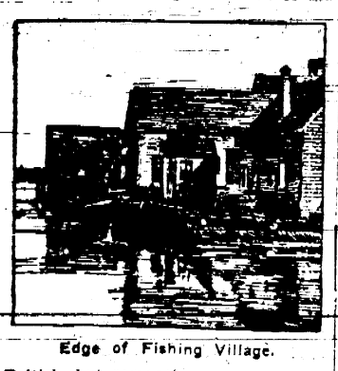
From its exposed situation at the mouth of the Piscataqua, Newcastle has always been not only a place of danger from attack by hostile armies, but to mariners at every season its shoals are to be dreaded. Sailing parties know how easily the squalls come upin this vicinity, and dread the approach. And yet for years the islands had no lighthouse. At last the Fort Point lighthouse was installed, an inner light for Portsmouth harbor.



Puddle Luck.

It was during the administration of Gov. John Wentworth that the first one was built, in 1771. Before that a lantern hung from the flagstaff of the fort was the only beacon for sailors. When the governor, in his most eloquent phrases, appealed to the assembly, there was talk of "squandering the people's money," but the governor built the lighthouse and the assembly afterward paid for it. The wooden Colossus at that time was 90 feet in height, so that it became confused with the Whalesback, so it was shortened 60 feet and later, in 1879, displaced by the present iron tower.

Martello tower, west of the fort and lighthouse, is the most picturesque object in Newcastle. Built on a ridge of high ledge, it is a favorite object for artists to paint. It is said to have been constructed in a single night by citizens and soldiers together, who were hourly fearing an attack of the British, but romantic persons are apt to weave legends about so fine an old ruin.



Edge of Fishing Village.

Hardly less antique in its historic associations than the fortress itself is the old Jaffrey house, which, though somewhat remodeled, has yet in its structure great timbers like a ship, so it may stand the wear and tear of two or three more centuries.

It was built previous to 1680, though just when is not known, and in its picturesque location it has always been a center of romantic interest. It is a favorite resort of lovers, many of whom have been married there, and it has been much visited by noted people. Longfellow is said to have here mused on the ballad of Lady Wentworth. The big parlor was for a time used as a meeting place of the provincial assembly, and the militia was drilled there during 1812.

A single Lombardy poplar tree is a famous landmark in Newcastle, since it indicates all that remains of the Walton house of witchcraft days. The delusions of Salem did not propagate extensively in this wind-blown town, but there was one well-defined circumstance of a "missile-throwing devil" which stirred deeply for a time certain pious souls.

One deacon had to wear his head bandaged in consequence of a scurrying skillet which this uncanny spirit had set flying through the air. There are said to have been saucepans and pokers launched upon the innocent, and even at times they rained upon the house, but always this doomed house of Walton was the scene of havoc.

Turn of Crooked Lane.

Prayer meetings were held regularly in consequence, that evil might be averted, but long ere these sessions had been given over the missiles had ceased to fly, and apparently this particular devil had moved along. Now even the Walton house exists no more and only this solemn tree is standing in a negative way, with half its branches naked of leaves, a sorry survival of the flourishing group which shaded a once proud doorstep.

The oldest house in town is standing as the melancholy background of a lusty cabbage patch. Such patches have of late acquired much dignity, and because of the literary as well as the historic distinction of the old house the laundress occupant never "calls round" for the washing, but with great hauteur receives the weekly burdens from the boarders down the lane, and thus it is the oldest house becomes the motive of a pilgrimage.

The brave historians of Newcastle ascribe to the life of this tiny hamlet three distinct periods, two of which are included as the rise and fall, indicated by its historical association and the third period of present prosperity comes to it as one of the thriving summer resorts of the New England coast. It is a quaint souvenir of the former dignities of the island that the lordly hostelry which has grown up here since colonial times should bear the name of the colonial governor whom Longfellow has happily immortalized in Lady Wentworth.

The favorite diversions of a summer's day for visitors at Newcastle are sailing and deep sea fishing, and there is a great fascination in following this pastime of the ancient residents. Like the other seafaring communities at Salem and Marblehead, Newcastle still adheres to its maritime interests, but where once this life took these men quite round the world, it leads them nowadays only to the distant northeast haunts of cod and mackerel, so that their lives have become yet more remote and solitary.

Most of these towns have in consequence degenerated, but not so Newcastle. The very isolation of this island home, with its spirit of political independence and sturdy resourcefulness, appears to have kept their lives pure and wholesome. They are still a primitive people, but the historic associations they can boast are not darkened by a single crime.

### Indian relics.

Two Indian spearheads recently found on a farm in West Bridgewater, Mass., further indicate that there are many Indian relics in the same soil. Charles H. Fuller, who has a farm in West Bridgewater, picked up a unique spearhead recently. Six weeks ago, in the same soil, he found the first. The first head was of hard flinty rock, some ten inches long, and is one of a kind that is familiar. The second is a green stone with a vein in it such as runs through marble. No one has been able to classify it.

### Coincidence in Meeting.

A peculiar coincidence occurred last week at Broad Brook, Conn., when William Stunz of San Fransico, who has been away from Broadbrook for eighteen or nineteen years, came on a visit to his brother Frank of Broad Brook and on the same day his brother Henry of Florida arrived. There had been no communication on the subject, and the meeting was wholly unexpected. The brothers had not met for a number of years.

### GREAT POET'S POOR HAND.

#### Shakespeare's Writing Not His Chief Claim to Fame.

W. Carew Hazlitt in a recent article on Shakespeare's handwriting says: "We have to bear distinctly in mind when we seek to criticise these somewhat unclerkly examples of penmanship that the great dramatist used the court, not (like Jonson and Bacon) the Italian, hand, and that in the case of his contemporary and countryman, Michael Drayton, the characters of the signature are equally distant from fulfilling technical postulates and, if possible, still less elegant. The question of handwriting is, of course, independent of that of educational acquirements, as we may satisfy ourselves from innumerable instances, ancient and modern; but if Shakespeare was less happy in his calligraphy than in other directions the circumstance does not affect, as some have sought to demonstrate, his general learning and was his personal idiosyncrasy rather than the blame of the excellent provincial school which had the unique honor of being his alma mater."

### THE BLESSINGS OF HUMOR.

#### Moral Drawn From Career of the Late Max O'Rell.

If there is a moral to be drawn from the career of Max O'Rell it concerns the practical value of a sense of humor in promoting the comity of nations. The satirist sets people by the ears, but the humorist, by teaching them to smile at each other's amiable weaknesses, predisposes them to friendship. We and the French are undoubtedly the better friends and the more conscious of our common humanity for the genial manner in which M. Paul Blouet alternately chaffed John Bull and Jacques Bonhomme. As the merry mutual friend of the middle classes of the two countries he rendered a service to which they may now join in paying tribute; and one wonders, without feeling unduly sanguine, whether there will ever arise among our foreign language masters a German Max O'Rell, whose kindly jests will have an equally salutary effect upon our relations with our Teuton kinsmen.—London Graphic.

### The Man Behind the Fire.

A worker at the Sailors' Mission in East Boston, has a story of heroism to tell. One night in January a fireman on one of the ocean steamers walked in the darkness down an open hatchway. He fell to the hold, broke his leg and received other injuries. His outcry brought a group of stevedores to his help, and they were excitedly discussing what to do for him when it became evident that he was trying to speak.

"Be quiet, boys," said one of the men. "Maybe Jake's wanting to send a word home."

But it was not of home poor Jake was thinking, even in that moment of agonizing pain.

"Tell the fifth engineer to look after the boiler!" he whispered.

That is the sort of fidelity and courage to put to shame the theorists who would have us believe that self-interest is the only motive that rules men in the workaday world.—Youth's Companion.

### The Silent Little Prayer.

My little boy knelt at my knee last night
And said the prayer my mother taught me long ago;
Then for awhile was silent, with his head still bowed,
And when at last he rose to give the kiss
For which I waited, and withdrew his arms,
I asked him why he had kept kneeling when
His "Now I lay me down to sleep" was done.
Grave-faced, he said "In Sunday school they asked
The children all, when they have said their prayers,
To whisper, asking God, up there, to bless
The little ones in China and to put
The love of Jesus in their hearts." If one
True, tender little prayer like that were said
For me each night, I'd ask no more, and claim
The richest blessing God may send as mine.

### Mechanical Aid For Gunners.

The wonderful target practice of the British navy, 49 per cent hits (which has since been beaten two points by our Atlantic squadron in its quarterly practice), is said to be largely creditable to mechanical contrivance invented by Capt. Scott of the English navy, called a "dotter," by which a small paper target drawn to a scale is caused to move in front of a gun with a combined vertical and horizontal movement. While the target is in motion the gun pointer endeavors to train the gun so as to keep the cross wires of his telescope on the target. Whenever the cross wires are "on" an electric connection causes a pencil to make a dot on the target, the dot representing a real shot on a real target at 1,600 yards. Thus the men are accustomed to train the gun under the disturbing conditions of a ship in a seaway.

### His Time for Giving.

Marcus Daly, the mining millionaire, left a fortune of $11,000,000 and was accounted one of the most generous of the rich mine owners. He had his own ideas, however, about the time and place of giving.

"A newspaper woman called upon him one evening for a contribution to a newsboys' home.

"These poor little flowers of the street," said she; "couldn't you give me a goodly sum for them?"

"There are only one kind of flower I like," answered the miner.

"What are they, Mr. Daly?"

"Four o'clocks. They never collect money after closing time in the afternoon."

The visitor took the hint. Her next morning's mail brought her a good sized check for the newsboys.—New York Times.

### As Compared.

Ethel—What do you think of young Softhead?

Mae—Oh, he reminds me of a blotting pad.

Ethel—Indeed! What's the answer?

Mae—He bears the impression of some good things, but lacks the ability to make use of them.

# How a Buccaneer Died.

As late as the year 1825 the waters adjacent to Porto Rico were infested by a bloodthirsty band of pirates led by a Spaniard named Confrecinas. It was the proud boast of the buccaneer chief that he neither gave nor asked quarter. In March of the year mentioned Captain John Drake Sloat, who twenty-one years later raised the American flag over California, was placed in command of the sloop of war Grampus, with orders to proceed to the West Indies and wipe the pirates off the ocean. The Grampus cruised for some weeks without catching sight of any pirate vessel. One morning while the sloop was lying at anchor in the harbor of San Juan a man who had swum ashore from a merchant vessel captured by Confrecinas reported that the pirate brig was anchored in the Boca de Infierno (Mouth of Hell), an obscure harbor some miles up the coast, waiting to attack a heavily laden schooner which was to sail from San Juan that very day.

Confrecinas knew the Grampus well, so to make sure of his prey Captain Sloat placed a heavily armed crew and cannon loaded with grape on board the schooner and sallied forth. The pirates, unsuspecting any resistance, bore down on the disguised vessel with the black flag and skull and crossbones at the brig's masthead. Not a move was made by Sloat and his crew until the vessels were almost alongside, when the marines arose from the deck and poured a deadly fire into the brig. Confrecinas rallied his men and for some time kept up a running fight, showing great skill in manipulating his crippled vessel. He was finally forced to run his brig ashore. Forty of the crew with the buccaneer chief were captured by waiting soldiers. They were taken to San Juan, courtmartialed the next day and shot. Confrecinas was the last to die. When they attempted to bind his eyes he threw the men aside, ridiculed the priest and exclaimed in a loud voice:

"I have slain hundreds with my own hands and I know how to die. Fire!" He fell pierced by many bullets, the last and most bloodthirsty of the buccaneers of that region.

# To Navigate the Air.

Wireless telegraphy has not yet reached the acme of perfection, although messages are readily sent and received by this wonderful system. And yet the world already takes the invention of wireless telegraphy as a matter of course. In this age of great achievement and discovery it seems as if nothing is too stupendous for man to undertake and that failure to evolve something useful as well as wonderful is the exception, not the rule. Some things that have been attempted have not been brought to perfection yet, but there is nothing discouraging in this. Obstacles serve only to spur human genius to renewed action and greater exertion. We travel by land and sea at a rate of speed that 100 years ago would have been called the result of witchcraft. We do not travel through the air with equal facility at present, but we may do so within a few years, as the efforts of men of brains along this line are certain to gain the mastery of the air as they have of the land and sea.

Those who scoff at the student of aerial navigation and scout the idea of success attending the efforts of the men who seek to discover the secret of flying may live to see the heavens dotted with ships sailing as placidly through the air as vessels now navigate the seas. In the opinion of the United States commissioner of patents the dirigible balloon or the aeroplane will be successfully evolved during the year 1904. This prediction may be based on false premises, but there can be no gainsaying the fact that great strides in the direction of aerial navigation will be made during the present year. The spirit of inventors will be quickened by the offers of a large reward for the most successful exhibition of a flying machine. There will be many competitors for this prize and Yankee ingenuity will vie with foreign in an effort to produce an airship that will not only travel at a good rate of speed with the wind, but be perfectly controllable. — Aeronautical World.

# Reads Like a Prophecy.

At a meeting in Louisville of the Central Association of Railroad Officers several years since, Judge Sterling B. Toney spake a parable which is interesting reading in these days:

"Man that is born in Kentucky is of feud days and full of virus.

"He fisheth, fiddleth, cusseth and fighteth all the days of his life.

"He shunneth water as a mad dog and drinketh much good whiskey.

"When he riseth from his cradle he goeth forth to seek the scalp of his grandsire's enemy and bringeth home in his carcass the ammunition of his neighbor's wife's cousin's uncle's father-inlaw, who avengeth the deed.

"Yea, verily, his life is uncertain and he knoweth not the hour he may be jerked hence.

"He goeth forth on a journey halfshot and cometh back on a shutter full of shot.

"He riseth in the night to let the cat out, and lo! it taketh nine doctors three days to pick the buckshot from his body.

"He goeth forth in joy and gladness and cometh back in scraps and fragments.

"He calleth his fellow man a liar and getteth himself filled with scrap iron, even unto the fourth generation.

"A cyclone bloweth him into the bosom of a neighbor's wife and his neighbor's wife's husband bloweth him into the bosom of Father Abraham before he has time to explain.

"He emptieth a demijohn into himself and a shotgun into his enemy, and his enemy's son, and lo! the coroner plougheth up a 40-acre field to bury the remains of his enemies."—New York Times.

# Seen in Street Cars.

"The street car is a good place to study human nature," said the observant man, "and there are many reasons why this is so. In the first place, if you want to study human nature, you must get it hemmed up for a while, close in on it, as it were, and hold it long enough to bring out whatever specialized line there may be in the particular specimen. Short human nature studies may be pursued in the streets, but they are flashy, as a rule, and such conclusions as one may reach are not as safe as they might be. It is different in the street car. In a way men and women seem to be at home in the street car. They are off dress parade. There one may find somewhat of the abandon of the home. Men and women are themselves for a little while. At least, some of them are. But the chief advantage is in the fact that the close observer has a chance to scrutinize them; to study line and lineament; to watch facial expressions; to trace lip eccentricities; to see the peculiar glancings of the eye; to listen to the chatter and to thus get the mental bent of the individual. Under these circumstances the man who is a close observer can easily develop the more striking trait of the person thus watched. And I may remark that special writers, men who do a here and there stunt on newspapers, men who write of the odds and ends of life, incident, humor, tragedy, history, poetry, philosophy and other things, men of this kind are in the habit of spending some time on street cars every day, just to get a line on old human nature, and they always get it."

# Toasts Given by Wits.

A publisher once gave the following: "Woman, the fairest work in all creation. The edition is large and no man should be without a copy."

This is fairly seconded by a youth who, giving his distant sweetheart, said: "Delectable dear, so sweet that honey would blush in her presence and treacle stand appalled."

Further, in regard to the fair sex, we have: "Woman, she needs no eulogy, she speaks for herself." "Woman, the bitter half of man."

In regard to matrimony some bachelor once gave: "Marriage, the gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted ground and returns to earth." At the marriage of a deaf and dumb couple some wit wished them "unspeakable bliss."

At a supper given to a writer of comedies a wag said: "The writer's very good health. May he live to be as old as his jokes."

From a law critic: "The bench and the bar. If it were not for the bar, there would be little use for the bench." A shoemaker gave: "May we have all the women to shoe and all the men to boot."

A celebrated statesman, while dining with a duchess on her eightieth birthday, in proposing her health, said:

"May you live, my lady duchess, until you begin to grow ugly."

"I thank you, sir," she said; "and may you long continue your taste for antiquities."

### Real Wealth.

If you are really rich, it will not be necessary to explain to every stranger you meet that you own a certain amount of real estate, or a given number of shares of stocks and bonds, or that you are the proprietor of this or that establishment. If you possess the intangible riches of which no accident of fortune can rob you, your wealth will exhale from every pore. Every one who comes in contact with you will be touched by the perfume of a rich life.

Strangers who met Daniel Webster used to say that, though they did not know who he was, they instinctively felt that they were in the presence of a great man. So when we meet a person who is rich in character, in high aims, overflowing with good will to all, a doer of good deeds as well as a thinker of high thoughts, we feel we are associated with genuine greatness.—Success.

### Spiders Are Harmless.

While the common house spider is harmless and renders positive service to mankind by killing flies and other insects, it is generally regarded with aversion, if not with fright. The ordinary spider does not deserve its bad reputation. From time immemorial it has been called crafty and murderous, luring the poor fly to its death and then greedily devouring it, but really it only punishes trespassers.—Exchange.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