

Manchester Enterprise

BY MAT D. BLOSER. Published Thursday Evenings. Has a large circulation among Merchants, Mechanics, Manufacturers, Farmers and Families generally in the villages of MANCHESTER, CHELSEA, SALINE, CLINTON, Narell, Roskily, Napoleon, Grand Lake, and all adjoining country.

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SOME ROSES.

How many gleams of pink in the world! The light of the dawn and the eve, The life of a fleeting cloud. The happy cheek of a girl. The glow impressed in pearl!

PERE SEVERIN.

The gray cherubs that looked down from the vaulted ceiling of St. (Christy) tom's were still half veiled with wreaths of incense smoke. The old sacristan, coughing feebly to himself, flitted here and there about the great gold altar, putting out the candles that fenced it with their light.

The rustle of crisp skirts and a subdued murmur of voices from the cool shadows of the cathedral corridors announced that some of the worshippers still lingered. A few women were grouped near the vestibule that led to the confessional. As from time to time they turned their eyes toward the gilded grille an odor of white rose and geranium was diffused from their garments and mingled with the odor of incense that still lingered in the air.

The duty of confession to-day had a special interest. They were curious to have an interview with the new priest, of whom so much had been written and said. He was little known in France, this same Pere Severin, but much had been published about his work. He was still a young man, but had served the church but barely three years. In that short time he had labored among the wild tribes of Algeria, had twice narrowly escaped martyrdom at the hands of the Amazons and Dahomey. They spoke at home of a scarlet hat for him.

Butter among the skirts, a gust of worldly perfume—Pere Severin awaited their penitents. She came forth timidly from the shadows of one of the fluted pillars. The other ladies had not noticed her presence, she was so slight, and the corridor was dim. They looked at her frowningly as an intruder.

She advanced slowly toward the confessional with faltering steps, sobbing softly, her face hidden in a white batiste handkerchief. She was all in black, yet the natural coquetry of a woman of the world was displayed in the arrangement of her curling brown hair and toque of China crepe.

Arrived before the confessional, she hesitated and looked around, as if seeking a way to escape. She raised her tear-dimmed eyes and saw through the gridded bars the shaven head of the priest bent in prayer. A ray of light fell upon the figure of Christ on the wall above him. She bowed her head and entered.

The priest slowly raised his face, and his soft eyes fell on the penitent kneeling before him. She did not look up; she was too ashamed. Her face was still hidden in her handkerchief—the sobs shook her slender form.

"Speak, my daughter," he said, gently. "Lay the burden of your sins at the feet of God. His mercy and love are eternal. He will dry your tears—speak."

Then, with her face still hidden in her handkerchief, she spoke, so low he had to bend his head to listen. "I know I can't hope for mercy now. It is too late. But I will tell you all. And you shall judge. God shall—if years of penitence can atone for such a sin as mine.

"Go on." She began in a quivering voice, broken with sobs. "I was the only daughter of a good man, now dead. From a child I have been petted, humored, spoiled. When I grew to be a woman I was silly, vain, extravagant, fond of admiration and dress. My lovers were many; they amused me. Most of them had no hearts to break. They were men of the world who soon forgot their old wounds in the whirl of pleasure. But one—"

She covered her eyes with her handkerchief again and wept. "But one you loved," he added, gently. "Yes—yes," eagerly. "One I really loved. He was so different, so different from the rest, his face was pale and sad, like—like a priest's."

Pere Severin drew nearer the grating. He could hear himself breathing. "He hated the gray world in which I moved," she went on. "He said I was worthy of better things; that I had in me the making of a good woman, but that I was building upon sand; that my heart was hardening against all good things. He wanted to marry me—to take me out of the whirlpool before it was too late. My soul was in danger; he wished to save it."

She paused and hid her face for a moment. The priest's head was on his breast, the cross above his throat quivered with his heavy breathing. "I saw them all leave my side and go to seek new pleasures in the world. My court deserted—I married him."

"And did you love him?" asked the priest in an undertone. "Yes—God knows how much—and yet—"

happiness away—I trampled on his heart—I became a miserable woman." She bowed her head on the cushions. She wept as if her heart would break. Pere Severin raised his face. It was cold and stern. His eyes, unmoved at first, kindled with a pitying glow as they fell on the quivering figure before him. He spoke, and his voice was dry and husky.

"What then—what then?" he murmured. "You married a good man—you betrayed him—how can you confess all! My—my daughter, that you may be forgiven."

She grew more composed, as if the burden she had borne so long was easier to bear. "I will tell you everything. Oh, I was not guilty—not as guilty as you think. After we were married he wished to take me out of the gray world, set in which I had moved. I rebelled, but consented at last. For months I lived quietly like a domesticated wife."

"But one day the old love of admiration, the old desire to visit again the gay circle in which I had moved, tempted me. I resisted for a time, but the wish was greater than the will. One day I met a friend, a countess, who had known me in the old gay days of coquetry. She found me changed. She thought I had left the city, because no one saw me anymore. She upbraided me for living a life of a recluse. She invited me to go on an excursion down the river the next day."

"In a pleasure barge." "All my old friends of the days of folly were to be there. I was eager to go, I was thirsting for the mad life I had once led. I went home with my cheeks burning and my eyes sparkling. I told my husband of the invitation. I told him how much I wanted to see my old friends again. He reminded me of a promise made to him before marriage that I would not loose from the past, that I would give up the follies, the friends who had tried to ruin my life. He refused me permission. There were some hot words between us. I disobeyed him—I went."

"This is not all." It was the priest who spoke. His voice seemed far away like an echo from the vaulted cathedral. "That is not all," he repeated.

She looked up with a half-frightened look in her eyes. "Oh, I am not wholly to blame—not wholly," she murmured eagerly. "It was his fault—his, the coward!" between her half-closed lips. "Yes, it was his fault!" Was that an echo of her words or had the young priest repeated her speech?

"I meant no dishonor toward my husband, God knows it. He planned a wretched thing that he was—that I should be too late—for—the boat. Too late! Then—"

Her lips moved, but no sound came from them. "Go on," commanded the priest, sternly. "Then—it was the next morning—I returned home—I found the house deserted. My husband had gone away—where, no one knew. He had left Paris—I had no money, no friends."

"I have lived honestly ever since. I have tried to do good, to earn forgiveness for my sin, from my husband to enter a church to confess; but I never—"

The priest had risen. His face was in the light. She looked into his calm gray eyes, she saw his worn white cheeks. "Who are you?" she cried with a sob. "Pere Severin!"

"You are not you are not! You are my husband—you are Philippa, whom I loved, whom I lost!" She had pushed aside the grating with her nervous hands, she sat at his feet, plucked at his robe—"I have confessed to you, forgive me as you wish to be forgiven."

He stood silent, his face unmoved as the stone chamber above. He had clutched his hand in hers and a tremor ran through him at the contact. She looked up, a tear he could not restrain rolled slowly down his worn white face!

"Phillippe—husband—forgive!" He raised one trembling hand toward the figure of Christ on the wall. A shaft of light from the stained-glass window cast a silver radiance over the Savior's face. "Man forgives—ask him to pardon your sin."

"Without the penitents were murmuring impatiently among themselves that a young woman had entered the confessional. The Marquis de Monceau, by reason of her age and position in the neighborhood, resolved to find out for herself. She pushed open the door of the confessional and peered in. She saw Pere Severin, the missionary, the martyr, the vicar of Christ, with the strange woman in his arms. He was soothing her grief, he was stroking her hair. And as the Marquis withdrew, her cheeks aflame with righteous indignation, she heard him murmur softly:

"Poor little Isabel—poor wounded little Isabel!"—New York Press.

Puritan and Pagan. It is surprising to find how the old pagan mythology finds a place alongside the expression of christian hope, not only in the reformation times, but even a century later, as witness the following epigraph on the tomb of a boy who died in the year 1833, aged nine years: Great Jove hath lost his Ganymede, I know, Which made him seek another here below, And finding none, not one like unto this, Hath to be him hence into eternal bliss. Cease, then, for the dear Menele to weep; God's darling was too good for thee to keep; But rather joy in this great favour given, A child is made a saint in heaven.

THE FARM AND HOME.

THE FARM IS THE BEST PLACE FOR THE BOYS.

Give the Boys a Direct Interest in Stocks and Crops—The Farmer's House—Farm Notes and Hints.

The Farm the Best Place. It is unfortunate that human beings will not "let well enough alone." Boys especially are restless; the average country boy is better situated than his city or town cousin, but he can't be made to believe it. He imagines if he could exchange his position on the farm to a clerkship of some kind in the city, he would not only make more money, but would have a much easier time, to say nothing of the great dignity (?) that attaches to clerical work.

Very frequently the boy who is best situated is the most restless; one who lives on the farm with father and mother, where everything is grown and furnished to his hand, very frequently grumbles at his condition and thinks he has a harder time than anybody else.

His restlessness is due in part, no doubt, to the fact that the boy is given no direct interest in crops and stock. His father and mother may tell him he is working for himself when he is improving the farm; that he some day will inherit some of it, etc., but that doesn't satisfy him making him a partner in the business, by giving him a small per cent of the profit in crops and stock so that he can feel and see that he is making something. People have to feel like they are making something or they will become restless, and especially is this true of the boy. But leaving aside the boy who has a country home, we will speak of the one who has to go to work on the farm. It would seem that if any country boys would be dissatisfied that class would be the worst off. But let's compare their condition with that of those who hire in the city as clerks, factory operatives, etc. A good hand on the farm will get all the way from \$15 to \$20 per month. That may seem little, when some town "dude" is getting maybe \$35 or \$40 per month. But we must remember the boy on the farm is getting his board besides; he has to buy fewer clothes, has fresh air, pure water and "bash" that he understands. The city clerks, factory operatives, etc., may make \$5 or \$10 a week or \$25 to \$40 per month, but they have to pay their board out of that, which at the lowest figure for respectable board would not leave them more than \$10 to \$20 per month, and if they were to get such board as the average farmer gives they would have nothing left; their expenses for clothes are greater, they breathe impure air, drink bad water frequently, have less chance for recreation and have surroundings generally which compare unfavorably with those of the country boy.

It is true that there are a few occupying paying positions in the city, but on examination it will be found that they have spent a great deal of time and money in preparing for some "special work" and generally have a load of responsibility to bear, from which they are exempted on the farm. A clerk of the masses receiving less wages than a clerk of the masses, probably 80 to 90 per cent of the wages in a city after expenses are paid has less money left than the boy working on the farm for \$15 or \$20 per month.

The farm is the best place, and nine times out of ten the restless boys on the farm to-day, after a few more years of observation and experience, will themselves be convinced of the fact.—Journal of Agriculture.

Farm Proverbs. Use diligence, industry, integrity, and proper improvement of time to make farming pay. Do not keep more live stock than you can keep well. House all things as much as possible, animals, utensils and crops. When you are offered a fair price for your produce do not store for rats and speculators. The more comfortable you can keep your animals the more they will thrive. A good cow is a valuable machine; the more food she can properly digest the greater the profit. A few roots daily to all the stock are as welcome as apples to boys and girls. Iron shoes on sleds last a lifetime and are cheaper in the end than wooden ones. Replace the bars when you offer pass by strong gates, and then wonder that you didn't do so before. Although in draining land thoroughly your purse may be drained, yet the all crop that follow will soon fill it again. Always give the soil the first meal; if it is well fed with manure it will feed all else, plants, animals and men. A borrowed tool if broken, should be replaced by a new one. A sense of honor in such matters is much to be commended.—Farm and Home.

Five Acres Enough. A man, if he is industrious, persevering and economical, can make a comfortable living on five acres of land by combining poultry and fruit. Fruit trees will thrive right in the hen yards, and small fruits can be planted right outside the hen enclosures. In the summer the most attention can be paid to the fruit; in winter the hens, in the east there are a large number earning good and honest livings by doing this, and no state offers better inducements for men of moderate means than Iowa, and no business is so well adapted to the circumstances of men of moderate means as a combination of poultry and fruit. Begin small and increase both branches as money and experience prompt.—Southern Farmer.

Value of Grass. If grasses are allowed to run everywhere as used to be the general practice, says an exchange, they speedily become a nuisance and destroy more than they eat. But they pay for care

GERMANY'S NEW CHILD.

HELGOLAND'S MANY CHANGES OF OWNERSHIP.

The Strange Little Rocky Islet and Its People—Few Changes in Its Laws—Slowly Being Eaten Up by the Sea.

Helgoland covers an area of 420,000 square yards, and it is difficult to realize in what way it ever was a prize worth gaining. In its geological formation it differs strangely from the neighboring mainland; the whole German seaboard is bare of cliff or rock, being only a succession of long and sandy dunes slowly encroaching upon the sea, while the island is a solid mass of stone which the sea as surely is invading. The range of rocks is picturesque, of a dull red color, broken into by many grottos, fissures, chimneys, vaults, and arches, through which the breakers rush incessantly with a deafening noise. It can be calculated with mathematical precision how long it will take the sea entirely to swallow up the island, computing by the ravages it has already made, and it is said that in 600 years nothing will remain of the ground ceded to Germany by England. What value it has must be as a post of observation, as to its appearance it is graphically described by its own motto:

Grün ist das Land, Roth ist der Kant, Weiss ist der Sand. Das sind die Farben von Helgoland. Her three colors are also in her flag, and the soil repeats them accurately. The upper plateau is called the "Falm," and dominates the whole area, the lower portion being only a narrow line of beach. Above stands a church; in the new lighthouse, an older one dating from the seventeenth century, interesting only that it has withstood the storms of 250 years; the Governor's villa, not a bad building by any means, and a few mean-looking houses. The portion of the plateau which corresponds to the green stripe in the flag is a large meadow, on which the precious island sheep graze. Helgoland rears but a very limited number of cows, and as goats cannot stand the climate, the milk of the ewes is the ordinary beverage. The "Falm" is linked to the lower part of the village by a flight of steep steps and an elevator. On the beach or seaboard the houses are small, built of wood, adorned with verandas and balconies; the extremely narrow streets border shops where photographs, shells and articles of national raiment are sold; there are no inns on the island; but the bills of "Logis," hanging out of the windows of private dwelling houses indicate that board and lodging can be found therein. The whole thing looks like a quaint, new clean toy. Queen Victoria street is the main thoroughfare, a lilliputian street in a lilliputian town; yet it leads to a theatre, actually a bona fide playhouse, open during the summer, where very fair performances are given under the superintendence of an intelligent manager. For, notwithstanding disadvantages, Helgoland is a favorite sea-bathing place. The visitors do not bathe on the island itself, but have to cross a strip of sea to a sand dune some ten minutes off, opposite the village, but inaccessible to open boats in rough weather.

This dune widens and broadens in proportion as the block of rock diminishes, and the air is so admirably pure and invigorating that it is considered a perfect cure for diseased lungs and anæmia. The islanders are in the possession of excellent health; they make a good living out of the strangers during the short summer months, after which they return to their legitimate trade of fishing, their chief hauls being lobsters and herrings. The Helgolanders were not consulted when they were handed over to their new proprietors, and probably, if quite aware of the change, are not much concerned by it; some of them thought that England neglected them too much; others fancy that the Germans will prove too officious and hamper them with police and military regulations; but on the whole they are indifferent. As long as Helgoland remained British, no foreigner being able to acquire land on the island, there could be no prospect of a hotel being built likely to interfere with the trade of the lodging-house keeper; not one of them was rich enough to make the venture; therefore the profits accruing from visitors were divided impartially between all. Now it is probable that some German speculator may be tempted to purchase ground and open a modern hotel; little steamers will be made to ply between the village and the sand dune and defraud the boatmen of their customers, and these innovations are dreaded. On the other hand, increased comforts and facilities will make the island even more popular, so that on the whole the natives will not have much to complain of.

Gain, it must be confessed, is their chief pre-occupation; they have scanty political and civil faith, originating from Friesland, they have changed hands too often to be patriotic; in turn belonging to the Normans, to the Hanse, to the Duke of Götting and to Denmark, they became English in 1806, and their island was used to send British produce on the continent during the time of the blockade.

It has been said that the little community paid no taxes, but this is incorrect; under the British rule the inhabitants were taxed according to the size of their dwellings and the possibility of receiving more or less visitors. Under the new rule every Helgolander born at the time of the transfer is ipso facto exempted from military service, and with so long an immunity before them they can afford to look upon future contingencies with equanimity. Formerly Helgoland was a sort of Gretia Green and many irregular

BATHING IN COLD WEATHER.

Plunge Into Ice Water and Emerge, if Possible, with a Smile.

A correspondent of the Buffalo Commercial recalls an experience of bathing with several comrades in the central part of the state some twenty years ago. "It was more than 'freely' that we indulged in an open air winter bath. It was a daily institution, from autumn till the following springtime, a zero temperature not daunting. The bathing place was kept open by cutting and removing the ice as often as necessary. The daily bath was abandoned after the ice disappeared, because the zest and glow of the reaction were missed. The bath, as may be imagined, was a bold plunge, as a second's disappearance, and then a hasty retreat to shelter for the vigorous application of a crash towel. It may be superfluous to say that there was no dawdling between the towel application and the donning of the warm suit that had been thrown off a moment before. It was sought, I remember, to extract as much fun and good humor as possible from the exercise, by introducing often some little competitive scheme. For instance, the one who could emerge from the icy plunge with the broadest and blindest smile, wearing his features as rewarded with vociferous bravos from the group of onlookers. Suffice it to say that the 'smiles' were not quite forced and artificial, but were the less provocative of merriment in the spectators. The kinders laughed at pneumonia and all kindred ailments that flesh is heir to. If any caution were needed it might be added that tonics of the above kind are for those only who enjoy robust health."

Vandalism. To the great regret of the friends of the late Dr. Schliemann, many of the interesting relics dug up by the great explorer in Troy have been stolen and despoiled by the miserable inhabitants of Asia Minor. Turks and Arabians in the neighborhood of the excavations use the valuable stones to build their huts. After Schliemann's death a man was employed to guard the ruins. His salary was discontinued recently, however, and the watchman ceased to guard the excavations. The Stamboul, of Constantinople, edicts upon all scientific societies of Europe and America "to put an end to the iconoclastic and vandalism of the semi-barbarous inhabitants," and to continue the work of the great Schliemann.

Russian Cafes. In the dining-rooms of some of the large cafes in Russia there is a pool of fresh water in which fish of various kinds and sizes swim about. Any patron of the restaurant who may wish a course of fish for dinner goes to the pool, picks out the particular one he may desire, and in a moment the waiter has captured it with a dip-net and sent it to the chef.

My Girl. A little corner, with its crib, A little mug, a spoon, a bit, A little tooth, so neatly white, A little rubber ring to bite, A little plate all lettered round, A little rattle to resound, A little creeping—see! she stands! A little step 'twixt outstretched hands, A little doll with faren hair, A little willow rocking chair, A little dress of richest hue, A little pair of gaiters blue, A little school day after day, A little schoolman's am to obey, A little study—soon 'tis past— A little graduate at last!

A little muff for winter wear, A little jockey-hat and feather, A little sack with funny pockets, A little chain, a ring and lockets, A little walk in leafy June, A little talk while shines the moon, A little reference to papa, A little planning with mamma, A little ceremony grave, A little struggle to be brave, A little cottage on a lawn, A little kiss—my girl was gone!

—St. Nicholas.

WISE AND WITTY. An Atholion girl, 7 years old, cried a whole day over the death of Barnum. She thought his death would be the end of the circus.

Her Way of Putting It.—Miss Bleaker (of New York).—"There are no flies on Mr. Spats." Miss Emerson (of Boston).—"No; I too have failed to detect any specimens of the musca domestica upon him."—Judge.

"Well, Jack, was it yes or no with her?" "It was both."—"Both! How's that?" "Well, I asked her if she was going to give me my answer and she said yes; then I asked her what was the answer and she said no."—"New York Press.

"Excuse me, sir, but haven't we met before? Your face is strangely familiar."—"Yes, madame, our host introduced us to each other just before dinner."—"Ah, I was positive I had seen you somewhere, I never forget a face!"—Brooklyn Life.

In the Free Hotel Bus.—Uncle Silas—"Maria, that driver is the prettiest chap I ever met on a stage." Maria—"Why, Silas?" Uncle Silas—"Why, he actually said 'thankie kindly, sir,' when I paid him ten cents for our fares."—New York Herald.

The agent for patent hair restorer received this testimonial: "Dear Sir: A few days ago I accidentally spilled some of your 'hair katcher' on the corn bunk bed at my boarding house and when I returned home I found a hair mattress."—Philadelphia Record.

Manchester Enterprise

By Mat D. Blosser

THURSDAY JULY 26, 1931

EVERY man who is added to the increasing sum of knowledge will be found consistent with the Bible. Its progress will be determined with the progress of the human race.

It is unquestionably true that people live longer nowadays. The former period of modern times. Statistics carefully collected from all parts of this country and the world prove this assertion.

AFTER fourteen hundred years of incessant battle, the Bible record of the progress of books, ever discovery found consistent with its pages, ever invention of use to man adopted as approved by its blessing if not anticipated by its prophesy.

ACCORDING to the latest scientific investigations, there is no such thing as chemically pure. It is the fact that sanitary reasons do not require drinking water to be free from all mineral salts.

The desire for wealth and its gratification by legitimate means is neither wrong nor harmful, but when the case for riches becomes so absorbing that it practically excludes every consideration of obligation to the state, then it becomes vicious.

TO EVERYONE who can be commended this sound advice: "Live as much as you can with open eyes, and wearing whatever extra clothes are necessary. Pay special attention to the constant exposure to pure air, both of clothes and bedding. Avoid chill in any part of the body."

MODERN science has done a great deal for her votaries in more than one, and among the most important of her benefactions is the greater insight into the causes and prevention of disease which has been afforded us in the last half century.

It is rather in neglect of known laws than on account of any really preventive ignorance.

It is essential for the public to take care that this whisky and beer containing our water, as a beverage, is extracting public attention to a greater extent than that of any other period in our history.

Water for drinking and cooking purposes also, is a matter which is at present being considered by sanitary science with a more thoroughness than has ever before been known.

POLITENESS is not all of Christianity. It is true, but it is a manifestation of Christianity of the higher laws governing human nature and forcing it to advance from bestiality to nobility.

It is not a matter of course that the appearance and every student of metaphysics, of the nature history of man as an animal, of his life, as a brute, and of the causes of his progress away from the brutal, may see clearly that "not one jot or tittle" can pass away from the law until all be fulfilled.

The great magnitude of America has produced a corresponding sense of largeness and loftiness in American. The consequence is that the American does discriminate. And the people of this nation, who are not content with an intelligent judgment during a week's trip of another nation—and which, given of-hand, would be a reasonable price for the American, because from childhood up to old age Americans have opportunities of seeing and sampling foreign nations and peoples by the close acquaintance which constant immigration has provided in their own country.

When a revolt overtook the ancient church, every seceder from her dominion carried the bible along as his dearest treasure. When printing became the preserver and disseminator of literature the bible became the most popular of books. It is now. There is every reason for believing that the bible will continue to be the most important fact in its progress that it has furnished its interpreters. All generations have charged upon the text their own wisdom. Every age has added to its wisdom confirmation of his spirituality. Each sect finds in its chapters warrants for its creed. Every thought in the world may be found, directly or indirectly, in the bible, implicitly, within its between its lines.

The world grows better and more slowly, but it grows. But its centers are not the same for all men. Perhaps there are houses in New York (and in Boston, maybe) where the twenty-first century has already come, but there are thousands in a few miles of them who are still living in the sixteenth. If Russia is in the sixteenth it must grow out of it. There is oppression in Russia, most of all oppression. So there is in Massachusetts. So there is in Missouri. So there is everywhere in the world where there are good conditions of civilization, and where the people are not oppressed. Can Massachusetts or Missouri really be the wrong of Russia while the wrong of Massachusetts and Missouri are unremedied?

WOLVERINE NEWS.

Some of the Preparations Being Made in Detroit for the Reception of the G. A. U.

Some Difficulties in the Way of Property in the New County of Dickinson.

The Encampment Program. Detroit, July 25.—The executive committee has adopted the following as the program for the encampment at Dickinson, Monday, August 3.—Reception of guests.

At East Tawas.—On Thursday, Mrs. John Kelly, an old resident, fell from a porch and injured her husband in a fall from the porch.

The Local Butchers' & Cheesemongers Association, of Kalamazoo, has been invited to the local fair at East Tawas, Michigan, on August 3.

Edward Stacy, a Bay City man who about two years ago killed a woman and suffered internal injuries that may result fatally.

Henry Homer, aged 15, while walking under the tramway at Lakeside, was struck by a falling plank and fatally injured.

William A. Palmer, of Hartford, and Zeno Warner, of Lawrence, have been held in \$500 bonds for trial by a Van Buren county justice for selling liquor without a license.

Twenty-five annual sessions of the national association of the G. A. U. will be held at Detroit, Mich., on August 3.

Charles H. Stewart, of South Haven, desires all copies of the Twelfth Michigan, intended to attend the Detroit fair, and their addresses to: Lieut. John Pennington, at Pewamo, or Street, Detroit, Michigan.

The funeral of L. D. Newcomb, formerly a well known resident of Wayne county, Michigan, was held at his home in the afternoon.

The new County of Dickinson, Michigan, was organized on July 25.

Lawrence, July 25.—The act authorizing the organization of Dickinson county, Michigan, was passed by the legislature.

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A BAD MAN'S END.

Dan Dunn of Seney Shot Dead by a Brother of John Hancock Whom He Killed About a Month Ago.

A Balcon at Trout Lake the Scene of the More Recent Shooting.—The Sheriff Was Present.

Harvort Was Under Arrest and on His Way to the State Prison for the Death of a Woman.

Threats Against Dan Dunn in Seney. The Sheriff's Office is now receiving reports that Dan Dunn is planning to return to Seney.

Edward Stacy, a Bay City man who about two years ago killed a woman and suffered internal injuries that may result fatally.

Henry Homer, aged 15, while walking under the tramway at Lakeside, was struck by a falling plank and fatally injured.

William A. Palmer, of Hartford, and Zeno Warner, of Lawrence, have been held in \$500 bonds for trial by a Van Buren county justice for selling liquor without a license.

Twenty-five annual sessions of the national association of the G. A. U. will be held at Detroit, Mich., on August 3.

Charles H. Stewart, of South Haven, desires all copies of the Twelfth Michigan, intended to attend the Detroit fair, and their addresses to: Lieut. John Pennington, at Pewamo, or Street, Detroit, Michigan.

The funeral of L. D. Newcomb, formerly a well known resident of Wayne county, Michigan, was held at his home in the afternoon.

The new County of Dickinson, Michigan, was organized on July 25.

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TALL SKELETONS.

Remains of Prehistoric Giant Found Near Chautauque.

Chautauque, July 25.—A group of men from an electric railroad to contact Lakewood, near Chautauque, have discovered the remains of a prehistoric giant.

A Practical Case of a Junco. The Junco is a common bird in the area.

Gray's Specific Medicine. A medicine for various ailments.

Murder in Pennsylvania. A case involving a woman and her husband.

Protesting Against Immigration. A group of people protesting against immigration.

Consolidated Smelting Works. A company involved in smelting.

Established a Wedding. A wedding ceremony was held.

Secretary of the Iron Bridge. A secretary for an iron bridge.

Executed a Murder. A murder case was executed.

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MISSIONARY HARDSHIPS.

The Chinese Waging War Against the Missionaries in the Province of Szechwan.

Charities, Orphanages and Priests' Homes. A report on the hardships faced by missionaries.

A Practical Case of a Junco. The Junco is a common bird in the area.

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DODDS' CATARRH CURE.

Small and Universal Treatment.

Gray's Specific Medicine. A medicine for various ailments.

Murder in Pennsylvania. A case involving a woman and her husband.

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MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE.

By Mat D. Blosser.

THURSDAY JULY 26, 1931.

EVERY man who is added to the increasing sum of knowledge will be found consistent with the Bible. Its progress will be determined with the progress of the human race.

It is unquestionably true that people live longer nowadays. The former period of modern times. Statistics carefully collected from all parts of this country and the world prove this assertion.

AFTER fourteen hundred years of incessant battle, the Bible record of the progress of books, ever discovery found consistent with its pages, ever invention of use to man adopted as approved by its blessing if not anticipated by its prophesy.

ACCORDING to the latest scientific investigations, there is no such thing as chemically pure. It is the fact that sanitary reasons do not require drinking water to be free from all mineral salts.

The desire for wealth and its gratification by legitimate means is neither wrong nor harmful, but when the case for riches becomes so absorbing that it practically excludes every consideration of obligation to the state, then it becomes vicious.

TO EVERYONE who can be commended this sound advice: "Live as much as you can with open eyes, and wearing whatever extra clothes are necessary. Pay special attention to the constant exposure to pure air, both of clothes and bedding. Avoid chill in any part of the body."

MODERN science has done a great deal for her votaries in more than one, and among the most important of her benefactions is the greater insight into the causes and prevention of disease which has been afforded us in the last half century.

It is rather in neglect of known laws than on account of any really preventive ignorance.

It is essential for the public to take care that this whisky and beer containing our water, as a beverage, is extracting public attention to a greater extent than that of any other period in our history.

Water for drinking and cooking purposes also, is a matter which is at present being considered by sanitary science with a more thoroughness than has ever before been known.

POLITENESS is not all of Christianity. It is true, but it is a manifestation of Christianity of the higher laws governing human nature and forcing it to advance from bestiality to nobility.

It is not a matter of course that the appearance and every student of metaphysics, of the nature history of man as an animal, of his life, as a brute, and of the causes of his progress away from the brutal, may see clearly that "not one jot or tittle" can pass away from the law until all be fulfilled.

The great magnitude of America has produced a corresponding sense of largeness and loftiness in American. The consequence is that the American does discriminate. And the people of this nation, who are not content with an intelligent judgment during a week's trip of another nation—and which, given of-hand, would be a reasonable price for the American, because from childhood up to old age Americans have opportunities of seeing and sampling foreign nations and peoples by the close acquaintance which constant immigration has provided in their own country.

When a revolt overtook the ancient church, every seceder from her dominion carried the bible along as his dearest treasure. When printing became the preserver and disseminator of literature the bible became the most popular of books. It is now. There is every reason for believing that the bible will continue to be the most important fact in its progress that it has furnished its interpreters. All generations have charged upon the text their own wisdom. Every age has added to its wisdom confirmation of his spirituality. Each sect finds in its chapters warrants for its creed. Every thought in the world may be found, directly or indirectly, in the bible, implicitly, within its between its lines.

The world grows better and more slowly, but it grows. But its centers are not the same for all men. Perhaps there are houses in New York (and in Boston, maybe) where the twenty-first century has already come, but there are thousands in a few miles of them who are still living in the sixteenth. If Russia is in the sixteenth it must grow out of it. There is oppression in Russia, most of all oppression. So there is in Massachusetts. So there is in Missouri. So there is everywhere in the world where there are good conditions of civilization, and where the people are not oppressed. Can Massachusetts or Missouri really be the wrong of Russia while the wrong of Massachusetts and Missouri are unremedied?

PERSONAL.

S. F. Marshall of Clinton was in town on Tuesday.

Geo. W. Harris of Norwell was in town on Tuesday.

Howard Meacomb arrived in town on Tuesday evening.

Peter Knipphing of Clinton was in town on Tuesday.

Dr. Bert Rowe returned to Ann Arbor yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. A. J. Denison was in Ann Arbor on Monday on business.

E. E. Force and Miss Updegraff of Sylvania were in town last Friday.

Miss Jessie Case of Tecumseh visited friends in town the past week.

Stores of Sharon was a pleasant call at this office on Tuesday.

Mrs. A. G. Hooper of Harrisonville visited in Ann Arbor the first of the week.

Mrs. E. B. Norris and children of Ann Arbor are visiting friends in town.

Fred H. Blomster spent Sunday yesterday pleasantly with relatives in Norvell.

J. H. Balf of Dexter spent the first of the week with his friend Chas. Wilke.

Mrs. A. L. Crane and Mrs. Taylor of Mt. Pleasant are visiting at Wm. H. Taylor's.

Mrs. A. G. Amodeo of Chicago visited her father, S. R. Spencer, the first of the week.

Virgil Robinson, son of A. J. Robinson, started for Dakota last Friday to visit friends.

Miss Mary Schaefer is attending the teacher's institute and normal school at Dexter.

Mrs. C. H. Miller and father, Mr. Bradt, were down from Wolf Lake on Tuesday.

Wm. H. Hendon brought a valuable young stallion to Ann Arbor on Tuesday.

We learn that yesterday's soft rain went down about five inches on our ground.

Geo. Bauer secured a six-pound pickled in the upper mill pond on Monday.

Bring your book binding in now. We are ready to do it promptly, cheaply and well.

Jas. Yemlow took the Goodell concert company to Tecumseh on Sunday afternoon.

The saloon men are looking around for that \$200 with which to pay their license.

Manchester, Sept. 141 K. O. T. M. is receiving some new applications for membership.

The farmers feel happy over the unexpected fine yield of wheat and the good quality of the crop.

There was a perfect joy of people and teams in town last Saturday afternoon and evening.

The premium list of the Eastern Michigan fair, to be held at Ypsilanti Sept. 15, 16 & 17, is at hand.

James Moore will have a big picnic at the Ypsilanti lake resort about the middle of August.

Gertrude Goodall of Ypsilanti sang a solo very beautifully at the M. E. church last Sunday morning.

George Sherwood expressed his gratitude to R. F. Bargee Ed. at Jackson, who will use it as the tournament.

Why not spend an hour cutting weeds along the highway? A great many can be laid low in that time.

A balloonist was here on Monday trying to make arrangements for a parachute drop here on German day.

Marshall Case has the village taxes all collected with perhaps two exceptions, those parties being non-residents.

We will club any newspaper or magazine with the ENTERPRISE at the lowest rate. Whatever you want, call on us.

Leonard Herman sold 300 barrels of wheat to Wm. B. Ballou, to be delivered before the first of March next at \$1 per barrel.

Every family should take the ENTERPRISE. We offer it until January 1st at such a low rate—50 cents, that all can afford it.

George Bailey and H. L. Rose put down a drive well and secured a abundance of pure water, for Mat D. Blosser on Monday.

The council has ordered the marshal to open such streets in the village as have been closed and occupied by individuals, although they are not necessary.

There will be a special meeting of Comstock post, G. A. R. of Saturday evening to make final arrangements for going to the encampment at Detroit.

The school board held a meeting last evening but did not select a teacher to teach the school in the fall.

Albert Spencer, station agent for the Lake Shore, says that the paymaster claims more silver is received from this station than from any other, and wonders where he gets it.

Those who reside in the country and who intend to send their children to school in the fall should look over our list of good boarding places for them now. It is none too early.

A privately printed pamphlet containing the constitution, by laws and premium list of the 33rd annual fair of the Western Michigan Agricultural Association, is now being distributed. It is a most valuable work and should be secured for \$1.00. Money would be well in all cases and the pamphlet is a most valuable work.

A dispatch from Bay of Islands, N. Y., says that the commander of the U. S. S. Pelican, has compelled the lobster fishermen to stop fishing for lobsters in the bay.

The English consul there has published a notice warning them of the possibility of going to the encampment of getting work.

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