THE YOUNG FOLKS.

The Moon.

BY MARY N. PROSSER.

The Moon! the Moon! I love to look upon
Every bubble singing a song;
It laughs the sun, in its crystal shade,
And it sweetly back to the twinkling sun
Shows its merry face, and laughing
Its silver light on the ripples dancing
And the laughter borne in them to match
Of her silvery laughter—the moon!
While the arrow-heads are making out
To watch the ripples, and catch a piece
Day after day, and night after night,
It seems to be coquetting with light;
But the sun is kind, and the path is rough,
And day after day it comes back
Its light and laughter, and gives them
Oh, pale and lovely upon it glean.
And all the same they hasten and sigh
Reflect their splendor in passing by.
Oh, happy troubles, that, hour upon hour,
The shimmering swallow's early song,
The merry and much-enduring sun,
Of Elve sorrows of its wrongs!
Tell every day, and yet never tire,
Flap-coat of dues in all sorts of weather.

—*St. Nicholas.*

A BOUNDY OF DAISIES.—His shoes were out at the toes, his trousers were out at the knees, his jacket was out at the elbows. In his hands was a bunch of daisies, roots and all. How tightly he grasped them, lest he might drop them even one, smelling now and then of the large white blossoms. He had wandered far out into the fields this Sunday afternoon and plucked them by the wayside. So far indeed had he gone that he must need pay his last five cents, earned selling newspapers, for a ride home on the street cars.

A lady came out at one of the avenues. "Such a little ragamuffin!" she mentally exclaimed, carefully adjusting her silken skirts so as to avoid the contact with the seat beside him, the only vacant place. Then she noticed the flowers. Then she glanced sideway at the boy's rosy cheeks and caught an instant's flash from his deep blue eyes. She was interested. What possible reason could he prize those weeds so highly? She had a lively imagination. She immediately began to conjecture. Presently, unable to restrain her curiosity, she asked:

"You have some daisies there, I see. Did you find them growing wild?"

"Yes'm," he replied, blushing, half laughing in a shamefaced way, and peering around to see whether Jack and Andy, cousins to Jack Hopkins, who had been poking fun at him all along on account of the "bouquet," as they called it—to see whether or not they were looking on. No; they were just then computing the array of candy, cocoanuts and pine-apples on a fruit stand. So the lady might be as inquisitive as she pleased.

"You love flowers very much, do you?"

"Yes'm, but not so well as Dolly does."

"Dolly?"

"Yes, that's my sister."

"Ah, your sister. Is she as old as you?"

"Yes'm, she's three years older, but she's lame. She has to keep lying down all the time. She can't sit up or walk at all."

"I knew there was a story connected with those daisies. Your sister, lady, pleased at her own skill in guessing.

"And you gathered these for her?"

"Yes'm. I'm going to sell 'em out when I get home."

"Yes? How do you live?"

He named the street, and, upon further inquiry, the number. No matter. A good many of every city dwellers are met with in that quarter.

Next day the lady came in her carriage to leave some fruit and other flight of dirty stairways till she found the room where Dolly and her brother lived.

The boy was in school, the mother was out washing, and so the week little sister had come in" when the lady knocked was Dolly's. There she was, all alone, lying on a lounge—under the open window, her face as white, almost, as the pillows. On the window sill, in an earthen jar, was the bunch of daisies.

Now there was a sweet, sad undress in, the lady's mind, though it were possible that she, too, had known sorrow. Perhaps it was this that, in spite of all her elegance, made a slender bridge across the wide gulf between herself and Dolly; and the latter, after the first brief embarrassment, did not fear to give her confidence. Yes, at the end of her life's pitiful story, how her father, a brakeman, had been killed in a railroad accident, and how her mother had had such a hard time supporting the little family that Dolly, ambitious to help, had gone into a factory at two dollars the age and injured herself by overwork. And then so very good, kind Doctor had found out about it, and had been trying to help her, and would take nothing for his services. And when she had got so far there came another rap at the door.

"Oh, that must be him now!" she cried, her eyes sparkling with joy. And when he came in and the lady glanced up and saw him, she arranged her features in order to seem as surprised and turn so pale, and that the lady should church Dolly's pillow automatically, and then with a great sigh fall in a heap on the floor.

Dolly wished she could do something to help, but she was so weak and nervous, useless, while the doctor brought water and did everything he could for the poor lady's sister. Dolly thought she had never read any novel so delightful as it was when the lady at last opened her eyes and moaned in a heart-broken voice:

"O Richard, Richard! will you forgive me?" And he held her very close for a moment and kissed her eyes and her lips and her forehead, and whispered something in her ear.

Well, whatever it was all about it is certain there must have been a misunderstanding of some sort; perhaps the lady had been haughty or coquettish; one could only guess, but the meeting and all together had brought about a reconciliation.

But never a day after that, as Dolly lay on her lounge through the long hours, waiting to want of charming books and pictures for entertainment, or of dainty dishes to coax her appetite. And very often the lady came to visit her, and to sure as she came the doctor would chance to call. And what with the music and the gusseiny it was a most beautiful bit of romance to Dolly and her mother and brother. And by-and-by they were called upon to dispose of a package of wedding cake, who had a letter right to its than they.

When Dolly turns her eyes toward the window, what is it that grows her from seeing the rear of the dreary, dingy, squalid block of bricks, and broken pane, and dose, swinging blinds, and the rest of encumbered clothes-lines upon which it looks? Why, a wreathing ivy-vine and the brightness of geraniums and pansies, and the whiteness of lilies and the sweetness of the perfume of the heliotrope. But where is the bunch of daisies? Why, when the lady brought the offer she begged for them, and was tired it home with her, and it is at this moment blossoming in her boudoir.

Car—The Grand Scene.—Sir—The birds are quite in a state of excitement up our way over a new invention that has come to our knowledge. It is called Gray's Telephone, and it under takes to sing by telegraph. What say you to that, my chicks? Yes, they say it name "Home Sweet Home." Yankee Doodle," and on Sunday, "Old Coronation." Johnny thinks it well that any one listening can tell the tune to a certainty.

The newspapers have had accounts of this wonderful thing; they say that, by means of this telephone, Mr. Gray can sit down in Milwaukee and play tunes for the instant enjoyment of friends in Chicago. They say he did this very lately. What is more, Mr. Gray knows a friend, Mr. Haskins, Commander-in-Chief of the great army of Bird-Defenders—whose minster-roll appeared in the papers last June—and Mr. Haskins has heard the telephone.

Electricity is a wonderful thing. The robins and sparrows don't understand it at all—they think it is only a tremendous system of bird-pipes stretching all over the country; but the owls—sh, you ought to hear them hooting about electric currents, and Franklin's kite, and summer lightning, and cat's backs, when you boys and girls are asleep.—*St. Nicholas.*

Our Boys Look Out!—A mechanical genius in New Orleans has invented a contrivance worthy of the original inventor of the famous snare for the extermination of the exchange fiend. It consists of a neat, sickle-like attachment for the roof of a street car, with the hinge just over the door. It is rather ornamental than otherwise and doesn't in the least interfere with passengers. The driver works it by a sort of treadle. When he sees a boy catching at the step he will go through the usual forms. He will look indignant and threaten the boy and appear to be awfully ruled, and of course the boy will grin and stand on one leg and waggle his fingers against his nose in derision. And just at this interesting crisis the driver will stamp his foot on the treadle, and the thing like a grappling hook will suddenly fly down and wrench out the seat of that boy's trowsers, and he will fall to the feet to the rear of the car, where the inevitable milk cart will run over him.—*Boston Advertiser.*

The other evening while one of our citizens was sitting in his door-yard with a little four-year-old in his lap, the child, she became interested in the stars overhead, and commenced asking all sorts of questions about them, to awaken an abiding interest in the "orbs of night." The gentleman was considering how to inform them as he thought suited to her young mind, and then proceeded to point out to her the constellation of the Dipper. She listened eagerly to every word, and watched so closely that she thought he had at once, and as he finished the little one jumped up, enthusiastically, clapped her little hands, and shouted: "Now, papa, show me the wash-dish!"

Tom Hughes on Fighting.—It is hard, you see, for a steady, peaceable Christian lad to give you boys real fire-cracker, Fourth-of-July talk, such as, perhaps, you will expect. And in the July *St. Nicholas*; but here's something that will answer very well. It's by Tom Hughes, the great chronicler of the school-boy. He is talking to the boys of England when he says it; but mind you, he expects to be obeyed! and it is just as true meaning—not to swallow it whole, but—

After all, what would life be without fighting. I should like to know. From the cradle to the grave, fighting, fighting understood, is the business—the real, highest, honiest business of every man and boy. Every one who is worth his salt has his enemies, who may be men, or he may be evil thoughts and habits in himself, or spiritual wickedness in high places, or Russians, or Border-ruffians, or Bill, Tom, or Harry, who will not let him live his life in quiet till he has beaten them.

Jack in the Pulpit.

An Indian Girl's Love.

Stories from the Indian country are so numerous and remarkable as rather to excite credulity, although the following has a touch of nature in it which seems genuine. It appeared in the Cincinnati and a half ago an Ogallala squaw, the sagebrush looking daughter of a chief, fell in love with a young medicine man of the Arapahoes. Her father had been determined to give her to the chief of a band of Sioux. As they journeyed northward to meet the favored lover, she fell sick and wasted away day by day until she appeared to be dying. The rest of the story can be best given in the words of the correspondent, who tells it: "One evening while in this condition she told the old squaw, her mother, to place her on a bed of buffalo robes, as they would place her when dead. (The Indians here do bury their dead, but lay the bodies on raised scaffolds, leaving a supply of food, ammunition and a pony by the scaffold for the deceased to enter the happy hunting-grounds with.) It so happened that the same night the young lover was sitting with another relative to grub the girl died. Of course the body was prepared for burial in Indian fashion, a box and scaffold were prepared for its reception, and with all the ceremony and mourning the young squaw was conveyed to her last resting-place. That evening the young lover came to the lodge looking down the tents or wigwams, for it is the custom when an Indian dies for the relatives to move away until they quietly to another locality. Everything was made ready to be moved by daylight next morning, and all well started, when the chief thought he would have a farewell look at the scaffold whereon his dead daughter lay. For this purpose the chief and his squaw went to the top of the hill where they had placed the body; but when they reached there the box was empty and the provisions gone. Why," said Dick, yelling and enjoying it as a good joke, "the gal wasn't dead, only stayed with the young medicine man who had followed her right down from the Missouri to here. Now," says he, concluding, "they are up North, where I seed them a few months ago, and doing well."

A New Dodge.

A negro man conveyed two trunks to the depot of the Pacific R. R. Kansas, and that they were the property of a man and his wife, who were going up duck shooting; to give you boys real fire-cracker, Fourth-of-July talk, such as, perhaps, you will expect. And in the July *St. Nicholas*; but here's something that will answer very well. It's by Tom Hughes, the great chronicler of the school-boy. He is talking to the boys of England when he says it; but mind you, he expects to be obeyed! and it is just as true meaning—not to swallow it whole, but—

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Jack in the Pulpit.

A Mystery Explained.

In the year of 1849, Mr. Harmon James, a citizen of New Orleans, caught the gold fever and embarked on a ship for the Pacific. He left his wife and two children, for whom he had made ample provisions till he could be heard from. A young medicine man the West he was never heard from after leaving port, and after years of waiting, his family gave him up for lost. His wife declined several eligible offers of marriage, and remained true to her husband. The children are grown, and they are still living in New Orleans. A part of Mr. James history it told in the following paragraph from a letter received recently by Mr. Gonzales, a merchant of this city in New Orleans. The writer says:

The most remarkable piece of news we have had for a long time is that Mr. Harmon Jones is alive on an island in the Pacific. An acquaintance of Mrs. Jones saw an account in an English paper of the discovery of an unknown island by a whaling vessel cruising in the Pacific ocean. It mentioned the names of persons found upon the island, thus disposed of in the Indian fashion, from New Orleans. The number of years he has been on the island corresponds exactly with the number of years he has been lost. They refused to leave the island, as they had built a boat and sent to their homes were probably broken, and they did not know how to return. The little family have seen the British consul, and steps are being taken for his recovery.—*Notes (Ala.) Times.*

The Slang of the Stock Exchange.

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* reports as follows the result of an investigation into the antiquity of the slang terms "Bull" "Bear" and "Stock Jobber," which are in common use in the menagerie of the Stock Exchange.

The earliest mention of the second of these terms with which I can acquainted is in a satire published by T. Bowles, of the Rabel's Chronicle, London, and contemporary with the South Sea Bubble, entitled "Bubble Mania." It is No. 1610 in the "Catalo. ue of Satirical Prints" in the British Museum. A print in the same collection, dated 1720, entitled "The Stocks," etc., No. 2016, comprises a verse which so neatly includes the three terms, and suggests the idea that I may be forgiven for quoting it:

"Bulls and bears and Jobbers all
Put they waddle from the alley,
Change their nature, and become
Curse stock-jobbing and their sale, sir,
Turn honest men and die in jail."

In the print No. 2016 the "lame duck" are "waddling" away from the Stock Exchange.

A critic has been built at Homerfield, England, on a new plan—a system in which all the iron work is completely insulated in connection with the bridge. The arch of a clear span of fifty feet, with a rise of five feet three inches. The skeleton of the bridge is of iron, and this is entirely filled in with cement, concrete, and reefered with cement, thus forming one continuous beam, getting stronger with age, in addition to the iron skeleton, which is of itself sufficient to do the ordinary statical work of the bridge. The weight of the concrete alone is over one hundred tons. The first test applied was that of a five-ton roller, which was passed over several times and not the least deflection was perceptible. A Pickford, a heavy wagon, drawing with its load some six tons, was passed over with the same result.

The Voices of Animals.

Aquatic animals are mute. A world of radiates, mollusks, and fishes, therefore, would be silent. Insects are about the only invertebrates capable of producing sounds. Their organs are usually external, while those of higher animals are internal. Insects of rapid flight generally make the most noise. In some the noise is produced by friction (stridulation); in others by the passage of air through the spiracles (humming). The buzzing of flies and bees are caused in part by the vibrations of the wings; but it comes mainly from the spiracles of the thorax. Snakes and lizards have no vocal chords, and can only hiss. Frogs croak, and crocodiles roar by the vibrations of the glottis. The huge tortoise of the Galapagos islands roars, or bellows, like a bull. The vocal apparatus in birds is situated at the lower end of the trachea, where it divides into the two bronchi. It consists mainly of a long drum with a cross bone, having a vertical membrane attached to its upper edge. The pair of muscles (in the songsters) adjust the length of the windpipe to the pitch of the glottis. The various notes are produced by differences in the blast of air, as well as by changes in the tension of the membrane. The range of notes is commonly within an octave. Birds of the same family have the same voice. All the parrots have a harsh utterance; geese and ducks quack, crows caw, and jays caw; while the warblers differ in the quality rather than the kind of note. Some species possess great compass of voice. The bell bird can be heard nearly three miles; and Livingstone said he could distinguish between the roar of a lion and lion only by knowing that the former was the loudest by night and by day. The vocal organ of mammals, unlike that of birds, is in the upper part of the trachea. It consists of two ligaments, of which the largest (the thyroid) produces the prominence in the human throat known as Adam's apple, and two elastic bands, called vocal chords, just below the ligaments and attached to the hindpoint. The various tones are determined by the tension of these chords, which is effected by the raising of the larynx and the thyroid prominence. The will cannot influence the contraction of the vocalizing muscles, except in the very act of vocalization. The vocal sounds produced by mammals are very various, including the ordinary voice, the cry and the song. The second is the sound made by brutes. The whale, porpoise, manatee, antelope, porcupine, and giraffe are generally silent. The but's voice is probably the shrillest sound audible to human ears. The bull's modulation in brute utterance. The opossum purs, the sloth and kangaroo mean; the hog grunts or squeals, the tapir whistles, the stag bellows, and the ass brays; given a storage, trumpeting sound from its trunk and a deep groan from its throat. All sheep have a guttural voice; all the bovine tribe, from the ox down to the lean of all the horses and donkeys neigh; all the carnivora, from the domestic animal to the lion; all the bears growl; and all the canine family (fox, wolf, and dog) bark, howl, and whine. The monkeys and gorillas have a large cavity or sac in the throat for resonance in uttering their harsh or rather a powerful voice; and one of the gibbons has the remarkable power of uttering a musical sound in a musical notes. The human voice, taking the male and female together, have a range of three octaves. Man's power of speech, or the utterance of articulate sounds, is due to his intellectual development rather than to any structural difference between him and the apes. Song is produced by the glottis, speech by the mouth.—*Scientific Inquiries.*

Which is the Old World?

The efforts of Max Muller, Lubbuck, and others to establish the theory that all the present races on this planet are derivative, and that they have their ancestral roots in the alluvial plains of Central Asia, seem likely to be unsuccessful.

Many scientists have arisen during the last decade who earnestly controvert the hypothesis, and, like Agassiz, insist upon a diverse origin, and even claim that the Western Continent may have been the birthplace of the race. There are some curious facts that tend to confirm this theory.

It is now well known that the first rock that made permanent appearance above the chaos of the molten globe is the Laurentian ridge of granite which trends southwestward from Nova Scotia to Lake Superior. In the natural process of evolution, why should not the first soil become earliest fitted for the abode of man?

Moreover, while comparative philology demonstrates the kinship of most of the peoples of the Eastern Hemisphere, the most careful scrutiny reveals no relationship between them and those races which may be generally known as the Tartars—including under this designation not only the Calmucks of Russia, the Siberians and North Chinese, but the Esquimaux, Mexican Indians, Mound Builders, Aztecs, Toltecans and ancient Peruvians.

How early the primitive races emigrated from America to Asia can not be even conjectured, but intercourse across the Pacific must date from the earliest ages have been comparatively easy.

This belief finds corroboration in the high civilization attained in Mexico and Peru. Under the long dynasty of the Incas, civil engineering attained to a perfection in many branches which it has not yet recovered in any part of the world.

Two thousand years before Christ Peru had a population larger than the present United States. Their agriculture was in advance of our own. Their roads, some of which are still in use, were from a thousand years later; they had invented the mariner's compass and used it with a skill and confidence scarcely equal to those of Holland to-day.

If further and more careful research should confirm this hypothesis the question will be, not how was the American continent first peopled, but how did the new Eastern World, to be inhabited, and did the Indo-Europeans start into life because a fertile soil was ready, or did they colonize the Orient from the shores of Mexico—the primal cradle of the race?

Curiosities Not in the Relic Museum.

The museum of Revolutionary relics, although rich in objects of interest, is marked by the omission of a few which we cite below, viz:

Engagment of one of the snowshoes worn at Lexington by a soldiers by Boston Common. Contributed by J. Frost.

A piece of the original blockhouse, preserved in spirits, by Mr. Swallow.

Bullet-marks from Lexington on the tree cut down by George Washington, contributed by Prof. Kiebig.

Portrait of a Revolutionary gentleman who did not have an ancestor at Lexington, Concord or Bunker Hill—very rare.

Relics of those patriots who have been body servants of Gen. Washington, catalogued up to 1881. The committee give notice that no more space can be allowed for these contributions.

Portrait of Brig. Breed against the tax of king George, in 1775.

Bunker's offer to part with his at half the expense.

Shells thrown from Long Wharf during the Revolution. Recently discovered in the fire near where stood an oyster shop in Troy.

View of the second hand nude Farnell, with the Revolutionary style distinct on the (lottery) ticket.

Bucket from which Paul Revere's horse would have drank if he had stopped at Captain Pelatiah Hornblende's, two miles from Boston.

Specimen of the "spirit of '76," in bottle.—*Cons. Bulletin.*

THE GREAT MEDICAL RECREATION.—The *Satire Theory* that preparations which inflame the brain are, in any sense of the word, *resorbes*, has been *overthrown*, and the *secret revealed*. Many wonderful effects which have attended the use of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, have puzzled the learned. An acquaintance of the cause of disease and a cure for every controllable ailment, have demonstrated the utter falsity of the old theory that alcohol is a *tonic* as well as a *stimulant*. The new and improved preparation, VINEGAR BITTERS, which has superseded the death-draught of rum bitters, is as free from every intoxicating quality as water, and is recommended by the temperance reformers of the land, yet see how it is invigorating the nervous, relieving the billious, curing the dyspeptic, purifying the blood, exciting the scrofulous, strengthening the debilitated, arresting premature decay of vitality, curing despondency and weakness with cheerfulness and activity. Truly a grand Medical Revolution is in progress.

We have so seldom visited Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Limerick, Galway, Sligo, Derry, etc., and find it the best, purest and most economical soap we have ever seen. Too much cannot be said in its praise. Try it.

HEARING RESTORED. Great invention. Book free. G. J. Wood, Madison, Ind.

THE relaxing power of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* is truly wonderful. Cases of all kinds equally expansive were first and stiffness limbs have been limbered and straightened by its. When used for this purpose, the part should be washed and rubbed thoroughly. Apply the liniment cold, and rub it in with the hand.

A CROWD of "Horse Men," and others, daily throng the stores in country and town with Dubois' *Horse Medicines*. Cures. They understand that horses can not be kept in good condition without them, and so they them can be on a much less quantity of grain.

PERSONAL.—E. G. Cabiness, Forsyth, ga.: "*Simmons Liver Regulator* received. This morning I had previously used in my family, and I willingly bear testimony to its beneficial effects."

ALL housekeepers should read the advertisement of Dunham & Co., in another column.

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TO THE AFFLICTED. Dr. H. W. KING, late of Edinburgh, Scotland, wishes to inform the people of this country that he has returned to Europe, but will send the receipt for a specific for the cure of Nervous Debility, Premature Weakness, Nervous Prostration, Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Loss of Power, Wakefulness, Pimples on the Face, Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Sight, Premature Old Age, Loss of Vigor, Nocturnal Emissions, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency, Syphilis, Gleet, Stricture, Diseases of the Urinary Organs, and all diseases that follow as a sad train of evils from the effects of Self-Abuse, such as Mental Anxiety, Loss of Memory, Pain in the Head, Confusion of Ideas, Want of Confidence, Nervous Irritability, Aversion to Society, Dyspepsia, Wakefulness, Blotches on the Face, Universal

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MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN

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We solicit correspondence from all parts of the country, and THE ENTERPRISE will be found the best local circulator, recommendation for advertisements exhibited by them.

Every communication must contain the name of the writer as a guarantee of good faith and not necessarily for publication.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

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MANCHESTER, AUG. 5, 1875.

On Saturday last, Judge Cochran, in the Superior Court of Detroit, gave a decision in the matter of the application of a large number of liquor dealers of Wayne county, for a perpetual injunction restraining the sheriff from enforcing the collection of the liquor tax under the law of 1875. The court decided the law constitutional, and denied the injunction, and the bill was dismissed.

In another column will be found a copy of the compulsory school law, which we hope every parent will carefully read. The importance of compelling children to attend school regularly is evident to all who have the least bit of pride in their welfare. Too many excuses are offered for the non-attendance of our children at school. Parents who allow children to stay out of school without reason, often regret it when they find they have spent their idle moments in some disgraceful place, where profanity and wickedness are taught instead of sobriety and good morals. In these days of free schools there is no excuse of being too poor to send children to school, and if there is a family in this town who cannot clothe their children sufficiently to send them to school, and will make their wants known, we will see that they are comfortably provided for.

We have every reason to believe that the board have employed a good and competent Professor to take charge of the school, and we would like to see the building crowded.

CLINTON.

The Band Picnic on Thursday was a success.

At an early hour on Thursday morning last the Band made its appearance on the streets, headed by their drum major, H. J. Kingsley, in full dress costume. After parading through some of the principal streets, they took their departure for the neighboring village of Clinton.

Not being able to attend, we glean our report from those who did.

The procession formed at 12 o'clock, in the following order:

Manchester Brass Band.
Clinton Brass Band.
George Washington and family, in carriage.
Gen. Lafayette.
Dodo as, mounted
Ox team, with ladies in costume—ed 105 years age.
A Dozen Rosel Yankees.
Citizens in carriage and on foot.

The procession marched through the principal streets and proceeded to Clark's beautiful grove, where a speech was made, at which time the Tecumseh and Raisin Bands arrived, drawn by two four-horse teams. Dinner being announced, about seven hundred tickets were sold, and the hungry multitude partook of an old-fashioned New England dinner, and pronounced it good. The tables were arranged in convenient style, and well waited upon by ladies in costume, reflecting much credit upon the committee. A New England kitchen, brought here for the occasion, was a sight worth the ten cents charged for admittance.

The Glee Club, as well as the band, furnished some very fine music.

After dinner the Manchester Brass Band, which was the centre of attraction, gave the people a sample of their proficiency in drill as well as music, under the leadership of their drum major, and received hearty applause. It is a fact that the majority of people there were ignorant of the duty of drum major and many funny remarks were made.

A large platform was laid, and dancing commenced in the afternoon and continued until the following morning. The receipts were $501, of which the band will clear $200, which they will use in defraying expenses necessary in maintaining a band. Every citizen of Clinton, leading men and women, old and young, all took hold of the affair, and made it a success.

Why can't our people—the substantial old residents of Manchester, Bosson, Clarkson, Kief, Corey, Case, Carr, and others, (excuse us for calling names,) take pattern after our sister village, and get up a picnic for our Band? We have everything necessary to have a pleasant time, and if these gentlemen will go ahead, the younger ones, and the ladies, will all take hold and work with a will. What say you? Our boys must have new caps with plumes, and they want new music. Let a pay for heard while at Jackson now, but that them. We have a good band—second to none in the counties—and we must assist them.

BROOKLYN.

John follows met with quite a severe accident last Tuesday. He was trimming up some trees for Percy Cook when his axe glanced, splitting his foot from the toes half way up to the ankle and serving two arteries. This accident is very unfortunate as he is a poor man and his family is dependent on his daily labor.

A shooting match for the championship of Brooklyn, came off here yesterday, between Palmer, Foote, T Leonard, Selleck, Martin, Fay, Porter, R. Leonard and Foster. The shots resulted in the order named above, but as it was a bad day the shooting was all very wild. Another trial is expected next week.

The farmers have mostly secured their wheat in this vicinity and the busy hum of the threshing machine is heard on every hand. The wheat will probably average about ten baskets to the acre. Corn, oats and potatoes never looked better.

COREON COUNCIL.

RECORDER'S OFFICE, Village of Manchester, August 2d, 1875.

Common Council met in regular session.

Meeting called to order by the President.

In absence of the Recorder, W. H. Pottle was chosen Recorder, pro. tem.

Roll called.

Present—Field, Case, Kelly, Pettle, and Merrithew.

Absent—Mordoff and Recorder.

The Recorder coming in at this moment, the desk was vacated to him.

Minutes of the last meeting read and with proper corrections, approved.

The committee on claims reported favorably on bill referred at last meeting and the bill was allowed and ordered to be paid.

Moved by Kelly that the Corporation Attorney be instructed to proceed against the saloon keepers for the collection of the saloon license now due.—Carried.

After some appropriate remarks by Kelly, he offered the following:

RESOLVED, That the Corporation Board through their Recorder, challenge the Township Board of Officers to a friendly game of base ball for a supper. The game to take place in September.

Carried.

The following bill was presented and referred to the proper committee.

Dorey, More & Co., for lumber, $10.

On motion of Pottle, the bond of Wm. Kirchgessner, as required by an act of the Legislature of the State of Michigan entitled, "An act to prevent the sale or delivery of intoxicating liquors, wine and beer to minors, and to drunken persons, and to habitual drunkards; to provide a remedy against selling liquors to husbands or children in certain cases" as approved May 31, 1875, on file for approval, he and the same is hereby approved.

On motion of Kelly, the bonds of Charles Senger and Conrad Neuman, for the same purpose, were disapproved.

No further business, the Meeting adjourned.

C. W. CASE, Recorder.

BURGLARY IN HILLSDALE CO.

SOMERSET CENTER, Aug. 1st, 1875.

About one o'clock this morning a burglar entered the store of Dennis Clancy, at this place, by breaking one of the large glass in front of the building. Two boys, sons of Mr. C., were sleeping over the store, and hearing a noise, called out to know who was there, thinking it was their father, when the thief abruptly left. Mr Clancy being aroused took his track which he followed by the aid of a lantern, about half a mile east land into a piece of woods, where he lost the trail. He however kept looking around, and about daylight went to the depot where he discovered him in an empty car, but, while arousing the neighbors the thief again fled, this time going west on the railroad track at his best rate of speed, with Mr. Clancy about twenty rods behind him, while agent Alley and ostable Clark, in a buggy, endeavored to head him off. They succeeded in running him into a piece of woods about two miles from town, and stationing guards around it to prevent his escape, a party of men proceeded to search for and soon found him lying behind a log partly hid by brush and leaves which he had thrown up for the purpose of protecting him from the rain. On being ordered to "hands up and show himself," he quickly crawled out and gave himself up, and by eight o'clock he was on his way to the county jail.

He gave his name as Tom Carr and claimed to hail from Indiana. He had in his possession about 20 keys, 11 finger rings, a set of jewelry, 4 pairs of sleeve buttons, watch and chain, 4 crochet needles, fishes was all the weapons he possessed; 2 pocket books, $2.00 in nickles. These, with a paper of salt, cake of soap, razor, pocket mirror and photograph album with several photographs completed his outfit. He is about 22 years of age and was probably used to the business, as he took his arrest very coolly. He did not suppose they were going to place him with a companion or he would have gone further from town.

ANOTHER PIONEER GONE.

From the Hillsdale Democrat.

DR. BENJAMIN FOWLE died at his residence in Moscow, Hillsdale Co., on the 26th inst., after a long and painful illness, from cancerous disease of the stomach.

The deceased was brother of the late lamented Hon. Jas. Fowle, of Camden, this county, son of Chas. Fowle, Esq., of Moscow, Mrs. O. Demarest of New York, and Mrs. E. Cheney, of Rensselaer Grove, Wis., and father of Dr. Orin Fowle, of Moscow, Mrs. Chas. Hoffman, of Jackson, Mrs. J. D. Van Duyn, of Manchester, and Mr. Harmon, Miss Carrie and Miss Ettie Fowle of Moscow. He was well and favorably known citizen, with the aged companion of the departed, share the sympathy of a large circle of friends in their bereavement. Benj. Fowle, father of the deceased, emigrated from near London, England, toward the close of the last century, to the State of New York. In 1796 he married Martha Lee, of New York City, an estimable lady, also from England. Being of moderate means, they located near Scottsville, the country being then a wilderness, commenced improving the land chosen for their home. Benj. Fowle, jr., was born there Dec. 24, 1803. His parents desiring society, exchanged farms and moved into the Genesee Falls, where a few families had settled. But the war of 1812 making it an unsafe place, they again moved to Caledonia, Livingston county, where they resided many years, improving a large farm, making the children some familiar with work with the opportunities of an education. The district school being distant, only the elementary branches could be gained. Benj. Fowle married Miss Caroline Kellogg, of Avon, in 1826, and lived in Caledonia a few years, then decided to go west. Hardly previously traveled through northwestern Ohio, northern Indiana and southern Michigan, he purchased and moved to the present site of Moscow village in June, 1833, deeming the dry undulating land of this portion of the State well adapted to farming purposes, and being traversed by the Chicago turnpike, making it thus accessible by the emigrant throughout the interior. Hillsdale county was then attached to Lenawee county for judicial purposes, and called Vast. Mr. Fowle was appointed magistrate for the same, by the territorial authority. In 1834 he purchased Sec. No. 14 from the Government, based the village property, and made a beginning on the farm. In 1835-36 he built the first school house and the first saw mill in this part of the country. Uniting honesty, temperance and frugality with sound judgment and untiring industry, he continued to carry forward his business undertakings with marked success—improving and selling to his real estate about ten years ago, he gave each of his children a hundred and sixty acre farm—with some of the ever needful; still retaining some five hundred acres of choice farm and timber lands. While doing well for his household, his sympathies were always with the industrious and worthy poor, whom he seldom failed to help in times of need, both by material aid and words of encouragement. He was elected from time to time to the first offices of trust and responsibility in the township; was one of the founders of the Hillsdale County Agricultural Society, and an active member to the day of his death. During the past few years he devoted much time to the welfare of the district school, encouraging the pupils in their studies by prizes, sleigh rides, picnics, etc., and in speaking, often cited them to the benefits of education and the good results of industry to individuals and the community at large. On the 22d inst. a large gathering of neighbors assembled at his residence to pay their respect to the departed. The funeral services were suitably conducted by the Rev. Mr. Gilmore of Manchester, and the form of one so long and well known was buried from sight; and society had parted with one of its oldest, best known, and most honored citizens.

A CITIZEN.

To-Day's Notices.

OUR OFFER.

THE ENTERPRISE

FOR

50 CENTS,
50 CENTS,
50 CENTS,
50 CENTS,
50 CENTS,
50 CENTS,
50 CENTS,

FROM

JULY TO OCTOBER,

Remember That,

New Advertisements.

ENVELOPES. If you want an envelope, call at the ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

VISITING CARDS.—New styles of type just received, expressly for printing Visiting Cards. Do you want any? If so, call at the ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

FRED KRAUSE,
AUCTIONEER,
SALINE, MICHIGAN.

Will attend sales in village or country. Farm Stock, Dry Goods, Household Furniture and all kinds of goods sold at auction. Terms reasonable. Apply to Mat D. Blosser, ENTERPRISE Office, Manchester or

THE "ENTERPRISE"

From June to September, $1 FOR 50 CENTS.

Call and get a Specimen Copy—free.

JOHN PETITT,
THE LIVE MUSIC DEALER
Is selling

PIANOS AND ORGANS

cheaper than any other house of. He has the famous New England Estey, Burdette and Mason Ring Organs.

The celebrated Light & Krust, Fallam & Sons, C. S. Hanner Bros., Steinway and Chickering Pianos. And is selling

Good Pianos from $250 to $1500.

Sales room 192 HURD HOUSE BLOCK,
278 JACKSON, MICH.

Blacksmithing.

SPRING OPENING.

FARMERS

Now is the Time to Get Your

IMPLEMENTS

Repaired ready for the Summer Work.

DON'T FORGET

That JOE GORDANIER,

THE BLACKSMITH,

Is on hand to do your work.

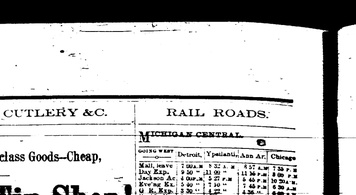
ALSO,

To build you a Carriage, Buggy, Wagon, or Shoe your Horses.

CALL ON HIM.

PASSAGE TO AND FROM EUROPE.

FIRST-CLASS LINES



Steamers Leave N. Y. Twice a Week.

Great reduction in rates to and from England, Scotland, France, Germany, Norway and Sweden.

Drafts on England, Ireland, Scotland, and all parts of Germany.

Drafts issued for any amount at Lowest Rates.

For further particulars apply to

MAT D. BLOSSER,
ENTERPRISE Office, Manchester, Mich.

Meat Market.

CHANGED HANDS.

(PEOPLES' FAVORITE)

JOHN KOCH

PROPRIETOR

This Market always Contains

A large supply of Fresh Meat of all grades, and those having a choice can always get

JUST WHAT THEY WANT!

Country and Sugar Cured Hams, and Dried Beef, Bologna, Liver, Ham and Summer Sausage, Always on hand, at Wholesale and Retail. Corned Beef, Salt Pork, &c., &c.

Cash Paid for Hides and Pelts,

Give me a Call.

224 JOHN KOCH.

Watches, Jewelry, Etc.

EVERYBODY

SHOULD CALL AT

G. A. FAUSELL'S STORE,

And price his New and Beautiful

Stock of

WATCHES

CLOCKS,

Jewelry, Toys, Notions, &c.

All the new Designs in

Silver and Plated Ware

Just Received from the East

Marked Down!

To the Lowest Cash Price.

These Goods comprise Everything to be found in a First-class Jewelry Store, ranging at Prices to suit Everybody.

Engraving & Repairing

Neatly and Promptly Done

Call at the Rubey Building and see my stock and I guarantee you in goods and prices.

G. A. FAUSELL.

HARDWARE, STOVES, CUTLERY &C.

GOOD NEWS

For Those in Search of First-class Goods—Cheap,

AT THE NEW

Hardware & Tin Shop!

In Union Hall Block.

Hardware and Stoves, Cuttlery, Wooden-Ware,

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware. Call and See. W. G. SOMERVILLE

DRY GOODS. GROCERIES.

POST NO BILLS

NOW

Is the time to get up Clubs for

The Manchester Enterprise

Send for samples and prices.

Printing & Binding

OF ALL KINDS, DONE

In First-Class Style.

Address, MAT D. BLOSSER,
Manchester, Mich.

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, &c.

W. M. BENNETT & SON.

THE

GREAT DRY GOODS

AND CARPET HOUSE

Of the Above Firm at

JACKSON, MICH.,

Is Now Open for Business.

DRY GOODS!

FOR THE MILLION!

CARPETS FOR THE MILLION!

THREE LARGE SALES ROOMS,

44 by 120 Feet.

ALL NEW GOODS!

"Come to Jackson!"

Look Through Our Elegant Rooms. Examine Our Immense stock of Dry Goods and Carpets,

Inquire the Prices and you will be Happy.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

W. M. BENNETT & SON.

RAIL ROADS.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL.

GOING WEST	Detroit.	Ypsilanti.	Ann Ar.	Chicago
Mail, leave	1 00 a.m.	2 37 a.m.	3 20 a.m.	7 30 p.m.
Day Exp.	9 50 "	11 05 "	11 54 "	3 00 a.m.
Night Ex.	5 40 p.m.	6 27 p.m.	7 15 p.m.	10 00 "
Evening Ex.	5 40 "	7 10 "	7 46 p.m.	6 30 p.m.
G. R. Exp.	3 00 "	4 15 "	5 00 "	10 00 a.m.
Pacific Ex.	9 00 "	11 00 "	11 15 a.m.	8 00 "

GOING EAST	Chicago.	Ann Ar.	Ypsilanti.	Detroit.
Atlantic Ex.	2 15 p.m.	2 52 p.m.	3 40 p.m.	5 30 p.m.
Night Ex.	9 00 "	6 25 "	6 45 "	7 00 "
Jackson Ex.		7 00 a.m.	7 20 a.m.	8 00 a.m.
Kal. Ac'mo	9 10 p.m.	10 47 p.m.	11 00 p.m.	12 00 m
Mail, leave	4 00 a.m.	5 45 "	6 05 "	7 45 "
Day Exp.	9 00 "	1 30 "	3 27 "	6 30 "

TRAINS ARRIVE and DEPART at JACKSON:

MICHIGAN CENTRAL.

ARRIVE.		DEPART.		GOING WEST.	
Night Exp.	3 05 a.m.	Mail	7 00 a.m.	Day Ex.	10 37 a.m.
Jackson Exp.	7 00 "	Jackson Exp.	12 00 m.	Evening Ex.	12 00 m.
Mail	2 12 p.m.	Day Ex.	3 00 p.m.	Pacific Ex.	3 00 p.m.
Day Ex.	10 05 "	Night Ex.	10 00 "	Way Freight	6 30 a.m.
Atlantic Ex.	12 47 a.m.	Way Freight	6 30 a.m.	Jackson Exp.	7 15 p.m.
				Grand Rpds Ex.	8 45 p.m.
Grand Rpds Ex.	9 50 a.m.	Grand Rpds Ex.	1 45 p.m.		

Atlantic and Pacific Express daily. Evening Express daily except Sundays runs west only to Kalamazoo. All other trains daily except Sunday. Freight 25 will carry passengers. Freight 28 will carry passengers from Jackson to Kalamazoo.

MICHIGAN AIR LINE.

ARRIVE.		DEPART.	
Mail	2 05 a.m.	Mail	10 50 a.m.
Potoskey Ex.	3 00 p.m.	Detroit Ex.	3 00 p.m.
Way Freight	3 25 p.m.	Way Freight	5 00 a.m.

GRAND RIVER VALLEY.

ARRIVE.		DEPART.	
Morning Ex.	9 45 a.m.	Way Freight	6 15 a.m.
Night Ex.	3 30 a.m.	Morning Ex.	12 50 p.m.
Way Freight	4 30 p.m.	Evening Ex.	3 45 p.m.
Atlantic Express, 12 midnight, Sundays only.			

JACKSON, LANSING & SAGINAW.

ARRIVE.		DEPART.	
Express,	12 20 p.m.	Mail	7 00 a.m.
Mail	8 45 p.m.	Express	4 30 p.m.
		Thro' Freight	
Way freight		Way Freight	

Trains run by Chicago time.

W. B. STRONG, General Sup., Chicago.
H. B. LEDYARD, Asst. Gen'l Sup., Detroit.
H. C. WENTWORTH, Gen. Pas. Agt., Chicago

L. S. & M. S.

STATIONS.	FROM JACKSON. Express.	Accom'n	Express	Mail
Jackson	10 40 a.m.	7 30 a.m.	3 00 p.m.	7 00 a.m.
Norvell	4 00 "	8 05 "	3 46 "	7 45 "
Manchester	4 25 "	8 35 "	4 10 "	8 10 "
Clinton	4 41 "	8 54 "	4 26 "	8 26 "
Tecumseh	5 00 "	9 15 "	4 45 "	8 45 "
Adrian	5 50 "	10 05 "	5 35 "	9 35 "
Toledo		5 35 "	10 30 a.m.	
Buffalo		9 00 a.m.	4 00 p.m.	
Detroit		8 30 p.m.	11 30 a.m.	
Chicago	6 50 a.m.	6 50 a.m.	6 30 "	

STATIONS.	TO JACKSON. Express.	Accom'n	Express	Mail
Chicago	10 40 a.m.	6 00 a.m.	10 00 a.m.	10 00 p.m.
Buffalo		6 00 a.m.	12 55 a.m.	
Toledo		12 05 p.m.	10 55 a.m.	
Adrian	7 40 a.m.	9 35 "	3 40 p.m.	
Tecumseh	8 20 "	10 10 "	4 20 "	
Clinton	8 50 "	10 31 "	4 51 "	
Manchester	9 05 "	10 47 "	5 06 "	
Norvell	9 30 "	11 16 "	5 31 "	
Jackson	12 45 "	11 35 "	1 50 "	
Detroit		7 35 a.m.	12 00 m.	

Coupon Tickets sold at this station for all points east and west.

F. S. BLODGET, Supt. Detroit Division.
ALBERT DENCKER, Station Agent.

DETROIT HILLSDALE & INDIANA.

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Express.	Mail.	Freight
Detroit	10 15 a.m.	3 00 p.m.	7 00 a.m.
Ypsilanti	10 54 "	3 45 "	8 15 "
Wayne	11 14 "	4 05 "	9 00 "
Hedgeway	6 13 "	4 27 "	
Macksburg	6 21 "	4 35 "	
Watkins	5 55 "	3 50 "	
Brooklyn	5 40 "	3 35 "	
Hillsdale	5 20 "	3 05 "	
Baskers	5 10 "	2 15 "	

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Express.	Freight
Detroit	7 00 a.m.	5 00 p.m.	
Ypsilanti	7 45 "	5 45 "	
Wayne	8 05 "	6 05 "	
Hedgeway	8 18 "	6 18 "	
Macksburg	10 22 "	8 22 "	
Watkins	10 32 "	8 32 "	
Brooklyn	11 20 "	9 55 "	
Hillsdale	11 45 "	10 15 "	
Baskers	1 40 "	10 15 "	

Through Tickets to all points East.

W. F. PARKER, Supt., Ypsilanti, Mich.
M. D. CASE, Station Agent.

Furnishing Goods.

SUMMER

CLOTHING!

Buy it at the

UNION HALL

Clothing Store!

Where you will find a good assortment.

DO YOU WEAR CLOTHES?

If so go there and

"GET A SUIT"

THAT WILL FIT YOU.

IF YOU WANT

Boots & Shoes.

Hats & Caps.

FURNISHING GOODS,

Of any kind, go to

MUNCH.

Ready Made Clothing!

BY THE CORD

Come and See Them

MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE,

MAT D. BLOSSER, Editor.

MANCHESTER, AUG. 5, 1875.

Village and Country.

Have you been huckleberrying? The liquor dealers are hunting around for bondsmen.

Shocking business—setting up sheaves of wheat and oats.

When lawyers file their bills, it makes 'em look sharp.

There is a counterfeit——but it don't interest any of our readers.

Three convicts escaped from the prison on Tuesday, but were recaptured.

Hereafter when you are driving a cow, you can shew-er yourself, says Harve (?)

Grass Lake is talking of having a State Base Ball Tournament there this fall.

J. H. Miller has a large lot of sale bills which he is selling at very low figures.

Arthur Case talks of going to Northern Michigan with the Legislative Excursionists.

The annual regatta of the Northwestern Amateur Rowing Association takes place to-day.

Great damage has been done at various points of the United States by the terrible floods.

The Manchester Brass Band are to accompany the excursionists to Put-in Bay on Tuesday next.

We call the attention of our readers to the large amount of reading matter in the ENTERPRISE of late.

Subject for discussion in the Universalist Church, next Sunday morning—The Man of Principle in Business.

Lansing has done a sensible thing in ceasing to hood the city for the purpose of making unnecessary improvements.

Mrs. Kimble of Norvell was bitten by a rattlesnake, one day last week, but has recovered from the effects of the bite.

Dr. Utes discovered that Fred Keebler had a rib broken when he was run over by the hand-car on Tuesday evening.

Joe Perry says he has a team to brag on. They drove the crop of wheat into acres all at one load! Tally one for Joseph.

Mrs. Emma and Master Charley Booth, of Milwaukee, who have been visiting at Wallace's this summer, returned home yesterday.

Andrew Johnson was buried at Greenville, Tenn., on Tuesday, Aug. 3d. His last words were: "Let my winding sheet be the flag of our country."

Emancipation day was celebrated at Jackson. All the colored people in this vicinity, including the invincible Nels, were there. They had a big time.

General Supt. Strang of the Central has announced by circular that any person refusing to pay fare upon the trains will be prosecuted according to the laws of Michigan.

We understand that an excursion train leaves Napoleon on 10th September for Niagara Falls. The Manchester Brass Band will accompany it. Fare for the round trip, $3.50.

Wood Tuttle's dog was bitten by a snake, at Norvell, but has sustained no serious damages. What's the matter with the Norvell snakes? Have they less poison than a piece of veal?

We understand that Senator Corey and wife, of this village, intend accompanying the Legislative Excursionists to Chicago, Marquette, the Copper and Silver Mines, etc., this month.

We learn that a little three-year-old child of Lewis Scherdt, of Freedom, was so severely injured by a reaper, on Saturday last, that the physician was obliged to amputate its leg just above the knee, on Tuesday.

We understand that the liquor dealers intend to let the Common Council collect the license tax of this village, if they can, and the city fathers are preparing to do it. If it comes to law, there will be warm times.

Geo. Hausler, a young man who has been engaged in the drug-business during the past five years with one of the oldest firms of this county, at Ann Arbor, was in town a few days ago, looking about with the intent of engaging in the drug business here.

The Adrian TIMES states that the Workingmen's Association of that city have made arrangements for an excursion to Detroit on the 20th inst. Trains will leave Manchester, Hillsdale and Adrian, and connect at the Junction. Fare for the round trip, $1.75.

We clip the following from "Trumpet Notes," a paper printed at Elkhart, Indiana:

"The Manchester (Mich.) Cornet Band, under the leadership of Prof. A. D. Perkins, has established quite a reputation throughout Southern Michigan. Of late they have added a splendid uniform (including uniform for drum major) to their outfit, at an expense of over $600, and are already engaged to accompany the Adrian Commandery to Philadelphia next year."

GRAND MEETING.—There will be religious services in the grove of Mr E. Glimpse, in Bridgewater, on Sunday August 22d at 10½ a. m. and at 2½ p. m.

SNOW.—Monday was a very cold day. Overcoats took the place of linen dusters and not a few put an overcoat on the inside. We learn that snow fell, but not in sufficient quantities to warrant people in getting out their cutters.

NEW DRUG STORE.—We understand that a practical druggist from Ann Arbor, is talking of buying the store of Dr. Bessac in this village. Should he succeed, we learn that he will probably open a new drug store at the old Hardware stand, south side of Exchange Place.

THE 10 O'CLOCK LAW.—Our city dad's are proving themselves to be in earnest now and apparently intend to see the laws of the village obeyed. They have complained of several proceedings against eight of the liquor dealers for keeping their places of business open after 10 o'clock P. M., in violation of the ordinance.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—They are receiving another large invoice of all kinds of boots and shoes at the Banner Store, this week, which they propose to sell at figures to suit the times. Those in want of anything in that line will do well to look over the stock, for they will be sure to find something to please them.

SEMI-ANNUAL SALE.—Pottle has commenced his semi-annual closing-out sale, and offers extraordinary inducements to those wishing to buy at low figures for cash. His stock is fresh and first-class, so that those purchasing need not be afraid of buying shelf-worn goods. Those with limited means will be pleased to hear this.

RAIN.—An old fashion rain storm set in early Sunday morning and continued nearly all day. Those who are fortunate enough to have up a stove in the sitting room, found day had hit the nail right on the head. Those who were not had to throw off that cold reserve lately acquired towards the hired girl, and hover around the kitchen stove.

ROUNDS' PRINTERS' CABINET.—The July number of this highly-prized journal for the craft is upon our table. We have read it through, advertisements and all. It is filled with reading of great interest to printers. It is, to our certain knowledge, the finest printed work in America. If Michigan only had a ROUNDS to take the lead, our printers would be the better for it.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—As the section men on the D. H. & S. W. R'y were going over the road on Tuesday morning, Fred Keebler was thrown in front of the car which passed over him. He received many cuts and inward injuries which will confine him to his bed some time, it does not result fatally. Dr. Utes dressed his wounds and is doing his utmost to relieve his pains and restore him to health again.

PAY UP.—John H. Miller says:—Those who have promised to pay their accounts when they sold their wool, are respectfully informed that "shearing time" is past. There are a good many who have not "come up to the scratch," and I take this opportunity to say that I want to start for the east in about 15 days, to buy goods, and WANT EVERY CENT DUE ME. I have accomodated you, now show your appreciation by paying up.

GIVING BONDS.—We learn that only three of our liquor dealers presented bonds to the common council on Monday. The one of Wm. Kirchgessner was accepted and those of C. Singer and C. Nauman were not. There are five dealers in the village who have not presented bonds at all. Under the statute they are liable to a fine of not less than $25 or more than $100, or, to imprisonment in the county jail not to exceed 60 or less than 10 days.

—BARBER SHOP.—Our village can now boast of a good barber shop, and by the way it is crowded, we should judge our citizens appreciate it. Charley is a good little shaver, and takes pains to make his customers comfortable. He has lately secured the services of a gentleman from Lansing, who is a first-class barber, and we hope the people of this vicinity will patronize the shop sufficiently well to warrant Charley in keeping him. Charley has lately secured a superior hair dye, which is pronounced by those who have used it, as the best thing out.

A FRIENDS INDEED.—On Monday one of our butchers was driving a cow thro' the streets. She was stubborn and hated to go, so he was obliged to resort to that common practice among drover's of twisting her tail. She went awkwardly, and one of our citizens stepped out to assist the butcher. He had scarcely said—shew before he found it necessary to jump behind a hitching-post to escape the horns of the infuriated bovine. She struck the post with such force that it was feared she had broken her neck or horn,—but she was all right, and our citizen considered himself lucky in having a friendly post to dodge round.

JOB PRINTING.—This is the season of the year when merchants should attend to colleecting up the little bills for them, and we would say that we have on hand a large assortment of Statements, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Note Heads, Envelopes, &c., which we are able to furnish at greatly reduced prices. It will be well for our business men to call and see them.

EXCURSION.—Arrangements are being made to have a grand excursion from this village to Put-in Bay, the latter part of the present month. Trains will be run so as to accommodate people from Manchester and Clinton. It is designed to make it the cheapest and most enjoyable excursion of the season.—[Tecumseh Record.

EXCURSION.—An excursion party for Denver, Colorado Ty, will start from Ann Arbor, August 17th. Tickets good to return for 90 days, and only $80, for the round trip. Parties wishing to take advantage of this excursion, or desiring any information in regard to the same, will please address Henry C. Waldron, agent for the K. P. R. R. lands, Ann Arbor, Mich.

A BAD JOKE.—We understand that a township superintendent of schools who resides less than a thousand miles from Manchester, was out visiting the schools, and while walking along the dusty road, was overtaken by a young lady in a buggy. He inquired the way to the school house, and was asked to ride. He raised his foot to jump into the vehicle, when the girl put whip to the horse and drove off, leaving him standing there in an uncomfortable position.

HOW ARE YOU, PROF?—In speaking of the Clinton Picnic, the Tecumseh RECORD says:—"Each one of the four bands in attendance gave choice music from their selections, although the Manchester Band was given the precedence in this matter, they having been the longest in practice, and also possessing an attracting uniform. Their evolutions and playing in the open field near the grove at sunset was watched by hundreds of those present, and was much admired. The leader, Prof. A. D. Perkins, is also instructor of the Clinton Band."

MUSICAL.—"The Song Journal" for August is promptly on hand, and a more welcome visitor seldom visits our sanctum. Its sweet songs "Tell me, O Bird, of the Merry Greenwood," throws a little sunbeam over our dailey rotine of editorial life. Two instrumental pieces are very pretty. Lovers of music will all wave fond reading and excellent music in this magazine. $1.00 a year. C. J. Whitney & Co., Detroit.

"Brainard's Musical World" contains sixteen pages of choice literature and the same number of pages of new music. We are always delighted to receive it. The subscription price is only $2. S. Brainard & Son, Cleveland, O.

HARVEST PARTIES.—Our readers who love to dance should remember that friend Burton, of Norvell, will give a party at his house on Thursday evening, 12th, to which all are cordially invited. Church's Band has been engaged to furnish the music and Wm. Hyndman will manage the floor. A good time may be expected for $2.

On Friday, August 13th, Chas. W. Akin, of Wampler's Lake, will be happy to see all his friends. A ride on the beautiful lake will be pleasant and in the evening they can enjoy a dance and supper. The Gray Brothers are to do the music. Our boys have a $2 bill that says Wampler's Lake is the boss.

NORTHERN MICHIGAN.—We have received a very neat little pamphlet from the Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R. Co., called "A Guide to the Haunts of the Little Fishes," the Speckled Brook Trout, Grayling, &c., together with a description of the towns along the line. Among other items, sporting men will be interested in the one referring to "bait." Brook trout and grayling take the angleworm best except in the month of June. These worms are scarce in every northern locality except at Petoskey and it is recommended that visitors bring with them a supply, carefully packed in rich earth, and KEPT DAMP. "Fly hooks, grasshoppers and common flies are also used for trout and grayling; and in using common flies it is a good plan, after impaling the insect on the hook, to detach one wing. This will cause the fly to 'spin' when on or in the water, forming a very tempting bait."

EAST MANCHESTER.

Mr. J. Tripp has his apple drying house nearly completed. The building is thirty four feet front on Main street, and runs back forty two feet. He is finishing off the upright part for a dwelling house. He will put in a cider mill in connection with his apple dryer, and expects to be ready for business this fall.

Mr. Sherwood has just completed his contract with J. S. Reynolds for taking out the old rubbish from the paper mill ruins, which looks like business for this part of the town. (Who says Sabbatha is dead?) MORE ANON. JOFFER.

EXCURSION.

The picnic and excursion from this place to Put-in Bay, via. Toledo, is arranged for Tuesday, August 10th. A special train will leave Norvell at 5:30 a. m.; Manchester, 5:45; River Raisin, 5:55; Clinton, 6:00; &c., accompanied by the Manchester Brass Band. "The new palace steamer," "Chief Justice Waite," will take the excursionists from the R. R. depot, 45 miles out upon Lake Erie, among the islands where Com. Perry "fought his last battle," and gained the victory over Briton. The boat will remain at the island over three hours, giving time to visit the cave, museum, and other objects of interest, and about two hours in Toledo before taking the regular evening train homeward. This ride and beautiful scenery can be enjoyed for the small sum of $2, round trip. Yourself and friends are invited to go; but please purchase tickets on or before Saturday, that ample railroad accommodations may be secured. Tickets for sale at Baxter's and the depot.

Ton. J. D. Corey, Rev. F. Lyon, and others, committee and ticket agents.

BASE BALL.

The Common Council of this village are right on their muscle now as will be seen by the following

MANCHESTER, AUG. 4, 1875.

Mr. Munson, Goodyear—Township Clerk of the Township of Manchester.

By virtue of a resolution of the Common Council of the Village of Manchester, passed Aug. 3d. 1875, I am authorized to challenge you, the Township Board of Officers, to a friendly game of base ball for a supper. The game to take place sometime in September next.

Yours Truly,
C. W. CASE, Recorder.

We hope the township "boys" will accept, for then we may expect to see some fun.

The Fifteenth Annual Meeting of the Michigan State Sunday School Association will be held at Grand Rapids, Aug. 31st and September 1st and 2d. Entertainment will be provided for all regularly accredited delegates from any Church organization or Sunday School, who shall send their names on or before August 25th, to Rev. L. H. Pearce, Grand Rapids, Mich. Reduced fare on all railroads leading to Grand Rapids will be secured, if possible.

List of Letters.

The following is a list of letters remaining in the post office at Manchester, August 2, 1875:

Ashmont, Jacob	Kamyre Third
Bidjart Jacob	Large Frank
Bond John	Lahn Felix
Brown Mrs.	Mosier M.
Bradley Mrs.	Mosier Mrs.
Brokaw S. M.	Pelham Mrs.
Bradley Mrs.	Pelham J. M.
Bradley Mrs.	Pelham Mrs.
Bradley Christy	Wright Mrs.
Kamyre Third	Wright Daniel

Persons calling for the above will please say "advertised."

C. WALBRIDGE, P. M.

We learn that the way Keebler came to be run over by the band car was, that they (two cars) were racing, and the handle of his car broke, which threw him over backwards.

Business Locals.

If you want a good Dress Coat.
If you want a fine suit of Clothes
If you want a good Business Coat
If you want a good piece of Cloth, go to the Union Hall Clothing Store.

Lehn keeps the best sugars in town.

All kind of Gents' Furnishing Goods at Munch's.

If you want a knoby suit of clothes, go to Munch.

If you want a good hat, and stylish go to Munch's.

Hats and Caps, spring styles, just received at Munch's.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

ADULTERATION OF HONEY.—A correspondent of the *American Bee Journal* says that bee keepers who are engaged in raising honey for market should take a little more pains to create a home market, instead of shipping all their table honey to Chicago and other cities, to honey dealers, to have it adulterated and made five or six pounds out of one of honey, or even more than that; and then for these honey men to ship it back where it was raised, and sell it at double the price paid for it, looks like making a good deal from the honey raisers.

Let every one who raises honey see that every grocery is well supplied with good box and colored honey, and there will be no trouble in selling all the honey at home. If the grocers will not buy it, ask the liberty to place it in their store, which no one will object to. Allow them a commission or all sales from ten to fifteen per cent., and there will be no chance for it to be fixed up with glucose, starch, slippery elm bark, etc.

Congress should make a law governing the adulteration of all articles for food, or, placing a heavy fine or imprisonment or both, for adulterating anything. There is no country on the face of the globe where the adulteration business is carried on as it is in the United States.

MICE-GIRDLED PEACH TREES.—Pels Wire Glass Journal: We were reminded of the absolute necessity of watchfulness on the farm on visiting Mr. Jacob Pels, that, on some of our best land for which the most had been done after turning under a heavy growth of clover, the peach trees were of a smaller size and the favor of a lighter color than on poorer ground. We inquired of the farmer. No one could tell. It was thought that "tracking" had abstracted the strength of the land. On examination of the roots which had been well covered in the light soil we found the tree had been completely girdled beneath the surface by mice, where the ground was especially light and had been thrown up in the furrows around the trunk, while when the ground was heavier and more fertile, the mice had gone the roots no damage had occurred. It was not because snow had accumulated in the roadways, for there was but little, if any, during the winter. The light soil around the trees was found to be honeycombed with, not only a little crust over the surface which had formed a roof for the poor mice, but were engaged in their work of destruction.

Many devices have been suggested to prevent similar evils on gooseberry, current and rose bushes, as well as to truly valuable, Cotton pieces of tin, tarred felting or roofing paper have been tried. Others have set traps to catch the vandals.

We propose to remove the soil from the body of the tree so as to form a little cup around it and put in quicklime and ashes close to the roots—the best means of protection is to be found. In a better plan is known we should like to be informed.

CARRAGEE "POISONING" GROUND.—"Western New Yorker," in response to an inquiry in the *Rural New Yorker*, says: "A Sandy farmer planted his cabbages nor any crop "poison" the soil. The difficulty is that the cabbage crop has so exhausted his soil that the limited applications of manure this year have not restored its fertility. Market gardeners find no difficulty in growing good crops after cabbages—often the second crop after the cabbages are taken off. But they apply forty to one hundred dollars' worth of manure to each acre. Let Mr. Nash do this and he will not be troubled to grow good crops on his farm. Mr. Nash has tried the same difference in the growth of corn after turnips. We have seen the same case. Last year I had one acre of Swedish turnips, one corner of which was decidedly poorer than the rest. This spring I manured this corner lightly, thinking it would be sufficient. The result was that the manured ground was a surprise to me. Like Mr. Nash, I made the mistake of not manuring heavily enough. Turnips and cabbages are both very exhaustive crops, and farmers intending to grow them largely apply out an abundance of manure they should do so on very rich alluvial soil, or possible where fertilizing is a matter of carbonaceous matter. By growing turnips on mucky soil, feeding the crop off with sheep and applying the manure we can speedily change carbonaceous matter into nitrogenous compounds—suitable for growing wheat and other grasses.

SIZE OF DAIRY COWS.—While adopting the fact that the cows of our dairies will make as good milk or butter from the same amount of food given, in any single season, it does not necessarily follow that larger, beefy cows are best, most profitable—for the dairy. It takes twice as much food to raise to full size a steer weighing 1,000 pounds as one that weighs only 500; and when fattened for beef the selts for twice as much yearling greater profit if the beef selts for more than it cost, but when the cows are fed for fattening is worth more than the beef brings. There is, during the life of any animal, a constant supply of food required to keep the animal in ordinary condition—the larger animal requiring more food as the physical waste is always proportionate to size.

Reckoning the average life of cows while in the dairy at eight years (perhaps ten is nearer the truth), it follows, that, if we have the larger cow, we have required an eight years' supply of food to supply a constant waste (the milk) more than the smaller cow, while giving only the same amount of milk for the feed given. It seems, therefore, that dairymen who buy cows to milk only one or two years before fattening, would do better to select large cows, while those who milk their cows eight or ten years should select the smaller size, and those which give the greatest yield of milk in proportion to size.

Household Help.

BERRY CAKE.—One pint of milk, one quart of flour, one quart of berries, one cup of sugar, two eggs, a little salt, butter the size of an egg, and a teaspoonful of soda, or three of yeast powder.

PRESERVE.—Jams, preserves, etc., can be prevented from mildewing by a teaspoonful of cream tartar to every gallon of the jam or preserves.

EGG CAKE.—Take ice-cold water, as for wheat, gems, and stir in good rye meal, entirely unbolted, sifting with one hand and stirring with the other, until they are of a consistency much thicker than required for wheat. Experiment with a few at first, making somethicker than others (the last as thick as you can well stir them) by adding more meal to get the right consistency before making them for the table. Then bake them a little more than you would wheat, and serve warm or cold, as you prefer. We like them warm.

GOOSEBERRY JAM.—Stalk and crop as many as you require of ripe, red, rough gooseberries. Put them into a large preserving pan, and as they warm stir gently and bruise them to bring out the juice. Let them boil for ten minutes, then add sugar in the proportion of three-quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit, and place it on the fire again. Let it boil slowly, and continue boiling for two hours longer, stirring it all the time to prevent its burning. When it thickens and is jelly-like on a plate when cold, it is done enough. Put it into pots, and allow it to remain a day or two before it is covered.

CANDY—MOLASSES CANDY.—To every pound of sugar add one teaspoonful of cream tartar; put in one half cup of water, and set over a slow fire. Occasionally drop some in cold water; when it hardens it is done enough; pour on some *fat* surface. Put in a few drops of flavoring if you like, and let it stand for five minutes; then you pull until it is white, and make into sticks. You can exercise your own ingenuity about their shape. The children pronounce it just splendid! Molasses candy is made in the same way, using molasses instead of sugar, and omitting the flavoring and cream tartar. I think this candy is improved by mixing in nuts of any variety which may be convenient.

Useful Information.

By rubbing metal surfaces with soda, sassafras, and pouring on a solution of chloride of gold, gold will adhere to the amalgam; and it is only necessary to drive off the mercury by heat to obtain a gilded surface that will bear polishing.

A BATTER need not turn black and sodden, if the yolks are kept applied to prevent the blood from coagulating; then gently press the wounded part with the sponge, to relieve any defect in the circulation, and afterward put on bandages wet with cold water.

LEAVES gathered while have become yellow from time, may be whitened by being boiled in a little water and a little chloride of lime, and then put in the latter to a gallon of the former. After the boiling process they should be well rinsed, a little blue being added to the last water used.

BLEACH GERMS, in the *American Agriculturist*, announces the decisive agreement with the doctrine that tillage encourages the growth of weeds, when they pass before any decided effect is produced. Much depends on the character of the soil. The clays reserve the moisture greatly beneath thorough tillage.

Two persons are liable to be injured in the same hour immediately after dinner. Ten minutes' sleep before dinner is worth more than an hour after. It rests and refreshes and prepares the system for vigorous digestion. If sleep is taken after dinner, it should be in a sitting posture, as the horizontal position is unfavorable to digestion and repose. Let those who need rest and sleep during the day take it before dinner instead of after. Experience will soon find that they will feel better, and that their digestion will be improved thereby.

Time's Disclosures.

Havana (Illinois) Times.

Many of our citizens distinctly recollect the mysterious disappearance of a stranger who was stopping at the Harry Rose Hotel, in this city, some thirty-eight years ago. The circumstances, as well as many of our readers know, are reliable citizens about the mystery, are substantially as follows:

Some time in August, 1837, a man on horseback arrived at the Harry Rose House, and registered the name of John Miller. He was a man of about forty years of age, and of Scotch descent. He stated that he was on a tour through the country with a view of purchasing, and was some weeks in the Western and West in Western lands. His stay was prolonged in the hotel on account of an attack of ague and fever, which was not uncommon thing in those days. The weather being very warm and the hotel crowded, it was thought best, for the sick, frequently slept in the barn near the hotel.

On or about the 25th of August, 1837, he retired as usual in the barn to avoid the oppressive heat and spend the night in the open space, and perhaps dream of home. But some time before morning the night crept in, and he was missing from the hotel. Search was instituted, but no tidings were heard of him. His horse was found in the barn, and the barn convinced all persons that there was something very mysterious about his sudden disappearance, as some parties were suspected of his murder, but the circumstances were not strong enough to convict them then.

His sudden disappearance has remained a mystery for thirty-eight years (Saturday, July 2, 1875). The old hotel and barn was destroyed by fire some twenty years ago, and the place on which the barn was situated is now a vacant grassy sand-lot. The recent rains, having washed quite a large amount of sand from the spot where the barn stood, a human skull was revealed which had been buried beneath the barn. It was discovered by Mr. Ambrus, who communicated the facts to some of the friends, who visited the premises, and the skeleton was found to be that of a human differing from that of an ordinary man, in the fact that it was examined by Doctors Stewart and Reese, and other eminent medical men, and pronounced a human skull, and a human skull was found on the right side of the skull extending through the frontal and parietal bones, which was undoubtedly inflicted by a hatchet, as or some other sharp edged tool, was sustained, from the state of disintegration of the osseous structure, that it must have been in the ground for a great many years.

The circumstances have no doubt in the minds of the citizens that Mr. Miller was murdered, robbed and buried beneath the barn, and that the parties suspected at the time of the mysterious disappearance are the murderers. It is hoped that the skull living and measures will be taken to bring them to justice.

In an Indian Camp.

Human nature is the same all the world over. We were amused to see a little Indian girl playing with her doll in front of her wigwam. She had a miniature frame for carrying her dolly on her back, all carefully imitated from those of grown folks. Her doll was a bit of red flannel made up to look like a baby, and it was very carefully wrapped in a soft cloth in the case, which, as we saw, was standing against a tree. When we were leaving, we saw quite plainly that it was not for her alone that the frame was made, for four or five girls of various ages were seated near three small babies, a foot or two from each, and each was carrying a large one they live in. On stopping to examine we found their interior copied in faithfully, and the babies, dressed in cloth and blanket, arranged around the walls, and little lassies with their arms fastened the center. The dolls were of pottery, roughly marked in figures, with no arms, and most of the heads were off, which made no difference to the children, of course. Never did children enjoy more perfectly the manner of their elders than these little Indian girls.

"Is You de Head Boss!"

Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Good evening! Is you de head man up heah?" said a coal black, useless man and brother to one of the attaches of the *Courier-Journal*. He stood on one leg in the doorway just as the reporters were setting down to their night's work, and he smiled familiarly upon the crowd of young men in the room.

"I am not the head boss," replied the particular one addressed, "but you'll find a man in that little room to the left, who will attend to your business."

"Much obleeged to you, sah," and the black shade hobbled toward the room indicated. He was lame of a leg, but he looked like he could whip many a bigger man, nevertheless. He had a big quid in his mouth, which he shifted from one side to the other as he halted again in the second doorway.

"Is you de head boss?" he repeated to the person sitting at the desk within.

"No; but what do you want?"

"I se after de head boss, sah—"

It was at a moment when two or three hours of hard work made a little relaxation agreeable to the young man addressed, who replied that while not the head boss, yet he might be depended on to render any service to his visitor.

"What can I do for you?" he said.

"Well, boss, I se gotter petty brain dat I jectured you might put in yer paper," at the same time extending a roll of manuscript, wrapped in a suspiciously greasy piece of paper.

"Poetry?" and the newspaper man wheeled around. "What's your name?"

"Sam, sah."

"Where do you work?"

"At de refiner warehouse, sah. I cooper de barrels."

"And you have found time during the absorbing duties of your humble but honorable occupation to write poetry?"

"Well, not 'dackly, boss; you see I found dat paper, and some o' de gen'lemen fixed it down at de house and I read yer, and tole me to bring it up heah."

"Sam, are you in love?"

Sam sat down, turned his quid and settled himself for a talk. Meanwhile the boys began to enjoy the joke on poor Sam. Sam addressed each of them familiarly, and then smiled on the question.

"Not now, sah; I was once in dat very fix, sah, but I se quit dat now!"

"What could have so cured you of the pleasant malady, Sam?"

"Well, sah, you see, when I was a boy, down in Green county, I belonged to Henry Smith—yer didn't know him, did yer, boss? No, I didn't 'spect you knowed him. Well, as I tole you, I was a boy, like 'bout seventeen, and I loved a gal name Susan and she had a brother, and he didn't like me."

"That was unfortunate for you, but it only proves that true love never does run smooth."

"Dat wasn't nothin' about to run, sah, but blood," returned the dark man and brother.

"Blood in a love match, Sam? You surprise me. How was it?"

"I killed dat nigger, sah."

"The devil you did. What for?"

"I jus killed him, boss, else he'd killed me."

Sam spit on the floor, gave his tobacco another turn, and quietly gazed on the office, as his audience stopped to take breath.

"Killed your sweetheart's brother, Sam?" after a while and the management's that a curious way of conducting a courtship."

"Sah?"

"Wasn't that rather a strange way to do it, Sam?"

"May look dat way to you, boss, but I felt called on to do somethin' to dat nigger, and I done what I thought best."

"Was a quarrel, Susan like, and I was settin' in de door, and she was in de yard wid my arm restin' round her waist sorter lovin' like, as de white folks do, when dat nigger come up dat gal and begin to cuss and 'ear round and skeering Susan, which I thought I orter take keer of as bein' as I was a sorter protector of her, like when he cum out.

"That was very commendable in you and highly reprehensible in the brother."

"Sah?"

"You were right, Sam, and her brother was wrong."

"Oh, yas, sir, dat's what you mean. Well, he kept a-swearin' and cuttin' as fast as he could, and Susan she got pale and skeered like, and I got mad then and tole dat nigger to jes keep away from dar and let me alone, else I gwine to injure him. He jes kept a-cussin' and a-swearin' like a big butcher-knife an' started to me, and said he gwine to give my insides out, he said.

"Did you retreat, Sam, in the presence of your adorable?"

"Who's dat?"

"Why, Susan, your sweetheart; did you run away and let the adorable your standing for courage in her eyes?"

"Oh, yes, now I know what you mean. Run away? Reckon I wish you'd a been dar."

"Why so, Sam?"

"Well, sah, dat nigger cum at me wid dat knife, and I knowed dat my time was come if I didn't do somethin' mighty ful quick, so I jest drap my han down in de pocket of my coat, and dat nigger stop jes as he ketch his breath.

"I suppose he had some apprehension that you meant to draw a pistol."

"Weepin'! Dat wasn't no use to draw no weepin', for dat nigger was as dead as de lightnin' dat struck him. When I drapped my hand down in dat pocket it fell right on a pistol, and de pistol jes fitted my hand, and dat wasn't no more partin round dun by dat young nigger."

"You astound me. Can it be possible that you have once experienced all the joys of your future felicity in the society of your adorable by thus ruthlessly slaying her brother?"

"What did you say, boss?"

"I say that you must have had such enough to become the murderer of your sweetheart and your own hopes at one moment?"

"Well, boss, if you'd a seen dis nigger lay in jail for nigh on to a year, and then mighty nigh hang, and jes 'cause I hadn't been for old Marster I would, dat you'd a thought, some one had been killed."

"Do you respect punishment for your crime, Sam?"

"Yes, sir, ole Massa stood by me like a mighty good friend, and after de law-yers pitched over me a whole day, de jury set me free."

"Did you go back to your sweetheart then?"

"No, sah. I hasn't seen dat gal from dat day to dis, and I don't want to see her, I was taught a lesson by dat thing and I don't want nothing at all about marrying nuffin' 'cept de law-yers. Dey jes fix up de paper for me, sah, jes' 'fore I gwine away, as I tole you all bout killin' dat fiemal nigger."

I say that I can not publish it, but the sling poem came to me last week, and I threw it in the waste-basket.

"Yas' but can't you put it in for me, boss? You see I se lame, but I walked all de way to town to get dis paper."

I regret very much, Sam, that I can't publish it for you, particularly in view of the charming frankness and naivete with which you have narrated the thrilling chapter of your life."

What did I understand you to say boss?"

"I can't publish your poem, and regret it."

"Well, boss, I'll bebe it wid you, and any how you want to put it in, jes' put it in, and just then a shrill signal came from the countingroom through the speaking tube, and Sam's eyes opened and fled from his head as he leaped from his seat.

"What's that, boss?"

"That's a policeman's whistle, Sam."

"Good night, boss; I aint got no more time to stay," and he hobbled out of the room and down stairs and out of sight.

And Sam's poetry was gently laid in the waste basket, where it rested one hour of the same sort, received that night. In its stead one of Sam's audience writes the story of the dusky visitor's one romance.

Aztec Relics.

A correspondent writes from the City of Mexico: We visited the Museum of Antiquities, which is a very large museum, where I should like to pass days, so interesting are its contents. The collection of ancient sculpture and idols are very good, but not so attractive as the relics of the Aztecs and of their conquerors. In the court yard is a huge stone which is supposed to have been the altar on which the victims were slain as sacrifices, their hearts cut out and carefully prepared to be eaten as a sacrament. There are also some huge, grim stone idols, one of which had a countenance which reminded me of the sphinx in Egypt. There are famous serpent images sculptured from basalt, which are supposed to have been used in the worship of the Quetzelcoatl—"the feathered serpent"—"the god of the air."

In the museum are many curious musical instruments, weapons and other relics of the Aztecs and of their conquerors, and a very curious and interesting collection of Mexican idols, which are two feet high and cover a foot in diameter, with graceful handles and ornaments of the most delicate sculpture. Besides these symbols, the vases still exhibit the brilliant colors of blue, yellow and red, which they had when they were originally tinted.

In one room we were shown, on the floor, the suits of steel armor worn by Cortez, the conqueror, and Pedro de Alvarado, his faithful lieutenant. Both must have been small-sized men; and I regretted to learn, after I had left the museum, that I had made a great mistake in a stack of grim pictures of Mexican victories, which we saw piled in a corner, but did not examine.

It is to be hoped that this wonderful collection will be placed in a safer place than it now is, in a room on the ground floor, as the recent earthquakes have shaken the foundations of the city, and should one come, the collection would be irretrievably lost.

Dead as a Donkey.

The heroic donkey that whipped the lions is dead. His days of usefulness are over when he begins to lose his strength in kicking dogs into the brain of the queen of beasts and compelled her to scamper from the field of combat a worsted for some months ago. The incident of the lioness escaping from her cage in the Paris zoological garden and bouncing the inoffensive, mild and innocent donkey, was the last straw. Deprived of the main avenue of the garden, is still fresh in the minds of our readers, and needs no recapitulation. It appears that the courageous donkey, though bleeding greatly, and suffering the pangs of a wound in the shoulder, was taken off the field a conqueror. His enemy, the lioness, had left the scoured hills, and subsequently to death at the hands of Mr. McAvoy. The donkey was cared for by the zoological society. Its recovery procuring the best aids of veterinary surgery. For a time the heroic beast hung between life and death, and at one of the most valuable acquisitions of the zoological society of the garden. It was never intended that this animal should again. He was kept in royal state, fed on the choicest hay, the most nourishing oats, the largest ears of corn, and had the softest bedding. But in spite of all this care the donkey pined and died. His mains will be carted off to the fertilizer, but the memory of his great achievement will be long alive in the records of the Zoological Society. This donkey's birth is unknown, but it is supposed that his parentage does not cast the least shadow upon the work of his life.—*Cincinnati Times.*

Speaking in Public.

In too many cases, the public speaker substitutes sound for sense; rhetoric for argument; learned quotations for facts; the use of unusual words for plain words, and, using phrases prodigally, lessens the effect. Now this is not the result of the degeneracy of conversation as a fine art. There is no school for the emperors, nor for the people, female or male, of the Sandwich Islands, or elsewhere, in the Pacific Ocean, equal to that of the thoughtful talk of a couple of intelligent friends, expressing freely their ideas on some vital question. Only let the talker, in private or in public, be not conscious of the effect produced by speech, the vulgar slang, the half-baked sentences which so many miscall conversation; let him aspire, not to be the expression of the most commonplace facts, the most ordinary news, the commonest incidents, but to be the utterer of the language which shall be at once strong and simple, graceful, clearest and most refined, saying fully and fairly what he means, yet not an iota more. Practice and experience will do much for him. Besides these symbols, the vases still exhibit the brilliant colors of blue, yellow and red, which they had when they were originally tinted.

A Pretty Pet.

A Paris correspondent writes: Last season the lioness in Bidel's menagerie gave birth to three cubs, two of which were dead, and the remaining one was healthy and promised to live, but its mother kicked its young one out of the cage, and Bidel presented the poor little animal to one of his employees, who resides in one of the suburbs of Paris. The man gave it to his daughter who took the little creature in charge, fed it, watched over it, and tended it, and it was a pretty sight to see the lioness, who was piled in a corner, but did not examine.

It is to be hoped that this wonderful collection will be placed in a safer place than it now is, in a room on the ground floor, as the recent earthquakes have shaken the foundations of the city, and should one come, the collection would be irretrievably lost.

A CURIOUS indication of the fact that the country has seen hard times the past year or two is testified to by paper makers, who say that the rags sold them of late have been more ragged than formerly. It seems that people have been wearing their clothes threadbare, and there must be a good time coming, consequently, for the dry-goods and clothing trades.

Forest Culture.

Among the new crops of this generation may be mentioned the forest—trees for shade, protection, and use. The folly of denuding the earth of its best protection is shown in the recent floods which have desolated the naked sides of the Appenines and Pyrenees. Had the old forest growth been protected, instead of being swept off by the improvident Romans, it would have served to equalize the temperature, regulate the humidity, and store up in the hills and mountains, its roots water for use in time of need. Forests tend to prevent both great floods and long droughts.

American farmers are now learning to plant trees, not only to temper the climate, but to afford a shelter for wind-belts, as on the Western prairies, but as a marketable commodity. The demand for timber for planting seem to be the ash, black walnut, elm, sugar maple, and cottonwood. Ten acres of ash twice two acres of black walnut planted for hoop-poles, four feet apart, will net six thousand five hundred dollars in ten years. An acre of honey locust fifteen years old is worth one thousand dollars. Elm can be made usually profitable. It is to be borne in mind, also, that our pine forests are largely or partially exhausted. We are obviously trying to renew themselves, but the vandal axman is a mortal foe, and he is moving with the speed of armies of Maine, Pennsylvania, New York, Michigan, and Minnesota, and this source of supply falls some other must be opened, and it looks as if much of the building and furniture lumber of the next century would come from our artificial forests.—*New York Graphic.*

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MINOR TOPICS.

THE outlook for trade is much better than it was a month ago. America is essentially an agricultural nation. She depends for prosperity on the great staples of production. And this year, though the wheat crop in Indiana and Illinois is smaller than it was last season, in the other wheat-growing States it is much larger, the corn crop promises to be a crop of former years, and the cotton crop is set down at 2,500,000 bales. The hay crop has been excellent both in quantity and quality, and the yield of other staples more than realizes expectations.

THE testimony introduced in the trial of John D. Lee, which has been in progress at Beaver, U. T., for participation in the Mountain Meadow massacre in September, 1857, presents a sickening story of that horrible slaughter. One of the butchers has been put upon the stand, and testifies to the affair in all its wicked details. It is in evidence that Brigham Young knew of the massacre, and approved it; that the goods taken from the victims were used in the church tithing house cellar, and the cattle were branded with the church brand. Now let the government arraign Brigham for murder and all the conspirators of the affair.

THE immense size of some of the photographic productions executed at the present day is well calculated to excite astonishment. Recently, pictures of this kind have been made of the great opera house, Paris, four feet three inches in height—these being obtained in one single piece by well known processes, and with the aid of a large camera constructed in a special manner for this purpose. All the lines of these remarkable pictures are represented as of peculiar artistic excellence—the moldings, lights, medallions, and, even the minutest details, being reproduced with rare perfection. The attempt is being made to secure pictures even larger than these.

BY the "Life of the Duke of Brunswick," just published in Paris, it appears that an agent sent by him visited Louis Napoleon, in the prison of Ham in 1847, and gave to the prince 800,000 francs, on the condition that which he bribed his jailers and secured his freedom. The condition was that the prince should sign a treaty with the Prussian Government, and arrange an insurrection in Paris. We promise and swear on our honor and the Holy Scriptures on the one part, to re-establish the Duke of Brunswick in his duchy, if possible, to unite Germany in one nationality; on the other part, to assist the Prince Napoleon in his design to return to France her national sovereignty."

LOCUSTS and strikes are the rage in England. The latter, with a notice given by the cotton masters of Ashton, Staley's Bridge, Dunkelfield, and Mossley, a lock-out has commenced in the cotton districts. The latter, if the operatives yield within a month, the mills still open are to be closed, as the time of the notices expires; in which case several thousand people will be thrown out of employment. A strike set on foot by the operatives in Oldham has gone into effect, and involves one hundred and twenty-thirteen thousand hands. The Working-men's Association of Yorkshire and Cheshire have resolved to support the lock-out and striking and operatives.

THE *North German Gazette*, commenting on the recent submission of Catholic clergymen to the law for the administration of church property, says the Episcopal party has already abandoned the principle hitherto maintained that the politics of ecclesiastical matters can only be regulated by means of independent arrangements between the State and church. The *Gazette* infers that the Roman Curia had given permission to the clergy to decide for themselves, at least in cases concerning them that a decision in favor of submission to the law will not be regarded as an act of disobedience to the Papal authority. The *Gazette*, "may be considered as a hanging struggle between