MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE.

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MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED THURSDAYS.

Has a large circulation among Merchants, Mechanics, Manufacturers, Farmers and Families generally, in the villages o

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Will attend sales of all kinds, at lower figures than any other salesman, for 1876-7. Ira Cushman, Chelsea, reference. Orders left at the ENTERPRISE office will receive prompt attention.

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THE MICHIGAN EXCHANGE, Detroit, Mich., E. LYON, Proprietor. This hotel, so long and favorably known to the traveling public, is being thoroughly repaired and put in perfect order for business, and will continue to be kept in all its appointments as a First-Class House. But to meet the wishes of our many friends and patrons, our charges have been reduced to $2.50 per day, and the proprietor solicits the patronage of all who wish to find a quiet and pleasant home while in the city.

ATTENTION, FARMERS.

Do You Want a Hay Rack?

IF SO, BUY ONE OF

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THEY ARE

The Most Durable,
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Call at the Planing Mill and see it.

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which is conceded to be the best machine in use, being much more substantial and requiring far less labor to perform the same amount of work. Call and see one. The Cheapest Machine in the market.

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Planing, Turning and Scroll-sawing done on short notice.

All kind of Building material manufactured to order.

Mills and Lumber Yard near the L. S. & M. S. Railway Depot.

Manchester, April 1, 1874.

STAGE LOVE.

"Angelina, fair and leading
Lady of my destiny,
Will thou wed the lightsome lover
Of the lightest comedy?
Will thou with me 'cast' thy fortunes
In the lottery of life,
And complete the sweet ensemble
In that hackneyed part—the wife?

Hear me swear! By all the limelight
That the gasmen deftly burn,
I will keep my truthful troth-plight
Till the last cremation urn.
By that pasteboard sun I swear it,
Yow, too, by yon tinfoil moon,
That I do not idly beg for
All your love's most precious boon."

Angelina only answered,
"Life hath many a bitter cup,
But my mind, as my complexion,
Carefully will I make up.
I accept the proffered wooing,
Though your style is high burlesque;
But the real and the ideal
Touch alike on the grotesque."

"Hear me vow by all the waveless
Of that canvas, boy-borne sea,
Through the spring and autumn seasons
Still I will be true to thee.
True to thee until the green rag
Shall on our leave-taking fall,
And the public voice unite us
In a final kind recall."

She was young and he was earnest,
Few the words they had to say,
So they both were letter-perfect
On the dress-rehearsal day.
Mimic love that turned to real
Took the fancy of the town,
And the cue of Wedded Lovers
Rang the rosy curtain down.

—*London Hornet.*

THE RECONSIDERED VERDICT.

True in substance, though I tell it from a memory not very retentive of details, and, though true, probably new to many of my readers is the story of the reconsidered verdict. Some sixty autumns ago the case was tried at Chester, before a Judge of great ability and eminence, and a jury whose intelligence—but you shall hear! In the preceding spring—April, I think, was the month—there had been a bad case of burglary at a farm house in Cheshire. Three men had tied down and gagged the farmer and his two maid servants, and had rifled the house at their leisure. The police were told of the matter, and pretty accurate descriptions were given of the men. There were two other clues. In the struggle one of the men had lost a button from his coat, which button he had left behind. Also the same man had had his face so severely scratched by one of the maids that the girl said "she was sure she had left her mark upon him." Weeks passed without any arrests being made, and people began to forget the burglary, until one day a man was taken up in Liverpool on suspicion of being concerned in quite a different matter. He had with him a bundle containing some of the plunder of the farm house. More of the plunder was found at his lodgings. His face bore traces of scratching; and, to clinch the matter, his coat wanted a button, and the buttons on it corresponded exactly with that picked up at the scene of the burglary. His defense was very flimsy—"He knew nothing about the burglary, but had bought the coat and things very cheap of a man in the street." "Did you know the man?" "No, never saw him before nor since." "How about the scratches?" "Well, he was a sailor, and too much accustomed to big hurts to take notice of scratches." Of course he was committed for trial, and the trial, I said, came on at Chester. It excited a great deal of interest, and the court was crowded, an invalid staying at the principal inn so far shaking off a touch of tropical fever as to send in his card to the Judge, and ask for a place behind the bar. And yet, after all, there was very little to be said. The circumstantial testimony above mentioned was overwhelming, and, in addition to that, farmer and servants, with one accord, swore to the identity of the prisoner with the burglar. There was no defense; the jury found a verdict of "guilty" without leaving the box; and, as burglary was a hanging matter in those days, it merely remained to pass sentence of death. Only a formula between him and judgment:

"Prisoner at the bar, you have heard the verdict of the jury. Have you any thing to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

Then the prisoner spoke for the first time. Just brushing his eyes with the cuff of his coat, he began:

"Well, Cap'n, it's hard to be hung for noth'n, but I can see this is a yard-arm business. I know no more o' this 'ere burglary nor a baby; but these witnesses hain't told no lies, I s'pose. And what can I say again 'em? When the thing came off—April, didn't they say?—I was fightin' the slavers on the Gold Coast. But you've got no call to believe that, and so there's an end to it."

There was something in the man's manner that impressed the Judge; so he said, not unkindly, "But surely, prisoner, if your story is true, you must have friends and comrades with whom you could have communicated. If you had thought they could do you good, you would have done this. It is too late now."

"You're right, Cap'n; it's too late. But it's all very well to say 'let 'em know,' when a man is locked up in jail, and can't write nor read, and don't know where they are. They may be in America, they may be at the Cape, and how could I let 'em know?—leastways, not in time. No, it's no use, and you'd better order me to be run to the yard-arm at once."

"But," urged the Judge, "the Court has no wish to hang a man who may be innocent. Is there no one who could speak for you?"

The man locked in a hopeless sort of way round the court.

"No," he began; but just then his eye lighted on the stranger from the inn. "Yes," he added, pointing to him, "there is a gentleman who might speak for me if he would."

The Judge turned round. "Do you know the prisoner?" he asked.

"No, my Lord," was the reply; "I never saw him before in my life."

"Well, Capt. Sharpe," said the prisoner, "if you put the rope round my neck, I give in. Go on, my Lord."

"Stay," said the Judge; "is your name, Capt. Sharpe?"

"Yes, my Lord;" and "Capt. Sharpe, R. N.," was on the card he had sent in.

"Well, the prisoner seems to recognize you, so I will ask you to step into the witness-box and be sworn, that he may ask you questions."

The Captain went into the box, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Are you Capt. Sharpe, of his Majesty's ship Vulture?"

"Yes."

"Were you in command of her on the slave coast this spring?"

"I was."

"And wasn't I one of your crew?"

"Most certainly not."

"But, Cap'n, don't you remember the big slaver that gave you all the trouble; that you had to board?"

"Yes."

"And you yourself led the boarders?"

"O, yes; but all that is nothing—you may easily have heard or read all about that."

"Well, but, Cap'n, once more; don't you remember the big nigger that was almost cutting you down? Don't you remember the man who stood between you and death, and what he got for it? Don't you remember that?"—and, brushing back his hair, the prisoner showed a great scar down one side of his head.

The whole court looked on breathless as the Captain stared at the scar and the man till his eyes seemed starting from his head. At length, as if in a dream, the Captain muttered to himself, "Good God! is it possible?"

Then, slowly and deliberately, he got out of the witness-box, and clambered into the dock, where he seized the prisoner's hand, and, turning to the Judge, said, "My Lord, this was the best man in my crew, and saved my life. Providence has sent me here to save his. He is so changed by illness and imprisonment that I could not recognize him. But there is no mistake now, and, if you hang the old bo'sun of the Vulture, you must hang his Captain with him."

Then followed a scene rarely witnessed in a court of justice. Amid cheers and sobs that no one cared to suppress, the Judge briefly directly the jury to reconsider their verdict, which they at once did, finding a unanimous "Not guilty." The prisoner was discharged, and left the dock arm-in-arm with the Captain. They were hurried into a chaise, and drawn to the inn in a triumphal procession, and, after a sumptuous lunch, they posted off together to London. As they cleared the ancient town Capt. Sharpe might have been heard addressing his companion somewhat as follows:

"Well, old pal, we pulled through that business pretty well, I think. But it was a near go. That was a good notion of Wily Bob's to wait for the verdict before moving. We could never have touched that evidence."

"Yes," replied the innocent and long-suffering boatswain of the Vulture; "and if you had cottoned to me a minute too soon, the old beak would have been fly to the trick. Lord, I was fit to burst when the old boy began to cry."

From which brief remark we gather that "Capt. Sharpe" might have known more of the burglary than of the Vulture. Nothing more was ever heard of either of them. Such is the story of "The Reconsidered Verdict."

A Stovepipe Hat in Texas.

A party of men came down from Llano County yesterday, and were drinking in the saloon next door above the Capitol store. One of them, whose name is Hanner, said that he could whip any man in Austin who had on a "stovepipe hat." They got very excited, and drawing their pistols laid them on the bar counter. Finally, leaving the saloon, they went down the avenue and were gone about 35 minutes. As soon as they left the saloon some one met Ben Thompson and told him about the threats the men had made. Mr. Thompson went to his room, and, putting on a silk hat, returned to the saloon. When the parties from Llano returned Thompson was talking in a jovial sort of way about being a Northern man on a tour for his health, but that he believed that he could whip any man in Texas. Hanner said, "You do? Well, you are the man for me," (or something to that effect) at the same time drawing a six-shooter. But before he could cock it Thompson fired at him, the ball entering near his ear and coming out at the back of his neck. Hanner then started across the street, still trying to cock his pistol, when Thompson fired a second time, the ball taking effect in Hanner's back. Officers coming up arrested the parties, who gave bonds for their appearance at the Mayor's Court.—*Austin (Tex.) Gazette.*

Welsh-Speaking Population of America.

At present there are Welsh settlements in as many as twenty States. In regard to the number of Welsh in America there is among themselves a diversity of opinion. Some put down the figure as high as 300,000. This may be correct, if unmistakable decendants are included, but, from what I can learn, the Welsh-speaking population of the country is far below that figure. The Rev. R. D. Thomas, in his most excellent volume recently published, "Hanes Cymry America" (History of the Welsh in America), puts them down at 115,716, and distributes them as follows: Pennsylvania, 32,974; New York, 21,840; Ohio, 24,810; Vermont, 1,350; New Jersey, 942; Maryland, 800; District of Columbia, 50; Virginia, 100; West Virginia, 300; Tennessee, 200; Massachusetts, 500; Maine, 300; Indiana, 200; Illinois, 2,035; Michigan, 400; Wisconsin, 18,260; Minnesota, 1,745; Iowa, 2,265; Missouri, 2,195; Kansas, 1,750; Nebraska, 200; California, 2,000; Oregon and Territories, 500.—*Erasmus W. Jones in Atlantic Monthly for March.*

Saved from the State Prison.

Speaking of bank officers who allow forgers to escape after they have been detected, a leading Boston merchant and bank president says that many years ago he discovered that a note he held was forged. The forger was well known and respectable. He went to him, and the man begged for mercy, averring that there was only one other forged paper of his in existence—a note for $300. The holder not only "hushed up" his own case, but actually loaned him the $300 to take up the other note. The result was that the man was saved. Some years later he attempted to run for an important electoral position, but the discoverer of the forgeries sent him word that he mustn't—and he didn't.—*Springfield Republican.*

THE DYNAMITE FIEND.

The Identity of the Monster Finally Established.

The St. Louis *Republican* identifies Thomassen, the dynamite monster, as one Alexander Keith, Jr., son of one and nephew of another prosperous brewer in Halifax, N. S., and during the early days of the war a person of considerable note in that city. The particulars recited by the *Republican* make it seem probable that the Thomas or Thomassen of Dresden, in 1875, was really the Keith of Halifax in the years preceding 1863, and that the identity of the mysterious villain, so carefully guarded from his wife and from his later companions, is at last cleared up. He seems then to have possessed the same jovial, convivial characteristics; the same huge capacity for food and drink, and the same art of passing with everybody for a jolly, open-hearted, good-natured fellow, as those which are recorded of him in his relations with the American society in Dresden and in his recent voyages across the Atlantic. He was known among his friends and familiars as Sandy, a title obviously derived from his hair, and which fits equally the chevelure of the monster into which he grew; and no social gathering or drinking bout was complete without his presence. In the early days of the war he left his employment in his father's brewery and seems to have engaged largely in the business of blockade-running, and to have in some way become possessed of large amounts of money. His credit rose with these acquisitions. Irregular cargoes of cotton and tobacco were consigned to him, and he was intrusted not only with money to purchase supplies for shipment to the blockaded ports but with the safe keeping of the funds of fugitive Confederates who made Halifax a temporary place of refuge and asylum. Late in 1864 he departed for New York on a pretense of business, and Halifax saw him no more. He carried off all the funds he could lay hands on, having appropriated the proceeds of the cargoes consigned to him, and scattered forgeries right and left. He was followed by a handsome Nova Scotia girl who had been a servant in the hotel where he had lived and dispensed a bountiful hospitality during his prosperous blockade-running days. This unhappy female came back haggard and woe-stricken a few months afteward, with the story that she had married him in New York, where she had nursed him through a severe and dangerous illness. In due time she gave birth to twins, who, as well as herself, are since dead. It was not long after this that Keith, under the name of Thomas or Thompson, appeared in St. Louis, and there within a year he married the lady who is now his widow, and who, with her children, arrived at this port from Europe but a few weeks ago.

It is not likely that this lady, who is spoken of as a person of education and refinement, ever knew his true name or any of the particulars of his early history. He was as much a mystery to the woman who bore his children as he was subsequently to the German police and the news writers. During his long residence in Germany his habits of life were circumspect and afforded no visible grounds of suspicion or reproach. He had at times large deposits with the Barings, he went to church, was a popular and much-respected member of the better sort of clubs, and the shrewdest judge of human nature could not have divined from his habits, demeanor and outward circumstances that he was patiently elaborating the details of crimes of such unmatched and fiend-like atrocity. His case is one of those discouraging revelations which occur now and then in the history of mankind.

On Self-Murder.

Suicide is often the direct result of an over-taxed mind. Hayden tried to become a great painter, and failed, and shot himself. Trivial causes sometimes leads to it. A Frenchman killed himself from the *ennui* of pulling on his trowsers every day; another from the monotony of nature's color, saying that the eternal green annoyed him to distraction, and that he desired to see everything red for a change. A man of 75 years hung himself, leaving this apology: "Jesus Christ has said that when a tree is old and can no longer bear fruit, it is good that it should be destroyed." The search after notoriety has led men to self-destruction. One man jumped into the crater of Mount Vesuvius. About a year ago a frequenter of the masked balls of Paris, gayly habited as Pierrot, jumped into the Seine, with, of course, his "last word" pinned to his garments, on which he had written that he had got his courage up to the jumping point by means of absinthe. He had already in imagination seen himself in junketing attire stretched on the marble slab of the Morge. This was the price of life.

He Had it Bad.

Below (says the Minneapolis *Tribune*) will be found a verbatim copy of a poetical effusion addressed by a love-sick youth of Indiana to a young lady residing in this city. The readers must prepare to hold all tender and sympathetic emotions in check, in order to comprehend the exalted sentiment expressed, enter into the spirit of the final catastrophe, and enable them to pick out the poetry as they proceed from the opening line to the tragic close:

I just come down from the buckeye state—some pleasure for to find a handsome girl from minaplis just suited to my mind.

Her rosy cheeks and rolling eyes like arrows pearced my breast and they called her handsome clara the liley of the west.

I corted her for just 3 days, her love I thought to gain to soon, to soon she slited me which gave me grief and pain.

she robed me of my liberty and deprived me of my rest but still I love my clara the liley of the west.

MY DREAM.

I dreamp a dream the other night down by yon shady grove I saw a chap of high degree convering with my love.

he sung he sung so merrily while I was soar oppress and he sung to lively clara the liley of the west.

I rushed up to my rival a dager in my hand I tore him from my true love and boldly had him stand.

being read to desperation my dager pearced his breast and I was betrade by clara the lily of the west.

It is said that Fanny Fern, with her dying breath, urged her husband to marry her daughter.

Fables.

(From the New York World.)

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

A Venetian merchant who was lolling in the lap of Luxury was accosted upon the Rialto by a Friend who had not seen him for many months. "How is this?" cried the latter, "when I last saw you your Gaberdine was out at elbows, and now you sail in your own Gondola." "True," replied the Merchant, "but since then I have met with serious losses and been obliged to compound with my Creditors for ten Cents on the Dollar."

Moral—Composition is the Life of Trade.

THE WORRIED CLAM.

A Clam, while passing through a Carpenter's Shop, encountered a hungry Heron, and (for the Wind was southerly) knowing him from the surrounding Handsaws, modestly withdrew into his Shell. The Heron commented unfavorably upon his conduct for some time and proposed a Mutual Council, but all was of no avail. Finally a thought struck him, and he denounced the Clam before heaven as a Perjurer and a Horse-Thief. The indignant Clam thereupon imprudently abandoned his Policy of Silence, but, alas! he had hardly opened his mouth when the Heron swallowed him.

Moral—Second Thoughts are not Always Best.

THE DROMEDARY AND THE BARB.

An innumerable Caravan whose supply of Water had become exhausted, was halted in the Desert, when a Barb approached a Dromedary and besought him to set them up. This, however, the selfish Animal refused to do, affirming that he had no surplus over home consumption. "Water," said he, laughing in the consciousness of his wealth, "pure Water, bright Water for me. What would you not give if you had, like me, a Throat seven feet long to feel it trickling down and three stomachs to enable you to deprive two other beasts of their share!" The conversation was here interrupted by the appearance of their master, who, being also parched with thirst, drew his Scimetar and killed the Dromedary, then opening his three stomachs shared their refreshing contents with the Barb.

Moral—He Laughs Best Who Laughs Last.

THE ICONOCLAST AND THE CANNIBAL.

An Iconoclast once essayed to convince a Cannibal of the folly of Idolary. "For instance," he said, "here is this Palm Tree beneath which we are sitting. You might with one portion of it make a Club wherewith to kill me; spit a haunch of me on a second, and, having roasted it over a Fire made with a third, sit down to it on a fourth that served you as a Chair; then pick your Teeth with a fifth fragment, and praise for your delightful meal an Idol carved out of a sixth. But what would that God—" "That is a fact, though. I had never thought of it before," replied the Cannibal, and, tearing a fragment from the Palm Tree he killed the Iconoclast and faithfully carried out his Programme.

Moral—*Quieta non movere:* Let Well Alone.

THE HONEST NEWSBOY.

A Newsboy was passing along the Street, when he chanced to discover a Purse of Greenbacks. He was at first inclined to conceal it, but, repelling the unworthy suggestion, he asked a Venerable Man if it were his'n. The Venerable Man looked at it hurriedly, said it was, patted him on the Head, gave him a Quarter, and said he would yet be President. The Venerable Man then hastened away, but was arrested for having Counterfeit Bills in his possession, while the honest Newsboy played penny-smite with his humble Quarter and ran it up to $2.62.

Moral—Honesty is Sometimes the Best Policy.

THE OSTRICH AND THE HEN.

An Ostrich and Hen chanced to occupy adjacent apartments, and the former complained loudly that her rest was disturbed by the Cackling of her humble neighbor. "Why is it," she finally asked the Hen, "that you make such an intolerable Noise?" The Hen replied, "Because I have laid an Egg." "O, no," said the Ostrich, with a superior Smile, "it is because you are a Hen and don't know any better."

Moral—The Moral of the foregoing is not very clear, but it contains some reference to the Agitation for Female Suffrage.

The Devil at Large.

At a masquerade ball recently given in Atlanta, a young Benedick personated the devil. Those who saw him in costume say he was horrible to behold. During the evening, at a time when the gay maskers were having their best joy, this personator was requested to go to the door. There he found a summons from home to run for a doctor. In the excitement he forgot his impersonation, and rushed to the doctor's office and rang the bell. The ringing was of such terrific vehemence that it caused the doctor to get out of bed and rush in *negligé* costume to the door. He took one sudden, hasty glance at the disturber of his slumbers, and then ran. Being an important case, the young man rushed through the doorway and commenced a vigorous search for the fugitive physician. He found him under the bed, with a pistol in each hand. It took a long time to convince the doctor that he wasn't really the personage he represented.

A Rat Kills an Alligator.

Some time ago, says the Toledo *Commercial*, "Mr. O. D. Benjamin came into the possession of two healthy young alligators which he placed in a tank in his billiard hall, where they have since attracted considerable attention. The other evening one of them crawled over the side of his domicile down on to the floor, and was attacked by a huge rat. The alligator showed fight and the combat raged fast and furious for several minutes, both contestants being severely bitten. The rat finally turned tail ignominiously, and left his antagonist in full possession of the field. It soon became evident, however, that the victor had received his death wound in the fray, and throughout the night its piteous cry, much resembling that of a kitten, could be heard at intervals. In the morning it breathed its last.

People and Things.

DAVID B. ALDEN, a policeman of Manchester, N. H., has been suspended for using profane language and intoxicating liquors.

"ALKALI JIM," a convict in the San Quentin Prison, California, hid himself in a shoe case and was shipped to San Francisco.

TRYING to do business without advertising is like winking at a pretty girl in the dark—you may know what you are doing, but no one else does.

A MAN has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment at hard labor, in Enniskillen, Ireland, for stealing sticks valued at one penny from Lord Belmore's estate.

THE State of Maine pays $3,000 a year in bounties for killing wild animals, and it is beginning to be suspected that speculative individuals are raising bears and wolves as a business.

IN Beaufort witnesses receive one-third of their dues in cash and two-thirds in scrip, worth ten cents on the dollar, and so the courts are not compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses as they used to be.

MRS. LOBMEYER, of Baltimore, says she has a watch which has been

"Keeping time, time, time,
With a sort of Runic rhyme,"

for 153 years, having been made in Paris in 1723.

THE Captain of a privateer, who had been in an engagement, wrote to his owners that he had received but little damage, having only one of his hands wounded in the nose.

THE late Rev. Daniel Isaac was a great smoker. "Ha! there you are," cried a lady who surprised him one day with a pipe in his mouth, "at your idol again!" "Yes, ma'am," replied he, coolly, "burning it."

THE once famous Dutch Gap Canal has, with comparatively slight labor, been enlarged so that it now contains more than twenty feet of water, and enables vessels to save seven miles in passing up and down the James River.

A MAN in Arkansas is under indictment for killing his neighbor, eating his heart, and cutting off his fingers to carry as a charm or amulet to preserve himself from all future dangers and insure him continued prosperity in the walks of life.

IT is said that when a clergyman in Western Massachusetts recently inquired of a certain lady if she was "ready to give up worldly pleasures," she answered by asking him "if he was ready to give up chewing tobacco in the presence of ladies!"

IT is reported that the famous and long sought for Planchas La Plata Mine in Arizona, which Spanish history says yielded pure silver in such huge pieces, 200 years ago, that the crown confiscated it for its own use, has been discovered about 90 miles southeast of Tucson, near the Sonora line.

THE Greenville (Tenn.) *Intelligencer* gives an account of a colored child, some 18 months old, being spurred to death by a rooster. The child was outdoors when attacked by the rooster, and its cries attracted the attention of the mother. It was found that just behind each ear the spur had entered the skull about an inch. A physician was called, but the child died in a few minutes.

Disraeli in His Old Age.

Mr. Disraeli is set down in the "Parliamentary Companion" as scarcely yet 70. But he has not yet put off the appearance and the ways of youth. He dresses like a young man; he tries to walk like a young man; at a distance and when he is erect and not in motion, he still looks almost like a sort of young man. But the face, with its fallen cheeks and lips, its deep, shaky wrinkles, its awful hollows, its frequent convulsive movements, the thin wisps of hair striving to keep their color and to cover the bald places; the yellow, muddy, ghastly hue spreading from forehead to chin, the eyes that are occasionally aroused under the impulse of great excitement to an unnatural glitter—all this seems to suggest one of the most fearful forms in which vindictive old age punishes and humbles those who have shown themselves too obstinate in resisting her approach.

It is curious to observe the little pause which Mr. Disraeli makes at the bar of the House—or at least the place where the bar ought to be—before he ventures on the task of walking up the floor to his seat on his ministerial bench. Evidently he still loves to show an appearance of jaunty and youthful vigor as he passes up the floor under every eye. So he stops for a moment at the bar and steadies himself as you sometimes see a man who has drank too much endeavor to steady himself before crossing a street. He surveys the distance, makes perhaps a little false start or two, and then goes at it. The attempt is usually very successful; a little too well done perhaps for reality. He accomplishes the journey in one stroke, if I may use such an expression, without stopping or taking breath or faltering, but with a sort of determination and self-mastery which shows how much it costs to be young and jaunty still.—*Galaxy.*

Quick Prescriptions.

Prof. Wilder, of Cornell University, gives these short rules in case of accident:

For dust in the eyes avoid rubbing; dash cold water in them; remove cinders, etc., with the round point of a lead-pencil.

Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear.

If an artery is cut, compress it above the wound; if a vein is cut, compress it below.

If choked, go upon all fours and cough.

For slight burns, dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed cover with varnish.

For apoplexy, raise the head and body; for fainting, lay the person flat.—*Syracuse Standard.*

A PASSENGER train on the Central Railroad of Iowa was thrown from the track, but as no one was smashed up but a couple of fiddlers, the passengers passed a vote of thanks to the company.

CUBA.

A Glimpse of the War—A Midnight Raid by Insurgents.

The Machias (Me.) *Union* publishes the following letter, received by Miss Susan L. Brown, of Machias, from her sister, Mrs. Julia M. Garcia. The Garcia plantation was situated about four miles from Sagua. The insurgents made a raid about the middle of January, and burnt one of the sugar houses, stole one horse, and departed. It was hoped that they would not return, and Mr. Garcia, with same seventeen hands, was busy with his season's work, having about 300 hogsheads of sugar nearly ready for the market. The story of the second raid is thus touchingly told:

SAGUA, Jan. 24, 1876.

MY DEAR SISTER—Now don't be frightened when you hear what has happened to us, with thousands of others. We have been visited by the insurrects, and our house and plantation burned with everything we had in our house. We are left without a bed to lie upon or a dress to put on.

Only about twenty or thirty negroes came, afoot. They tied Desiderio and another white man, and made us all form a line, with guns at our breasts, to kill us if we moved to save anything. First they killed my dog with shots and stabs, for he defended himself until the last moment. They then stole everything they wanted, even taking the rings from my fingers; then set fire to all the houses, took my oxen and cows, and then marched us off among them, with D. tied with a rope, and a negro hold of the rope, and a gun at his breast.

When at last they took us off outside of the plantation, I was determined to save Desiderio, so I took hold of the Captain, a negro, and would not let him go until he gave me back D., but the other man they would not let go; they took him a little way off and chopped off his head. Oh, my God! what a night of horror! Is there no one to hear, to see, to save?

Make my case known, and, if possible, see if something cannot be done. All the houses, all the plantations, they are burning. Every one is coming to town, and famine will follow.

We are here in Sagua. I have $17 to commence life anew with. All my photographs, all my books, papers, everything lost. Do please send me a Bible when you can. I don't know what to think or do; one can find no house here; we are in the house of a friend for a few days, no more. But nothing can be done but patience!

Don't think that we shall have to suffer for hunger, for we can all do something to earn our living until better days. But these things ought to be stopped; this war ought to last no longer.

We are all quite well. After we get settled I will write again. JULIA.

Ruth Hall.

The Boston correspondent of the Cleveland *Plaindealer* writes: "Mr. James Parton's bride is the 'Nelly' of Fanny Fern's novel, 'Ruth Hall,' the greatest literary bombshell that ever exploded in Boston.—The book was published in 1856, just before its author's marriage to Mr. Parton, and as it contained caricatures of nearly all editors of the weekly papers in the city, a painfully unflattering portrait of Nathaniel P. Willis, Lady Blessington's 'Yankee Poodle,' and such a likeness of her father-in-law and his wife as a spirited woman would be likely to paint, the outcry against it was loud. Everybody protested that his feelings were not hurt, and defended everybody else from the 'malicious attacks' made by Mistress Fanny. Columns of leading articles were written to show that the portraits were libels, and the book was sold by thousands. Looking over it to-day, when the sting has quite departed from it, it seems rather bright but inartistic, and occasionally spiteful; and it is well known that the writer underestimated the kindness of her own and Mr. Eldridge's father. They decided after the death of her husband, who was not all the angel that her fancy painted him, to make her an annual allowance of $600, which in those days was enough to modestly support her and her two children. She was unsatisfied, and betook herself to literature to increase her resources, but it is not on record that she ever refused to draw her quarterly $150.

Chinese Frugality.

A picture of patience and economy worthy of study was presented yesterday on South C street by a Chinese wood-peddler and his donkey. Although the back of the donkey was piled high with wood, and although "John's" errand abroad was to sell this wood as quickly as possible, his inborn frugality would not allow him to lose an opportunity of gathering in a little something in the way of clear gain. The prize that fell in the way of John and his donkey was nothing more nor less than a large wilted carrot, thrown into the street from one of the markets. Which found it first, Chinaman or donkey, we know not, but when we saw them both seemed equally interested in the treasure-trove. John stood patiently by holding the halter of his donkey, while the latter leisurely munched the carrot. For once the donkey found pleasure in what was business with his master. It was a good illustration of Chinese character, that little scene in the street. John might miss a dozen chances to sell his load of wood, but he was bound to save that carrot. It was a bit of clear gain that he could not find it in his soul to pass. Had any one called him, we doubt if he would have crossed the street to sell his wood until his donkey had safely housed that carrot.—*Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.*

THE usual daily dispatches of wars and rumors of wars in Khokand, growing out of Russian schemes of conquest, will now cease, Russia having formally annexed that province. Although a small and comparatively unknown fragment of Central Asia, it is by no means an unimportant accession to the Russian dominions. In area it is 165 miles in length by 65 miles in width, or about the area of the State of New Jersey, and is inhabited by 3,000,000 people, or more than three times the population of the latter. It has a very productive soil, and is noted for the excellence and variety of its fruits. Wheat, barley, rice, hemp, flax, sorghum, peas, beans, madder, tobacco, and cotton are cultivated, and the manufacture of a fine quality of silk is its leading branch of industry. In 1872 there were exported to Russia 8,000,000 pounds of cotton and 200,000 pounds of silk. The country affords pasturage for large herds of horses, asses, sheep, and camels, and coal, iron, naphtha, and petroleum exist in its mountains. Khokan is the capital city, and has a population of 60,000, its principal trade being in silks, woolens, and leather equipments.

MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE,

Published Thursday Evening, by

MAT D. BLOSSER,

MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN

TERMS, IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year	$1.50
One copy, six month	1.00
One copy, three months	50
Single copy	5

We submit correspondence from all parts of the country, and from adjoining towns, but we shall not hold ourselves responsible for sentiments expressed 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:

Ten lines, nonpareil, one insertion	75
Six " " " " "	50

Business Locals, (if written) 10 cents per line for the first insertion, and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Editorial notices 15 cents per line for first insertion.

Further prices given at the office.

MANCHESTER, APRIL 6, 1876.

The balance of cash in the State treasury, March 25, was $1,230,955.34; receipts during the week ending April 1 were $22,226.58; payments during same time were $55,889 15; balance in the treasury April 1, 1876, $1,197,292.77; decrease for the week, $33,662.54.—[Lansing Republican.

ELECTION.

Monday was a very quiet day in Manchester, considering the event. The Republicans feeling their chances for success were slim, concluded to do away with the usual preliminary meetings and nominations, and consequently the Democrats had the field all to themselves. Signs of the Republican whole tickets to suit themselves, and placed some of the prominent (?) men of the township on them.

It would be useless to attempt to give the majorities, so we print the ticket as elected:

Supervisor—Hosain Burch.
Town Clerk—Manson Goodyear.
Town Treasurer—Elijah G. Carr.
Justice (full term)—Benjamin G. English.
Superintendent of Schools—William G. Doty.
School Inspector—Clarence W. Case.
Highway Commissioner—John L. Stevens.
Drain Commissioner—Thomas Holmes.
Constables—Harvey L. Rose, Joseph H. Vreeland, Elisha G. Carr, Thomas Holmes.

NORVELL.—Halladay, Rep, is re-elected Supervisor by 20 maj; F. W. Schofield, Dem, Clerk, by four majority; David Brown, Dem., Treasurer, 31 majority; R. C. Harper, Dem., Highway Com, 3; Philip Howland, Dem., Justice, 9; Ed. Bowser, Rep., School Sup't, 19; S. W. Holmes, Rep., School Inspector, 4; Martin Schutt, Rep., Drain Com., 10. The Republicans elect three out of four constables.

NAPOLEON.—J. P. Hawley, Democrat, elected Supervisor, by 29 majority. All the Democratic ticket elected but two constables.

SALINE.—The Democrats elected their ticket, excepting Supervisor and one constable.

FRANKLIN.—The Democrats elected their ticket. Only one in the field.

CLINTON.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Our township election resulted as follows—Democratic:

Supervisor—David Brooks.
Clerk—A. B. Van Dusen't.
Treasurer—D. E. Rivers.
Justice (full term)—F. S. Snow.
" (vacancy)—Charles Lastie.
Highway Commissioner—Wm. P. Rivers.
Drain Commissioner—Richard S. Gillespie.
Superintendent of Schools—Jas. R. Wells.
School Inspector—B. O. Randall.
Constables—Geo. Haggett, Peter Jacobs, Walter H. Smith, J. C. Burroughs.
Town Hall—Yes, 196; No, 47.
Against County Jail, 141—for, 17.

A lady of Celtic ext action, and her husband, got into an excited discussion about the prospective marriage of a daughter to a Protestant. Debate become more and more exciting, until the wife concluded to leave her husband and home, hire home-room, move all the household goods and her family. Upon which demonstration the husband rented his house to other parties, who now occupy it. "Sic transit," &c.

Our new baggage-smasher, James Agen, has purchased the house and lot which Mrs. Babcock owned. Price, $800.

Mr. Morris Gage a few days since fell on the ice, injuring his hip in such a manner that he is likely to be confined to the house for some weeks.

Jeff. Fisher of this place has made a center-table for himself, consisting of 337 pieces, containing eleven varieties of wood. Jeff. is a skilled mechanic.

BROOKLYN.

From Our Own Correspondent.

At the election on Monday, the Democratic ticket was elected entire by the following majorities:

Supervisor—Lewis H. DeLamater, 59
Town Clerk—Wm. Towner, 48.
Treasurer—W. S. Culver, 140
Justice of the Peace—Jos. A. Daley, 64
Sup't of Schools—David E. Hawkins, 72
Highway Commissioner—J. M. Van Gordon, 34
Drain Commissioner—E. Wood, 32
School Inspector—K. N. Palmer, 94
Constables—L. E. Mann, 77; A. S. Foster, 76; Frank Sheffield, 76; Wm. Talladay, 200—on both tickets.

The large majorities are owing to the general disgust among the Republicans at their nomination.

SHARON.

If this township was in a stew, it was on Monday. Never in the history of the township have there been so many fond hopes blasted. We give the result:

Supervisor—Jay Everett, 71.
Clerk—E. Luther Moffat, 24.
Treasurer—Jas. H. Hood, 8.
Justice (full term)—C. M. Fellows, 17
(vacancy)—W. B. Osborn, 20.
Commissioner—S. H. Smith, 28.
Sup't of School's—Mat. J. Flynn, (Dem.) 24.
School Inspector—F. Hall, (D.) 1.
Drain Commissioner—A. J. Roberts, 25.
Constables—J. Wade, (D.) A. Parks, Jr., (D.) P. Lehmer, H. Schulte.

RIVER RAISIN.

Special Correspondence of the ENTERPRISE.

Monday was an exciting day with us. There were two tickets in the field,—the Democratic and "Township." The former was elected with the exception of Clerk and Treasurer. There were 226 votes cast and the following are the officers:

Supervisor—James M. Ross.
Township Clerk—David W. Palmer.
Justice of the Peace (vacancy)—William W. Judd.
Township Treasurer—Christian Gelzy.
Commissioner of Highways—George Calhoun.
Superintendent of Schools—Geo. S. Rawson.
School Inspector—Elbert Reuber.
Constables—James Quick, Charles Koenig, John Mahrle, Menzo Mitchell.

IRON CREEK.

Reminiscences of the Past, and Items of the Present.

WAYNE'S STATION, D. H & S. W. Ry., Saturday, April 1st, 1876.

Special Correspondence of the ENTERPRISE.

The above stream rises in the southeast township of Jackson county, running east and south-east through the township of Manchester, uniting with the river Raisin in the vicinity of Clinton. It derives its name from the numerous springs, improperly so called, which line its banks.

Wampler's Lake, from whence it springs, deserves a passing notice. It is one of the most charming of our inland lakes; its clear waters reflecting like a polished mirror, its shores walled in by hill and forest, presents a view of surpassing beauty. Wampler, the Government surveyor, when he first saw this matchless gem, exclaimed "this is my lake." He so recorded it in his field notes, and it has ever since, and it will ever more, bear his name.

"Where shall we find, in foreign land,
So love a lake, so sweet a strand."

The scenery in the south part of Manchester, through which this limpid stream winds its way, is varied and picturesque. Hills and bluffs rise everywhere, mead lows clothed in living green, pleasant homes and tidy fields, attest the industry and enterprise of the people.

"Squire Crane was the first settler in this locality. He was a man of some acquirements, rather eccentric in his habits, a skillful hunter and trapper, and seemed to enjoy his bachelor life. He set the first orchard and raised the first peaches in the township of Manchester.

Lawrence Cashman, William Baldwin, Esquire Nichols, Mr. Nowland, and the English family, made the earliest improvements. The writer of this, and Lawrence Cashman, in the autumn of 1834, opened the highway for travel, on the north side of the creek, on the route to Clinton, by cutting out the logs and underbrush. He met the stern summons in the pride of manhood, and was buried in the cemetery near the Clinton road; the cross of our Redeemer marks his bandstone.

Mr. Nowland was one of the first pioneers of Clinton, and removed to Iron Creek in 1833. He was a student, and loved nature in all her moods; he was much attached to flowers and shrubbery, and spent time in raising and disseminating choice trees and fruit. He was a man of the strictest probity,—he sleeps in the valley of the Raisin, amid those scenes he loved so well.

The religious privileges and spiritual welfare of the community are well provided for. The Free Will Baptist society have a neat and commodious church, an able pastor, and a full audience. A flourishing Sunday-school and Bible class is connected with the church, under the superintendence of Mr. John English and his wife—a lady of culture and refinement.

The Roman Catholic Church is well represented. That church, which up to the time of Luther (A. D. 1517), for fifteen centuries, handed down the christian faith and sent its missionaries forth to heathen lands, to plant the cross, and teach savage men the precepts of christianity; who through its convents and monasteries preserved the treasures of literature and of art, when the civilization of Rome was blotted out by northern barbarians. Their place of worship is at Manchester.

One of the offices of Justice of the Peace is located here. Esquire English holds the scales of justice. So far his decisions have never been questioned by learned counsel, or reversed by the higher courts.

Let us hope, Mr. Editor, that this rural region, like other places, remote from large towns and cities, will escape the extravagance and corruption that seems to pervade the land; that patriotism, integrity and honor will find a response in the hardy, freeborn race, reared in our country homes.

W. H.

Miscellaneous.

ABSOLUTELY HOPELESS.

COMSTOCK'S

86 SPRING BED. 86

Warranted not to sag or form a trough and to be equally easy for light or heavy persons.

Double spring and double under springs of best tempered Steel wire, making it the

Easiest, Best and Most Durable Bed in the Market.

Send for our new circular and price list.

Address COMSTOCK BROS., Adrian, Mich. Sole Manufacturers for Michigan and the Northwest. 436

Meat Market.

CHANGED HANDS.

—THE—

(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.

334 JOHN KOCH.

Groceries, &c.

J. D. KIEF & SON

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

CHOICE NEW CROP TEAS,

Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Wood and Stone Ware,

PROVISIONS, YANKEE NOTIONS,

Choice Brand Tobacco & Cigars,

At Panic Prices—CASH.

Butter, Eggs, and Produce generally received in exchange. Teas a specialty.

Manchester, March 9, 1876.

Boots and Shoes.

BOOT AND SHOE STORE:

S. H. Perkins & Son,

Have a large and complete assortment of

Boots, Shoes & Rubber Goods.

You can save twenty cents on every dollar by buying of them.

They also manufacture Boots and Shoes from the best quality of leather ever brought to this town, and with ALWAYS HAS as their Fine Boot Maker, cannot be surpassed, if equaled. Their prices are as low as the lowest.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

Repairing done on short notice and in a neat and workmanlike manner.

Give them a call at Gwinner's Block. 173

Furniture.

DON'T FORGET

OTTO MUNCH,

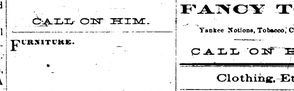
when in search of

NEW FURNITURE!

CALL ON HIM.

FURNITURE.

SOMETHING NEW AT



LOCKWOODS.

GO AND SEE

C. H. NICHOLS

S. W. LOCKWOOD.

Furnishing Goods.

WINTER

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,

—OR—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Of any kind, go to

MUNCH.

Ready Made Clothing!

BY THE CORD.

Come and See Them.

Watches, Jewelry, Etc.

REMOVAL.

NEW

JEWELRY

STORE

—OF—

G. A. FAUSELL,

—IN—

STOWELL'S BLOCK.

Fausella now receiving a large assort of Watches Clocks, Jewelry,

FANCY TOYS

Yankee Notions, Tobacco, Cigars, &c.

CALL ON HIM.

Clothing, Etc.

NEW

STOCK

—OF—

CLOTHING,

—AT—

BRUEGEL, MORDOFF & CO.

DRY GOODS.

NEW FIRM!

N. SCHMID & CO.,

SUCESSORS TO

MACK & SCHMID.

Are making preparations for a large stock of NEW SPRING GOODS, and in order to make room for them, they are offering special

BARGAINS!

IN ALL GOODS IN THEIR LINE.

We shall hereafter adopt the CASH SYSTEM, as much as possible, and will give cash buyers prices lower than ever.

P. S.—By close attention to business and square dealing, we shall endeavor to uphold the reputation of the old firm.

Call and examine our stock, as it will be a pleasure for us to show you our goods.

N. SCHMID & CO.

PRODUCE taken in exchange for Goods, for which we always allow the highest market price

NEW GOODS!

THE LARGEST STOCK!

THE BEST GOODS!

THE LOWEST PRICES!

The Latest Styles!

DRESS GOODS A SPECIALITY.

Cloakings and Shawls, Repellants and Sackings, Flannels and Underwear.

DOMESTICS CHEAP!

CALL AND SEE THEM AT

W. H. POTTLE'S.

HARDWARE, STOVES AND TINWARE.

Stoves! Stoves! Stoves!

HARDWARE!

NO USE DENYING FACTS.

BRUEGEL, MORDOFF & CO.,

THE POPULAR STOVE AND HARDWARE DEALERS OF MANCHESTER,

Are selling goods cheaper than ever, and their immense stock enables the most fastidious to select just what they want, and get their money's worth.

COME AND SEE!

Our new styles of **COOK STOVES**, with or without Hot-water Reservoir or Warming Oven.

—EXAMINE!—

Our beautiful stock of **PARLOR STOVES**, all new patterns and mounted in fine style.

OVER SIXTY VARIETIES TO SELECT FROM.

We have three first-class workmen in our

TIN-SHOP,

where they can be found at all times.

REPAIRING—A specialty, and prices moderate.

Our stock of

HARDWARE, PAINTS & OILS,

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS, POCKET & TABLE CUTLERY,

REVOLVERS AND CARTRIDGES,

Is complete, and prices fully 30 per cent. lower than last year.

LADIES, PLEASE

Examine our stock of

CLOTHES WRINGERS, TOILET SETTS,

CHILDREN'S BATHTUBS, BIRD CAGES,

AND FINE PLANISHED TIN-WARE.

The liberal patronage of the public has enabled us to carry a stock of Hardware and Stoves which fully compares with those of much larger towns in this State. Our reputation for selling goods cheap is established, and we intend to jealously guard that reputation in the future.

Manchester, Mar. 23, 1876.

BRUEGEL, MORDOFF & CO.

MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE,

MAT D. BLOSSER, Editor.

MANCHESTER, APRIL 6, 1876.

Probate Notices.

If you have any business at the Probate office you can request that your notices be published in the ENTERPRISE. Such a request will always be granted

Village News Brevities.

The roads are awful.

The cold March winds blow through every crack and crevice.

Mud, muddy, muddier, muddiest, and most muddy are the roads.

Attention is called to the notices to teachers, in another column.

E. K. Fretsell, Esq., of Ann Arbor, will be in this village on Monday next.

"White-caps" were flying on the river yesterday, and give it quite a "billerous" look.

Chas. H. Richmond, of Ann Arbor, is acting as cashier of the People's Bank during Mr. Clarkson's absence.

Those who had a moment to spare, improved it on Friday in sleighriding, thinking it the last opportunity of the season.

We learn that they had an exhibition at the Spafard School House, on Saturday night last, but have heard no particulars.

The Manchester Cornet Band have rented rooms in the building east of the bridge, on Jefferson street, for headquarters.

W. H. Pottle has gone to New York after his spring and summer stock of dry goods, etc. He expects to be absent about three weeks.

Our old friend, Delos LeBaron, of the firm of Burnap & LeBaron, Toledo, Ohio, wholesale and retail crockery dealers, gave us a friendly call on Tuesday.

Geo. E. Brown, formerly of this village, has gone to Mabee, Monroe county to practice medicine. He talks of moving his family there as soon as possible.

John G. English, of this village, shipped some fine chickens to B. C. Leavenworth, Allegan, Mich., one day last week. Mr. English has some fine fowls.

The Common Council have voted "to build a building for the purposes and benefit of the corporation." We can't afford it now. We don't stand in need of it. Citizens! what say you?

We understand that the adjuster of the Ætna Insurance Co. was in town on Saturday, and paid Mr. Underhill $106, the amount for which his barn was insured. The loss was estimated at $125.

Next morning after town meeting the political papers looked like a poultry show. Shanghai roosters looking out from between the column-rule slats of their respective "coops," and vomiting—forth, "hearsh for our side."

The Hook and Ladder Company held their regular meeting last evening. The foreman was absent, consequently no business of much importance was transacted, and a special meeting will be held on next Wednesday evening, April 12th.

Geo. C. Amsden, of Ypsilanti, gave us a surprise on Saturday last. He is looking hale and hearty and does not look a week older than when he left this village. George is always welcome to call, and can dance a highland fling around the office at any time.

We understand that the lodge of Good Templars, which was organized in this village last month, is progressing. Mr. Caleb S. Pitkin, of Ypsilanti, District Deputy for Washtenaw county, instructed the lodge in the unwritten work of the order, on Tuesday evening last.

Caleb S. Pitkin, publisher of the Good Templar, a quarterly magazine paper, printed at Ypsilanti, dropped into our office yesterday morning. He is a young man of good qualifications, and we hope he will make the paper a success. Call again, the latch string is always out.

M. T. Woodruff, of Ypsilanti, called at our office on Tuesday. He informed us that the firm of G. Woodruff & Son, publishers of the "Sentinel," was dissolved, and that he was consequently out of business. He is a young man of enterprise and "push," therefore we know he will not be long idle.

"Tarquinius Gumbo, a serious colored individual from the interior of Africa," carpet-bag in hand, called upon several families in Sharon, on the evening of the 1st inst., and was treated hospitably—"a cup of cold water," etc., being his portion at every call; but the next morning the kindly disposed found they had been entertaining the first day of April in disguise.

On Monday, when the reports of the township officers were read and an appropriation of $700 asked to repair the bridge on Exchange Place, in this village, there was cursing and swearing enough done to have paid the amount of a new iron bridge, costing $3,000, provided every person who swore was obliged to pay a fine of from $1 to $5, as according to law.

The Brooklyn Mills are now in good condition, and the proprietors, H. Surryhne & Co., are giving good satisfaction.

Detroit has a new $10,000 billiard hall with 13 new tables. When will these "hard times" cease?

Mr. John C. Price of Rome Center has rented the Norvell Hotel and will take possession next Monday.

If it's natural for a man to steal, he will do it whether he edits a daily paper in the city or holds the office of Mayor.

William Graham has rented Joe Gordanier's house, corner of Boyne and Macomb streets, and is moving in town to-day.

A Baptist minister at Ypsilanti has succeeded in converting and baptising the devil. Send them both to the Centennial.

James H. Boardman, of Jackson, representing the Triumph and Empire Reapers and Mowers, made us a friendly call this morning.

The Tecumseh Record says: "James Potter, jr., lost two more fingers by contact with a buzz saw." James should not Potter around buzz saws any more.

Jacob H. Martin, of Ypsilanti, will give an exhibition in wrestling, at the Light Guard Hall, this evening, assisted by Harrison Berdan, the present State champion, and E. P. Harrington, of Detroit. John Clegg, the Great Indian Club Swinger, will also be present. The admission is 25 cents.

DENTISTRY.—Will. G. Stowell has concluded to spend the summer in the practice of his profession—dentistry—with his father, whose card will be found in another column. Will. is a student in the dentistry department of the University, and we have no doubt will make a first-class artist. Their office is over Fausel's store.

CENTENNIAL.—The ladies of the Baptist Church and Society of this village, will give a centennial entertainment at Goodyear Hall, the last week in April. Many articles of curiosity and Revolutionary date have already been secured by the society, to be on exhibition in their museum. Any person having military uniforms of 1776 or 1812, any articles of curiosity or ancient relics, the society would be glad to secure them for exhibition. All articles will be carefully guarded against loss or injury. Those who will loan such things to the society, please report to Mrs. Lyon, Mrs. Baxter, or others of the committee.

THE HOP.—The Complimentary Hop at Goodyear Hall, on Friday evening last, passed off very pleasantly, about sixty-five couple being present. The young men deserve great praise in getting up such a fine party, and the music they engaged was PAR EXCELLENCE. Everyone present enjoyed themselves so much, that they wished they could "trip the light fantastic toe" at least once a month, during the centennial year. The supper, at the Goodyear House, was got up in such a first-class style, and so tastefully arranged, that the party concluded it was the finest supper they had ever set down to. Mine host and hostess, Mr. Bradt and Lady, know just what will please the most fastidious, and can suit every one to a (tea) T.

BURGLARY.—On Monday morning last, the store of W. G. Doty & Son, on Jefferson street, was entered by burglars, who knocked out a pain of glass from one of the back windows, and robbed of about $20, in goods and money. Whoever the parties were, were evidently after money, for they pried the money drawer open with an axe, which they had taken from the residence of Good. Conklin, on Ann Arbor street. About $3 in change was taken from the first drawers, but they failed to get anything from the others, although they contained coppers in amount to exceed that which they did take. A few pairs of boots and overalls is all that have as yet been missed. We understand that this is the third time that Mr. Doty has been robbed, and he has always succeeded in finding the thief, and we hope he will succeed this time. The work looked like that of a person well acquainted with the location

NEW FIRM.—We take pleasure in announcing that Marcus D. Case and Dr. E. E. Bigelow have purchased the stock of Dry Goods, Drugs, etc., of Dr. W. H. Bowne, in this village, and took possession this morning. We learn that they intend stocking up with a first-class assortment of goods, and will endeavor to gain, by square dealing, a large trade. We need not speak of the business capacity of these gentlemen, for they are well known in this community. We understand that Dr. Bennie intends fitting up an office over the store, where he will settle up his business, after Towards, health permitting, visit California and other parts of the West. The doctor has been in active business, and the practice of his profession, in this village, for many years, and his familiar face will be missed from his accustomed place by many old customers and friends, but we hope they will find the new firm as prompt in the attendance upon their orders as he has ever been.

AUCTIONEER.—In another place will be found an advertisement of the experienced salesman, Ben. Reynolds, Esq., of Franklin, Lenawee county. We have never heard Mr. R. talk at an auction, but have ample proof of his capability, so that we have no hesitancy in recommending him to our readers. We shall be notified of his engagements, and shall be happy to arrange dates for those in need of his services.

OBITUARY.

On Sunday morning last, Mr. HORACE KARR, a resident of Norvell, died, after a protracted illness of several weeks, with inflammation of the lungs, aged 70 years.

Born, reared and married in Seneca county, New York, he moved with the tide of immigration into this State in 1834, and settled in the town of Jacksonburgh (now Norvell), on a quarter-section adjoining the line between Jackson and Washtenaw counties, where he resided till a few years ago; when, having by rigid economy, strict integrity and the "sweat of his brow," acquired a small competence, he sold his farm and moved into the village of Norvell, where he intended to enjoy the fruits of his sacrifices in earlier life. He soon after went into the mercantile business, which venture proved to be very disastrous to his small fortune, as while engaged in it he lost some money, and the manner in which he lost it so wrought upon his finer feelings that it was undoubtedly the cause of hastening his death.

He leaves five children by his first wife, and a widow by a second marriage, to mourn his loss. COM.

GONE EAST.

W. H. Pottle started for New York this morning on the early train via. L. S. & M. S. Ry. At Tecumseh he will be joined by Sidney W. Clarkson, the popular cashier of the People's Bank of Manchester, who went to Tecumseh yesterday to bid his friends good bye, and who will accompany Mr. Pottle on his eastern trip. They will spend about a week in New York city, which time Mr. P. will occupy in the purchase of a first-class stock of dry-goods, while Sidney, under the guardianship of some trusty friend, will visit the prominent places of interest in and about the city. They will then proceed to Washington, via. Philadelphia and Baltimore. They intend stopping at the former city a short time and take a hasty look over the city, arriving at the capital on Saturday night, in order to spend at least Sunday and Monday there, which will allow them an opportunity to see the elite of the city, in praying condition; Grant, Congress, &c. They will visit the department buildings, spend an hour with Vice-President Ferry, Secretary Chandler, Senator Christiancy, and other prominent dignitaries, we suppose, and, shaking the dust of Washington from their feet, return homeward, lingering at the Quaker City to get a free sight of the centennial buildings, shed tears over William Penn's early decline and wash their feet in the Schuylkill. Of course they will visit Charley Ross's father at Germantown, then hasten home. They expect to be absent about three weeks; but may get homesick and return a few days earlier. The trip will be crammed full of sight-seeing, and we hope they will be favored with good weather, that they may improve the time. They expect the total expense of the trip will fall short of $100 each. We wish them a happy time.

COMMON COUNCIL.

RECORDER'S OFFICE,
VILLAGE OF MANCHESTER,
April 4th, 1876.

Common Council met in regular session, the President, Munson Goodyear, in the chair.

Meeting called to order by the President.

Roll called. Members present:—Messrs. Neebling, Field, Underhill, Mordoff, Merithew and President. Absent, Wiborn.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

The Committee on Claims reporting favorably on the bill of J. D. Merithew for bridge at engine house, $1.25, on motion the report was adopted and the Recorder instructed to draw an order on the Treasurer for the amount.

On motion by Merithew, the communication from the Babcock Manufacturing Co., relating to balance due on hook and ladder trucks, was referred to Committee on Ways and Means, for their consideration, by the following vote: Yeas—Neebling, Mordoff, Merithew. Nays—Underhill, Field.

The Council then entered upon the order of New Business, and it was moved by Merithew that Dr. H. P. Root be requested to act in conjunction with the Committee on Health. Carried.

After a slight lull in proceedings, the following motion was made by J. D. Merithew:

That we proceed to build a building for the purposes and benefit of the corporation.

This being a matter of extreme import, it was thought advisable that the members place their votes on record, and to that end the ayes and nays were called, with the following result:

Ayes—Merithew, Neebling, Mordoff.
Nays—Underhill, Field.

The motion was then declared carried.

It was then moved by Jno. D. Field, "That the Committee on Ways and Means proceed to investigate and report, at next meeting a plan for a building and a site for the same, and the amount of money necessary to be raised for said building."

Amended that the clause "and a site for the same" be stricken out. The amendment not being accepted by Mr Field, the Council proceeded to vote on the amendment as offered and supported. The amendment was carried, and the original motion, with the clause "and a site for the same" stricken out, prevailed.

The following bill was then read and referred to Committee on Claims and Accounts:

Village of Manchester
1876 To Mat D. Blosser, Dr.
March 13. To printing 1,000 assessor's blanks, $7.00
" 15. " Assessment Roll, 1.00
$14.00

Moved by Merithew that the rules be suspended and we return to the order of unfinished business. Carried.

The bill of Blosser, as above, was then reported back favorably, and, on motion was accepted and the Recorder instructed to draw an order on the Treasurer for the amount.

The Council then resumed the order of New Business, and the following bill was referred to Committee on Claims and Accounts:

Village of Manchester
1876 To Harvey L. Rose, Marshal. Dr.
March 25, Work, ¼ day, $1 00
" 26, Making chills for sewer pipe, 1 50
" 29, Work, ¼ day, 1 25
April 4, Work, ¼ day, 1 25
$5 65

REPORTS OF COMMITTEE.

The chairman of Committee on Ways and Means reported that ten dollars per quarter were the lowest terms for which council proceedings would be printed by Blosser for the ensuing year.

Also, by the same, that $30.00 was the minimum for rent of the room now occupied.

On motion the report of the Committee on Ways and Means was accepted.

Moved that we allow Mat D. Blosser $40.00 per annum, payable at the rate of $10.00 at the expiration of each quarter, for printing council proceedings. Carried.

Moved that we allow Munson Goodyear at the rate of $30.00 per annum, during the time we occupy the present room, for room rent. Carried.

There being no further business, the Council adjourned till the evening of Tuesday, April 18, at 7½ p. m.

WM. G. DOTY, Recorder.

"Ask and it Shall be Given."

The most wonderful discovery known to man is now offered for sale by the enterprising druggist, J. A. Lynch, of Manchester. He has just received a supply of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, Asthma and Bronchitis. It cures the worst cases in the shortest time possible. There is no medicine in the world that can show more evidence or real merit than Doctor King's New Discovery. If you have any doubt about its true value, go to your druggist and get a trial bottle free of cost or a regular size bottle for one dollar. mar30—2t

A CARD.—Having sold our business to the firm of Nathaniel Schmid & Co., we take the opportunity to thank our many friends and customers for the patronage they have bestowed on us since the opening of our business in Manchester, and hope they will continue to show the same favors to the new firm. They are authorized to settle with all those that are indebted to us, and same must be made within 30 days, so that we are not obliged to put our claims in the hands of other parties.

We are, respectfully,

MACK & SCHMID.

Manchester, March 23, 1876.

TEACHERS' NOTICE.—The regular spring examination of persons desiring to teach in the public schools of the township of Manchester, will be held at the Union School building, in this village, on Saturday, April 15th, 1876, at 9 o'clock A. M., promptly. All persons expecting to teach in this township, must secure their certificates before they will be allowed to teach. Candidates will furnish their writing materials and be governed by the rules generally in force at examinations. The public and school officers are invited to attend.

apr6 2t WM. G. DOTY, Township Sup't.

TEACHERS NOTICE.—The regular spring examination of persons desiring to teach in the public schools of the township of Sharon, will be held at the Sharon Hill School building, in Sharon, on Saturday, April 22, 1876, at 9 A. M., sharp. All persons expecting to teach in this township, must have their certificates before they will be allowed to teach. Candidates will furnish their writing materials and be governed by the rules generally in force at examinations. The public and school officers are invited to attend.

MATTHEW J. FLYNN, Township Sup't

apr6 2t

YOU MUST ADVERTISE —IN THE— **ENTERPRISE.**

LIST OF LETTERS—Remaining in the Post-office at Manchester, Mich., April 1st, 1876

Bear, John S. Higby, Hayward (2)
Brannan, J. H. Habb, Frank
Cook, A. P. Kramer, L. M.
Cash, Mrs. Mary Lowry, Rosanna
Decker, Ellis Mack, F. G. Mrs.
Emerson, Wm. Cole Reynolds, Jesse Mrs.
Elmer, C. H. Reynolds, Lorie Miss
Fish, Charles Tompkins, Ambrose
Gray, Della Miss

Persons calling for any of the above letters, please say "advertised."

C. WALBRIDGE, P.M.

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.

One more case of stylish Prints, at Clarkson's.

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

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

Call at Clarkson's and see the Centennial Prints.

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

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

Don't fail to attend the great Cost Sale, of Boots and Shoes, at Clarkson's.

N. Schmid & Co. can boot any man in town,—big, little, great or small. Try them on.

100 pairs of Ladies' Pebble Goat Shoes for $1.25, at the Banner Store. They are worth $2.

We will print 50 visiting cards for 50 cents. Call early and leave your orders, at the ENTERPRISE office.

All enterprising druggists sell largely of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds.

Buy, your, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Spices, and all other Groceries, of J. A. Lynch. He sells the very best in the market at the lowest cash prices.

Cost sale of Boots and Shoes for the next 20 days. I will offer for sale my large stock of boots and shoes at cost. Those in need will do well to give me an early call. J. J. CLARKSON.

The examination of teachers for the township of Bridgewater, summer term for 1876, will take place at the Center School House, on Wednesday, April 19, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M.

apr6-2w) G. E. RAWSON, Sup't of Schools.

N. Schmid & Co. control the Boot and Shoe trade in this village. They have just received a large stock of Spring Goods, and are making special ties in ladies and children's wear. They handle nothing but first-class goods, and can suit everybody in size, quality and price.

J. D. Kief & Son are now receiving, at the "First National Grocery House," Choice New Crop Garden Picked Japan Teas, Choice Roasted, Ground and Green Coffees; Syrups, Drips, Molasses, Crockery, &c.; also the celebrated B. S. T. Cigars, which they offer cheap for cash or ready-pay, at wholesale or retail.

COMMERCIAL.

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

New York.		
Flour, Hur-ernor Western	4 20	@ 4 60
Wheat, No. 1	1 27	@ 1 28
Wheat, No. 2, Chicago	1 22	@ 1 26
Corn, Mixed and Western	67	@ 68
Oats	46	@ 50
Chicago.		
Flour	4 25	@ 5 50
Corn	47	@ 48
Oats	32	@ 32½
Rye	65	@ 66
Toledo.		
Wheat, No. 1	1 08	@ 1 10
Wheat, No. 2	1 07	@ 1 10
Corn	51	@ 52
Hogs, dressed	6 00	@ 6 00
Detroit.		
Flour	6 25	@ 6 50
Beeves	50	@ 1 00
Wheat, No. 1	1 37	@ 1 41
Wheat, No. 2	1 29	@ 1 32
Corn	54	@ 55
Oats	32	@ 33
Barley	1 85	@ 1 90
Wool		

Home Market.

Outside and Inside Farmer—Corrected every Thursday Noon.

Apples, green, per bushel	1 25@2 00
" dried per pound	7@ 08
Beans, common, per bushel	150@ 00
" hand picked	175@1 90
Butter, crock or roll, per lb	18@ 22
" fresh	40@ 50
Barley per cwt	250@ 00
Clover seed, per bushel	10 00@ 00
Corn, shelled, per bu	40@ 45
Corn, ear	28@ 00
Dried Pears, per pound	10@ 12
Dressed Hogs	5 25@5 50
Eggs, fresh	09@ 10
Live Chickens, fat, per lb	12@ 15
Eggs, per dozen	10@ 12
Flour, W. Winter, per bbl	5 00@6 00
" Spring, per bbl	5 00@6 00
Fowls, dressed	15@ 00
" Turkeys, "	14@ 00
" Ducks, "	14@ 00
Hay, in barn, loose, per ton	7 50
" baled, "	8 00
Hogs, lb. (gross weight)	6c
Honey	18@ 20
Lard	11@ 12
Lime, per bbl	1 10
Oats, per bushel	30@ 32
Onions, per bushel	50@ 60
Potatoes, "	15@ 20
Pork, dressed	12@ 13
Rutabagas, per bushel	25
Salt, Eastern, per bbl	1 75
" Saginaw, "	1 75
" Rock, "	2 50
Hides, per lb	06@ 07
Timothy seed per bush	3 00
Wood, seasoned, per cord	4 00@5 00
" green, "	3 00@4 00
Wool per lb	35@ 40
Wheat	1 08@1 25

Miscellaneous.

ENVELOPES—If you want any Envelopes call at the ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

1,000 OLD NEWSPAPERS

For sale at the ENTERPRISE Office.

BOOK-BINDING—We are prepared to bind pamphlets of book-building in fine style. Give us a call at the ENTERPRISE Office. 228

HORSE BILLS.—We have a fine lot of printing type very attractive for Horse Bills, and we can replace at the ENTERPRISE office.

VISITING CARDS.—New styles of type just received, for printing Visiting Cards. Ladies, do you want any? Call at the ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

FOUND.—A promissory note for fifty dollars, bearing date December 21st, 1875, given by Robert C. Wilbert to Edwin Wilbert. April 1, 1876. THAD. YARNWINE, Norvell.

FOR SALE.—The Brick Store at East Manchester, together with nearly an acre of land. A two-story frost and brick, as good as new. The above will be sold at a bargain, if applied for immediately. For particulars inquire of M. B. WALLACE. 443

W. S. STOWELL,

DENTIST.

All operations performed in the most approved manner. Office over G. A. Fausell's Store, MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN.

April 6, 1876. [1y

AUCTION! AUCTION!!

BEN. REYNOLDS,

AUCTIONEER.

Having had several year's experience in the sale of goods and property, feel confident that I can give entire satisfaction, I now

Offer My Services to the People

of the surrounding country, and will hold myself in readiness to punctually serve all who may favor me with their patronage. Please leave your orders at the MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE Office, where you can ascertain my appointments.

apr6-1yr] BEN. REYNOLDS.

"Advertisements of Wanted," "To Rent," "For Sale," "Lost," "Found," &c., &c., Only Five Cents per line each insertion. These must be paid for in Advance.

FOR SALE.

A Complete set of

CHAMBER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA,

Rev

HO! FOR THE HILLS.

A Denver Man's Description of the Black Hills Country, Its Resources and Character of the Mining Towns.

[From the Denver News.]

Jerry Lawler, who has resided here for a decade and a half, except for short intervals of time, is a late arrival from the Black Hills. Having left Custer City Saturday, the 19th, at noon, reached Cheyenne Wednesday evening, and Denver night before last. The trip, therefore, was made in quick time, and without hitch or accident.

A News reporter interviewed Mr. Lewis yesterday, and found him very communicative, and brimful of news and gem over the newly-opened diggings. He gives more information, of a kind sought after just now, than has been obtained, so far, from any returned prospector, and it is probable, Mr. Lewis opens about a month in roaming about the hills, visiting most of the camps. Custer City and Hill Cities are the only towns in the country. The former is situated in a small picturesque park, hemmed in by mountains, Harney's peak, rising on one side, and near by. The town sits down 640 acres, and the area embraces the whole of the park, so that the size of the town must be practically limited. The entire site has been laid off into lots, fifty by 150 feet in size, and which command prices ranging from $25 to $500 each, according to desirability of location and the eagerness of buyers. The principal street is named after Gen. Crook. It is 80 feet wide. The other streets have a width of 150 feet, and the alleys are thirty feet wide, and all run at about the same angle as the streets of Denver. Four hundred buildings have been erected, and every lot on the town site has the foundation of some sort of structure laid on it. There are but two regular saloons, where a bad quality of whisky is retailed, and six stores, where you can buy groceries, clothing, canned goods, boots and whisky. So far nobody has had the enterprise, or the temerity, to open a regular boke-house, and as there are only two or three decks of cards in the diggings, poker-playing is a limited amusement. A few drunken rows, amounting to little more than boisterous hilarity, have occurred in Custer City, but none have been killed, for even hard.

The promising discoveries are located in French, Spring, Castle, Rabbit, Iron, Whitewood and Deadwood Creeks. The two last named streams are in the northwest of Custer City. There had been a stampede in that direction for some days prior to Mr. Lewis' departure for Denver.

Sitting Bull's band of redskins has been raiding the northern camps, and altogether some seventy or eighty head of horses have been run off. A good many of the prospectors are, in consequence, trudging about the country on foot, packing their tools and provisions on their backs. One miner, J. S. McCall, from Montana, was killed and scalped last week by the redskins. He was riding alone to Hill City for provisions. Charley Utter, who never belonging to a party encamped on Old Woman's Fork, shot and killed an Indian, who, while hovering about camp, was stampeding their stock. This occurred about ten days ago.

Mr. Lewis says that during a part of the winter the weather was bitter cold and the snow quite deep; but that the Red Cloud City tie-up at all had the mildness of spring about it, and men were building, mining, and going about generally in their shirt-sleeves. There were no killers or loafers in the country. Everyman had an implement or piece of accomplish, and that was to make his fortune, and as quickly as possible. There may be 4,000 people in the Hills, and the number is rapidly augmenting. Mr. Lewis thinks the country is one of inexhaustible riches. He doesn't hesitate to predict that the days on French Creek will equal the famous Alder gulch, in Montana, which yielded millions. He will return shortly.

Mr. Lewis and his traveling companions came out to Cheyenne they found the road lined with soldiers, prospectors and vehicles.

Queer Rats in Kentucky.

There is a married couple living near here, in Large County, who during their engagement exchanged rings. The bride-elect took off her ring at one time and never saw it more, and it disappeared. She came to the conclusion that it must have been carried away by the rats. After they had been married about two years they decided to clear the place of the pests, and "a rat was found with the missing ring found around the neck. Its head was as large as a full-grown rat's, and its body was very small. It was supposed that an old rat had taken the ring and carried it to her nest to adorn the young of her little darling."—*Nelson County (Ky.) Record.*

Ill-Tempered Letters.

An angry letter never accomplishes the desired end, and an ill-tempered one harms none but the writer. This is true of correspondence, but more especially when applied to communications of a business nature. In this department the free, free-and-easy style is recognized, and with him, above all others, it is gratifying to deal. His dealings, which if conducted in ill-tempered language, would be rejected, are often compiled with, and whatever the business, there is satisfaction in performing it.—*Phrenological Journal.*

VOTES!

Earth gives his prize for what Earth gives us;
The beggar is made for a king or a thief,
The potent hath his fee who orders and drives us
We bargain for years we can bargain for life
At the devil's beck all things are sold
Life consists of three reels (in reality of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay
Bubbles we buy with a whole estate
(Toy-lovers always the dearest are)
Wisdom, Wit, and Virtue, fair Honor, and Pleasure
Have now the best bid for the highest offer
Votes are—if you believe!

WOMEN are—but we forbear to express our opinion. The facts in the case, however, are that, in the face of the necessaries of their own sex, Miss Mouse, of Boston, has given $5,000 for the benefit of indigent old men, and Mrs. Creighton, of Philadelphia, has given the munificent endowment of $1,000,000 to found a college to educate poor young men for celibate Catholic priests. The *Woman's Journal* finds food for scarcasm.

AN enterprising speculator has offered $50,000 for the exclusive privilege of sweeping out the buildings at the Philadelphia Exposition, and offers to give $50,000 for the exclusive privilege of selling the floors periodically. He thinks he can make his "pile" by charging each exhibitor a small sum and sifting the sweepings, and he is sure to contain valuables.

CONCEITED fop to unassuming young lady—"It doesn't take me long to make up my mind, I can tell you!" Unassuming young lady—"He always so when the stock of material to make up is small."

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

Hill and Valley.

I and Lucy went down to the valley,
From my hill-top far and fairy
At my beam I smile for sidling
Ever—Here, or there?
And I wonder, as I go down
Stepping o'er my tatered height;
Scarcely heard, so light my footing,
Finds a fairer sight

Here in summer silence, broken
Only by the song of birds,
And the air some breathing, softly,
Noble poet-words.
There the noise of time children
Breaks upon the silent air,
And the modern fashion, jarring,
Do they think it fair?

Here are gardens fair and fairy,
Lilies, roses, pinks and myrtles;
All a-world to me the lowlier
Blackberrying all the air
There the flowers that blossom wildly
Nettle low amid the grass—
And the maidens stay to pluck them,
Singing, as they pass.

Here the summer-days are lovely
Days of quiet, days of shadow
Only college letters,
Here the students wander gitters
Close and grand, by night or day;
There the soft low plumes bender
All the common way.

I can look down in the valley,
From my hilltop, here and grand;
Surely, hard, no falsest summit
Implies be all the land
And I wonder at the question,
Standing, half the place of
Wonder at my heart for asking
Here or there?

—*Jennie Harrison.*

Around the Farm.

MR. TICE says in his *Floral Guide* that ten drops of carbolic acid, to be obtained from any of our druggists, put in a pint of water and poured on the earth of flower pots, will destroy all the worms, which do so much damage to the plants. A trial will satisfy all of its beneficial effects.

THE fact of the Duchess family of short-horns changing owners so often, and the same not being sold for more than the thousands obtained sufficient to enable or induce them to keep on breeding, is suspicious. Why not dispose of Mazurka, Belsize, Campbell and Morris Tube, which produced all the prize stock at the Centennial?—*Moore's Rural.*

CREAM should not be kept over two days or forty-eight hours. If kept longer the flavor will be hurt. Four days will show it; and the fourth it will be spoiled. After that good butter cannot be made from the cream, however carefully it may have been kept, and however pure the air and the milk from which it is made.

THE nest-boxes of hens should be movable, so that after hatching, and occasionally when need only for laying, they may be conveniently cleaned. One way of cleansing is to whitewash them, and another, preferred by some, is to kindle a fire inside and char them. This practice will effectually destroy vermin and their larvæ, and will thoroughly purify the nests by leaving a coating of charcoal inside.

It is not well to prune vines or trees just at the time the sap begins to flow the most rapidly in spring, because it is then that it bleeds the wounds, discoloring the bark below, and making the plants look unsightly, even if no further injury follows. But if trees or vines are pruned early enough to ensure a good healing of the wounds for a few nights before the sap begins to flow, there will be little danger of what is usually termed bleeding.

A VETERINARY surgeon writes to the *Country Gentleman* that his experience with anaesthetics is that it is the best and safest way to put horses or cattle. It is superior to straw in many respects. It is odorless—absorbent—has no grit, and is much cleaner. For a paving horse, it is much better, inasmuch as he displances the bedding only where the foot touches the floor of the stall, which stray, being long, is displaced generally by the act of paving.

A correspondent of the *Inter-Ocean* says that to destroy rats set Indian meal on a plate for three nights; the fourth, put arsenic enough into some the meal. It may be placed under floors or boxes, putting blocks under the sides of the boxes, that the rats may have access to the meal; remove the plate and poisoned meal in the morning. If the poison is not the first night only one or two will get it, and others will take the alarm and leave. The meal is not wasted without them, for several nights a great many will become accustomed to using it.

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THE fact of the Duchess family of short-horns changing owners so often, and the same not being sold for more than the thousands obtained sufficient to enable or induce them to keep on breeding, is suspicious. Why not dispose of Mazurka, Belsize, Campbell and Morris Tube, which produced all the prize stock at the Centennial?—*Moore's Rural.*

CREAM should not be kept over two days or forty-eight hours. If kept longer the flavor will be hurt. Four days will show it; and the fourth it will be spoiled. After that good butter cannot be made from the cream, however carefully it may have been kept, and however pure the air and the milk from which it is made.

THE nest-boxes of hens should be movable, so that after hatching, and occasionally when need only for laying, they may be conveniently cleaned. One way of cleansing is to whitewash them, and another, preferred by some, is to kindle a fire inside and char them. This practice will effectually destroy vermin and their larvæ, and will thoroughly purify the nests by leaving a coating of charcoal inside.

Mrs. Belknap.

The Cincinnati correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* says: Mrs. Belknap is probably better known in this city than in any other place outside of Washington. Much of her early married life was passed here. She was a Tomlinson, of Barcodsburgh, Ky., and is a sister of Dr. Tomlinson, of that place. The impression prevails that a sister of hers was Belknap's first wife. Her first husband was a Mr. Bowers, a commission merchant of this city, who died of consumption in Florida six or seven years ago. Your correspondent knew Mr. and Mrs. Bowers before and after Bowers' death. She was living then at the Burnet House in this city in modest style.

She was always a woman of magnificent proportions, a tall, stately brunette, with fine features, head and carriage, splendid color, black, glossy hair, and dark, dazzling eyes—a woman to attract admiration in any throng.

She was married to Belknap in grand style at Lexington, Ky. They stopped in this city on their tour, and were given a reception by the Hunter, George H. Pendleton. Mrs. Bowers had her wedding trousseau made by Worth in Paris. A lady said to me to-day: "Worth told me that one of her costumes was the finest he had ever sent to this country."

WE would no more be without Dobbins' Electric Soap (Cragin & Co., Phil.) in our family than without a stove. It is pure, and does its own work without the main strength of the washwoman. Try it.

Bleeding From Lungs, Catarrh, Bronchitis Consumption. "Wonderful Cures."

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 15, 1874.

R.V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—I had suffered from Catarrh in an aggravated form for about twelve years and for several years from Bronchial trouble. Tried many doctors and things with no lasting benefit. In May, '72, becoming nearly worn out with excessive Editorial labor, and a paper in New York City, I was attacked with Bronchitis in a severe form, suffering almost a total loss of voice. I returned home from that, but had some slight relapses when I was completely prostrated with Catarrh, suffering from the most annoying, *severe bleeding spells within two weeks, and first three inside of nine days.* In the September following, I improved sufficiently to be able to be about, through in a very feeble state. My Bronchial trouble seemed cured, but Catarrh was tenfold worse than before. Every effort for relief seemed fruitless. I seemed to be losing ground daily. I continued in this feeble state, enlarged almost daily until about the first of March, '75, when I became so bad as to be entirely confined to the house. A friend suggested your remedies. But I was extremely skeptical that they would do any good, as I had tried all kinds of remedies, and began to look upon medicine and doctors with disgust. However, I obtained one of your circulars, and read it carefully, from which I came to the conclusion that you understood your business, at least. I finally obtained a quantity of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, Your Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets, and commenced their vigorous use according to directions. To my surprise, I soon began to improve. The Discovery and Pellets, in a short time, brought out a severe eruption, which continued for several weeks—difficult much larger, my appetite *improved*, and I gained in strength and flesh. In three months after resuge of the Catarrh was gone, the Bronchitis had nearly disappeared, had no Cough whatever, and had entirely ceased to raise blood; and, contrary to the expectation of some of my friends, the cure has remained permanent. I have had no more Hemorrhages from the Lungs, and am entirely free from Catarrh, from which I had suffered so much for so long. I feel that I cannot pay you for the blessing I have received at your hands, known no bounds. I am thoroughly satisfied, from my experience, that your medicines will master the worst forms of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Hemorrhage of the Lungs and Lung Diseases. I have recommended them to very many, and shall do so as long as I draw breath. Gratefully yours,

REUBEN SHEPARD, JR.

P. O. Box 507, Rochester, N. Y.

Southern Hotel, St. Louis, Mo.

The most complete hotel in all its appointments in the West. The table supplied at all times with the best the market affords.

CHAPPED hands, face, pimples, ringworm salt-rheum and all cutaneous diseases cured, and rough skin made soft and smooth, by using Juniper Tar Soap. Be careful to get only that made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, as there are many cheap imitations made with common tar, all of which are worthless.

DEAR SIRS:—Ask *John W. Hollis, Montemora, Tenn., May 18, 1870.*—"I have been using SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR, and it has proved to be the best medicine for the case that I ever saw. We believe it to be one of the best gifts to the sick of humanity."

VEGETINE thoroughly eradicates every kind of humor, and restores the entire system to a healthy condition.

"It Sleeps With Me."

A common remark. If you take Dr. Pierce's Pellets you can sleep with them, and feel no bad effects. They act specifically on the liver, stomach and bowels, correcting a disorder of gastric juice, which is essential to good digestion.

Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Remedies.

Dr. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic and Schenck's Mandrake Pills, taken together, or separately, as the case may be, are the means by which the lungs are healed, the liver made healthy, and the stomach made to digest food.

To these three medicines Dr. J. H. Schenck, of Philadelphia, owes his unparalleled success in the treatment of pulmonary diseases.

The Pulmonic Syrup is a powerful but safe preparation, which ripens the morbid matter in the lungs, and so throws it off by an easy expectoration, and by increasing the quantity of the cough will throw it off, the patient has rest and the lungs heal in time.

To enable the Pulmonic Syrup to do this, Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic and Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic must be freely used to cause the stomach to digest.

Schenck's Mandrake Pills are the liver, remove the old obstructions, relax the gall bladder, the bile starts freely, and the patient is soon relieved.

Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic is a gentle stimulant and alterative, the result of which it is claimed, mixes with the food and permeating it, assists the stomach to digest it, and the blood to make it into healthy blood, which feeds the lungs heal, and the patient will soon be well, if he has not too long delayed taking the medicine.

Dr. Schenck's Book, to consult Dr. Schenck, either personally or by letter, may be obtained of the proprietor, Dr. J. H. Schenck and Son, Arch Street, Philadelphia, for $5 per copy.

Schenck's medicines are sold by all druggists everywhere.

Seventy-One Years of Age.

EAST MARSHFIELD, AUG. 27, 1873.

MR. STEVENS,—Sir: I feel it my duty to make a good report concerning your Kidney Complaint, Weakness and Nervous Debility. I was troubled with your complaint, and I tried your VEGETINE and I think it the best medicine I ever took. I was troubled with Nervous Debility, and I feel like a new man. I recommend your Vegetine to all. I am 71 years old. Yours truly,

ELIJAH WHITE.

VEGETINE IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Ann Eliza Young

ASSISTANT'S WIFE

No. 19

CENTS should write for lecture for new book by Ann Eliza Young, "Life of Brigham Young, or Life in Mormon Harem." Address, Ann Eliza Young, Hartford, Conn.

PORTABLE SODA FOUNDRY.

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SODA FOUNTAINS, $150. $200. $300.

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The Best Patterns made. Send for Catalogue.

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AGENTS WANTED.—24.

SMITH'S AGUE SURE CURE

FOR Fever and Ague, or Chills and Fever,

It is a Safe, Speedy, and Permanent SURE CURE for Fever and Ague, or Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, Intermittent and Remittent Fever.

Price 50 Cts. per Bottle. For Sale by all Druggists.

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THE BEST WOOD COOKING STOVE TO BUY? It is the Quickest Baker, MOST Economical, Convenient and Durable, Sizes, Styles & Prices to suit every one. Manufactured by WM. RESOR & CO., Cincinnati, O.

All Diseases of the Blood.

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LANE & BODLEY'S TEN-HORSE FARM ENGINE.

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$1000 DOLLARS.

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BOSTON, MASS.

These Standard Instruments

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AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN

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KIDDER'S PASTILLES.

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FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

$77 A Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. Address SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.

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THE MOST WONDERFUL

MEDICAL DISCOVERY

OF THE WORLD!

To Consumption, Weakly People, and all Persons suffering with Scrofula, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Piles, Erysipelas, Blotches, Tumors, Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Diseases of the Bone, Eye, Ear, Glandular Swellings, Dropsy, Fever and Ague, Sores and Swellings, Nervous Debility, Heart Disease, Fits, Broken Down Constitutions, and every kind of Humor in the Blood.

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CHARLES YOUNGHANS, Tonsorial Artist. Shop adjoining Kingsley's Hardware store.

CLEVELAND, O., September 1, 1873. Dr. Flint: Dear Sir—I have used your Cough Balsam in my family for the last year, and it gives me pleasure to recommend it as a blood medicine. I procured six bottles of your agent, Mr. Ketchum, and it has given better health than I have for years. Respectfully yours, JOHN H. GRAY, Cor. Superior and Water streets. Sold by all druggists.

HARD TIMES.

"Come boys, come and hear the news!"
Dumbrows drong—the dun goes on his way.
"Come, Tommy, come, and hear the news!"
Comes 'round like a muskrat's, every day,
And makes a man feel like a weary cat
As he doth down into his pocket fee
And says—Think how fortune grinds her wheel.

No more sweet cakes and pies devour—
Eliminate such trash;
The wheat of the rolling hour
Proclaims the reign of hash.
Things that are hard to swallow
Are the order of the day;
To eat a mouthful of "sweetness" in butter, milk and sugar;
Why, 'twould shake the cup of plenty—let us take the
grinds.

Collars—you need not bend from
When some dire duty they've been
Carefully, lovingly turn them,
The grime will not be seen
But pay your rent—it's better
To be insolent than to offer
Out in the cold, cold world
Than in the warm, warm hotel
You cannot warm—to the water—to the steel.

Mend your shoes now dun—
With grease the leather soften;
Let a patch, dun, be quite neat,
Where the overcoat covers the seat,
Remember the dun—dun, dun—
Why, test out the old one—who cares for that?

Cheap is the rich, wine-bibber,
Night early to bed,
To feed the Yankee lawyer,
Who makes the poor to bleed.

Rich is the jury box!
Can any one deny?
Can any one dispute
The Yankee—Yankee—fact
In making us relaxed
From the effect of the "Ten Half for meal,"
Which we, in great extravagance, did eat?

Pun sorg as a steady diet
Is not the thing for us;
It should be taken in moderation
It makes a very good soupcon
Of a Yankee—Yankee—pun, a little
Hearty—this is no whisper!

Let the noble song-bone simmer—
Five cents a pound—
Nourishment a good deal shorter
Night early to bed,
Let no vile pejudice narrow
Exclude such wealth of cartilage and marrow.

In these hard times, oh grief
To live is not my view,
Great is good
The kind of food
That chemists say makes bone.
Yet we are willing to
Cheap, but a mile too rigorous.

Herrings cost little—salt
Is cheap—pepper is cheap—
Pots, pans, kettles, tin
Are cheap—cheap, but
Is cheap—but
Make a good dish—cheap—

What dull dies Yankee nature
And pine and say, "I'm bested!"
Give us of life and energy the crown
Like some old knight
In some good cause
Who's yest been badly "wasted!"
Give us of life and energy the crown
And then we shall "bust
And then we shall have
Yankee—"

Can combine the minus—figure,
And solve the problem of our common weal,
And prove the rule of our equation real.

WESTCHESTER TOWER.

Some years ago I had occasion to make a short trip from London to visit my old College friend, Charley, who had settled down as a clergyman in connection with the Cathedral of Westchester. It was a pleasant excursion, because I was young and I was hospitably entertained. After dinner my friend and I walked out in the dusk of the evening, to look at the antiquities of the place. In the course of our ramble the moon rose and threw a charm over the scene. With the moonlight streaming through the colored windows we sauntered through the cathedral, enjoying the solemnity of the edifice.

"As we approached the gates of the tower, Maitland, though accustomed to the place, became singularly silent. All at once I found that the gates of the tower were standing under the main central tower, and that in the vaulted dome overhead was a gaping hole, as I could see that dark spot," said he; "it is a covered hole opening up into the tower. I became curious to know the cause of lead and timber for repairs on the roof. I call your attention to this because I am going to tell you something about it by and by."

Seated once more at the fireside of my bachelor friend I listened to what he had to say about the hole in the tower. I will try to repeat his story as he told it to me.

"I suppose it must be about five years ago, I was in the cathedral, that I was engaged in this room writing, when I had occasion to refer to a book not in my possession, but which I knew to be accessible to me in the cathedral library. I procured the key and ascended the stairs with a lantern; and I had not gone very far when I was assailed by the dulcet voice of Thomas Symes—Geoffrey Symes—an Oxford man, who had been my junior at Oriel. Symes was a little eccentric. He had taken a fellowship and might have done well; but, being passionately fond of music, he took to studying the organ, and I thought he had left to Westchester, as a professed pupil of the organist. As such he was allowed to go at pleasure into the instrument loft—one of wonderful compass—in the cathedral.

"Symes would not, perhaps, have been called a scientific musician; but he had a musical gift, or temperament, which, when he was in the proper mood, thought and feeling on the organ, which he almost made to speak, so extraordinary was his power of producing such effects. When engaged in this way he seemed to be lost in an enthusiastic trance. He was a fine hand at extemporaneous sounds. On this occasion he seemed to produce a display of his powers, lingering away for a few minutes, he brought little Jim Coley, son of the verger, to blow the bellows, and I was then, I may say aid he set to work and produced a voluntary that was altogether marvellous, which harmonious lake into one another. One, however, a favorite air in Rossini's Stabat Mater, called the "Quando Corpus, from Rossini's 'Stabat Mater.' I could compare it to nothing but the streams forgetting together of solid bars of melody, so severe, so nervous, so weighty was the work out of the theme. And he played all, with most ravishing sweetness, came the exquisite duet and chorus from Mendelssohn's 'Dolgesang.' I waited for the Lord,' and as those delicate silvery strains of patience and thankfulness strayed into one another and melted at last with the chorus into the great tide of praise, I was unconscious of anything but the music could have stayed from that moment forth without further thought till the morning.

"I was aroused from my ecstasy by little Jim, who had been blowing the bellows all this time, asking me if he might go home, as his father did not know where he was. I let him out, and as the door fell behind him, I heard a low, dying wail of the organ as Symes struck one or two ineffectual chords and then fell back behind. The chords came down and joined me, and as I was taking up my book and lantern previous to our departure he suddenly cried:

'Hollo! that tower-hole is open.'

Sure enough, there was a gaping hole in the nave.

"'Yes,' said I, 'I daresay it would be very pretty if it is discovered.'

"'All right,' said Symes. 'Lend me your lantern, and I'll bid you good night.'

"'Why, what are you going to do?' I said.

"'Going up into the tower,' he replied.

"In vain I tried to dissuade him, using every argument to represent to him the danger of the attempt, the danger of such a proceeding. Good-humoredly but obstinately he threw aside my remonstrance, and when at last I found him resolved I made up my mind reluctantly, and not in the best of humor, to accompany him in his fool's errand. Thank God that I did not leave him alone, as I had intended.

"I was little disposed, however, to respond to his lively sallies as I followed him into the staircase which led to the tower. The lantern was of little use to us we climbed the worn steps, a cold strip of moonlight came through an open slit in the wall now and then, but otherwise we were in the dark. After some few minutes' ascent we came to a doorway that led over the top of the transept arch under the leads of the roof. Clinging Symes to look about him, and to tread carefully, I passed after him through the doorway into the main tower. From where we stood, the upper side of the dome-like ceiling of the center of the tower, between the two transepts, rose like an inverted cup before us; and at the apex of the dome, through the opening which had suggested this wayward undertaking, the moonlight streamed dimly up into the darkness of the tower. To carry out his purpose, Symes now proceeded to crawl on his hands and knees, and I followed through the orifice. I knew it was of avail to say anything, so I kneel and watched him with anxiety, as he turned over the verge of the dome.

"As I guessed I became aware that immediately above the opening a stout rope was swinging, to which was attached a large bell, and Symes had evidently gone down by the rope, and was now in the dome. The thoughts were passing through my mind when Symes, who had looked downward with exclamations of delight. 'Come up, sir, and see; do!'

"'It's worth all the trouble of a climb.'

"I was just about to creep up, that I might see what fascination, when a sudden whirring, grating sound of wheels above—a gaping exclamation from Symes, and I was on my feet at the edge of the hole, and before I could move, I was in the dome, and was rapidly through the opening as the rope uncoiled itself with increasing velocity behind me, and I was whirled in a circle across me in a moment. The handle of the winch had been imperfectly secured; the rope had worn through it, and I overcome the resistance, and, trusting wholly to the rope, he had slipped from the handle, and was whirled round and round by the force of the resistance which still restrained the free revolution of the wheel. I was conscious of the descent being so rapid as to endanger life or limb; so I gave up the rope, and let myself down with only a severe fright and shaking. These thoughts crowded pell-mell upon my mind, as I fled down the tower. But conceive my horror when, with a jar, the noise of the wheels ceased, and I found the rope was exhausted.

"How I started! He has let go, thought I, and listened breathlessly for the sound of the crash which I conceived must follow. But all was still; and remembering the height of the hole and looked over, thinking to see his crushed body in a glaring clean rope.

"No! About five-and-twenty feet down, vibrating in sheer space, was suspended the poor friend, with a little neat fifty feet above the stone flooring of the nave. He was in the very midst of the moonlight, which streamed through the clerestory windows. In some way or another he had relieved the pressure on the handle, and had fallen over the hook at the end of the rope, called to him to hold fast, and he would be with him to encourage; but I never shall forget his desparting eyes, nor the hoarse agonizing whisper with which he replied to me. I'm numbed! Lose the winch! Be quick, for God's sake!

"Waiting for no further entreaties, I rushed back again to the staircase and found in the darkness, almost by intuition, the door which led to my lantern, and hastened to mount them. Once or twice, as I panted in the ascent, I paused to look down from the edge of a sheer depth, and I drew back, scarcely conscious of the danger, from the giddiness of the ascent. I reached the top, and I heard the sound of an opening door and friendly voices. I rushed down, and my eyes, as they grew accustomed to the dark, fell on a group of men, who had come with lanterns and ladders, and were standing under the opening corresponding to the one below. I eagerly looked down, and could see that something was lying in the dome, and I hastily called for light. I shouted again and again words of encouragement and hope, but there was no reply. With a sickening thrill I set to work to examine the winch, and found, as I supposed, that the handle had been entangled in the coils of a rope, from which I had some difficulty in the darkness in extricating it. But once released I allowed it to revolve slowly, until I felt that there was no fear of her strain upon it. Meanwhile, however, had the assurance of Symes' security dawned upon me as a possibility, when a deadly illness crept over me, and I think for a minute or two I lost consciousness.

"How I succeeded in getting down without disaster through that perilous labyrinth I can form no idea, nor have I any recollection. I remember devoutly thanking God as I stepped out from the door of the transept on to the floor of the nave.

"'Here I am, old fellow! I cried aloud to Symes, and sprang forward into the open space.

"'Thank Heaven,' was so reply. My heart beat violently! Could he have gone home and left me there? The moonbeams had shifted farther up the building, leaving the center aisle in deep gloom. Creeping forward in vague terror, I almost stumbled over the body of my friend, apparently lifeless, but still clinging to the rope. With trembling hands I disentangled his limbs and drew him on to the mat beside the verger's bench, where I bring for a few minutes while I rushed to fetch assistance. But conceive again my blank despair when I found the door, which we had left open, locked, and the key—I couldn't tell where! I had probably laid it down in my confusion, and forgot it. I ran back to the dome, and I found my friend in the same position, with a man dying or dead under my charge.

"I shouted: I beat; I kicked upon the door, in the vain hope of being heard by some stray passenger. But there was no house within fifty yards, and I had heard the clock strike 10 some time before. With with desperation, I ran back to my inanimate companion. By this time I had become so much the obscurity as to be able to discern that while I had been away he had lifted his arm on to the bench, although there was still no further sign of consciousness. Such moments, my dear fellow, make one religious, if nothing else does. I thought the prayer I had been every experienced the wave of relief that succeeded the unexpected deliverance from extreme peril; but I assure you that the conviction that poor Symes was not dead was a great and sustaining one. I was in fear for the mercy that had protected us in such an awful crisis.

"I was consoled with weariness and weakness holding the hand of my unconscious friend, and I almost felt that I was doing a Christian duty when I heard the sound of an opening door and friendly voices. I cried aloud, and we were soon surrounded with lights and eager, frightened, inquiring faces, besieging me with questions. Without leaving my friend I gathered enough to answer Symes, still insensible, was carried to his lodgings on the side of the square, and I followed him, and waited for more than half an hour, until the doctor came down and told me that Symes was dead, but must not on any account be disturbed or excited by seeing anybody. He was in a state of exhaustion from fatigue and the night; and I returned with anxious thoughts and an exhausted frame, but with a lighter heart, to my own home.

"It turned out that little Jemmy Oxley had been the means of saving my friend's life, and had disparted of. My old housekeeper had come into my room before the morning, lamenting my absence and could not understand my leaving the light burning if I had intended to be out all night. She went down to Oxley's and mentioned the circumstance, on which the verger said: 'Why, I had left them in the cathedral an hour ago. And you may depend upon it,' added he, 'that they would be safe enough; for I know, and that you young fellow has been and lost the key, and they can't get out.' Which turned out to be pretty nearly the truth. And now, let me have some tea."

"Well, old fellow, that's an adventure, certainly, and not badly told either. It made me feel very shaky about the knees and very nervous, too, for a time. I know how it is myself, I suppose, to get all nervous. Here, I'm ready to hear the story."

"No; poor man," said Maitland, with a sigh, "that is the saddest part of the history. He was dreadfully knocked down for some days, and was entirely unconscious of his general health, except that he had lost all his buoyant spirits, looked like an old man, and always seemed to avoid me. He has since gradually sunk into a state little better than idiocy, yet he sometimes attempts to the shock to a highly excitable brain, and declare it to be quite hopeless."

"Poor young fellow," said I, "I wonder how far he remembers the circumstances of that night."

"Very little, you may be sure," said Maitland.

And so we gradually floated away into the sea of general talk, and touched on subjects, until at a late hour we parted for the night.

I arose in the morning from an eerie and weary sleep-journey, and soon grappled what had been the reality of that great night at my dreams! A bath set me to rights. And after breakfast Maitland drove me briskly out of the old city through the frosty morning air to the station.

"May I make use of your story?" said I to him as we parted.

"With all my heart," he replied. "And if you like it, I'll send you my memoranda, 'dressed up.'

And this is the use I have made of Maitland's memoranda.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A DRIVMOTER hung up his watch the other day until he should find time to take it to a jewelry to be cleaned. His son, a boy of 10, took it down and wound it to school, but didn't bring it home with him. He met a boy at school who had a watch, and proposed to exchange watches for a time, and an exchange was effected. When the father came home he missed the watch, and asked: "Who seen my watch?" "Father, was it not an old watch?" asked the boy. "I was." "And would it go?" "It would not." "Then, father, did I not do the correct thing in the trade an old watch that wouldn't go for a fat gum which will go?" Come out and see him for the boy with the watch.—*Free Press.*

Wit and Humor.

A REGULAR bear garden—An Urse-ry.

WHAT kopes Lent longest and best? An inch-ore.

THE following advertisement lately appeared in an English newspaper: "A pseudo-Greek, a genuine Greek, wanted, by a lady about to lea-e England in a rosewood case on mahogany castors."

THE Brooklyn *Argus* wants an explanation of the phenomenon "that before the reading-of-the-Bible in our public schools every Friday morning the teachers always get behind the doors and give their bustles an extra hump."

A CLERGYMAN who was requested to come and pray at the bedside of a dying milkman demurely remarked: "I'll go, but I isn't sure I can. I never knew our Heavenly Father to forgive one of that sort yet."

THERE are 5,000 people who explode 50,000 pounds of nitro-glycerine at Hell Gate next year, say the New York papers. It is not known how many are required to accommodate travel from New York and Brooklyn.—*Detroit Evening News.*

THE young man who was sitting in the Sazerac Lying club last evening, is a number of marvelous tales we told about dogs, the most remarkable of which was about a dog belonging to a member present. He said that one night he was awoke over a neighbor's plain his dog started a coyote which run into a squirrel hole. The dog followed the coyote into the hole, and in about three minutes dog and coyote emerged on the surface of the ground,