MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE.

MAT. D. BLOSSER, Proprietor. | Independent in all things. Devoted to State, County and Home News. | TERMS $1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE

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

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(OR ANY PAPER,)
Upon receipt of price. Write him at Manchester Michigan.

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Will attend sales of all kinds, at lower figures than any other salesman, for '79-80. Ira Cushman, Chelsea, reference. Orders left at the ENTERPRISE office will receive prompt attention.

HURD HOUSE, Jackson, Michigan, SMITH & HURD, Proprietors. The above is furnished in the height of fashion and comfort, (opposite the Hibbard.) No pains will be spared to make guests comfortable. Omnibus runs regularly to and from all trains. Try them. Board reduced to two dollars per day. 46

THE MICHIGAN EXCHANGE, Detroit, Mich., J. Edward Ives, Prop'r. 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 proprietors solicit the patronage of all who wish to find a quiet and pleasant home while in the city.

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All Materials Constantly on Hand.
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THEY ARE
The Most Durable,
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Battings, Siding, Mouldings, Sash, Doors and Blind
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, 1879.

A MOTHER'S DIARY.

Morning! Baby on the floor,
Making for the fender;
Sunlight seems to make it sneeze;
Baby "on a bender!"
All the spools upset and gone,
Chairs drawn into file,
Harnessed strings all strung across,
Ought to make one smile.
Apron clean, curls smooth, eyes blue
(How these charms will dwindle!),
For I rather think—don't you—
Baby "is a swindle!"

Noon! A tangled, silken floss
Getting in blue eyes;
Apron that will not keep clean,
If a baby tries!
One blue shoe untied, and one
Underneath the table;
Chairs gone mad and block and toys,
Well as they are able;
Baby is a high chair, too,
Telling for his dinner,
Spoon in mouth; I think—don't you—
Baby "is a sinner!"

Night! Chairs all set back again
Blocks and spoons in order;
One blue shoe beneath the mat
Tells of a marauder;
Apron folded on a chair,
Plaid dress torn and wrinkled,
Two pink feet kicked pretty bare,
Little fat knees crinkled;
In his crib, and conquered, too,
By sleep, best evangel,
Now I surely think—don't you—
Baby is an angel?

OLD-TIME REMINISCENCES.

Rough Traveling in Virginia and Kentucky, in Early Times.

BY W. W.

On one occasion it was my fortune to take a horseback trip from Big Sandy to the Kanawha valley, across the country; and, as my time was rather limited, I was constrained to ride after dark in a region at that time altogether unsettled and wild; and, worst of all in my case for a night ride, one quite unfamiliar to me. On the night in question, I had gone on several miles after passing the last cabin seen in the afternoon, and as the thick darkness came down like a pall, preventing me in the dense forest from even seeing the ground itself mile or my horse's feet, to my discomfort and perhaps danger, I began to hear the deep muttering of thunder re-echoed by the mountain ranges in the far distance; while so rocky and rough was the winding pathway along which my tired horse was stumbling that there was no such thing as hurrying him in the chance of finding some place of shelter for the night, and from the coming tempest.

Of course, I blamed myself for not stopping at the last cabin I had passed, instead of tempting untried and wild forest paths at that time of night, but that did not help the case, and I could only drop the reins on the neck of my jaded steed, and leave him to find his way to some "clearing," if such was within reach, in time enough to escape the storm.

I was creeping along in this manner, slowly, my horse sometimes stumbling over a log or fallen tree and coming to his knees, at other times sliding down some bank, when, in the far distance, I heard something that sounded worse than the muttering thunder to me—that pest of those wild mountain regions at that period—the scream of a panther. It came occasionally in short, snappish quavers, making my horse restive and fairly tremble under me; and yet, after hearing it once or twice, I felt reassured when it seemed to grow fainter, as if dying away in the distance, finally ending altogether. But it had had the effect of hurrying me forward at whatever risk of possibly breaking my neck, until at length I was satisfied that I had gotten into the bridle-path again, as I came to an open piece of water, the crossing of a creek, apparently—the faint reflection of the surface, despite the deep darkness, making it plainly perceptible.

Supposing, of course, that it must be a "ford," or regular crossing-place, I rode straight across, and found myself on the opposite side in a thicket of laurel bushes—I could feel them—but my horse couldn't climb up the steep bank. Thoroughly perplexed, and getting nervous as the heavy thunderstorm was rapidly coming closer and I had no desire to be caught out there in the creek, or even on its banks, I got off my horse and down into the water, and undertook carefully to feel for horse tracks, to see, if possible, how, after entering the creek, they turned on leaving it. Unable to satisfy myself, I next tried, in the deep darkness, to ride down the bed of the creek; but fifty yards or so of experiment, as I floundered in and out of deep holes and over sunken logs, satisfied me that it wouldn't do; so, returning to the ford once more, fortunately a sharp flash of lightning showed me horse tracks, and a sort of path leading down the bank of the creek on the same side I had approached it; and finally a sharp gallop of twenty minutes, as the lightning was more frequent, enabled me to reach a clearing and a cabin, and to get my horse and myself under shelter just as the storm came down with the utmost fury, making me thankful enough that it had not caught me out in the dark woods. That jaunt was one of many such experiences, where I had, in the blind forest-paths, to trust the instincts of my horse for holding the right direction to places of shelter, although—as if proved—he was not capable of leading off after getting clear of the woods and into the bed of the creek.

I had dropped in upon a settler named Bill Short, who, late as it was, did not intend to let me go supperless to bed. With a house full of children, and only the one room below and the loft above it to accommodate the whole crowd, he was about the jolliest chap I had encountered for many a day. Taking down some strips of dried venison, his wife soon made a sort of savory stew of it, and this, flanked by corn-dodgers hurried up in the same handy way, and some honey—for he had found a bee tree a few days before—left me nothing to wish; for, besides this, milk supplied the place of coffee, to me always a first-rate substitute or alternative.

The lodging was not so easily managed; at least there was no chance for me except on the floor, with my saddle for a pillow and my saddle-blanket under me; but it has always been a puzzle to me where and how the good woman stowed away eight children, three of them daughters almost grown, although two truckle-beds played a large part in disposing of the smaller fry, and the loft sufficed for the boys, there being but two beds in the room below. It, after all, shows how very little could accommodate, and satisfy too, the early settlers, for a merrier crowd I have seldom fallen among in any circle or condition in life.

The next morning, when I came to leave, I couldn't induce my kind-hearted and pleasant host to take anything; but it was some satisfaction finally, to remunerate him with a good supply of powder, which I caused to be conveyed to him; for that article seemed to be all that he craved or needed to make him reasonably happy, apart from his innate and complete freedom from care.

On my return by another road, however, on reaching the banks of Big Sandy, and proposing to ford it, I was diverted to a ford several miles from where I struck the bank of the river; but my trials on this journey appeared uncommonly numerous, for, on calling at a cabin in the vicinity of the place where I was expecting to cross the stream, a little boy was sent with me to point out the crossing. I didn't much like the looks of the alleged "ford" (if it was one), but, riding into the river promptly, I soon found my steed swimming instead of wading the stream. However, considering myself fairly in for it, I pushed boldly for the other side, but, to my disgust, on reaching it I found I had to encounter a ledge of rocks under water, and not far beneath the surface; but, after two or three efforts, my horse reared out on the bank, after narrowly escaping rolling over backward into the deep water, and I at last succeeded in getting up the high bank. Encountering just here an old hunter, who lived in the neighborhood, I inquired of him if that was indeed a ford? His reply was startling enough.

"I reckon, stranger, you're the first one that ever forded it, for it's the deepest part of the river this high up." I have never yet been able to understand what the people were thinking of who sent me to that point for a "ford."

But even yet my mishaps were not ended. Obliged to find my way along the high bank of the stream for some miles before reaching my destination, I finally got tired of riding around the heads of the small, although deep, gullies which cut the river bottoms at the edge of the bank. I was mounted on an extra-fine horse, one I had taught leaping, with the purpose of more easily getting over large fallen trees and logs always encountered more or less in riding through the primitive forest. Glancing across the ravine, some ten or twelve feet wide, although the depth of the same must have been some less than that, and, seeing that it extended almost a quarter of a mile, irregularly, for me to ride around, I determined to test the jumping powers of my horse by a running leap. Retiring, perhaps, twenty or thirty yards, I came at the ravine on a full run, and my horse, indeed, cleared it, or would have cleared it handsomely, but his hind feet broke through the edge of the further bank, where an old stump had rotted out, and down he went backward into the deep gulley, I sliding off behind as I best could. Before I could straighten up he rolled over toward me, and I was compelled to make a sort of scramble on all-fours out of his reach, until, with one or two flounders, he stuck; and, when I got him up and out of the place, I found he limped, and, to punish me for my adventurous folly, he never got over it. I have only to add that this adventure pretty well cured me of attempts to play the English fox-hunter in the wilds of Kentucky.

My adventures on my way down the river some six weeks afterward were not much of an improvement on those I have already given. Having business down the Ohio river, I concluded to take my way down Sandy to its mouth in a small canoe or "dug-out," in company with a remarkably tall fellow, some six feet four inches high, and, with a small box containing his "plunder," we started. The river was quite low, and by this time the nights had become frosty, and, while my companion was too big and clumsy to stand up and "pole" the canoe, I could do it when tired of paddling the craft.

Just about sunset, while I was thus occupied and while looking for some settler's cabin on the bank of the river where we could spend the night, the canoe struck a sand-bar with such a shock as to throw me out into the river. The water was not very deep, but it certainly was very cold, and, wet almost to my shoulders, and the weather frosty, as I have already said, it became pretty imperative to stop somewhere soon. And here was the first occasion where I had reason to complain of both Virginia and Kentucky "hospitality," for the river was the boundary along there between the two States. Calling first on the Kentucky side, after a shivering walk up to a double log cabin, I found some sort of a grand frolic on hand—perhaps a wedding—and no chance to entertain strangers. Getting into the canoe again, I resumed the paddle, and my teeth fairly chattered as the night became colder; suffice it that I tried three cabins in going several miles down the river in the cold and darkness, having had a long tramp up and across the river bottom in one instance to where I had seen a light. Various excuses were profferred until at last having, in the dark, come to a part of the river studded with great rocks and where the water ran more swiftly, I determined to borrow a light, and, building a bonfire, spend the night in camping out as we best could. Fortunately we, about that time, heard the barking of dogs, and, following the sound, we finally fetched up at an old settler's house, who welcomed us with a blazing fire and the other accommodations so much needed. For some time afterward, however, Virginia and Kentucky "hospitality," I must confess, seemed somewhat at a discount with me; but, after all, it is fair to suppose that the banks of a river, in almost any case, are not a fair test for a section or district, and for the very good reason that it is too often tried overmuch by a class of roughs seldom seen to so much disadvantage in the interior, to say nothing of the frequency of such occurrences.

But perhaps a settler whom I once encountered, and at whose cabin I lodged upon the headwaters of the Kentucky river, could beat even my friend Bill Short, in his placid contentment with short commons and other disabilities, always more or less incidental to an endeavor to make one of the army of occupants or skirmishers on the outposts of civilization. As was so often the case, we had been driven into harbor with him by stress of weather, and the slim chance there was to reaching any more eligible place; and after lodging myself and companion in a bed that had about two inches of straw on the boards, and that stood at right angles to and almost touched that of himself and wife, all he could furnish us besides was some frost-bitten sweet potatoes and a tin cup of water. It didn't appear to discompose the good couple at all. He said he "had *intended* to take some corn to the mill and get it ground; and he had *intended* to go and shoot a deer, but he had put it off." My friend thought that his cabin was something like what is said of the bottomless pit—if not "paved with good intentions," it was—for any traveler driven to it—"tophet" all the same. However, I consoled both him and myself finally with the suggestion that if the mountaineer could stand such the whole time, surely we should put up with it once without grumbling.

CHICAGO, Ill.

Buried Alive.

It is well known that some of the Indian tribes of America have a habit of killing horses when their chiefs and medicine men die; and in some instances the departing braves' wives have been dispatched to be their companions to the happy hunting grounds. When the celebrated Ute chief, Walker, died, in the northern part of the Territory, a good many years ago, a whole band of horses were slain by his warriors; but heretofore no one had supposed that the Indians of this section had interest enough in the future life to prepare an escort for their departing braves. The death of a buck near Toquerville a short time ago showed that the old chief who begs biscuits at that settlement is blooded. He forthwith decided to kill a squaw to accompany his favorite warrior, but the squaw, getting a hint of her intended funeral, hid herself so effectually that no clew could be got of her whereabouts. As the time allowed for the sacrifice was rapidly passing, the old chief, in order not to be defeated, selected a 3-year-old papoose, which he took from its mother, and buried in the grave of the deceased. The head of the child was left projecting above the ground, so that it could breathe, but he allowed no one to go near it, till Bishop Bringhurst, discovering the commotion in the tribe, traced out the cause and saved the life of the child, after it had been in the situation described two or three days. The mother of the child was afraid to tell what had happened, though she was observed to be grief-stricken. The Toquerville people thought seriously of burying the old Lamanite with his head the other way, but he insisted that the religion of the Piutes required him to do what he had done.—*Silver Reef (Nev.) Miner.*

Two Bright Boys.

A friend and neighbor has a son who is so quick at repartee that it is a little dangerous to cross swords with him. He was out riding with his father the other day, when, noting the name of a street, he asked if it was named for Mr. B—, a well-known but not altogether popular citizen. "By no means," said the father; "it is not named for him, but for his father, who was very popular and very much esteemed." The boy said nothing; so his father, who thought he saw a chance to preach a little sermon, continued: "It's very apt to be so. A boy has a father whom everybody loves and respects for his good qualities and abilities, but in too many cases the boy doesn't amount to anything." Said the boy after a pause. "Your father was very much esteemed, wasn't he, sir?"

A story comes to Canseur of an incident in a school in Southampton, England, some years since. The boys were being examined in the history of England, and the answers were mainly dates of events more or less important in the history of the British empire. Among the pupils was the son of an American sea-Captain, a bright specimen of young America. Being questioned concerning dates in English history, he manifested an ignorance bordering on stupidity. The teacher, whose patience was exhausted, exclaimed, "What! Don't you remember a single date that marks an important event in the history of England?" "Why, yes, sir," answered the boy, "I do know one." "Well, out with it," said the teacher. "*The Fourth of July*, 1776." There was a decided sensation.

Coast-Resorts Unfavorable for Invalids.

An English medical writer has recently asserted that the practice, long so common, of sending invalids to the seaside, at least in their convalescence, would fall into disfavor if physicians more clearly recognized the perils and inconveniences to which they are exposed. Apart from all other considerations, there is the ever-changeful climate, which scarcely maintains a temperature or hygrometric condition two hours in succession on the coast, where it is affected by the alternation of sea and shore influences. In fact, according to this writer, invalids fare better in the country districts than on the coast, and the superior claims of "sea air" are, he thinks, not overwhelming, when the drawbacks of incessant change of temperature, etc., are taken into account.

"ONE-THIRD of the voting population of Kentucky cannot read the ticket they vote, and 150,000 children in the State are growing up in ignorance of the mere elements of the English language," says the Louisville (Ky.) *Courier-Journal.*

A Man Stops Repudiation.

Years ago, Illinois was poor, and burdened with a debt of $7,000,000. A large part of the indebtedness had been created in order to carry out a system of internal improvements. The people, finding it difficult to pay their taxes, talked loudly of repudiation. A convention met at Springfield, the capital of the State, to voice the popular feeling. The repudiating ordinance was prepared. It would have been adopted but for the interference of one man. The incident is thus described by the New Orleans *Times*:

The convention met, and the repudiation ordinance was prepared. It was about being adopted, when Stephen A. Douglas, who was sick at his hotel, asked to be taken into the convention. He was carried on a mattress, and, lying on his back—for he was too ill to sit up—he wrote the following resolution, which he offered as a substitute for the repudiation ordinance:

Resolved, That Illinois will be honest, although she never pays a cent.

The resolution took like wildfire. It touched the honest sentiment of every member of the convention. It was adopted with the wildest enthusiasm. It dealt a death-blow to the repudiation sentiment throughout the State.

The canal bonds immediately advanced in value, and in a short time were quoted at par. Telegrams were received from New York that Illinois could have all the money she wanted.

What was the result? Capital and emigration flowed into the State, and Illinois is to-day one of the most prosperous States in the Union.

She has more miles of railway than any of the other States. Her broad prairies are one great grain field, and are dotted with hundreds of thousands of peaceful, happy homes. Thriving cities and beautiful villages are found everywhere within her borders.

This is what honesty has done for Illinois. What would repudiation have done?

John Sherman's First Financial Move.

Gen. Sherman said, the other day, of his brother, the Secretary: "After some years' employment in the improvement of the Muskingum, under Gen. Curtis, John was taken into the office of our brother Charles at Mansfield, to help about the office and make himself as useful as he could. John continued there until one day in his 21st year he asked Charles for $50. Charles was alarmed. What could this boy mean by asking for this large sum? John proceeded to explain that he wanted to go to Columbus to be admitted to the bar. This was still a greater surprise. The boy had never asked his brother to train him for the law, nor did he appear to be training himself. So Charles said to him, 'You cannot be admitted to the bar without knowing some law.' John insisted that he knew more law than some others who had passed an examination, and that he was determined, if he could raise the money. 'But why do you want so large a sum? was the reply. John explained that in the first place he must have respectable clothing, and that the balance would be required for hotel and traveling expenses. The elder brother assented; the clothes were ordered and on the very day that John was 21 he presented himself before the proper authorities at Columbus, and passed a very flattering examination. On returning to Mansfield he notified Charles that he was going to Iowa to practice law. The latter remonstrated, on the ground that there was room enough in Mansfield for them both, and that, too, in his own office. This resulted in articles of copartnership, and the painting of John Sherman's name on the sign as an attorney-at-law."

A Man to Handle a Mob.

A mob like pluck, and, before it has tasted blood, can generally be managed by the display of a little firmness. For instance, John Parham, Sheriff and jailer at Forest City, Ark., had in his official keeping one Dr. Gray, charged with rape. The indignant citizens of Forest City sent a mob to the jailer, demanding that the doctor should be peacefully delivered to them, in order that they might rid the world of the nuisance. Instead of complying with this request, John Parham informed the lynchers that, sooner than do such a thing, he would die at his post. "When the issue," said he, "is death or the abandonment of a sworn duty, I prefer death." The mob respected this firmness, and quietly dispersed, while Parham carried his prisoner to another county jail where the public sentiment was not in such an excited condition. Here is a lesson to all persons holding official situations. A mob has no courage until it discovers that it is feared.

TEA-TASTERS are well aware of the dangers to which they are subject, and few of them can carry on the business for many years without ruining their health. Moderate draughts of tea may produce an agreeable exhilaration of mind and body, with no noticeable reaction; but the effects of its excessive use are declared by doctors to be palpitation of the heart, an absence of exhilaration, severe headache, dimness of vision, and dullness and confusion of mind. Cases of severe neuralgia are frequently the result of over-much tea.

"WHY are you like a crazy man, my dear?" asked a wife, seating herself beside her husband. "Don't know, replied the husband; "I give it up." "Why," replied the wife, hitching close up to him, and putting on one of her sweetest smiles, "I am your other self, and you are beside yourself."

A PART of the consumptive hospital at Brompton, London, is called the Nightingale Wing, having been built from the proceeds of a concert by Jenny Lind. A new wing has just been added on the site of Tom Moore's old home.

A GIRL may smile and smile, but be 'twillin' still.

A Babe in the Woods.

The Burlington (Vt.) *Free Press* contains a distressing account of a little girl's wanderings and death in the forests about Ripton. Two little girls, the daughters of Mr. J. E. Goodyear, were sent on an errand to a neighbor's house half a mile away. Returning, one of them went by the road, and the other took a foot-path through the woods. Julia, who had gone by the road, returned home safely, but the other, Bertha, who was only 9 years old, did not appear, and her mother, becoming anxious, started at once in search of her daughter. Soon finding that the little girl had wandered from the path, she gave an alarm, and a small body of men that constantly received accessions formed a skirmish line and the forest was thoroughly searched for about a mile and a half with no success, except the finding of the girl's tracks at two widely separated points. All the logging-roads with which the forest abounded were closely examined, when darkness put an end to the searching for a few hours. Reinforcements having arrived, a force of over a hundred men followed the roads by lantern-light for an hour or two, when, that failing, a halt was ordered until daybreak, when some 150 men pushed on, determined to find the little one. They found tracks following the North branch of Middlebury river, which flows through some steep hills in a rough, rocky chasm that would appal any but the strongest nerve from undertaking its descent. For some mile and a half further the girl was tracked, in which distance she crossed the branch twice, and, having reached the junction of the stream with the South fork, she again crossed the stream, clambered up a high, almost perpendicular rock, and, overcome by the excessive exertions of the past few hours, lost her hold and fell thirty feet to the rocks and river below, crushing in a small portion of the skull in the upper part of her forehead. She was apparently instantly killed.

"A Small-Tail Movement."

The Presidential canvass of 1840, in which Gen. Harrison and President Van Buren were opposing candidates, was distinguished by an intense popular enthusiasm. It was an oratorical and musical campaign. Every village had its dozen of speakers and its score of vocalists. An amusing anecdote of that election gives a modern illustration of the old fable of the lion put to flight by the braying of a jackass.

A speaker was discoursing at a mass meeting in Western Virginia upon the merits of Gen. Harrison as a military commander. Suddenly, a tall, gaunt man arose, and, in a shrill voice that pierced through the crowd, called out:

"Mister! mister! I want to ax a question!"

"I shall be happy to answer any question, if I can," replied the orator.

"We are told, fellow-citizens," said the quaint man, addressing the crowd, "that Gineral Harrison is a mighty great Gineral; but I say he's one of the meanest sort of Ginerals. We are told that he defended himself bravely at Fort Meigs; but I tell you that on that occasion, he was guilty of the *Small-Tail Movement*, and I challenge the speaker to deny it!"

"I don't know, my friend," replied the orator, "what you mean by the 'Small-Tail Movement.'"

"I'll tell you," said the quaint man. "I've got it here in black and white. Here is 'Quinshaw's History of the United States,'"—holding up the book—"and I'll read what it says: 'At this critical moment, Gen. Harrison executed a *novel* movement!' Does the gentleman deny that statement?"

"No; go on."

"Well, he executed 'a *novel* movement.' Now here's 'Johnson's Dictionary'—taking a small book out of his pocket—"and it says, NOVEL—*a small tale!*' This was the kind of movement Gineral Harrison was guilty of. Now, I'm no soger, and don't know much of milentary tic-tacks—but this I do say, a man who, in the face of an enemy, is guilty of a 'Small-Tail Movement' is not a fit man to be President of the United States, and he shan't have my vote."

And he didn't, nor the vote of that village.

The First Baby in California.

It was on the Fourth of July, and Downieville celebrated. The stars and stripes floated from a peeled and lofty pine, and the chorus of the anvil had re-echoed through the hills. The house was crowded with the miners; poet, reader and orator had performed their parts, and the recently organized brass band was giving in boisterous resonance some national anthem, when, suddenly, there burst out the feeble wail of an infant; first low, then swelling out in all the defiant strength of his baby lungs. The band put forth its loudest strains; the baby, incited to renewed exertion, redoubled its vigor.

It was nip and tuck between the band and the baby. The young mother did her best to divert the child and hush him, when from the audience there up-rose a brawny miner, and, shaking his fist at the musicians, he cried: "Hush that blamed band, and give the baby a chance!" The band stopped its playing, and never did stalwart men listen to sweeter music than those exiles from home and women, as they drank in the tones of the wailing child. There were tears in many an eye. The child was hushed upon its mother's breast, and at the word there went up three rousing cheers for the first baby of the Northern Sierras.

IN Amsterdam, Holland, several persons have been poisoned by the use of enameled cooking vessels of Belgian and German manufacture. Some of these utensils were tested with diluted acetic acid and common salt heated in them for two hours. The solution obtained yielded considerable oxide of zinc. Combinations of zinc are considered very injurious to health—and as food often contains mixtures of salt and vinegar, pans which are thus affected must be regarded as unsuitable for the kitchen.

ALL SORTS.

HOTEL-RUNNERS work on the Europe-in plan.

AN anonymous article—A baby before it's christened.

A CHICAGO preacher advertises that his sermons never exceed twenty minutes in length.

WHY is a modern lady's capillary adornment like modern advertising? It's a big puff of hair (ahair).

AN exchange inquires, "Does hanging prevent murder?" It certainly does. Who ever heard of a man committing murder after he was hanged?

A RUSSIAN physician, struck by the commonness of near sight among literary men, proposes to print books with white ink on black paper as a remedy.

THE Indians of Nevada make what they consider a delicious bread from dried grasshoppers mashed with pine nuts or cracked wheat and made into a kind of flour.

SENTIMENT from a lady's album: "A woman looks upon her husband as a charming being during two months of her life—the month before she marries him and the month after she buries him."

ROBERT LANCASTER, a Stone county (Ark.) murderer, after killing a man in Arkansas, another in Kansas, and shooting himself through the leg so badly that it had to be amputated, is to be hung for his crimes.

A YOUNG man made his appearance at Deadwood in a pair of white trousers. He was promptly escorted to the cars, put on board of them, and an injunction placed upon him never to revisit the place. "We can stand a biled shirt, you know," a miner exclaimed, "but when it comes to wearin' biled drawers, we just make 'em git up and git."

JACK SIMONTON, colored, was arraigned in Charleston, S. C., on the charge of beating his wife. It being proven to the satisfaction of the court that Jacob had exercised his authority with no indication of malice or ill-will, Justice Chisholm dismissed the case holding that a husband had the right to chastise his wife for her correction.

STRANGE things will occasionally happen. A deaf mute, aged 7, residing at Lancaster, Pa., and who had never uttered a sound, was run over by a wagon. He was not seriously injured, and the singular fact is that when he found himself under the feet of the horses he cried out lustily. His parents now hope he will recover his speech.

JOHN BOTTOMLEY, a wealthy paper manufacturer at Lee, Mass., has for many years been noted for violent outbreaks of temper. Ordinarily he was dignified in deportment, but whenever he got angry he committed some breach of decorum. A short time ago an old man offended him, and he used a chance weapon so recklessly that his victim was nearly killed. He now goes to prison for five years.

BANK of England notes are very simple-looking pieces of paper, compared with the elaborately-engraved bills of this country. It would seem that the Bank of England notes could be easily counterfeited; yet this is rarely done. No two of them are exactly alike. The printing is done by a method known only to the inventor, and the paper is manufactured by a process which has been in charge of the Portal family for 200 years. No notes are ever reissued after being paid back into the bank, but are periodically destroyed. A seven-years' collection of these notes on one occasion aggregated $15,000,000,000.

Care of the Hand.

A handsome hand is a charming object in itself and seems to indicate refinement in its owner.

To be perfect, the hand should be delicate and somewhat long.

The back should be just plump enough to prevent the veins from being too prominent.

The fingers must be long and tapering, forming little graduated columns of perfect proportion.

When the hand is open there should be little dimples at the knuckles, which ought to be slightly prominent when the hand is closed.

Much of the beauty of the fingers and hand depends upon the proper care of the nails. These, if cut too close, deform the finger ends, rendering them stubby. The upper and free border of the nail should always be left projecting a line or so beyond the extremity of the fingers, and should be pared only to a slight curve, without encroaching too much on the angles. Soap and the finger-brush are all that is necessary for cleaning and polishing the nails. The habit of biting the nails is as ugly as it is fatal to them.

When the skin of the hand is hard and rough they should be kept almost constantly gloved, and washed frequently—but not too often—with lukewarm water and fine soap, to which may be added a little bran. A little cold cream before going to bed is a common and useful application. The skin of the hands should be always soft and flexible.

Railroad Velocipede.

A novelty in the matter of railroad inventions is what may be very properly termed a railroad velocipede. Its weight is about 100 pounds and it is destined solely for the use of the supervisor of the road, to enable him to travel from point to point for inspection or other purposes. The vehicle has three wheels, two of which run on one rail of the track and one on the other. It has a seat for one man, though it might well carry two. It is very easily operated, and is run on almost the exact principle of the ordinary velocipede. With a strong, muscular man to move it, it will make a speed of fifteen or eighteen miles an hour.

JOSH BILLINGS: "I wouldn't give you 10 cents a yard for all the pedigrees in the world; if a man has got a level head on his shoulders, and an honest hart in his body, he has got all the pedigree I am in search of."

Manchester Enterprise.

BY MAT D. BLOSSER.

Entered at the Postoffice, Manchester, as Second-class Matter.

We solicit communications and news items from all the surrounding towns.

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

We must not be held responsible for sentiments expressed by writers.

Any one writing to become a regular or occasional correspondent, or news gatherer, will please write us for instructions.

If you have any business at the Probate Office, make the request that your notice be published in the ENTERPRISE. Such a request will always be granted.

All articles for publication should be addressed to THE ENTERPRISE.

Fairs, Meetings, Etc.

Sept. 23-26, at Ypsilanti—5th annual fair of the Eastern Michigan Agricultural and Mechanical Society.

Sept. 23-30 and Oct. 1-4, at Jackson—Jackson County Fair.

Sept. 26-Oct. 3, at Adrian—51 annual fair of the Lenawee County Agricultural Society.

Sept. 30-Oct. 3, at Ann Arbor—31st annual fair of the Washtenaw County Agricultural Society.

Sept. 30-Oct. 3, at Hillsdale—29th annual fair of the Hillsdale County Agricultural Society.

Oct 1, at Lansing—Fifth annual reunion of the surviving veterans of the Mexican war.

Oct. 14-18, at Saline—Annual Meeting of the W. F. M. S. of Adrian District.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 25, 1879.

VOLUME THIRTEEN.

Thirteen years ago to-day the ENTERPRISE made its first appearance as a country newspaper, and it is a country newspaper still. The fault is not ours, as every one of our readers will testify. The ENTERPRISE has done all it could to make Manchester grow faster. It has encouraged capitalists to invest their money in manufactories and railroads, it has exerted every effort to get people to come here to trade, and locate, but Manchester is a village instead of a city, and that's the only reason why the ENTERPRISE is a country newspaper.

The ENTERPRISE has encountered a good deal of the best kind of opposition, in its career, it has always been on the move, and progressing.

We shall keep on improving the ENTERPRISE, adding new features, reaching out for every item of news that will interest our readers.

We have a large subscription list, but there are a good many people in this and adjoining towns who should become subscribers at once, it will be to their interest.

We are under many obligations to our old subscribers and friends for their patronage and support, and hope they will continue to assist us in the past.

We expected to have an entire new dress for the ENTERPRISE this week, but can only put on the outside garments, the others will be donned next week, whether the weather be hot or cold, and then our readers can express their opinions as to the make-up. We have been to considerable expense in putting in new type and materials, and we hope our patrons will show their appreciation by paying us early visit to the counting room.

Wishing our patrons and readers the wealth that an abundant harvest brings, and the happiness and peace of mind that the perusal of a live newspaper like the ENTERPRISE—paid for a year in advance—will assure them, we cry "all aboard," and steer our craft for the island of bread and butter.

There is nothing that pleases a teacher in our schools better than to have the parents and friends of the scholars visit the school. It seems to give them encouragement, and to stimulate the scholars to work harder, so that they may be perfect in their studies. It has a tendency to put the scholars on their good behavior, and assists the teacher in governing the school. We are glad to hear that our citizens are taking more of an interest in the schools for this reason; but we hope when they go there they will go to visit the school and learn something of its system, instead of going to visit with the scholars. It is no place for that. The school-room is like a work-shop, every person has his duties to perform; his work is laid out for him and he must do it, but he cannot if he is interrupted by people talking to him and diverting his attention from his work. Visit the schools often, but do not go for the purpose of visiting with the scholars.

One of the signs of the times, a sign that business is improving, is seen by the advance in the price of many kinds of goods. All kinds of cotton goods, certain grades of paper; hardware, nails, stoves, etc., have advanced from five to fifteen per cent. A short time since, a dealer would button-hole you the moment you poked your nose into his store, and try his best to sell you goods, for he wanted to dispose of them before they declined in price, or his hands. Now he wants to know why, as soon as he sees the price of his stock advancing, he don't care a continental whether he sells or not; he is making money by holding the goods.

There was $1,000 worth of breech loading shotguns in town on Tuesday

THE JACKSON COUNTY FAIR.

The Jackson editors must have read the little item in the ENTERPRISE last week regarding the date of the Jackson County Fair, for the Patriot and Citizen immediately appeared with an article giving dates, etc. The Patriot makes a mistake in their date. We clip the Citizen article.

The dates of holding the fair and exposition of the Jackson County Agricultural Society this year are—September 29 and 30, and October 1, 2 and 3. The premium lists present a better array of premiums and prizes than the society has ever before offered, and the specials from private citizens all over the county, aggregating in value nearly $2,000, represent almost every conceivable kind of prize for every conceivable kind of exhibit. Premium lists may be had upon application to the secretary, G. R. Holden.

It will be remembered that last year our fair was a decided success, was as fine an exhibition and drew as many visitors as many State fairs that we have seen. The way to make the fair interesting and profitable to everyone is for everyone to bring something, no matter what. Many a good exhibit is lost through the fear that it will be excelled by something else, and after it is over, nearly everybody will think of something they might have taken from their gardens, fields, stables, or houses, that would have excelled that which was shown. Let everyone come to the fair, and not only come themselves, but bring a good load of visitors and articles for exhibition.

In the militia tournament at Detroit last week, Bay City and Jackson won the prizes in target shooting. The shooting by team was most exciting, and on computing the scores it was found that Ionia, Jackson, and Bay City had each made 178. They were ordered to shoot off the ties, and for this task the persons having made the highest score in each of those towns were selected. In this contest Van Ness of Ionia made 48 out of a possible 50 at 900 yards distance, Wolcott of Jackson, 29, and Warfield of Bay City, 21. The score of the Leading company was 139, the loser made. Captain Charles Manley, of Ann Arbor, won the officers prize, an elegant sabre.—[Lansing Republican.

Michigan has the reputation of having the best wagon roads of any State in the Union. Circus men who have traveled over every State, all agree on this point. But, there are a few places in our roads, or an occasional hill, that need doctoring. The road commissioner ought to devote a little more time in leveling down and making passable the worst of the hills, as it is almost impossible to draw a heavy load over them.

THE ENTERPRISE

The twenty-ninth annual fair of the Hillsdale County Agricultural Society will be held in the city of Hillsdale, September 30th, and October 1st, 2d and 3d, 1879. Special trains will be run on the D. H. & S. W. Railroad to Hillsdale, during the county fair next week, arriving at Hillsdale every morning at about 9 o'clock.

For good order, health, and beauty, Lansing stands in the front rank of Michigan towns, and her prospects for future growth are most promising. There is no more desirable place for people of means to establish a house then in the capital city.—[Lansing Republican. How would it be with a man without money?

On Wolf Island in Grand River, a hunters' lodge has been erected by sportsmen, as a shelter for the fraternity during bad weather. Inside is the legend: "Welcome to all; but do not deface or destroy." Its latch-string will always be out to all comers.

The balance of cash in the state treasury Sept. 13 was $649,302 52; receipts for the week ending Sept. 20 were $14,904 57; payments for same time $9,572 62; leaving a balance, Sept. 20, 1879, of $654,634 57; increase for the week $5,332 05.

The commissioners for the purpose of selecting a suitable site and erecting buildings thereon for a separate school for the blind, are John J. Bagley, of Detroit, Townsend North, of Vassar, T. S. Applegate, Adrian.

The last arrivals at the prison were John C. Hayne, three years for receiving stolen property; Charles Hascall, two and a half years for larceny and Levi Lave, three years for adultery. All from Muskegon.

From the time Michigan was an organized territory up to the present time, there has been recorded 4,096 cases in the probate office.

The excursion under the auspices of the Knights of Pythias, left Jackson for Chicago on Tuesday. The largest excursion of the season.

Fifty Michigan boys have enlisted Uncle Sam's service in the navy within a month.

The Mexican War Veterans will have a reunion at Lansing, Oct. 1st.

Miscellaneous.

LOST.

ON or about April 26th, 1879, Rev. Rob't W. Haire, administrator of Elias Haire's estate, lost two account Books, somewhere between this village and Rome's corners. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving the same at Michael Dorsey's.

REV ROB'T W. HAIRE

MAT D. BLOSSER,
Printer, Binder, Stationer,
MANCHESTER,
Mich.

ONLY $1 For Six Beautiful Pictures. (Difficult to duplicate.) Also for Five Pictures, 10x12, or for Four Pictures, 10x14. Fac-simile copies of Fine Steel Engravings, copies of Paintings, Groups of pieces, printed on Heavy Plate Paper for Framing. Sent on receipt of ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE containing over 1 hundred Pictures. Address, THE GRAPHIC COMPANY, New York City.

BLANK
RECEIPT BOOKS,
BLANK NOTE BOOKS, &c.,
—For Sale at the—
ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

MAGAZINES
AND PAPERS
Furnished at CLUB RATES
—AT THE—
ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

DAVIS,
—THE—
ARTIST,
Produces first-class work in
PHOTOGRAPHY
GEMS,
TINTYPES, AMBROTYPES,
MINIATURE CARDS,
CARD PHOTOS,
CABINET PHOTOS,
PROMENADE PICTURES.
9x10, 10x12, 11x14, AND INK WORK.
Union Hall Building.

Manchester Enterprise.

12th Year.] A Local Newspaper. [1879.

As the time has come for the renewal of subscriptions, the Enterprise would remind its friends and well wishers everywhere that it is ready a candidate for their consideration and support. Its record for the past 12 years is a sufficient guarantee of the hearty sympathy and generous patronage which has hitherto been extended to it.

THE ENTERPRISE

contains a larger amount of reading matter, consisting of stories, short sketches, choice poems, letters from various parts of the world, congressional news, State, county and home news, together with an excellent market report, which is always reliable—than any other paper of its size in Southern Michigan. It is not filled up with worthless advertisements, but its columns are devoted to fresh, local news. We have a regular correspondent in all the surrounding towns, and they tell what's going on in their locality, so the readers of the Enterprise are posted in all the news of the day. It is

A LIVE NEWSPAPER,

and should be in every family.

The Enterprise is a four-page sheet of 28 columns; office, by mail, post-paid, 14 Cents a month or $1.50 a year.

MAT D. BLOSSER, Publisher,
Manchester, Mich.

THE ENTERPRISE OFFICE

IS SUPPLIED WITH

THE LATEST STYLES OF

TYPE!

Cuts, Borders, Ornaments &c

and with our exports fast

Presses!

A complete assortment of

Papers, Envelopes,
Shipping Tags,
Card Board, &c.,

We are now on

All Kinds of Job Printing

On short notice.

Your patronage is solicited.

MAT D. BLOSSER, Publisher.

Miscellaneous.

PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE.

Paints and Oils,

SCHOOL BOOKS!

DRUGS
—AND—
MEDICINES,

GROCERIES!

—&C., &C.—

HÆUSSLER & KINGSLEY.

Fine assortment of Flower Pots.

When You
GET MARRIED
—AND GO TO—
Keeping House,
—BUY YOUR—
Crockery and Glass Ware
—OF THE—
KENSLER BRO'S.

They also have

Wooden, Willow,
Stone Ware,
Mason Fruit Jars,
FLOWER POTS, Etc.

Extra Can Tops and Rubbers.

Their Store of—
GROCERIES
IS FRESH AND COMPLETE.

POTTLE'S DRY GOODS HOUSE.

W. H. POTTLE

—Has just received a full stock of—

CARPETS!

—ALSO A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF—

Dry Goods, Notions &c.,

For The Early Fall Trade.

—A COMPLETE LINE OF—

Clinton Flannels, and Yarns.

—The Largest and Handsomest Stock of—

BOOTS AND SHOES

Ever Offered to The Public in Manchester.

All at the Lowest Possible Figures.

W. H. POTTLE.

CLOTHING. CLOTHING.

CLOTHING.

CLOTHING.

New and Nobby!

Just Received at the

Mammoth Clothing House

—OF—

SILVERS,

—AND FOR—

LESS MONEY

—THAN ANY—

COST SALE

IN TOWN.

J. H. Miller

WILL HAVE A
NEW ADVERTISE-
MENT
NEXT WEEK.

—NEW STYLES IN—

HATS and CAPS BOOTS and SHOES,

—AND—

Gents' Furnishing Goods.

D. H. SILVERS,

J. R. JAYNES, Manager. The Live Clothier.

CORN EXCHANGE. CORN EXCHANGE.

COAL AND COAL STOVES.

The Beautiful

WESTMINSTER,

THE MOST ELEGANT

Coal Stove ever put on the Market.

Combining all of the very latest improvements in design, and working qualities, making it the most economical and convenient BY FAR OF ANY Stove in the market.

I have a full line of these and other first-class Coal Stoves in stock which you will find it to your interest to purchase

I also have a large supply of the

BEST NUT & STOVE COAL

THE PENNSYLVANIA MINES AFFORD.

Which I will deliver on short notice, at moderate prices

Respectfully yours,

W. KIMBLE.

Miscellaneous.

C. A. FAUSEL,

WATCHMAKER and JEWELER,

—DEALER IN—

Watches, Clocks,

SILVER & PLATED-WARE,

Spectacles and Fancy Goods.

Clothing at Cost!

Get it while you can.

JOHN C. MAHRLE

Wishes to inform the public that until August 1st he will sell ready made clothing at his shop, at cost. At that date he

Will Go Out of Trade!

and will have none.

Those having Unsettl'd Accounts

with him are requested to call before that date

And Save Costs.

FARMERS, DO YOU HEAR?

JOHN W. COWLING,

Of Three Rivers, having purchased the

HARNESS SHOP

and business of Charles Cornell, desires to inform the public that he will keep on hand a full stock of

Horse Furnishing Goods

Such as Harness, Blankets, Robes, Whips, Collars, Combs, &c., and manufacture

All Grades of Harness to Order,

ON SHORT NOTICE. GIVE HIM A CALL.

Clubhouse's Block, Manchester, Mich.

FURNITURE.

The LARGEST and FINEST STOCK of

FURNITURE!

Ever shown in Jackson is now to be seen at Ransom's Prison Store. The Goods were bought before the advance and we can sell them cheaper than ever before.

Look at the low prices BOOK FOR YOUR

211 & 213 Main St.,
JACKSON,
H. C. RANSOM.

FURNITURE.

LOCKWOOD'S

Furniture Rooms!

EAST SIDE OF THE RIVER.

Step in and examine the ELEGANT PARLOR SUITES, TASTY BEDROOM SETS.

Couches, Tables, Arm Chairs, Rockers, Bureaus, Secretaries, Wash Stands, Book Cases, (ice and Cinque and Rush.)

Matresses, Springs, &c.

Pictures framed to order cheap in STYLE. A fine line of

Coffins and Caskets, of all sizes.

Remember place, Jefferson street, east of G. W. Dott's Store, Manchester, Mich.

LEAVE YOUR ORDERS FOR

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY 3000 ILLUSTRATIONS

BOOK BINDING

At the ENTERPRISE Office

CALL AND SEE

THE LATEST STYLES

—IN—

WEDDING STATIONERY,

Something for

PAPER,
WOODEN,
TIN,
CHINA,
SILVER,
GOLDEN,
AND DIAMOND

WEDDINGS,

RECEPTIONS, BALLS & PARTIES

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OUTSIDE OF DETROIT,

—AND—

MUCH CHEAPER THAN THEY CAN BE HAD IN THE CITY.

—AT THE—

ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

Manchester Enterprise,

BY MAT D. BLOSSER.

Travelers Guide.

DETROIT HILLSDALE & SOUTHWESTERN RAILWAY

Stations	Ex	Mail
Detroit	7 00 A	5 30 P
Ypsilanti	7 45	6 20
Saline	8 00	6 40
Manchester	8 25	7 00
Clinton	8 40	7 15
Tecumseh	8 55	7 30
Adrian	9 20	8 00
Hillsdale	10 15	9 00
Ypsilanti	7 00 P	7 00 A
Saline	7 20	7 20
Manchester	7 40	7 40
Clinton	7 55	7 55
Tecumseh	8 10	8 10
Adrian	8 45	8 45
Hillsdale	9 40	9 40
Detroit	10 55 A	11 00
Chicago	9 00 P	9 00 P

Trains over the road from Ann Arbor at 12 00 A. M. and 4 00 P. M. Trains leave Ann Arbor at 7 30 A. M. and 5 00 P. M.

E. P. WALKER, Supt., Ypsilanti, Mich.
W. F. PARKER, Supt., Ypsilanti, Mich.
A. D. TAYLOR, Station Agent, Manchester.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Stations	Accom	Mail	Express
Jackson	6 30 A	2 30 P	2 25 P
Napoleon	6 56	3 02	2 59
Brooklyn	7 05	3 12	3 09
Norvell	7 13	3 20	3 23
Rice Lake	7 17	3 26	3 33
Clinton	7 25	3 40	3 55
Tecumseh	7 35	3 50	4 10
Adrian	7 55	4 20	5 00
Toledo	9 50	6 25	7 40
Buffalo	9 00 P M	4 00 A	5 00
Detroit	10 55 A	6 15 P	8 00
Chicago	9 00 P	6 00 A	7 00

GOING NORTH.

Stations	Accom	Mail	Express
Chicago		10 00 P	7 00 A
Detroit		7 30 A	6 40 P
Buffalo		12 45	6 45
Toledo	5 00 A	8 20	9 00
Adrian	8 10	12 01	9 30
Tecumseh	8 25	12 20	10 00
Clinton	7 40	12 41	10 06
Rice Lake	7 50	12 51	10 20
Manchester	8 03	1 00	10 30
Norvell	8 07	1 05	10 45
Napoleon	8 25	1 15	11 00
Jackson	10 20 A M	1 30 P M	11 20 P M

Trains run by Columbus time. Change Watches at the Station for all points West of Jackson. P. S. HUDSON, T. Pass'r Agent Detroit Div. ALBERT PEARCE, Station Agent, Manchester.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 25, 1879.

Local News Brevities.

Rev. Robt. Haire is in town to-day.

W. H. Pottle arrived home from New York Tuesday, sick.

Joseph Pratt, of Norvell, visited the ENTERPRISE office this morning.

Postmaster Walbridge and wife have gone to Chicago to visit friends and the exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cole have gone to Chicago to visit friends and the exposition.

Geo. Heusner, of the firm of Heusler & Kingsley, has gone to see the sights in Chicago.

Dr. Kapp is quite sick. We understand he had an attack of inflammation of the lungs.

Miss Mary Foster has gone to Chicago to select a stock of millinery goods and see the exposition.

Arthur H. Webb, of Detroit, has been in town this week, visiting his parents and friends.

Sheriff Case and family, of Ann Arbor, have been spending a few days in town, visiting old neighbors and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Wells of this village, will celebrate the 25th anniversary of their marriage, on the 4th of October.

Dr. W. S. Stowell expects to start for Kansas, soon. He was re-to visit his son and some friends, besides seeing the country.

T. F. Ruston, of this township, has moved to Lenawee county, a few miles south east of Hudson. He has had a call to preach there.

Let's see. Delos Merrill footed it into town on Tuesday. He's no brag on the shoot, and don't own a rear loader, but he borrowed a shooting iron and scooped the Norvell boys, and is happy.

Patrick McMahon, of Sharon, left here this noon for Dakota. His son John has some land not far from Sioux City, and Mr. M. has gone out to look at it. He will be absent about two weeks.

Mr. George Lazell, of Bridgewater, was in town on Saturday. He is probably the oldest resident of the county living in this section, having come to Ann Arbor in 1825 and to Bridgewater in 1829. Mr. Don Kellogg, of Ann Arbor, came to this State with him. Mr. Lazell is 81 years of age, but you wouldn't think it by his looks and movements.

As Wm. Logan and family were driving to church, on Sunday morning, their team became frightened at some logs at the roadside, jumped sidewise, upsetting the buggy, from which they cleared themselves and ran away. Mrs. Logan was considerably bruised, and Mr. L. was somewhat shook up by the fall, but they consider themselves fortunate in escaping without broken bones. The team was not injured, but the buggy will have to have a pretty general overhauling.

Delos Merrill, of Norvell township, was driving down the big hill near Wampler's Lake, on Sunday afternoon, when a strap broke, letting the buggy against his horse. The beast began to kick, whereat Mrs. Merrill, with her two children, jumped from the buggy striking upon her head, cutting a gash in her scalp, and otherwise bruising her. The children were also injured somewhat. Mr. M. kept his seat in the buggy until the reins were broken, the horse ran the buggy into a patch of grubs, broke loose from the vehicle and ran down the road, disappearing in a distant dale, when he jumped out and went to the assistance of his family. The neighbors came to the rescue and took the family home.

More rain on Tuesday night.

The sidewalks are covered with frost this morning.

Jack Frost is trying to get up a corner on buckwheat.

Attention is called to the notice of Matthew Gall, in our advertising columns.

Hook and Ladder Co., No. 1, tested themselves at the fire last evening with the machine.

Don't forget the Firemen's Dance at Goodyear Hall, to-morrow evening, the 26th inst.

The chief engineer of a high pressure cider mill steps to the front at this season of the year.

After the 1st of October, you have a right to shoot quail, if you want to and can get a good crack at them.

Read the "ad" of W. Kimble, in another column of this paper. He has got coal and coal stoves to sell.

Wm. Neebling has been making his blacksmith shop more comfortable by giving it a coat of plaster upon the inside.

Herman Vollaud is adding another story to the little red building on Railroad street. The building is inside the fire limits.

This is the season of the year when the farmer boy frets out his corn cutter and stalk horse, and prepares for staying—corrstalks.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Foreign Mission Society of Adrian District will be held at Saline, on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 15th and 16th.

Geo. Nisle has the blacksmith shop nearly completed. Clinton street is getting to be quite a business street, and will outrival railroad street, if they don't look out over there.

H. C. Ransom, the Jackson furniture man, would be pleased to see every reader of the Enterprise at his store during the Jackson county fair. He has a new advertisement in this issue.

Minnie Cox tripped a young man on to fork over $1 for his hotel bill. He was getting on the train for Ypsi, but he forked out the greenback to short metre.

In addition to the improvements mentioned last week, we notice that Rehfuss is fitting up the building on the south side of Jefferson street, formerly used for a cooper shop. It will be occupied by Younghans & Thompson, painters.

Readers of the ENTERPRISE who visit Jackson will always find the Hurd House a pleasant place to stop at. The proprietors, Smith & Hurd, and the gentlemanly clerk, Sam Mettler, will do everything in their power to make you comfortable. The house is first class, but they charge no more for meals and lodging than any respectable house.

Our young ladies and gentlemen who desire to take lessons in music, on the piano, organ, or in voice culture, should read the notice, in another column, of Miss Ella Smith, of Clinton. Miss Smith has had a number of years of experience in teaching at Clinton, and recently graduated at Adrian College, which is a sufficient guarantee of her ability to teach.

The mammoth hardware firm of Van Duyn, Mordoff & Co., are doing a big business this fall. They have put up more feet of eave-trough and conductor pipes than ever before; their pump and windmill sales have greatly increased, while the sales in house furnishing goods, builders' materials, and general hardware have been very large this season. They have a new advertisement in this issue of the ENTERPRISE which should be read by every one in need of goods in their line.

GLASS BALL SHOOT.

According to announcement, the glass ball shoot took place on the grounds near the D. H. & S. W. Ry. depot in this village, Tuesday.

The morning train from the north brought the crack shots of Norvell, and at the appointed hour the sporting fraternity, accompanied by a number of spectators, repaired to the grounds.

Several small matches were made. J. H. Kingsley got first money in one; John Nestell got first money in one. Burgess & Scofield, of Norvell, tied in one, and divided the money.

The 1 o'clock train from the south brought some of Tecumseh's best shots, including C. A. Wright, John and Mr. Davidson, and Mr. Aten.

The big match of the day was for a purse of $16, in four prizes of 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Eight entries. We give the score:

Kingsley	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	5
Wright	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	5
J. Davidson	0	0	1	1	0	0	1	0	3
Aten	1	0	1	1	1	0	0	1	5
J. Hall	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	5
M. Davidson	0	1	1	0	1	0	0	1	4
Burgess	0	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	4
Nestell	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	0	7

Wright got first money, Nestell and Kingsley second (which they divided). Frank Hall, of Norvell, third.

Although there was no first-class shooting done, the boys had a good time, as everything passed off pleasantly and harmoniously.

NORVELL.

A. J. Palmer, late of this place, to night agent of F. & P. M. Ry at Flint. His family are packing their goods and expect to move to Flint next week.

Miss Etta Dealey, teacher in the Norvell district, being attacked by the scarlet fever, the school was obliged to close for a few days.

BROOKLYN.

Esther Webster wishes me to state that what was said about him in last week's ENTERPRISE is a ——

Myself and family had our second crop of raspberries for supper Monday last. The bushes are growing on the south side of some high lumber piles, which may account for their double fruitage in the same season.

There is considerable excitement here over the projected Toledo & Milwaukee R. R. While I don't wish to throw any cold water on the project, I expect to be a number of years older before I see the cars going through this village on that route.

I called at Mr. Henry Ambler's on Sunday last, and counted fifteen Amblers surrounding the dinner table. Mrs. A said "it was not much of a day for Amblers, either, as the family were not all there." For development of muscle, Henry and his five sons would take the belt in this part of the country.

Percy T. Cook was one of the invited guests to help entertain President Hayes and family in Detroit, and I understand has gone with them to Chicago. When he comes back, I ha'n't the least doubt but what he will don his "thick-ry" jacket and speak to such "fellers" as myself with his usual democratic familiarity.

Our townsman, J. G. English, took a number of his best cattle to the State fair this year, and was fortunate enough to capture five blue ribbons and one red one. He took the first premium and the sweepstakes for the best herd of Durhams, the second premium for the best two year old Jersey cow, and first on her two weeks old bull calf, and the second on his yearling bull calf. Two others sold by Mr. English took third and second premiums in their class. Two of his cattle were ruled out on account of pedigree. We understand that one of them, a heifer, was a sweepstake blue ribbon stock man East, and the gentleman failed to send the pedigree along. The premiums secured by Mr. English amount to $77.00.

C. M. Fellows, of Sharon took three three year old rams and two yearlings, and got the third premium on one of the yearlings. Sweepstakes on ram lambs.

Hord & Durr, of Sharon, took nine pens American Merinos, 26 sheep in all, on which they got third premium on pen of two year-old ewes.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following transactions in real estate have taken place since our last record:

WASHTENAW COUNTY.

John Alber to Jacob Hauschildwirth, 82½ acres in Sharon, $2,000.

John J. Cookson to John Guinan, 16 acres, section 20, Sharon, $320.

Edward P. Ker to W. B. Rawson, 20 acres, section 2, Manchester, $1,000.

Daniel G. Rose to Christopher Gibbs, 20 acres section 14, Manchester, $700.

Christopher Gibbs to Daniel N. Gibbs, 44 acres, sections 11 and 12, Manchester, $1,000.

Henry Mann to Amos H. Squires, land in section 24, township of Manchester, $500.

Herman Volland to John Bankhart, lot number one, block number three, of the village of Manchester, $80.

JACKSON COUNTY.

Eli A. Fuller to George W. Booth, 42 acres on sections 32 and 33, in Napoleon, $3,500.

THE LETTER LIST.

The following is a List of Letters remaining uncalled for in the Postoffices as classified below. Any one calling at the office for any letter here given, will please say "advertised."—

MANCHESTER POSTOFFICE.

C. WILKINSON, P. M.

Rodious, Augusta — Bell, Lewey
Burgess, Francis — Lahn, Mary Miss
Rowe, Andrew — Martin, Fred 2
Bennett, Lizzie — Tuve, J. H. Miss
G——, Tarson or Tange — Shach, August
Gardner, Smith — Sherwood, Lady
Hassle, George

BRIDGEWATER POSTOFFICE

JAS. SCHES, P. M.

Sheldon Whitcomb, H. O. Rice.

After 750 pounds of superphosphate of lime had been daily scratched into the court house ground, four bushels of grass seed were sown, and now only wants time and favorable weather to develope the yard into a velvety lawn. The yard contains about one and one eighth acres of land.

Courier: The assignees of N. Schmid & Co., of Manchester, have paid up home creditors in full. This is the first failure that we know of where this has been done. When they found they were running behind, they closed up business at once, not waiting until hundreds should suffer by their failure.

The artesian well being sunk at Grass Lake has attained a depth of over sixty feet. A stratum of rock 22 feet thick has just been passed, and they are now penetrating a bed of blue clay almost as compact and solid as stone itself. The boring will be continued until flowing water is reached or that consumation proved a practical impossibility.

The wheat market is very lively at Clinton. They took in 85 loads on Monday; 106 loads on Tuesday; 50 loads had arrived in at 10 o'clock A. M. Wednesday.

Among the new corporations that have filed their articles of association in the office of the Secretary of State, is the Keck Furniture Company of Ann Arbor. Capital, $25,000.

At about noon, Tuesday, a truss that holding up Ypsilanti, fell and injured three men, one severely. The man was much weight on the scaffold supporting the truss.

Wheat thieves are at work among the farmers in this and adjoining counties. Guard the granaries well, and shoot the villians down, if they can't be caught in any other way. So says the Jackson Citizen.

Besides the summer fallows and early sorn ground, a large amount of stubble land is being turned over and sowed to wheat, on account of the seeding not catching during the dry weather. This will make a large acreage of wheat in the county for next year's crop. Clover is the favorite variety with the farmers, if not with the millers.

The Washtenaw county fair is to be held on the grounds of the agricultural and horticultural society, commencing October 30th. Judging from the efforts that are being put forth by those having the matter in charge, and the encouragement they have already received, it promises to excel any previous exhibitions of the kind ever held in this county. Merchants, business men, everybody should wake up and lend a helping hand.—[Democrat.

Hundreds of people love to read the news and papers, but are too poor to subscribe and pay for them, or have a piano where these papers are sold, in this place, we will receive subscriptions at the following rates:

Papers	1 year	6 mos.	3 mos.
Detroit Free Press	3 00	1 75	1 00
Detroit Tribune	3 00	1 75	1 00
Detroit Post and Tribune	3 00	1 75	1 00
Detroit Evening News	3 00	1 75	1 00
Detroit Evening Journal	3 00	1 75	1 00
Detroit Evening Post	3 00	1 75	1 00
Detroit Daily Times	3 00	1 75	1 00
Detroit Daily Union	3 00	1 75	1 00
Detroit Daily Democrat	3 00	1 75	1 00
Detroit Daily Tribune	3 00	1 75	1 00
Detroit Daily

News of the Week.

Almost Deserted.

Cetywayo, the Zulu King, had but twenty-three followers when captured.

The Crusaders.

The temperance crusade in motion three or four years ago, has revived in Charlestown, Ind.

St. Louis Exposition.

The St. Louis Exposition opened on the 22d, under very favorable prospects.

Wages to be Advanced.

On and after October 1, the wages of workmen at Fall River are to be advanced 10 per cent.

Spreading.

The fever is reported spreading across the river at Memphis. At Concordia it is said to exist in the most malignant form.

Going Up.

Wheat advanced four cents in Chicago on the 18th inst. The sure advance in this cereal is attributed to the foreign demand.

Yellow Fever at Concordia.

News from Concordia, Mississippi, report the fever spreading. Although a small village, the death rate has almost reached that of Memphis.

The Emancipation Proclamation.

The seventeenth anniversary of the emancipation proclamation (September 22) was celebrated by the colored people at many points in the North.

Caught at Last.

John T. Sharp, who a short time ago murdered Elder Benjamin, near McAuthor, has finally been captured. He has been living in a dense undergrowth of bushes for two weeks or more.

Fall River Troubles.

Great excitement is prevailing at Fall River over an attempt made by the strikers to murder an officer named Townsend, while in the discharge of his duties.

Domestic Tragedy.

The details of a horrible domestic tragedy comes from the interior of Wisconsin. A husband killed his wife and babe while they were asleep, and then shot himself. No cause has been assigned for the deed.

Kentucky's Bonanza.

The report comes from Cynthiana, Kentucky, that while workmen were engaged digging a well, eight miles from that place, they "struck a copious vein of oil seven feet from the surface." As a consequence, great excitement prevails over the "find."

Terrible Boiler Explosion.

From Nashville, Tenn., comes the report of the explosion of a twenty-five horse-power boiler in a slaughter-house. Scarcely anything could be found of Frank Duffy, a lad nineteen years old. Several others were seriously, and, perhaps, fatally injured.

Texas Style.

A rough named Jack Gilstrap, at Buffalo Gap, Texas, was swinging his navy around, swearing he would shoot where he pleased. Throwing it over his shoulder, he shot behind him at random, the ball going clean through Bob. Smiley's head and through the wall into the street.

Gloomy Accounts from Cashmere.

A dispatch from Calcutta says the reports from Cashmere are still very gloomy. A ghastly story has been going the rounds of the papers that two boatloads of famine-stricken people were taken out into the lake and drowned.

Attempted Assassination.

News comes from South Carolina, of the attempted assassination of Postmaster Nix, jr., at Blackville, by a notorious ruffian named Williams, while the former was searching for a letter for him. The authorities refused to make any arrest.

Jail Delivery.

Chillicothe, Ohio, has a new jail which cost the county $50,000. The prisoners—eleven in number—sawed off the bars at the bottom of an iron door, where they met the Deputy Sheriff, knocked him down and escaped. A majority of them were recaptured the same day of the occurrence.

German in the Schools.

The Germans and anti-Germans at St. Louis are having a spirited war with regard to German in the schools. The school board seems to be of the opinion that to merely learn to read the German language is sufficient, while it would appear, the German element want a full German course.

Typho-Malarial Fever Epidemic.

A correspondent writing from Corydon, Ind., says: "There is so great a prevalence of typho-malarial fever in this town and vicinity that the disease is almost epidemic. Six deaths have already occurred, and there are a number sick who are considered past recovery.

Death of Rev. J. P. Thompson.

A cablegram from Berlin says: "Rev. Mr. Thompson, oldest member of the American Colony here, died to-day, of apoplexy." It will be remembered that a short time ago the Rev. J. P. Thompson's name was connected with that of a Mrs. DeLand in a scandal, and it is said that that cruel report was one of the chief causes of his death.

Massachusetts Republicans.

The Republicans of Massachusetts in convention nominated Long for Governor by acclamation. The balance of the ticket nominated is as follows: For Lieutenant Governor, Byron Weston; Attorney General, Geo. Mason; Auditor, Chas. R. Ladd; Secretary of State, Henry B. Pierce; Treasurer and Receiver, Charles Endicott.

A Holy War.

A cablegram says: A correspondent at Ali Kheyl reports that an important embassy has arrived from the Ameer of Afghanistan, bringing assurances of his fidelity. A holy war is being preached in the Khost Valley and among the Mongols. Great preparations are being made by the rebels, and a vigorous resistance may be expected at Cabul.

Georgia Impeachments.

Impeachments and disfranchisements are in process at Atlanta, Ga. Comptroller Goldsmith has been convicted of impropriety in office and impeached, the verdict going so far as to state that he can neither vote or hold office again in Georgia. The trial of Treasurer Renfroe follows in order, to be succeeded by several others.

Accident to a Schooner at Chicago.

The Tug C. W. Parker, while towing the schooner S. A. Wood to Evanston, burst her boiler off Lincoln Park. The following were killed: Robert Leshey, captain; John Callaghan, engineer; Peter Rogers, fireman, and William Burton, cook. The only man on the tug who survived was William McGuire, deckhand, and he was badly injured.

A Disgusting Crime by Tramps.

A correspondent at Ft. Wayne, Ind., says: "Seven tramps were arrested here on the charge of committing a terrible outrage on a boy named Armstrong, who is in a frightful condition, being badly mutilated and unable to walk. He gives his name as Armstrong, and says his home is in Howard City, Michigan. The details of the case are most disgusting.

Mysterious Disappearance.

James Redpath, well known throughout the country as manager of Redpath's Elysian Night Amusement and Literary Bureau, of New York, after complaining several days of the most severe pains in the head, suddenly disappeared on the 8th inst., since which time he has not been heard from. It is feared he has become insane, and perhaps committed some rash act.

Indians Don't Like Farming.

The Ute Indians, who, some time since, upon being consigned sufficient territory for the purpose, determined to earn their bread by the sweat of the brow, is finally submitting to their inherent characteristic, laziness, and those of the white race adjacent to them, manifest the greatest uneasiness. The Utes declare now they will not farm, and have commenced their stealing from the industrious whites.

Terrible Tight-Rope Tragedy.

A special from Ogden City, Utah, states that while Professor Megginson was walking a tight rope across the street, fifty feet high, carrying his assistant, aged fourteen years, he lost his balance and let the lad drop. The poor boy whirled through the air and struck the pavement with a heavy thud. He lived only a few hours. Megginson caught the rope and saved himself. The boy's name is William Allen, said to be a runaway son of the City Marshal of Junction City, Kansas.

Sherman on Grant.

A telegram from Chicago says: General Sherman says that he has been in regular correspondence with the General during his entire trip around the world. When asked if he thought Grant would accept the nomination for President, he said he was positive Grant would not, unless he saw the Republican party divided on candidates and in danger of defeat, while his acceptance would insure unity and the success of the party. He did not think Grant craves a third term, nor in the least desired it.

Brutality at Fall River.

The strikers at Fall River have proven themselves to be little better than brutes. A number of French families were brought to Fall River by the proprietors of the cotton mills, and put to work. While four men and their families, all of whom were working in the mill, were passing from their home to the mill, they were assaulted by the strikers. Several of the male members were severely beaten, and one woman, with a babe in her arms, was knocked down and brutally kicked. The whole party were roughly stoned.

The Fever Abating.

The continued cooler weather has materially affected the yellow fever ravage. For the past few days the situation has looked decidedly encouraging. Those who become sick, for the most part, recover, the per cent. of deaths growing constantly less. The rigid quarantine regulations in consequence, exhibit signs of relaxation at an early day. Yet, to prevent a new outbreak, the board of health of Memphis have published a circular stating that refugees who have not had the fever in former years will not be permitted to return for the present. Total number of cases in Memphis to date, 1,216; total number of deaths, 364.

The Ameer of Afganistan.

The Ameer feels thankful for the interest the British have taken in suppressing the rebellion in his country. In reply to the Viceroy of India, who notified him that a "strong British force will march speedily on Cubul," he says: "I have already written to say that for the past eight days, I have preserved myself and family by the good offices of those who were friendly to me, and also partly by bribes partly by deceiving the rebels. Certain persons of high position in these provinces have become rebellious. I am watching every quarter carefully. I trust to God for an opportunity of showing my sincere friendship for the British government and of securing my good name before the world."

A Punishment Well Deserved.

At Martinsville, Ind., a murder has occurred that, if the particulars given leading to the crime are correct, is a deservedly merited punishment. A drunken man named Flora Fiutz a year ago ruined the sister of one Lenanear, of which, it is said, he often took occasion to boast in Lenanear's presence. The other night, thinking his brutal persecutions had not been dastardly enough, it is said he tried to pick a quarrel with Lenanear, failing in which, he followed him and began throwing stones. Lenanear, provoked beyond endurance, turned finally and shot at his assailant five times, four of the shots taking effect. Popular sympathy is with Lenanear.

Paying for a Dead Husband.

Warren Tate, who some time ago became involved in a difficulty with Wm. Love, at Indianapolis, and provoked beyond endurance, after being struck in the face, finally killed Love, has just settled the matter up. A writer says: "Warren Tate has settled the suit against him brought by Mrs. Wm. Love for the killing of her husband, by paying $2,500 and releasing a mortgage of $1,500 he had on her property for money loaned to the deceased. Under the statute the widow could have recovered $5,000 at the least. Tate took this course rather than litigate the matter, in which event he could have left the case unsettled for years."

Labor Troubles in England.

News by cable report that the labor troubles in England are increasing. Among the mill operatives there is not the least indication of a settlement of the present strike. The Bedford new mills at Leigh have been closed, and 700 operatives rendered idle. The Preston Spinning and Manufacturing Company, running 45,000 spindles and 700 looms, have commenced to run on the short-time system. At Mossley the number of the strikers is increasing daily, and by the end of the week it is expected that, with two exceptions, every mill in the district will be closed. Quite a panic has been started in Glossop by the announcement that the Summers Mills, employing 3,000 hands, will shortly be closed. The Wood Brothers' Mills, employing an equal number of hands, are about to start running on short time. As Glossop is entirely dependent upon the cotton trade, all classes of the community express the greatest concern regarding the condition of affairs.

Advance in the Markets.

Ill luck in the productive industry in foreign lands, invariably redound to America's great good fortune, and while the foreigner is bewailing his sad lot, we in America are making merry and reaping the benefit of his loss. For two weeks past, the markets have been scarcely steadily on the increase, but rather has it gone up by jumps and rapid strides. On the 20th of September, the following quotation came from Chicago:

November wheat rose from 99¾c. to $1 02⅞, and closed at nearly the outside figures. Corn went up nearly a cent. Oats a half cent, rye a half cent, barley a cent. Pork about twenty cents, lard, five cents, and bulk meats were steady and firm." The report further says: "The heavy advance in prices all around this week in this market may be seen at a glance, when it is noticed that for the October option, the rise has been as follows: on wheat from 73½c. to $1 03¾, corn, 41c. to 47½c, oats, 24c to 25½c, pork, $8 25 to $8 80, lard, 5.72c to 6.20c."

Damages to the Tobacco Crop.

A special from Rockport, Ind., to a Cincinnati daily, says that a trip through the southern counties of Indiana—Spencer, Warwick, Vanderburg, Posey, Knox, Pike and Dubois—that grow more tobacco than all the balance of the state of Indiana, it is observed that the rains of the past three weeks have damaged the tobacco crop of these counties from twenty to twenty five per cent., and in some localities even to a greater extent, nearly entire fields being ruined. It is also noticeable that an almost equal loss has fallen upon the crop from the same cause in the counties of Henderson, Davies, Hancock, Beckinridge and Meade, in Kentucky. Tobacco is the chief crop in many of these counties, and consequently the loss will fall heavily upon the farmers. A great deal of damage has also been done in many localities to the growing corn crop, the heavy rains and accompanying winds of the first part of this month and the latter part of August laying the stalks flat upon the ground, where they are rotting. In all these counties, and indeed through out all Southern Indiana, a greater acreage is being sown to wheat than ever before.

Grant's Return Home.

The ovation extended to General Grant, on his arrival at San Francisco, on the steamship City of Tokio, is perhaps unsurpassed in the history of any man however great and of whatever nation. The entire city of San Francisco was brilliantly decorated and ablaze with electric lights and the display of fire works. The ringing of bells, the rolley of cannon, and the cheer upon cheer that rent the air as the City of Tokio neared her moorings is said to have been deafening. A procession numbering hundreds of carriages while thousands were on foot carrying red, white and blue torches, made up the grand pageant. Everything was enthusiasm and confusion, and laughable as it may seem, Kearney's followers who, for a time, entertained the proposition to hang Grant in effigy upon his arrival, took an important part in the ovation. Grant sailed from Philadelphia for Liverpool on the 17th day of May, 1877, and hence has been absent from the American continent two years and a little over four months. It is said over 15,000 persons were present on the various steamers that went out to meet him by invitation of the committee, besides those present on private steamers and tugs. Grant had received no papers bearing later date than May, hence his anxiety to know the news from his own country. He made but few inquiries regarding politics, and is not a candidate for the Presidency. He laughingly said that he doubted if his former fellow-townsmen would not elect him Mayor of Galena.

The Last Terrible Holocaust.

The particulars of the burning of the tenement house in Boston, seem to add to, rather than diminish, the magnitude of the horror. Of the number of families who occupied the building, it is reported that an old couple on the first floor made their escape, and were not heard of during the night. The Gillespie family escaped, with the exception of the wife and mother. The latter, fifty years old, might have escaped by walking six feet, but became bewildered, and swooned within her room. She was found by the firemen in an apparently dying condition, and was taken to the station with the other victims of the fire. Her injuries are terrible burns, external and internal. Rose Pfeifer, aged twenty-three, was found in the hall of the second floor. Mrs. Pfeifer and two children jumped from the window, and were but slightly hurt, but Pfeifer, the father, was lost. Meroth, on the third floor, lifted his son Charles, aged fourteen, out of the window, and allowed him to jump to the ground, a distance of forty feet, then instructed his wife and daughter Rosie, to jump, which they did. Last of all, he himself jumped to the ground, and in falling, met instant death. Mrs. Meroth is at the City Hospital, with fractures of both legs and one arm, and her face bruised beyond recognition. The daughter, Rosie, sustained no serious injury, but Charles is badly hurt. Heldreid took his wife to the roof, and then went down stairs, where he was caught by the flames and burned probably fatally. Mrs. Heldreid's body, charred beyond recognition, was found on the roof. Charles Heldreid, the son, is at the hospital internally injured from jumping to the ground, and with an arm broken.

The Hanging of Guetig—His Crime.

Perhaps one of the coolest and most deliberate murders ever committed was that of the killing of Miss McGlew by Louis Guetig, at Indianapolis, on the 19th of September, of last year. Miss McGlew was a dining-room girl at the Spencer House, in that city, which was kept by Guetig's uncle. Guetig, then but eighteen years old, was also in the employ of the Spencer House, as clerk. He fell desperately in love with Miss McGlew, much to the displeasure of his uncle, who, to break off the intimacy, discharged her from his service. Guetig began drinking, and subsequently thinking to reinstate the girl would break off this vile habit, she was again given employment. Guetig quit drinking for the time being and was again accepted as a lover by Miss McGlew but his good resolution was only temporary. He began drinking again, shortly and it was said, became so dissolute in his habits that, to preserve her good name, Miss McGlew refused to regard him longer as a suitor. At this he became enraged and began a system of "drunken persecutions." On the fatal night on which the murder occurred, he met Miss McGlew in company with two other girls in a yard attached to the Spencer House, and walking up to her said "Are you ready to make me the promise I've wanted so long?" and drew a revolver in a threatening manner. She cried out: "I promise you anything," when he began firing at her, emptying the five chambers of his revolver. The first shot took effect through her left cheek, when she fell on her knees immediately before her. But, deaf to her entreaties, he continued firing, the second ball entering her abdomen, the third severing the jugular vein, the fourth entering the thigh of Katy Collins, and the last shot going into the lifeless brain of Miss McGlew. Guetig was at once arrested. He assumed the air of a bravado and coolly declared: "I intended to kill her and I am glad I did it. I expect to be hung, and I don't care a damn." His execution took place at 12:05 in the court yard, at Indianapolis, on the 19th inst.—one year from the day of the murder—in the presence of several thousand persons. He read a set speech after which, he smiled disdainfully and laid the paper aside, indicating, as he did so, his readiness. The noose was adjusted and the drop sprung. It is said that he has contended all along that something would occur, before the trap was sprung, to prevent his hanging—but nothing occurred. His neck was broken by the fall, and life was pronounced extinct in fourteen minutes.

THE *Saturday Review* says that the frugality and quickness of intellect of the Welsh often secure them advancement and prosperity, especially in retail trade; and yet it is odd that no Welshman ever attained, in any walk of life, the highest order of eminence.

BRIDGEWATER, Ct., seems to be the one town in the country whose name has reference to the prevailing features. It has seventy-five bridges within its limits.

The Markets.

CINCINNATI.—Flour—Winter family, $4 75@5 15; fancy, $5 25@5 50; patent, $5 75@7 10; spring, $5@5 50; extra, $4 15@4 40; superfine, $3 25@3 75. Rye flour, $3 15@3 35. GRAIN—Wheat—Choice white $1 05@1 05. Choice red $1 03½@1 04 on track and at the river, and $1 02 in sacks. Red and amber $1 03, and choice amber $1 04 on track. No. 2 amber is quotable at $1 02, and No. 2 red at $1 02½@1 03. Good red $1 00. Inferior lots are quotable at 97c. Corn—No. 2 mixed shelled 37@37½c. Pure white shelled 48c. Mixed ear is quotable at 39@40c, and yellow at 40@42c. Rye—No. 2 is held in elevator at 50c; other lots are at 55@57c on track, and sample lots are quoted 60@65c. Oats—No. 2 mixed are quoted at 26c. No. 2 red at 27½@28c. Good to choice white oats are quoted at 29@30c, and extra No. 3 at 26@27c. Barley—No. 2 is quotable at 80@85c; extra No. 3 at 70@75c, and No. 4 at 60@65c. Spring is quotable at 50@55c. Hay—Good to fine timothy $17@18 50 per ton. Mess pork, $8 50@9 00. Lard, prime steam, 5.85c. Cotton, 10⅞@11c.

NEW YORK.—Flour—Superfine State and Western, $4 00@4 50; common to good extra Western and State, $4 50@4 75; good to choice do, $4 75@5 25; superfine Southern, $4 50@5 00; common to good extra Ohio, $4 75@5 25; common to good extra Western and State, $4 50@5 25; choice do do, $5 25@6 50; superfine Minnesota, $4 50@5 00; common to good extra Minnesota, $4 75@5 25; common to choice St. Louis extra family, $4 60@6 00; Minnesota patent process, good to prime and choice to double extra, $6 00@7 15. GRAIN—Wheat—No. 3 spring, $1 06@1 07; No. 2 Northwestern spring, $1 16@1 17; ungraded spring, $1 03@1 10; ungraded winter red Western, $1 06@1 12; No. 3 winter red, $1 12@1 13; No. 2 winter red Western, $1 16@1 19; ungraded amber, $1 16@1 17½; No. 2 amber, $1 16@1 18; No. 1 amber $1 18; mixed winter red Western, $1 16@1 18; ungraded white, $1 15@1 16½; No. 2 white, $1 15; No. 2 white $1 17½. Rye, No. 2 Western and State, 65c. Barley, common Western, 70c. Corn, ungraded mixed, 50@52c; steamer white, 52c. Oats, 34@36c. Lard, prime steam, 6.25@6.32½c. Cotton, 12⅛@12½c.

PHILADELPHIA.—Flour—Minnesota extra family, medium, $4 75; and choice to family, $5 75. Ohio extra family, new wheat, $5 25; winter wheat, Minnesota patent process, $6 00; spring wheat Minnesota patent process, $6 37½. Rye flour, $5 50. GRAIN—Wheat, rejected Western, $1 06@1 18; No. 2 Western red, on track, $1 13½. Corn, steamer Western, on track, 51@52c; Western mixed, on track, 49½@51c; yellow Western, on track, 51½@52c. Oats, musty and stained Western, 30@31c; white Western, 32@34c. Lard, Western tierce, 6@6½c.

LOUISVILLE.—Flour—Extra, $4; extra family, $4 A No. 1, $5; fancy, $5 25@5 50; patent, $6 50@7 50. GRAIN—Wheat, new red and amber, inferior to choice, 96c. Corn, white and yellow, 45c; mixed, 42c. Oats, white, 27c; mixed, 25½c. Rye, new, 56c. Hay, common to choice, $11@13 per ton. Mess pork, old, $10. Lard, choice leaf, in tierce, 8c; choice in kegs, 8½c. Cotton, 11½c.

INDIANAPOLIS.—Grain—Wheat, No. 2 red winter, new, 99c@$1. Corn, new Western mixed, 54c. Oats, No. 2 white Western, 25@25½. Bulk Meats—Green shoulders, 3.20c; clear rib sides, 4.75c. Lard, prime steam, current make, 5.70c. Sweet pickled hams, 7@8c, per lb. Hogs, good to choice, $3@3 80.

STOCK MARKETS.

CINCINNATI.—Beef Cattle—Common, 1½@2c; fair to medium, 2½@3½c; good to choice but her grades, 3@3½c; fair to good shippers, 3½@4 60c; fair to good dairy cows, $30@45 00; fair to good heavy oxen, 2½@3½c; fair to good Texas and Cherokees, 2½@3½c; common to fair stockers, 2@2½c, and good feeders, 3½@3½c. Hogs—Common, $2 75@3 00; fair to good light, $3 50@3 75; with the supply short of the demand; fair to good packing grades, $3 60@3 80, and selected butchers' qualities, $3 80@3 85; fair to good stockers, $2 75@3 00. Sheep—Common to fair, 2½@3½c, and good to choice, 3½@4½c, and fair to good stockers, 2½@3½c, per lb. gross. Lambs—Common to fair, 4½@5½c, and good to choice, 5½@6c, per lb. gross.

NEW YORK.—Beef Cattle—Native sides, 7½@10½c; Texas sides, 6½@8c. Sheep and Lambs—Market steady at 4 50@5 00 per lb. for sheep, and 4 @5 62½c. lambs, but sales were made mainly of fair to good sheep at 5c, and fair to good lambs at 4½@5½c, per lb. Hogs—Prices nominally quoted at $4 50@5 00.

EAST LIBERTY, PA.—Beef Cattle—Extra cattle scarce at $4 75@5 per 100 lbs. Sales made of fair to good cattle at $4 25@4 75; common, $3@3 85 per 100 lbs. Hogs—Sales made of Yorkers at $3 60@3 75 per 100 lbs.; Philadelphia hogs, $3 80@3 90. Sheep—Selling at $3@4 50 per 100 lbs.; extra export sheep, $4 50.

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