



Manchester Enterprise

Has a large circulation among Merchants, Mechanics, Manufacturers, Farmers and Families generally in the village of Manchester, Chelsea, Saline, Clinton, N. Y., Brooklyn, Napoleon, Grass Lake, and all adjoining towns.

TERMS: \$1.50 Per Year, in Advance.

One Copy, 5¢ monthly, 4¢ cents; Three months, 12¢ cents; One month, 4¢ cents.

Desirable Medium for Advertisers.

Rates made known upon application.

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meets on the first and third Monday of each month, at the school house.

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The Story Teller

THE BELL OF ZANORA.

A SPANISH TALE.

The merry sun was setting behind the Marston hills.

The fields were warm and golden.

Across the little valley where lay the Spanish town.

The young sun's last blessing—a glory floated down.

Amid the fields the peasants drove in the grazing kine.

And faintly came a tinkling as the golden peace of the peaceful line.

Upon the bright convent, a ruin old and gray.

Toward upward, and its shadow across the valley lay.

Before the crumbling ruin, prone on the scanty grass.

A boy of twenty summers watched the bright glory pass.

The light was on duty, and oft about him scanned.

Zanora feared the coming of the robber Gonzal.

Of Gomez, fierce and heartless, the terror of the land.

Whose name made women shudder and bravest men grow pale.

First of the summer, that Gomez there would come.

And sack the peaceful hamlet struck stoutest hearts and souls.

The peasants, armed with pitchforks, the women with knives and prayer.

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with the air of a man who is talking for the sake of keeping up a conversation.

All the while, as scanning Jack's miserable face with very keen eyes.

"Which way are you going?" he inquired, abruptly.

"To the Club," replied Jack, moving off.

"You are going back to the city, I suppose."

"I will walk with you," said Mr. Bligh, turning on his heel.

"I should like to have a chat with you. Between us, we may be able to set things straight."

Mr. Bligh had a confident tone and manner, which on ordinary occasions irritated Jack very much, but which, in his present frame of mind, sent a momentary ray of hope through his bosom.

Nothing was further from his thoughts than the idea of seeking the assistance of his rival in the difficulties which encompassed him, but he instinctively jumped at the prospect of a practical suggestion, just as the drowning man will clutch at a straw.

He secretly entertained rather an exaggerated notion of Mr. Bligh's tact and shrewdness, holding the unsophisticated who had amassed a fortune by energy and enterprise, was the personification of worldly wisdom.

Mr. Bligh passed his arm through Jack's with unaccustomed familiarity, but did not immediately continue the conversation.

Jack was naturally reticent about his affairs with a comparative stranger, and consequently nothing was said on the subject until they were both seated in a corner of the smoking room of the Phoenix Club, which at that hour and on such a day was completely deserted.

"Well, Mr. Howard, what is the figure?" inquired Bligh, cheerfully, as he lit a cigar.

Jack looked at his companion with a puzzled expression. He could not conceive the motive of his sudden friendliness, yet he knew him sufficiently well to feel sure that he was not actuated by pure benevolence.

It was rumored that Mr. Porter Bligh had made a good deal of his money in unscrupulous ways, though no definite charge had ever been proved against him.

But he looked so much as if it was impossible for him to believe what was said about him by envious persons; and as Jack gazed upon the bold, handsome features, the neatly arranged gray hair and whiskers, and the sedate attitude of his rival, he was seized with a feeling of remorse at having doubted his integrity and questioned his good nature.

"It is really very kind of you, Mr. Bligh, to interest yourself about me," said Jack.

"Don't mention it. I am always pleased to do a turn to a friend when I can," said Mr. Bligh, in an off-hand way.

"Now, how much would you require to enable you to settle up at Fatterson's on Monday?"

Jack named a sum which caused Mr. Bligh to give a loud whistle, for not anticipating that his rival contemplated offering his pecuniary aid, he did not attempt to conceal the magnitude of his liabilities.

Mr. Bligh seemed quite taken aback by the amount, and sat silent for some minutes, reviewing his shapely finger nails with a meditative air, while Jack wondered what was passing in his mind.

Presently he said, without looking up: "How much can you get?"

"Nothing," said Jack, dejectedly; "at least, nothing that would assist me. I might raise a few hundreds, perhaps."

"Won't your uncle shell out the Baronet, I mean?"

"My quarrel long ago," said Jack.

"He married to spite you, I've heard, and he's now a ruined man."

Jack's face flushed, for it was not pleasant to be reminded that he was the son of a ruined man.

Mr. Bligh, with a laugh, said: "You are a good fellow, but you are not a business man."

"You are right, Spicer misprout for me," said Jack, with a sigh.

"No one at shipping office suspects identity."

"I should explain," interrupted Mr. Trevelyan, while Jack was reading the morning paper, which he had brought with him.

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"I have got until Monday, you know."

"It is one of my conditions that you start to-morrow," returned Mr. Bligh, with decision.

"You can accept the terms or leave them. As regards the note of hand," he added, jotting down a few words on the back of an envelope and handing it to Jack, "that is my suggestion."

"I have nothing to say to this, of course," remarked Jack, fairly staggered by the enormous premium which was added to the debt.

"Is there any prospect, then, of my being repaid?" asked Mr. Bligh innocently.

"I can't say there is at present," replied Jack, "though, if I accept your offer, it shall be the aim of my life to repay you. I don't object at all to this, but I am sorry to say—"

"Don't be hasty, Mr. Howard," interrupted Mr. Bligh, rising from his seat and looking at his watch.

"Think it over, and let me hear from you any day, or your difficulties will be the better for you. If not, call upon me at my office at eleven o'clock to-morrow."

"Very well," said Jack, doubtfully, "I will come if—"

"If you are wise," interrupted Mr. Bligh, playfully. "Well, good bye, until we meet again."

Left to himself, Jack pondered long and anxiously over Mr. Bligh's startling proposition, and though his impulse was to refuse the offer, he wavered when he thought of the alternative.

The young man did not shrink from going abroad and commencing life afresh in the new world, for such now appeared to be the inevitable fate under any circumstances.

But he had not the idea of leaving behind him a ruined reputation, and bringing disgrace on his old regiment by failing to meet his obligations.

On the other hand, he felt that by agreeing to Mr. Bligh's terms he would be guilty of the meanness of treating Maud Trevelyan's love for him as a subject of bargain and sale.

His whole nature rebelled at the idea of such an act, the more especially as he fully reciprocated the young lady's flattering regard.

It was quite true that all hope of gaining her hand must now be definitely abandoned, but he resolved that the sacrifice he was bound in honor and from necessity to make should not be tainted by a suspicion of interested motives.

Jack Howard did not arrive at this determination until after many hours' bitter reflection.

The night had run into the small hours of the morning before he retired to rest, and he seemed hardly to have closed his eyes when he awoke from a troubled sleep to find his man standing by the bedside saying that a gentleman wished to see him.

"What Mr. Trevelyan, by Jove!" exclaimed Jack, as he glanced at the card that was handed to him.

Evidently the old boy had heard that I have come to grief, and has determined to lose no time in sending me to the right-about."

Well, I suppose I can't blame him for looking after his daughter's interest, but I think he might have given me credit for being able to do the right thing."

Nevertheless the young man, resolved, while performing a hurried toilet, to be forcible and considerate to Maud's father, whatever he might say, and to receive his dismissal in a proper spirit of humility.

"I must apologize for keeping you waiting, Mr. Trevelyan," he said, on entering the study.

"The fact is, I expected myself."

"Don't mention it, my dear Howard," replied the old gentleman, rising from his seat.

"This almost a sin to disturb anyone at this early hour. My excuse is that I have a matter of importance to present you."

Maud insisted on my coming, and she said, 'I have heard that you are in a bad way, and I thought I would see you before it was too late.'

Mr. Trevelyan's tone and manner were less pompous and consequential than usual, and evinced a sort of guarded cordiality.

No doubt he had heard of the young man's fresh troubles, but even in that case his demeanor was unaccountably civil.

Jack could not help feeling that the old gentleman, knowing how the old gentleman would change his tone.

"I expect I have come on a fool's errand," said Mr. Trevelyan, adjusting his gold eye-glasses and searching in his coat pocket, "but Maud was inexorable. She said she would come herself if I didn't, so I chose the lesser evil. Oblige me, Mr. Howard, by looking at that."

He handed Jack a telegram as he spoke, and watched him rather anxiously while he read.

The dispatch bore the previous day's date, and was addressed by a Mr. James Stone, of Liverpool, to Mr. Porter Bligh, London. It ran thus:

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bound passenger steamer, the Good Samaritan, on the voyage from Liverpool to Canada.

No details were given, but a list of the passengers and crew of the ill-fated vessel was appended, and among the names appeared the names of Mr. and Mrs. Spicer and two children.

"It is my poor uncle and his family, without doubt," exclaimed Jack, turning pale.

"Then allow me to congratulate you, my dear Howard," said Mr. Trevelyan, darting forward and grasping his hand effusively.

"I do not, of course, refer to the melancholy event, but to your altered prospects. You will not, I am sure, misunderstand my motive in hurrying to you with the news. Maud insisted on my coming immediately, because, for some reason or other, she got an idea that you might be leaving England suddenly without hearing the news."

"Probably should. In fact, it was on the cards that I might have started for Australia to-day, in which case I should not have had time for months."

Jack, recalling to mind his interview with Mr. Bligh, and when he recollected all the stipulations, including the proposed note of hand, he perceived that Mr. Porter Bligh was a very astute individual.

It was curious to notice distinctions in naval warfare between lawful and unlawful methods, similar to those conspicuous on land.

Such projectiles as bits of iron-ore, pointed shells, or glass, are excluded from the list of things that may be used in good war, and the declaration of St. Petersburg condemns explosive bullets as much on one element as on the other.

Unfounded charges of one belligerent against another are, however, always liable to bring the illicit method into actual use on both sides under the pretext of reprisals, as we see in the following order of the day, issued at Brest by the French Vice Admiral, Marshal Comans, (Nov. 8, 1879):

"It is absolutely contrary to the law of nations to make bad war, and to shoot at the enemy, who must always be fought according to the rules of honor, with the arms generally employed by polite nations. Yet some captains have complained that the English have used such weapons against them. It is therefore, on these complaints, and with an extreme reluctance, that I have been resolved to embark on the shells on the line of the line, but it is expressly forbidden to use them unless the enemy begins. So the English in their turn charged the French with making bad war. The wound received by Nelson at Aboukir, on the forehead, was attributed to a piece of iron or a lancehead shot."

And the words that the English used in the battle of the Nile were: 'The English used such weapons against them. It is therefore, on these complaints, and with an extreme reluctance, that I have been resolved to embark on the shells on the line of the line, but it is expressly forbidden to use them unless the enemy begins. So the English in their turn charged the French with making bad war. The wound received by Nelson at Aboukir, on the forehead, was attributed to a piece of iron or a lancehead shot.'

On the next lower plane is found the salesman, who makes a public demonstration of his business capacity, but freezes to a customer with a pertinacity born of despair.

He will give better bargains than any other man possibly can, but the truth which he holds in the hollow of his hand, as it were, is so large that he can sell goods cheaper to one other living individual. And in this limited sphere is displayed the business qualification of a salesman.

When we get down to the book-keeper or cashier, there is very little to say beyond a few words, mystifyingly phrased, which, upon the minutest examination, he holds himself in the obscurity of his minor position.

Last scene of all reveals the proprietor, who appears of too little importance to merit further notice.

Hard and Soft Water.

You often hear of water for household purposes being called "hard" and "soft."

The reason why some waters, especially spring water, are "hard" is owing to the mineral matters dissolved in them.

These mineral matters, which are called "hard" because it is nearly free of solid matter. The reason you have such an uncomfortable wash and shave this morning at your friend's house is owing to the water being largely charged with lime and magnesia.

When the soap is rubbed between the palms in water of this description, the steady and

the oil of the soap compounds lime and magnesia, and forms compounds which the water cannot dissolve; and hence the provoking curdliness you observe. For the latter to be a perfect one, complete solution of the constituents of the soap must take place, and in pure water this would be the case. But some waters are permanently hard, while some are only temporarily so.

Permanent hardness is caused when the water is charged with sulphate of lime and magnesia, and temporary hardness by carbonate of lime and magnesia.

Pure water dissolves the sulphates, but not the carbonates. They hold the carbonates to be in the water at all. The reason is this: All natural waters, and especially spring and well water, contain more or less free carbonic acid gas in a state of solution.

When this gas is charged, are capable of dissolving the carbonates; but whenever this gas is expelled from the water, say by boiling it, the carbonates are at once deposited; and this accounts for the incrustation in the kettle, and when this takes place the water becomes quite soft.

The boiling does not effect the sulphates to any degree in this way in water that is permanently "hard." Temporarily hard water can be made soft by more means than boiling alone.

If a tubful of it is stirred up with a little "saleratus" and allowed to settle, in the morning there will be a white deposit at the bottom of the tub, and the water will be found to be quite "soft," because the lime and magnesia have been precipitated, and the whole of the carbonates will become deposited, in virtue of their insolubility in water without this gas.

For drinking purposes, rain water, after being passed through a charcoal filter to remove the organic matter it contains, is the most wholesome for adults. The general objection is its tastelessness. A touch of salt will remedy this. For the young, however, solid matter in the water, of the right kind, such as lime and magnesia, is good, as these go to build up the bony structures of the child.

Getting Rid of Sheep-Killing Dogs.

This is the way a sound-headed Virginia farmer got rid of sheep-killing dogs after having had twenty or more killed and worried as reported by a correspondent.

He piled the twenty dead sheep carcasses in a heap, built a close rail fence about them, and smiled a quiet smile.

The fence was made so as to form a sort of a half covering over the mutton, in shape like an Esquimaux hut, with a hole at the top, so that any kind of a dog could run to the outside and jump in, no possible dog could ever jump in.

The next morning the granger strolled out to the trap with a shot gun and killed the suspected cur.

But he let the trap remain and repeated his strolls until he had shot 46 dogs, and our contemporary adds there is not now a bark to be heard in all the town.

Female Pugilists in England.

A brutal scene took place behind the corporation gas works, Middleborough, yesterday morning.

Two women quarreled, and the better pugilist agreed to fight for the supremacy.

There was a large attendance of men and women at the time specified, who formed a ring. The conditions of the fight were that there was to be no pulling of hair, kicking or scratching, but that the affair was to be a fair and square display of fist-fu.

The women stripped to the waist, directed themselves of their ear-rings, hair-pins, and finger-rings, and after shaking hands in regular pugilistic fashion, the encounter commenced.

At the first round both women buried their hands in each other's hair, and at the conclusion of the third round—the various rounds being timed by a man—the victor succeeded in blacking each other's eyes, and their faces were covered with bruises.

At the conclusion of the fight the victorious female went up to the other woman and asked her to acknowledge that she was the better woman. This was readily done and the fight terminated. There were no police present and the victorious party moved off home amid a crowd of onlookers.

A fight between women occurred in Albert road shortly afterwards, and in this instance one woman caused blood to flow pretty freely from her antagonist's nose.

—London Globe.

Errand Boy to Proprietor.

It is wonderful to what a height of business knowledge a young American lad will reach with a short experience.

An errand boy of a few months' experience will talk more glibly of his "house" and its business operations than will any number of his

various. He will tell of the big sales of the money being made, of how they "got away" with a rival house and of other important matters in a manner calculated to impress one with the idea that what he doesn't know about business isn't worth knowing.

He will use the house's letter paper for writing his notes and proudly sign his name with "Little Big & Co." He thus adds dignity to his request for picture cards, advertising photographs, etc. After the errand boy loses most of his knowledge, there may remain a chance of future improvement.

Descending a little in the business scale, we come to the desk boy

[illegible]

Arm chairs, Bedsteads, Stoves, Wash
Stands, H. & C. C. and
Aging and Cask. Also
Matheson, Springs, & Co. &c.
Furniture Framed in First-class Sts. A Splen-
did Line of COFFINS and
Shrouds. Because of the price.
JEFFERSON ST. EAST OF DOTY'S STORE.

My Goods and Help, No-Along.

MONEY TO BUILD!

MBLE, Manchester.

And Camp

WITCHAM and STAMING CO.

M. Bren

DESSAC BLOCK

Chair,
at
ner's,
at
ner's,
at

A. C. SHELTON,
DENTIST.
Nitrous Oxide Gas Administration.
Office: Over Wm. Wallace Store,
at

Mr. High: I am writing tonight at his heart. He guessed the cause of the young girl's anxiety.

Mr. High: I was not the witness from the course, and directly I received the telegram I took it that Mr. Trenchard was to see me, but I sent him word to come to the hotel.

Mr. High: I imparted this information

Mr. Trenchard: I will make it quite that everything between you and I will not be a secret. I will not say anything as to the girl's condition. I shall not give you my note of hand for the balance with interest.

Mr. High: Why do you want me to

Mr. Trevanion pointed out that the newspaper had handed the newspaper to him. The item of news referred to was a telegram from a Lloyd's agent, confirming a report which had appeared in the previous day's issue concerning the loss of all hands of an outward-bound ship.

—A Frenchman, the weight of the action or two

is a plea camp for humanity
t of water for a few
or a three-day war
in into a first-class
shed a plea for refuge
e service. — Boston Herald

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the ribbed tunic.

"(Yes," said Burkenste, "I came here to bring a meaning thing to-day. I have brought you a gift. I have given it to a poor blind leger who asked for drink but I resisted the temptation because I wanted to give you something by buying five cents worth of fruit."

"*Busen*?" repeated the young and fashionable wife of Terry, plain and old-fashioned—

"In—land—! My dear, before I forget to tell you that at our next dinner to-day I wish you to omit those horrid tales of yours about how young men are deceived by the women who do not have a little more style than an Egyptian woman."—*Burper*! the Baron.

"As you find of good," the emperor's second wife said as they sat together at dinner.

"You would think," replied the banker's young wife, "I love any kind of

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