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Manchester Enterprise

**MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE**  
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Generally in the village of  
Manchester, Chelsea, Saline, Clinton, Norwell, Brooklyn, Napoleon, Grass Lake, and all adjoining country.  
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Clerk—Ed. E. Root.  
Treasurer—V. P. H. Smith.  
Attorney—E. B. Norris.  
Marshal—James Kelly.  
Constable—Homer George J. Henshaw.  
Street Commissioner—Jacob Zimmerman.  
Assessor—J. D. VanDyke.  
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**BAPTIST**—Exchange Place. D. B. Munger, Pastor. Meetings every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. on Sunday school at 12 M. on Wednesday evening. Strangers in the village invited to attend.  
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THE STORY TELLER

VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.

The King of Somewhere loved the Queen of Somewhere most dearly. And his courtiers were continually invited to dine with him. The Queen was a pleasant man, of ready invention, and always had some clever plan and some clever device. The Queen was coy and hard to please. As best befitted her station. The King upon his bended knees. She kept in supplication. No favoring answer would she give. No smile of kind consenting. And while the King was fain to live. Yet life was all lamenting. At last he prayed his Courtier wise. To add in his process of state. The Courtier's ready wit device. Plans worthy of his breeding. He hastened to the haughty Queen. And praised his Royal Highness. So truly was this Courtier. He chuckled over his slyness. The Queen was softened by his art. And when her suitor tendered His royal kingdom (and his heart). She graciously surrendered.

MRS. TOM HARDING.

One of the Season's Nantucket Idylls. The out-bound steamer from New Bedford, stopping at Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, swept gayly out of the harbor. Two young women in simple traveling costume sat on the deck and looked down on the many-shaded green waters below—Miss Morgan and Miss Ford. The latter was tall, dignified and blonde, and three years the senior of the petite, dark-eyed friend at her side. It was she who spoke, with just a trifle of annoyance in her voice. "It's too absurd, Amy. You can never carry out such a plan: you will get into all kinds of scrapes and tell so many lies."

"That's just it," answered Miss Morgan, eagerly. "If I had married I should wish to appear single. Come, Bel, I'll chaperone you beautifully. Let me have my own way, won't you?" "Miss Ford, with resignation—" "When do you not have your own way, Amy? But you'll repent it, and I shan't have a moment's peace." "Repent it? Never! Now for a name, Mrs.—" "What is my husband's name, Bel?" "Believe me, after some thought—" "I have it now, Bel, let me present you to Mrs. Harding, Mrs. Tom Harding, of Nashville. Nashville is a good far-off place, you know."

"Miss Ford tried to frown, but laughed instead, and bowed. "Perhaps you will find time to look at this charming scenery," and they fell to talking of the beauty of the waves and the white-sailed vessels outlined against the distant horizon. They sat slightly apart from the crowd of fellow-passengers, and, absorbed in their talk, did not note a single listener, who stole guiltily away as the steamer neared the Vineyard. The listener was a young man, tall and comely, with laughing blue eyes and fine, clear-cut features. He wore a suit of well-fitting gray, and carried in his hand a traveling satchel neatly lettered "T. H." His face looked a little weary, and much amused, as he sauntered to another part of the deck, and devoted himself to the pages of a Nantucket guide. He glanced now and then at the young women who had so unwittingly bestowed upon him their confidence, and, as he did so, he smiled.

"They talked on in desultory fashion till the sun sank below the horizon, and the night came on. Nantucket rose in sight. Miss Morgan sprang up from her chair, and, gathering her wrap around her in a careless though not ungraceful way, called her friend. "Come, Bel, I'm longing to begin my new life, and they threatened their way—definitely through the crowd to the landing. They were met by a man in a carriage and rolled away through the cobble-paved streets, with the hoarse notes of the town-crier ringing in their ears. They looked about them eagerly, noting the quaint old houses, and the charming grass-grown streets. "Oh, Bel," cried Amy, "I'm half sorry we came!" "Why, dear?" asked her friend. "Because I shall never want to go away again."

she turned to her friend a face of horrified surprise. There were the names she had registered there the previous evening: Mrs. Tom Harding, Nashville, Tenn. Miss Isabella Ford, New York. But beneath them was another in a bold and manly hand: Tom Harding, Nashville, Tenn. "How perfectly shocking! What shall I do?" It was quite late in the afternoon when they climbed the stairs of the old mill, and they found the miller alone. He was an old sailor, brown and weather-beaten, with kindly dark eyes and queer little gold rings, sailor fashion, in his ears. He was a Portuguese, he told them, was born in the Azores, and had spent many years of his life upon the sea. "Do you like America?" asked Bel. "Yes, yes, I like it here, it's a big country, but I like better to go home to the Azores. My woman, she have her brother here, and so I stay."

"I hope you will go home some day," cried Amy, impulsively, putting out her hand. "Oh, yes, I think so, write you name in my book before you go?" and he proudly produced a register, the gift of some former visitor. "You write, Amy," said Bel, and the old miller bent over her chair, as she entered: "Mrs. Tom Harding, Miss Isabella Ford." He looked at the names curiously a moment and said: "You husband here little while ago. You to meet him when you come?" and turning back to the page before, pointed out: "Tom Harding, Nashville, Tenn. Amy unsmiling said nothing. "It is no your husband?" he persisted. "Yes, no—I don't know," stammered Amy. "Come, Bel, we must go."

"I think you catch him if you make haste," said the miller placidly. They were the little late at supper that evening, and found the chair opposite their own, on whose cushions they had congratulated themselves in the morning, filled. The occupant was a tall young man with genial blue eyes and clear-cut features. Formalities are blown away in sea breezes, and when he had passed the butter and the cold meat, and Bel had responded with profers of jelly, they began to converse quite as a matter of course. He said that he had been at Seaside in the morning and out rowing in the harbor later in the day. It was Bel who answered his remarks: Amy sat in silence, occasionally flashing dark eyes at the stranger, as if wishing to wrest from him his name and introduction. "We were at the old mill this afternoon," she said, with a little apprehension as they were rising from the table. "Indeed," he answered politely, "it is called an interesting old place, I believe, and poor Amy felt that her remark had been in vain."

"I'd give anything if I hadn't begun to be acquainted with her friend as they mounted the stairs to their own room," she added, defiantly. "If I only knew who that dreadful Tom Harding was!" Two or three days glided by in uneventful comfort. Mrs. Harding, too, Miss Morgan, and Miss Ford loitered about the queer old street and whiled away pleasant hours in the brick-and-brace shops. It was in one of those that they heard of a museum kept by a sea-captain's widow, and decided to visit it. The afternoon was rainy and they found the little room well filled. "Come right in, young women," said a hospitable voice as they passed in the door. "Young man, hand those women some chairs."

They were seated, and after a moment's pause the lecture went on. "Barnacles from a ship's bottom," said the lecturer, displaying some specimens as he spoke, "of which they form themselves on the ship's bottom and prevent it from sailing." Amy stifled a laugh behind her fan, and looking around to avoid meeting her friend's eyes, encountered those of the young man who sat opposite them at the table. They exchanged a glance of sympathy and amusement. "This," said the widow, "is the head-dress of a chief's daughter worn at boat-racing, of which the materials are found in the palm-tree, and a very beautiful head-dress it is. Will the put it on my dear?" addressing Amy. After a moment's hesitancy, Amy complied, and the curious structure proved not unbecoming to her glowing face and dark eyes. "Behold this face," And think no disgrace," quoted the lecturer, offering a small hand-glass as she spoke. When the exhibition was over, Amy and her friend lingered to ask a question or two, and were called upon to register their names. "One would think everybody here kept an intelligence office," grumbled Amy, as she again wrote her friend's name and her own bawling title. And she bade good bye to her hostess—a formally carefully observed by all visitors—the old lady detained her. "Where does these live, my dear?" she asked, looking kindly at the pretty young face. "I am visiting in New York with my friend Miss Ford," answered Amy with an attempt to draw Bel into the conversation, but the young lady was intent on some ivory carvings, and turned a deaf ear to the appeal. "Is there a married woman?" next inquired the old lady. Poor Amy looked up to find the eyes of the young man fixed upon her with decided interest. "Yes, I think so," she said, confusedly, and was fain to get away. "Has there a good husband, my child?"—but the young man came to her rescue. "Good-bye, madame," he said, holding out his hand. "I have enjoyed the afternoon greatly."

In the parlor below, and snatches of song sung in a fine baritone voice. "Oh, we had such a treat last night," Mrs. Harding said to the ladies, meeting her on the stairs next morning. "My husband's singing is charming; we were so sorry you were too tired to join us." "I haven't any husband," cried Amy, fiercely. "That is," she added, lamely, "he isn't here."

"Oh," said the lady, with a certain infection. "We all thought from your having the same name, and coming from the same place, and eating at the same table, you know. It is odd, isn't it? Quite a coincidence! One of your husband's cousins, I suppose?" she added, insistently. "My husband has no cousins," said Amy, and the lady passed on to confide in another guest that she thought "young Mrs. Harding was, to speak as mildly as possible, odd."

Amy said nothing to her friend of this encounter, but proposed a visit to Wauwinnet and Coate in search of shells. As they glided along over the blue waters in the yacht Lillian, she forgot for the moment the troubles of matrimony, and the inconvenient presence of Mr. Tom Harding from Tennessee. Coming home toward evening, they were met in the hall by the waitress who handed Miss Ford a card. "He asked particularly if one of you ladies wasn't small, with big dark eyes and a sweet voice, and then asked if there wasn't a Miss Morgan here with Mrs. Ford, and I said, no, there wasn't, and he seemed real surprised when I said there wasn't only you and Mrs. Harding as come together, and he hoped he'd find you as he was going away tomorrow."

Having thus delivered her message, she went away, and left them alone. Bel held the card out silently to Amy. She took it mechanically from Miss Ford's hand, looked at it helplessly a moment, and then dropped it on the floor with a little gesture of despair. It bore on its smooth, white surface the inscription—"Harry Thorndyke, New York."

"Take a supper in a pension, please, broken now and then by a remark from Mr. Harding and a brief reply from Miss Ford. The young man glanced now and then at Miss Ford's companion, but behind nothing but downcast lashes for his pains. "I shall be sick this evening," Bel said. Amy, decidedly, as they paused a moment in the parlor, "and you may tell Harry Thorndyke what you like." "But he didn't come to see me," Amy, expostulated Miss Ford. "The woman who deliberates is lost. A tall figure darkened the door. "Then," said Amy, "that's all, Miss Morgan," and Harry Thorndyke shook hands rapidly with poor Amy. "I never was so down in my life as when the girl said you weren't here with Miss Ford. I looked at the register myself, too, and couldn't find your name anywhere."

The Prevention of Forest Fires.

The following article opens up a very interesting and important subject. We are glad to call attention to it. We do not quite agree with the writer as to the time required to grow a pine forest. We once sold at auction a pine growth of forty years for one hundred dollars per acre, for the wood standing, without the land. Every now and then we read of a fire in the woods which burns up anywhere from a few thousand to a million dollars' worth of more or property; but until these ravages were brought together in one view, by the map about to be published by the United States Census Bureau, it is probable that no one had an adequate idea of the wide range and the vast amount of the damage done.

Without going into particulars, it is safe to say that the prevention of these fires is one of the most serious economical questions. The cost of a destroyed forest is probably greater than that of all the lumber cut—which is not less than three hundred million dollars a year—and the incidental damage is in many cases far greater than the direct cutting trees does not necessarily hinder the land from growing more and better ones; in fact, it often helps to that result. But burning them off frequently destroys not only those large enough to be cut, but also a vast number which are not large enough. Worse yet, it not only kills the seed in the ground, but also burns out the vegetable substance in the soil itself, rendering it for a long time incapable of raising anything but weeds, or brambles, and then, later on, some of the trees least valuable for fuel or timber. In the case of broad-leaved trees, we may say that not less than fifty years, and in the case of white pine—for which the soil and climate of New England are so peculiarly adapted—not less than one hundred years will elapse, under the most favorable circumstances, before the forest can be again grown again.

Where the underlying slopes are steep this denuding and roasting of the soil often results in its being washed away by rains; and if the rock beneath is a hard one, such as granite, it may be centuries before heat, frost and the humbling action of the elements can so disintegrate and fix it that it will raise trees. Still further, a great indirect damage is done by these frequent conflagrations, because they make owners of land so uncertain of the future that they are tempted to cut their trees when small and thickly crowded, so as to get as much as possible from them for fuel before fires may destroy them, and of course this uncertainty is also a strong argument against that planting which advocates of forestry urge so earnestly. The first and most pressing matter then to be attended to if we are to continue to enjoy a supply of timber, without which we can not long have a prosperous civilization is to make or find a way to prevent, as far as may be, the starting of these fires, and their spread into they do get under way. For the first we need more stringent legislation, such as making it as much felony to burn woods as houses intentionally, and a criminal offense to set the first careless fire. Large bounties should be offered for the detection of offenders. Owners of woodland should be compelled to burn or remove all the tops, branches and other debris of logging, and fallen limbs and trees from standing timber. This has been recently urged by a leading lumber journal. Please seekers should not be allowed to enter extensive forests, such as the Adirondacks, without a guide licensed by the State, and he should be held responsible for fires set or left by parties under his charge. Especially railroads should be compelled to put spark consumers upon all locomotives. It is said that three lately built for Vanderbilt are so constructed that they can be made to emit sparks. To facilitate the fighting of those fires which do get started, there should be maintained, as in the French forests of maritime pine, frequent roads not less than four rods wide, which should be kept absolutely clear of combustible material.—*Congregationalist.*

Stopped at Niagara Falls.

A man, seemingly about sixty years of age, was telling the people in the waiting-rooms at the Third Street Depot yesterday that he had been East to old Niagara Falls to see his sisters, and that on the way back he stopped off at Niagara Falls. "That's a place I never saw," remarked a woman with a poke-bonnet on. "You didn't. Well, you've missed the wildest sight on earth—I was just stunned."

"What is it like?" she asked. "Well, there's a river, and the falls, and lots of hotels, and several In-Indians, and the bridge over, and land only known what else. If my old woman had been along she'd have wailed right down." "There's water there I suppose?" "Oh, heaps of it. It pours and thunders and roars and foams and bumps around in the terrific manner. You have bit on a shirt-button in a piece of pie, haven't you?" "No, sir."

"So, on the whole, you were pleased, eh?" "Pleased! Why, I was tickled half to death! I tell you, if I had once on my farm I wouldn't sell it for no fifty dollars in cash! I've looked into a field what seven hundred and fifty fat hogs was waiting to be sold for solid money, but it was no such sight as the Falls. I've seen barns afire, and eight horses running away, and the Wabash River on fire, but for downright appalling grandeur of the terrible kind gim me one look at the Falls. You all order go char'. You can't half appreciate it till you've gazed on the rumpus."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Fashion Notes.

Fans remain very large. Crinolines are on the increase. The Figure is the coming jacket. Small gauze bonnets are in vogue. Jettied braids appear among dress trimmings. Skirts are nearly all gathered in at the waist. No heels and full gathered skirts are coming in. Cameo clasps fasten belts to round waists. Belts and sashes tied on one side are much in favor. Satin corsets are easier to wear than those of cotton.

Every woman of fashion has at least one lace toilet. Braids of all kinds will be much used for dress decorations. Bonnets are the favorite wear of children for fall dresses, or brambles, and then, later on, some of the trees least valuable for fuel or timber. In the case of broad-leaved trees, we may say that not less than fifty years, and in the case of white pine—for which the soil and climate of New England are so peculiarly adapted—not less than one hundred years will elapse, under the most favorable circumstances, before the forest can be again grown again. Where the underlying slopes are steep this denuding and roasting of the soil often results in its being washed away by rains; and if the rock beneath is a hard one, such as granite, it may be centuries before heat, frost and the humbling action of the elements can so disintegrate and fix it that it will raise trees. Still further, a great indirect damage is done by these frequent conflagrations, because they make owners of land so uncertain of the future that they are tempted to cut their trees when small and thickly crowded, so as to get as much as possible from them for fuel before fires may destroy them, and of course this uncertainty is also a strong argument against that planting which advocates of forestry urge so earnestly. The first and most pressing matter then to be attended to if we are to continue to enjoy a supply of timber, without which we can not long have a prosperous civilization is to make or find a way to prevent, as far as may be, the starting of these fires, and their spread into they do get under way. For the first we need more stringent legislation, such as making it as much felony to burn woods as houses intentionally, and a criminal offense to set the first careless fire. Large bounties should be offered for the detection of offenders. Owners of woodland should be compelled to burn or remove all the tops, branches and other debris of logging, and fallen limbs and trees from standing timber. This has been recently urged by a leading lumber journal. Please seekers should not be allowed to enter extensive forests, such as the Adirondacks, without a guide licensed by the State, and he should be held responsible for fires set or left by parties under his charge. Especially railroads should be compelled to put spark consumers upon all locomotives. It is said that three lately built for Vanderbilt are so constructed that they can be made to emit sparks. To facilitate the fighting of those fires which do get started, there should be maintained, as in the French forests of maritime pine, frequent roads not less than four rods wide, which should be kept absolutely clear of combustible material.—*Congregationalist.*

At a late fashionable wedding in England the bride's bouquet, composed of white lilies, was large enough to fill a big wheelbarrow. It is gratifying to learn that corsets are undergoing a change; they are made shorter in the waist and allow more room for the hips. When the fall traveling dress is not of gray moirai, it is of broad black or mushroom colored light wool, and dark green or olive velvet collar, cuffs, and paretments braided with gold. The fan must match the toilet and suit the occasion. There are race fans, regatta fans, ball-room and dinner fans, piazza, parlor, and theater fans, but no church fans. Fans should never be carried to church. The Emperor of Austria, whose skill in all physical exercises is well known, has organized a school of fencing for young ladies at Vienna. The art is practiced considerably by French ladies, and all French actresses handle the foils with skill. Some of the new colors found in fall silks are—nutria, castor, beaver, gold, rad, madure, and Havana dign, browns; also seal and mink fur shades, hazel, a nut shade, and iron rust browns, vert de gris, cresson, and bronze shades of green, and coquelot, or poppy red.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Old-Fashioned Furniture.

Quint's "bits" of old-fashioned furniture have for long time past been much sought after, and pretty examples are now to be met with in almost every house of refinement and taste. One occasionally meets with old-fashioned things which from change of circumstances can no longer be used for their original purpose. The silver-handled steel knives and double-pronged or lined forks—which most members of the present generation have never even seen—when not in use, stored away in a specially made satin-wood or mahogany box, often beautifully decorated with inlaid marqueterie work, and in the better examples the mountings were of chased silver. The interior of the box was apparently solid, with a separate slit for each knife and fork, which, handle uppermost, stood upright. Lately recently these beautiful specimens of the cabinet work of a bygone age could be purchased for a few shillings each. Some one has lately discovered that by removing the interior false top and adding drawers for pens and envelopes, these old knife boxes can be easily transformed into choice and covetable stationery cabinets, and dealers are now buying them up, and when transformed are asking almost as many pounds as they gave shillings. Another ingenious person—a lady well known in society—has discovered that the highly-polished, old-fashioned double-handled platoon copper or brass tea urns, when with great-grandmothers delighted to adorn the table when their friends assembled to discuss a dish of tea, can easily be transformed into a noble table lamp of striking proportions. The urn proper forms the body, and a paraffine lamp, with its ordinary glass receptacle for oil is fitted into the top, and is held up by the heater, which with the lid is, of course, discarded. The projecting spout is likewise banished, and a simple metal boss, with a corresponding one for uniformity on the other side. To complete, an extra large shade is fitted over an octagon-shaped wire frame work of ordinary construction.—*Chambers Journal.*

The "heated term" can have no terrors for so cool a character as the editor of the *Quintman (Ga.) Press*, who refreshingly remarks in his valued journal. "The family of the editor of this paper is beginning to return to the hammock plantation in squads of two or three at a time. Our neighbors can resume at once the pleasant and charitable custom of sending in things." The oldest member of the Zoological collection at the Regent's Park, in London, died recently, being a black parrot from Madagascar, which was presented to the society in 1830, just two years after the gardens were opened. The bird had therefore lived in the gardens fifty-four years. How old it was when it arrived is not known.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Joe Jefferson painted scenes, as well as acted, when a young man. Salary, eighteen dollars per week. —Senator Morrill, of Vermont, is the oldest of the Senators, being seventy-four, while Senator Kenna, of West Virginia, is the youngest, being only thirty-six.—*Rutland Herald.* —"Commodore" Starin, the steamship owner of New York, is said to be worth seven million dollars. Not many years ago he was a country doctor, earning a thousand dollars a year.—*N. Y. Herald.* —It is claimed for Dr. White, of Queen Anne's County, Md., that he is the oldest living graduate of West Point. Dr. White is eighty-five years old, and graduated in the first class that graduated at the United States Military Academy.—*N. Y. Times.* —Samuel Bacon, of Oceanport, N. J., married a pretty young girl thirty years ago and almost immediately sailed on a whaling voyage. He turned up the other day after having been supposed to be dead in the South Seas for the past twenty years.—*N. Y. Sun.* —General Butler's return to the assessors of Lowell shows that his income from his profession is one hundred thousand dollars. His horses and yacht America, as valued at thirty thousand dollars, and his real estate in Lowell at sixty-five thousand five hundred dollars.—*Boston Herald.*

—Maggie McDonald, of Philadelphia, aged fourteen, rosy-cheeked, strong and healthy, weighing nearly one hundred and thirty pounds, has a habit of barking over which she has no control. Physicians attribute disease of the brain as the cause of the strange affliction.—*Philadelphia Press.* —Hanlap has won sixteen championship races and over thirty-five thousand dollars since 1877, rowing in Canada, this country, England and Australia, and defeating Ross three times, Courtney, Trickett and Laycock twice each, and Eliaist, Morris, Hawdon, Elliott, Kiley, Boyd and Kennedy once each.—*Toronto Globe.* —Prince William, the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Germany, is like his grandfather, the Emperor, a thorough soldier, and is said to possess no common capacities as a General and leader of large masses of troops. His subordinates are much attached to him, and praise the kindness and care evinced by him even for the lowest in the ranks. —G. W. Lindquist, one of the survivors of the Polar expedition, declares that no Arctic voyager need expect to be made a hero of very long after his return. He holds a master's certificate and was once toasted from tower to tower, but now, he laughingly admits, is able to find no better position than quartermaster on a coasting steamer. —Miss Nellie Arthur carries a doll. When she was with her father a few days ago at Kingston, N. Y., a woman said: "My goodness! why does that big girl carry a doll?" An answer was quickly given by another woman, who said: "Well, if the Kingston girls would carry dolls until they were a little older, instead of running after the boys before they get their short dresses off, it would be much more to their credit."—*N. Y. Mail.*

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Molly (regarding a bust on a pedestal): "Oh, what a dear little boy!" Grandpa: "That would be my son, your age, Molly." "And who is it now, Grandpa?"—*Golden Days.* —"I never saw such a woman in all my life," said Bass, "you are never satisfied with anything." "People who knew the man I took for a husband," replied Mrs. B., "think, on the contrary, that I am very easily satisfied."—*Boston Transcript.* —"Why, Allie, dear, is that not to begin your dinner?" asked a mother of her little daughter, as she began with the pie instead of the bread and butter. "Well, I declare, mamma, I was going to eat my dinner upside down, wasn't I?"—*Wilmington Star.* —"What do you think of my mus-tache?" asked a young man of his girl. "Oh, it reminds me of a Western frontier city," was the answer. "In what respect, pray?" "Because the survey is large enough, but the settlers are straggling."—*N. Y. Graphic.* —"Haven't I had a bite for two days?" pleaded a tramp. "Is it possible?" answered the woman with sympathy. "I'll see what I can do for you in the way of a bite. Here, Tige-Tige—the tramp broke a two-dollar gate getting away.—*Chicago Lake Ocean.*

—"Waiter," called a boarder at an Indianapolis restaurant, "do you call this raisin cake?" "No, that ain't raisin cake." "Then what do you call these things?" asked the gentleman, pointing at his cake. "Got darn it," exclaimed the surprised waiter, "darn a flies."—*Saxtons.* —Little Elsie had a novel experience the other day. It was the first time she had ever played with a kitten, and she was highly delighted with the animated toy. Suddenly the kitten scratched the little soft hand. For a moment Elsie's astonishment was too great for words; then in a tone of mingled indignation and surprise, she exclaimed: "Why, mamma, pussy's dot pins in her feet!"—*Exchange.*

—Are the people in Providence so very, very poor? said a little girl of her father. "I suppose there are no poorer than the rest of mankind," said the old gentleman. "What prompts that question, my child?" "Well," said the little girl, "I just heard it this morning at Sunday school that every body trusts in Providence." "Go away," said the old gent, "you make me tired."—*Providence Journal.* —Speaking of politics brings to mind an old Tuckermuck farmer who used to bring his truck to town for a market. One day, going into a store where quite a crowd had met, in the heat of a Presidential campaign, he inquired what the discussion was all about. For the moment there was a lull, while one of the number answered: "Well, Uncle Eben, we're talking politics." "Politics—politics," replied the old man. "Let me see. Yes, yes, I understand, I have I've seen 'em in Tuckermuck. They're a little size bigger'n a sheep skin." The crowd immediately dispersed.—*Boston Times.*







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