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Manchester Enterprise

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MAT D. BLOSSER, Proprietor.

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REPLY TO ADVERTISERS.

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A. C. TAYLOR, M.D. Office at residence, on 1st and 3rd Mondays in each month, at 7 o'clock. Calls by day or night.

A. C. TAYLOR, M.D. Office at residence, on 1st and 3rd Mondays in each month, at 7 o'clock. Calls by day or night.

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HURN HOUSE, Jackson, Mich. SMITH & HURN, proprietors. The above is a new and beautiful of fashionable comfort, opposite the Enterprise office. No pains will be spared to make guests comfortable. Omnibus regularly to and from all trains. Try them. Board reduced to \$1.00 per day.

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THE STORY TELLER

The Defective Nail.

I looked at a carpenter nailing, one day. Some weatherboards on a workmanlike way. And noticed the claw of the hammer he clapped.

To a nail which the moment before he had clapped. And drawing it out, threw it with a jerk. Took another instead and went on with his work.

"What's that for?" I asked him. "Have nails grown so cheap?" "That you toss them away as too worthless to keep," he answered. "It bent in the driving."

"No," he answered, "it bent in the driving. Lost it make a bad place, to the ground it may go. And though drawn out, it is a waste of time. We draw while the nail is in, he said, with a grin.

"For we can't pull it out, once we hammer it in. When the nail had been followed by one that was good, I noticed he did it a dent in the wood. The mark had been made by the base of the claw.

Thro' the strong force exerted the bent nail to command. And there the depression, to eyesight quite plain. Tho' the nail pointed over but doubtless remain.

No marvelous incident, certainly; still it set me to thinking, as little things will. How habits, like nails, be they wrong once or twice, can be drawn from their places when hammered in tight.

And though drawn out, they sink to the head, leave behind. By their drawing, some traces on body and mind. When a young man seeks money and nothing else, and quotes Ben Franklin, his meanness to hide.

Does not things for him, and with dark-green hand. Shows the crown overhead, petty gains to hide. Tho' it is in that wealth he is anxious to hide.

He has struck a bent nail and has hammered it in. When a girl shows the world that she surely thinks less. Of her own conduct and that of gauding and dress.

When she eagerly seeks for a confab with whose talk solely runs upon dresses and dress. Neglecting home duties some gossip to spin. That nail will give trouble if once hammer in.

When you see your neighbor's small faults through a glass. That makes them too large for the censor to pass. And excuse of their wickedness, meridian. Calls one a misanthrope, the other a sot.

You are finding a nail that may crook to sin. Like a corkscrew (twist it) you hammer it in. When a man, or his wife—sister—mother—the results of their neighbors bring clear to view.

Repeating the stories they've never proved true. Their nail has a flaw, it is ill-shapen and thin. As they find to their cost when they hammer it in.

Enough for the lesson. The nails that we drive. Not the boards that are pious, but frames that are live. Examine the picture of the modern manhood in its highest ideal. It was his good fortune to be born with unusual natural powers, to be born in such a brilliant country as France, to be the child of educated and ambitious parents, and to make his debut in life in a time full of mighty debates and mighty conclusions.

His highly sensitive mind caught the good and the power and the beauty of the surrounding scene. He lived in the midst of these debates about man, woman, politics, liberty, and religion which all former generations had handed over to the nineteenth century for review and adjustment.

Coming into life in the beginning of one of the greatest of all centuries, Victor Hugo absorbed into his soul all the greatness of the period, and became at last not so much the form of an individual as the picture of the modern manhood in its highest ideal. It was his good fortune to be born with unusual natural powers, to be born in such a brilliant country as France, to be the child of educated and ambitious parents, and to make his debut in life in a time full of mighty debates and mighty conclusions.

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THE GRANT MEMORIALS.

List of the Presents and Tokens of Honor Transferred to the Government by Mrs. Grant.

The property which has been turned over to the Government by Mrs. Grant, who held it in trust from William H. Vanderbilt, is as follows:

Mexican onyx cabinet, presented to General Grant by the people of Puebla, Mex. Aerolite, part of which passed over Mexico in 1871.

Bronze vases presented to General Grant by the people of Yokohama, Japan. Marble bust on pedestal, presented by the people of Philadelphia.

Large elephant tusk, presented by the King of Siam. Small elephant tusk, presented by the Maharajah of Johore.

Portrait of General Scott, by Page, presented by gentlemen of New York. Cracklware bowls (very old), presented by Prince Koon of China.

Cloisonne jars (old), presented by Li Hung Chang. Chinese porcelain jars (old), presented by Prince Koon of China.

Arabian Bible. Coptic Bible, presented by Lord Napier, who captured it from King Theodore of Abyssinia.

Sword of Donelson, presented to General Grant after the fall of Fort Donelson by officers of the army and used by him to the end of the war.

New York sword, voted to General Grant at a New York fair. Roman mug and carver, farewell dinner of San Francisco, Cal.

Silver menu of Paris dinner. Horn and silver snuff-box. Silver match-box used by General Grant.

Gold table, modeled after the table in Mr. McLean's house, on which General R. E. Lee signed the articles of surrender, and presented to General Grant by ex-Confederate soldiers.

Gold cigar-cases from the Celestial and Second Kings of Siam. Gold-handled knife, presented by miners of Idaho Territory.

Silver trowel, used by General Grant in laying the corner-stone of the Museum of Natural History, New York. Knife made at Sheffield for General Grant.

General Grant's gold pen. Embroidered picture (cock and hen), presented by citizens of Japan.

Field-glasses used by General Grant during the war. Iron-headed cane made from the rebar of Merrimack.

Shawl-headed cane from wood used in defense of Fort Sumter. Carved wood cane made out of wood from Fort Duquesne, Pennsylvania.

Gold-headed cane presented in token of General Grant's humanity during the war. Gold-headed cane used by Lafayette and presented by the ladies of Baltimore.

Carved wood cane from estate of Sir Walter Scott. Uniform as General of the United States army.

Fifteen buttons cut from coats during the war by Mrs. Grant after various battles. Hat ornaments used at Belmont and Fort Donelson.

No Check on Bank Tellers.

Scott's steal was the leading topic of conversation in the banks during the day. Several bank Presidents were asked whether paying tellers as a rule were so situated that they could walk off with large sums of money without being immediately detected.

President R. D. Tappan, of the National Bank, answered this question by pointing to his paying teller and saying: "That man handles the money. He could take a million dollars out of here and I would not know it."

O. D. Baldwin, President of the Fourth National, said that he knew of no means to prevent paying tellers from stealing if they were bound to steal. "A man who handles large sums of money has got to be trusted," said Mr. Baldwin.

"It is true that paying tellers are required to give bonds, but the amount of the bond in each individual case is so small that it but a fraction of what the man can easily slip into his pocket."

Mr. Baldwin conducted the reporter into the "cage" which included the paying teller of the Fourth National. "Mr. —, show me a parcel of money," said the President.

The teller handed Mr. Baldwin a package about ten inches thick containing several large envelopes filled with greenbacks, national bank bills and gold certificates of very large denominations.

"How much is there in this package?" asked the President. "A little more than \$5,000,000," answered the teller.

"Now see here," said Mr. Baldwin to the reporter, pulling out one of the envelopes, "this envelope contains just \$1,000,000; what is to prevent the teller from slipping it into his pocket and taking it away?"

"Nothing except his honesty," answered the teller. "Well," continued Mr. Baldwin, "I don't know of any banking institution where the paying teller has not the same opportunities that he has here. Bank officers are compelled to place implicit confidence in their tellers?"

"New York Times." **Horsekeeping.** An overworked woman may keep her horse in order, but she adds little to the comfort of her home. Good horsekeeping is by no means as rare as good housekeeping. It is of far less importance. A certain amount of drudgery must be gone through with daily in the calling; about three-fourths of life is drudgery. One-fourth of life can be rescued from the toil and moil of the world by management and thought.

The most difficult and the most necessary lesson for a housekeeper to learn is that she must assert her individuality. It is useless to try to please everybody. Many things in our homes are done with an eye single to our neighbors. Work must be pruned down and lopped off until it matches strength; for the latter refuses to be enlarged by any amount of thought. It is a nice point to adjust the balance between rest and comfort. There is nothing in the world I dread," said the Household Philosopher, "like a thoroughly exhausted woman. No amount of personal comfort ever compensates for such a state of affairs." Of course not. What constantly tired woman is capable of generous sympathy and ready help, or of companionship? The better part of life is a double life. The claim of the warm and tender; but the women who should give it are blindly wasting themselves on material things, pushing the outside of the cup without a thought of the wine within.

The Neapolitan Cabman. In Naples no inhabitant of the town ever thinks of paying his cabman his legal fare. Everyone feels it would be unjust to compel him to leave from one end of the town to the other for the 8 pence he has a right to take. He gives something extra. But for short drives the 8 pence is too much. On summer afternoons a walk through the streets is almost intolerable. You have been to see the museum or the aquarium, let us say; the walk from either to the neighborhood of San Carlo, where the great coffee houses are, is short; but if you go on foot you know you will be exhausted before you reach your destination. As soon as you appear on the public way half a dozen cabmen offer their services. You choose the cab you like, say "San Carlo," place the first finger of your left hand across the second joint of the first finger of your right hand and walk on. You have offered the driver half a fare. He shrugs his shoulders and sits firmly on his box; he does not turn your head; in half a minute he will be rattling along the road beside you. "But also a gratuity for me, sir." "The ladies who have preceded me have only taken a slightly to elevate your chin, without honoring him even with a side glance. Seeing you are an adopt he cries at once: "Come in, sir; come in. If you do so you will have no quarrel with him at part. All but the very worst Neapolitans will adhere to the agreement they have once made; but your cabman will think none the worse of you if you give him 2 soldi—1 pence—at parting. This gratuity is not unusual, and does not, if a bargain has been made, denote extravagance."—The Saturday Review.

AN OCEAN OF FRAGRANCE.

How Hyacinths, Tulips, and Crocuses Are Cultivated in Holland.

Holland has always been and probably will ever be the mother of bulbs. Few persons, while admiring the beautiful flowers produced from Holland bulbs, ever think of the care, time, and trouble taken to grow them. Bulbs have been cultivated there four hundred or five hundred years, as near as can be ascertained, but for several years past they have received more attention than ever. Mr. Boerhorst, a bulb-grower of Lasseuheim, near Haarlem, Holland, was interviewed in this city this week.

Holland, as is well-known, is all low land, the greater part of it lower than the sea. The water is kept off by dykes; you have another name here. Erected here and there on them are large windmills, that pump the water out when it inundates the land. They present a very strange appearance to an unaccustomed eye. We travel by canal boats like I understand, was once done here.

"What is the soil like, that you are enabled to raise the finest bulbs?" "The best in the world for bulb-growing—pure, sandy soil. The reason Holland bulbs are best is owing to the soil, temperature, and water, which is as pure as is possible. We have only to dig three feet—I believe you measure by feet here, to find water, not only in one place, but anywhere."

"How do you plant hyacinths to increase their number?" "We first fertilize the soil, put about sixteen bushels of manure on each twelve feet square, then we take a hyacinth bulb and cut across the bottom several times, plant, and in June we lift. The one bulb will be divided into several small ones at planting time."

"In September. The great fogs from the sea drive the frost away, but we always cover the beds with weeds. We can not use straw, because then the mice destroy our bulbs."

"Are your winters as cold as here?" "No; we are a great way further north, yet our winters are not so severe. Probably the fogs help us some. Our summers are not so intensely hot as in this country."

"Are the hyacinths ready for sale after the first year?" "No, no; I would they were. The first year they are planted close; the second year we must plant them in new soil, as they will not grow two years in the same ground. Every year each bulb gets more space, until five years elapse, when they are then ready to sell."

"What do you do with the ground you can not use a second year?" "We plant some other species of flower, and at the same time enrich the soil. Thus we change their homes alternately, and can always utilize the ground. Bulbs have about sixteen different diseases, which I can not name in your language. The causes much trouble and loss of money. Sometimes the soil gets tired of the bulbs, and refuses to grow anything. We give it a time to rest, and then we dig up a depth of four feet, put on a double quantity of fertilizing matter, and after another short rest it is willing to start to work again. You know everything in life must have some time to rest, or it wears out, and is no good afterward."

"Tell me something about your tulips?" "Well, I plant the bulbs the same as the others, only they do not need cutting, as they increase themselves by forming offshoots on the old ones. We separate those and replant. We often grow from seed—that makes the work. From first planting it is four years until they bloom. The strange part is they all bloom a coffee-colored flower for a number of years, when suddenly they will bring forth some fine color, as those we see buy them. Thus we know what our bulb is. They never hold the coffee color, which is quite pretty, any longer than four years. This we are sure of, but what they will be in the end we know not until they show. The three bulbs mentioned will grow nicely in water. For forcing I always use sandy loam, which is the best."

"How many varieties of tulips have you?" "Three thousand—just 2,500, too many. I suppose there are more than that."

"What is your native place like?" "The soil here is grand, elegant; I can't tell you in your language. I would like to see it. We have many trees like here, that is, the same kind. The land is perfectly level. Everybody grows bulbs—the laborer, tailor, shoemaker, as well as the florist. All the houses—some one-story, some two, and none higher—are built of brick. We build no pavements, but we never have any mud, and our roads are always dry and smooth, not full of hard cobbles and stones like here. In the principal bulb-growing district, my home—Sassenheim—you can see millions and millions of tulips, hyacinths, and crocuses in bloom at once. Their beautiful fragrance is wafted for miles around. On one acre will be planted about 100,000 bulbs. Can you imagine, then, looking over a dozen of acres in bloom, what a vast sea, lit for a paradise, it is. I wish I were able to describe in your talk the grandeur of it."

"What do you think of our country?" "It is grand, it is grand. Good for a poor man—the rich man can get along anywhere. If I could not get along better than some at our place I would come to America. Our people dress very plain—live plain, and always in the greatest luxury. Some men who work very hard have this fat rib meat; I think you call it bacon. I am really ashamed to tell you what wages they get. Three dollars per week is the average. Some get \$4, and on rare occasions \$1.25 and \$4.50 per day is paid, but the ordinary laborer here gets twice as much as in our country."—Littell's Dispatch.

The true name of China is said to be Chumque; "the center kingdom of the world." This term was by usage corrupted to China, and from this word the Portuguese gave it the name of China.

Useless Weapons.

It was at El Tob that I was first struck with the inferior quality of the English bayonet and sword bayonet. At Tamai, in the rush and scurry, it was put to a severer test than anywhere else in the Soudan. In that battle the Hadendows, as they rushed out of their grass cover with their short spears, fairly pitched themselves upon the weapons of our Black Watch and 66th. The triangular bayonet sometimes bent and twisted. On the whole, however, it stood the test better than the sword bayonet. Like the sword bayonet, it often bent like hoop-iron when a thrust was made, if a bone interposed, and became corkscrewed in the struggle.

It has two serious drawbacks, not so observable in the sword bayonet. The wound it makes is slight, so that a fanatical savage or infuriated man requires several thrusts before he is placed hors de combat, giving him a chance to run much among civilized troops. In the second place, the triangular bayonet, when thrust violently, goes too far, and there is great difficulty of freeing it. At Tamai, a stalwart soldier hooked his opponent in such a manner that he had to draw the body twenty yards, as we were retreating, before liberating him from the weapon. This was the most conspicuous instance of the kind I saw, but it was by no means the only one.

The sword bayonet has weight without breadth, and with the cutlass, frequently lacks temper. I have seen a blue jacket's cutlass-sword bayonet at Tamai, as well as some in the battles up the Nile, bend into a semicircle, and remain in that shape, waiting for a second point. The use it was put to did not justify the giving way of the weapon. The fact that it did not regain its form further proved that the quality of the blade was of the poorest. It would have gone the same way had it been driven awkwardly into a sack of flour.

There can be no real difficulty with our mechanics and weapons in producing bayonets that will bear the brunt of rough usage in a campaign. What I have said of the bad quality of the cutlass applies equally to the sword bayonet. Many a soldier at Abia Klea, saw with dismay his bayonet rendered useless at the moment when there was no chance to load his rifle, and when he most stood in need of its services. There also is a sword bayonet, bent as it was with the facility of soft iron rather than steel. After that fight you might have noticed brawny foot guardsmen, hereafter life guardsmen, and the deft fingers of the mountain infantry, all of whom had stood shoulder to shoulder in the square, straightening their bayonets across their knees or under foot. Others there were who discarded their weapons and picked up some dead comrade's from the field.

Why Her Lover Enlisted. The mystery of George S. Carter's disappearance last September, says an *Upbridge, Mass.* telegram to the *New York World*, has been cleared up by the publication of a little love story. It is a romantic sequel in which Carter, bent as the live hero. Young Carter was engaged to a young lady living here, and preparations had been made for the nuptials. On the evening of the second day before the appointed time young Carter drove to the home of his affianced and asked her to take a ride. She made some excuse for preferring to stay at home that evening, and Carter drove off alone as a sad and lonely man. He was not satisfied with her treatment of him, and this dissatisfaction was rather heightened an hour or so later when he saw his young lady riding with another young man with whom he had not been on very good terms, and of whom he was rather jealous. He followed the young couple to know where they intended to go, and learn how late they would be home together. He was satisfied that his betrothed was not true to him, and he drew his savings, amounting to \$1,000, from the bank and started for New York, where he enlisted in the regular army. His departure caused a sensation, and for a long time no one could tell the cause of Carter's departure nor his destination. Although a letter came from New Mexico telling his parents that their son was a soldier. He wrote asking their help in getting a discharge from the army, and his anxiety was no doubt increased when he learned that his parents had been left \$30,000 by the death of a relative. The war secretary has not yet replied favorably and is rather inclined to deny the petition on the ground that enlistments are very scarce.

For the Stomach's Ache. Joe Howard, a veteran New York journalist, who has wrestled successfully with a hundred remedies and drank enough whisky to float a canoe, gives the following advice to persons whose aching stomachs warn them of the approach of cholera or something like it: "First and foremost, avoid brandy, whisky and gin. They ally the pain temporarily, but they excite, exacerbate and inflame the stomach, and worse remains behind. Avoid all 'cholera' medicines, which are all made of laudanum, poppyroot, red pepper and camphor. They, too, ally the pain, but the latter effect is excessively unpleasant. They are a delusion and a snare. In this case, as in nearly everything in life, the simplest and easiest is the best. Take a spoonful of the essence of ginger in a wineglass of water, the hotter the better, and make it palatable with a little sugar. 'Antidotes' and 'cholerics' after a few trials the pain and all unpleasant symptoms disappear, and you are hunkier. Aside, however, from the disputed point of what is the best remedy, is the fact that so many careful, prudent people just now are suffering with this weakening and demoralizing trouble, and the further noticeable fact that so many men die suddenly from its effects."

Mr. Motor Keely has deconstructed a select assemblage of Philadelphia on "wave plates," "disintegrators," "cholerics," "antidotes," and "cholerics," and his auditors patiently heard him through and silently went away without killing Keely.

THE OREGON AND WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

The Oregon and Washington Territory newspaper men have recently organized a press association.

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Manchester Enterprise

BY MAT D. BLOSSER

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

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

Anyone desirous of becoming a regular or occasional correspondent, or news gatherer, will please write us for instructions.

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.

If you have any business at the Postoffice make the request that your notice be published in the **MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE**. Such a request will always be granted.

Changes in display advertisements are made in the order of their receipt at this office, and cannot be positively promised unless handed in at least upon the Tuesday before the desired insertion.

All articles for publication should be addressed **MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE**, Manchester, Mich.

THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1885.

C. E. Mably, the great Detroit clothier, died on Tuesday.

The Flint Journal says the English sparrows kill the 17-year locusts.

The Sandwich islands want to be annexed to the United States. We are in favor of it for the picnic and excursion season is near at hand and there will be a demand for sandwiches.

Upchurch, founder of the A. O. U. W. lives at Sedalia, Mo. He recently visited San Francisco, where he was given a grand ovation by the members of the order, a full account of which is in a copy of the Chronicle sent us by our friend, W. T. Perkins.

The state board of charities wisely requests people in need of children for adoption not to take them from eastern homes while there are plenty just as good or better to be had at the Coldwater school. In case the eastern children do not suit they cannot be sent back, and if turned loose they become a burden upon our people. If taken from the Coldwater school they can be returned if not satisfactory.

Washtenaw County Items.

Ann Arbor claims to have 39 saloons. Judge Harriman is visiting his parents in Vermont.

Mr. Overacker seems to be in possession of the Saline Observer again.

The annual salary of Ann Arbor's postmaster has been reduced from \$2,600 to \$2,500.

Miss Paulina Mills, of Bridgewater, is spending the week with friends in this place.—Chelsea Herald.

Herald: Rev. Mr. Mollwain delivered one of the most forcible temperance sermons ever heard in this village last Sunday night.

For a place to celebrate the 4th you can choose Adrian, Jackson, Milan, Dexter, Wampler's Lake, Silver Lake or Devils Lake.

Edward Duffy has been appointed postmaster at Ann Arbor, and it is believed that he will fill the position with credit and satisfaction.

J. W. Wise, of Ypsilanti, has secured Washtenaw county for sale of "Grant's Memorial," and wants an agent in each of the four towns in Southern Washtenaw.

Ex-judge Edwin Lawrence, died at Ann Arbor last Friday of apoplexy, aged 77 years. He was a well known pioneer of this county; was a member of the bar for 41 years, and a circuit court judge in the supreme court in 1857. He was at one time editor of the Michigan State Journal.

The salvation army advanced on the city Saturday night. Their approach was made known by a skirmish line in front of the skating rink, where they deployed and aiming from the knee, fired a volley of prayers, and retired in good order. They will probably proceed to lay regular siege to the place.—Ypsilanti Sentinel.

Joseph Heselwerdt's cattle got into and injured the wheat of Charles Fish of Sharon. Mr. H. offered sixteen dollars to settle it. The jury gave Mr. Fish five dollars. At the close of the trial, Mr. Fish made an unprovoked and disgraceful attack on Mr. Heselwerdt, bruising his face badly.—Chelsea Herald, June 25th.

The Ypsilanti Sentinel says: "Some days ago a man was exhibiting a 'speckled trout,' about six inches long which he had caught in the river, the first one so far as known, ever caught there. It is probably the only one of the millions put into the head-water lakes, that has escaped the voracious pickerel and pike, and now, has met its fate on a fish-hook. It is a problem to tell how many thousand dollars were represented by that little fish.

It is reported as an actual fact that our jolly old friend Martin Clark, whose eyesight is a little dim, planted a lot of beets in the spring for peas, and that the disappointment of the whole family at the failure of their pea crop is very great.—Register. A poor excuse, when Mr. Clark in order to relieve himself of the care and responsibility of a bed of peas planted some beets instead to keep up appearances so that his neighbors would not think him slack. Strange, some people can't see things in their right light.

NORVELL.

Quite a frost June 30th.

School closes on Friday.

Geo. Kay, of Manchester, spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. S. H. Harris, of Tompkins, is visiting friends in town.

Mr. & Mrs. Jason Merrill returned from the west on Monday.

Mr. & Mrs. Will Orr, of Tecumseh were in town over Sunday.

Dr. Hyndman's Mexican pony which he has driven since the commencement of his practice in Norvell, died on Sunday, aged 30 years.

The Jackson county lodge of the I. O. of G. T. held here on Saturday last; was well attended, and a good programme was successfully carried out.

A medicine case, whip, and a pair of gloves were stolen from Dr. Reed's buggy last Saturday night while he was attending the good temper meeting.

CLINTON.

The road machine is kept busy improving our streets.

H. Luce visited with his Napoleon relatives and friends last Friday.

Ed. Seemark is battling with the rheumatism and is obliged to use crutches.

Archie Sherrard of Millwaukee, is visiting his Tecumseh relatives and friends.

The union services were held at the Baptist church last Sunday evening and were well attended.

Mrs. C. F. Field, of Tecumseh, Sundayed at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Kies.

Mrs. Frank Wooster, of Jackson, is doing the village and enjoying herself with old acquaintances.

A premature Independence greeted the visitors of Saturday evening. Fire crackers were numerous.

Quite a number of young people came up from Toledo to this village last Sunday on the excursion train.

Eva Clement Sundayed at Devil's lake. As Eva is the new comer of the Herald forces, it was very appropriate.

L. F. Wheller passed through the village yesterday with his camera, having been employed in Bridgewater, taking photographs.

James Allen, from Delaware, Ohio, brother-in-law of Rev. J. M. Kerridge, was the guest at the M. E. parsonage over Sunday.

The Lake Shore railway will sell excursion tickets July 3d and 4th, good to return not later than the 6th, at one fare for the round trip.

A number of families from Clinton united with parties from Bridgewater and partook of their annual picnic at Wampers lake last Saturday.

James Glasgow, baggage man at the Tecumseh station of the L. S. & M. S. R. R., was in the village calling upon his Clinton friends last Sunday.

George and Frankie Mitchell have gone to Brooklyn to visit a few days with their cousins Clarence and Charlie Clark. They will remain until after the 4th.

We understand the Baptist society of this place voted non-acceptance of Rev. P. F. Ogden's resignation, and that he is to remain here for the present. We are glad to hear this.

The Congregational ladies will hold their next social at the residence of Mr. H. D. Cutting Wednesday evening July 8th. Everyone likes ice cream and cake. We understand these are to be the refreshments.

The first annual reunion of the Clinton high school graduates took place at Town Hall, Friday evening, June 25. The hall was well filled and the audience were well repaid by the presentation of the following programme: After prayer, by Rev. P. F. Ogden, Miss Lizzie Brooks produced an enjoyable treat by way of an instrumental solo upon the piano. The address by Prof. Ladin, was a fine effort, and was attentively listened to and appreciated by all present. Rev. J. M. Kerridge sang a solo in his usual happy mood, and the Alumni history was presented by Miss Laura Haggart. Mrs. Charles Clark filled the part of poetess, admirably, and the production was pronounced worthy of more commendation than our brief space will allow. A quartet preceded the benediction, after which, the members of the Alumni proceeded to the Lancaster House, where the banquet was awaiting, and after the toasts and responses, they partook of a supper, such as Mrs. L. knows best how to prepare for all like occasions, and was pronounced A No. 1, by the thirty-three partakers.

After the banquet, the association held an election with the following result: President—Archie Green. Vice Pres.—Ed. McConnell. Secretary—Mrs. Will VanTyle. Treasurer—Kate Reed. Orator—S. O. VanDemark. Poet—Lizzie Haggart. Historian—Mrs. Chas. Burroughs. Key-note—F. M. McLaughlin. Toast Master—Chas. Clark.

ELLA E. SWIFT, Sec'y. pro tem.

FRANKLIN.

Cold, but no frost here.

Mr. Galusha Case is in town for a few days.

D. W. Love is so far recovered as to be about again.

Mrs. Electus Rundell is quite sick with heart disease.

We dug the first new potatoes last Sunday morning.

The congregational church is receiving a new coat of paint.

M. E. Chittenden is building another cottage, farther to the east.

Mrs. Smith German and daughter are visiting friends in Brooklyn.

Haying has commenced in earnest, and a very good crop is reported.

They say at the lake, that we need a telegraph and a depot at the crossing.

Clifford Crittenden closed a very successful term of school in district No. 5, last Saturday.

The cottagers at Sand lake have commenced to arrive. Dewey and wife, of Toledo, are already there.

We hear that the post office will be moved to new quarters this week, and the new postmaster will be there.

Jackson County Items.

The Grass Lake News is for sale.—Exchange.

The Jackson county pioneers held their annual picnic on the fair grounds, Thursday. Five hundred and thirty pioneers were present, and after an open air banquet, they assembled in the central building to listen to the literary exercises.

The choir sang a hymn, when Charles E. Snow introduced Owen Ellison, president of the association, who spoke feelingly of pioneer times. Mr. Ellison was followed by J. W. Welch. Mr. Welch said he had spent many years in the Rockies, and was not accustomed to speaking in public. He could sing a song, however, and when his audience cried, "give us a song," he complied in a most pleasing manner. The choir sang another song, and Mr. Snow introduced Hon. James A. Parkinson, the orator of the day. Mr. Parkinson's address was an able one, and heartily applauded. Col. Shoemaker was introduced, and graphically portrayed his early adventures in Michigan. Messrs. Hendee of Blackman, Walker of Grass Lake, Thorn of Hanover, Charles Blackman of Napoleon, and Feldshaw of Summit, addressed the audience, and after talking about old times for half an hour more, the pioneers shook hands and went their several ways.—Star.

Lenawee County Items.

The Vesellus sister will sing at Tecumseh tomorrow night.

Adrian is making grand preparations for celebrating the 4th.

Representative Wiggins, of Adrian, stepped from the capitol at Lansing into the harvesting machine trade.

Homer Short, of Cambridge, received \$45 for 95 sheep, sold to Larkin Cole, last week. Sheep seem to come high even if wool is worth nothing.

Locusts have made their appearance in the forests near Tecumseh in such large numbers as to drown the deep tones of the bullfrog and the lowing of cattle.

Lightning raised Ned with the Tecumseh telephone wires last Saturday. Several poles were shattered and the instrument in the office was nearly all burned out.

The remains of a pocket book containing a number of \$20 and \$10 bills was found under a sidewalk at Adrian last Friday. The bills had crumbled to ashes.

The house of Wm. Crane, near Adrian, was entered last Sunday and \$40 worth of jewelry and other articles were taken. The thief was found in a freight car and was sent to jail.

Capt. Foster, landlord of the Lilley House, Tecumseh, was presented a few days since with a gold medal—anchor and shield—by Phil. Kearney post, New York, to which he formerly belonged. The medal bore the names of the battles in which the captain has participated.—Times.

Edgar and John Kelley, of Kelley's Corners, have a flock of fine wool ewes, which sheared an average of 13 pounds of wool each. That's keeping up the reputation of Kelley's Corners, Kelley Brothers and adding its share of credit to the state. Gentlemen, the showing is a good one.—Adrian Record.

Mrs. H. Ball, of Rollin, possesses a pair of geese that were hatched from the same egg, and therein lieth another "freak of nature." It is the first instance on record we believe, where two living fowls have been produced from the same shell. The mother of these twins does not appear to have been much of a goose-head after all.—Adrian Record.

Mrs. John Brown, an esteemed pioneer lady of our village, who is almost 76 years of age, drove her own horse to Hudson on Wednesday of this week to attend the Methodist social held at her daughter's, Mrs. M. Adele Hazlett. She reports having a good time and enjoying the ride. A large bouquet of flowers accompanied her on her journey.—Adrian Courier.

We wish our readers one and all a glorious 4th of July.

Real Estate Transfers.

WASHTENAW COUNTY.

F. H. Geer to Rosalitha Geer, Saline; \$4,000.

John McDonald to Samuel W. Smith, Saline; \$5,000.

A. W. Fellows to R. K. Fellows, et al, Sharon; \$3,550.

Ann M. Johnson to Buell Johnson, et al, Bridgewater; \$2,500.

Joseph Schnable, by administrator, to Peter Schnable, land in Bridgewater; \$1,682.50.

LENAWEE COUNTY.

J. L. Marble to John Mooney, land on sec. 5, Macon; \$610.

P. S. Waldron to J. K. Waldron, land on sec. 11, Clinton; \$1,200.

Geo. Wheeler to F. P. Wheeler, land on sec. 20, Cambridge; \$3,000.

Geo. Wheeler to I. B. Wheeler, land on sec. 21, Cambridge; \$3,000.

G. A. Williamson to T. C. Pryne, land on section 19, Tecumseh; \$7,230.

J. P. Slayton to C. A. Slayton, land on Evans street, Tecumseh; \$10,000.

H. S. Swan to A. H. Sutton, land on Hoeg's addition, Tecumseh; \$3,000.

Samuel Rappleye to Charles Underwood, nee of section 31, Macon; \$16,000.

Charles Underwood to Samuel Rappleye, land on sections 32 and 31, Ridgeway; \$10,000.

E. H. Blowers to Wallace Ferguson, land on sec. 4, in Jackson county, Cambridge; \$3,000.

Bivouac in a German Camp.

Hurrying forward, writes R. F. Zogbaum in *Harper's Magazine*, I reached our bivouac just as the troop was falling in for the evening prayer. Although no tattoo had been beaten there, we being too near the enemy, and the music might have betrayed our whereabouts.

Quietly our little force moved up in front of the fire, the guard starting to their arms. "Halt! Right, each!" and they stood there motionless in one solid, dark block, relieved strong against the bright light of the fires and columns of smoke and sparks rising almost straight upward to the black heavens. Out of the darkness came a short word of command, "Caps off for prayer!" and in solemn silence, with uncovered heads, the rough soldiers rendered thanks to the Almighty for His mercies.

Lighted candles, stuck in bottles or fastened to rough-hewn blocks of wood, were gleaming brightly on the plain pine boards of the improvised table under the mess tent, when the men having been dismissed, the officers sat down for an hour's chat and smoke before turning in, and although our seats varied in shape and size from a mess chest to a folding camp chair, and the table appointments were of the simplest description, it would have been difficult to have found a merrier or more comfortable set of men than that of which our little party was composed.

A handsome, soldierly lot of gentlemen, these German officers, treating one with the freedom of the camp, but with the well-bred courtesy of their class, and full of eager hospitality to the stranger from far-off America. Many were the questions asked about the land beyond the sea, where so many of their countrymen and their descendants had their homes; about France, where I had been living for a long time, and about Paris, where I still resided; about the French army, their life and habits. Then the years about the late war between the two countries, the suffering, the hardships, the fun and the fighting, the good wines, and the fair women of "sunny France"—years that made the youngsters of the mess envious of their elders and anxious to take part some day in a like (to them) glorious struggle. There was no boasting, no exultation of the victor over the vanquished, but the natural talk of soldiers over the adventures of a campaign the like of which has seldom been met with in history.

So the evening wore away in a pleasant chat until the major, our commandant, gave the signal for us to disperse; and we sought our beds.

Business Before the Sacrament.

Some men show curious traits upon their death-bed. Rear Admiral Powell, of the navy, died recently in Washington as usual some of his relatives are contesting his will, making claims of undue influence, etc. The evidence now being given in this notable case develops the old mariner's peculiarities. Rev. Dr. Addison, an Episcopalian minister, with his associate, called to administer communion to the old Admiral.

He was a little shy of the preacher at first, and rather objected to the sacrament being administered. When asked why, he said: "Let's to business first; he called for a blank check, filled it out for \$100, signed, and handed it to one of the divines, and then said, in a commanding tone of voice: 'Go ahead.' Communion was at once administered, and at the close of the prayers the veteran responded with fervor, 'Amen.' Not long thereafter he passed to his final rest.—Philadelphia Times.

Missionary Work.

A reverend gentleman in Washington lately called on Secretary Manning, and that officer was disposed to be facetious.

"We can't do anything more toward making a minister of you, can we?" he inquired.

"No, I presume not, as my commission comes from a higher power. I'll tell you what I would like, though."

"Name it," said the urbane editor.

"I'd like to be appointed as a sort of missionary to the heathen."

"That's a little out of our line; but where do you want to go? We may give it to you."

"It isn't very far. I'd like to be made chaplain of the house of representatives."

"And the house isn't republican, either," said the secretary the next day, when he was telling a friend about the interview.—Merchant Traveler.

The house where pets are made much of is usually a cheerful house—not only because they help to make it so, but because, as their presence indicates, kindness and gentleness are all the elements of a happy home are to be met there.—Terra Haute, (Ind.) Saturday Evening Mail.

J. C. Flood is building a magnificent house in San Francisco, one of the rooms of which is to be finished in ivory and gold at a fabulous cost.

Clothing.

A FEW PLAIN FACTS,

OF INTEREST TO ALL!

To Those Anticipating the Purchase

Of a Suit or Anything Pertaining to the

OUTSIDE COVERING!

We Have Received our LARGE SPRING ASSORTMENT Consisting of

FINE BROWN WHIPCORD,

—And—

DIAGONAL WORSTEDS AND FANCY CHECK SUITS.

We have Sizes from a Child's 2 1/2 Years Old, to a Man Measuring 44-inch Breast Measure, which is six sizes larger than is Carried by Ordinary Dealers, and

Our Pant Stock never was Surpassed in this Market.

Qualities Ranging from the Finest Riverside Worsted down to the best cotton, full lined pant for One Dollar. In regard to our Hat, Cap and Furbishing Goods, an inspection will convince the most skeptical that it is Unsurpassed in Quality, Quantity and Price.

SILVER'S' CLOTHING HOUSE.

Miscellaneous.

IF YOU HAVE NOT visited

CASE'S CASH STORE!

Formerly Dealy's,

you had better do so at once, as Goods are

Selling Rapidly!

and the assortment will be broken before you get there.

Everything in

Furniture,

Boots & Shoes,

Groceries,

etc., will be

CLOSED OUT AT COST!

Those having unsettled accounts with the Institution, will please call at once, and settle up. THIS IS IMPERATIVE.

Call and See Us.

V. P. CASH.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE

—Paid for—

Wheat, Oats, and Clover Seed

I always have on hand and for sale a quantity of Shelled Corn, Oats, Clover and Timothy Seed.

PETER KISHPAUGH.

Clinton, Mich.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned executor of the estate of said deceased, by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the county of Washtenaw, on the 29th day of June A. D. 1885, there will be sold at Public Vendue, to the highest bidder, at the front door of J. H. Miller & Co., at 10 o'clock in the afternoon of that day (which day is the fourth day of August, A. D. 1885), at two o'clock in the afternoon of that day (which day is the fourth day of August, A. D. 1885), all the real estate of said deceased, to-wit: A strip of land one foot in width, fronting on Exchange Place street, from the east side of lot 100, and extending south to said Exchange Place street, the number seven of said block number three, and extending south from said Exchange Place street, the number ten of said block number three, and all of lot two of said block number five, lying north and east of City Road. All in the village of Manchester, Washtenaw county, Michigan. Dated June 29th, 1885.

W. L. A. ROWE.

GEORGE J. HAUSLER, Executor.

Miscellaneous.

THE LARGEST

CHEAPEST STOCK OF GOODS!

For the quality will be found at

Tompkins' Popular Jewelry Store.

Every article guaranteed as represented. Anyone thinking of purchasing in this line, whether it be of small or great value, will find it to their advantage to

GIVE ME A CALL!

I also have a complete line of Blank Books, Plain and Fancy Stationery.

Particular Attention Given to Repairing!

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. All work warranted. I take orders for

FINE HAIR WORK

for Chains, Pins, Earrings, Locks, and all kinds of Hair Jewelry.

A. C. TOMPKINS.

STATIONARY.

Just see what a

Box of Paper

You can get at the Corner Drug Store

FOR 10 CENTS.

A Remedy Warranted to Kill

TRY IT.

STRICTLY PURE PARIS GREEN

For the potato bugs, Machiole, etc. I am still selling lots of

Wall and Ceiling Papers!

New stock just received cheap. Parties, and all who contemplate painting with do well to call and see me and

Get My Prices!

And sample cards. Just received the latest line of

SCHOOL CARDS

Ever before shown here, all new designs.

BOX PAPER

Ten to twenty per cent cheaper than anybody else in town. Call and see me.

GEORGE J. HAUSLER.

NORTHERN PACIFIC

R. R. LANDS

In Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon.

From Lake Superior to Puget Sound.

At prices ranging from \$2 to \$5 per acre on 5 to 10 years' time. This is the best country for securing Good Homes now open for settlement.

FREE 320 acres of Government Land Free under the Homestead Act.

10,000,000 Acres of HOME PRIZE LANDS.

MADE of all the Public Lands disposed

COWARD AND SNEAK-THIEF.

An Animal That Even the Indian Dogs Look Upon With Contempt.

The first experience of the eastern traveler on the Northern Pacific railway, writes a correspondent at Green River, Wyoming, to the New York Sun, usually has some reference to the coyote. As the train gradually ascends the plateaus that merge into the Rocky mountains on the way west from Omaha, the first form of animal life observed is the coyote standing on some distant knoll or half hiding in the scanty sage brush and gazing wistfully at the passing train.

The coyote is the sneak-thief, the pickpocket of the Rocky mountain region. Although the dog belongs to the same genus of animals, yet the hunters and trappers in expressing their contempt for a Digger Indian will compare him to a coyote, but never to a dog. Even the Indian dog, which is a coyote tamed through long generations, despises his ancestor and fights him at every opportunity with great show of contempt. So cowardly is this animal that he never dares to seize a bird which faces him, but springs when its back is turned.

The dismal bark of the coyote at night reminds one of the jackal of the Orient. My first experience with these animals was when sleeping in a tent after a hard day's ride in Wyoming on the back of a broncho. The night was dark and threatening. Suddenly a chorus of unearthly sounds came from a high rock overhanging the tent.

"What on earth is that?"

"Coyotes," said the guide, with a curse, turning over for renewed sleep.

I took a shotgun and a cartridge of heavy slugs and blazed away at him. A dozen figures dimly outlined on the rock above. If there were any more strange noises that night I slept too soundly to hear them. In the morning two dead coyotes were found near the tent, of which the remainder of the pack and perhaps other animals had managed to make a meal during the night.

The coyotes followed us wherever we traveled, for five hundred miles, through the mountains, always slinking away in the distance, and at night, somewhat emboldened, stealing into camp and eating the refuse of our meals. I shot a number of these animals and dissected them. If anyone can mention an edible article in existence that a coyote will not eat, he ought to give it to the world at once as a curiosity. To my knowledge they are omnivorous, insectivorous, herbivorous, granivorous, frugivorous, and the rest.

The antipathy between the coyote and the Indian dog is one of the features of life in the west that attracts general attention. Some naturalists have been in haste to use this fact to prove that the latter is not a descendant from the former. Plainly, the antagonism between the animal is proof that they are identical species. The Indian dog has been trained through long generations to protect the interests of his master. The coyote is in opposition to the interests of man, and makes it his business to steal and plunder. The interests of the wild and tamed coyote are consequently antagonistic, and it is natural that they should fight.

A western artist has a photograph which shows an Indian dog and a coyote side by side. Anyone who can point out any difference in looks is welcome to the fame of his discovery.

Sportsmen, in the absence of game, often ride down the coyote, and find the chase brief and with few features of fox-hunting. I rode one down, but never repeated the operation.

In the fights between the Indian dog and the coyote the dog usually gets an unmerciful thrashing, particularly if he stays far from camp. In such cases the coyote calls his neighbors, and the entire pack set upon the dog and often kill him. If the coyote is alone and can obtain no help, he makes haste to sneak away, tail between his legs. The Indian dogs and the coyotes, however, interbreed commonly.

The coyote is found over a very wide range of country. Evidently their range is from sea level to ten thousand feet above. I saw large numbers of them in Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana, between six thousand and eight thousand feet above sea level. When first seen they are usually standing motionless on some slight elevation or among the sage brush. If no harm is likely to come to them, they will stand and scrutinize the traveler from a very near point. In fact, they are safer near by than at a distance, as one is apt to make them for Indian dogs if they appear tame. In Idaho I saw them hunting, in their usual sneaking way, the large sage hen. Indeed, when I had taken the trouble to shoot one of these birds I was surprised to see a nimble coyote step out from under a tall sage brush, seize the bird, and dash away. At that time I was riding through the mountains in a double buggy, and was unable to give chase. One day I climbed a steep perpendicular elevation of about fifteen hundred feet. On the narrow top was a coyote, who, on his haste to escape, leaped too far, and fell over the precipice on the opposite side, several thousand feet deep. In captivity the coyote is the most servile and despicable rascal imaginable. How the Indians ever had patience to domesticate them and make courageous and faithful dogs of them I can not imagine. Although the Indian may be witless and wigwagless, he is never dogless.

RELIEF FOR TIRED FEET.

"Don't you often get tired walking or standing for six hours at a time?" was asked of a policeman who leaned wearily against a coal-bin.

"It does get tiresome at times, especially during the early morning hours, when there are few persons in the street and nothing doing."

"You get rather hardened to it, don't you?"

"Yes, I suppose we do. At first it made my feet ache terribly, but I found that was due to wearing the same pair of shoes all day. By changing my shoes two or three times a day, I find that my feet are greatly relieved. Nearly every policeman keeps several pairs in constant use. When worn in that way they also last longer. No two pairs are exactly alike, and they support the foot at different points, and that is where they are helpful."—*New York Sun.*

Hereafter in Pennsylvania there is to be a limit to the erection of "fall towers" and tenebris houses a yard, a hill having passed the assembly providing for a legal limit to eighty feet.

GLEANINGS.

The present value of cattle in Dakota is estimated at \$8,000,000.

Capt. Howard of Gatling gun fame lately made \$7,000 by a lucky speculation in cartridges.

Mobile, Ala., was founded by the French in 1711 and New Orleans by the same people in 1741.

Mrs. Frelinghuysen became so much attached to Washington during her residence there that she will probably remove thither permanently.

"This is my wife; she is very entertaining, and I am highly pleased with her," is the way a Natick, Mass., man, just married, introduces his wife.

An association of old soldiers, both Federal and Confederate at Atlanta, Ga., proposes to erect a monument to perpetuate the memories of the blue and the gray who fell around that city in the civil war.

China offers as attractive a field for the work of professional explorers as any other country on the globe. It has recently been ascertained that the Chinese coal fields occupy an area of 400,000 square miles.

Mrs. Porter Ashe of San Francisco has the good fortune to be the daughter of Mrs. Charles G. Crocker, who gave her a dowry of \$600,000, which she has since supplemented by the gift of a completely furnished \$900,000 house.

Whitlaw Reid says: "The mainstay of all newspapers is truth. In the seeking of this, and when found even at the bottom of the well, it should be guarded with a boldness that knows no fear and a courage that knows no surrender."

An establishment for reeling silk is to be established in Oakland, Cal., and a tract of fifteen acres of land has been secured near Piedmont, which is to be set out with mulberry trees to feed the silk worms. The enterprise is at the expense of the government.

It is stated as a fact that when the Governor of Georgia gives a state dinner on any day, the day is called a "possum" day. The Governor avers that possum is just as good as compared with possum, and prophesies that "possum breeding is a coming industry."

Clara Morris is a Canadian. She was born in Montreal thirty-five years ago. Having lost her father, she became a ballet-girl in the Cleveland Academy of Music in that city at fifteen, to support her mother. She rose so rapidly in her profession that at nineteen she was leading lady in one of the Cincinnati theatres. The year following she was engaged at Daly's.

The Glasgow Philosophical Society has demonstrated that at about 122 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, the flesh of animals becomes so hard as to ring like porcelain when struck, and also to be capable of being crushed to a fine powder. Microbes, however, living in the flesh before freezing have been found alive when thawing took place, after an exposure of 200 hours to this intense cold.

The North has taken care of its own. It easily can, for it won. The South has neglected, and still neglects, those to whom it owes all that a people can owe to the dead. The obligation is the more binding because we lost, and because, therefore, to individuals and societies and not to Governments must our fallen brothers be a for respect, and love, and remembrance.—*Charleston News.*

A new cereal is announced by the *Rural New Yorker*, which, two years ago, produced a hybrid between wheat and the new grain, being very distinct from either. Last year a further cross was effected upon these hybrids by using the pollen of rye, so that the resulting grain is three-quarters rye. The plants are remarkably vigorous and the heads large and still very distinct from those of rye.

Pittsburg, like Philadelphia, has some wealthy colored people, including John Gaither, with an estate worth \$35,000, who fled from Louisiana forty years ago; Robert and Emanuel Jackson, prosperous business men, who inherited \$40,000 from their father, an ex-slave; "Uncle" John Turley, whose wealth is put at \$30,000; Mrs. William, a widow of Allegheny, with a fortune of \$60,000; and George Knox and his wife, who own property valued at \$25,000.

Roscoe Conkling walks up Broadway every evening from 6 to 7 o'clock. He has a queer swing of the legs—these days, a sort of loose-jointed movement. Above the waist his proportions and carriage are those of an athlete. Below the waist the limbs move distractedly as if the power that propelled them was exerted at random. Conkling grows gray. There are few dark hairs in either his close-cropped hair or carefully-trimmed whiskers. He still likes occasionally to don the boxing-gloves.

It is stated as a curious fact that when the late Empress of Russia was stopping with her daughter, the Duchess of Edinburgh, with a large suite, the Duke gave her to understand that he could not afford to entertain her, and he should be obliged if, on her departure, she could order the compensation of the suite to pay the expenses of her visit. At the moment of departure, after luncheon had been taken, the Duke of Edinburgh drew a paper from his pocket, on which he had noted down the estimated expenses of the Russian Empress, and he added the cost of the luncheon.

A Carson, Nev., man has gone and invented a machine to avoid the anti-treating law, which has been a dead failure thus far. A huge chunk of ice is slung in the centre of a revolving table, and beverages, beer, whisky, etc., are placed all over it. The citizens draw up their chairs all around, call for their drinks, and the game commences by the twirling of the revolving wheel or table. Whatever stops in front of each one's chair he must drink, and whoever fails to do so has the whole game pay for. The excitement grows more and more intense as the game progresses, and many substantial Carsonites goes home to bed drunk.—*San Francisco Alta.*

Here is information ungalant and interesting. The following is given by the *Pittsburg Gazette* as the ages of the well-known women named. The figures were obtained from a careful study of the dates contained in a recently-published English biographical dictionary: Mrs. Adam, 49; Mary Anderson, 28; Sarah Bernhardt, 41; Mrs. Bessant, 38; Rosa Bonheur, 63; Miss Braden, 48; Miss Gordon Cumming, 48; Lady Eastlake, 69; Empress Eugenie, 69; Emily Faithfull, 50; Mrs. Gladstone, 73; Julia Ward Howe, 60; Mme. de Novikoff, 48; Jenny Lind, 64; Pauline Luce, 45; Helen Modjeska, 41; Florence Nightingale, 60; Christine Nilsson, 42; Mrs. Oliphant, 67; Uddia, 43; Adeline Patu, 43; Christina Rossetti, 55; El-

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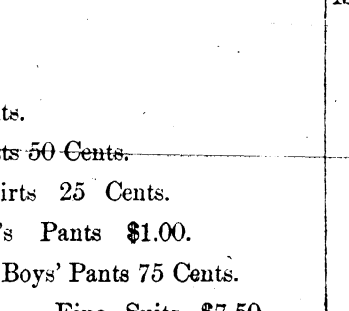
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