



Independent in all Things. Devoted to State, County and Home News.

VOL. 19.—NO. 25.

MANCHESTER, MICH., THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1886.

WHOLE NO. 961.

Manchester Enterprise

PUBLISHED THURSDAY EVENINGS.
Has a large circulation among Merchants, Mechanics, Manufacturers, Farmers and Families generally in the villages of Manchester, Chelsea, Saline, Clinton, Norwell, Brooklyn, Napoleon, Grass Lake, and all adjoining country.

MAT D. BLOS, JR., Prop'r etor.

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Street Commissioner—B. G. Lovejoy.
Assessor—E. G. Carr.
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Board of Health—Chas. Eldredge, Trustee—George Niles, C. F. Kapp, C. W. Case, D. O. Vandegrift, Wm. Bortles, Harmon Clark.

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ANCIENT ORDER UNITED WORKMEN meet in their hall, over George J. Houseler's drug store, on second and third Tuesday evenings of each month.
Geo. J. Houseler, Recorder.

GERMAN WORKINGMEN'S AID SOCIETY meet in their hall, over Doyle's store, on first and third Monday evenings of each month.
Jacob Kowalski, Secretary.

DOMINICAN COUNCIL, No. 24, R. & S. M. A. meet at Masonic Hall, Tuesday evenings of each month. All visiting companions are invited to attend.
ARTHUR CASE, T. J. M. Mat D. Bloss, Recorder.

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J. H. Hays, Secy.

MANCHESTER LODGE, No. 148, F. & A. M. meet at Masonic Hall, over Potliff's store, on Monday evenings, on or before each full moon. Visiting brothers are invited to attend.
ALBERT CASE, W. M. H. E. Root, Secretary.

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CATHOLIC (St. Mary's) Rev. J. Stange, Priest. Meetings every alternate Sunday.

UNIVERSALIST—Corner of Water and Boyce streets. Meetings every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Young ladies society meet Thursday in the month.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN (German). Meetings every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Young ladies society meet Thursday in the month.

PRESBYTERIAN—Exchange Place, Rev. G. H. Watson, Pastor. Meetings at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening. Strangers in the village invited to attend.

BAPTIST—Exchange Place, D. B. Munger, Pastor. Meetings Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening. Strangers in the village invited to attend.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Beaufort street. Meetings Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening. Strangers in the village invited to attend.

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THE STORY TELLER

The Modern Shakespeare.

"Henric! Didn't thou ever write a book?"
"Ay, damask, when but a growing boy I filled with ink a sheepskin diary."
"Rejoice, I'll warrant thee, with hero-deeds, and of the best of heroes."
"Of true past-times with the coiling worm And pin-bet anchor for the pedagogue."
"And on my side my noble career."
"And meet of course, to thy callow mind. But with thine intellect had gibbons grown. And wisdom bulged the phrenologic jars. Hast ever focused thy great genius on Some work of fiction. Some weird tale of love."
Where virtue and virtue teeter-tawter through The lengthening chapters, and the heroine Dangles of time or bottomless abyss. Held by one strand of native auburn hair? Have not, gory! There is a wiser way To win renown for mental panderousness. And shed no mental marrow in the winning. Wouldst thou know the name?"
"Ay, Solomon, I would."
"Play critic then to other people's tales. And write good books to the assessing room. Learn from thy grammar how to yield thy knife."
Cut, hack and slice till thou hast found a flaw. (Blinding thine eye to merit all the while) Then with thy trophy seek the misanthrope. Flout a while, locate and flout thy chest. This will more comfort bring thy little soul Than writing books till doomsday opens its scroll."
—Wade Whipple, in Yonkers Gazette.

THE MUTE OF THE VOSGES.

Jean V— was about 15 years old at the time of the Franco-Prussian war. His father owned a farm in the Vosges, a very small farm, but as he was a widower, with only two sons—Louis about 25, a handsome, intelligent young man, and "petit Jean," a delicate boy, who did not seem more than 10 years old—the farm sufficed amply for the maintenance of the three. Unfortunately, at the conscription Louis drew a fatal number and was marched off with the other village conscripts. But fortunately, as he considered it, he found himself assigned to the regiment of Col. St. Amand, who was himself a native of the Vosges, and had known Louis from the young man's childhood. He knew him to be brave, honest, and trustworthy, with far more intelligence than the average peasant soldier. So he trusted him, and he always paid a visit to his father at the farm. So very quietly but persistently, a close watch was kept upon the cottage. One dark and stormy night the Prussian vigilance was rewarded by seeing a tall figure slip in at the back door, and as if by a signal, the lights in the cottage were extinguished.

As Louis and his father sat together in the dark, waiting for the dawn, they did not talk aloud, heavy steps were heard outside and the door was soon crushed in by ponderous blows. "There was no time for flight, for the two knew full well that the cottage was surrounded. One silent pressure of his father's hand in the darkness and Louis recovered his presence of mind. He cut a package of papers from an inner pocket in the bosom of his shirt and said in a low voice to Jean, who was standing near him:

"Here, Jean, take this packet. Thou canst squeeze through the little hole in the wall which joins the barn. Go through the stable and bury these papers somewhere. They must not be found—lost thou hear—even if they kill thee."
"Here, Jean, understand, by the time the Prussians had rushed through the dismantled door and struck a light he had pushed himself through the hole and was out of sight. Brutal hands seized Louis and his father and dragged them to the middle of the room. The son a spy, the father an accessory, the business would be soon settled. As soon as day dawned they would be shot.

Now for the dispatches! They were two long letters, and Capt. Arnheim thought with a rueful smile that successful vigilance was rewarded in the Prussian army!
The soldiers tore off the young man's peasant blouse and shirt, examining his whole person. Not a scrap of paper!
"The dispatches of which thou art the bearer, where are they?" thundered the Prussian officer.
"Dispatches?" asked Louis, coolly.
"But then, you see, I have none."
"What didst thou hide in here?" the officer cried, tapping with his finger on the cut pocket in the shirt. "I know you had them when you entered here. Give them up this minute."
"Since you insist that I have them—well, then, search, search everywhere! You will find any and are not here."
"He has had no chance to hide them outside. Found or not, the spy's fate is sealed; but the papers are of more value than the lives of a thousand peasant dogs like him."
There were but two small rooms in the cottage and no loft. Every drawer was pulled out, every box emptied of its contents, the floor-bet opened and examined, and even the very ashes in the fire-place sifted.

Nothing anywhere!
The little hole in the wall did not excite any suspicion. It was too small, they thought, for anything but a dog or cat to pass through. Very much discouraged, the Prussians were, when they heard a stir outside, and a soldier entered, dragging little Jean after him. The child had his hands behind him.
"Found this child hiding under the hedge," the soldier said, with a military salute.
"What were you hiding there?" Capt. Arnheim cried, roughly.

"Me? Nothing," Jean answered, his face death-like pale, but no fear in his bright eyes and clear voice.

"Hold out your hands this minute!" The boy obeyed. Very dirty hands they were covered with mud and sand. "It is he who has hidden the papers!" cried the officer, furiously. "Look at his hands! He has buried them somewhere. Spak instantly, boy! Where are they?"
Jean remained silent. The Prussian looked at him, saw the resolution in the childish face, and suddenly changed his tone.

"Listen, boy," he said, quietly. "That is thy father, is it not, and that thine only brother?"
Jean nodded assent.
"Very well. If thou wilt not tell where the papers are hidden they shall both be shot at daylight. But show where the dispatches are, and on the word of an officer and a gentleman, I will strain a point and give them their lives."
Jean, paler than before, looked at his father.

"Jean," cried the old peasant, "listen well to what I say. If they kill us before they do not tell them. We would not take the life bought by thy treachery, and we would hate thee. Be brave and firm."
"Good, papa! I will obey." The little fellow choked down his sobs as he spoke.

"To-morrow, then," said Captain Arnheim. "We will see if thou hast the cruelty to be the murderer of father and brother, when one word would save them. Ach! that, only think! To have their lives in thy hand!"
About midnight Jean was carried to the place where his father and brother were confined and left in the room with them, the guard withdrawing to the outside, by orders of Capt. Arnheim. The Prussian hoped everything from this interview. The firmness of the young man certainly weakened before the tears and prayers of the child; they were going to leave alone in the world. The Germans knew little of the peasants of the Vosges. The very children there suck in courage and resolution with the mother's milk. It was cruel torture, both to the father and sons, those last hours of the night. There were tears and sobs, close embraces and broken words of tenderness, but when the first ray of daylight stole into the prison the father lifted Jean's hand from his knee, where the child had laid it to hide his tears.

"Remember, Jean," he said, holding his hand in a tight pressure, "remember that thou holdest the honor of thy father and brother. We are not afraid to die now, but we would be afraid to live if thou shouldst turn traitor. The Prussians must not have the papers. Better have thy tongue cut out than speak!"
"I will not speak," the boy said, trying to speak calmly. "Yes, whatever may happen, I will not speak. They cannot make me."
A little after daylight the prisoners were marched out to a little green in the center of the village and placed with their backs against a high stone wall. Twenty steps from them stood a platoon of Prussian soldiers ready for the final signal. Around the green, backed by the soldiers, were the friends and neighbors of the doomed men, weeping, wringing their hands, and exhausting themselves by futile prayers to the stern officer, who did not answer them by even a glance. He held little Jean tightly by the wrist. He was about to make a final effort to move him.

"Thou seest them?" waving his hand toward the prisoners. "They are thy father and brother. In another minute they will lie a bleeding heap before thee if thou dost not tell where the papers are hidden. Thou hearest thy friends pleading for their lives. Willst thou speak?"
Little Jean's "No" was almost inaudible, and there was a look of frenzied despair in his big black eyes which almost startled the Prussian. The boy was surely weakening.

"Present arms! Take aim!" he shouted. "Now, for the last time, wilt thou speak, boy?"
A terrible expression of agony passed over the boy's convulsed face. A cry of pain seemed choked in his throat. Capt. Arnheim bent forward to hear that confession which he felt sure was coming. Jean opened his mouth; a torrent of blood poured out of it.
The officer fell back, when a terrible fact was revealed to him. The boy had bitten off his tongue, so strong had been the temptation to speak.

"Fire!" shouted the officer, and Jean fell fainting to the ground; at the same moment his brother and father were shot through the heart.

A DENVER JOSS-HOUSE.

Its Ornamentations and What They Signify—Suggestions for Sign-Painters.

Denver's Chinatown, like all well-regulated collections of Chinese houses and inhabitants, has a joss-house. This joss-house is unpretentious as to size, but very bold and cheery as to the manner in which it forces itself upon public attention.

It is situated on Wazee street, in close proximity to the dwellings of the Chinese women, and it is, as such affairs go in a Christian country, a "daisy." To the casual observer the joss-house looks like either a two-story barber-shop or a small dime museum. It is gayly painted, and the preponderance of red in the decoration gives the barber-shop idea rather the choice with guessers, but the more studious will at once notice that it has upon the front of its second story a balcony, and the oldest part of those establishments where a man can get a shave, a little blood-letting and a summary of the current history of the world, all at the same time, for 15 cents, never remembers seeing a tenebrous parlor with a balcony.

This balcony is an argument in favor of the dime museum theory, for, as is well known, it is customary for those establishments to have a brass band stationed upon a balcony well out of reach of an infuriated populace, and whose mission it is to make such music that the listeners, unless stone deaf, are glad to give up a dime in order to get inside and out of hearing of all excepting the dull thud of the bass drum.

On festive occasions the balcony of the joss-house is further ornamented by Chinese lanterns, and these lanterns are what give the snap away and establish the identity of the building as a place of worship.

The joss in the Denver house is an object of mystery, and there is a discussion as to whether the object popularly known as Joss is really he. Some profess to be well informed saying that it is simply Confucius with a couple of his friends—for there are three of the kind—while others are equally strong in the opinion that it is Joss.

Whatever it is intended for, it is simply a picture, and in any other place might be taken for a circus advertisement. It hangs against the partition at the southern end of the house, and might as well be the trademark for a superior brand of tea, so far as inspiring any feeling of awe in the mind of any but a Chinaman.

The three figures upon the picture are rather pleasant-looking gentlemen, the center one having a long mustache, which reminds one of Cool-Burgess and several other of the old-time minstrel men as they were wont to appear when off duty and with the burnt cork washed from their faces. They would stand upon the hotel steps of country towns and mash or seek to mash the susceptible rustic maidens.

At the right and left of the central figure are two quite commonplace-looking individuals, with nothing at all remarkable in their styles other than their clothes, which are gaudy in the extreme.

And there they hang and stare and stare, and will probably continue so to do until the joss-house burns down, is removed, or the Joss gets so faded and worn that he has to be superseded by a brand new god.

In front of him is a large table filled with Chinese dainties of various kinds and qualities. It is rather a reflection upon the average Chinese opinion of food, for the table is not set for a large majority of the josses set forth for the delectation of the gods, but for the rank and file. There are various kinds of shellfish, made apparently of pasteboard, and lots of fruit of the same sham style. There are nuts which may be real and oranges which certainly are not, and there are many things there the intention of which the uninitiated can not catch on to.

But there is real whisky of Chinese distillation made from rice, and possibly by Oriental moonshiners. These cups of whisky stand and collect dust, and Joss never touches them, his position as a painted personage forcing him to an extreme habit of abstinence. And there is incense, but if Joss' appetite for incense is at all sharp he must be in a constantly unsatisfied state. Little bits of tapers send forth a stream of smoke like that from an expiring match, and it is hard work for anybody excepting Joss, who stands there and watches all the time, to discover that there is any smoke at all.

When New Year's comes around, Joss is well remembered. The table is enlarged, and many luxuries, real and bogus, are added, and one or two additional tapers are lighted, and during the period of the holiday the smoke can be seen and smelt. This, with a crowd of Caucasian visitors, larger than usual, makes up the respect shown to Joss on New Year's.

There are a great many josses in Chinatown. Hardly a household is complete without one, and some of them have girls for the right and left bowers to the central figure. Any ordinary sign-painter can get up a pretty respectable-looking joss, but one specimen last so long that the trade is probably not extensive enough to induce any young house-painter to make a specialty of that line. The profits accruing from painting one iron fence around a private lot in a cemetery would probably be much greater than from the production of a dozen everyday josses.

Denver Tribune-Republican.

Poor Pierce Young.

A gallant, southern gentleman who had secured a conspicuous diplomatic position in the vicinity of Siberia, was determined to journey to Berlin or Vienna and have a jolly good time. After traveling several hundred miles he reached the German frontier, and was halted by a squad of Cossacks, whose officer demanded his passport. Our friend, well known to Capt. Edge and other martial Georgians, assumed the dignity of his office and said: "Passport be blessed! I had to get one to enter your effeminate monarchy, but did not know it was necessary to procure one inside the land. I have not got a passport and am in a hurry, so please send and let me proceed on my trip. I am Consul-General too, and

don't want any confounded red-tape nonsense." The Cossack officer did not comprehend a word of what was said, but knew the suspicious and distinguished-looking foreigner had no papers required of him. So the Consul was put in charge of two grim and dirty Cossacks, hustled on a train bound due north, and conducted back to his regiment post. Carried to the Russian headquarters, our luckless Consul was there some delay identified. Profuse apologies were vouchsafed, but nothing further was done to make amends for 1,400 miles of jaunting to no delightful purpose. When the train broke up on the Neva, and Russian soldiers put on white pantaloons to coax the reluctant spring, no doubt our dashing cavalier will, properly equipped at the Circumlocution Office, triumphantly dart by the Cossack guard on the Austrian frontier, and by the Blue Danube, in the ravishing capital of Franz Joseph's domain, whirl the yellow-haired Gretchens in the intoxicating waltz to the delicious strains of Johann Strauss' magical music, "where the viol the trick-tongued song salutes!"—Washington Letter in Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

A Big Political Project.

During the lifetime of Benjamin H. Hill, Colonel Frank A. Burr enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with him. "Ben Hill," said Colonel Burr yesterday, "was the originator of one of the biggest projects ever attempted in this country. Soon after General Garfield was elected, Democrats, leading men like Hill, fearing that men of the Mahabub stamp would get the upper hand, entered into an organization for the preservation of what they were pleased to call the better elements, North and South. The movement looked to revolutionizing all existing parties. Hill wrote to General Garfield, inquiring the subject. Garfield responded, asking for particulars as to the plan. They were given, and when Garfield came to Washington to take the oath of office, there was a conference between the President elect and the leading men of the South. An agreement was made then. In brief, the terms were something like this: The Southern gentlemen were to all their names to a circular acknowledging that the war was over, in fact, and that the results growing out of it were all accepted in good faith by the Southern people. They also recognized that we were one people, and that the Northern citizens had no desire to humiliate their Southern brethren. All this was to be stated in a clear and diplomatic way. Then, the Southern statesmen agreed to support the financial policy of the Republican party. For this General Garfield promised to turn over the Federal patronage to the South to the Southern Senators. The plan was approved by Blaine and it had been carried out it would have broken up the two existing parties of today. Garfield's death nipped the project in the bud. It needed patronage to carry it out."

"Senator Hill told me the story himself, when I met him in Philadelphia, where he was undergoing a surgical operation on his tongue. He said he would give me the correspondence between General Garfield and himself, as he thought it should be published. Well, he returned home to Georgia; a second operation was performed on his tongue, and he shortly after he passed away. Just before his death, however, he wrote me a letter saying that it was his wish that I should have this correspondence. After his death I wrote a note to Ben Hill, Jr., and asked him to please forward the correspondence to me. The son replied, saying that he recognized his father's wish in the matter and would comply with my request if I insisted on it, but the family thought that the publication of the letters would arouse a useless controversy, and hoped I would not press the point, and I did not."

"I can testify that the main point of the story is true," said Mr. Frank Hutton, who was standing by. "When I went into the Postoffice Department," he continued, "I found that all the postoffice patronage in the South had been turned over to the Democrats. For instance, I found written across a Florida case, 'Do nothing until you hear from Senators Gill or Jones.' It was the same in the other Southern States, but I am afraid I paid very little attention to these notes. I did not believe in building up the Republican party in that way."—N. Y. Herald.

OSCEOLA.

Reminiscences of the Famous Seminole Warrior—The Treaty Assassination.

A Jacksonville, Fla., correspondent of the *Pittsburgh Commercial-Gazette* writes: William Kendrick of this city, is 62 years of age, and was born and raised in Florida. His birthplace was on the Suwannee river, within a mile of where the great Indian chief Osceola was born and lived. He contends that the great chief whipped for years the United States government in every battle he fought during the Florida Indian war. He regards Osceola as the equal, if not the superior, of Napoleon, or any other of the great generals of his day, in strategy and prowess.

He was a half-breed. His father was a man from Georgia by the name of Powell. The great chief was known by the name of Powell until the day of the meeting at Fort King for the purpose of signing the treaty with Thompson, the United States commissioner, to transfer their lands and move to Indian Territory. When the great chief, or king, of the tribe had signed the treaty, followed by all the subchiefs, Powell was asked to sign his name, as he was regarded as a subchief, or an Indian of distinction, for his prowess in the hunt, as well as his bravery and influence with the tribe, and his fine personal appearance. When called by the commissioner Powell stepped forward, took the pen, threw it to the ground, drew his hunting-knife, and plunged it into the heart of the great chief of the nation, and then turning in the twinkling of an eye, buried it in the heart of the United States commissioner.

The subchiefs were as greatly surprised at Osceola's act as were the United States authorities present. Powell had taken the precaution to have in striking distance several hundred of the bravest warriors of the tribe, who, upon a signal, made their appearance, and as he walked out of the tent in which the treaty was being signed, he multitudes of the same knife thrusts had taken the lives of the two principal actors in projecting the treaty. His brave men and subsequently declared him Osceola, the great chief of the Seminoles.

Kendrick told me that at this time Osceola was only 25 years of age. He contends that the Indians have always been misrepresents that, instead of being the savage best, he has always been represented to be, he was always kind to his prisoners, and prevented to the extent he could the scalping and mutilation of the dead and the making of war on women and children. As an evidence of his friendly disposition to the whites, Mr. Kendrick said that after he had assassinated the two principal actors in the signing of the treaty, he would not permit his warriors to molest the garrison of United States troops, who were wholly in his power, but said to them on his departure: "Leave me and my people to the wilds of my country, and you will never have to complain of Osceola and his people, but, if you attempt to hunt us down and capture us by force, we will fight to the death."

Another evidence of the humanity of Osceola was shown by the United States Maj. Dade and his command. Dade was sent with a detachment from Fort King against the Indians and to open communication between Fort King and Tampa, on the Gulf coast. He was a man greatly loved by Osceola, as they had often been on the hunt together. Osceola attempted to evade the contest, but in the end he was forced to fight. He was killed, and his death was a great loss to the Seminoles. He was a man of great courage and a great leader. He was a man of great courage and a great leader. He was a man of great courage and a great leader.

At the crack of his rifle, Maj. Dade fell dead and Osceola threw down his gun and surrendered. He was a man of great courage and a great leader. He was a man of great courage and a great leader. He was a man of great courage and a great leader.

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"Ned Buntline's" Writing.

Ed-Bits gave some account of "Ned Buntline's" early life lately. He said the *Detroit Free Press* the other day about his writing.

"I was the earliest writer of serial stories in this country," said Colonel

A Fatal Block of Houses.

Immediately around the Scott circle, one of the most fashionable localities in Washington, says the *New York Mail & Express*, stand a number of fine houses, all built within the last five years, all belonging to prominent men, and upon whose occupants disaster has fallen so invariably that it has come to be called, not Scott circle, but Misfortune circle. It was in the finest of those, on Sunday morning, that David P. Morgan, of the great New York and London banking firm, died. People said: "Another misfortune in Misfortune circle." The first of the splendid houses facing the statue of Gen. Scott is that of Prof. Graham Bell, of telephone fame. His great fortune is considered secure as he sold out most of his telephone stock. His wife is a deaf mute, or two ago his children, of whom he has a beautiful family, were stricken with diphtheria. After being very ill, they began to recover, but every one of them the hearing, being afflicted, and it is doubtful if they recover from it. That, with the close hanging over him in the charges of fraud and collusion in the telephone suits to be instituted, has filled his measure of misfortune. Next is the red brick palace built by Senator Don Cameron, and in which Mr. Morgan died. Senator Cameron only lived in the house two or three years, but in the time his health became a wreck, and of his daughters met with an injury, he was lame for ever since. He said Mr. Morgan, who owned it, had months before dying in it. Next was ex-senator and now Minister to Mexico, a beautiful home. In the short time he lived there his wife lost her two young children, his daughter had an accident which it is supposed will make her a cripple for life, he lost considerable money and his election as United States senator.

Then came the magnificent house of ex-Secretary Robeson. When he went into it he was a leading member of congress, powerful at the navy department, and eager for political power. Within two years he had lost his seat in the house, was defeated as a delegate to the national convention, and has sunk into complete social as well as political obscurity. Opposite him a fashionable clergyman, Mr. Forrest, built an imposing house. He, too, lost his charge, became financially involved, and finally gave up his home to be used as a apartment house. On the corner opposite Senator Cameron, ex-Senator Indiana built a house which cost \$100,000. It wrecked him politically. It was photographed and the photographs distributed all over Minnesota as a proof that he had lost his citizenship, and so much feeling was excited over it that the candidate of his state for the presidency, was defeated for the senate seat, absolutely retired from public life. Mr. Blaine also lived in this house the year of his defeat for the presidency. Next to the Windsor house Mr. Silken Hutchins, editor of the *Washington Post*, built. His wife died within a few months of moving into the new house. Hutchins, a rich man, who died a year or two ago, leaving behind a mass of property, was ruined. Judge Harlan, of the Supreme court, lived still farther up, and was yet met with severe reverses that have lowered up almost everything he had. It will be seen that nearly every property owner immediately around Scott circle may say: "There's no luck about this house."

The London *World* says: I wonder whether Prince Henry of Battenberg understands the English language? I sat opposite him the other night at the Court Theatre—a very favorable-looking personage, with a fixed scowl. And while all the other people in the house were screaming with delight, while the Princess Beatrice laughed heartily, and even the poor lady and gentleman in waiting—God help them—indulged in a futile smile, this young man sat calm and unmoved, without relaxing a muscle. I only saw him bend once, when the policeman drank the brandy which had been brought for the magistrate. That was the sort of joke which seemed to tickle his transparency.

All the French papers have been filled with stories more or less apocryphal about the late Mr. Vanderbilt and his purchases in Paris. One tale is to the effect that on one occasion, looking at a superb exhibit of ornamental iron work shown at the Palace of Industry at an annual fair, he inquired the price of the lot. "The whole is worth 50,000 francs, if it is worth a penny," proudly said the owner. "I'll take it," said Vanderbilt, "deliver it to me and after the exhibition is over." And he went away. The dealer plucked at the sleeve of the gentleman accompanying Vanderbilt and inquired in a whisper: "Is your friend all right in the head?"

Another evidence of the humanity of Osceola was shown by the United States Maj. Dade and his command. Dade was sent with a detachment from Fort King against the Indians and to open communication between Fort King and Tampa, on the Gulf coast. He was a man greatly loved by Osceola, as they had often been on the hunt together. Osceola attempted to evade the contest, but in the end he was forced to fight. He was killed, and his death was a great loss to the Seminoles. He was a man of great courage and a great leader. He was a man of great courage and a great leader. He was a man of great courage and a great leader.

At the crack of his rifle, Maj. Dade fell dead and Osceola threw down his gun and surrendered. He was a man of great courage and a great leader. He was a man of great courage and a great leader. He was a man of great courage and a great leader.

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KATE BAYARD.

How an Unfortunate Man Was Rescued from a Life of Misery by a Heroic Girl.

A letter from Delaware tells me a pretty story of Kate Bayard, the beautiful daughter whom death took so lately from our secretary of state, writes a correspondent of the New York Times. She was seven years ago her phæton was a familiar sight in Wilmington and on the roads thereabout; she was already known among her friends as a daring rider, and there were stories abundant of heroic exploits and dangers braved in the saddle. The horse that she used for her phæton was spirited, but nobody ever worried for the fair driver's safety; she had too often shown her power to horses. It is thought of danger. The horse seemed to know her; viciousness that was shown when others approached melted into gentleness at once when she took up the reins; people who believed in the intelligence of brute creation pointed out this horse's actions as proof of their correct faith.

One summer evening as Miss Bayard was driving alone on the outskirts of West Wilmington her attention was attracted toward a lively group of boys at the side of the roadway. In their center was a man most forlorn in appearance, his face the picture of misery, his clothes all tattered. The boys in their silly thoughtlessness were persecuting him. The girl's sympathies were enlisted at once. Her carriage came to a standstill, and her voice rebuked the boys, who, staring one moment agape with astonishment, fell back a little, but they did not cease their taunts. The poor man against the roadside looked up, as much amazed as had been his persecutors. It wasn't an inviting countenance, and yet there was something in it not wholly bad. He was fired at him by the retreating lads, and then as he tried to move he revealed to the good Samaritan who had come to his rescue that he was a cripple. This brought her from her phæton in a trice. A word to her horse, a pat upon its neck, and she left it to go within touching distance of the poor helpless fellow, despairing in this by street of a town suburb.

"Why was he there?" "How had he fallen into such a plight?" These were questions that she asked in quick succession. And the reply that came was—"I am only a tramp." She didn't draw back. That wasn't the way of Kate Bayard. "But you are a man," she said. He looked as if he were half afraid to assert that he could claim even this, and he bowed back with a visible shudder as the brave girl said: "You must have somebody to care for you. Let me take you to the hospital." He smiled half thankfully, half doubtfully, and though no words were uttered, his eyes, taking on a new light, seemed to sparkle out: "You mock me." He did not know Kate Bayard any better than the world knew her, but her own heart's sake, does good deeds in secret. She bent and helped him to rise. One leg would not bear his body's weight, and he had hard work to muffle the groan that half escaped him in the pain of moving; but heroically, his ragged coat sleeve running through the arm of as lowly a girl as ever lived, he limped after her, and the phæton side and was lifted—virtually lifted as a mother tenderly would lift her infant—in through the wheels to the carriage seat.

Then came an exciting experience. She was half between the vehicle's wheels when the horse, that had been standing quietly enough while he could watch his mistress, became angry. The boys, who had not drawn out of sight, and their sport was being continued by showers of missiles thrown promiscuously in the carriage's direction, and they were hooting and crying more loudly than ever. This it was that had unstrung the horse's nerves, and he pranced and reared, though he did not start to run. The mistress of the carriage caught the girl in their clasp and hug, and released her only for a second, when she rushed forward to the frightened horse's bridle. The alarm of the animal was intensified. Now he dashed away on a full run, whirling the light phæton hither and thither over the roadway in a manner that boded speedy destruction. The hoodlums parted as the runaway cut through their ranks, but not one was big enough or brave enough to try to stop the wild beast. On and on he galloped, and the girl, who had been hearted, Kate Bayard clung to the bridle-rein, and she swung through the air like a bird at the flying animal's side. Nor did she lose her self-consciousness. She called her horse by name, and her tone was as affectionate and calm as though he were standing still for caresses. A long time he plied no attention to this, and the dangers were encountered and passed through, till finally, half exhausted, perhaps, the stalwart creature turned his head, neighed, and quickly came to a standstill. Nobody had been hurt, the carriage was whole, some harness had been strained and ripped, the man in the phæton had fainted—his sufferings and excitement he conquered him.

That man was tenderly cared for by Kate Bayard and her friends, and eventually he went into the world a well man and in a mind wholly different from that which had possessed him on the day he was found a helpless victim of idle boys in a public roadway. No, there is no record of any heroic act by which this rescued man subsequently served her who saved him. Nor was there any need for any such act to add color to this good thing that Thomas F. Bayard's daughter did.

He whom she lifted up was ever afterward a changed man. He had a history that had something of good in it. The wild son of a New York farmer, he had left college to go south as a soldier early in the war, and had fallen there into bad habits. That, briefly, was his story. Now he is a clergyman of the Methodist church.

At the Revival Preacher—"Young men should never go any place where they would not take their sisters. Is there a Christian young man in the audience who thinks he may safely break this wise rule?" Young man in the gallery stands up. Preacher—"And what is the place, my young friend, which you think yourself justified in visiting and yet to which you would not think of taking your sister?" Young man—"The barber-shop, sir."—*Buffalo Express.*

A portrait of the Chevalier de la Luzerne, from whom Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, was named, has been presented by Ezekiel B. Cox to the Wyoming Historical Society.

MISSING LINKS.

Representatives Reed, of Maine, and Lottitt, of California, were once respectively school teacher and blacksmith in the same California village.

It is said that Isabella, ex-Queen of Spain, owns considerable real estate in Philadelphia, and, furthermore, is a shareholder in the Keely motor.

A sewing machine, which is held in the hand and worked like a pair of scissors, is made at Bridgeport, Conn., the factory employing seventy-five people.

A prominent citizen of Baltimore has been at work on the subject of nervous diseases in children. He finds that insomnia and neuritis are frequent among children, and traces them directly to mental overpressure.

The oldest person in West Virginia is a colored woman near Charleston, named Clara Brown, who claims to remember the outbreak of the Revolutionary war, and to have seen General Washington in Richmond.

A scientific journal gives an account of a plant-fossil found in Paris, in which paper was made to take the place of wood, the whole case being made from paper so compressed that it was enabled to receive a hard surface, which took a perfect polish. The color was cream white. The tone of this instrument is reported to be not loud, but very sweet.

The short, broken character of the sound emitted by ordinary pianofortes is replaced by a soft, full, continuous sound, resembling somewhat that of the organ. It has been suggested that the evenness of texture of the compressed paper may have some influence in effecting this modification of sound.

A Minnesota correspondent of the Country Gentleman writes: A neighbor having work to do with a span of horses, twelve and thirteen years old, had them shot at night, and the first day the hunter-handled their feet so awkwardly that he had the shoes removed inside of two weeks. Horses "ball up" much worse with shoes on, and when great lumps of snow and ice are on their feet they are more likely to slip than when the feet are bare. And when it comes to wading through large drifts of snow, the bare-footed team comes out ahead every time. They waded through the drifts like foxes, with no danger of calking themselves.

A Fiji Prince has been paying a short visit to London. Many zealous Christians were in hopes that he would be converted to Christianity, and he left the first Christian city of the world, but in that they were disappointed. Instead of going to Westminster Abbey and paying the vergers sixpence to talk about old tombstones, he went to the district of the city where he could find a number of people in love with a fair actress, and proposed marriage to her. When, to his great astonishment, she refused him, he offered as an inducement to kill off his other four wives as soon as he got home. But the Anglo-Saxon soul still refused him, and he went back to his princely home a sad and lonely man.

Two nice young Maine persons are in a state of mind, and all on account of the card-cash business manager of an Augusta newspaper. One of the young persons wrote to the other, directing her letter to the newspaper office where he worked, and the business manager, not noticing the address, took up the envelope and turned it over to the editor, who clipped it in the Young Folks' Column as a communication, the name of the sender and address of the letter being given. The young man, who had been awaiting some word from the lady, first learned of the course the letter had taken when he saw it in the paper. Their feelings are much easier imagined than described.

Says a New York letter to the Cincinnati Enquirer: "Ex-Senator Tabor of Colorado still lingers in New York. He has been negotiating a \$500,000 mortgage loan on the property he owns on Lower Broadway. The Labor Operation at New York is included in the security. Tabor watches speculative movements as if he were fascinated, and I am told that he intends to use his \$500,000 loan as a big stake to retrieve his fortunes. He has lost considerable money in the last five years, but is still wealthy if he would husband his property." Says him the other day in a book his office collecting \$150,000 which he won in a small gamble on wheat. I am told he takes little flyers daily in pork oil, and even in stocks, by means of which he is getting his hand in for a bigger play.

The Aldershot correspondent of the Daily Telegraph writes: "As the testing of the bayonets proceeds at Aldershot the results only more conclusively show how urgent it was that they should undergo the scrutiny through which they have passed. Friday the examination tested about 600 bayonets of the First Battalion Lancaster Regiment, when 223 were found to be totally unfit for service, many breaking, and the remaining nearly double and remaining so. Saturday those of the First South Highlanders were tested, with the result that of 700 examined 163 were soft and defective. Another batch of 600 bayonets the state of affairs has proved much discussion, and all express themselves very disgusted that such arms should have been placed in their hands.

Here is something for the boys—a simple traveling top. The ingenious toy consists simply of a perforated disk which can be easily whittled out of a piece of thin board, and a piece of strong cord of such length that when the ends are tied together it will form a loop through which the legs can be passed. At opposite points on the edge of the disk are cut two small notches to receive the cord. The performer passes his legs through the loop, inserts the two lengths of cord in the notches of the disk, and then tightly twists up the cord. He now lets go of the disk, and suddenly forces his legs apart. The twisting of the cord rapidly revolves the disk, which will drop to the ground and run away for fifty or one hundred yards, according to the strength and skill of the manipulator.

A Washington letter says: "Miss Love having been heralded through the country so unpleasantly as the fiancée of the President, every one has been most anxious to meet and see her. Miss Love is to all appearances well past 40, with wavy yellow hair, drawn at either side of her forehead. Her eyes are blue-gray, and her features rather good. She is tall, and the German word, white-browed and satin, with much lace. She manages a tan gracefully and is clever and quick in conversation. She is a woman of independent means, and has traveled and gone at her will, and those who know her scout the idea of her marrying any man when the papers bring word of her going about her own affairs. Her picture reached public print through the pen of a friend, who said her photographs to publishers for a good round sum.

B.K. Jayson, the Philadelphia banker, recently said: "Did I ever tell you about my first financial transaction of importance? No? Well, it took place in my native town in Indiana County. I was a little shaver of about 5, and one day I imported my father for some money with which to buy candy. He was talking to a gentleman at the time, but he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a dime, giving it to me with the injunction to spend but half of it and to bring the other half home. I took the money, but how to obey puzzled me. I walked along cogitating over the matter until I arrived in front of a tin-smith's, when a bright idea struck me. Entering boldly in, for I knew the tin-smith, I said boldly and demanded that he cut my tin-pot into two pieces. He inquired the reason for my strange request, and when I told him he laughingly told me that I could have it halved at the candy-store without any cutting. Ashamed to ask there for the accommodation I desired, I invested it all in candy, and then told my father the difficulty I had experienced in carrying out his instructions."

Capt. Schley's Egotism.

A Washington correspondent of the Cleveland Leader writes: I hear a good joke on Capt. Schley, the naval officer who went north and, penetrating the Arctic region, discovered Greely. The captain fully appreciates the service he has rendered the country, and it is perhaps not egotistical in him to suppose that the country appreciates him. Still, there are many noted men here at Washington, and there are other noted things outside Arctic expeditions, and the fact that a bright, capable, and then fails to remember the heroic deeds of the heroic captain, should be pardoned. The incident referred to occurred at one of Mrs. Logan's delightful receptions, which she gives weekly at her beautiful new home on the hill. A box of the latest of Washington's belles was as usual receiving with her, and among them was a bright, fair-skinned young lady who had just returned from an educational course in Europe, and who is as simple, as unaffected a lady as you will find anywhere. I will call her Miss Smith, because that is not her real name. When Capt. Schley called he was handed over to a bright young girl, whom Mrs. Logan told to introduce him to the other young ladies. "This was done, but nothing was said of Capt. Schley's career in the north. Now it happened that Mark Twain was in the other room at the time, and the conversation turned upon him. Capt. Schley said: "How nice it is for ladies to know the men who call upon them and something about their history. Now my wife never looks at her cards until after her day is over, and then she is surprised at the number of noted people she has had among her callers, and she often says: 'Why, Rev. So-and-so called to-day. I am so sorry I did not know him, for I wanted to ask him such a question—' and so she goes on over the list. Now," continued Capt. Schley, "I think there ought to be a reform in this. I think ladies ought to require gentlemen who call upon them to say who they are, what they have done, and what is their specialty. Then there would be no lack of conversation, and society would move much easier. Do you not think so, ladies?" and with this he looked at Miss Smith.

"Yes, I do," responded the young lady, and I would like to begin right now. Capt. Schley, will you please tell us what your specialty is, and what heroic deeds you have done?" The captain started back with a look of injured surprise, and then putting one hand on his chest and holding out the other in the attitude of Hon. Bardwell Slope, he said: "I am Capt. Schley, an officer in the United States navy, and you think of Greely you will at once remember me. It was I who penetrated to the Arctic region and rescued him and the starving soldiers from their icy grave." The girls burst into laughter, and Miss Smith, who should have been a little bored, laughed as loudly as any. I do not think Capt. Schley will push his ideas of reform any further.

The Krupp Works.

The immense Krupp works at Essen are rigorously closed against visitors; the outside world has therefore been unable to learn much of the renowned establishment where the most terrific engines of warfare are made for Germany and her friends. At last a determined Yankee has penetrated into this mysterious realm of the modern Vulcan, with full privileges of confiding his discoveries to the rest of mankind, and the result is a deeply interesting article in the March Harper's, called "An Iron City beside the Ruhr," by Moncure D. Conway, with an abundance of illustrations.

In describing at length such an attractive field for the first time, it is not strange that Mr. Conway reveals some startling facts and conveys much rare information. The curious processes of steel-working are graphically depicted. It seems that the Krupp guns, which have elevated Germany to the highest military rank, and by whose reputation alone the Essen works are generally known, engage but a small part of Herr Krupp's attention. Two-thirds of the work is devoted to the arts of peace. His establishment is said to constitute the largest business in the world dependent on a single individual. We can appreciate this partly when told that it covers over 500 acres, employs more than 20,000 hands, includes colonies of 4,000 laborers' houses, with churches, schools, stores, and hospitals; that Herr Krupp owns among other possessions 547 iron mines, 4 sea steamers, about 500 steam engines, and 50 miles of railway; that he produces daily 25 miles of rails, 1,500 bomb-shells, and untold quantities of other things. The colossal hammers, the belching furnaces, the frightful masses of molten steel, and the astounding works are a scene of peace here manufactured, give the reader an impression that this is a kingdom where the work of Titans is done by pygmies, and where Dante's awful imaginings are excelled by actual realities.

C. L. Allen, a good authority, writes in the "Ladies' Floral Cabinet": "We are asked repeatedly for the best climbing-plant for the living-room, the best plant for a hanging-basket, or the most cheerful plant for winter blooming. To all these questions we reply, the common morning-glory, (*Convolvulus major*), the best known of all twining plants, and one deserving all the praises heaped upon it. As a window plant for winter blooming it is a success, as it grows freely and produces graceful flowers in abundance. Besides, the morning-glory in the house has the advantage over those grown outside, inasmuch as their flowers remain open nearly the whole day, and, again, they are not such rampant growers when planted in the border.

Want Column.

Advertisements in this column under this heading will be inserted for one cent a word for each insertion. Nothing less than 10 cents accepted for an advertisement.

LOST.

LOST—Large Gold Chain. Finder call at Manchester office to reward. 145

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—A NEW HOLLY SCROLL SAW. Inquire at this office.

WANTED.

WANTED—TO TRADE A good new Fan, ring Mill for hard wood. Enquire of M. A. D. GOSSET.

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WANTED—TO EXCHANGE, a number of good books suitable for the centre table of presents, for good cord wood. Address Box A, this office.

DON'T FAIL.

To Buy Your

WALL PAPERS!

—AT—

GEO. W. DOTY'S

Where you get them Trimmed

FREE OF CHARGE.

Large Assortment to select from and Price Reasonable.

GROCERIES,

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BOOTS, SHOES,

HATS, CAPS,

NOTIONS AND ETC

CHEAP FOR READY PAY!

No excuse for rough or chapped hand.

When you can get

3 Cakes Oat Meal Toilet Soap for 10

Butter and Eggs Taken in Exchange

A WORD

—TO—

FARMERS'

And Stock as this is the time of the Year the

HORSES, CATTLE,

Sheep and Swine are liable to be taken with Epizootic Distemper and

Cure in various ways You ought to be using the

GREAT

German Condition Powders!

We have no equal for the cure of

abuse Dis-eases which is

ONLY SOLD!

And Prepared By

F. S. STEINKOHL

At the Corner Drug and Book Store

MANCHESTER, MICH

S. B. Try it and you will use no other.

NEW BAKERY!

NEW CONFECTIONARY

AT THE NEW RESTAURANT

Bakery with Everything the name implies can be found at the "VIENNA" Bakery.

FOREIGN AND CALIFORNIA FRUITS.

All Kinds of Bread, Cookies

Cakes, Crackers, Ice Creams &c

Fresh Oysters at all Times

Restaurant Lunch or Regular Meals at any Hour and at moderate Prices.

T. J. BESIMMER, Propr.

Chubbuck Block

YOUNG MEN AND OLD MEN!

If you want a

Good WINTER Suit

One that Will Fit You, and Look Well,

Go to—

Marble the Tailor!

He Will Get You Up One Cheap

Miscellaneous.

EVERY RESIDENT

—OF—

Manchester!

Bridgewater,

Freedom,

Sharon,

Sylvan,

Napoleon,

Brooklyn,

Clinton or

Franklin,

Should take

—THE—

Enterprise

REMEMBER I WILL NOT

BE UNDERSOLD by any firm

Come, see and you will buy.

G. A. FAUSEL,

East Side of the River.

Corner Jefferson and Water Streets.

REMEMBER

A. G. Tompkins

Keeps

Watches,

Clocks,

and

Jewelry

At

BED ROCK PRICES!

Repairing 'Done

Promptly.

ALL THE NEWS.

Miscellaneous.

ATTENTION EVERYBODY!

OLARK BROTHERS,

Contractors and Builders!

Are prepared to take contracts for buildings of all kinds. With our new

We are prepared to manufacture on short notice

Sash, Mouldings, Etc.

—And do—

Turning, Planing,

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—In—

First Class Style.

Mills at Cape's Lumber Yard, West Lake Shore depot.

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NOT ONE-QUARTER OFF

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BOTTOM FIGURES

Bargains! Bargains!! in

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Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,

FAUSEL

Has Just Received the most elegant Stock of Gold and Silver Watches, Silver and plated ware, Gold

Silver Spectacles and Eye Glasses

Ladies' and Gents

Vest chains, Necklaces, and Sleeve Buttons, the

NEWEST PATTERNS!

Bracelets, Charms, Fine Gold Rings of the Best Quality!

TOYS!

And all kinds of fixtures for Christmas Trees Wax Candles, etc.

REMEMBER I WILL NOT

BE UNDERSOLD by any firm

Come, see and you will buy.

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Promptly.

ALL THE NEWS.

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THE EAST SIDE

Hardware Store of

C. LEHN.

I have moved my stock to my new block on the East side of the River where I will be Found with a Large

Stock of Stoves

Of the best make and at the Lowest Prices!

Shell

Hardware and Cutlery

In Great Variety

COME IN AND SEE ME

And I will give you Bargains.

My Tinner