MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE.

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

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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, Norvell, Brooklyn, Napoleon, Grass Lake,

AND ALL ADJOINING COUNTRY.

MAT D. BLOSSER, Proprietor.

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Desirable Medium for Advertisers.

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Village Officers.

COMMON COUNCIL meets evenings of first and third Mondays in each month, at the Council Room, over Baxter's store.

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ANCIENT ORDER UNITED WORKMEN meet in their hall, over George J. Hausser's drug store, on second and fourth Tuesday of each month. H. O. LOVEJOY, M. W.
GEO. J. HAUSSER, Recorder.

GERMAN WORKINGMEN'S AID SOCIETY meet in their hall, over Duty's store, on the first and third Monday evenings of each month.
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ADONIRAM COUNCIL, No. 24, R. & S. M., Assembles at Masonic Hall, Tuesday evenings after each full moon. All visiting companions are invited to attend. J. D. VANDUYN, T. I. M.
MAT D. BLOSSER, Recorder.

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CATHOLIC—(St. Mary's) Rev. J. Stuhes, Priest. Services every alternate Sunday.

UNIVERSALIST—Corner of Water and Boyne streets. Rev. Mr. Schlicht, Pastor. Services every 2nd and 4th Sunday in the week. Sunday school every Sunday at 12 M.

EVANGELICAL ENMANUEL'S—(German) Corner Jackson street. Rev. Geo. Schoville, Pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 o'clock A. M. Sunday day school after service. Young ladies society meet last Thursday in the month.

PRESBYTERIAN—Exchange Place. Rev. J. G. Smith, Pastor. Morning services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sunday school at 12 M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening. Strangers in the village invited to attend.

BAPTIST—Exchange Place. Rev. D. B. Munger, Pastor. Meetings every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sunday school at 12 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Strangers in the village invited to attend.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Beaufort street. Rev. D. B. Sisler, Pastor. Meeting every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sunday school at 12 o'clock. Henry Lemon, Superintendent. Lecture and prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Strangers in the village invited to attend.

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C. TAYLOR, M. D. Office at residence on Adams street. Manchester. Come by day and night will receive prompt attention.

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ADVERTISE IN THE
Want Column!

FORCED APART

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,

Author of the "Wreck of the Grosvenor," "A Sailor's Sweetheart," Etc.

This story began July 1st. Back numbers can be had at the ENTERPRISE office, Manchester.

"A fresh evening, Mr. Saunderson. Pray continue to smoke."

"Ay, I may truly say, my only indulgence," replied Mr. Saunderson, giving his pipe a loving shake. "There is less chance of my being observed here by the boys, than were I to light my pipe at the back of the house. You are going for a stroll, sir?"

"Ay—one cannot do without exercise."

And with a nod Cuthbert went on his way.

Mr. Saunderson looked after him musingly, and when the young fellow had vanished in the folding shadows, shook his head and he took himself—to his pipe again, sucking strongly.

Mr. Stranglefold's house was a long twenty minutes' walk from Greystone school, stepping it briskly; but even if the dust, when the curve was compassed, had been fine, the face had proved no hindrance to Cuthbert, the obnoxiousness of his mission, and the thoughts that it brought crowding swarthy at his nerves, would account for the frequent drag of his pace.

He had passed his trysting-place, and had turned the elbow of the road which laid the town broad under his eye, when the sound of men's voices came up with the wind, and, in a few moments, he perceived a crowd of persons approaching him. The throng occupied far of a pillow-shaped cloud, which, over a full radiance, by which he saw that the crowd was a company of sailors—some two or three at least—and that they walked in two gangs, one on either side three men, who strode abreast with hands dejectedly hung and their heads drooping behind them.

"Deserters," thought Cuthbert, stepping aside.

"Stand!" shouted a youthful voice, "in the king's name! Thompson, here is a foe-and-brother for you. Ay, ay, we know thee, and we know—there—thieves to break our heads with trying to run."

The word "stand!" though very forcibly delivered, produced no effect on Cuthbert, who could scarcely credit, indeed, that it was meant for him; and he was passing on when a young man in a cloak stepped in front of him.

"Now, my lantam, turn about! You're wanted."

"Do you address me?" exclaimed Cuthbert so much amazed that he looked behind him, half persuaded that there must be some one there for whom the address was intended.

"You or the man in the moon, my hearty, whoever is the nearest."

"Suffer me to pass, I tell you, sir."

"Now, this is too bad," cried the young fellow, in a mock voice of consolation. "Lubbers we are—and we know it—but a son of a gun could be fit for nothing but to get hah on tick with. Stand, I tell you! Damme, don't you understand king's English? for Cuthbert was pushing past.

"Make way for me. You are overstepping your duty, or behaving under an error."

"Ay, ay, we always do that, Thompson, give him a sheer to port. Well argue as we go."

A bushy-whiskered fellow approached Cuthbert, who sprang back a yard before the threatened arm.

"Touch me at your peril!" he shouted.

"Come, come, lubber, don't make a fuss—we are friends in the world 'll do no good. The service wants you, so give us your hand upon it? With a bound the bushy-whiskered man sprang upon Cuthbert's arm.

The three pinioned men looked on with a dull interest; the cloaked man twirled his tobacco quid unconcernedly, glidding back at the town or up at the moon, muttering over the way pull before them.

Cuthbert had one of these nervous systems which, in a fury, make steel of the hand and steady engines of the mind. His white flat face, like a snow flake on a mass of wind, right into the head of the man Thompson, brow, and a pounding followed in the dust, and a pair of boots tried to run the sea.

Now, having done this, had he used his hands, he would have saved himself, for he was of the build for swift running; whereas sailors are, for the most, clumsy and land-shackled. But his chivalrous courage, not disdaining flight, for the honorable reason that it never thought of flight, held him back, and, with nostrils quivering and gleaming eyes.

Thompson of the bushy whiskers, gathered himself off the road, and rubbing the bridge of his nose, looked with a coal in his eye at the gentleman in the cloak.

"We want an bloodated," exclaimed that worthy. "Thompson, Jenkins, here, there's a gentleman that's fast and bring him along."

This was an order not to be disobeyed under pain of a whipping; willing backs must not be bleedily pinned for boyish obstinacy. So they went with a rush; the dust arose in a cloud as from under the heels of a flying horse. It was a swift fight, a mad resistance, with the handicapping which the age of Mendoza and the gloaster Crabbe made free with. But a sudden blow must end the unequal contest. Back went Cuthbert like a small seller's Scotchman under the lurch of a drunken man. In a moment he had hands on board, but his legs declining to exert themselves, he was hoisted on to the shoulders of a couple of stout seamen, and the party proceeded smartly up the hill toward the gorge that led to the sea.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STRANGLEFOLDS.

Hard by an open space of yard, ruddy railed, stood a house of wood; a fair-sized house, and strong as an oak-built hull.

The yard that adjoined this house was a shipwright's yard, and often as the tar caldron belched its smoky steeph in the midst of it, the fumes carried with them the sweet odors and smells that filled the air around from the white deals and shavings of the timber and the blocks of red-brown wood that lent from India.

And now even at this stagnant season, when the Frenchman's and the Yankee's love of small sweet pickings was so vexatious, that the art of the British coasting trade was a thing competing with wind and heaven, even now in his yard were the skeletons of two vessels in proper and advanced state. Two vessels, nearly completed, and afloat by August, finished, equipped, and afloat by August, under the signal contract of Michael Stranglefold, who ventured on the great venture to make his word binding.

On this evening of Cuthbert's imprisonment the master shipwright sat in the parlor of his wooden home, filling the room with the nipt of navy tobacco. In this matter of the pipe his finds was weak.

Mr. Stranglefold sat in a high-backed armchair near the table, and opposite to him was his wife.

Both of them were busy; the one with his pipe and meditation on paper of the hull of the schooner—a skeleton yet in the yard—and the other with knitting needles.

On the table, at Mr. Stranglefold's elbow, was a big horn Bible.

"I believe," said he, in a slow, hard voice withdrawing his pipe, and speaking slightly through his nose to retain the flavor of the tobacco, "that the Jews have laid down in those Bible's give Mr. Wallwright the good be looks for." He eyed the paper curiously. And as he said this he let down the drawing, and looked at his wife through a pair of thick-rimmed spectacles.

The spectacles of these days were disfigurements, as all persons know who are familiar with old prints and paintings.

But neither the broadened enlargement of Mr. Stranglefold's eyes, nor the goblin circles through which they surveyed the world, could diminish the stern and worn beauty of his countenance.

Fifty-five his age was, and ten years added would all have left his days behind his face—due to a half-weary expression of scepticism, and the puckering of an ever-longing lip. His dark hair, well laced with white, hung in decent profusion over the white collar of his coat, and his attire was gray, coarse stockings, stout breadcloth, furnished with dingy metal buttons, and square-toed boots, with soles thick enough to warrant him no skulker.

If the moon wasn't so clean I should allow there was a gale of wind in the sound of the sea."

He yawned loudly.

"Wife, I've smoked enough, and enough is contentment to a thankful heart."

Down goes his pipe on the mantel shelf, and reserved a figure that brought his head close to the low ceiling.

"Jenny is in her bedroom, and she lies sits and sits. What ails the girl? I noticed her, Michael, when I left the table, who, though she put her questions with a touch of fretfulness in her voice, went on knitting her very placidly.

This was a woman to be admired for her pretty hands, soft eyes, and mild, brown hair, a sweetness of countenance in full-cast.

Otherwise, her face disarmed criticism by its vacuous, good-natured and cheerful inspiration.

Stranglefold turned to look at her, and sumed his chair.

"You have seen me watch 'her," said he.

"Why, therefore, you say, that this noticed her, Michael. You are apt to speak without care, wife. Your lips go one way and your mind another."

"Well, well, I have my faults."

"Truly you have, my dear."

"As gospel ayh, "Who is without sin?" Unless, I'm there, Michael, that one should know by your readiness to cast stones."

Mr. Stranglefold frowned, but was wise enough to hold his peace.

"What ails Jenny, then?" continued the mother. "You should know, for you be a man of long sight. I never could hide a secret from them."

Mr. Stranglefold sat for a space behind his spectacles, pondering, while his wife laid down her needles to pass her hand over her hair.

"What should be the matter with her? demanded Mr. Stranglefold, presently. "Her health is sound?"

"I hope so!" cried Mrs. Stranglefold, nervously.

"No one has been meddling with her heart, to my knowledge."

"Meddle! Certainly not. Should I no know?"

"Unless," continued Mr. Stranglefold, "she be father into that state—guessing, she speels—and the lad, Cuthbert, confesses, putting it in this way—that the unmarried woman earth for the things of the lord's vineyard, and that, in the one thing to say of these ancient people, but will not hold now."

Mrs. Stranglefold shook her head softly.

"If she had a sweetheart she would tell me," said she, looking anxiously at her husband. "Jenny has been, as a woman might, what conscience does not place her perfectly at ease.

"I could not imagine that she would end," said the husband, slowly.

"As to the Bible's people, it's idler than the wind. Being known to her somehow," continued Mrs. Stranglefold, who was not very easily repressed, and who, when she had a point to get at, always traveled to it along the most roundabout paths—for the girl will not, should her father discover her secret—is not proper that Mr. Shaw, who is a born gentleman and knows manners, should come in the house to her, or exchange a word when they meet? Now, through some blackhead neighbor, Mother Mead hears of their talking on the beach, whither Jenny had gone for shells for a pin cushion. And to me she comes, telling me the tidings of the news. But, sir, I, Ma'am, I am my daughter's mother, and what concerns me shall be my proper trouble. Jenny, Cuthbert, and no-fellows—may have full time for their own affairs." That was well said Michael, dost the wind fall?

"Let Mrs. Mead be-ware how she meddles with Jenny's name! But there should be quite something! Is her return from Sydney to be, sir, the cause of her heart being lost? Is Jenny, and his eyes never wander for the loss of them. These are the Lord's doings, and a woman may admire the works of creation, I hope. But Jenny could not make a sweetheart of him without opening her heart to me."

"What does Jenny do in her bedroom all these hours?" said he. "These mopings have grown upon her since her return from Sydney. Jenny did leave her heart behind her there?"

"Now, how you talk! Were that so, would not Rachel have written?"

"Jane, Jane, I do not like thy habit of fretting. It is an old and unfavorable."

"I'll go and call Jenny, and she shall argue with thee herself," said Mrs. Stranglefold, quite resentful lip her mother's reproach.

She put down her knitting, and leisurely rising, with a pretty wabble in the round of her skirt, which was big enough for a big house, she went, and, with a smart turn of the door handle, entered a low, moonlit gazing room, with a bow window, the moonlight exposed Jenny's figure seated at the window, with the windy moonlight falling upon her and the wind stirring gale tossing her hair.

"Jenny, Jenny" exclaimed Mrs. Stranglefold, advancing quickly, "what sickness art thou carrying at that open window, foolish child!—letting the cold wind fill your lungs! Come away from that moonlight, and the dew will wetten. Father wants thee down stairs."

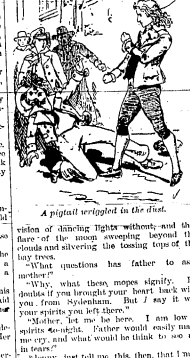
"It is past nine, mother. What does father want? I like this cool wind, and the dew are pretty to watch, running among the clouds."

"Thou poorest dost understand your moping. Here have you been sitting for above an hour. We have been talking about thee, and he has some question to ask."

"What questions?" exclaimed the girl, quickly. "Let me stay here, mother. It will be time for bed soon. What questions has father to ask?"

"Why, you speak as if you were scared. Jenny, if you would fly in the face of the Lord, the way to do it is to flout thy mother. What ails you? A down time I have asked, and you are nothing ails you. Are you not well? Is there some secret to trouble you? Are you in any trouble? Come, come, come, and open your heart to your parents." And saying this she took Jenny's hand, but finding it cold as stone, cried out, "See, now, if this wind will not put thee in a sick bed!" And in a little passion of anxiety and annoyance, she closed the window sharply.

The sweet and faithful heart, bidden to watch for her husband's coming, felt the closing of the window to be the true ending of her hopes and fears for that night. It was a reprieve that left deep yearning in her, and a reprieve and sorrowful wonder. Never had he failed her before. It could not be fear that made him shirk the interview he had himself planned; neither fear of her father, nor want of passionate love for her. With ears straining to catch at every sound, she gazed through the closed window at the



A pigtail writhed in the dust.

vision of dancing lights without, and the sweet and sickly odors of the tobacco and silvering the tossing tops of the bay trees.

"What questions has father to ask, mother?"

"Why, what thou mopes signify, dealing it your strength your heart back with you from Sydenham. But I say it was your spirits you left there."

"Let me be here. I am low in spirits to-night. Father would easily make me cry, and what would he think to see me like this?"

"Jenny, just tell me this, then, that I may answer him when I go downstairs. Has Mr. Shaw behaved well to thee? Come, come, speak up, my child. Surely, I need not be angry, if your heart has pilloried in some fashion, and you have provided you with foolish fancies. Is that it? We will make you smile again—when we know what troubles you."

"Why, you say I mope and am low hearted, mother! Is not my high spirits a proof? Not a cheerful help to you in the house? One cannot always be glad. The noise of the sea, and the cry of the wind to-night, and the struggling of the sweet moon with the clouds have—have—She faltered, and continued, in a voice as soft as a dove's, "Mother, dear Lord! would that he had come and saved me from another day of fear? Mother, would that he had come and kept her mother's breast and cried.

But Jenny went rarely at fend, in her mother's sight; therefore, the honest bosom on which her face was hidden was rent by the unaccustomed sobs, and anxious, pitying love sympathy spoke in the poor woman's voice, as she exclaimed; with her pretty fingers tenderly knuckling the girl's cheek, "Oh, my child, my dearest you will break my heart with your misery! What is your fear? Has any one wronged you? Speak, dear, that trouble is this that hath come upon you? Jenny, Jenny, raise up your eyes—see how bright the moon shines in the room; it makes thy hair like yellow silk. Oh, my pretty lamb, who is he that hath made you weep? Speak to me, Jenny."

"Now, the door of the bedroom and the door of the parlor both standing open, and the staircase receiving but a small share between twixt the low floor and the passage, it was scarcely possible that Mr. Stranglefold, sitting in the parlor, of his daughter's arrival, should fail to catch his wife's words. When, therefore, in her clear, sweet voice, he heard, "Who is he that hath not come?" and "What is thy fear, Jenny?" up rose the master shipwright, and the staircase groaned under his tread.

Jenny, hearing him coming, drew away from her mother with a quick movement of fear, and looked through the glare of moonlight into the shadow near the bedstead, saying, "I wondered Strangle-fold, I wondered, voice, "now is it that Jenny does not come to me?"

To which no reply was vouchsafed. He advanced by a stride and said, "What has the girl been saying, and what has thy tongue been wagging, that you stand talking there. Give me thy hand, foolish women, and now down stairs with me all. If there is anything to fear, pray that Ma Lord may deliver us from evil."

So speaking, he held forth his hand, and the shrinking girl, not daring to disobey, came to him fearfully and dropped fingers of his into his palm.

As they went down the stairs there was a lifetime of suffering in Jenny's thoughts. For what now was to do? Had she come free of the crushing gaze of her father's eyes? Beyond her strength of voice, beyond her control of passionate weeping, would the confession take her. Cuthbert would be here soon—to-morrow, surely—and shift the heavy burden of her secret upon himself. And with him at hand those stern eyes would not be terrifying, nor the angry mutterings.

"Now, my girl," said he, his voice insensibly softening under the beauty of his only child's grief. "Speak boldly, and acknowledge the trouble that has come to you. I will tell you," laying a forefinger on his thumb, "what I suppose ails you. Thou hast been into to-day that was a full month before we sent you to your aunt Hodgel. That will be the cause of your sorrow. Nay, but, on the contrary, has made thee worse. Now you have your duties, and so you shall not be at a loss for the pleasure.

The girl tried to meet her father's eyes, whereof the severity appeared intensified by the spectacle rings that concentrated their forces of fire and feeling; but to stand to them hardly was an impossible feat, and she drew her head down, and, as it scarcely ambled time she replied, "I do not mope, father; sometimes I like to be alone."

"Ay, the honest, women, be honest!" exclaimed Stranglefold, harshly. "What was the meaning of those words your mother was repeating just now?"

"Jenny, they were, *'would that he had come and saved me from another day of fear!'* whispered Mrs. Stranglefold. "Have we done, my pretty. Thy father is stern, but he loves thee."

The girl refused to speak. Then Mr. Stranglefold repeated the question, and her lips turned pale, as under the pressure and torment of a thousand secret wounds. Her world—and—and—and

...rprise

...n Manchester and vicinity.

...ndependence 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 statements expressed by writers.

If you have any business at the Probate office, 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 8, 1886.

Seventeen prisoners will be discharged from Jackson prison during the present month.

The democratic state convention will be held in Grand Rapids on Wednesday, August 18th.

Preparations are fast being made for the annual military drunk at Island lake near Brighton.

The annual meeting of the association of the prosecuting attorneys of the state of Michigan is to be held in Lansing on Tuesday, July 13.

We have received part 1st of volume 16 of the 10th census of the United States. This part relates to water power and is very interesting.

The Cincinnati Graphic News gave a double page illustration of the Detroit base ball club; also a full page portrait of Gov. Alger, last Saturday.

By order of the postmaster general, all ...s in post offices upon which the rent ...as unpaid ten days prior to the ... will be declared ... Box rents are due July 1st.

...believed by many that the coming ...ntal conclave of Knights Templar ...t. Louis, will be the last as but few ...ities have accomodations sufficient to ...ertain so large a body of people.

Quartermaster General Hart is sending out word to the G. A. R. commanders of the state, that he will loan the old cartridge boxes, waist belts, and bayonet scabbards in the state armory to the posts, if ...

... Horner, a brakeman on the Wa... was crushed beneath an engine last ...nesday morning, the miles east of ...gton. Deceased was a resident of Butler, Ind., and leaves a wife and five small children.

The creditors of the Albion banker, John M. Peabody, will be called upon to bear their losses with cheerful resignation, all suits against the bankrupt having been withdrawn in the prosecuting attorney declaring that he couldn't make the charges of crookedness or embezzlement stick.

We would again call the attention of those designing to escape the heated term by visiting some lakeside resort, to the trip to Traverse City, Petoskey, Harbor Springs or Charlevoix would just fill the bill. The G. R. & I. railway run excursions at $5 a ticket the round trip. The scenery, the pine woods, the pure cold water and cool breezes are worth going to see.

A year ago while at Traverse City we heard a number of editors say that Hon. Perry Hannah would make a good governor for Michigan. He is a staunch republican, a wide-a-wake and successful business man, always foremost in the line of improvement, large hearted and just the kind of a man to head the republican ticket in this state and we don't see why he can't be forgotten him so quickly.

The insurance companies are making their annual howl because an occasional building is set on fire by firecrackers or fireworks and want the business stopped. If the companies could only arrange things so that there would be no fires at all they might keep in the balance of the money in the country. People pay a good round price for insurance and want the privilege of firing off a cracker occasionally. A fourth of July without firecrackers would be a curiosity worthy of a place in a dime museum.

A Detroit correspondent of the Chicago News in a column and a half article on "Michigan in Congress" says: "The 2nd district, in which Ann Arbor, Adrian, Monroe, Hillsdale and Ypsilanti are located, is in fair shape to be carried by the republicans. Capt. E. P. Allen, of Ypsilanti, was only fifty-four votes behind the successful candidate, Col. N. B. Eldridge, democrat of Adrian, in a total of 25,386. There were 2,418 prohibition votes cast. This year, Allen will probably receive the nomination and Eldredge is wise enough to talk of returning in favor of Chauncey F. Cook, mayor of Hillsdale."

SHARON.

Richard DuBois has been visiting in Ionia this week.

Frank Forrest, of Sharon, had 11 sheep killed by dogs lately.

Mr. & Mrs. Josiah Sloat spent the fourth with friends in Chelsea.....

IRON CREEK.

The next T. W. B. social will be held at Mr. Wm. Johnson's.

Rev. & Mrs. Moon are visiting among his parishioners this week.

Mrs. J. R. Holmes has gone to New York state to visit friends.

The Rev. W. R. Moon will preach at the Nichols school house next Sunday, at 1 P. M.

Miss Laura Haggart is spending her summer vacation with her sister, Mrs. J. W. Wellwood.

BRIDGEWATER.

Corn is looking good. This warm weather makes it grow fast.

Dave Woodward began picking peaches on his farm Tuesday.

Harvesting is occupying the farmers attention this week. Wheat is a good as in any section of the country.

At the probate court on Tuesday Philip Blum was appointed administrator, John G. Feldkamp and Henry Schlicht appraisers, James Kress and George Rawson commissioners of the Paul Reyer estate.

The Palmer family had a reunion on the 4th, at the residence of D. W. Palmer, Esq. All the boys and their families were present excepting Ara, of Brooklyn. We'll wager our last cent that they had a jolly time.

FREEDOM.

There is a letter in our postoffice for Miss Maggie Rostool.

Mr. Charles Vogel, of Ann Arbor, gave Freedom folks a call last Monday.

Harvesting is all the rage now and the music of self binders is heard all over.

Miss Annie Henne, from Ann Arbor, is spending a few days with her cousin, Miss Lydia Hennie.

The people have about got through picking cherries. The next will be huckleberries to look for.

Miss Carrie Schenk, of Pittsfield, is going to have a birthday Saturday and a number of our young people intend to be present.

Rev. Patrick Dwyer who was with Rev. J. Stauss a year ago, came to visit his old friend to see a priest of the diocese of St. Paul, Minn. Last Sunday he preached a sermon in Rev. Bayer's church, in Jackson. He went west on Tuesday.

WAMPLERS LAKE.

There was a steamboat on the lake on Tuesday.

Mr. & Mrs. E. D. Main and Wm. Dresser celebrated the 4th in Jackson.

J. R. Main killed a large rattlesnake in his horse manger a few weeks ago.

Mr. & Mrs. Dennis Austin, of Jackson, have been visiting friends here a few days.

Miss Ina Ladd closed a successful term of school in this district last week Friday.

Mr. & Mrs. French and family, of Jackson, were visiting at Dite Smith's over Sunday.

The renowned Gus Bullard, of Jackson, has been spending his honeymoon in this place.

There was a big crowd at the celebration at Moores landing the 4th. There were 170 numbers for the dance sold.

Miss Sheckel, of Brooklyn, closed her 2nd successful term of school last week in the Watkins district. She for taught 37 terms of school.

NORVELL.

Chas. Griffith went to Toledo on Wednesday.

George Pratt, of Rochester, N. Y., is visiting in town.

Dr. Kapp, of Manchester, was in town on business Tuesday.

The thermometer registered 100° in the shade on Tuesday.

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

Miss Stella Hunt, of Clinton, visited relatives in town over Sunday.

Mr. & Mrs. Simon Wheaton visited Clinton friends over Sunday.

B. F. Burgess, of Dexter, has been spending a few days fishing in this vicinity.

W. B. Bancroft's team ran away with a binder on Wednesday but did but very little damage.

Wm. Jones little girl got the paris green dish to play with and when they found her she was just tasting of it to see if it was good. They saved her life by giving her warm lard that made her vomit it up.

Aura Hall accidently discharged a revolver on Saturday last while out boat riding at Wolf lake. The ball lodged in her forefinger, breaking a piece off the bone. A Grass Lake physician, who was at the landing, dressed the wound and at last report it was doing well.

Real Estate Transfers.

WASHTENAW COUNTY.

Frost St. John to Chas. H. Carrin, Saline, $50.

JACKSON COUNTY.

G. Percy Love to Harriet M. Wyman, two lots in the village of Brooklyn; $900.

Dolos J. Holden to Charles H. Warner, about 116 acres on section 24 in Grass Lake; $7,000.

Jackson County Items.

The Jackson Sunday Times had the blues last week at least it was printed with blue ink.

The Brooklyn fair will occur Oct. 6th, 7th and 8th. Liberal premiums are promised by C. A. Blackmar, president of the association. A variety of sports will have place on the programme, including a game of base ball.

Lennie, the four-year old son of Mr. & Mrs. Louis Gangoe, of Jackson, got hold of some powder Saturday that had been left lying about and set it on fire, burning his face very badly, and it is feared destroying his eyesight.

The 3rd of July edition of the Jackson Citizen was a double sheet, gorgeous and variegated with colors, the red and blue, being printed with a separate impression for each. It is a sheet that will be kept as a curiosity.

The Jackson salvation army was assaulted by a mob of 100 boys on Sunday night during a parade. The army was worsted. James H. Bowser had his head cut in several places, and Charles Ward, George Stevens and "Happy Jack" were badly bruised. The row happened in the outskirts of the city and consequently no police were on duty.

The wheat harvest began June 28th, in this county on light soil, where the crop ripened about two weeks earlier than usual. The stand on the ground is light in most places and a small yield is predicted. The best pieces of wheat near the city are not expected to go much above twenty bushels to the acre, while many of the poorer pieces will not yield more than half that amount.—Citizen.

Washtenaw County Items.

Saline is going to have a new dry goods store.

The next big blow out for Ann Arbor will be the sangerfest.

Burglars entered a saloon in Ann Arbor a few nights ago and secured $80.

Harry C. Nichols, a bicyclist of Ann Arbor, was thrown while riding Wednesday and was dangerously injured.

Bert Bessac has sold his drug store in Milan and will rest until fall when he will resume the practice of medicine.

George Morton, of Saline, was tried a few days ago for threatening to shoot his father and was sent to the jail for 60 days.

Fred, and Daniel Cook, two young men living in Scio, were drowned last Friday night while bathing in a mill race.

A black horse, ten years old and weighing 1,400 pounds, was stolen from the pasture of George Lamb, near Dexter, last night.

Among the many and varied accomplishments of our mayor is that of speaking (?) the sign language via the deaf mute alphabet.—Courier.

The telephone office has been removed from Bassac's, now Jones', drug store to the bank, where Mell Barnes will attend to all "hellos."—Milan Leader.

Hon. Charles R. Whitman has been selected to deliver the address of welcome at the Peninsular sangerfest, which will be held in Ann Arbor in August.

Democrat: Hon. Chas. M. Richmond, of this city, a dyed-in-the-wool democrat, will take the nomination for congress this fall if his friends should see fit to give it to him.

Henry Turner, placed in the county house from Freedom, died Friday night, aged about 60 years. His remains were taken to Detroit by his son for interment. Courier.

The primary department of the presbyterian sunday school, in charge of Miss Eliza Stewart and Miss Jennie Moore, enjoyed a picnic at the fair grounds yesterday.—Ypsilantian.

An emigrant wagon passed eastward through town, Tuesday afternoon, with the sign on its sides: "In Kansas we busted!" A warning to Michiganders and geese to stay at home.—Observer.

Last Wednesday three ice houses belonging to A. F. Hanzesterfer, in Ann Arbor, were burned to the ground. These houses furnished almost the entire supply of ice for Ann Arbor. The loss is unknown. Insured for $3,500.

John Burnett, the Milan farmer who seriously wounded his wife and mother-in-law, recently, was arranged on Tuesday on a charge of assault with intent to murder. He pleaded not guilty and the case was adjourned one week.

The adjourned meeting of the Washtenaw county pomological society will be held at the court house next Saturday. Report of committee on transportation and freight topics: old and new varities of raspberries: fruit prospects: exhibit of fruit and flowers of the season and of packages.

Base Ball in the National League.

The following shows the number of games of base ball won and lost by the national league clubs up to date:

	won.	lost.	ct.
Detroit,	40,	10,	.800
Chicago,	35,	14,	.714
New York,	34,	17,	.667
Philadelphia,	29,	22,	.569
Boston,	29,	22,	.569
St. Louis,	17,	32,	.347
Kansas City,	17,	32,	.347
Washington,	9,	37,	.196

The 797 state prisoners at Jackson were allowed to celebrate the 4th of July by being turned out into the yard Monday with permission to talk and play and do as they liked. No extra guard was necessary.

Lenawee County Items.

The amount of wool purchased in Tecumseh this year was 156,693 pounds.

Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, the prohibition candidate for Governor of New Jersey, is an old Clinton boy.

John Garlinghouse, of Tecumseh, is a good eel elevated over a 40-inch eel caught by him at Devil's lake.

A family in Adrian are suffering from a violent attack of diphtheria, one child having died from the disease.

Clinton seems to be a good berrying ground as several parties have shipped large quantities of berries from there this season.

The friends of Miss Franc Whipple, of Adrian, supposed to have committed suicide at Niagara Falls, have offered a reward of $50 for the recovery of the body.

Prof. E. M. Woods, who made a baloon ascension at Sand Lake last Monday, is a remarkable balloonist having made 240 balloon ascensions last year without accident.

There is a lady in Tecumseh by the name of Hubbard and she weighs about 300 pounds. No wonder she found the cupboard bare went she went after a bone for her dog.

John Hubbard has the smallest dog on record. It is a rat and tan, two days old, and weighs but two ounces. We presume that when he wishes to pick the canine up, he uses a magnifying glass to find it.—Tecumseh News.

Mrs. Chas. B. Luce and Mrs. Geo. E. Carleton, both of Holloway, have left at the Times office two of the strangest freaks of hens, in the shape of eggs, that were ever seen. Both are small, one white, the other brown, the latter being the smaller and having a twist to it like a pig's tail. The white one is bulbous shaped, and both are quiet.—Times.

Knapp's band have bought the entire outfit of 20 uniforms and 14 instruments belonging to the defunct Adrian K. T. band. A few of our public spirited citizens formed an association and took $10 stock each to raise the sum required, $300. The band will now take in a few more members and organize a good strong cornet band, such a one as Tecumseh has long needed.—Herald.

There was printed in the Detroit Free Press, some time ago, a story entitled "Under Five Lakes." A ship known as "The Avenger," modeled something after Jules Verne's craft making the trip. This mystical sub-aqueous voyager is represented by the truthful M. Quad as having found a hole under Niagara Falls, through which it passed. Some credulous people believe the story, and are actually writing to the Free Press inquiring as to its truth. This is very funny, and the funniest thing connected with it is that some of the believers live around here.—Adrian Times.

The firm of Applegate & Fee, for about nineteen years publishers of the Adrian Times, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 1st inst., Mr. Fee retiring and leaving Tom S. Applegate in full possession, who will continue the business. Mr. Fee is a gentleman, and a journalist of no mean ability and having had a personal acquaintance with him for many years, we regret exceedingly to lose him from the ranks of the fraternity. Tom. Applegate as a manager and a writer is too well known to need comment at our hands and the Times will continue to be what it has long enjoyed the reputation of being, the leading republican paper of Southern Michigan.

The Manchester Enterprise for 1886-7.

KIND READER.—According to our usual custom we send present prospectus, setting forth the many good qualities of the MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE, which is entering upon its 20th volume, and we beg leave to thank our friends for the very liberal patronage they have given us in years past, also for the many kind words spoken in favor of the ENTERPRISE. Further, we desire to ask them to continue on in their good work and not only continue their patronage but assist us in securing new patrons for the coming volume, which we propose will be better than ever before.

Our circulation has greatly increased during the past twelve months, which is somewhat surprising in view of the dull times and stringency of the money market, but the people know a good paper when they read it, and that accounts for the increase.

We are often asked by our brother editors, "Where do you find so many locals? the ENTERPRISE has more local news than any paper I know of." Our answer is: "We hunt for them," we get out and work, we talk with the people and ask them for the news, we employ good correspondents, we read our exchanges, we get news by telegraph and telephone, we distribute out into the country after items, and get others to do so, in fact we employ every legitimate means within our power to get the news, and we are not afraid to spend money, and that's the way we do it. We have excellent correspondents in all the towns who are wide awake and on the alert for every good item.

We shall be pleased to add your name to our list. Our terms are $1.50 a year: 84c. for 6 months; 42c. for 3 months; 14c. for 1 month, and no names will be received without the money accompanying it. Now is a good time to subscribe.

Your obedient servant

MAT D. BLOSSER, Publisher.

Those who advertise in the Want Column find it a satisfactory and cheap way of making their wants known.

Miscellaneous. Miscellaneous

A. H. GREEN,

—The Clothier—

Harvest Hats at Green's

Harvest Gloves at Green's.

OVERALLS

Warranted not to rip,

At Green's.

GOOD WORK PANTS AT GREEN'S!

Summer Coats and Vests at Green's.

Latest Styles in Hats at Green's!

SUITS FOR MEN AND BOYS,

In all Grades, Latest Styles, Tailor Fitting.

At Green's.

Headquarters for C. A. R. Suits

AT A. H. GREEN'S

The Low Priced Clothier.

THEY HAVE ARRIVED.

COME AND SEE THEM!

The Large Stock

of Men, handsomely purchased in N. Y., is now in our store, and for Beauty, Excellence and Cheapness

Were Never Equaled in Manchester

Flannels, Wool Fabrics, Muslins,

SILKS, VELVETS!

Cambrics, Chambrays, Ginghams, and everything in the

DRESS GOODS!

Lace, Trimmings of all Discriptions.

WHITE GOODS! FANCY GOODS

and Notions. Jerseys, shawls and Jackets in abundance.

Neck-wear, Hosery and Gloves!

Domestic Dry Goods very cheap. The Best Stock of

CARPETS & WALL PAPER

in Washtenaw County. Gents Furnishing Goods and Hats and Caps.

BOOTS AND SHOES

a Specialty.

POTTLE & LEWIS.

Remember that Cash & Cavenaugh are almost giving away at the Cheap Store.

Miscellaneous.

PENNYROYAL WAFERS.

Prescription of a physician who has had a life long experience in treating female diseases, is now monthly with perfect success by over 10,000 ladies. Pleasant, safe, effectual. Ladies inquire of druggist for Pennyroyal Wafers and take no substitute, or inclose postage for sealed particulars. Sold by all druggists at 1 per box. Address THE EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., Detroit, Mich. Orders filled postpaid by Geo. J. Haeussler.

YOUNG MEN AND OLD MEN!

If you want a

Spring Suit!

One that Will Fit You and look Well,

—Goto—

Mahrle, the Tailor

He Will Get You Up One Cheap.

REMEMBER

A. G. Tompkins

Keeps

Watches,

Clocks,

and Jewelry,

At

BED ROCK PRICES!

Repairing Done Promptly.

Manchester Enterprise

BY MAT D. BLOSSER.

Traveler's Guide.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

YPSILANTI BRANCH—LAKESIDE DIVISION.

Way Freight.	Express & Mail.	STATIONS	TO YPSILANTI. Express.	Way Freight.	Express & Mail.
8 35 A M	9 00 A M	Ypsilanti	4 00 P M	3 35 P M	3 10 P M
8 16 "	9 18 "	Pittsfield	3 50 "	3 55 "	4 53 "
7 55 "	9 28 "	Saline	3 40 "	4 05 "	4 43 "
8 15 "	5 45 "	Bridgewater	2 55 "	4 28 "	4 21 "
8 00 "	10 00 "	Manchester	2 30 "	4 45 "	4 00 "
10 35 "	10 15 "	Walkins	12 30 "	5 15 "	3 37 "
11 20 "	10 30 "	Brooklyn	11 45 "	5 37 "	3 42 "
3 30 P M	11 35 "	Hillsdale	9 00 A M	7 00 "	3 00 "

W. H. CANIFF, Superintendent.

W. G. MORRIS, Ticket Agent.

JACKSON BRANCH—DETROIT DIVISION.

STATIONS.	FROM JACKSON. Mail.	Express.	Accom.
Jackson	6 20 A M	2 10 P M	7 15 P M
Napoleon	6 37 "	2 33 "	7 32 "
Norvell	6 50 "	2 44 "	7 45 "
Moscow	7 02 "	3 00 "	8 00 "
River Raisin	7 11 "	3 07 "	8 09 "
Clinton	7 17 "	3 16 "	8 18 "
Tecumseh	7 35 "	3 35 "	8 36 "
Adrian	8 05 "	4 12 "	9 05 "
Toledo	9 25 "	5 15 "	10 35 "
Cleveland	2 10 P M	9 40 "	
Buffalo	8 00 "	5 30 A M	
Detroit	10 20 A M	8 30 P M	
Chicago	8 00 P M	7 45 "	

TO JACKSON.

STATIONS.	Accom.	Mail.	Express.
Chicago		11 30 P M	7 25 A M
Detroit		3 00 A M	10 00 A M
Buffalo		11 35 P M	6 00 A M
Cleveland		5 40 A M	2 40 P M
Toledo	12 15 A M	9 40 "	7 55 "
Adrian	6 45 A M	10 45 "	8 45 "
Tecumseh	7 05 "	11 03 "	9 04 "
Clinton	7 23 "	11 21 "	9 22 "
River Raisin	7 30 "	11 34 "	9 35 "
Moscow	7 40 "	11 43 "	9 44 "
Norvell	7 55 "	11 55 "	10 18 "
Napoleon	8 15 "	12 07 P M	10 31 "
Jackson	10 45 "	1 10 "	10 50 "

Stop at Stations marked thus ... only on signal. Sundays excepted. Mail Train. Coupon Tickets sold at the stations for all points East and West.

T. J. CHARLESWORTH, Superintendent.

FRANK MCGEOCH, Ticket Agent.

A. W. SPENCER, Station Agent.

THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1886.

LOCAL NEWS BREVITIES.

Whortleberries are ripe.

We need rain very much.

Dog days will soon be here.

The atmosphere looks smokey.

Have you read the story—Forced Apart?

Wm. Baxter has repaired the sidewalk in front of his store.

The whistle of the steam threshing engine will soon be heard.

N. H. Wells has built a new sidewalk in front of his residence.

Only one cent a word for advertisements in the Want Column.

The council met on Tuesday night and audited a large number of bills. About $600 worth.

Robison & Koebbe sold a good sized bill of clothing to a man residing in the village of Saline.

It looks as if the Clinton opera house and Manchester council building schemes have gone to sleep together.

Whenever a person comes to your door peddling give him the cold shoulder and patronize your home merchant.

Green, the clothier, has a new advertisement this week. He sells blue coats, grey coats or black coats, and suits them all.

The G. A. R. boys have nearly all bought blue suits with brass buttons and they present a fine appearance when in line.

Although the weather has been exceedingly hot we have not heard of any cases of sunstroke near here, and hope that we will not.

Back numbers of the ENTERPRISE containing the continued story, "The Bank of California," can be had at the counting room.

Dealers in harvesters have been the busiest class of people in the country for the past two weeks, and they report excellent sales.

We are in receipt of Woods' Official Railway Guide of Michigan for July. It is a valuable book for the business man or traveler.

There will be a regular communication of Manchester lodge, F. & A. M., on Monday evening next, for work in the 3rd degree.

Spafard Chapman has handed us a copy of "The Illini," a semi-monthly paper published at the university of Illinois. Thanks.

Thirsty soul at a well-known bar, to the beer slinger: "Say, is it mad?" "It what mad?" "This glass of beer; it's frothing terribly."

The Manchester ENTERPRISE enjoys an increasing circulation. Blosser is a hustler and is booming his paper for all there is in the field he occupies.—Argus

The boys have begun going in swimming in the pond from the Lowell street bridge. Of course they have their clothes on but they should not be allowed to bathe there.

Owing to the report of a short crop of wheat the market price of that cereal took a jump in Chicago a few days ago, but it did not seem to effect the home market.

The hot weather of the past few days has caused many a man to sacrifice his long cherished beard, and the click of the barbers' lawn mower has been heard upon many a pate.

Since the first chapters of the new story "Forced Apart," now running in the ENTERPRISE, has been read, new subscribers are coming in quite freely, and every one says the story is a good one.

Don't think of going away from home for even a few weeks visit without first ordering the ENTERPRISE sent on, then you can keep posted on what happens at home. It costs only 14 cents a month, postage paid.

PERSONAL.

J. H. Miller is in California.

May E. Teeter is visiting friends in Sylvania, Ohio.

Darwin Bainbridge, of Clinton, was in town to-day.

J. H. Kingsley was in Detroit the first of the week.

J. W. Murphy, of Wayne, is visiting in town this week.

Ad. Smith, of Napoleon, was in town Monday on business.

R. T. Van Valkenburg arrived home from the east last Friday.

Bert Morey and Henry Smith have rented Tompkins' bicycle.

Mr. & Mrs. R. T. Van Valkenburg were in Ann Arbor yesterday.

John Koch's family are enjoying the cool breeze at the lakes to-day.

Miss Minnie Sullivan went to Tecumseh to-day to spend her vacation.

The university boys have all arrived home to spend their summer vacation.

A. F. Palmer, of Yates Centre, Kan., started for home on Monday morning.

W. W. Clayton, of Toledo, preached at the universalist church last Sunday.

We received a pleasant call from Jas. Hay, of Norvell, on Monday morning.

Miss Grace Spaulding is spending the vacation at Battle Creek with her mother.

David R. Corey, of Lansing, was in town over Sunday a guest of J. D. Corey.

Goodrich Conklin is in town this week gathering in the golden grain from his farm.

Mrs. A. G. Amsden and Mrs. Sarah Weir came here from Chicago this afternoon.

Miss Flora Hartbeck went to Detroit to-day to spend her vacation with her mother.

Will Hewett does not clerk for Green now, but is developing his muscle in the harvest field.

Prof. Hoyt, formerly of Saline, will teach the Grass Lake high school the coming year.

Mrs. Wm. Fargo, of Jackson, visited at her brother's, Henry Gilbert, last Friday and Saturday.

Mr. & Mrs. C. J. Robison went to Tecumseh, on Monday to attend the concert in the evening.

Miss Josephine Willett, of Detroit, and Mrs. Blatt, of Jackson, are visiting at Frank Jacquemain's.

Mrs. Bailey, of Elkhart, Ind., visited Mrs. Trefethen and other friends in town the first of the week.

Dr. Kapp went to Detroit Monday on business and yesterday he went to Tecumseh and Clinton on business.

John Heler, of Tenner Station, Jackson county, spent the fourth with his friend Martin McMahon, in this township.

Probate register Doty is the recipient of a visit from his mother, Mrs Geo. W. Doty, of Manchester, this week.—Register.

Frank Weir, who has been in Texas for the past several months for his health, returned home last week not very much improved.

Mrs. Jas. Goodrich and son, of Brooklyn, visited with Mrs. J. P. Lapham, of this township, over Sunday, and paid the ENTERPRISE office a call.

James Bently, of Ypsilanti, favored the ENTERPRISE with a call on Monday. He is an ex-newspaper man but is now engaged in selling nursery stock.

Mrs. M. C. Graham and daughter went to North Adams last Saturday to spend the fourth with relatives. Florence expects to remain there a couple of weeks.

Mrs. T. J. Besimer who has been sick with intermittent fever the past three weeks, has been removed to her father's, M. T. Prout, where she is recovering slowly.

We learn that Mrs. S. H. Pennington who went to Lansing last May to clerk in a bazaar, has been obliged to resign on account of poor health, and is expected to return here in a few weeks.

Mr. & Mrs. A. D. Perkins and a son of Supt. Caniff, came here from Hillsdale yesterday afternoon and in company with Mr. & Mrs. J. F. Nestell went to Wolf lake to spend a week's sojourn.

Mrs. S. H. Perkins went to Toledo last Friday to visit her daughter, Mrs. R. C. Miller, a few days, when she expects to start for the east to visit relatives. Mr. Perkins spent Sunday with them at Toledo.

John Townsend, of Chicago, who was called to Adrian by the death of his grandfather, and who has since been visiting the parental mansion at Klinger's Lake, came here last Friday and spent a few days visiting at his grandfather's, Wm. Baxter.

Miss Minnie Perkins left here this afternoon for Toledo where she will visit her sister the coming week and then they will go to New York state and city for a few weeks visit. The balance of her vacation will be spent in Toledo, and her friends hope that she will thoroughly enjoy it.

Rev. Alphus Bivens, deacon of the diocese of Green Bay, paid a visit to his sturdy friend, Rev. Stauss, Last Sunday, the 4th of July, he preached an eloquent sermon in St. Mary's church. On Tuesday he started for home but will pay a visit to Rev. Father Buyse, in Jackson, accompanied by Rev. Stauss.

AMERICA'S INDEPENDENCE.

How the Glorious Day was Celebrated—Notes by the busy Pencil Pushers of the Enterprise.

AT ANN ARBOR.

There were two passenger coaches well loaded with Manchester people bound for Ann Arbor to celebrate, on Saturday last, and when we arrived at Pittsfield junction a half dozen coaches well filled on the T. & A. A. carried the patriotic throng to the Athens of America. The city was togged out in her best holiday attire, and the merchants kept their stores open to welcome the coming of country guests which arrived by trains or private conveyances from north, south, east and west.

At about 11 o'clock the procession, composed of military companies of Detroit, Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor, grand army posts, fire companies and representatives of manufacturing and business interests of the city started from the court house square to the tune of lively music, furnished by the Ypsilanti, Dexter, Saline, Manchester and Ann Arbor bands, and marched through the principal streets. It was truly a grand sight, and the fact that nearly every business house in the city was represented speaks well for the enterprise of the inhabitants.

The contest between the fire engines and the water works took place on the square right after the parade in which the old "Mayflower" hand engine came out first best, throwing a stream of water over the court-house, beating the water works some thirty or forty feet.

The orator for the occasion was Mr. Sunbury, of Adrian, a very able speaker, and he kept the audience in good humor from the beginning until the end of his address. He spoke in a very clear voice, and could be plainly heard from any part of the court house square.

After the oration there was very little loafing on, but still the people were anxious to wait and see the display of fireworks in the evening, which commenced at eight o'clock and lasted until half past nine, and were witnessed by thousands of people, the streets being packed for several blocks.

In the afternoon and evening there was dancing at the parks and at the rink, where everybody had a chance to "trip the light fantastic toe" at a small expense.

Our comet band, consisting of ten pieces, did exceedingly well, and it was remarked by quite a number of people on the streets that they made better music than any other band in the procession. The boys certainly did their level best, with the assistance of John Nestell, who played the tuba.

Everybody seem well pleased with the festivities of the day and departed for home feeling that old Washtenaw had done her duty.

AT SAND LAKE.

A representative of the ENTERPRISE drove to Sand Lake on Monday afternoon where he arrived at about five o'clock to find all the stable room taken up and hundreds of horses hitched under trees and everywhere in opportunity afforded. Wishing to stay until late in the evening, we took our horse to Jesse Pentecost's farm who kindly gave us room in his stable.

On arriving at the landing we found Prof. Wood filling his balloon with hot air preparatory to ascension; which took place at about six o'clock. As soon as everything was ready, the word was given to "let her go," and with a rush and a spring the professor was off to the clouds, doing a number of daring acts on a trapeeze, such as trapeeze performers are wont to do to chill the blood of nervous persons. He rose very rapidly for about 400 feet, when the air ship gradually lost its power, and, at the height of about 1,500 feet, began to slowly descend. As he neared the ground, it looked as though the balloonist was sinking into the lake, much to the alarm of the large crowd gathered to witness the ascension, and a number of boats started to rescue the sinking balloon from the water, but to the disgust of the would be rescuers, the balloon landed safely on terra firma.

The people began to depart after this act and we were able to secure a seat on the hurricane deck of the hotel and rest a little. The managers of this pleasant resort had erected a number of hammocks and swings in the grove for the accommodation of guests, which was a very pleasant place to sit and see all that was going on. It is claimed that fully 1,800 people were present in the afternoon.

Knapp's band, from Tecumseh, furnished music during the day and evening, and at about 8:30, the dance hall was opened and Ollie Hunt's orchestra, of Adrian, rendered some of their finest music to a large and appreciative audience.

At 9:30 the managers of the hotel appeared on the lake front and made the sky bright with sky rockets, Roman candles, etc., and the shooting of large fire crackers, which echoed and re-echoed across the lake, producing a very fine effect. After the fireworks we adjourned to the dance hall where we met a number of young ladies and gentlemen, from Tecumseh, with whom we enjoyed the dance until about the midnight hour when we took our departure for home.

ELSEWHERE.

Manchester passed a very quiet independance day this year. After it was announced that we would not have a celebration, those who remained at home contented themselves with firing a bunch of firecrackers occasionally as a reminder and to rouse the children, who are always patriotic. It has been the custom with Mat D. Blosser, of the ENTERPRISE, for several years past, to celebrate the day at his residence, and on Saturday, the families of Drs. Kapp and Sheldon and a number of neighbors met there and enjoyed a picnic supper under the spreading branches of the mammoth apple trees. The national colors waved proudly in the gentle breeze and the company grew patriotic under the influence of lemonade and the smell of burnt powder from the liberal use of firecrackers. In the evening a much larger crowd assembled and witnessed a modest but successful display of fireworks. The day passed without an accident.

The celebration at Chelsea last Saturday was a success, though barely so. There was only a small crowd of people present. The G. A. R. parade was about equal few of the Grass Lake post were present and the Dexter boys went to Ann Arbor. The speech by Pennyman was on the "bloody shirt" order, and some of the boys were disgusted.

Those of our citizens who went to Toledo Monday report having had a good time. The procession was a grand affair, consuming two hours time in passing a giving point.

The celebration at Adrian on the 3d must have been a big affair from all we can hear of it.

To our Patrons.

The success of the ENTERPRISE depends in a very great measure upon its subscription list. It is our earnest desire that the paper shall be just as able, useful and influential as it can be made, and to have it circulate, if possible, in every village and town in Northern Lower Michigan, Southern Washtenaw and Jackson counties, and we wish correspondence and news items from every school district in these sections.

We would respectfully ask your kind cooperation to this end. You can render us a service which we shall not be slow to appreciate if you will assist us in increasing the number of ENTERPRISE subscribers, not only by sending in your own subscription, but by trying to secure one or two others. The larger the list of subscribers the better the paper can be made, and the more valuable it will be to each reader. Every one should therefore take a personal interest in extending its circulation.

Please see what you can do toward securing a few other subscribers to the paper. We shall be pleased to hear from you, and to reciprocate whatever you can do for us. Very sincerely yours,

MAT D. BLOSSER, Publisher.

A Detroit man objected to female doctors and has this to say to a Tribune reporter: "I tell you these female doctors will never do. Supposin' I had plaitation of the heart, and one of those sweet girl graduates would come in to look at me. Well, the first thing she'd do after smiling at me would be to plump her pretty little white head down onto my night shirt, and commence to count the beats of my heart. Now, you know just as well as I do that if a man's got a heart at all it's jumpin' from six to twelve extra beats a minute while she's looking up into your eyes and counting slowly and all the time her hair getting caught in your buttons. Then she'll look serious and say your heart is doing double work and you are not long for this earth, and leave some medicine that's twice as strong as it ought to be, and what can you do? I tell you those girl doctors will never do. They'll kill off half the men in town in a year. When a man wants a girl doctor at all it's when he's well. It is a shame to have them work for a diploma and then not get anything to do."

In a discussion of the subject of country roads at Capital grange hall, North Lansing, lately, Prof. W. J. Beal thought that the law regulating highway labor was somewhat faulty. The districts were too small, and the work was not done so advantageously as might be. Road-machines might be used with profit. In the absence of such a machine, he suggested that a sort of plank leveler, ten or twelve feet long, with a strip of iron on the lower edge, might be used and do good work. He also spoke of a machine for breaking our common bowlders into small pieces, so that they might be put on the road, making a good and lasting road-bed. He mentioned a locality in the southern part of Ohio, where land was worth about $100 per acre, and the roads very poor. The residents willingly paid a tax of $8 per acre for improving the road. This outlay increased the value of their land $25 per acre. Mrs. G. S. Wilson wished that when a good hard road-bed was secured, the new path-master would let it alone, and not plow it up again, as is often done. Mr. W. E. West said it was cheaper to lower drains on the side of the road than to raise the road-bed, and that just as good results would be secured. He thought that the farmers made too much of a "picnic" of their road-work. Mr. Warren Smith thought it would be profitable to tile-drain our roads, and not try to raise the road-bed, as by doing so they were generally made too narrow and rounding for convenient travel.

The idea of using dark paint for residences this year," remarked a dealer in paints and oils, "has become almost a mania. There was a time a few seasons ago, when nothing but white paint could be sold, but now a house coated with white is hard to find, and if it is found, it is one which has not this year needed painting. Dark paint is much more desirable on account of the fact that it does not show the dirt and that it preserves a good appearance longer than white. That dark paint will continue in favor I am convinced. All that is necessary to prove this assertion is to take a look at the houses painted this year and in almost every case you will see that color of paint has been used."

Drop into the Cheap Store on the corner. All Goods at Half-prices.

Advertise in the Want Column.

Read the new story, "Forced Apart."

Everybody ought to read the Want Column.

Read the advertisements in the Want Column.

John Koch has lost his little maltese colored puppy and whoever has found it will be suitably rewarded by returning it to him.

The presbyterian ladies will serve ice cream at our residence next Friday evening. Everyone invited.

MR. & MRS. C. J. ROBISON

Charles E. Smith, an experienced watch-maker, of Jackson, is at work for A. G. Tompkins. All work will receive prompt attention.

John Engle, the shoemaker, sells Parker's Boots with rubber upper and leather soles. They are a new thing, warranted water proof, and will not sweat the feet.

The ENTERPRISE from the beginning of the continued story, "The Bank of California," until January 1st, 1887, for $1. In subscribing ask for the back numbers.

The ENTERPR

[illegible]prise
[illegible]OR
[illegible] 8, 1886.

STORIES TOLD OF GOUGH.

Some Amusing Experiences of the Popular Orator Related by Himself.

The late John B. Gough told a story as well in private as in public, says a writer in the Philadelphia *Times*. The following are remembered among some of the experiences he used to relate. "On one occasion," he said, "I had made an appointment in a small town in Massachusetts and rode seven miles to reach it. On arriving at the church as the people were assembling I found no one to receive me. I asked a middle-aged rustic if he could tell me where I could find the president of the temperance society.

"'I reckon I'm him,' he replied, laconically.

"'Ah! well, my name is Gough,' I said.

"'Wall, I calkilate it's about time to skin in.'

"In we went, and I sat in a pew until he came to me and said: 'I guess it's time to begin.'

"'Is there any one to offer prayer?' I asked.

"'No; the parson's away.'

"'Is there no deacon?'

"'I spect I'm a deacon.'

"'Well, can't you pray?'

"'No; I reckon I speak in the meetin'.'

"As I passed into the pulpit he stood beneath it and called out to the audience: 'Mr. Gough is in de desk an' he's a-gwine to lectur'.'

"I proceeded to 'lecture' as well as I could, and when I had finished and taken my seat in the back of the platform my agricultural friend called out from below: 'We will now pureceed to take up a collection for the benefit of the lactoorer.' He then 'pureceeded' to pass his hat around among the people, who had begun to rapidly leave the church as soon as they heard the ominous word collection. When he had completed his task he dumped upon the table in front of the pulpit the contents of his hat, and, shaking the lining, said to me: 'There! That 'ere is all for you. I ain't agwine to take nothin' out for the lights.'

"The amount did not exceed $1.50.

"'I do not want it,' I said.

"'Wall, I swow! Yer don't want all that money?'

"'No.'

"'Wall, then, I reckon I'll take it,' and suiting the action to the word he swept the money into his hat, placed it on his head and walked off without another word, leaving me to enjoy a hearty laugh as the only recompense for my day's work.

"One of the first towns of which I lived outside of Worcester I labored for evenings, and was told by the committee at the conclusion of my last address that they had no funds in the treasury and did not like to take up a collection, but that if I would come again and give three more lectures I would be liberally paid. I consented and shortly afterward began my other course of three lectures. At the termination of the second one a gentleman arose and said that as Mr. Gough had not been paid on the occasion of his previous visit to that town, he suggested that a collection be taken up for the purpose of remunerating him.

"'I object to collections,' said another gentleman; 'but if we must have one let it be to-morrow night, when we will all be prepared.'

"The third evening was very rainy, and a collection amounting to $1.80 was taken up. A gentleman near the table remarked when the money was counted: 'The amount is very small. I do not mind making it up to $2 out of my own pocket, for the laborer is worthy of his hire,' and he very emphatically laid down two silver dimes. I refused to take $2 for six days' work, during which my personal expenses had been $5, and departed. The next day I received from three liquor-sellers a $5 bill enclosed in a letter, in which they said that they thought I had worked hard enough to be better paid.

Protoplasm for a Tin Dipper.

This is what we call the contents of our rag-bag. Why? Well, for three reasons. Firstly, because it is well to bring science into daily life as closely as possible, in order to become familiar with it and not think of it as a far off thing. Secondly, because big names often lend importance to very small matters, especially in the eyes of children. Thirdly, this must be an explanation of the "dipper" part of the name.

It is the custom in our city, as it is in most, for ragmen to come around with large wagons filled with tin-ware which they exchange for rags. This is the nineteenth century for ragmen as well as for philosophers. Most housekeepers find it to their advantage to exchange rags for tinware, rather than for a few cents in money. We do at our house, and the name of our rags varies with our need. Sometimes it is "protoplasm for a tin dipper," sometimes "saucepan," "strainer," "flour-sieve," "grater," or "quart measure." Always, "protoplasm," however, no matter what the ending of the title. And we are justified in this, for "protoplasm" comes from two Greek words, signifying "first" and "form;" and, certainly, dippers, quart measures, graters and so on, do "form from" our rag-bag. If you do not believe it, I will show you my tins. Did you suppose that important lessons in morality could be taught from a rag-bag? Well, I have found three good lessons. There may be more, but I have stopped at three.

First, honesty. You cannot always teach the ragman that, but you can teach your family and yourself. Do not start at that last pronoun. I mean it! Let your bag be filled with solid rags, not paper, or spools, or whalebone. I can assure you, you will have to watch yourself, and both watch and talk to your family, in order to keep your rag-bag honest. I know good women—really good women—who would open their eyes at this assertion. But stop and think about it.

My second lesson is thriftiness. These rags give an excellent opportunity to say, "A penny saved is a penny earned," "Waste not, want not," "Economy is wealth" (of fins), and all the other good thrifty proverbs you know. You can go further, and make the bag itself, as well as its contents, teach this lesson. What do you make your bag from? New calico, new cotton cloth, new drilling or new bed ticking? Very good, but there is a further way still. Go to your piece-bag (I assume you have one) get out all the cuff pieces you have of gingham, cotton cloth, calico, and drilling, put a spool of good strong thread on your sewing machine, and run these pieces together. Do not stop to baste or to arrange colors or fabrics; run them together [illegible]

[illegible] a big [illegible] down [illegible] two [illegible] Mr. [illegible] When a [illegible] a rag bag [illegible] to a from [illegible] birthday [illegible] special [illegible] for. [illegible] a regular [illegible] to be a [illegible] tion. To add to [illegible] delicately send home the reason of cronicity to the door found for wagon this rag was [illegible] as it were, to the [illegible] I took [illegible] worked on this [illegible] 'em." *[illegible] Herald.*

[illegible]

The Origin of "Chestnut."

One of the peculiar [illegible] of popularity having [illegible] term "chestnut," has applied to everything popular and [illegible] nence. Its origin is [illegible] The truth is, the phrase is as old as Joe Miller himself, although public attention has only been directed to it within a very brief time. Like most of the popular catch-words in which our colloquial language abounds, "chestnut" is believed to have first seen the light in the theater. Such, however, is not the case, although the place of its nativity was next door to the temple of Thespis. The present signification of the word originated some thirty years ago in a negro minstrel company, according to the best of authorities—that of an eye-witness and a hearer. It seems in this particular minstrel show there were a number of funny fellows, some of whom have, since that burnt-cork era, attained considerable theatrical distinction. But at that time, when they wandered about the country, they provided a crate for carrying horse-chestnuts in the pocket as a talisman against rheumatism. This horse-chestnut craze was not unlike the hot-water and mind-cure crazes of the present day, and even now lived in its superstitious agency is said to exist among the ignorant and credulous. These minstrels adopted the prevailing whim, though the craze was not epidemic in their ranks, but lasted for the fun of it. One theatre-goer individual, by some one of those [illegible] incidents which make the reputation of quacks, was actually cured of his [illegible] while transporting on his person this shining brown nut. He was so light-hearted [illegible] with [illegible] brains, and the company made [illegible] butt of all its practical jokes. When his "cure" was established, his faith in the horse-chestnut became [illegible] good Bostonian [illegible] and he recounted the [illegible] tale to everybody who could be induced to listen to him. Indeed, [illegible] stood no kind of a [illegible] His amiable [illegible] him to the top of his [illegible] took him aside to [illegible] particular inquiries [illegible] its single attribute [illegible] he carried it [illegible] gravity and [illegible] could be condensed into a [illegible] He repeated his story [illegible] and over again, never [illegible] fully gnyed. [illegible] was bidden to ask him to relate his wonderful story, and when a joke had to be dispatched he was entrusted [illegible] nut cure, which had become a [illegible] ing joke throughout the company.

From this incident [illegible] that's a horse-chestnut. And in this [illegible] was added [illegible] through a series of [illegible] tions, by which [illegible] and the [illegible] vived, perhaps [illegible] Naturally enough, the [illegible] ated from the minstrel show to the theatres, and the [illegible] "unfortunate chestnut" and [illegible] it suddenly reappears, to mingle with the picturesque phraseology of the day, to warn credulous people to keep their ears open, and never to [illegible] themselves. *Boston Herald.*

Jolly Connecticut Girls.

Of the 200 girls who are employed by the Spencer Company, which recently moved to Walingford from Hartford, about forty still retain their affection for Hartford, and come down on the train that leaves Walingford at 6 to-morrow morning. This train [illegible] earlier than most girls in order to catch the daybreak [illegible] from warm beds these chilly morning good nature cannot be expected to be the forte of such early birds. But these forty girls are the jolliest crowd imaginable, and they amuse themselves in many ways on the train coming down. They need that kind of [illegible] laugh, and play cards. Yes, they do play cards. A card party is one of the regular pastimes of the girls on the train. They have just as much fun as the most enthusiastic whist players among their male friends. They deal and manipulate the cards [illegible] and know how to play them in [illegible] manner. They play [illegible] forty-five, old maid, and [illegible] favorites, which a few play whist and whisky poker. They do not go into the smoker to pay on one of the regular card tables, of course—instead they spread a shawl over their laps, and lean back in their seats and throw out the papers with tired vacuity and eyes of old gamblers. Passengers cast astonished eyes at female card parties, but the players do not appear the least disturbed by the scrutiny. Three girls in part, [illegible] may be seen playing any morning between Hartford and Wallingford. They make no disturbance over the game, and do not deluge the floor with tobacco spit. They like the game and it puts them all in good humor when they begin, except the girl who gets the last queen in old maid.

[illegible]

FACTS ABOUT PLANETS.

Venus, Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, Saturn and the Rest.

[illegible] known to [illegible] the [illegible] in [illegible] Venus [illegible] rather less [illegible] distance of 221 [illegible] Mercury, however, Venus [illegible] Planets [illegible] earth in the [illegible] well known [illegible] Mars [illegible] many points of [illegible] Now to Mars [illegible] the same [illegible] Asteroids, its diameter [illegible] miles, or little more than [illegible] of the earth or Venus. It [illegible] from the sun is [illegible] and completes its round in 687 days. The length of its days does not differ materially from that of our own. Mars has two moons, and one of its peculiarities is the [illegible] change in the seasons. No other moon [illegible] like this one, for it goes round Mars about three times every day; that is to say, it goes faster round Mars than Mars does on its own axis. Imagine [illegible] thing three times [illegible] two and [illegible] hours. Another interesting feature in Mars is this. We can see through our telescopes what seems to be the condensation of its concents and oceans and also accumulation of snow at its poles.

We next turn our attention to the other group of planets—Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. These are distinguished by their enormous size, immense distance from the sun, rapid revolution on their own axis, and very small density. The change from Mars to Jupiter is indeed remarkable. The after planet, familiar to every observer of the heavens, is indeed a giant among giants. In mass it is equal to all the other planets put together, its diameter being no less than 86,000 miles, and its distance from the sun 682,000,000 miles. It takes 4,332 days to complete its yearly revolution. Although of such enormous dimensions, it turns on its own axis in less than ten hours. From the small density of Jupiter we should imagine it to be composed, in great part at least, of fluid or gaseous matter and not consisting entirely of terra solid land. From certain phenomena on its surface it is evident it is almost completely enveloped in clouds, and it is doubtful if we have actually seen the solid body of this planet. Jupiter is attended by four moons, which revolve around him at various distances. The study of these bodies is of great interest, from watching their movements we get the best hint of velocity of light. Next in order in our outward journey come Saturn, at the distance of 886,000,000 miles from the sun, and taking no less than 10,759 days to complete its revolution round that luminary. This planet, though less than Jupiter, is still of gigantic dimensions, its diameter being 71,000 miles. Saturn is the lightest of all the planets, its density being only 700, so that if placed in a huge ocean it would float with a fourth of its bulk above the level of the water. The most remarkable thing, however, about this planet is the system of rings by which it is surrounded. What these rings are [illegible] but the most plausible explanation seems to be that they are composed of myriad parts of small meteoric bodies circulating at some distance round the body of the planet. Saturn has no less than eight moons under its control, and if it has any inhabitants like ourselves, which is not likely, however, the sight must be a strange sight to them, with their eight moons and meteoric swarms. *Cassell's Family Magazine.*

Mayor Lewis says of Gen. Terry in the New Haven *News*: "Al Terry, the general, used to be in the old days when a lot of us were young fellows here in New Haven, all striving to climb the ladder to some kind of greatness. He followed in his father's footsteps as clerk of the Superior Court, and a more ambitious worker it would have been hard to find. His father, Alfred Terry, used to be our town clerk. Young Terry became a prominent member of the Grays, and perhaps from this circumstance his love for military life arose. I never saw such an enthusiast, always bent on some military study. If I am not mistaken he visited the Crimea during the Anglo-Russian struggle. I remember one night I met Al in George Bassett's bookstore on Chapel street. There was a big collection of formidable looking tomes ranged along on Bassett's upper shelves. Terry grasped my arm and said: 'Do you see those books, Harry?' 'Yes. What are they?' 'They are "Napoleon's Campaigns," and I've bought every blessed one of them.'"

First Socialist—"Remember the meeting to-night, Josef. Important questions to be discussed. Assassination of Bismarck, blowing up the Washington monument, kidnaping Victoria." Second Socialist—"I have so many duties, Heinrich, I cannot attend. I am [illegible]" "We are also going to decide whether or not we shall have beer at our meetings in future." "What! have our rights been questioned? Are our liberties invaded? Heinrich, when just free calls I am at my post. I will be there." *Pretzel Phil Co.*

It was a touching case, truly. The Providence station in this city was the place and the Monday of the late flood the time. "A ticket for Providence" asked a lady. "We cannot sell you one," was the reply. "But I must have one," said she. "No train will go through to-day," was the answer. "But you must let me have a ticket. I must go through. I am to be married to-night," was the rejoinder. "And how could the clerk longer refuse?—*Boston Congregationalist.*

Old Mrs. Bentley—"Do you know what's become of young George Sanson, who used to stand it so much last summer?" Old Mrs. Browser—"I heard he went West and has become a confirmed tee-total." Old Mrs. Bentley—"Dear, dear, is possible! An he such a likely young man, too. It beats all what people will do when they once get a taste for rum.—*N. Y. Times.*

A husband who had incurred the anger of his wife, a terrible virago, seeks refuge under the bed. [illegible] out of that you hideous, you [illegible] you are [illegible] Nothing [illegible] calmly [illegible] I would [illegible] show you [illegible] I [illegible] in my [illegible]

He was [illegible] Washington, and was the guest of a Congressman who hadn't even a Congressman for [illegible]

Honest Old Abe.

Anecdotes of Lincoln are innumerable, but now and then a new one floats [illegible] the tide of the gossip. An old citizen of Washington gives me this one, which I never heard or read before. In his boyhood Lincoln was befriended by a family in humble circumstances, who generously aided him in the effort to attain advancement in life. He afterward left [illegible] town to seek a wider [illegible] on with a mental vow to [illegible] the kindness of these unselfish friends. After many years he returned to [illegible] of his early struggles a successful lawyer, with a name already known to fame. The community was aroused over a murder committed in its midst, and one of its townfolks—Lincoln's early friend—was selected to take the defense. The [illegible] were [illegible] against him, and to a stranger [illegible] impression of fate he saw the way to pay his early debt for the aid rendered him in his early trouble. There was little chance to refute the evidence against the young man, for two respected citizens swore to the recognition of his face by the light of the moon as they surprised him at the side of his victim. Lincoln arose to open the defense. He carelessly asked for an almanac, which he saw lying on the clerk's desk, simply for the sake of gaining time, while he sought in his mind for a clew to the sympathies of the jury—a cold, hard set of men, with convictions already formed. As he abstractedly flattened the leaves of the book his eye, even at this trying moment, lit up with something akin to that keen sense of humor so characteristic of him, and he began his speech. His words fell like the rattling of artillery upon the astonished, spellbound audience, and without leaving the box the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty." He cleared the prisoner and found the witnesses guilty of perjury.

"But, gentlemen," said Lincoln, years after in telling this story, "I was careful to keep that almanac in my hand the while, and to carry it out of court with me—there was no other copy there."

"What had the almanac to do with it?" questioned my friend.

"It was a year old," said Lincoln, with a twinkle of humor in his eye, "and proved conclusively that the moon did not shine on the night of the date of the 'murder' in the previous year. When the truth leaked out, as of course it did, they could not try the man over again, and wisely concluded that silence is golden. *Atlanta Constitution.*

The son of a prominent divine went out to Dakota with the intention of going into business, but returned in very low circumstances immediately, having walked about half the distance. "Why, I am surprised, my son," said his father, "I thought there were great opportunities for making money in the Territories. Didn't you strike a chance?" "Well, yes, in a measure, for the fact is, father, I didn't hold the right kind of a horse. It was good enough, so I bet all I had on it; but the other fellow's was better and he raked in the pot." The next Sunday the minister preached on "The Crying Need of Missionaries in the West."—*Yankton (Dak.) Dead.*

Statistics show that in the whole of Europe the women have a majority of 4,579,000.

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.

Help Wanted, Situations Wanted, Real Estate for Sale, Houses to Rent, Wanted to Rent Houses, Rooms for Rent, Boarding Wanted to Rent, Rooms Wanted, Board Wanted, Agents and Canvassers, Lost and Found, For Sale, Miscellaneous, etc., of a wel-ch insertion.

Advertisements must be handed in as early as Wednesday noon for a week's insertion.

Advertisements by letter will receive prompt attention. Address "ENTERPRISE," Manchester, Michigan.

WANTED.

WANTED.—Bicycle, 48 inch, must be in good order. Also a 50 inch in good repair. Address "A," ENTERPRISE office.

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

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE.—Good hardy celery plants. A. G. TOMPKINS.

FOR SALE.—A new prize Holly Scroll Saw at ENTERPRISE office.

FOR SALE.—A good non-side Row Boat, same pattern and make of those used by C. W. Akin at Wamplers' and Wolf Lakes. Will be sold cheap and is in good repair. Address "B," ENTERPRISE office.

JUST RECEIVED

A New Lot of

JAPANESE NAPKINS!

at the latest Designs and Patterns at the

ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

IF YOU WANT

A Beautiful

Birthday Card!

Call at the

ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

TEACHERS

will find an assortment of

SCHOOL CARDS

To please them at the

ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

CLOSING OUT SALE

—OF—

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Expecting to change my business location, I am closing out my new and second hand pianos and organs at very low prices.

PIANO AND ORGAN STOOLS

[illegible]

Bargains Will Be Given!

—At Lake Shore—

SELL THE GOODS

Guitars, Violins, Banjos, Accordeons, Etc., at [illegible] A large amount of sheet music [illegible] cents per copy.

ALVIN WILSY.

Miscellaneous. Miscellaneous.

THE DAY-LIGHT CLOTHING HOUSE

At the Front.

Just the Same.

We have a splendid stock of Clothing—
The finest makes, we claim;
And for first-class goods and various styles,
We get there just the same.

The Day-Light Clothing House takes the lead,
Its originality's acquiring fame,
And with its various styles and cuts,
It gets there just the same.

Our goods are sold at an honest price,
And we talk in language plain,
For with low prices and excellent grades,
We get there just the same.

When you are in need of Clothing,
You will find our prices sane,
Just give us a chance to show our goods,
And we will get there just the same.

ROBISON & KOEBBE,

PROPRIETORS.

LUMBER!

ALL KINDS OF

LUMBER!

TEMPLE, McCLURE & CO.

(Successors to Wolcott, Temple & Co.) Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Lumber, Sash, Doors, Blinds, &c.

Plaining Mill and Yard north of Lake Shore Depot,

TECUMSEH!

A full line of Dry Lumber of all kinds always on hand. Special Figures made for

CAR LOAD LOTS!

With Parties in

Manchester, Brooklyn, Bridgewater Station and Norvell.

Call and see us or write for Estimates.

AT J. H. KINGSLEY'S

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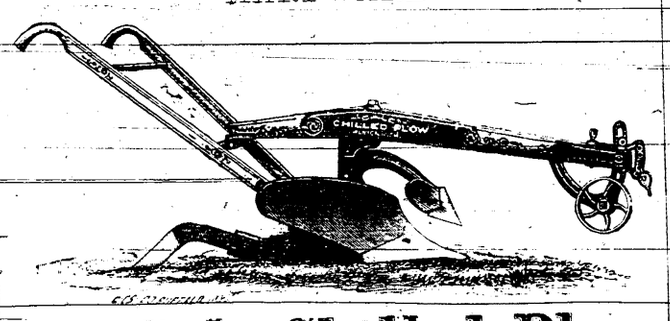
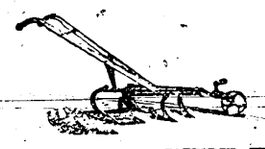


The Gale Chilled Plow



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Plain and Galvanized Picket Wire, Barbed Fence Wire, Steel Nails, Etc.

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Just Remember This!

ONLY 75 CENTS!

—For the—

ENTERPRISE

Until January 1st, '87.

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DON'T DELAY!

A New Story,

"Forced Apart,"

Very Exciting,

Began Last Week.

Miscellaneous.

THE GUARANTEED Remedy —Kempe's Balsam, —for the Throat and Lungs. It never fails to cure Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis, and all Throat and lung troubles. Price 50 cents and $1. Trial size free at Steinkohl's, in Manchester.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? We are daily guaranteeing Kempe's Sarsaparilla to the people for cleansing the blood and giving a new lease of life. Price $1. Sold by F. Steinkohl, Manchester.

REGRET CARDS,

Latest Styles,

Colored Lithograph!

and Plain at the

ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

BEAUTIFUL

And Cheap

Invitation Cards

With Plain, Gilt, Bevel and

RAGGED EDGE

—at the—

ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

LADIES:

We have a new and elegant assortment of

Plush Card Cases!

Various shades

SHAPES AND COLORS

Call and see them at the

ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

GOLD FRINGE

FOR

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