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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.

Dr. Shaw turned to pace the room. Light was beginning to dawn on him. It was difficult for him to bring his mind to believe that Cuthbert was guilty of a mortal sin; yet here was the father of the girl violent in heavy charges, so that the existence of the victim at least was an established fact by surest proof.

"As the husband of your daughter he would not have left her," he said, speaking in a tone of pain and shame, and with something like horror in the expression of his eyes. "May God forgive him if he has brought disgrace upon the innocent! But, Mr. Strangfield, have not you approached your conclusion with extreme hurry? On the statement of your daughter, unsupported by any evidence, you convict her and my son. She affirms herself married; and if this be so, it is most easy of proof. But though the marriage cannot be proved, what impeachment should there be in the silence of evidence, unless you have testimony to satisfy you of their guilt?"

Mr. Strangfield picked up his hat and turned it about vacantly in his hands.

"I came here," he said, in a low voice, "to find out if your son hath truly left you, as reported. If he be my daughter's husband, it shall be proved soon. Sir, I thank you for receiving me civilly, and bearing with me. For forty years have I dwelt in Greystone, and for all that time no man hath ever pointed his finger at me for any act of wrong. That my girl hath owned to a secret marriage is a bitter disgrace upon me, who have ever tried to teach her the hatefulness of deceit, as the pathway of one that forgets the Lord. If you have news of your son, sir, you will please to acquaint me with it, that I may sift this business to the bottom."

And turning abruptly he left the room, and in a moment the doctor heard the hall door closed.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DEACON'S CHARITY.

"Mr. Strangfield went straight to his house, and stood a moment under the shelter of the leaves to wipe his forehead before entering. His wife, hearing his step, came out of the parlor and looked at him in silence, too frightened to offer him any kind of salutation.

"Is dinner ready, Jane?" he asked, thrashing the dust from his shoes with a red pocket-handkerchief and assuming an off-hand tone of voice which was a lie in his wife's ear.

"More than ready, Michael. The bit of beef is baked to a chip by this time, I doubt; but if we eat it quickly, it may still be worth asking a blessing over. As to Jenny, now thou'rt in, I'll not wait for her."

"Where is she?" inquired Mr. Strangfield, looking at his wife with a frown.

"Why, she went out soon after you left the house, and Polly says she walked up the High street. She's gone to get the news about her husband, I dare say. Dear! dear! to hear me talk of it in this easy way! But that must be because I have cried my heart dry."

Mr. Strangfield walked into the parlor where the table was prepared for dinner, he held his face toward the window for a while and then, turning round to his wife, who gazed at him from the doorway, not daring to ask questions, but too eager to hear the result of his quest after Cuthbert to divert him by calling to the servant, he said:

"Why do you speak of her husband? Do you *know* that she is married?"

"Do I know? It was she who said so. Oh, Michael, why do you look at me so wildly?"

"You do not ask me where I have been," he exclaimed, with a grim, fleeting smile. "That is strange in one so curious. I will tell thee, Jane—I have been to see Dr. Shaw."

"Michael, what hath Dr. Shaw to say about his son?"

"Ask me if he knows that he is married." Then, relenting under the twitch of pain in his wife's mild face, he cried out in a quivering voice: "Oh, Jane, this man swears that his son is not married—that neither by word nor look has he given him cause to suspect such a thing. And he asked me: Would my son, if your daughter was his wife, leave her mysteriously, and without message or reason? Such words he said. And he hinted at sin and conscience hurrying the scoundrel from the town!"

"Michael," said his wife in a hoarse whisper, going up to him and putting her hand on his arm, "dost thee mean to say that—that——"

He looked down upon her with stony eyes; whereupon she half shrieked, "No, no! Michael, Michael, our girl is honest. Great Lord, did the vile schoolmaster charge my pure child with such a sin before her father, and no denial made him! Michael, didst thee let the foul old man say *that* of her? Oh, my pretty one! Oh, my Jenny! how can they think it of thee! how can they think it!"

"Do you call her pure?—she who, by her own confession, has deceived those who love her?" he exclaimed, in a slow, bitter voice. "Since she has confessed to one sin, why shall not you believe in her deeper guilt, until she shall prove that she hath wronged us by deceitfulness only? It is good reasoning to declare that, if this man were her husband, he would not have left her without token of his going, and a truthful conclusion to come at, that having wronged her, and dreading my wrath and his father's, he has fled from the place, and, like a sneaking coward, left her to bear her sin alone."

Dumbfounded, the mother listened; then, plucking up heart, replied, "Why do you doubt that she has spoken the truth? If she be married, she has not sinned as you say; and yet, though you know not for sure whether she be married or not, you condemn her as if she were a single woman that had fallen. Oh, Michael! thy heart is too hard. Though she be not married, yet why do you say that she hath sinned? Poor little one! must her heart be broken by her father?"

"It is her father's heart that will be broken by her!" he cried. "Oh, fie! that you should excuse her!"

He walked hastily to the door, and, seizing hold of the staircase banister, stopped and looked back.

"Come with me to her bedroom," he said. "You shall bear witness."

"What to do?" replied Mrs. Strangfield, not offering to move.

"To get what truth is to be found in her letters, if she has any," he exclaimed. "I will sift this matter to the bottom."

His wife turned her back upon him, and he went upstairs alone.

A little chest of drawers was soon ransacked and pockets of dresses; and the rosewood desk, forced with a jack knife for a lever, was promptly explored, and here was more than he wanted. A pile of letters, indeed, which no carrier had ever delivered either; some of them illegible almost with stains of wet, which, in good truth, they could hardly fall to contract, seeing that the lover's post box was always the grass under the evergreens hard in the corner of the front garden, and close to the railing for accessibility from the roadway.

Drawing from his pocket the wooden case that contained his spectacles, and perching the glasses on his nose, Strangfield went to the window and began to read the letters. No tradesman guards his receipted bills more religiously than Jenny had preserved these precious missives. Folded most carefully were they, with sweet smelling dry flowers among them, and held together with ribbon, and the dates in such accurate sequence as only love (after trade) would have patience to order.

All these letters, with one exception, bore dates prior to Jenny's visit to Sydenham. In them he called her sweetheart and mistress, and the signature was always "Bertie." Many of them were hurriedly scribbled appeals for interviews. The one letter written after the visit to Sydenham was a passionate protestation of love, with a tender reference to deep endearments, and a bit of sly humor at the end, where pious Aunt Rachel and "the puritanical deacon of George street" were spoken of as "people easy to hoodwink, because they imagined themselves so very keen-sighted." So from beginning to end of these letters was Jenny Cuthbert's darling, his pretty heart, his sweet girl, and the like; never once did he call her his wife, and there was no mention of marriage. Such are the trumpery accidents which produce tragedies.

Mr. Strangfield flung them upon the floor and went down stairs.

His wife had finished her dinner and was coming away from the house door, where she had been standing a while on the lookout for Jenny, whose absence troubled her, though, for the girl's sake, she would not complain. Something like disdain was in her face when she looked at her husband. He could not have been guilty of more humbling meanness in her sight than to ransack his daughter's bedroom.

"The dinner is cold," said she, "and I have dined. If——"

"I have no appetite," he interrupted. "Let the wench clear the table."

He went to his armchair and seated himself in a sullen, rapt attitude, and never stirred all the while his wife helped the girl to remove the cloth. Then the poor woman, hardly knowing what she ought to do, was about to leave him alone and was closing the door, when he called to her. She came to the table.

"If you are taking her part," said he, in harsh, concentrated tones, "and justifying her conduct to yourself, tell me that I may know how to address you."

"I do not take her part, neither am I against her, until I know the truth," answered the mother firmly.

"The truth is in the letters you will find lying on her bedroom floor. Her sin is there written by the hand of the villain who has brought shame upon us."

Mrs. Strangfield turned white and grasped the table, while she stared at her husband.

"Why do you say that, Michael? Is it so plain? Is it so plain?"

"Plain!" he cried hoarsely. "What brains do you allow me, that I should not know the language of the paramour? Get up stairs and judge for thyself."

"No, no! Not if I died for refusing. Oh, Michael, art thou not headstrong in thy fears! If he be her husband, and loves her——"

But she faltered and stopped here; for what was to be done with that hard question—If he loved her, why had he left her to bear her trouble alone? And, stammering a little, she went on:

"But you will not believe that she is his wife, and 'tis easy, therefore, for their poor letters to make thee think they have sinned."

"Leave me!" he cried sternly, for he feared the anger which his wife's obstinate advocacy was kindling in him.

She went away quickly, smothering her sobs until the door was closed. Then, at her bedroom window, she planted herself to watch for Jenny's return.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE EAST INDIAMAN.

An hour before sunset an East Indiaman, of the build and beauty familiar to students of sea pieces painted seventy years ago, was some leagues to the southward of the Start, under pressure of full and towering canvas. She was one of five vessels, and carried the commodore's pennant; for here was a little squadron of peaceful merchantmen undertaking a long and perilous voyage, with nothing better to protect them against an uprush of enemy's ships than their own carronades and the stout hearts that filled the forecastle.

The four ships, which had no need to check their weather braces to let the commodore hold the van, were scattered to right and left upon the dark surface of the water, yet not so far but that a half hour's sailing would enable them all to close. Such a majestical object as the foremost vessel locked, frothing the blue at her bow, and sweeping her stately spaces of white against the heavens, no pen could express.

The doctor felt for pulses.

At this moment some sailors, furling the awning long the tall poop, left to the nakedness of the sky a numerous company of passengers, and a charming picture of white deck, brilliant with coloring of female apparel, the gold and white of uniforms, the sheen of brass catching the ruby glitter of sunlight, the flash of glazed skylights, the trim coils of salt-white rope.

Conspicuous among the passengers was a black man, clothed with a mighty turban, in the midst of which flashed a jewel. He sat in state near the wheel, scarcely deigning to bend his red-brown eyes on the commander of the ship who was addressing him. At either elbow of this potentate stood two black attendants, inflexible figures of ebony. The rest of the passengers occupied parts of the poop at respectful distances from this highness, yielding him, with proper modesty, that regal environment of space which is one kind of sustenance of majesty.

"If you shall look dar," said the Indian, with a haughty nod of the head in the direction of the sea to the left, "you will see a black ting."

Captain Turbulent, a full faced man, with legs curving outward to as true an oval as the outline of an egg, looked hard at the water, but protested that he could see nothing.

"Mr. Mattocks," called the captain, "get the glass and sweep the sea to leeward on the port bow, and tell me if there is anything to be seen there, will you?"

The officer thus directed took up a telescope from the skylight, and began to work away with it.

"There's a ship's boat, sir, down there, about four points on the port bow," he sang out presently. "I don't see anybody in her, sir. It's a job to fix her."

"What I tell you?" said the prince.

"Let her go off a couple of points," exclaimed the captain, motioning with his hand to the man at the wheel. "We'll run down and see what it's like. Your highness has good eyes."

Now, whether "his highness" was the correct term to apply to the Indian, Captain Turbulent did not positively know; it sounded well and felt safe, and that was the merit of it. The black man was prince of some territory to the northward of the Santpoora mountains, and was now returning to his subjects after a voyage to London, where he had been enlarging his mind by visiting King George, the Tower, Change alley and more harmful places of curiosity.

The boat was soon a visible object to the right of the crimson fall of sunshine on the sea, and one by one the passengers left their seats on the deck and went to the poop rail to look at her. Even his highness sunk his dignity for the sake of his curiosity, and commanded his servants to carry his chair to the other side of the deck, where he had the boat clear in his sight, while the attendants salaamed to their slippers.

Mr. Mattocks, second officer of the Elizabeth, had ascended the rigging to the height of a dozen ratlines, and was covering the boat with his telescope.

"What do you make of her?" called Captain Turbulent.

"Why, she looks like a man-of-war's dingey gone adrift. I don't see any one in her, sir." Then a moment after, "Hello! there's something dark in the bottom of her. I caught sight of it as she rolled this way. There again, sir!"

"Stand by to man the weather main-braces!" shouted the captain. "Let her go off another point, and pass her close—d'ye hear? But mind your helm, my man, and don't run her down. Put us that we may see into her."

Some of the hands came tumbling aft to the braces, and then a silence fell, for expectation was strong enough to keep even the ladies silent. No object that a ship can encounter excites more curiosity than a boat fallen in with leagues away from the land, for rarely does it fail to prove a witness to some tragedy, freighted, being of times horrible with death or madness or the gaunt agony of thirst, and empty, almost always a memorial of some great disaster, and pathetic in its loneliness.

In twenty minutes' time the boat was close ahead.

The ship's way was stopped; down splashed the cutter full of men; the oars cheeped merrily, and with fine smartness the boat was laid in tow and brought alongside.

In the bottom of her two men, one atop of the other, under the thwarts, and a third in the stern sheets, his head back and his half-closed eyes fixed upon the sky. The women sent up a cry when they saw them; but not the horror but the pity of it went to the hearts of the men, for the dress of one of the lonely dead was an English naval officer's, and no more was needed to make feeling deep.

The doctor, who had been roused by the steward from a nap, which he had been taking over a book in his cot, came bustling through the crowd, and treading on the slippers of royalty with little concern, and even jeopardizing the delicate amber of the bejeweled hookah. Down he went on his knees and felt for pulses.

"Dead and gone!" was the laconic verdict of this juryman of Judge Death, letting fall the arm and head of the nearest of the three, a bushy-whiskered Jack, in life named Thompson. "See, captain, he has been in action. Look at the throat here: do you observe the small swelling? I should find a bullet there by probing for it."

He turned to the man in the officer's uniform, in life named Transom.

"Dead and gone, too, captain. Here's cursed foreigner's work, depend on it. I see no wound. Ah! these fingers have been wanting a long time, poor fellow! Stay, here is a contusion behind the ear—no cutlass nor musket stock produced that."

He rattled on, putting out his hand as he talked and laying hold of the wrist of the third man.

Instantly, and in a changed voice, he called for brandy, and bade any man pull off his coat and roll it up for a pillow; and, with keen promptitude, was busy over buttons and chafing, and such working as skill dictated.

A spoonful of brandy swallowed (for twice as much ran on to the deck over the pale edges of the handsomest mouth man ever had) produced a sigh and a quiver of the limbs; and in a hurry, to the order of the doctor, was the body lifted and carried away to a cabin.

All night long watch and watch was kept in his cabin, by order of the doctor, the steward and his mate taking turn and turn about, and with lemonade moistening his lips, and with spoonfuls of beef tea feeding him. The rest and the food and the care were like a strong hand laid upon the shoulder of a man who walks toward a precipice, slewing him round and starting him back again to safety; for in the morning, when he awoke, he could speak, and his first question concerned his whereabouts.

"I'll go and tell the doctor you're awake, sir," says the red-headed steward's mate, whose spell it was in the cabin.

The doctor was with Captain Turbulent, arranging the funeral of Lieutenant Transom and the man-of-war's man.

"Dr. Cotton, sir, if they've come by their death by a Frenchman, we'll bury 'em to a volley, sir," the captain was saying. "Sir, we'll make a state ceremony of it, for the glory of the cause and the satisfaction of our consciences, sir."

Here broke in the steward's mate.

"Captain, you had better come along with me," says Dr. Cotton. "He may have voice enough to give us his story, sir."

So they went together to where the sick man lay. But first some medical forms must be gone through, and when the tongue was inspected, and the pulse felt, and feeble answers made, the doctor softly asked questions.

"Pray, my dear young man, who are your two companions, and how came you to be in this miserable plight?"

"They are both dead, sir!"

"Alas, yes—stone dead! and all their troubles over."

"They belonged to an English brig of war call the Cleopatra, and one of them is Mr. Transom, first lieutenant of the vessel."

"Dear me—first lieutenant! Poor man! Promoted higher than any admiral now, sir. And the other man is a sailor?"

"Yes, sir," he said, in a feeble voice, and then rallying, and propping himself on his elbow to speak: "My name is Cuthbert Shaw, and I was impressed in error to serve on board the Cleopatra. We fell in with a large French frigate and fought her; but our captain was killed, with more than half our men, and a great number wounded. After a few broadsides, we struck. It was a cruel fight, most unequal, and all chance for the brig was gone when her wheel was carried away. We made up our minds to be carried to France; but the Frenchman, who was same distance astern of us when we struck, and standing toward us, altered her course suddenly and headed away to the east, under all the sail they could pile upon her broken masts. Mr. Transom believed that, from her superior elevation, she had sighted some vessel which was not to be discerned from our deck, and that she had hauled away for safety, as, in her crippled state, she would have to strike to any British vessel that might fall in with her. So hot had been the action, we had scarcely time to notice the condition of the brig; but, soon after the Frenchman left us, we found the hull settling under our feet. There was a rush for the boats, and most of the men got away in the pinnace and yawl, and Mr. Transom and I and the boatswain, who were left behind, had just time to scramble into the dingey and cut ourselves adrift, when the brig went down. It then came on to blow, and the boats got separated and in the night the boatswain, who had been shot in the throat, died; and, within a few hours of his death, poor Mr. Transom died, quite suddenly, and I was left alone, without food or water, and God knows how many hours passed before my senses left me. That is the story, gentlemen," and the poor young fellow dropped his head wearily on the pillow and closed his eyes.

"Bad news! bad news!" exclaimed Captain Turbulent, striking his leg with his fist. "An Englishman sunk by a Frenchman, by jingo!"

"Gentlemen, please tell me where I am, and what ship this is?" said Cuthbert, in a faint voice.

"This is the ship Elizabeth, my lad, bound to Bombay, and we hope to clear the Scillies by sundown."

To the astonishment of doctor and commander, Cuthbert sat with a vehement movement upright in his bed.

"I implore you," he cried—"I implore you, in the name of God, to set me ashore on the English coast. I engage, gentlemen, that you shall not suffer for the delay, if money can compensate you. I have a wife who will not know why I have left her—you will save us both deep misery by landing me! I have strength to row myself ashore, if you will lend me a boat. I—I—Oh, gentlemen, in God's name, do not carry me to India!"

The pen cannot put into these words the agony of voice that was in them, nor impart the pathetic force they took from his clasped hands and pale and working face. Captain Turbulent and Dr. Cotton stared at each other. Their minds were slow at the digestion of facts, and it was very odd to them—extremely odd, indeed—that the salvation of this young man from death was not suffering.

"As to setting you ashore, Mr.—Mr.——"

"Shaw," suggested the doctor, whose memory was good.

"Mr. Shaw, I do not see how that can be done. Indeed, with this wind it is impossible; and with any wind, sir, it would be a bad job for me to attempt, with a—a—damned black thief of a native prince to report me for delaying the journey. Besides, Mr. Shaw, there is a fleet of us, and I'm commodore, and I give you my word, sir, if I stood in for land the rest of them would think themselves in duty bound to follow. No, sir, with Frenchmen about, my business is clear—a midship helm, Mr. Shaw, and the true course, sir."

"What you have to do," said Dr. Cotton, "is to write a letter and keep it by you, ready to put on board any homeward bound ship we may come across. I'll answer that Captain Turbulent will help you in this way."

"Oh, to be sure. But to land you," exclaimed the captain, shaking his head, "against this wind, wish that black rascal ready to swear me out of my ship—if you offered me a thousand pounds, Mr. Shaw, I wouldn't dare do it."

And, to save himself the pain of beholding Cuthbert's face, he quitted the cabin.

The young fellow turned his face from the door, and sobbed aloud. But on deck all was bright and breezy; and, under the blue of the windy sky, and over the long green sweep of water, went the stately ship, broadening, with every plunge, and burst of foam, her distance from the English coast.

CHAPTER XV.

MOTHER MEAD.

It had been a sudden sickness and a dreadful giddiness that had caused Jenny to sink on the floor, from which she recovered soon after her father had quitted the house for his visit to Greystone school. The wild distraction in her eyes had repelled Mrs. Strangfield, and for mercy and dread the mother asked no questions, but sat, silent and sighing, watching her daughter with piteous concern.

Then her duties calling her, and thinking besides that solitude would be precious to such bitter grief as Jenny's, Mrs. Strangfield gently left the room.

No sooner was she gone than Jenny started to her feet, and paced about as though seized with madness, with a frown upon her forehead, and her hands pressing tightly below her hips. Full realization of what had befallen her had come to her heart, and she was driven by intolerable agony of spirit. That Cuthbert had left her of his own will did not come into her mind. Belief in love does not fall dead in this way. And no one had yet suggested to her, as kindly solution of the mystery of his disappearance, that it might be he had taken a sudden shame of her as his wife and had left her, acting a sweet part up to the last hour—for men are shocking deceivers.

What, then, did she think? Why, that some accident had befallen him; and the idea that he might be lying dead in some hidden place so frenzied her, that, without consideration of her purpose, she fled upstairs for her hat and left the house to seek him.

She had wandered beyond the market place when her mind took a grasp of her intention, and that brought her to a stand. The midday sun beat fiercely upon the road, and held the pavements tolerably empty. But there were people in the shops, and they stared at her as she stood, perceiving which, she went down the street again, with her heart beating furiously over a new-born resolution to call on Dr. Shaw, and begin her inquiries after her husband at his own home.

But when she had got as far as the market place, the fame of Mother Mead as a gossip and teller of fortunes occurred to her, and this because she saw the old woman's bent figure going at a hobble on the other side of the market place. So Jenny, passing quickly through the stalls, intercepted the dame as she was turning into the court in which she dwelt.

Mrs. Mead was talking to herself in a loud, quavering voice, and so completely engrossed with witchlike thoughts—for what other thoughts could possibly visit such an ugly conformation?—that she did not observe Jenny until she found herself stopped by the girl standing in front of her.

"Ah, Miss Jenny Strangfield—if that be your rale name, my dear! A hot marning, isn't it? with a power of dust for an old nose that finds snuff cruel, dear. Why, your father is just bevont—I am now from him—and Lard! his eyes are in such a blaze that my old skin cracked when he looked at me."

"May I speak with you in your house, Mrs. Mead? I am in great trouble."

At sight of the sad, sweet face Mrs. Mead's ugly countenance underwent a kind of transformation. Her nose and chin did not, indeed, moderate their intimacy; but the blood-shot old eye took a sudden light of compassion, and a strange grim of good nature overspread her face.

"Come along, my dear," she exclaimed, "if ye're not above being seen with sitch a scarecrow as me. Stoop your head, for 'tis an old-fashioned door, built afore palaces was known. There's a strong chair that'll hold thee; and if I can comfort thee, my pretty, I'll mop out my old heart to do it, I'll warrant."

They had arrived at a rickety old house, with a sitting room very abruptly entered from the street. This room and a bed chamber adjacent composed Mrs. Mead's dwelling.

Taking a seat opposite the girl, she ran her eyes over her from top to toe.

"Now, my child," said she, "what can I do? Is it your fortune you want told? Nay, nay, there's no physic in such stuff for rale trouble. It's good for foolish wenches whose brains are made o' ribbon, but not for the likes o' thee, dearie."

"I am in bitter trouble, indeed, Mrs. Mead. Mr. Shaw, the son of the doctor, is missing, and I am mad to know where he is," said Jenny, bending her pale face forward as she spoke.

"Likely enough, my dear—he had the most noble face that ever I see on a man. What was he to thee? Your answer shall be sacred with me. Speak the worst, if harm hath come to ye. You'll find Judith Mead dumb as your heart."

"He was my husband," replied Jenny, in a voice scarcely above a whisper, for the secret was still so fresh that the revelation of it startled her to hear, though spoken with her own voice.

Mrs. Mead screwed up her eyes to look at the girl, until the upper part of her face was a mask of wrinkles.

"Your husband!" she exclaimed, in a tone and with a manner that would have made it impossible for a third person to know whether she believed the girl or not; for, as to Jenny, it could not occur to her that her word would be doubted. "Why, then, no wonder his going troubles ye."

"Oh, Mrs. Mead, why do you say 'his going'? He has not left his home, do you think? Is it not possible that he has somewhere met with an accident? Or has his father forced him to leave? On Wednesday he promised me to call last night on father and break the news of our marriage, for all this while was it our hidden secret. What should prevent him coming? Oh, Mrs. Mead, he loves me truly, and would be with me if he could come. Can he be dead? Oh, kind God! if I thought this I would kill myself, that I might be dead with him."

"My dear," said Mrs. Mead, slowly, and reflecting hard while she spoke, "he is not dead. Folks do not die like this without it being known. Where could he die? Coming to call on father? Then his body would ha' been found—for the Lord knows they've been searching closely enough, an' unless he's gone up to heaven, clothes an' all, like the Prophet Elijah, you may be sure he's walkin' about on this world somewhere, hale an' hearty. Did they tell ye there was a press-gang here last night? But ye mustn't look to that. They'd never take a slender man like him. Billy Basings they forced away, but he's a stripping sailor. Mr. Shaw's meat for their masters, and the wagabone plunderer 'ul never burn their fingers on *him*."

She shook her head emphatically.

"He's your husband, is he, my dear? That's beyond doubt, I hope?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Mead; we were married in a church in London three weeks ago."

"Ye're a saft little wench, and not larned in London ways. Are 'ee sure it was a church?"

"Oh yes, indeed—a large church!" exclaimed Jenny, gazing at the old woman with a new expression gathering in her eyes.

"Why, then, if you knows the name, and got the bit o' paper they gives ye when folks are married——"

"I do not know the name of the church. I do not think my husband ever mentioned it. If any bit of paper was given to us he will have it. I was ready to swoon for fear, and took no notice of anything, so scared was I. But this I have," she cried, drawing out a purse with quivering fingers and showing a wedding ring.

The old woman put it aside with a movement of her hand.

"You know if it be right wi' thee," said she; "but the ring's only worth what it 'ud fetch as gold."

Something in these words, something in the irrepressible leer that weighted the old woman's eyelids, took Jenny's breath away. And then instantaneously there flashed upon her the sense and knowledge of the false and fearful position she was placed in by her husband's disappearance.

She started to her feet.

"Oh, Mrs. Mead!" she half shrieked through her pale lips, "is it possible that my words will not be believed? Great God! will it be thought that I am not Cuthbert Shaw's wife?"

And then recalling her father's iron nature, and his hard rejection of unsupported words, and his evil, unsparing habit of thinking the worst, her heart seemed to stand still, and she remained motionless and frozen, with her hands locked and her teeth clinched.

"Sit down, my dear, sit down, and do not run clane daft, for there's nothing heavy the matter yet," crooned the old woman, again inspecting Jenny closely, motioning her the while to be seated by arching her hands out of her shoulders like a rabbit's paws. "If he's your sweetheart, ye must have some faith in him, and maybe he'll be turning up in a day or two, and then the laugh'll be on thy side. Do ye hear?"

"He is my husband," said Jenny, in a sobbing whisper, breathing quickly.

"Well, well, husband or sweetheart, if he comes he'll be welcome, won't he now, dearie?"

"My husband!" shrieked the girl, with a wild stamp of the foot. "Will it not be believed?"

"Why, to be sure it will. But see, I'm an old, lorn woman, who knows the world as thy father knows the Bible—all the harm of it, my dear; and if you was my child, this would I say—hold thy peace about your marriage until you can show proof, that Satan himself wouldn't doubt, that young Mr. Shaw is thy husband. What! will you make envious wenches and their flabbergoon mothers believe ye by saying, 'I do not know the name of the church where I was married, and I have no bit o' paper' (the Lard knows what them things are called) to prove that Mr. Shaw is my husband, and 'tis the truth itself that no'er a living cratur', my own father not excepting, knew that I was Shaw's wife until this blessed day, when my husband hath left me to give the news o' my marriage alone?"

She ceased, leering shrewdly, with a forefinger against her nose.

The stunned look that had settled upon Jenny's face while the old woman was speaking passed a moment or two after she ceased, and a strange and striking character was given to her beauty by an expression which it seems absurd to describe as a mingling of despair and determination, yet which assuredly suggested both these qualities.

"I see that a great trouble has come upon me; but in the sight of God my heart is pure," she said in a low but steady voice. "Mrs. Mead speak to me honestly and tell me what you think has become of my husband."

"My honesty won't ease you, my dear, and the Lard knows I may be wrong, though folks think that it's the devil as gives me wisdom," said the old woman, showing her fangs with a grin of ill-dissembled triumph; for in her own mind she had no doubt of the motive of Cuthbert's disappearance, and was flattered with the facile mastery that put her far ahead of the town's surmises.

"Pray answer me. I have the heart to listen to anything now, Mrs. Mead."

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Mead, speaking slowly, intermitting her words for the sake of filling the spaces between with deliberate nods and shakes of the head, "they'll be thinking this of thee—that you are not married, and that Mr. Shaw hath left you to bear your shame alone. They'll argey that the son of th' old popinjay up at the school house 'ud never match with Mike Strangfield's darter, and that he hath ruined 'ee with promises. And maybe they'll say that th' old doctor's in the secret, and hath got his son away slyly to save him from the deacon, unless you shall defeat the liars by sure proof of thy marriage, and that you must get about quickly."

"But the ring's only worth what it 'ud fetch as gold."

Jenny stood looking at her with a steady, vacant gaze, as though she did not heed what was being said, and, with the same absent manner, was moving toward the door.

"How shall you get about it, dearie? You do not ask?"

"How!" exclaimed the girl, pausing. "My husband does not come to me, I am helpless."

"Why, who should help 'ee but thy self? Let him go to work. He hath the strength. If I was his wife he'd be cursing."

And at the notion of the dea[illegible] she set up a creaking laugh. But it was lead instead of life to the poo[illegible] heard it.

"Good-by, Mrs. Mead," said she, "you have news to comfort me, you will [illegible] me waiting for it?"

"Trust me! I'll do my best. But [illegible] come anear thy house, though I had [illegible] Mr. Shaw in my arms. I'm none so dear [illegible] th' deacon but that he'd bile me in his pitch[illegible] caldron, could he find a reason for murderin' me i' the Bible. As to thy mammy— But there, dear heart! if I have good news you shall have it quickly."

With pathetic effort to smile a farewell, Jenny left the house.

CHAPTER XVI.

HER FATHER-IN-LAW.

Her face like marble, but with [illegible] determination in it, Jenny walke[illegible] grimy court and crossed the marke[illegible] halted a moment to deliberate whi[illegible] should take to Greystone school. [illegible] the way of the sands, and down to th[illegible] she went, with drooping head and frig[illegible] peeps at the people who passed her; fo[illegible] her now was cruel sense of heavy shame, and the despair that bares the nerves of the heart for the sunshine and human eyes to torture.

Crossing the space of shingle on which lay the fishing boats roasting in the sun, she tolled along the sand toward the ravine which led to Greystone school. When she caught sight of the schoolhouse the pulse of her heart grew smaller, and her feet dragged. To the nervous, modest girl, whose shy spirit all the might and fire of love had scarcely endowed with bravery enough to keep her bold in secret meetings with her own husband—whose coming to him was always a sweet scamper to his heart and breathless concealment there until blushes waned under kisses, and courage rose to whispers—thoughts of an interview with the haughty little doctor, whose fiery prejudice had earned him hate and fame among the sect she belonged to—who had held her own Cuthbert in awe and was always named by him with fear—was terrifying; indeed.

But, then, what would become of her if she had not spirit to push her quest into the presence of the one man who could, if he chose (as she believed), give her more information concerning her husband than all the rest of the town put together! Bravely she stepped forward under a supporting impulse, and walked firmly to the door of the house.

The servant who answered the summons happened to be a Greystone woman, and knew Jenny well by sight. Much surprised she looked to behold the daughter following the father so quickly, for the deacon had [illegible] left the house five minutes when Jenny [illegible] rived.

"Can I see Dr. Shaw?"

"Yes, miss, I think so," replied the ser[illegible] taking it for granted that Jenny [illegible] father had just called. "Will y[illegible] please?"

Now, Dr. Shaw was at this [illegible] hemently pacing the study, a[illegible] with mingled emotions of horr[illegible] rage, the communication Strangfi[illegible] made to him. Five minutes is no ti[ill

Manchester Enterprise

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

...ery communication must contain the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

We must not be held responsible for sentiments expressed by writers.

If you have any business at the Printer's 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 to the order of their receipt at this office, and cannot be positively promised unless handed in at noon upon the Tuesday before the issue of insertion.

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

THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1886.

We have received the premium list of the 38th annual state fair to be held at Jackson, Sept. 13-17th inclusive.

We have been invited to attend the meeting of Lenawee county supervisors at Devil's lake on the 12th of August.

After July 26th the fees for money orders not exceeding $5 dollars will be five cents, instead of eight, as at present.

Speaking of Jackson in the premium list of the state fair, it says it "is a progressive city of 2,300 people." That's lowering the count wonderfully.

George Wahr, a Jackson blacksmith who once worked for Joe. Gordanier, in this village, has challanged any man in the state to turn shoes with him for $50.

By a recent decision of the postmaster general, liquids that are not of an explosive or dangerous character, pastes, pinnyrots and confection, will be admitted to the mails, if secured so that breakage cannot injure the mail matter.

Forty years is a long life for a western paper. We notice that the Hillsdale Standard, of which Messrs. H. H. Dwight & Son are publishers, has completed its term of existence, and has gone with excellent prospects, upon forty.

The City Tribune: The Michigan state Association was the hardest crowd we have seen. Niagara has commenced a swindle; first, because a Michigan editor doesn't fool away his money; and, second, because he hasn't got any to fool away; and lastly, because he seldom rides except on a pass, and a Niagara Falls hackman "passes" everyone who has not money.

The press meeting at Coldwater, of the Toledo Blade said: "I never undertake the management of it but it daily than that of the humblest printer in the state. In the one instance you have, or should have, trained up under you; in the other, you are yourself the trained man in all the departments. If anyone thinks the conducting of a country newspaper is an easy position, he wants to try it as I did, fifteen long, though not unpleasant years."

The matter of mutilated coins, coins with holes punched through them, has received the official attention of the treasury department, and the lawful value of such coins has been established as follows: Double-eagles, $15; silver dollars, 70 cents; half-dollars, 35 cents; quarter-dollars, 18 cents, and dimes, five cents. Parties handling might be saved considerable annoyance, and some clean cash, by cutting this item out and pasting it in their hats.—Ex.

Two of the lady performers in Robinson's circus on Thursday morning spied an ox team driven by a sturdy farmer, occupied by his wife and some half dozen girls wending their way to the circus ground. The performers hogged a ride, and completed, as they said, the load from the jungles of Wexford county.—Cadillac Express. Probably it was never the good board of such a wagon that they their first lessons in tumbling. Good farmers do not all come from cities.

Other seers of the country hold the present summer will be a hot one, as there is a wide drouth area on the great plains of the west, and great heat. All over the north-west, with much steadiness of low air pressure in that section. The conditions are said to be much like those which prevailed in 1881, which will be remembered as a year of drouth and prolonged hot weather.—Ex. The most of these fellows are cranks of the first water and no attention should be paid to their sayings.

When the news of the repeal of the stamp act arrived in New York, in their great joy the people dismantled a ship and planted her biggest mast in a conspicuous plot of ground; and at the top of this mast they affixed a wooden bust of the king and of pitt, and between the two a liberty cap. It was not long before the effigies of the two Englishmen were taken down, while the emblem of the goddess was left alone in its glory. And this was the origin of that truly American institution, the liberty pole.

Affability Wins.

If nothing succeeds like success, there is no surer road to this consummation than affability. It should be one of the cardinal principles of every person's life, in whatever business he may be engaged, to study to please rather than to displease; and nothing tends more to this end than the cultivation of the habit of being affable at all times and in all places where circumstances do not forbid. All successful business men are aware of this fact, and will not hesitate to attribute their success to this trait of character. All men are not alike gifted with this attribute, to be sure, but most certainly all persons have it within their power to cultivate it. Nothing pleases a person better than to be treated with respect and civility when he enters a place of business, whether it be to make purchases or in pursuit of information.

Human nature is the same everywhere, and the old "country store" method of trading had elements of success in it which can never be ignored. When the farmer drives up to the store, the merchant is on hand to meet him as soon as he alights from his wagon. They exchanged all the news of the day while bartering their goods and part with mutual good will.

All salesmen on the road fully understand the importance of affability with every customer, and strive to cultivate a good fellowship which will make them personally welcome, even when their wares are not wanted. But some of these amenities are apt to be forgotten by dealers who are shut up within the walls of their stores the year round, and have many petty perplexities to contend against. Some men are so constituted that it seems almost impossible to make themselves agreeable. But such have it within their means to hire those who can and thereby enchance their interest.

There are many stores in large and small places where people drop in to leave their orders because the talking is well done in them; and there are others which they go out of their way to avoid, because the proprietors and clerks make a standing job of their entertainment.

No one can measure the power of personal magnetism in trade, as compared with advantageous location, extensive advertising, and other accessories. There are clerks who, in changing from one store to another, carry nearly all their trade with them. And there are city merchants who visit their branch stores in the country regularly, almost wholly for the purpose of keeping up acquaintance with the customers, many of whom take pains to do their trading on the days when they can meet the head of the concern. It takes a long time to build up a first-class reputation for affability, just as it does for number one goods and sterling honesty. And when such a reputation is established, a few slips on the part of the clerks may weaken it safely. How often do we hear it said, "I wish always to trade with so and so."

NORVELL.

Anna McMaster, of Clinton, is visiting friends in town.

Miss Carrie Conklin, of Adrian, is the guest of Wilber Barcom.

Mr. & Mrs. John Palmer, of Clinton, were in town over Sunday.

Our first and second nines will have a match game on Saturday afternoon.

Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Simmons, of Toledo, are visiting at H. Hunn and T. B. Halladay's.

The Grass Lake base ball club will play our club on Friday afternoon on Norvell grounds.

The Norvell lodge of I. O. of G. T. will give an entertainment at hotel hall on Saturday evening.

Mr. & Mrs. Frank Young, of Adrian, have been visiting friends in this vicinity and returned on Tuesday.

Wm. Jones started for California on Monday after his brother-in-law, Alonzo Hounsom, who has the consumption.

WAMPLERS LAKE.

Aylesworth Brass, started threshing on Wednesday.

Two men from near Tecumseh caught 11 salmon in the lake last Friday.

Mr. & Mrs. Don Fuller have a sister from Adrian visiting them for a few days.

Prof. Sanford, of Hillsdale, will preach in the school house one week from next Sunday at 11 o'clock.

Dr. Cutler has bought a new carriage. He now takes off one seat and carries it into the house nights.

Dr. Hyndman captured the prize on the sailboat race last Saturday. It took one hour and fifty-five minutes to sail the length of the lake and back.

RIVER RAISIN.

Mr. Geo. P. Wright leaves Monday for Minneapolis where he has accepted a position as bookkeeper and Sunday school assistant at a salary of $1,000 a year.

Obituaries consisting of tiers, rocks and earth were placed upon the track north of River Raisin station Sunday night, or early Monday morning. A detective employed by the Lake Shore company has been down several days during the week looking into the matter.

The log morsels are fire and unless we have a heavy rain soon, considerable damage will be done. Men are out fighting the fire but can accomplish little, as the dry muck feeds like tinder. Considerable wood and a large amount of fence has already been burned and it is feared that the fire will get among the standing timber bordering the marsh.

Jackson County Items.

There is a growing demand for more houses in Brooklyn, there being only one empty in the town.

The assessed valuation of land in Jackson county is reported by the board of supervisors to be $25,000,000.

The Jackson county teachers institute will be held at Springport, commencing August 23rd and continuing one week.

A whooping cough epedemic has broken out in Liberty and nearly every inhabitant is attacked, one case proving fatal.

The third annual picnic of the farmers of Jackson and Ingham counties will be held this year at Pleasant lake, on Thursday, August 12th.

Wm. Appleyard, a convict at the prison at Jackson, escaped last Thursday but was found last Friday morning on the railroad 14 miles from the city.

Mrs. Joseph Crouch, of Jackson, sister-in-law of Jacob D. Crouch, deceased, fell and broke her leg last Saturday aged as she is about 75 years old it is feared the accident will prove fatal.

A Jackson young man cleaned his clothes with gasoline, and after putting them on he lighted a cigarette. His apparel caught fire, but was soon put out. Damage light; no insurance.

Benjamin Bates, a young lad of Leoni aged 16 years, returned home a few days ago from a trip nearly around the world. He said he had seen many countries and climates but preferred to live in Michigan.

Chas. E. Oates, of Gerry, N. Y., is making a tour through the west on a bicycle. He has reached Grass Lake, where he is visiting his uncle, Jerome Caldwell. He is going through to Minnesota, and from there to St. Louis, Mo.—Brooklyn Exponent.

In the skating rink at Brooklyn, on Saturday evening, there was a rather glove contest between Henderson, a Grand Rapids colored man, and a man named Silverton. They fought with four-ounce gloves, the statement being made that the contest was for $150 and two-thirds of the gate money. Henderson knocked his antagonist out in the sixth round. About 200 people were present.—Adrian Times.

Lenawee County Items.

The republican congressional convention of the 2nd district will be held at Adrian, Aug. 19th.

Messrs. Galloway and Washburn, of the Adrian Knights of Labor assembly, instituted an assembly at Clinton Saturday night.

John Burtless, of Franklin, threshed 1,331 bushels of wheat for John Hayes, of that place, last Tuesday, only setting the machine three times. A pretty fair showing for one day.

"Want to hear of a candidate for the legislature, from this district, on the democratic ticket?" shouted a well-known merchant, to a Times man, this morning. "Yes," echoed the scribe. "Bill Wiggins will take it if it is offered, although he won't work for it; saw him last night."—Adrian Times.

On Saturday last as two young men, Frank Dillon and Mike O'Riley, with a steam threshing engine were crossing a bridge over Bean Creek, south-east of Hudson, the planking and stringers of a section of the bridge gave way and slumped 18 feet, a jack knife, sleeping the large engine and young O'Riley in its fatal embrace killing him instantly. Dillon was thrown some distance and was quite seriously hurt. The engine is a total wreck. Loss $1,200.

The reunion of supervisors and ex-supervisors to be held at Devil's lake August 12th, promises to be a pleasant affair. Orsamus Lamb, of this city, will deliver the address of welcome, and Dr. Howell, of Mason, the response. C. H. Dewey, of Cambridge, will also deliver an address on "The rise and progress of Lenawee county," after which five minute speeches will be in order for all who have anything to say. Dinner will be served at one of the hotels, but the location has not yet been definitely arranged, we believe. All county and ex-county officials have been invited to join in the festivities of the occasion, and a large number will probably be on hand. D. D. Sinclair, who was a member of the board for seventeen years, will be master of ceremonies, and all the details will be properly looked after.—Press.

Real Estate Transfers.

WASHTENAW COUNTY.

Lydia Lindenschmidt to Paul Beyer, Saline, $900.

John M. Burchard to Chas. H. Kempf, Chelsea, $900.

J. D. Corey to Ernest Gutekunst, Manchester, $400.

Jane A. Church to Mary L. Eaton, Saline, $200.

JACKSON COUNTY.

Amelia L. Simons to the Union bank, 105 acres on section 17 in Leoni and Napoleon, $3,840.

Race 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,	48	18	.727
Chicago,	46	19	.708
New York,	41	25	.621
Philadelphia,	34	32	.515
Boston,	23	36	.390
St Louis,	20	43	.317
Kansas City,	14	42	.250
Washington,	10	45	.182

HOW TO SELL JEWELRY.

Women Said To be a Hard Lot to Deal With.

A Main street jeweler says that he finds the women a hard lot to deal with in some respects, while in others they are very desirable customers. "If a manjoys a $10 watch and finds that it gets two or three minutes out of the way in course of time he comes back and wants to dynamite the store. A woman buys a watch for its looks and if it is five or ten minutes out of the way she doesn't care. She would prefer not to have it stop altogether, though. Now and then a school-ma'am comes in here and shows quite a miscellaneous desire to have a good time-keeper, but she is an exception. Then it is hard for a woman to make up her mind about a purchase anyway. I sold a fine gold watch to a woman a few days ago," continued the merchant, "after she had been in certainly ten times to look over my stock. Since she started out on her search she had been to every store in the city. I know she had. She was accompanied on her last visit by a male friend, who advised for my watch. She kept me all through my supper hour, but of course she didn't think of that and I was satisfied. Sometimes we have to resort to little tricks of trade. Two women came in here the other day and said they had an hour in which to buy a clock for their pastor. I showed them a beautiful French clock worth $75. The price was about right, but they couldn't be satisfied with it. They were for starting out on a tour of inspection. I took the clock to pieces, showed them the works, explained the mechanism, and got them so interested that they forgot how the time was flying; the hour went by, they did not have time to look further, and were well satisfied to buy the clock. The secret of successful selling is always to be courteous and interested in your customers. In no business is this so important as in ours, in which sales have to be carefully cultivated from the fools nibble to the final bite. Here comes a man now that I have been trying to sell diamonds to for a month." The door hinged open, the jeweler left his every quarters to meet the visitor, entered into a pleasant chat with the would-be buyer, got out the familiar casket and displayed its contents to the best advantage. Then he banned carelessly over the showcase, whistled softly, and gazed out at the people on the street. But the visitor's part was not played so nicely. He turned over the jewels nervously, put them on his fingers, took them off, looked at them in every light, twisted his handkerchief in them. Then, as if with sudden determination, he held up a ring, asked the price, criticised the fit, haggled over the price a little, and said he would take it. The purchase was quickly made, and the jeweler came back with a smile of triumph. "He paid $3 more for that diamond than I would have given it to him for a week ago," he said. "It almost amounts to a superstition with me, but I broke special offers well, and at good prices, on rainy days. Some days we sell $50 worth of goods and some days $200. Rainy days, and some others, are set down as bad ones for trade. So I exert myself to bring up the sales if possible on the old days. We hang out for a fair price if we can get it, we take a low price if we must, but sell we will. One sees a good deal of human nature, for few things touch a man's innermost self so closely as his pocketbook; and few things touch his pocketbook like a jeweler's line of goods."—*Springfield Republican.*

Indian Dances.

Nautches, or dances of bayaderes, are one of the favorite entertainments of the rich in India, and the indispensable accompaniment of every religious ceremony or festival. Sometimes on great occasions, the head of the house invites Europeans of his acquaintance to witness the performance of these girls, which, with their pale complexions and large black eyes, look lovely in their rich costumes covered with diamonds. However, one must not look in these entertainments for a dance in the general acceptation of the word; posturing, attitudes, and songs constitute the official name of the Hindoos. On these occasions the demeanor of the bayaderes is quite correct, and their costume is more modest than that of women in general. At the Gaiewar's court at Baroda the bayaderes have perfect liberty to go whatever they please. They enter the king's apartments, seat themselves on the floor, and converse boldly with persons of the very highest rank. This singular privilege accorded to the nautch is of some service, their presence making up in some slight degree for the absence of the ladies shut up in their zenana.

A dance infinitely more graceful and interesting than that executed by the nautch girls is the egg dance. The dancing girl, dressed in the ordinary costume of the women of the people—bodice and very short petticoat—places her head a wicker wheel, placed perfectly horizontal. Round this wheel threads are attached at equal distances, which are provided at their extremities with a slip-knot kept open by means of a glass bead. The dancing-girl advances toward the spectators, holding a basket filled with eggs, and, to the measure of a monotonous and jerky strain of music, begins turning herself round with great rapidity. Then, seizing an egg, she inserts it in one of the slip-knots. By means of centrifugal action the thread holding the egg is tightened and placed in a straight line with the corresponding spoke of the wheel. One after the other the eggs are thrown into the slip-knots, and form a horizontal aureola around the head of the dancing-girl. At this point the dance becomes more and more rapid, and the least false step, the slightest stoppage, would smash the eggs one against another. The eggs are then withdrawn one by one in the same manner in which they have been fixed, and this second operation is more delicate of the two.—*London Queen.*

The "stick" candy which seems to be an indigenous American product, is ordinary "A" sugar boiled down with water and a little cream of tartar to prevent crystallization. The mass is taken in batches of about fifteen pounds to a marble table, where it is kneaded like bread, and the flavoring and coloring worked in. The paste then goes to the "pulling hooks," where for five or ten minutes it is pulled and folded. Thence it returns to the marble table, at one end of which there is a metal plate, kept hot, on which is worked the candy into its final shape. Stripes are pressed into the batch, two feet long and a foot thick, and it is then drawn and twisted till it is the proper size of the penny "stick," the right length of which is clipped off by huge scissors.

The Comstock mines disburse $300,000 monthly in Virginia City.

Michigan has 43 and daily 494 weekly newspapers.

The premium list of the Hillsdale county fair, to be held Sept. 28th to Oct. 1st, has been received. We note that we are aware that the Hillsdale folks offer liberal premiums and give a good exhibition.

THE IRON HEART.

Encased in every human frame is a wonderful machine, or force pump, which drives the blood through the arteries to all parts of the body, from whence it is returned to the machine through the veins. This machine is the heart, and, together with the arteries, veins and capillaries, constitutes the medium through which circulation is maintained in the system.

This wonderful human arrangement is of no more vital importance to man than are the railroads to the prosperity of the country; they are the circulating mediums of the nation's progress. Of them, owing to its geographical position, great length of lines, the large number of important cities it reaches, and the productive territory which it traverses, the Burlington Route, C., B. & Q. R. R., may, in comparison with the physical structure mentioned, be called the "Iron Heart." Like effects depend on the flesh, it receives and emits a ceaseless flow of material for the maintenance of vitality. To and from Chicago, Peoria, or St. Louis on the east, and Council Bluffs, Omaha, St. Joseph, Atchison, Kansas City and Denver on the west, it circulates all classes of travel between the prominent cities of the east, and intermediate points, on the one hand, and the City of Mexico, Portland, San Francisco and all Pacific Coast points on the other. From many of its numerous terminals it is also a strong factor in the maintenance of travel between prominent points north and south, has literally maintaining a circulation of commerce in all directions.

Unlike many human hearts, the condition of this one of ours is always healthy, healthy, so the Burlington Route maintains elegant equipment, perfect roadbeds, steel tracks, and, at important points, interlocking switches, besides adopting every modern device that will add to the comfort or safety of its patrons. For tickets, rates, or general information regarding the Burlington Route, call on any railroad ticket agent in the United States or Canada, or address PERCEVAL LOWELL, General Passenger Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Miscellaneous.

ESTATE OF PAUL REYER.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands against the estate of Paul Reyer, late of said county, deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed to creditors of said deceased to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the residence of said deceased in the township of Bridgewater, in said county, on the 12th day of October and on the 12th day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each day, to examine and adjust said claims. Dated, Ann Arbor, June 14, 1886.

WILHELMINA REYER, ADOLPH KLAGE, Commissioners.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF JACKSON, ss. At a session of the Probate Court, for said County, held at the Probate Office, in the City of Jackson, on the 12th day of February, A.D. 1886. Present, JAMES CAMPBELL, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Sarah Bell, deceased. Notice is hereby given, that a period of six months from the 12th day of February, A.D. 1886, was allowed for the creditors of the estate of said deceased to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the office of the undersigned, in the township of Hillsdale, in said county, on the 12th day of October and on the 12th day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each day, to examine and adjust said claims. Dated, Nov. 12th, 1885.

JAMES KIDDER, ELIZABETH BELL, Commissioners.

NOTICE.

WHEREAS, IT APPEARING to the township board of the township of Manchester, Michigan, that the surveyor employed to run the line between said township of Manchester and the township of Bridgewater, in the county of Washtenaw, in said state, has run said line so as to place the Bridge across the River Raisin, in said township of Bridgewater, on the Manchester side of said river, and that the place and across said river where the westerly terminus of Exchange Place, street, is deemed sufficient, and said town board having on the 5th day of July, A. D. 1886, among other things, that the question of the raising of said bridge and the building of a new one be submitted to the qualified electors of the said town of Manchester, and that the sum of $2,000 be proposed to be raised by tax for that purpose: said township to be met with white elephants with proper earth approaches; and the said town board having fixed the place of said bridge and having proposed to raise the said sum of $2,000 as aforesaid.

NOW, therefore, the undersigned, township board, do therefore order and direct that a special township meeting be held at the shop of P. G. Briggs, on the south side of Exchange Place, in the village of Manchester, on the 24th day of July, A. D. 1886, for the purpose of voting on the raising of said proposed tax, the said sum of $2,000, to be used and applied for the purpose of said bridge, and for the building of a new one.

Dated July 5, A. D. 1886.

HORATIO HULL, A. CONKLIN, T. F. SKEFFINGTON, Township Board.

REMEMBER

A. G. Tompkins

Keeps

Watches,

Clocks,

and

Jewelry,

At

BED ROCK PRICES!

Repairing Done

Promptly.

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, Boys' and Children's Clothing just placed in N. Y. is now in our store, and for Beauty, Excellence and Cheapness

Were Never Equaled in Manchester

Finches, Wool Fabrics, Muslins,

SILKS, VELVETS!

Cambrics, Challenges, Ginghams, and everything in the

DRESS GOODS!

Line. Trimmings of all Descriptions.

WHITE GOODS! FANCY GOODS

Neck-wear, Hosery and Gloves!

Dress Goods, Gents' Furnishing Goods and Hats and Caps.

CARPETS & WALL PAPER

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

BOOTS AND SHOES

a Specialty.

POTTLE & LEWIS.

ONE QUARTER OFF!

One Quarter Off on

TWO THOUSAND!

Dollars Worth of Crockery. We will sell One-Quarter Off

On China Ware,

French and English!

Crockery, Stone Ware, Jugs, Crocks, Knives and Forks,

Pocket Knives,

SILVER PLATED!

Knives and Forks, Tea Spoons, Table Spoons and

GLASS WARE

All of which will be sold at One-Quarter Off.

J. H. MILLER & CO.

WHAT A STACK OF

ENVELOPES!

OVER 125,000!

Just Received at

The Enterprise Office!

Sold by Package or Box

PRINTED OR PLAIN.

Manchester Enterprise

BY MAT D. BLOSSER.

Traveler's Guide.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

YPSILANTI BRANCH. Leaving Division to Ypsilanti.

Express Freight.	Express & Mail	STATIONS	Express Freight.	Express & Mail
6 30 A M	9 00 A M	Ypsilanti	4 00 P M	5 10 P M
7 10 "	9 40 "	Pittsfield	4 22 "	5 42 "
7 35 "	9 45 "	Ann Arbor	4 42 "	6 00 "
8 10 "	9 45 "	Bridgewater	5 25 "	6 28 "
10 05 "	10 15 "	Manchester	6 00 "	6 45 "
10 55 "	10 18 "	Watkins	12 30 "	6 25 "
11 20 "	10 25 "	Brooklyn	12 20 "	6 00 "
3 30 P M	11 35 "	Hillsdale	8 30 A M	4 40 "

W. H. CANIFF, Superintendent.
W. G. MORSE, Ticket Agent.

JACKSON BRANCH—DETROIT DIVISION.
FROM JACKSON.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Express.	Accom.
Jackson	6 25 A M	3 10 P M	7 15 P M
Napoleon	6 44 "	3 35 "	7 36 "
Norvell	6 56 "	3 44 "	7 45 "
Manchester	7 10 "	3 59 "	8 00 "
River Raisin	7 16 "	4 07 "	8 20 "
Clinton	7 25 "	4 16 "	8 28 "
Tecumseh	7 34 "	4 26 "	8 42 "
Adrian	8 00 "	5 00 "	9 10 "
Toledo	9 25 "	5 10 "	5 35 "
Cleveland	12 50 P M	9 40 "	
Buffalo	5 00 "	3 30 A M	
Detroit	2 00 "	10 30 "	3 00 A M
Chicago	8 50 A M	8 40 "	

TO JACKSON.

STATIONS.	Accom.	Mail.	Express.
Chicago	.....	11 50 P M	7 35 A M
Detroit	.....	4 00 "	10 45 "
Buffalo	.....	10 30 A M	3 00 P M
Toledo	.....	10 30 "	3 00 "
Adrian	5 45 P M	11 20 "	8 50 "
Tecumseh	6 00 "	12 01 P M	9 04 "
Clinton	6 10 "	12 10 "	9 14 "
River Raisin	6 20 "	12 20 "	9 24 "
Manchester	6 00 "	12 36 "	10 02 "
Norvell	6 25 "	12 52 "	10 17 "
Napoleon	6 35 "	12 59 "	10 27 "
Jackson	6 55 "	1 10 "	10 45 "

Trains run by New Standard of 90th Meridian. Tickets for sale at the stations for all points East and West.

T. J. CHARLESWORTH, Superintendent.
PAUL MORTON, General Agent.
A. W. SPENCER, Station Agent.

THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1886.

LOCAL NEWS BREVITIES.

Vote for a new bridge.

A short sermon turneth away wrath.

Great heavings! how smoky it looks.

It seems to be very healthy around here.

Harvest apples and new potatoes are plenty.

Jake Briegel has a new barber, a Mr. Gordanier.

Early peaches are ripe and are on sale in the market.

We will have to go to "Canada" to vote next Saturday.

Parties to the huckleberry swamps are numerous these days.

S. H. Perkins has built a new walk in front of his residence.

The pestiferous fly makes the horse's life a burden to him now.

The fence has been removed from in front of the baptist church.

Our lawyers had a legal set-to before Justice Perkins on Tuesday.

Clark Bros. are doing some carpenter work for the Clinton Woolen Mills Co.

George Woods drew the first load of new wheat to this market this season, on Tuesday.

Our bicyclists do not use the sidewalks when riding their wheels. The roads are good enough for them.

Freeman and Patchin both have cases in the circuit court which they hope to try at the coming session.

It is amusing to hear the men tell war stories whenever they meet. It seems to be the principal pastime now.

Mrs. Martha Kest, of Hudson, and Miss Adeline Zang, of Hillsdale, sister and niece of J. Zang are visiting in town.

Parties wishing copies of the ENTERPRISE to send away can get them at this office neatly wrapped for mailing, for five cents a copy.

The german workingmen's picnic is being attended by a large number of people. A delegation from Ypsilanti came up and spent the day.

The Manchester scheme for a village council building sleepeth temporarily.—Register. No, the scheme is awake but the schemers are dozing.

F. M. Baker, of Sharon, has left an our office a copy of the Alma Record, a very neat newspaper edited and published by a Miss C. M. Fleming.

Dr. Kapp and family went to Ann Arbor last Saturday and spent a few days at Whitmore and Island lakes with relatives, returning to-day.

The threshers say that the wheat is shrunken somewhat on sandy soils but on the clay it is plumper. The yield was also better on the heavy soil.

Oleomargarine will be oleomargarine hereafter. Now, if a lag could be passed to prevent grease being called butter humanity would be benefited.

Mahrle has received a large box of samples of cloth for fall and winter styles of clothing. If you want a nice suit gotten up call in and see him.

If you are in need of plow points, blasting powder or anything in the hardware line read J. H. Kingsley's new advertisement and give him a call.

We learn that the thistle and weed cutters of Sauerlitle and working this way, but we are afraid that the weeds will all go to seed before they get here.

Unless a new bridge is built across the river at Exchange Place, we fear an accident similar to the one which happened near Hudson may be witnessed here.

The committees of the Norvell and Southern Washtenaw farmers clubs met this afternoon and decided to hold their annual festival at Moore's hotel, Wampler's lake on Wednesday, August 4th.

PERSONAL.

J. J. Thomas, of Toledo, spent Sunday in town.

Vic Heywood, of Clinton, was in town on Sunday last.

Joe. D. Miller is at work in the Echo office at Chelsea.

Mrs. Belle Gage went to Jackson last Monday on business.

Miss Lyle Graham spent Sunday at her home in Chelsea.

Fred Case, of Jackson, is visiting friends and relatives here.

P. F. Blosser spent Sunday in Milan with his wife and relatives.

Miss Pamele Taylor visited at E. B. Norris' in Ann Arbor last week.

Miss Hattie Fellows is visiting her sister, Mrs. Sam Braman, in Ionia.

We had a pleasant chat with M. D. Raymond, of Grass Lake, on Tuesday.

Supervisor Love, of Franklin, was a caller at the ENTERPRISE office yesterday.

A. W. Mussell and Bert Wade drove over to Sand Lake on Sunday afternoon.

S. F. Marstellar, of the Clinton marble works was in town Monday on business.

James Taylor went to Ann Arbor on Tuesday on business with the judge of probate.

Art Bartlese, of Napoleon, and Miss Louise Thayer, of Norvell, was in town on Sunday.

Mr. Aaron Austin, of Norvell, was in town on Monday for the first time since his sickness.

The friends who are visiting at John Koch's will return home to Detroit the last of the week.

Mrs. Ingraham and her daughter Alice, of Toledo, are visiting her brother, H. E. Bowen, this week.

Mr. & Mrs. M. D. Raymond, of Grass Lake, visited their daughter, Mrs. Elmer Bowers, on Tuesday.

Joe. Wheaton came down from Norvell last Tuesday and that evening the G. A. R. mule kicked him.

V. P. Cash arrived home from the northern part of the state on Saturday evening to stay over Sunday.

Mrs. M. C. Graham went to Clinton on Friday to do some dress making and remained there over Sunday.

Mrs. R. C. Whiting, of Ann Arbor, was in town last Thursday and Friday on business connected with her farm.

We learn that A. G. Gordanier who went to Clare last week will not return here. Mrs. Gordanier has also gone there.

W. A. Edwards, of Jackson, was in town on Monday morning working up the Sunday excursion to Toledo and Put-in-Bay.

Wm. Van Duyn and daughter, of New York state, visited at Amos Dickerson's and other relatives in town a few days last week.

Mr. Chas. Booth, of Milwaukee, writes that he will come here on Saturday to genain a few days and accompany his wife home.

Mr. & Mrs. Geo. Rhead, Mr. & Mrs. Palmer, of Norvell, and Mr. & Mrs. G. T. Wright, of Bridgewater, are spending the day at C. M. Fellows'.

Mrs. Henry Townsend, who has been here taking care of her mother, Mrs. Wm. Baxter, for several weeks, started home, via Adrian, this morning.

George Heausler and Nate Schmid were out riding in their new carriages on Saturday. They are very nice looking phetons and were built by George Niele.

On Tuesday night N. H. Wells received a telephone message informing him of the death of his sister at Pontiac. Yesterday morning Mr. & Mrs. Wells went to Clinton.

Bert Conklin, of Tecumseh, is in town this week visiting friends. Next week, Mr. & Mrs. Conklin and John Ledwidge and family, of Tecumseh, go to Devil's lake for a week's sport.

Mr. L. B. Brady, of New York, representing the American Press Association was in town yesterday. We found him a very pleasant gentleman to do business with and have arranged to use their reports in the ENTERPRISE.

Mr. & Mrs. A. D. Perkins and Mr. Caniff, of Hilledale, returned from Wolf lake on Tuesday night and returned home this morning. Lon exercised his muscle by helping build a new plank sidewalk in front of his house yesterday afternoon.

Henry Martin and daughter Nettie, of Jackson, came here yesterday afternoon to visit friends and to attend the celebration of his father-in-law, Harvey Squire's, 77th birthday to-day. To-morrow they expect to spend the day at Sand lake and on Saturday, Mr. Martin will return home, but Miss Nettie will spend a week or two with friends at the lake.

As J. F. Nestell and family were passing the office on their way home from Wolf Lake, Tuesday evening, he received a telephone message from Grass Lake informing him that Mrs. Nestell's mother, Mrs. C. D. Kief, had just dropped dead of heart disease. They drove over there yesterday morning and brought the remains here for interment.

Rev. Professor Reiner, of Salesianum, seminary, near Milwaukee, came here last Friday to visit Rev. Joseph Stauss a few days. Last Sunday he celebrated high mass and delivered a very impressive sermon at St. Mary's church in this village and on Monday he returned to Milwaukee to attend a reunion of the priests who were ordained ten years ago.

We now have eight bicycle riders in town, viz, Fred Steinkohl, Frank Dorr, Bert Morey, Will Hewett, Henry Smith, Ben Gordanier, Alf. Mussell and Fred Blosser.

The special election to vote a new bridge or no new bridge across the river at Exchange Place, will take place at Fred Briegel's shoe factory on Saturday. See notice in another column.

The excursion to Toledo on Sunday passes through here at seven o'clock arriving in Toledo at nine. Returning leaves Toledo at 9 o'clock, one-half hour after the arrival of the steamer from Put-in-Bay.

A.O. Miller wanted to come here and give an entertainment dividing the receipts with the G. A. R. but the boys thought the times most too dull and money too scarce, so he will not come at present.

We would advise our township board to have all notices for posting printed in good readable shape instead of with a type-writer as those colored links soon fade leaving nothing but the signitures on the paper.

We have received number one of the The Record, to be published quarterly by the young peoples' mission of the presbyterian church at Ypsilanti, at 20 cents a year. It is a sheet 11X16 filled with good reading.

Cal. and Thede, the popular agents for A. H. Jackson, of Tremont, Ohio, have arrived in town with another bank roupt stock of goods and will open up in Goodyear hall block under the ENTERPRISE office on Saturday.

Ed. O'Neil has handed us a few copies of the National Tribune, the soldiers paper, published at Washington, D. C. By its contents we judge that the boys are fighting the battles of the war over again, on paper this time though.

The street commissioner was around with his little hatchet and pieces of plank putting patches over holes in the sidewalks, a few days ago. He can do a hundred dollars worth of damage in earning twenty shillings and everybody knows it.

It has been very dry and crops have suffered for want of rain. In the summer of 1836 there were 24 days in succession without rain, in 1871 there were 42 days, in 1875 26 days, in 1876 20 days. The longest draught known in this country was in 1762. No rain fell from the 1st of May until the 1st of September, 123 days.

Those who are unable to get away from business cares during the week will have an opportunity on Sunday, the 25th, to visit Toledo and Put-in-Bay. An excursion train leaves Napoleon at 6:45, fare $1.40; Norvell at 6:50, fare $1.35 and Manchester at 7:00, fare $1.25, for the round trip. The 50 mile ride on the lake to Put-in-Bay and return will be 50 cents extra, but it is well worth the price.

Godey's Lady's Book for August is bright and attractive, the frontispiece being an illustration of a very pleasing object, a fair child having its grandma's curls and changing the color of them by immersion in an ink bottle. There are various designs in colored and black fashions also many work designs. The literary department is full and varied. Numerous stories and poems with a piece of Mikado music, receipts, household hints, dress making hints, fashion notes and many other things of interest to ladies will be found in this number.

Many people have an idea that Demorest's illustrated monthly is gotten up only as a fashion magazine, but the ENTERPRISE wishes its readers to know that while it is in fact the leading representative of fashion, yet its table of contents compose a wide range of literary and miscellaneous matter interesting to everybody. It is a very proper magazine for the family as it is sufficiently illustrated to attract the attention and admiration of young and old. The August number has articles on Liberty and Prohibition; What is Prohibition; Knights of Labor; Prohibition in Maine; The advance of Civilization in the 19th Century Misrepresented; Amending the Constitution; A General revision Desirable; Exciting Times in Great Britian; The Political Outlook; New Issues; The Wheat of the Pharaohs; Old Friends in Egypt; What Cheap Iron Production means; The General Southern Outlook, &c. Demorest's is one of the cheapest magazines on our clubbing list, not in quality but in price.

IRON CREEK.

Miss Mary Bower is visiting her sister in Tecumseh.

Miss Grace Baldwin, of Manchester, is visiting at R. G. English's this week.

The F. W. B. social meets at Mr. Charles Clark's Thursday afternoon, July 29th.

Mr. & Mrs. Alfred Stringham were called to Adrian last week Tuesday by the illness of a relative.

There will be an ice cream festival in connection with the missionary meeting on Saturday evening, July 31st, at the church. All are invited to attend.

SHARON.

A number of Sharon people are at camp at Kavanaugh lake in Sharon.

The north Sharon Sunday school will have a

...CK.
...Lady and an Obstinate Old Baggage-Master.

There are perhaps few places where one may more easily study human nature in a variety of phases than at the railway stations, and there is perhaps no branch of human experience in which the ethereal vagaries of the feminine mind are more fully displayed than in the ingenuity shown in the invention of mistakes and wrong-headedness at the stations. I was recently the involuntary listener to a conversation between an exceedingly irate young woman and a baggage-master, which may serve to illustrate what I mean, writes a correspondent to the Providence *Journal*. The young woman wished to claim a trunk which she said belonged to her, but the clerk for which had been thoughtlessly left in a hand truck at a friend had taken down-town shopping. The young woman, who was pretty, vivacious, and of remarkably intelligent expression, explained to the baggage-master, and incidentally to a line of waiting people, half of whom were in danger of paying for the pleasure of hearing her articulate, that by losing her respective trains, that she had come to town for a wedding, that she had had a gown manufactured especially for the occasion, and that the gown was in the trunk in question.

"Of course," she explained lucidly, "it isn't as if I didn't want the dress to wear to-day, and then I have the check, you know, so it's all right.

"If you have the check it is all right," the baggage-master replied, with some impatience, sufficiently ungallant, of considering that the conversation had continued as long as he had to, and that monopolize the pretty young lady's attention; "but I can't give my trunks to anybody that asks for them. You haven't anybody to identify you and you have my word for it."

"Oh, but I have the check," she interposed, dimpling and smiling, "and I'll send it to you directly. I said I'd send it down in the morning, and I can't do any better than that, I'd think, see Lucy till after breakfast, and you know I must have my dress before 3 o'clock."

Her interlocutor took a clock over her shoulder from a hackman, and the vicarious lady explained to the circumstances to a stranger, but a sympathetic old lady who had elbowed her way up to the window, so that when the unfortunate official came up again there were two women to tell him the facts in detail, and explain to him that the dress really been made to wear this afternoon, and it was not the fault of the clerk. Lucy hadn't gone off in such the owner of the trunk would, he remembered the check, and the dress was the important bit of metal he sent down in the morning.

"I know the mistake," the vicarious young damsel added upon this thought, as a clinching argument, "for at least I know it was then with me and there were three numbers, I feel positive that the baggage-master would have yielded in time. No man could endure such a siege long, especially as the young woman was backed up by the sympathetic old one, presently effectually blocked the window and stopped the entrance of inner baggage at a busy hour. Fortunately for all concerned, however, at this stage of the proceedings a hurried and disheveled lady appeared on the scene, and the young woman's trip through the crowd as the young woman or a fine engine.

"Oh, Florence," she gasped, thrust forward the missing check, "I got it this day. Fortunately for all concerned, it, and I took a hackney and came tearing back, and I knew what an awful fuss that would be in, and if you hadn't got your dress I'd never have forgiven myself."

She stopped from sheer want of breath, and he found time to answer with incoherent but satisfactory expressions of rapture; while the sympathetic old lady glared through her wide spectacles at the offending baggage-master, to remind him that he was taken, as it were, red-handed in a crime against all that was highest in individual rights, and remarked with biting emphasis:

"There, now! I hope you are satisfied, after all the fuss you have made and the time you have kept all these folks waiting."

Personally I felt that a collection ought to be taken up for the much abused baggage-master, but he had a strong an air of being perfectly used to, this sort of a thing that he decided upon on the whole that it was hardly necessary to press the point.

The Tyranny of the Garden.

But suppose the spring work is done, and the Summer has come and with it a garden full of flowers. The tyranny of the garden has just begun. Real love of beauty, and the patient care for color, and fondness for variety, mingled this matter of flowers into a bondage instead of a blessing. Take a modest cottage garden, for example. As you enter the door, great branches of flowering shrubs give a fragrance to the parlor tables. Baskets of purple coleus and scarlet geranium relieved with white, a blue ribbon of nasturtiums, a glass plate full of sweet peas. The corner is brilliant with masses of coarser flowers against a background of large and striking leaves. Between the andirons is a chimney pot of variegated grasses, and the mantel is all waving ferns almost hide the coxey diseases dotted placed among them. When you sit down to the dainty breakfast table, fresh roses lie at your plate, and sweet mignonette and heliotrope add perfume to your coffee. Pansies and prosaic dishes. Wild flowers blooms out of unexpected places, vines hang on the wall, there are even great jars of sunflowers or goldenrod on the piazza. All this makes a delightful picture, and is very, and the visitor revels in it, and is glad of the growing taste for flowers. But to adopt the world as a friend, and "No one knows what he has much food it grows."

These flowers must all be renewed every second day, at least some of them every day. The elaborate arrangements, these symphonies in color, this blending of hues with the city vase that hold them, are the product of much thought and cultivated fancy, of time and patience and hard work. Nobody picking the blossoms is a considerable labor; their arrangement is more so. A country house of moderate size cannot be filled to overflowing with flowers, as the fashion now is, in an less than two hours, and it is often the work of the whole but dragging morning. Yet every writer and teacher of household decoration commends this. Not one hopes that we do not forget to add the flower which gives a touch of poetry to any arrangement. Is it necessary to have so much beauty at once? This "touch of poetry" becomes a kind of collection of verses, as it were, and there is a surfeit. I wound we had less nosegays at a time, and less fatigue and hurry.

The vines themselves creep in the tyranny. The superabundant blossoms must be picked or they will decorate. Even the neighbors get tired of such profuse offer, and after awhile they will not pick the sweet peas at all. The flower mission is overrun with gifts. They are not laid lovingly in the family to keep up the supernatural infinitude, the pansies are gone already, and the morning glories have been left to grow into spending, ragged, hideously loose stalks. You are obliged for hours to endure the inconsistency of humanity. With the first cool nights a pomegranate is in the garden will be gone tomorrow. And all the house-hold hurries out with all the multitudinous issues of the daily press, for once a blessing. A whole week we do it. We hurry to "take up" a few of the more hardy plants, we offer slips to all our friends, whose windows are already choked with little brown pots, we make frantic visits to the brilliant Autumn beauty, and fill the house into a bower with a transcendent rainbow of our choicest blossoms. But they go at last, and we have an unpaised in a guilty sigh of relief. *And I been has Good House-keeping.*

A Maine Romance.

"Do you see that lady, looking into a shop window, just across the street?" asks a Lewiston, Me., merchant to a reporter for the *Journal* of that city. The scribe looked in the direction referred to, and saw a well-dressed lady of rather distinguished appearance of perhaps 45, admiring one of the show-windows in a dry-goods store.

"The history of that woman's life is stranger than fiction," said the merchant, continuing, "She lives in Portland. When a young girl she fell desperately in love with a poor fellow, who returned her affections, but didn't have money enough to pay the parson for marrying them, and so they concluded to wait for both of them, it was decided that he should start for China, so soon his fortune, and that she should remain behind and wait for his return. She made a vow that she would not marry for three years, and if at the expiration of that time he had not returned, she would be at perfect liberty to act as her own pleasure about matrimony.

Accordingly, the lover boarded the first ship he could find that was bound for that country, and the lovers parted. Six months passed, and the girl heard not a word from her lover. A year went by, and no letter. The girl grew almost distracted, for she came to the conclusion that he had either gone back on her or was dead. A second year went by and nothing was heard from him. At the time another gentleman began paying his attentions to the lady, and finally asked her to become his wife. The girl thought of her vow and said no, but until the three years is past. The second man urged her with all his power to marry him. He offered her wealth, and every luxury that money could buy, but she was true to her vow, and said that she was true to her vow, and said that she would not marry till the expiration of the three years. Long before the time had elapsed, her lover dead.

The end of the third year was drawing to a close, and she had promised the ardent suitor, who had been paying her every loving in his power for a year and a half, that when the time was up she would marry him on the following Christmas Eve, and he was happy in the day came, and the man did not return from China. On that very day the wedding bells were rung, and they were united in marriage. Hardly had the marriage ceremony been performed when a ship came into the bay from China, and on board was the lover, who had left three years ago to gather a fortune for them both—returned. Imagine if you can her grief when she saw him. He came in abundance rich, to claim her as his bride, and she had three days before married another. This fact almost crushed them both. But six years were away, and in the meantime the man had married another. Well (?) in a few years his wife died. He had not heard one word from his old love for many years, and one day, more by from curiosity, he addressed a letter to her brother, inquiring if she was alive, and where she resided. He received a letter shortly after that she had been a widow for several years, and was living near Bedford. The gentleman left for Portland on the next train, and in two days time a week's time they were married, and to-day they are living happily together in the suburbs of Portland.

A Carbonic Acid Well.

The Guerrero (Mex.) *Periodico Oficial* prints the following report of a discovery of a great phenomenon on the property of Senor Felix Villanor. In spite of drinking water, a well had been dug to the depth of seven meters, when water was so plentiful over Sunday. On Monday morning, May 16, the people who uncovered the well descended to begin his work, and when a short distance down they experienced a sensation of discomfort, which increased as he neared the bottom. Thinking himself ill, he decided for the day, clinging to a rope which hung in the well, but immediately upon reaching the bottom he was obliged to climb out by its aid. By the time assistance was at hand the poor man was in the fare and spitting blood from his mouth, so that his mates failed at the sight, not daring to confront the invisible, unknown peril that produced such frightful effects. At last one nerved himself to descend to the rescue, and hurriedly tied a rope to the stout rope to the almost lifeless body, when he, too, became asphyxiated, and the two were drawn out more dead than alive, but were revived. The owner of the property, who was present, ordered applied tests, which proved conclusive, it that a fountain or reservoir of carbonic acid gas had been tapped, candles were extinguished when lowered into the well, and the usual phenomena of suffocation were observed. Within six hours the jet of gas had spread for thirty feet around the well, and it is feared that the disease will continue the immediately previous, if not a greater area, will be rendered uninhabitable by the poisonous fumes.

Very complete analyses of the poison of the scorpion have yet been made. "The best on record are those by Lacassagne and Phisalix, published in the Lyons in 1887. He gives no definite statement as to the chemical constitution of the poison, but does state the mode of its action upon the blood, by which it is converted into a viscid mass, and forms the red corpuscles, paralyzing them so that they coalesce one to another, thus becoming inelastic and therefore incapable to pass through the capillaries, and so an arrest of the circulation. Fortunately, there is a remedy, a powerful antidote which can neutralize the poison.

BRAZILIANS AT HOME.

Breakfast at Noon and Dinner on a Mountain-Top.

A Rio de Janeiro correspondent writing to the New York *Tribune* says: Back of Rio rises 3,000 feet in the air the mountain of Corcovado. The city is around the base of the mountain and straggles up its spurs. A fifteen minute ride from the center of the city takes one to the base of the mountain and to the station of the railroad, built after the plan of the one on Mount Washington, which runs to the summit. Here and there, up the mountainside, are country houses surrounded by gardens and commanding a view of the city and harbor. And everywhere, all over the mountain, is the dense tropical vegetation of palms and vines and other trees and flowers. The bridle path by which, before the railroad was built, the ascent of Corcovado used to be made, winds in a zigzag manner through all this prodigality of vegetable life. A hundred feet from the summit the railroad stops and there a path leads up to an iron pavilion on a crest of bare rock.

Descending five hundred feet one reaches the rocky platform overlooking the lake whence the little hotel of the Paineras is built. We sat at a table in the open air and took in the darkening ocean view with our dinner. At the other table around were gay Brazilians come up from the heat of the city to dine *al fresco* in the bracing mountain air. It is the fashionable thing to do. Have not the Prince of Wales and all the imperial family set the example? Cool winds blow up from the ocean, and clouds of mist come from the lowlands. To add to it all the dinner was excellent. We had soup, the inevitable rice, a very rare roast beef, fruit, cheese, and coffee; and it cost us 70 cents each. Then we went down and sitting at the table near us, but the hotel-keeper forebore to make any extra charge on that account. The only way we could show that we appreciated the good company we were in was to give with a poor fellow who returned. He got 30 cents in all.

After dinner we descended into the valley, and visited a murder-storm. At the hotel Freitas I was conducted through a court-yard shaded with tropical plants, in the middle of which a fountain was playing, to a bedroom on the ground floor. It was a large square apartment, entered through great iron doors, and on a level with the street. In spite of the gas and the electric bells there was a mediæval air about the room. The great windows looking out on the street were heavily barred with iron and closed with thick wooden shutters. The stone floor was covered with mats, and every noise had a hollow sound, echoed from the high roof. At one side of the room seats were arranged after the south American fashion, in which, this Mack the cane-seated settee formed the base of the design, and the back was so inclined that it formed angles a row of chairs facing inward. In every house, in every room almost, Brazilian life is lived in such a manner. In the morning I assumed the hotel people by demanding a hearty breakfast. The Brazilian, like other Latins, takes coffee and an orange when he gets up in the morning, and breakfast at 11 o'clock. How they go about and work in the enervating heats of December sustained and soothed from 8 o'clock until nearly noon by a cup of coffee and an orange is more than I can understand. The Brazilians, taking their coffee in the dining-room, looked at me. I was aware, with some thing of the feelings which the cultivated Romans must have experienced when they saw the northern barbarians of their day gorging themselves with beef and strong ale. I began myself to think that there was something unrefined and brutal about chops and eggs at 9 o'clock in the morning, but the idea did not prevent my making a good breakfast.

Webster at the Bar.

Mr. Quincy narrated the following characteristic anecdote of Mr. Webster: "The route between Boston and New York by the way of New Haven had just been opened, and Mr. Quincy was travelling east with Mr. Webster, when the cars stopped at the inter-state. Mr. Webster was not quite well, thinking he thought it would be quite prudent to take some brandy, asked Mr. Quincy to accompany him in search of it. They accordingly entered a barroom near the station, and the order was given. The attendant, mechanically took a decanter from a shelf behind him and placed it next some glasses on the counter. Just as Webster was about to help himself the bartender happened to look up, and cried "stop!" with great vehemence. He then took the decanter from Webster's hand, replaced it on the shelf from whence it came, and disappeared beneath the counter. Rising from the depths he bore to the surface an old-fashioned black bottle, which he substituted for the decanter. Webster poured a small quantity into a glass drank it off with a great relish, and threw down half a dollar as payment. The barkeeper began to fumble in a drawer of silver, as if selecting some smaller pieces for change, whereupon Webster waved his hand with dignity, and with rich and authoritative tones pronounced these words: "Keep your change, my good fellow, and never let the poor man, in his hour of need, be obliged to go to the dealer of liquors placed one hand upon the bar, leaned himself forward, and caught Mr. Quincy by the arm. "Tell me who that man is," he cried, with genuine emotion. "He is Daniel Webster," Mr. Quincy answered. She man paused, as if to find words adequate to convey the impression made upon him, and then exclaimed in a fervent half-whisper: "By heaven, that man should be president of the United States!" The adjuration was stronger than Mr. Quincy had written, but it was not uttered profanely, it was simply the emphasis of an overpowering conviction.—*New Yorkey Poem.*

How Some Women Began Life.

Clara Morris' mother, writes Celia Logan in the Cleveland Leader, was a Cleveland when Clara was a lanky girl of 15 years of age. Manager John Kliser advertised for some extra girls for the ballet in a pantomime he was getting up. Clara applied for a place in the corps ballet. Sue wore an old, faded crape dress, much too short for her long legs, a thin shawl, and a ragged woolen scarf wrapped around her head. When the extra girls were no longer required, Clara was retained at a small party. That was the beginning of the career of the great emotional actress, Clara Morris, who, by the way, is of English, not American birth.

Pretty Maid Granger, wife, the golden-brown eyes and shapely form, first earned her livelihood by turning a sewing-machine. Sarah Bernhardt was a dressmaker's apprentice, as was Matilda Heron. Adelaide Neilson began life as a child's nurse, and Lady Hamilton as a housepaid. Miss Braddon, the well-known novelist, was a utility actress in the English provinces, performing principally in pantomime.

Christine Nilsson was a poor Swedish peasant, and ran barefoot in childhood. Jenny Lind, also a Swede, was the daughter of a principal of a young ladies' boarding school, and beyond rather narrow circumstances had no especial difficulties in order to gain celebrity.

The mother of Clara Louise Kellogg strained every nerve to give Clara a musical education, and at one time was a professional spiritual medium. Miss Kellogg failed first time. Each time she retired, not discouraged, but to devote herself to the still further development of her voice. Finally she took the public by storm. Her first failures were her last.

Mrs. Langtry is the daughter of a country parson of small means, but the old ancestry of her face being her fortune proved true in her case. Nevertheless, the standing Mrs. Langtry has acquired upon the boards entitles her to rank among the self-made women of the day.

Minnie Hauk's father was a German and a shoemaker, in the most straitened circumstances. Her voice early attracted the attention of one of New York's richest men, who had it cultivated, and then opened the way to fame for her.

Mme. Patti has had two great female astronomers, Miss Herschel and Miss Mitchell. Both were single women and both took up the study of astronomy in order to assist their brothers. Miss Herschel's brother's fame was over a smooth road, but Miss Maria Mitchell had everything to battle with. She was the daughter of a small farmer in Nantucket, who was obliged to eke out his income by teaching school part of the week. Maria was constantly occupied with household duties, and she describes her childhood as "being an endless washing of dishes."

Jail Aristocracy.

Detective McCullough of St. Louis says: There is no place in the world where there is such a distinct classification of society as in jail. I found that out when I was cultivating Mr. Maxwell's society and pumping a confession out of him. The aristocracy are the fellows in for murder. They, as a rule, maintain a dignified reserve and are treated as Mr. So-and-So by the other prisoners. On the other hand, they call their fellow-prisoners Jake or Bill. The next grade are the professional crooked men. There is a great difference between them and the common crooks, which really form the creme de la creme, and the consequence is a cold reserve. They speak of each other's crimes in a slighting manner, and appreciate one another's abilities. The lower classes are represented by the sneak-thieves, the tramp crooks, and burglars. They are looked upon with contempt by those who have progressed further in crime, and not associated with. On their part they recognize their unworthiness, and are meek and lowly, esteeming it a great favor to do the basest criminals some little service. There is an unwritten law establishing these grades, and it is never violated.

Parchment paper, blue ink, gillie and blotting sand are the correspondence material used by fashionable women who delight in ancient things.

Want Column.

Advertisements in this column under this heading will be inserted for one cent a word for each insertion, but not less than 10 cents for any one advertisement.

Help Wanted, Situations Wanted, Real Estate for Sale, Houses to Rent, Wanted to Rent Rooms for Rent, Boarding, Wanted to Rent Rooms, Wanted Board, Wanted Agents and Canvassers, Lost and Found, Dogs for Sale, Miscellaneous, one cents a word each insertion.

Advertisements must be handed in as early as Wednesday morning, and before 10 o'clock.

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

LOST.

LOST—An iron Key Stone, Gold Mounted. The finder will be rewarded by returning it to DAVID BLOSSER, Manchester.

WANTED.

WANTED—Bicycle, 48 inch, must be in good order. Also a mower in good repair. Address W. Y. ENTERPRISE office.

WANTED—To exchange, a number of good books suitable for a farm library, for present farm wood. Address Box A, this office.

FOR SALE.

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

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

FOR SALE—120 acres Farm 5 miles north of Stocton Mills. Terms reasonable. Inquire of WM. WARD, Stocton Mills.

FOR SALE—A good lion-side Row Boat, perfectly safe and in good condition. Also a set of Ajax Wampiers and Wolf Lakes. Will be sold cheap and in good repair. Address "B" Enterprise office.

JUST THINK OF THIS.

WE WILL GIVE 25 CENTS in trade for the Dandelion, Burdock, and all Tinctures and Herbs, Roots and Barks. Price 50 cents and $1. Trial size free at Steinkohl's, in Manchester.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, Mr. Ap-Catt? Dandelion Blood Extractor is the best medicine for cleansing the blood and giving a new lease of life. Price 50 cents and $1. Sold by F. STEINKOHL, Manchester.

IF YOU WANT

A Beautiful

Birthday Card!

Call and Subscribe at

ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

TEACHERS

Will find an assortment of

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To please them at the

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YOUNG MEN AND OLD MEN!

If you want a

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(One that Will Fit You and Look Well,

—Goto—

Mahrle, the Tailor

He Will Get You Up One Cheap.

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 same,
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,

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A full line of Dry Lumber of all kinds always on hand.

Special Figures made for

CAR LOAD LOTS!

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Call and see us or write for Estimates.

GET GENUINE GOOD POINTS!

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Fresh Stock of

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Just Remember This!

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Miscellaneous.

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Of the latest Designs and Patterns at the

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Prescription of a physician. It has been in use over 20 years and is treating female suffering with perfect success. Price $1.00 per box. Sent by druggists, or by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address THE CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Detroit, Mich.

Orders postpaid by Geo. J. Haeussler.

REGRET CARDS,

Latest Styles

Colored Lithograph!

Just Plain at the

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BEAUTIFUL

And Cheap

Invitation Cards

With Plain, Gilt, Bead and

RAGGED EDGE

Order at the

ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

LADIES!

We have a new and elegant assortment of

Plush Card Cases!

Various shades

SHAPES AND COLORS

Call and Get them at the

ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

A WORD

TO THE

Patrons

OF THE

Enterprise Office.

CALL AND SEE

OUR STOCK OF CARDS

Which we offer to you at a big bargain

also a large line of Fine Wedding

Goods, etc., etc.

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FOR

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Etc. at the

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CAMEL AF

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SODA

Best in the World.

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CALIFORNIA

TRADE MARK

FRUIT TONIC

This most invigorating Remedy is justly commended for its PURITY EXQUISITE FLAVOR, and Medicinal VIRTUE. The only FRUIT-TONIC for General Use EVER MADE from RIPE JUICES of the ORANGE and other FRUITS. It is the finest APPETIZER and TONIC. A sure cure for FEVER and AGUE, SWAMP FEVER, DUMB AGUE, MALARIAL BLOOD POISON, and Blood Diseases generally. Invaluable as For the WEAK and DEBILITATED, to such it should be in every household as a FAMILY TONIC. LADIES and CHILDREN as well as MEN. OLD or YOUNG, should partake of the "CALIFORNIA" nothing that could injure the most delicate patients. (Ladies in a delicate condition should use caution in taking). This is no cipher, but an excellent Strengthening Medicine and Tonic.

IF Ask your Druggists, Grocers, and Dealers for De Santo's California Fruit Tonic, as

FRUIT TONIC CO., DETROIT, MICH.

For Sale by

GEO. J. HAEUSSLER

Manchester, Mich.

MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE

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

VOL. 19.—NO. 46. MANCHESTER, MICH., THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1886. WHOLE NO. 982.

Manchester Enterprise

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING,

Hasal Association among Merchants, Mechanics and Farmers of the Village and vicinity generally in the village of

Manchester, Chelsea, Saline, Clinton, Norvell, Brooklyn, Napoleon, Grass Lake,

AND ALL ADJOINING COUNTRY.

TERMS: $1.50 Per Year in Advance,

IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE, $2.00.

One copy, six months, 75 cents; Three months, 42 cts.; Two months, 34 cents.

Desirable Medium for Advertisers.

RATES MADE KNOWN ON APPLICATION.

Village Officers.

COMMON COUNCIL meets on nights of first Tuesday and Saturday in each month, at the Council Room, over Hatch's store.

President, Geo. Haeussler.
Clerk, H. F. Nostell.
Marshal, J. S. Schell.
Attorney, A. F. Freeman.
Trustees, Geo. Haeussler, Martin Hammond, Clark Lipsom, Hubert, Wm. G. Doty, A. F. Freeman.

BOARD OF EDUCATION meets on first Tuesday in each month.

President, H. F. Kapp's office.
President, Geo. Haeussler.
Secretary, W. C. Cole.
Treasurer, Geo. J. Haeussler.
Examining Committee, Dr. A. Conklin, W. L. Wilson, H. F. Kapp.

Societies.

ANCIENT ORDER UNITED WORKMEN, meet in their hall, over Doty's store, on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. S. SCHIMPF, M. W. Geo. J. Haeussler, Recorder.

GERMAN WORKINGMEN'S BENEFICIARY ASSOCIATION, meet in their hall, over Doty's store, on the first Sunday of each month. Jacob Lewandowski, President. C. NAUMANN, Secretary.

MANHATTAN LODGE, No. 187, F. & A. M., A. Lewis, Secretary. Meeting Tuesday on or before each full moon. Visiting brethren cordially invited. ALBERT CASE, W. M. Ed. E. Rose, Secretary.

Churches.

CATHOLIC—St. Margaret Mary's, Sunday Masses at 8 and 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 3 p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Father Kiernan, Pastor.

UNIVERSALIST—Corner of Water and Boyd streets. Rev. J. M. Gotchel, Pastor. Morning service and sermon at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school every Sunday at 12.

EVANGELICAL EMMANUEL—(German) Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock. Sunday school at 9 o'clock. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening. Young ladies' society meets every other Tuesday evening. Young ladies' society meets every other Tuesday evening. Rev. F. BUESER, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN—Exchange Place. Rev. J. Q. Adams, Pastor. Sabbath services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening. All cordially invited to attend.

BAPTIST—Exchange Place. Rev. S. S. Ayres, Pastor. Sabbath services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening. All cordially invited to attend.

METHODIST episcopal—Rev. Geo. Peck, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10:30 o'clock. Sunday school at 12 m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Strangers in the village invited to attend.

Dentists.

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DENTIST

Nitrous Oxide Gas Administered.

Office over Doty's Clothing Store, Manchester, Mich.

A. KOTTS,

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All Kinds of Work Done Promptly!

Office in Chubber's Block, up stairs

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TOM S. FLINN, Auctioneer. Will attend sales of all kinds, at honest figures, than any other person in this county. Leave orders at the ENTERPRISE office will receive prompt attention.

B. F. REYNOLDS,

—Licensed—

AUCTIONEER!

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Sales in Village or Country will be promptly attended to. Leave orders at office of THE ENTERPRISE or Manchester.

Notaries.

J. KNAPP, Conveyancer and Notary Public. Collections, and all other business left with him will receive prompt attention. Farm and Village property for sale.

Physician.

A. CATZIGER, M. D. Office at residence on Clinton street, first door south of Methodist church. Calls promptly answered day and night.

Miscellaneous.

GOODYEAR'S HOUSE BARBER SHOP.

J. J. BRIEGEL, Prop'r.

Shaving, Haircutting, shampooing, Etc., ready at all hours.

JOHN W. PATCHIN,

Attorney at Law,

Office in Wheeler's new block, Dry Goods Store,

MANCHESTER, MICH.

HIGH HOUSE, Manchester, Michigan, Geo. Peck, Proprietor. The above well known hotel is the most popular house in the village of Manchester. No pains will be spared to make guests comfortable. Omnibus to and from all trains. Tri-weekly from all trains. Try them. Rates reduced to two dollars per day.

S. DAVIS,

PHOTOGRAPHER

Best class of work in PHOTOGRAPHY

Cloudy Days Are Not Unfavorable.

Finder, Cabinet Photos, Promenade Size.

Photos, $1 per dozen. Photos, $1 per dozen.

Gallery in Schlecht's Block, Tecumseh, Mich.

FORCED APART

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,

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

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

The old gentleman smothered his incoherent with another bow, and, turning out the snuffbox, looked slyly and frowningly upon the face.

"It should have been Cuthbert's duty to tell you we were married. I know he did not do so, for last night he was to have seen father and broken the news to him; but he did not, and this morning they set off and is gone. Oh, Dr. Shaw! can you tell me where he is? Do you know? Have pity on me, sir! Without him I am very, very lonely; and if he does not bear witness to what I say I—I——"

The poor girl broke down, lifting her lip to subdue her tears, lest the slight of them should anger the old gentleman.

"I positively assure you that I am as ignorant of his whereabouts as myself," he replied hastily, that she might not labor under a wrong impression one moment longer than he could help. "His disgraceful conduct has wounded me to the heart. All last night I sat up waiting for him, and decoding, as you would return. But—may I ask you if you are aware that your faith e has just left me? Why, she is gone!"

"He and I have been discussing the subject, and I can only repeat, sir, that he has gone, that, to my son's unnatural conduct to his father, he has not added a deeper, a more unnatural one, in my humble opinion.

"I am truly his wife, sir."

"Truly! Truly forgive me; I may lay rough fingers on a wound my heart would cheese they should touch tenderly. But let me ask you, sir, where is your husband by now? and like doctor, feeling his voice into a tender, pitying, as if, for emotion, he could not be permitted to qualify his dear delight in asserting his love and troubling.

"Three weeks, replied Jenny anxiously, with her heart beating painfully, for she feared the next question.

"He was in London three weeks ago. He went for a little holiday, as at that time I as yet had his permission, or absent (he was coming to the monotony of our accidental disgrace) I was very, very lonely.

"No, sir! I was at Sydenham stopping with my aunt. Father, I fear, Cuthbert, he appears—or was—to have had money at the bottom of the hill on the road to Dulwich, and he used to come to me there and with afterward, when we reached London, he put me into a hackney coach and we drove to a church, where we were married.

The doctor applied a pocket handkerchief to his forehead.

"A strange result! he muttered to himself, aloud, as if he had forgotten the presence of dignity. "And then he sighed and looked through the window and, recollecting himself, faced his voice sternly once more and said:

"I represented to your father that nothing could be easier than to prove your marriage. If, as I do not doubt, "with a blank wave of the hand 'you are my son's wife, I—I scarcely know whether there be cause to offer you my congratulations. Since he has played his father a vile trick there is nothing to stop me from telling you that, if you wish to his kind; you to your father, to whom you are accountable, and my son to me—when he shall see to meet.

His whole manner had changed with these words. He addressed her with an icy hauteur of gaze.

Jenny looked at him fearfully for some moments, with a wonder that was mingled consternation and disdain, and rose.

"If I cause the unnatural separation of thing sympathy or kindness," she exclaimed, with a bitterness that took a keener acidulation from the tone in which she spoke, "I have failed to warrant it. I—I—you know whose daughter I am—and—but you think of my father Cuthbert has often told me, I have, indeed, a temper of which I am ashamed. I—I—I—