



Manchester Enterprise

It has a large circulation among Merchants, Manufacturers, Farmers and Families generally in the villages of

Shelton, Chelsea, Saline, Clinton, Norvell, Brooklyn, Napoleon, Grass Lake, and all adjoining country.

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SHIRLEY CARSTONE.

By ELIZA ARCHARD.

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It went on so for days and months. What might have been expected from the well and unprincipled temper of Philip Dumory? Myra would shut herself up and sulk and cry for hours. Mamma was there to protect her darling, and perhaps it was well she was, at times. Philip was sincerely fond of his little boys. That much at least is to be said for him. He amused himself and them every day. One afternoon he missed them.

"Where are the babies, Myra?" he asked his wife.

"Oh, I sent them away to spend a month at nurse's mother's in the country. I'm not well and they made me nervous."

"Why, woman, what are you thinking of? Have you no natural feelings toward your own children?"

Philip's mother had never let him out of her sight in his childhood, so rare and precious had she held him. Myra put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I never thought I'd live to be insulted in this way. And you would marry me, you know."

"I don't know I was marrying a fool," muttered Philip, savagely.

"Mamma! mamma!" shrieked Mrs. Dumory, and fell back in hysterical fits. Mamma came, murmuring, "Oh, my poor, poor darling!" Once more the man had to be a patient. The moment he was out of the house the abused wife's eyes and set back upright. Philip wandered aimlessly to the park and sat down, restless and discontented. Was all married people's life like this? But he had his own way, to be sure. His marriage had been one of those cases wherein all a man's best friends come to stand back and see him make an ass of himself. And while he was musing on matrimony, he saw a bright little phanton flash by. Inside of it was his wife, gay and pretty, chatting with one whose polite attentions were not a compliment to a lady, married or single.

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Philip had her watched night and day. He kept himself away from her. The sight of him irritated her unaccountably. He slept in the room alone with his boys. He would not permit them in care of another at night, lest harm should come to them from their insane mother. It was touching to see how he kept himself away from her. From caring so constantly for these helpless ones he came to care for others, too, and think of them. He lost himself in self forgetfulness and sweet thoughtfulness for others, this self-willed, fiery-tempered youth who had always had his own way.

Time glides on apace to the happy and miserable. What cares Time! He will not hold his glass back to give one hour more of youth to a Cleopatra. He will not hasten it to shorten by so much as one second the torment of a martyr in flames.

Philip Dumory's boys were four years old. All the tenderness of his powerful nature went out to them. They slept in a little bed beside his own. He hung over them long and fondly one night, studying each child-feature, listening to their soft falling baby breath. How lovely they were, lying there in their white bed! The rosy faces were flushed with sleep, the milk white baby arms were flung above their heads. The rings of bright hair hung damp and warm about their pretty brows.

God bless them! murmured Philip. He went to his couch and was shortly in a deep slumber. He had not slept so soundly for years, he recalled afterwards.

How long he had been asleep he did not know. He was suddenly awakened with an awful horror at his throat. He only knew something was strangling him something was being pressed steadily down upon his mouth and nose. He threw his arms convulsively upward. His hands caught a human form, which glided from his grasp. With a last effort he threw the thing, what it was, he knew not. It was a willow. He tried to spring to his feet but fell back, weak and helpless. He saw his wife gliding like a spirit out of the low window that opened in the darkness. What was that light?

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Mr. Philip Dumory's house. They have subjected the same to rigid analysis. In their judgment traces have been found of a substance which may be construed to be the ashes of human remains. At the same time they deem it necessary to state that a similar ash is sometimes the residuum from the consumption by fire of other organic compounds.

"H. T. TOMPKINS, M. D."

"J. L. BOYD, Pharmacist."

Here was wisdom. Philip Dumory was just where he was before. What should he do next? He sought every possible source of information. He examined the newspapers with fear and hope every morning, only to be overcome with the same dull, dead despair. One morning, for his comfort and encouragement, this met his eye:

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with my nerves all shattered. "She put up her handkerchief again. "I beg your pardon," said Philip. "But you must know you set this lie going yourself, by your insinuations."

"The idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Bliss. Have you not noticed how a woman looks when she says 'the idea'? A man never says it. Into these two words she puts all the emphasis that should go with those stronger expressions, the use of which is denied her on account of her sex. She may not swear, she may not fire a backshot at the candle, she may not even go off and drown her sorrows. She may only say 'the idea'—in that one expletive she must vent all the venom and vinegar of her gentle nature.

Mrs. Bliss sat bolt upright and remarked—"The idea!"

Philip Dumory sighed. His mind was setting into the coldness of despair. He saw the disadvantage he was at. The lady saw the advantage which was hers. Up went the handkerchief.

"You came here to bring me down with sorrow to an early grave," she whined. "As I had not got enough to bear from you now, with my poor darling where she is, and my nerves all shattered—boo-boo!"

Philip turned away. The lady had left a corner of one eye uncovered to watch him. She saw the movement, and sat upright again. She became very majestic. In the consciousness of injured virtue and superior sufferings, the estimable lady fairly towered, at that moment, with a scepter-like wave of her hand towards the door, and in a topofortune voice, she said:

"Relieve this mansion of your odious presence instantly!"

Well, he went. He resolved to do what he could to right the wrong he had wrought. He set aside a portion of his property in the hands of trustees who would use the income for the care of his wife. Thus she was surely provided for. The rest he would devote to searching the earth for his sons. He could not give them up.

He spent all his fortune in the search for his boys. At last he gave them up for dead. He returned home. No comfort for him there. He found himself lonely and cold and cold and mistrust. Men who had broken his bread in better days passed him without speaking. Women who had been his mother's friends gave him a glance of horror, and hurried on, in the common belief he had fired his own home with the monstrous intent that his issue should perish within. Thus skillfully had malice wrought its work.

He had now to earn his bread. He looked for work. Who would give employment to one suspected of so foul a crime? No man. At length he was driven to say:

"I will go away, when no living creature has heard my name. I will shut this hateful world out of my sight."

Were not these hard lines for a young man who had always had his own way?

CHAPTER VI
TWO SCENES.

Once more, as on the first day of this story, the sun was sinking low on a summer afternoon at the stone house. Once more, too, they sat beneath the willow down by the mill-race. Those old trees keep rising before us constantly.

It was now two years later than when the story began. It was the day after Shirley had read her poem and been crowned with the silver laurel wreath. School had ended for the year.

The girl wore a white dress, and had a bright red rose in her long, fair hair. The hair was no longer in braids

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries for George Page, Geo. O. Payne, Wallace Gibson, and others.

George Page is home again for a short time. Geo. O. Payne and family have moved to Jackson.

Wallace Gibson has moved into the J. Palmer house. A car load of peppermint roots came to town yesterday.

Our town was full of peddlers and tramps last Wednesday. Corral Branch bought the property owned by G. M. Alvord.

George F. Payne, the well known book-binder, of Adrian, died at his residence last Thursday afternoon after a protracted illness.

Four Hudson salmonkeepers agreed to abstain from all of its intoxicating drinks until they went on a fishing expedition in a body.

At the last horticultural meeting Daniel Woodward, of Clinton, read an interesting paper on "Bagging Grapes."

He went back to read several hundred times, and moved the improvement that had been made in the arts and sciences.

Prof. Keldie, of the agricultural college at Lansing, has kept a continuous record of the condition of the weather for the past 24 years.

The growth of the weather signal stations has been very gratifying, as 60 stations have been established since Jan. 1.

Three cold wave signals were issued last week in March, the coldest since 1874, when the thermometer fell to 4°.

The closing of saloons and places of business on Sundays seems to be in order throughout the land and people say it is right.

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Three cold wave signals were issued last week in March, the coldest since 1874, when the thermometer fell to 4°.

The closing of saloons and places of business on Sundays seems to be in order throughout the land and people say it is right.

Prof. Keldie, of the agricultural college at Lansing, has kept a continuous record of the condition of the weather for the past 24 years.

KASKINE! No bad effect! No headache! No nausea! No ringing ears! Cure quickly! Pleasant! Pure! A POWERFUL TONIC

NERVOUS PROSTRATION. RHEUMATISM. GOUT. KASKINE! A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, AND ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD.

TO HEADQUARTERS. HAEUSSLER'S DRUG STORE. Sole agents for the city of Adrian.

Murline. White Lead Works. Oils & Varnishes. Toilet Goods!

GEO. J. HAEUSSLER. IF YOU WANT THE BEST. Sewing Machine. "Standard,"

FAUSEL'S. Neck Chains. CASH BASKETS. Call at my Store.

JEWELER. Spectacles or Eye-Glasses. TOYS, GAMES, TOYS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. Absolutely Pure. G. A. FAUSEL.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. Absolutely Pure. G. A. FAUSEL.

SAVE A DOLLAR! Men's, Boy's and Children's CLOTHING!

THE NEW STYLES! AND COLORS. LOOK AT OUR PRICES.

A. H. GREEN, Low-Priced Clothier. BELOW IS A LIST.

GALE PLOWS! The past two seasons. I refer to any of them. The Gale Plow is

J. H. KINGSLEY. TO BE KEPT HERE. WE HAVE JUST OPENED.

GROCERIES! The South Bend Reversible Share. Chilled Plow!

WALL PAPER. CASH-PAID FOR BUTTER AND EGGS! Planet Jr. Cultivator.

C. LEHN AND CO. DON'T MAKE A MISTAKE. Boots & Shoes.

C. E. LEWIS, Prop. Peoples' Boot & Shoe Store. REPAIRED FREE OF CHARGE.

Manchester Enterprise. THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1887. LOCAL NEWS BRIEVITIES.

John Koch went to Detroit on business this week. Jacob Rommel, of Waterloo, is in town today.

Charles Rowe visited friends in Milan over Sunday. Morris McLean, of Jackson, was in town Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Lehr visited friends in Monroe over Sunday. Fred Marzetti went to Ann Arbor to visit friends over Sunday.

A. E. Hewitt, of Jackson, was in town last Thursday on business. Mrs. Caroline Vogt, who has been visiting friends in Adrian has returned.

Miss Julia Henry, of Lake Ridge, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips. Mr. P. F. Blosser went to Milan on Saturday to visit with friends a few days.

Mr. Treefeather, of Manchester, is the guest of friends in the city—Adrian. Miss Mary Foster went to Jackson a few days ago to get the new styles in millinery.

Mrs. J. S. Vreeland and daughter, Mrs. Ben Chase, of Jackson, are visiting in town. James Graham, of Norvell, was in town yesterday and made the Enterprise office a call.

Lyman Baldwin, Henry Calhoun and E. G. Carr 3d left here Tuesday morning for California. Prof. Phillips was offered this week a half interest in the Sherwood Normal institute at Sherwood, Mich.

Miss Mad Lapham, of Manchester, was the guest of Miss Anna Cobb, over Sunday—Saline Observer. Mr. Ferguson, one of the millers at the roller mills, has taken a month's vacation, his health demanding it.

Dr. Mrs. Ben Conklin, of Elk Rapids, arrived in town Saturday last and will make Manchester their home. Eli Morey showed us a very lifelike portrait of the late Samuel Cushman, of Sharon, also one of Sumner Van DeGrift.

Clark Adams left Monday for Manchester, where he has secured a situation as a school here in a roller mill—Brooklyn Exponent. Mr. Taylor, of Detroit, route agent for the American Express Company, was in town yesterday and made the Enterprise office a call.

Mrs. B. P. Sutton and daughter, of 902 Francis street, have returned from Ottawa, Kan., where they passed the winter among friends and relatives—Jackson Star. Frank Bosteder and Charles Becker, of the Clinton high school, were in town yesterday and made arrangements for giving the drama of "The Maid of Calcey" and "Rough Diamond" at Goodyear Hall on Friday evening the 29th.

The posts which held the railing to the Exchange Place bridge worked loose and had to be taken out, a bolt put on the under side and the stones cemented down again. Now is a good time to clean up yards and streets and alleys before the busy season. Everybody turn out and give your premises a good cleaning, it will be healthier and better all around.

Mrs. Laura Green, the photographer, seems to be very busy, in fact, she says that she has about all the work that she can do. We inspected some of her work a few days ago and found it very nicely executed. The senior class of the Clinton union school will present the drama in two acts entitled "Maid of Calcey" and the laughable farce "Rough Diamond," at Goodyear Hall, Manchester, Friday evening, April 29th.

At the universal church next Sunday April 24th, by request the pastor will preach a sermon which he gave some time ago on "The Unfinished," at 10:30 A. M. Subject of discourse for the evening, "What are the Evidence of the Christian Life?"

Manuel Besmer notified the saloonkeepers last Saturday to keep closed their places of business on Sunday and so far as we have been able to learn they complied with the order. It is claimed that there is a standing order and that the saloonkeepers are generally in favor of it and will keep their places closed according to law.

N. W. Holt & Co. have bought a 40-horse special turbine water wheel, which will put in to run the rollers of their mill. It has 69 horse power. They will change some of the wheels and throw out the poorest one, when they expect to be able to turn out at 1600 lbs. per ton of flour per day than before. The rule of four per day than before. The rule of four per day than before.

March 15th, 1887. The funds remaining in the Alpha Sigma chapter from the sale of the fall term, and also the funds received at the close of the spring term, have been appropriated toward the purchase of an organ. We now have \$86, and will soon have a new instrument.

"Shirley Carstone" will be published only in the Enterprise and those who wish to read the excellent story had better subscribe at once. Only \$1 per year, or 42 cents for three months.

Home Markets. BARLEY—Steady at 40¢ per cwt. BEANS—Steady at 40¢ per cwt. BUTTER—Steady at 16¢ per lb. EGGS—Steady at 16¢ per doz.

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Spring Dress Goods. Large Stock. All the New Things. New Black Silks, Fancy Velvets, NEW HOSIERY, New Lace Curtains, NEW CARPETS, LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

W. & S. W. ANDERSON & CO. TECUMSEH. Complete stock of Goods.

MACOMBER BROS. New Dress Goods, Domestic Dry Goods, Carpets, Wall Paper, Gloves, Hosiery and Notions, Boots & Shoes.

Successors to W. H. Pottle. MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN. A GREAT.

Manchester Roller Mills! Crash in Furniture. Exchange it for Flour. In Manchester.

J. TRAUTWEIN & CO'S. BEST IN THE MARKET. CORN SELLER. Closed Out.

Want Nice Bread. Next 60 Days. N. W. HOLT & CO.

Manchester City Bakery, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, CANDY TOYS, Glassware, Notions, Cigars, Tobacco.

TAILORING! Fresh Can Oysters, FRESH LAGER, WM. KIRCHGESSNER.

