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Manchester Enterprise

BY MAT D. BLOSSER

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Societies.

ANCIENT ORDER UNITED WORKMEN meet in their hall over Geo. J. Haggard's drug store, on second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month. All visiting organizations are invited to attend. J. D. VAN DYKE, Sec'y. J. D. VAN DYKE, Sec'y.

MANCHESTER TOWN No. 111. Knights of the Maccabees meet at their rooms over Geo. J. Haggard's drug store, on second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month. All visiting organizations are invited to attend. J. D. VAN DYKE, Sec'y. J. D. VAN DYKE, Sec'y.

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JUST RECEIVED AT Jacob Schanz & Co.'s Popular MERCHANT - TAILORS, a nice lot of samples of men's Spring and Summer Styles.

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Legend of the Robin.

One brown bird with red tinged breast settles softly to its nest. Built high, away from the road, and from the reach of the mischievous boy. Nature's sweetest rhymes are made in a cheerful old orchard shade. As white as a daisy, and as blue as the sky, the robin sits on its nest, and sings its song.

When the third day, old legends say, bore the weight of that last snow. Though foretold with anguish great, none his dying throes would save.

Then the silent air was stirred by the flight of a lone winged bird, one sweet drop of water fell. In its beak the bird had caught, and with pitying love had brought.

Down it settled, softly down, past the bitter, then crown. And to ease the fevered breath, laid the cool drop on his mortal brow.

On its flight the brown bird, least of birds, the wounded hands were pressed. Ever since the red drops stain over its tender heart its hair.

When the apple blossoms stir, swift we hear And the bird with red-tinged breast builds in all our hearts a cheer.

—LUCY E. TILLEY.

ALONE AND FOREVER.

As M. Pinard, the rising young lawyer, was leaving the court-room, the following note was given to him by a messenger.

"My dear friend, as when these lines meet your eye, there are matters of profound importance upon which I must call your attention at the earliest possible moment. I enclose you, by my old friendship, dear old friend, a note to me at once—Your friend, J. D. VAN DYKE, Sec'y."

Hastily dispatching a note to his wife, informing her that he would not be at home until after midnight, M. Pinard summoned a fiacre and was soon driving in the direction of his friend's residence.

"What can have happened to Dellenmarque?" queried the advocate to himself as he was whirled through the crowded thoroughfares. "His fortune is secure, his health is firmly established, he has no family—ah, now I wonder I wonder if—Yes, yes, that is it; my old friend has followed my advice and is about to take a wife. It must be so. Ever since my marriage with Adele he has avoided me. But that was to be expected. It is almost like a divorce when one of two old bachelor chums takes a wife to himself. And now that he has resolved upon the same fateful step he sends for me. Now we can be friends again as of old."

"But why this haste, this urgency? Perhaps it is a secret wedding, and I am wanted as witness. I shall find my friend divided between the furies of love and the agonies of tight boots. Well, well, if he only secures such a wife as Adele—provided there be another like her—and that is a matter for doubt—I shall be satisfied."

By this time the fiacre had reached the residence of Dellenmarque. The latter met him at the door, embracing the advocate and leading him into the library. "You doubtless think that I require your professional services," he continued when they had seated themselves.

"No," replied Pinard. "You would not make me sit in this vain if there were nothing more than the yards of red tape in the case. But for a few yards of white silk—eh, Dellenmarque?" and Pinard laughed merrily.

Dellenmarque looked fixedly at him and did not smile.

"You think—?" he said.

"What?"

"There is a woman in the case," Dellenmarque started. His lips twitched nervously.

"How do you know?" he cried in a hoarse voice.

Pinard laughed heartily.

"What a wretched fellow you would make me if I were to tell you!" he said.

"I should like to know you as a witness—on the other side."

"Then you know nothing?" said Dellenmarque.

"On the contrary, I know everything—now. What I have guessed from your letter and your appearance is confirmed by the agonies of tight boots. There is no chance of escape, but to plead guilty and throw yourself upon the mercy of the court. Youth, inexperience, temptation—all these will doubtless powerfully in your behalf."

Dellenmarque was extending a circumspect glance at his friend, saying to himself, "He is a witness, with a capital W, say the secret of the fair one's name—and I will stake my reputation on clearing you."

Dellenmarque smiled grimly.

"It is true," he said. "I am guilty. But it is no matter for jesting. Come to my private room, and I will, as you advise, put the case in your hands."

"You are kind," said he, saying to himself, "the fair one's name—and I will stake my reputation on clearing you."

Dellenmarque smiled grimly.

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man, the battle is yours already. Look at me. I could not bring my wife to confess that she loved me until after our marriage."

"But you were in love with her?"

"Yes, but not in your fashion. I did not marry to complete a romance, but to provide a home. I did not ask for passion but for fidelity. All that I ask of my wife is that she respect me, that she honor my name, that she remain true to me. She loves me as her husband. I love her as my wife."

Dellenmarque regarded his friend curiously, but did not speak.

"However, it is you who are talking of," continued Pinard. "You have sent for me. Command my services. If there is any way in which I can aid you, consider my promise given. What stands in the way of your happiness?"

"But one thing," replied Dellenmarque. "And that is?"

"She is another man's wife."

Pinard sat bolt upright, and stared at his friend for a full minute. Then he slowly sank back in his chair, still gazing fixedly at Dellenmarque.

"I am astonished," he said at length. "You, Dellenmarque, of all men."

"Then, after a moment's pause."

"What do you mean to do?"

"This morning," replied Dellenmarque, "I asked her to leave her husband and fly with me."

"And she refused?"

"She refused to consent."

"She asked for time to decide. If I do not hear from her in an hour she has refused. If I receive a message from her it will be an appointment."

"How can I appeal to you," cried Pinard, "to such a step? Think of her wicked infatuation! Think of her husband. Have you no pity for him, wretched man that he is? If he is your bitterest enemy even, the blow is too cruel."

"He is one of my dearest friends," replied Dellenmarque bitterly.

"Then with a thousand fold greater force I appeal to your pity. Think of him, his name dishonored, his health desecrated, his faith overthrown. Is it you, the Dellenmarque of old, who proposes this treachery to a friend?"

"Stop—stop!" cried Dellenmarque, who had risen from his chair, and was now pacing the floor.

"I will not stop. If your friend is nothing to you, think of her for whom you profess this tender attachment. Can you really love a woman whom you are willing to bring to dishonor? Think of the years that are to come. Can you never bear the sacred name of wife. She can never inspire in the secret of a lasting union. She has deceived another man. She may deceive another. Think how slender a suspicion has thrust its roots into a crevice of the heartstone and torn the home asunder."

"Enough—enough!" cried Dellenmarque, pausing before Pinard. "I have thought of all this before, until I am wild with horror at my own evil thoughts. You have confirmed my wavering purpose. I will be true to my friend. I swear to you, whatever the answer may be, I will leave Paris to-night, alone."

There was a ring at the door-bell. A message for Dellenmarque. It was a note, delicately perfumed, Dellenmarque tore open the envelope and read the note aloud. It ran as follows:

"You have won. I will follow you to the end of the earth. My husband and I will not return until we have come to you before my resolution gives way. Come to-night, alone."

He did not read the signature.

"Farewell," said he, holding out his hand. "Alone and forever."

The two friends clasped each other's hands warmly. Pinard could not speak.

Dellenmarque twisted the letter into a long roll.

"Such things had best be burned," said he, thrusting the end of the roll into the fire.

The paper burned slowly. Dellenmarque took a small phial from his pocket and snuffed the contents.

"It is a remedy for the heartache," he said, smiling.

The paper still burned. Dellenmarque lay back in his chair, and resting one arm on the table, watched the flame creep nearer his fingers.

"So burns a worthless life away," said he drearily. "Alone and forever. Alone and—"

He mumbled his words, then was silent. His head dropped upon his breast.

The flames crept up with a low crackling sound as the paper uncurled.

Pinard watched it with a sort of dreadful fascination, as though it were a candle burning in a cask of powder.

The flame almost touched the fingers.

"Dellenmarque," cried Pinard in alarm. "Dellenmarque, it will burn you."

There was no answer.

Pinard snatched the burning paper and extinguished it between his palms. Dellenmarque did not move.

Pinard rose and shook him by the shoulder. Dellenmarque's head fell back against the chair, the eyes fixed and staring.

He was dead.

Pinard felt a cold and sickening shudder creep over him. The bit of burnt paper fell from his hand and fluttered to the floor. Mechanically he stooped and picked it up.

There was writing on it.

It was the signature of the letter. Unconsciously he spelled it out, and then, throwing his hands above his head with a wild cry, he fell headlong to the floor, for on one crumpled piece of paper he had read the words, "Adele Pinard."

Estimating Fortunes.

It seems to be a favorite topic, from year to year, with newspaper writers in Europe and America, to estimate the wealth of well-known capitalists. Occasionally the public is surprised when death reveals the magnitude of an estate greatly undervalued during the lifetime of the possessor, but the tendency is to exaggerate rather than to depreciate all such estimates. A recent French writer computes that England has 200 millionaires, the United States 100, Germany 50, Austria 50, France 75, Russia 60, India 60, and the rest of the world 125. The basis of calculation is on the \$1,000,000, anything under that sum not being counted.

Jay Gould's fortune is estimated at \$250,000,000 and J. W. Mackay's at \$200,000,000. Senator Jones is put down for \$100,000,000. These are gross misstatements. We doubt if Gould's holdings would sell for \$100,000,000. Mackay, not so long ago had to borrow a few millions from Fair to make good an unfortunate wheat deal. Senator Jones had about \$7,000,000 when he first came to Washington, but it rapidly dissolved in speculation, and however lucky he may have been in Alaska, we doubt if he will ever see as much money in his grasp again. The English fortunes are estimated at something near their mark, and so are the Vanderbilt estates, but Astor is put too low at \$50,000,000, and the Rothschilds are probably rated not quite high enough.

One remark made on the rise of man to enormous wealth is quite correct when referring to the humble origin of many of our money kings. They began, in modern instances, at the bottom of the ladder and worked their way to the top. This is especially the fact in the United States, and is encouraging to all young men who have their way to make in the world. The prizes of life may not always come to those who deserve them most, but they rarely fail to get within reach of all who have the patience, the energy, the pluck and the self-denial to win them. The man who succeeds is usually master of just such qualities as insure prosperity, and he alone knows what serious responsibilities each position entails. The French writer we have alluded to quotes the late William H. Vanderbilt as saying to one of his friends that "a fortune of \$200,000,000 is a burden too great for any man to carry. Its weight hems me and kills me. I will not permit any one of my sons to suffer as I. I shall not let him please me out of my money, and it will be for his happiness. In what way can I better off than my neighbor who has half a million? He enjoys far more than I do the real joys of life. His house is as good as mine, his health is better, he will live longer, and, at least, he can trust his friends. When I die I shall relieve me of the responsibility that I carry. I have provided that my sons shall share between them the cares that this money entails."

There are few men who would not be willing to undertake all the cares men may not always come to those who deserve them most, but they rarely fail to get within reach of all who have the patience, the energy, the pluck and the self-denial to win them. The man who succeeds is usually master of just such qualities as insure prosperity, and he alone knows what serious responsibilities each position entails. The French writer we have alluded to quotes the late William H. Vanderbilt as saying to one of his friends that "a fortune of \$200,000,000 is a burden too great for any man to carry. Its weight hems me and kills me. I will not permit any one of my sons to suffer as I. I shall not let him please me out of my money, and it will be for his happiness. In what way can I better off than my neighbor who has half a million? He enjoys far more than I do the real joys of life. His house is as good as mine, his health is better, he will live longer, and, at least, he can trust his friends. When I die I shall relieve me of the responsibility that I carry. I have provided that my sons shall share between them the cares that this money entails."

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