Manchester Enterprise
BY MAT. D. BLOSSER.
THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1889.

THE PUZZLER

No. 434.—A Charade.

Silence is golden, yet I am not gilt,
But rather a silvery tube have I to tilt;
I live but a month, yet I rapidly grow,
And reflect in a manner that often I throw
Upon subjects beneath me a beautiful light,
And am steady, although often out late at night.
As of all the things said of me, that is the worst,
You know can guess what I mean by my first.

My second is used in all buildings, I ween,
And likewise on steamboats, in action, I ween.
The yachtsmen discourse of my breadth in a way
Which is a sign to lend credence on land quite astray
I'm found to the forest, I'm seen on the ocean,
And likewise as sought for inside of a tree.

My whole is something transcendently light;
I hide from the sun to appear in the night.
Yet persons are seen to run, I wot of the scales,
Now all try and guess me, and notice who fails.

No. 435.—Pictorial Conundrum.

Way should this man be able to tell just how heavy the ox is?

No. 436.—The Unlucky Turks.

Half a ship's crew, consisting of thirty persons—Christians and Turks in equal numbers—were to be thrown overboard during a gale. They consented to being placed in a circle, so that every ninth person should be sacrificed, the count to begin with the first and continue until all had passed again. The Captain desired to so place them that the unlucky victims should all be Turks. His plan was accomplished!

No. 437.—An Hour Glass.

I, a large temple or office, 2 to cut; 3, finding; 4, a letter; 5, a lyric poem; 6, virtuous; 7, brave. Centrals, an unbeliever.

No. 438.—Enigma.

I'm more than one thing, that is very certain;
Sometimes I'm shaded, sometimes I'm in sunshine;
Then I'm a cozy room behind a curtain,
And thus a place where criminals are tried;
Then, on an oaken door, or garden gate,
Painted, I give inviting repose, checkmate.

Such am I—add but a to my short name,
Then starts a poet up, his eyes aflame;
Or, if a verse you add, behold, I'm dead!
I'm dead you'd be if you'd lost all you had.
Give the last a, and I will cover the ocean,
Or a sad I a place of store will be
Who on I lay down his sweet head to rest,
I pick up one, and find myself a pest.
Would you be poor? Take away the first and lay,
With go I carry coals; then who am I?

No. 439.—Geographical Pyramid.

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The single representation of the initial letter of a sea port in Georgia. The row of three, a cape of the same name in Florida. The row of five, a bay in Florida. The row of seven, the capital city of Ontario, Canada. The nine, the large island of Long Island on which New York city is located. The central vertical of five, a thoroughfare name which is just now figuring extensively in the newspapers.

No. 440.—Historic Anagrams.

(a) A small herbivorous quadruped.
(b) A King of England in whose reign the Bible was translated, and a capital city of the United States.
(c) The author of the "Destruction of Independence." (d) An American.
(d) A laborious occupation and a heavy weight.
(e) To the name of the king who died on Flodden Field add a kind of hosiery.
(f) What a taper and what a small glass was given him.
(g) The capital of Montecito.
(h) The Christian name of the author of the Marble Faun, and the imperial color of the ancient Romans.

A Catch for the Tuxury.

"Why does a pail of water with a live fish in it weigh no more than the same pail of water without the fish?" This perplexing problem is said to have puzzled that august body, the Roman senate, long years ago, and many were the ways in which its members accounted, each to his perfect satisfaction, for the singular circumstance, until one wiser than the rest, weighed a pail of water with and without the fish, and it enabled to mention the result!

Key to the Puzzles.

No. 433.—The Unfair Division: The landlord would lose 7 chickens by such an arrangement, as the rent would contain him in 24 of the 31. The tenant would give him 8 chickens from his own share after the division is completed, others to the landlord would receive but 23 of the first division.

No. 434.—A Concealed Proverb: As easy as falling asleep.

No. 435.—Little Repose.—Mr. Slumber, carpet dealer, Sweepington.

No. 436.—Anagrams.

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(b)  H E N R Y
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(c) Central Dominion.

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(d) Celestial Phenomena.

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(e) Sacred Dwelling.

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(f) Ancient Dominion.

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(g) Ancient Dominion.

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(h) Roman Dominion.

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THE LORD'S SUPPER.

LESSON VII, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MAY 19.

Text of the Lesson, Mark xiv, 12-26. Common Verses 22-24—Golden Text, Luke xxii, 19—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

(Compiled from Lesson Helper Quarterly by permission of H. S. Hoffman, publisher, Philadelphia.)

12. "The first day of unleavened bread, when they killed the passover." The fact that they on earth in a mental body had eaten this night He would keep the passover with His disciples, and on the morrow be crucified—Christ our passover sacrificed for us (1 Cor. v, 7—and He went forward calmly, unwaveringly, knowing every step of the way foreordained. It was over fourteen hundred years since the first passover was kept that night in Egypt, when by the blood of a lamb the first-born of Israel were saved from death and the nation brought forth, from their bondage by the outstretched arm of Jehovah, and now the Lamb of God to whom all every sacrifice from the beginning pointed is about to be slain, whose blood saves from eternal death all for whom it is applied, and who shall yet accomplish for Israel a greater deliverance than that from Egypt. Let every one to-day carefully compare the story of the passover and unleavened bread in Ex. xii with the scriptures that speak of them in the future fulfillment in the Kingdom of God.

13. "He sendeth forth two of his disciples." Just as when He commissioned no more than six, in both this time we know whom He sent for Lk xxiii. 8, and Peter and John. He may have sent the same two on the previous occasion; for we never read of Peter and John whom He sent, and where He sent, and every disciple is expected to be ready and prepared to obey, to take up and go where, and as willing to be passed by and see another, if the last is sometimes the highest.

"Go ye into the city, and there shall meet you a man bearing a pitcher of water; follow him." All things are naked and open to His eyes. He is acquainted with all our ways (Heb. iv, 13; Ps. cxxxix, 1-4). It would help us to remember this. Just as in Lk xxiii, 8, Samuel told that more than when he should meet that day, what they would be carrying, what would they say to him and say to him, so our Lord could tell us every morning all the events of the day that is before us, if the practical effect of this on us be, that whatever may come to us we shall say, "Now my Saviour knew this beforehand. He has permitted this and I will be still and hear Him who knows what He will do."

14. "The Master saith, where is the guest chamber where I shall eat the passover with my disciples?" What a privilege to prepare a room for Jesus and welcome Him and His disciples! What a privilege to let Him have the use of anything that we have, but how slow we are to use it. Jesus knew that Judas knew, and knew that he would gladly provide the guest chamber and therefore sent two of the twelve to make ready, and we should daily wait and watch for opportunities to serve Him.

15. "He will show you a large upper room furnished and prepared: there make ready for us." This indicates the man's wealth and willing service; he did not do as little as he could and yet receive full credit; he gave the use of a room that is all. He can expect of me, not what I have by the previous lesson, he did all that he could, he gave a furnished and prepared room. Jesus gave Himself, His all, for us, and we are to give all we are and have at His service; it is a proof that we do not know or appreciate His love to us.

16. "His disciples went forth and came into the city, and found as He had said unto them, and they made ready the passover." When we obey Him we will always find it just as He says, there is nothing so safe and sure and glorious as believing and obeying God. Are we willing and obedient we shall eat the good of the land (Isa. i, 19).

17. "And in the evening He cometh with the twelve." Judas had gone—had left his heart the spirit of murder, for he had been to the chief priests and officers and had made a bargain of money to betray Him into them (ver. 10, 11). He continues with the twelve as one of them, not thinking that the searcher of hearts can see every step and know his every purpose. Oh, how wonderful are His ways and ways! Confidence among the number of the professed followers of Christ!

18. "And as they sat and did eat, Jesus said, Verily I say unto you, One of you which eateth with Me shall betray Me." If you would have the complete record, read between the last verse and this one Luke xxii, 15-30, John iii, 1-17, and prayerfully ponder the things written there concerning the kingdom of God and the present need of cleansing, and humbling and ministry to others.

19. "They began to be sorrowful, and to say unto him one by one, Is it I?" Likes and dislikes in ministry begin to inquire among themselves, doubting of whom He spake. John is the latter begin to inquire among themselves, doubting of whom He spake. John is the latter begin to inquire among them—love, confidence

Manchester Enterprise

By MAT D BLOSSER.

Entered at the Postoffice in Manchester as Second-class matter.

We solicit correspondence and items from all the surrounding country.

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

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

It pays have any number at the Probate Office make the request that your notice be published in the MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE, such a request will always be granted.

Changes in displayed advertisements are made in the order of their receipt at the office, and cts not be positively promised unless handed in at least noon the Tuesday morning before the desired insertion.

The MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE will be found on file at the office of The Clinton Local, where advertisements need notice or not sight can be left, when more convenient than at the home office.

The CLINTON LOCAL will be found on sale at the counting room of the ENTERPRISE, and advertisements, subscriptions or local notices can be left here.

☞ All articles for publication must be addressed to MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE, Manchester, Michigan

THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1889.

The Idiot Still Abroad.

One and a quarter million strangers visited New York's inauguration centenary. They were carried in and out of the city without a mishap, and very few mishaps befell them in the world.

The most serious minor accident was one in which a man slipped upon a piece of orange peel on the sidewalk and will probably be lamed for life.

Abroad with the idiot who throws orange and banana peels on the sidewalk are the persons who eat with their knives and those who expectorate in public places.

The knife swallowers and the expectorators are offensive. But the banana peel thrower is a downright villain. He thinks of nobody but himself, and of nothing but his own momentary convenience. If he himself should come along that sidewalk an hour later he would be as apt as anybody to slip up on his own banana peel. Wherever great crowds of people congregate, after they have dispersed, ground and sidewalk are always littered with the deadly orange and banana peel. If somebody should slip up on these remains and fracture his skull and die, as people have done, is worth nothing to the peel hurling idiot. He would do the same thing next day.

He harassed of the danger and dirtiness of his favorite practice a hundred times. It makes no difference. He would go on serenely just the same though it should be shouted to him through Angel Gabriel's trumpet: Don't throw orange or banana skins on the sidewalk. Throw them into the street. Let the iron hoofs of the horses grind them to powder, that the feet of your brother and sister may not stumble upon them unawry. Put them into your pocket, if you must eat on the street. Eat them, if you can't dispose of them any other way, and poison yourself. Better do that than to break the skulls and the limbs of other people.

Old Homes in America.

"In no civilized country are there so few old homes," says Professor Charles Eliot Norton, writing in Scribner on ancestral homes in America. Mr. Norton appears to think this altogether an evil. He proceeds to detail the sad consequences of this state of things. He seems to partly lose sight of the fact that the lack of old homes is itself a consequence, not a cause, of the general unsettledness of the American people.

We are not old enough as a people yet to have settled homes. In a large part of the country the pioneer's cabin—or "shanty," in our graphic vernacular—is only now beginning to give place to the more substantial dwelling that energy and industry have built. Professor Norton would not have us live forever in cabins and shanties, it is to be hoped.

He says further that our cities are so much alike that if a block of twenty houses were to be transported from our city and set down in another city in Ohio there would be nothing incongruous in the juxtaposition. This is not quite true. Philadelphia houses have a decided individuality. In New Orleans there are plenty of quaint houses embowered in rose gardens that are like no others anywhere. Washington is certainly unique in its thousands of small red brick houses, with their green front yards and twining vines. These pretty bay windows houses are well adapted to the peopleof small means who live in them.

Perhaps this very breaking up of homes and the wandering ways of our people have a deep significance than Professor Norton knows. China has more old homes than any other country. Ancestral homes and clinging to kindred are poetic and beautiful. But did the professor ever think particularly on the force of the old farmer's prayer—

"Lord bless us and spare us
My son John and his wife,
As first, and no more,
We pray for the life."

The kindly sympathies and sentiments of civilized people remain the same. They change their ways, but not their hearts. It can well be that this wandering and mingling of elements will produce a wider interest in humanity, a larger brotherhood than that which takes root and blossoms only in an old home. Far better than any old home it will be if Americans extend small means and the feeling of kinship till they are able to say with vitiem Thomas Paine: "The world is my country, the universe my home."

A LAW has just gone into operation in Boston which limits the number of liquor selling saloons to one to every 500 of the inhabitants. It will reduce the number of such saloons from 3,000 to 750. In Pittsburg, under the Brooks high license law, there are now left in the whole city only 90 drinking places.

HORACE GREELEY'S GRIEF.

How the Great Editor Sorrowed Over the Death of His Only Boy.

Perhaps the most pathetic chapter in Mr. Greeley's life was the death of his idolized boy "Pickie." His grief was almost beyond control. Margaret Fuller, writing from Rome soon after the news of the revolution of '49 to her mother, says:

"Received a few days since, a packet of letters from America. I opened them with more feeling of hope and good cheer than for a long time past. The first words that met my eye were these, in the hand of Mr. Greeley: 'Ah, Margaret! The world grows dark with us! You grieve, for Rome is fallen; I mourn, for Pickie is dead.'

"I have shed rivers of tears over the inexpressibly affecting letter thus begun. You would think I might have become familiar enough with images of death and destruction; yet, somehow, the image of Pickie's little dancing figure, lying stiff and stark, between his parents, has made me weep more than all else. There was little hope that he could do justice to himself, or lead a happy life, in so perplexed a world, but never was a character of richer capacity—never a more charming child. To me he was most dear, and would always have been so. Had he become stained with earthly frailty, I could never have forgotten what he was to me when my soul pined for sympathy, pure and unalloyed. The three children I have seen who were fairest in my eyes, all gave most promise of the future, were Waldo Emerson, Pickie Hermann Clark—all nipped in the bud. Endless thought has this given me, and a respect for the realization of all the hopes and plans elsewhere; which resolve will weigh with me as much as it can weigh before the silver rod is finally loosed. Tell then, earth, our mother, always that my soul pined yearly to draw us back to her bosom—to make us seek anew a trustfulness which has never failed to cause us frequent sickness."

Mr. Greeley himself, in his Recollections, says:

"I looked in vain through Italian galleries, two years after he was taken from us, for any parallel to his dazzling beauty—a beauty not physical only, but visibly radiating from his soul. His hair was of the finest and richest gold—the sunshine of picture, never glorified his equal; and the delicacy of his complexion at once fixed the attention of observers like the fair Willis, who had traversed both hemispheres without having his gaze arrested by any child who could bear a comparison with this one. * * * When at length the struggle ended with his last breath, and I gazed on his mother, was convinced that his eyes would never again open on the scenes of this world, I knew that the summer of my life was over, that the chill breath of its autumn was at hand, and that my future course must be along the downhill side of life."

The following letter, which is undated, was evidently written in reply to one of condolence:

"Your letter, dear R., was written in your noblest spirit. I thank you warmly for your sympathy. What he was to me—what he could yet be to you that have two sons, in which the maternal thirst of the heart was earlier satisfied, can hardly know. Had one ewe lamb was to me. That he might live, that I might yet daily behold his face—aye, that I might not spoil him by overweening love, were ever recurring thoughts. God be merciful to me a sinner."—New York Tribune.

THE CHEROKEE ROSE.

Come ripple your footest,
O rhymes that are meetest,
In praise of the sweetest
Wild blossom that blows.
Though tripping most lightly
And pattering brightly,
Yet you can sing rightly
The Cherokee rose.

The bright star kissers
Do petals hath blisses
That paradise misses
And scarce are or knows.
So charming its face is,
I long to change places
With bee that embraces
The Cherokee rose.

In sultry midsummer,
Who would not become a
Luxurious hummer
That merrily goes
Delving the leaves
That noonday advances,
To rest where daisies
The Cherokee rose?

Shame on the brown thrushes
That pipe in the bushes
My melodic gushes
More sweetly than those—
If I could sit swinging
Where perfumes are winging
More worthy my singing
The Cherokee rose.

When shore fields are dreariest,
And beside birds fearful—
When autumn is tearful,
No verse it shows;
When Boreas raves,
But close to the waves
Sweet Cherokee rose.

—Samuel Minturn Peck.

King George and Shakespeare.

A fashionable authoress of the last century was Miss Fanny Burney, whose "Evelina" delighted Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds. When she had become famous she was the guest of Mrs. Delaney, a venerable, cultured lady, who lived at Windsor, not far from the castle where George III and Queen Charlotte resided. The king and queen frequently called on these two ladies, and Miss Fanny at such times sought her own room.

But one afternoon she and Mrs. Delaney were in the drawing room, when suddenly the door opened. A large man entered, who shut the door without speaking. The star on his breast revealed to Miss Burney that she stood in the presence of the king. She was treated to the wall. The king advanced to his hostess and in a loud whisper asked if that was Miss Burney. Upon being assured that it was he drew near and entered into conversation with her.

"But what—what—how was it—how came you—how happened it—what—what—what" he asked, in his usual old manner. Believing he referred to "Evelina," she replied that it had been written at odd hours for amusement.

"But your publishing—your printing—how was that—what—what" he asked, to which she answered: "I thought, sir, it would look well in print," at which he was vastly amused.

Soon he became familiar with the presence of royalty, and on one occasion had the advantage of hearing his majesty's criticisms on some famous men. Voltaire he pronounced a monger, and Shakespeare he considered little better than a fool.

"Was there ever," cried out this royal Solomon, "such stuff as great Ransom got Jack 'ff 20, just because there was nothing else to do. There was a short paper being read on "Fish Scales," and a number of them were mounted for microscopical examination, of course with a low power, such inch and half inch. Anything relating to fish or fishing was certain to gain Jack's attention, therefore a letter subject could not have been selected to engage his spirits. Jack could not have yet even looked through a microscope! He felt a bit ashamed of this now, but there were a couple of microscopes present, and Jack determined to have a good look through them. The selection of different varieties of British fishes were on view. Of course, fish scales are common enough, but who would think that each kind has its own pattern of scale, and that you could tell a species of fish by its scales!

"The paper showed that the scale of fishes were composed of the same material, chiting as the feathers of birds, or the hair and skin of animals—a kind of substance only found in the animal kingdom, and never in the vegetable; that these scales had, developed in little pockets in the fish's skin, which you can plainly see for yourself when a herring is scaled. They are arranged all over the fish's body like the tiles covering a roof, partly overlapping each other, as is seen by one part of the scale being often different from the other.

"Jack looked through the microscope and was delighted. He was always a reverent minded boy, and the sight broke on his mind like a new revelation. How exceedingly chaste and beautiful were the markings, lines, dots and other peculiarities! Then the scales which run along the middle line of the fish were shown him, and the chunks performing them out of which the mucus flows to anoint the fish's body, and thus reduce the friction of its rapid movement through the water. The last was half beneath and at the possibility of the new knowledge. "Could anybody get to know about these things" he asked Willie, who told him of course he could, if he would only take a little trouble."—Dr. J. D. Taylor in Popular Science Monthly.

Flowers in Popular Lore.

It is a remarkable fact that flowers have usually been regarded as beneficent in popular lore. While animals are frequently diabolical, flowers are seldom accredited with any malign influences. Their connection with religion has even been an intimate one, and their beautifulness in the important ceremonies of life—at marriage, death and burial—large always endeared them to every one. In their mission has always been a soft-soothing and humanizing one. Many of the humblest flowers and most neglected weeds have been regarded as sacred at some time or another.

This fact of the good will held towards flowers in popular lore is probably shown by the benedicent names applied to them, as heart's-ease, traveler's joy, shepherd's needle, honesty, etc. There are, however, some exceptions to this beneficent character. In Silesia it is said that flowers should not be laid on a sick person's bed. In Westphalia, no child should be decked with flowers until it is 2 years old, as it would die soon, and the flowers wither. German peasants say flowers should not be laid on the breast of a corpse, lest it lose them and become a Nachzehrer, or ghost of vampire. In England, to dream of white flowers means death, and the same is indicated by the sudden blooming of a white rose bush. Any one who throws a rose into an open grave will waste away.—F. S. Barnett in Globe-Democrat.

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Some Foolish People

A LOW PRICE TOO HIGH is always beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh I will wear wool," but in most cases it has gone away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called **Kennedy's Medium**, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the opinion of the other side of the door. Price $1.50 and $1.00 Trial size free. Sold by all druggists.

For Sale or Rent.

THE FARM OF 80 ACRES (with the buildings thereon) belonging to the estate of Mary Quick, late of Bridgewater, Washtenaw county, Michigan. The farm is situated on the east side of Clinton road, and south of the farm of R. P. King, in Bridgewater township aforesaid. I will rent the above premises for a term of one year, beginning April 1, 1889, on the following terms: For particulars enquire of the undersigned administrator of the estate of Mary Quick, deceased.

SOLOMON BROWN, Administrator.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

DR. Williams Indian Pile Ointment is the only remedy ever discovered. It never fails to cure old chronic or recent cases of Piles.

Under Good Management, it never fails. Dr. Williams Indian Pile Ointment cured me after years of suffering, and I will send it free to any sufferer. I have found by experience that Dr. Williams Indian Pile Ointment gives immediate and permanent relief. We have hundreds of such testimonials. Price, with full directions, mailed to druggists at $1 per box, or mailed on receipt of price, by the WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

LADIES!

You want to park up black,

Fine Visiting Cards,

either printed or plain, rich and we are sweet

ment at the

Enterprise Office

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate court for said county, held at the Probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, on the twelfth day of May in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

Present, J. Willard Babcock, judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Ann Jane Ashley, late of Ann Arbor, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Jotham Ashley, praying for the allowance of said estate may be granted to John J. Robinson or some other suitable person.

Thereupon it is ordered that Monday, the 3d day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for hearing said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted; and it is further ordered that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Manchester Enterprise, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing. J. WILLARD BABCOCK, (A true copy.) Judge of Probate.

W. G. Doty, Probate Register.

W. H. LEHR,

Dealer in

GROCERIES, CROCKERY,

Glassware, Notions,

Cigars, Tobaccos,

Pure Wines and Liquors.

Fresh Lager Beer

Always on tap, Southside Exchange Place Manchester, Mich.

PARSONS THE CLOTHIER AT MANCHESTER

New Goods.

New Stock of Clothing.

PRINCE ALBERTS SUITS OF THE LATEST STYLE, And a Fine Line of

CUT AWAY

Suits, also a Fine Line of Business Suits.

New Suits for the Boys

Large Stock of Knee Suits and Pants,
Large Stock of Mens Work Pants, and they are bargains.
Large Stock of Fine Shirts, Cuffs, Collars, Jackets and Overalls.

Look at those 90c. Pants, worth $1.25

Large Line of Straw Hats. Call in and get prices on Hosts and Shoes before purchasing. Low Prices and good goods is our motto, at the Cash Store of

PARSONS The Clothier.

A. G. HAMLEN, Salesman.

WE ARE DAILY

RECEIVING

New Spring Goods

Including New Styles of

CASHMERES, SATEENES AND WORSTED GOODS.

LADIE'S FINE HAND-TURNED SHOES ONLY $2.50

$3.00 and 3.50 are Warranted Equal to any $5.00, 3.50 and 4.00 in the market. We are selling

MEN'S PLOW SHOES AT $1.

ROLLER & BLUM.

THEY EXCEL ALL OTHERS.

THEN BUY THE

CARD OF HONOR

GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES

OF

J. H. KINGSLEY.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

If you want to buy

A Good Influence on the Pupils

REGRET GIRLS,

Latest styles

Colored Lithograph,

That is really worth sending to a friend, buy one of

The London Photograph Cards!

They are beautiful. Sold only at the

Manchester Enterprise Office.

and plate, at the

ENTERPRISE OFFICE

Japanese Crape Napkins and other goods

Manchester Enterprise

BY MAT D. BLOSSER.

LOCAL NEWS BREVITIES.

We had a slight shower today.

Next Thursday is decoration day.

Considerable wheat is coming in now.

There was quite a heavy frost last night.

The township board of review are in session.

The lawn tennis club have had a few days rest.

Schmid & Hulbert are having their warehouse painted red.

The Lake Shore paymaster passed over the branches yesterday.

The weather is somewhat warmer today but it is yet quite cool.

A good many of our citizens attended the Lehman-Brown wedding in Freedom today.

Steinkohl the druggist, has a new advertisement this week and we wish you to read it over.

Next Thursday being Ascension day, services will be held at Emanuel's church at 10 o'clock A. M.

There is also difference in their church views, for Sir Thomas, who was a most devout man, favored the evangelical side. Sir Thomas Gladstone's place in Kincardineshire, Fasque house, is a splendid mansion, and the extensive demesne is well wooded and very picturesque. The home farm is one of the finest in Scotland. Sir Thomas inherited the estates of Fasque and Balbegno, which extend to 21,000 acres, from his father; and in 1856 he purchased Strachan and Glendye from the Scottish Exchequer for £70,000. The late Queen extends to 26,000 acres of low ground, hill pastures, and grouse moors, is one of the best shootings in Scotland. Sir Thomas was a most rigorous game preserver for many years, but latterly his tenants had no cause to complain in this or any other respect, and he was a most popular laird, and took a deep and intelligent interest in all agricultural affairs.

Sir Thomas Gladstone was for some years attache to the British embassy in Paris, under Lord Stuart de Rothesay, during the reign of Charles X, and he had many good stories to relate about the curious customs of the old Bourbon court. He sat in the house of commons from 1830 to 1837, and in 1865 he stood for Kincardineshire, but was defeated by the late Mr. Dyce Nicol of Balloch. He was the first Liberal ever returned from that county, as the late Sir Hugh Ar-buthnot had then represented it as a Conservative for thirty-nine years, during which period he was only once opposed.—London World.

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PERSONAL.

Dr. Taylor is on the sick list.

George W. Harris of Norvell, was in town today.

Thomas Moeher visited old friends in Cambridge, last week.

Fred Schmid and family of Ann Arbor go to Europe in July.

Mr. & Mrs. Fred Steinkohl visited in Ann Arbor over Sunday.

Mr. & Mrs. Page of Jackson are visiting Mrs. Munson Goodyear.

Miss Belle Gordanier went to Toledo on Saturday last, to visit friends a few weeks.

We learn that Wm. Bals has secured a position in the Palmer house barber shop in Chicago.

Henry Kirchhofer informs us that he has sold C. Cook of Tecumseh will buy wool at Bridgewater station this year.

W. C. Ruckman, who is traveling in the great north-west, has kindly sent us a copy of the Tacoma Morning Globe, of the 11th inst.

James Burns and George Rheinfrank of Bridgewater, passed through here on Tuesday on their way home from a visit to Perrysburg, Ohio.

L. S. Hulbert and family took the forenoon train on the Ypsilanti yesterday for Albion and Horton, to visit friends the balance of the week.

G. P. McMahon of Ludington has our thanks for a programme of the ceremonies for the dedication of the masonic temple, in that city on the 15th.

The late Amos Bullard of Sharon was once offered several hundred acres of land where the city of Chicago now stands, in exchange for 80 acres of his land.

Arthur G. Case left here on Monday for Three Rivers, where he engages with the firm of Jones Bros. Clothiers. His friends will join us in wishing him prosperity and happiness.

We learn that Rev. Shier of Morenci, has pitched his tent at Wampler's lake and is ready for a season of sport, fishing for anything that will take his bait, from a perch to a 20 pound pickerel.

Irwin Clark had the misfortune to saw off his thumb and two fingers on his right hand, while running a jointer at their planing mill, this afternoon. Drs. Lynch and Kapp dressed the hand and made him as comfortable as possible.

James Moore, proprietor of the Wampler's lake house was in town on Monday to have posters and cards printed, advertising the opening of that pleasant summer resort to the public, on Wednesday, June 5th. He thinks the prospects for a good season very fair.

As mentioned in these columns last week, Will Pattison went to Detroit to see the division superintendent of the Lake Shore, and he gave him a position in the car shop at that place, commencing Monday. The duties are light and the pay good, so he can be earning something while he is recovering the use of his arm.

Lewis Feldkamp left here on Monday afternoon for their home in Detroit. Will will probably get a better position before long.

Ed. E. Root returned home on Tuesday morning, from his visit with friends in Kansas, Missouri and Illinois and he reports having had a grand time. He was surprised at the great growth and prosperity of Kansas City and other western places, since his last visit. He also attended the laying of the corner stone of a methodist church, by the masonic fraternity, which is a common occurance there, but something new to him. Crops are looking very good in the southwest.

The bills are out inviting the public to the 5th annual opening of the Wampler's lake hotel and resort, on Wednesday the 5th day of June. The Dundee cornet band will furnish music to enliven the games, races, roller skating and other amusements of the day. The use of the store will be free to those who wish to go there on a picnic, and the boats will be free to the guests. The fishing season will be open by that time and lovers of a rod and line can enjoy a day to good advantage. In the evening a dance will be given in the spacious skating rink, for which Teachout & Bonny's orchestra will play. The bill will be only $1.50 per couple, which includes supper and use of horse. No doubt there will be a large attendance.

The May crop report says: It is now clear that the amount of wheat winter-oak grove otherwise destroyed previous to the late freezes is insignificant. With rare exceptions the reports show the crop to have been at that date in very good condition, especially if the open winter and lack of rainfall be considered. But since that time the crop has suffered considerably, from drouth. Clover meadows and pastures are reported in rather better condition than one month ago. Nothing has yet occurred to lower the prospects for fruit.

How about the fourth of July celebration? If there is going to be anything done, there will that it were done quickly, and if Manchester does not have a big celebration on Independence day, it will be a great mistake. We have not had a celebration in several years and Manchester owe it to herself, her prosperity, her patriotism, her people to celebrate the 4th of July enthusiastically.

Adams' Bazar in union hall block has a good many useful things that are very low priced.

DECORATION DAY.

How It is to be Observed in Manchester.—Order of Exercises, &c.

Comstock Post G. A. R. of this village have made arrangements to observe decoration day in an appropriate manner.

The school children will march in the line and take a part in the exercises at the cemetery.

The services of Asa Noyes, the fifer, and a drummer from Nashville, have been engaged to assist in furnishing music and other arrangements are perfected to make a success of the occasion providing the weather is fair.

The committee wishes the ENTERPRISE to request those who can furnish flowers, to leave them at Adams' bazar on Wednesday afternoon, the 29th.

The members of the G. A. R. will meet at the post room at 1 o'clock. The procession will be formed on Exchange Place in the following order at 2 o'clock:

Band of Martial Music.
Comstock Post.
Union School Scholars.
Citizens on foot.
Citizens in carriages.

At the cemetery the exercises will be conducted in the following order:

Prayer.
Decoration.
Patriotic exercises by the school.
Address by Rev. W. B. Pope.
Singing.
Benediction.

The procession will form again and march back to the village.

The post has 38 graves to decorate, as follows: 23 in this village, 10 at the center, 4 at the Gillett church and 1 at Rowe's corners in Sharon, 1 at Norvell, and 1 at River, Raisin. Details from the Post will be sent to Sharon and River Raisin on the morning of the 30th to decorate the graves there and a comrade at Norvell will decorate the grave there.

The citizens of the village are requested to do what they can towards decorating their residences and business men to decorate their places of business. There should be a general interest taken by the citizens in the proper observance of the day.

Jackson County Items.

The road cart is claimed as purely a Michigan product.

Hiel Woodward of Brooklyn, who was dangerously ill, is better.

The Jackson county teachers' association will not meet again until September.

There are 11,015 children of school age in the county, and the primary school money allotted is $9,192.89.

There are 14 members of the Grass Lake high school graduating class, nine of whom are girls and five are boys.

Jefferson is not worth a dam now, the reason being heavy rains brought down such quantities of water that it could not stand the pressure. The dam will be rebuilt.

At the time that C. C. Dewey, postmaster at Napoleon first struck that peaceful hamlet, they had a horseback mail carrier, and the sturdy pioneers came in from the woods around to get a letter, buy tobacco and a box of herring, swap yarns, &c. That was 54 years ago and the boys who traded jackknives with him then are mighty scarce.

Some two weeks ago, John Hogan capured a female ghoul or "grave robber," near a new-made grave in St. John's cemetery. The animal is the size of a woman, spotted and has long protruding teeth. He confined it in a cage and this morning found that it was the mother of eigh little ghouls. The mother evinces more cunning and intelligence than average intelligence in caring for them.—Citizen.

Provincialism.

On our two New York papers have shown very bad taste, not to say impertinence, in their reference—to the thousands of strangers who visited their city during the centennial inauguration. They referred to their country visitors as "jays," and recommended them not to blow out the gas: In New York slang a "jay" is a greenhorn.

A provincial is one who thinks his own little corner of the earth is perfection, and all that is different from that is inferior. People whose ways are in any respect different from the ways of his little corner are ignorant and outlandish.

From this point of view, no American alive today is so provincial as the born and bred New Yorker. He has a very large lesson to learn, which it is to be hoped he will master before the next centennial ceremonies arrive. It is that one cabinet, well behaved person in this country is about as good as another, yes, and as handsome, too.

Hospitality and courtesy to strangers is one of the first virtues ever inculcated in the heart of man. The true cosmopolitan is he who knows that underneath all differences of garb and manner the human hearts that are beating are just the same. Therefore he will not set himself up over another because the cut of that other's garments is different from his own. He will not call a stranger "yankey" because that stranger naturally looks about as objects unfamiliar to him. And he will be under all circumstances kindly and polite.

The following is from one who tried it: If you will put 20 drops of turpentine in two quarts of boiling water, and enhale the steam, you will find that the smothering sensation induced by a cold in your head will soon disappear. People suffering from catarrh can also use this remedy with advantage.

DEATH OF A PIONEER.

Mr. Thomas Gladstone usually attended the service at Westminster Abbey on Sunday afternoon when he was in town, and he was invariably mobbed when walking up and down the nave afterward by people who mistook him for his younger brother, whom he greatly resembled, but Sir Thomas was taller and more stately in appearance. Sir Thomas died and died a Tory of the old Eldon type, and his consistency and the plainness with which he avowed his opinions made him respected even by his most bitter political opponents. He went to Oxford in 1833 and voted against the bill for the emancipation of the West Indian slaves, and he had joined Lord Aberdeen's administration, and he invariably invariably against Mr. Gladstone's policy whenever he made a political speech, but personally they were on the most cordial terms.

Sir Thomas differed in their church views, for Sir Thomas, who was a most devout man, favored the evangelical side. Sir Thomas Gladstone's place in Kincardineshire, Fasque house, is a splendid mansion, and the extensive demesne is well wooded and very picturesque. The home farm is one of the finest in Scotland. Sir Thomas inherited the estates of Fasque and Balbegno, which extend to 21,000 acres, from his father; and in 1856 he purchased Strachan and Glendye from the Scottish Exchequer for £70,000. The late Queen extends to 26,000 acres of low ground, hill pastures, and grouse moors, is one of the best shootings in Scotland. Sir Thomas was a most rigorous game preserver for many years, but latterly his tenants had no cause to complain in this or any other respect, and he was a most popular laird, and took a deep and intelligent interest in all agricultural affairs.

Sir Thomas Gladstone was for some years attache to the British embassy in Paris, under Lord Stuart de Rothesay, during the reign of Charles X, and he had many good stories to relate about the curious customs of the old Bourbon court. He sat in the house of commons from 1830 to 1837, and in 1865 he stood for Kincardineshire, but was defeated by the late Mr. Dyce Nicol of Balloch. He was the first Liberal ever returned from that county, as the late Sir Hugh Arbuthnot had then represented it as a Conservative for thirty-nine years, during which period he was only once opposed.—London World.

WAMPLER'S LAKE.

James Moore will open his resort on the 5th of June.

The Adrian boat club has a new cedar boat with two mats.

John Owen of Jackson visited his brother Elmer last week.

A well was sunk for Wm. Campbell to the depth of 115 feet.

We understand that a party from Weston talks of putting a steamer on the lake.

Lightning struck a locust tree within 30 feet of Ira Watkins' horse barn last Saturday during the storm.

IRON CREEK.

The recent rains have been very beneficial to the crops.

Mr. & Mrs. G. M. Sutton visited at Dansville over Sunday.

Miss Alta Perry of Sharon, visited Ellen Rushton over Sunday.

Patrick Sculley of Bad Axe, came here last week to attend the funeral of Michael Egan.

Mrs. Jerome Holmes, Miss Matie Swift, Miss Mattie Keck and Mannie Keck, visited in Ann Arbor over Sunday.

There has a Sunday school been organized to be held Sunday P. M. at the Smalley school house, with A. P. Hilladay as superintendent and J. C. Fisk as assistant.

NORVELL.

Dave Blanchard is convalescent.

Eli Thayer has corn 6 in cultivate.

Mrs. Mary Blanchard is still improving.

Some fine pickerel were caught in Sweety lake last Sunday.

Rev. Hills of Napoleon will preach here on Sunday at 2 P. M.

Horace Moulton will move to Wolf lake tomorrow and be the dining hall.

J. E. Crouse of the firm of Tremble & Co., is here assisting in taking an inventory.

Howard Schofield left on Tuesday for Albion and Battle Creek, to play ball with the Horton club.

The funeral of our old and much respected citizen, Wilson Chaffee, took place at the residence of his son-in-law, Thomas Rhead, in Napoleon, on Saturday was held at the residence on Sunday and brought here for burial.

BRIDGEWATER.

Plenty of rain, and cooler.

Last Thursday lightning struck J. Blum's windmill and some telegraph poles.

Mrs. Henry Davison of Saline visited at Mrs. C Schlegel's on Tuesday.

Miss Mary Reyer is visiting a few days at Mrs. Ortenberger's.

Mrs. T. Fitzsimmons and Maud, returned home on Tuesday.

Wm. Stein, a section hand on the railroad recovered from a lame back and went back to work on Monday.

Messrs. Burns and Rheinfank returned Tuesday evening from a visit at Mr. Rheinfrank's father's at Perrysburg, Ohio.

School items: Veronica Stricker gave a very able recitation Friday afternoon, after which the school had a spelling match and Veronica "spelled the school down." Last Thursday the children were busy at work clearing up the school yard, piling the wood in the wood shed, tearing away the fence and steps in front of the school house and in raking the yard, making quite an improvement in its appearance. Parents, you should visit the school.

FREEDOM.

Corn is peeping out of the ground in some fields.

Fishermen are having extra luck at Lake Pleasant.

C. A. Jones of Norvell closed his term of school in district 7, on Friday last. He has been engaged as teacher in that district. Not a very hard school after all. Success to him.

The following named pupils of district No. 5 have been neither absent nor tardy for the month ending May 17: Mary and Julia Fritz, Emma Knapp, Clara Mann, Louisa Lindauer, Tessa and Bertha Kuebbler, Mary, John and Henry Kalteisen, Phebe Betz, Clara and Julius Reyer, Anton and Josie Schwab, Oscar and Willie Buss, Tillie and Freddie Oall.

The Freedom correspondent to the Argus last week asked: "Why were there no scholars present in district No. 7 when the school examiner came?" In reply I would say that the teacher was not requested to ask or cry for a certificate, neither will he do so. If the parents allow their children to stay at home, how can I have any school? I would teach them if they came, but I do not give private instructions. Yours truly,

C. A. JONES.

The members of the Alumni Association are requested to meet at A. F. Freeman's on Monday evening, May 27th, to arrange for the June exercises.

F. W. DORR, Sec'y.

Manchester Laundry.

Shirts, Collars, Cuffs and Lace Curtains a specialty. Goods left at Lynch & Co's, Manchester, or F. D. Lattenaer, Clinton, promptly attended to.

Every farmer should buy a "Common Sense Rack" made by Tecumseh Rack Co.

The most complete rack in the market. Sold by J. F. Nestell.

The Common Sence Rack is a complete wagon box, hay rack, and stock rack combined.

DRIVING LAKE.

James Moore will open his resort on the 5th of June.

The Adrian boat club has a new cedar boat with two mats.

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IRON CREEK.

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Miss Alta Perry of

Manchester Enterprise

BY MAT D. BLOSSER.

THURSDAY, MAY, 23, 1889.

No. 441.—Enigma.

It's round and square, it's short and long,
Of many shapes and sizes,
In it you'll sit to hear a song,
It guards the richest prizes.

It makes your garden trim and neat,
No house can be without it,
On railway journeys you'll it meet,
And porters never scout it.

I gave it to a man one day,
He thanked me fair and roundly;
Then gave it to a friend in play,
Who forthwith thrashed him soundly.

It screens the soldier in a storm,
It holds the sailor's kit;
Behind four horses when 'tis warm
I like on it to sit.

No. 442.—Anagrams.

(a) Treason. (d) Hangings.
(b) Pursuer. (e) Imprecates.
(c) Stagnation. (f) Stipulated.

No. 443.—An Egg Problem.

A woman has a basket containing 150 eggs. For every 1½ goose eggs in her basket she has 2½ duck's eggs and 8½ hen's eggs. How many of each kind has she?

No. 444.—A Unique Window.

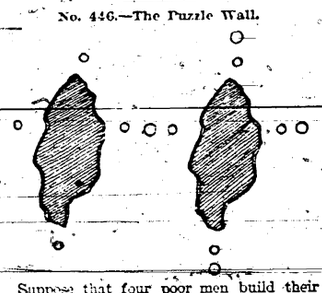
The following has puzzled many wise heads in its time and doubtless will do the same for many more: How can a window, having a height equal to its width, be made twice as large without increasing its height or width? Impossible? Oh, no!

No. 445.—Easy Hour Glass.

The central letters, reading downward, spell a word meaning to concede.

Cross Words—1. To penetrate. 2. Supercilious. 3. A unit. 4. In hour glass. 5. Recent. 6. A law. 7. Satisfaction.

No. 446.—The Puzzle Wall.



Suppose that four poor men build their houses around a pond, and that afterward four evil disposed rich men build houses around the poor people, as shown in the cut, and wish to have all the water of the pond to themselves. How can they build a wall so as to shut the poor people off from the pond?

No. 447.—Decapitations.

I am a title of courtesy applied to a French lady. Behead me and I am a lady of any nation. Remove my final, and I am the father of the human race. Behead me, and I am an obstruction. Behead me again, and I am a part of a verb. Beheaded again, I am a consonant.

No. 448.—A Numerica Puzzle.

1. Behead a number, and have "smooth," "equal."
2. Curtail a number, and have "forward."
3. Curtail a number, and transpose, and have a verb.
4. Syncopate a number, and have a very large plant.
5. Syncopate a number, and have an exclamation of contempt.
6. Transpose a number, and have a material for bags.
7. Behead a number, and have a possessive pronoun.
8. Transpose a number, and have a German word of negation.
9. Spell a number backward, and have "a snare."
10. Syncopate a number twice, spell backward, and have "to fasten."

A Clever Calculation.

One person tells another, older than himself, that he can discover the difference in their ages. It can be done by the following ingenious rule: Let the younger take as many nines as there are figures in the number representing his age and, from the number thus formed, subtract his age. He should then ask the older person to add this difference to his own age, then to take away the first figure of the amount and add it to the last figure. The result will be the difference in their ages.

Suppose Harry, 12 years old, tries it with his Uncle John.

There being two figures in 12, Harry starts with 99, from which 12 being taken there remains 87.

Supposing that Uncle John is 40, and figures honestly, he will calculate as follows: 40 added to 87 equals 127. Removing the left hand figure, 1, and adding it to the last figure, 7, the result is 28—the difference in their ages. If to 28 is added 12, Harry's age, we have 40, the age of the older person.

Slight Misapprehension.

A miller fell asleep in his mill and bent forward till his hair got caught in some machinery, and almost a handful was pulled out. Of course it awakened him. His first bewildered exclamation was: "Hang it, wife, what's the matter now?"

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 433.—Charade: Moonbeam.

No. 434.—Pictorial Conundrum: Because he sees it wad (weighed).

No. 435.—The Unlucky Turks: The arrangement was thus: 4 Christians, 5 Turks, 2 C., 1 T., 2 C., 1 T., 1 C., 2 T., 2 C., 2 T., 1 C., 2 T., 2 C., 1 T.

No. 437.—An Hour Glass:

C A P I T O L
L A N C E
O F T
I
O D E
G U E S T
C A L E N T

No. 438.—[illegible] barn.

No. 439.—Geographical Puzzle:

S
M A Y
A A M P A
T O R O N T O
M A N H A T T A N

No. 440.—Illustrate A[illegible] Lincoln, Jas. Madison, [illegible] Washington, Jackson, [illegible] Thomas Jefferson, [illegible] National [illegible]

There's the Part of It.

There are some men in this world who couldn't tell you that two parallel lines may be infinitely produced and never meet without filling you with an earnest desire to denounce the statement as a malicious lie. And they are always excellent people.

AN OLD HUNTER'S STORY.

Why the Gray Bearded Stranger Hated the Sight of a Wolf Skin.

He was along in years, as I saw by his iron-gray beard, and I saw upon his goods that his name was Cross. He was a tall man, and his build showed that he was a man of great muscular power. He examined the wolf skin for a moment, then threw it from him, muttering a deep curse, the meaning of which I did not understand. I privately asked my friend what it meant.

"Ah!" said he, "he has a sad story to tell."

My neighbor, who had only come as a guide, went home in the afternoon, and as Mr. Cross was somewhat fatigued by the journey from the settlement, we did not leave the camp that day. I was very anxious to hear Mr. C.'s story, and after supper we sat around the fire for some time, telling about the moose and the various things that had happened during our few days' stay at the head of Bog river, which was the name of the locality where we were stopping. After my friend and I had exhausted all our tales, not forgetting that awful night's watching at the camp door, we asked Mr. Cross to tell us something of his hunting exploits.

"I have but one story," he replied, "that will much interest you, but I do not often tell it," and I saw a tear glistening in his eye.

"I told him we would be pleased to hear his story, but did not wish for him to call anything to remembrance that would cause him grief. He replied: "The wound has been healed these many years, though often now it seems to bleed afresh; but my story now I will tell.

"I was born in the northern part of Vermont. My father was a farmer, and as I was the only child, my father gave me the homestead. He died quite young and the care of the farm devolved on me. My mother soon became lame and unable to do the work, and I resolved to marry. Dear Louisa, a farmer's daughter who lived but a few miles away, was the one to whom I gave my heart and hand, and, indeed, she was worthy of the love of any man. My mother soon after died, and we laid her beside her husband in the churchyard.

"Two children were born to us, Tommy and Louisa. We watched over them in their infancy, and loved them dearly. Tommy was 7, and Louie, as we called her, was 5. School was to commence the next Monday, and as they had never been to school, we made arrangements to send them. The schoolhouse was about one-half a mile off, beyond a piece of woods. I went with them the first and second day, and met them at night, as they were afraid to go through the woods alone; but the third day Tommy said, 'Papa need not go with us any more, we can go alone.' I granted their wish, and soon saw them disappear, going toward the schoolhouse, swinging their little dinner pails.

"They had been gone but a few minutes. I had taken up my ax, and was about commencing to cut some wood. I heard little Tommy scream: 'O dear, papa! O dear, papa!' burst upon my ears; and at the same moment I heard little Lulie call mamma, mamma! It is needless to say that I rushed to their rescue, tightly grasping my ax. In one minute I saw two wolves tearing my dear children to pieces. With an unearthly yell, I rushed upon them. One left my child and sprung upon me; he lay dead the next instant. I sprung upon the other that was tearing the flesh from the cheek of my little girl; but he ran swiftly away. Poor little Lulie was dead; little Tommy raised his torn and bloody hand, and faintly said: 'O papa, I wish you come fore!' It was his last words; in a few moments he breathed his last. I took my dear ones in my arms, and carried them to my house. My wife was at the barn. I lay them on the bed; my wife soon came in. She looked upon her children, uttered a fearful wail of sorrow, and fell almost lifeless upon the floor! The shock was too much for her, and indeed, more than many mothers could have stood, and within one month she died a raving maniac. She sleeps in Vermont beside her dear babes she loved so well." When he had finished his story there was not a dry eye in the camp, and for some time not a word was spoken. But the evening was far spent, and we soon retired to our beds to dream over the events of the day.—Thomas A. Crabtree in Lewiston Journal.

The Canals of Mars.

As to the nature of the canals, it is still more difficult to suggest any satisfactory explanation. Several hypotheses have been presented, none of which appears entirely to meet the case. I have already remarked that there has not been lacking the suggestion that these curious streaks represent the lines of actual artificial water courses on Mars. The straight and undeviating course which they pursue might be regarded as lending some degree of probability to such a view; but the enormous scale on which they exist seems to compel the rejection of the hypothesis. It is true that, if we consider only the influence of the force of gravity on Mars, giants could dwell upon that planet whose mechanical achievements might vastly surpass the greatest performances of our engineers; for a body weighing a ton on the earth would weigh only seventy hundred and sixty pounds on Mars, and, on the other hand, a man on Mars possessing relatively the same activity as one of us might be fifteen feet tall and strong in proportion. But, even granting the existence of such a race of Goliaths on our neighbor world, it is not conceivable that they could have constructed a system of tremendous canals over half the surface of their planet, or that they would have done it if they could. The canals of Mars are enormously disproportioned in magnitude to the most gigantic inhabitants that a due regard for the law of gravitation would suffer us to imagine there.—Garrett P. Serviss, in Popular Science Monthly.

A Woolly Horse.

James Carroll, of No. 28½ Willow avenue, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets, is the possessor of a horse whose hide is covered with a thick mass of curly white hair, about three inches in length. When seen from a short distance, the hide presents a woolly appearance, and the animal looks as though nature had given him the skin of a sheep through mistake. Although the horse is more than unusually attractive, owing to his peculiarity, he is daily hauling a milk wagon.—San Francisco Examiner.

JESUS BETRAYED.

LESSON VIII, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MAY 26.

Text of the Lesson, Mark xiv, 43-54—Commit Verses 48-50—Golden Text, Luke xxii, 48—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Compiled from Lesson Helper Quarterly by permission of H. S. Hoffman, publisher, Philadelphia.]

43. "And immediately, while He yet spake." They were in Gethsemane, whither Jesus had gone after the supper. Entering the garden He left eight of the disciples and took Peter, James and John a little farther with Him; then withdrawing Himself a little farther even from them, He kneeled down, fell on His face and prayed; He prayed earnestly, He sweat as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground. (Luke xxii, 44.) He offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears. (Heb. v, 7.) Three times He prayed, saying the same words, returning to the disciples after each prayer, and each time finding them asleep. When He returned from praying the third time He added the words of verse 42: "Rise up, let us go; lo, he that betrayeth Me is at hand," and these are the words referred to in the opening sentence of our lesson.

"Cometh Judas, one of the twelve." It was not the ungodly, irreligious world that hated Him and wanted to kill Him, for the common people heard Him gladly (Mark xii, 37); but it was the leading religious people who were planning His death; it was not even one of them who betrayed Him, but, in but in Jesus' own words, "One of you," "One of the twelve." (Vs. 18, 20.) Was not such treatment enough to break His heart? Is there anything like it among His professed followers today? Is there any taint of it in you?

44. "And he that betrayed Him had given them a token, * * *." Judas, having received a band of men and officers from the chief priests and Pharisees, cometh thither with lanterns and torches and weapons (John xviii, 3), and he had instructed them that the one whom they would see Him kiss was he whom they were to take and lead away safely.

45. "And as soon as he was come, he goeth straightway to Him, and saith, Master, Master, and kissed Him." Read before this verse in John xviii, 4-9, how Jesus went forth to meet them saying, "Whom seek ye?" and how when He said "I am" they all went backward and fell to the ground, and how He cared for the eleven disciples ere He yielded Himself to the band who had come to arrest Him. Then Judas kissed Him; some one has said, "How coolly deliberate, deeply hypocritical, diabolically malicious. See what Satan can do and God can suffer."

46. "And they laid their hands on him and took Him." What unholy hands to lay upon the Holy One; criminals worthy to die eternal death, laying hold upon their judge who was ready to pardon them; sinners needing salvation, laying hold upon the only one who could save them, that they might put Him out of the way; man, the creature, laying hold upon God the creator, because they hated Him; was there ever such a sight? They took Him, not because they were able, but only because He suffered them.

47. "And one of them that stood by drew a sword, and smote a servant of the high priest, and cut off his ear." John xviii, 10, says that Simon Peter did it, and that the servant's name was Malchus; Luke xxii, 51, says that Jesus touched his ear and healed him; and Matt. xxvi, 52-54, says that Jesus told the disciples that they that take the sword perish with the sword, and that if it was necessary He could ask and receive from His Father more than a legion of angels for each of them, but if thus protected and delivered how would the Scriptures be fulfilled?

48. "And Jesus answered and said unto them, Are ye come out as against a thief, with swords and with staves to take me?" Both Matthew and Luke record the same question. Let some father or mother say how they would feel if the law should send its officers to arrest their son as a thief, he being innocent. Let teachers tell their scholars (if they think best) how they have felt and acted when accused of something of which they knew they were not guilty. If ever we are shamefully treated or spoken against, let us think of Jesus and be patient for His sake.

49. "I was daily with you in the temple teaching, and ye took me not; but the scriptures must be fulfilled." Luke xxii, 53, adds: "This is your hour and the power of darkness." Such scriptures were being and about to be fulfilled as Psalms xxii and lxix, Isaiah liii, etc., but His comfort as He looked up to His Father was: "Thou hast known my reproach, and my shame, and my dishonor. Mine adversaries are all before Thee." (Ps. lxix, 19.) If people would say and do openly the mean and devilish things which they say and do behind one's back and in the dark, it would seem as if we could better refute and resist them; but then we would not have the fellowship with Jesus in His sufferings which we have by being treated as He was. Let us remember that if we would be "His faithful followers" we must not expect better treatment than He received; and that while in the world we have tribulation, in Him we will always have peace. (John xvi, 33.)

50. "And they all forsook Him and fled." Thus His words came true, and the sheep of the flock were scattered (Matt. xxvi, 31; Zec. xiii, 7); He looked for some to take pity, but there was none, and for comforters but found none. (Ps. lxix, 20.)

51, 52. "And there followed Him a certain young man, having a linen cloth cast about his naked body; * * *." Because Mark is the only one who records this incident, some think that Mark himself was the young man; that he had been awakened by the passing mob, and hastily throwing a sheet around him, had followed them, and now ventured to interpose on behalf of Jesus, or at least go with Him, but the mob laying hold of him, he left the linen cloth and fled from them naked. Peter had said that though he should die with Him, he would not in any wise deny Him (v. 31), but we know how that turned out, and now Peter with the rest had forsaken Him. This young man seems to be more courageous than all the disciples by following Jesus in this dark time.

53. "And they led Jesus away to the high priest." John xviii, 12, says that they bound Him and led him away; Isa. liii, 7; R. V., says: "As a lamb that is led to the slaughter." Think of their binding the hands that were ever stretched forth to bless, the hands that brought health to the leper, sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, and that took the little children up in His arms and blessed them; what had these hands ever done that they should be thus bound, and why does He not exert just a little of the power He gave to Samson and burst these wretched cords and slay His enemies? Do you ask why? Then hear the answer and cause every Sunday school scholar to hear it: "For your sake He suffered it, for your sake He let them bind Him and lead Him as a lamb to the slaughter, for your sake He let them crucify Him, that you by His sufferings might be delivered from the wrath to come and made a child of God, a joint heir with Jesus Christ." Do you believe it? Do you receive Him? If so, how much gratitude do you show Him; how much insult and injury can you cheerfully bear for His sake; how much patience have you with those who do you wrong by word or deed?

Drop a Nickel and See Pictures.

The latest nickel and slot device is a sort of big stereoscope which has been invented and manufactured in Paris. You drop in your nickel and apply your eyes to a pair of protuberances like the eye pieces of an opera glass. Pictures are then displayed in rapid succession, one picture lasting seven seconds, until the contents of the box are all exhibited. The pictures are shown in the glare of an electric light, which is extinguished when one has had his five cents' worth.—New York Sun.

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7th. Correspondents in Surrounding Towns.

8th. Communications from People traveling.

9th. School Items from Village and Country.

10th. Reports of Club Meetings, Societies, &c.

11th. Market Reports at Home and in Detroit, set up New Every Thursday.

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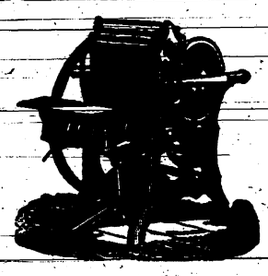

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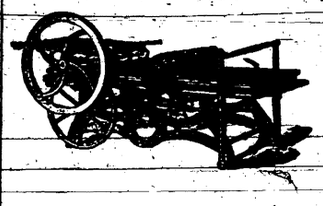

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