

Manchester Enterprise

BY MAT D. BLOSSER. Published Thursday Evening. Has a large circulation among Merchants, Mechanics, Manufacturers, Farmers and Families generally in the villages of MANCHESTER, CHELSEA, SALINE, CLINTON, Merrill, Brooklyn, Napoleon, Grand Lake, and all adjoining country.

Desirable Medium for Advertisers.

Rates Made Known on Application. Subscription \$1.50 a Year in Advance. Not paid in advance, \$2.00. One copy, six months, 80 cents; three months, 40 cents; one month, 14 cents.

Societies.

ANCIENT ORDER UNITED WORKMEN meet in their hall, over Geo. J. Hensler's drug store, on second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month. ED. E. ROOT, M. P. U. S. NARRANS, Recorder.

MANCHESTER TENT, No. 141, Knights of the Maccabees meet at their rooms over Geo. J. Hensler's store, on second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month. ED. E. ROOT, M. P. U. S. NARRANS, Recorder.

ADONIRAM COUNCIL, No. 24, R. S. M. A. assemble at Masonic Hall, Tuesday evenings after each full moon. A. H. WATKINS, M. P. U. S. NARRANS, Recorder.

MECHANICAL CHAPTEL, No. 48, R. S. M. A. meet at Masonic Hall, on Wednesday evenings after each full moon. C. W. CASE, M. P. U. S. NARRANS, Recorder.

COMET POST, No. 552, G. A. S. R. meet at their hall, on third Tuesday evenings of each month at the residence of J. D. VAN DUYN, T. I. M. Visiting comrades invited to attend. J. C. GORDON, Sec'y.

MANCHESTER LODGE, No. 148, F. & A. M. meet at Masonic Hall, on Wednesday evenings after each full moon. A. H. WATKINS, M. P. U. S. NARRANS, Recorder.

GERMAN WORKINGMEN'S AND SOCIETY meet in their hall, on the first Monday evening of each month. FRED KURRAN, Sec'y. N. SCHMID, Pres.

Business Cards.

PEOPLES BANK of Manchester. Organized under State Law. Capital, \$50,000. President, L. D. WATKINS. Vice President, J. D. COREY. Cashier, C. W. CASE.

L. D. WATKINS, J. D. COREY, C. W. CASE, Cashier. Directors: L. D. Watkins, J. D. Corey, Joseph Mc Mahon, Frank Spaldar, Fred Valentine, A. W. Clarkson, John Klapsing, S. F. Greenman.

A. C. TAYLOR, M. D. Office at residence on Ann & 4th streets, Manchester. Calls by day and night will receive prompt attention.

J. D. CHAPMAN, Notary Public and Notary. Collections, and all other business left with him, will receive prompt attention. Farm and village property for sale.

TOM S. FLINN, Auctioneer, will attend sales of all kinds, at lower figures, than any other auctioneer. Office at the Enterprise office. Terms office will receive prompt attention.

JOHN W. PATCHEL, Attorney at Law. Office over Robison & Kerber's Clothing Store.

GOODYEAR HOUSE BARBER SHOP. J. J. BRIGEL, Proprietor. Shaving, Haircutting, Shampooing, &c., Neatly Executed.

LAURA GREEN, Proprietor of the only Photograph Gallery in Manchester. Photographs of all sizes and latest styles. Goods &c., at the lowest prices.

B. F. REYNOLDS, Licensed Auctioneer. Teannosh, Mich. Sales in villages or country will be promptly attended to. Dates can be made at the Enterprise office, Manchester.

DR. E. HUNTER, Dentist. Office over Freese & Son's store, Clinton, Mich. Long experience enables me to practice in a most successful manner in all departments of the profession. All of the latest and most approved methods used, and satisfaction guaranteed. I will be in Jackson Monday of each week until April or May.

F. A. KOTTS, Surgeon Dentist. All dental operations done promptly. Gas or Vitalized Air administered for painless extractions. Gold, Silver, Crown and Bridge Work a specialty. Gold amalgam, Watts metal and rubber plates guaranteed to fit. Office over December Rev. store at Dr. White's office in Clinton every Wednesday.

S. F. MARSTELLER, Manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of OREMETRY AND BUILDING WORK. A specialty of Granite Monuments.

Granite Monuments. A large and complete stock of finished monuments and tablets always on hand. Commemorative work of all kinds and in all styles. Works on Chicago Street, CLINTON, and Railroad Street, Teannosh.

A NEW LINE OF JAPANESE CRAPE NAPKINS. Just received at the Enterprise Office.

NEIGHBORS.

Your name is Helen; are you dark or fair? Dark blue eyes, or black as shadows are. That lie in woods at midnight? Tell me, sweet, what form you wear—large, medium or petite? I never saw you, nor you me, I swear. And yet our verses on the self same sheet Are printed in the last new magazine.

I came from town, fair neighbor, if your song Came from the woodlands, or the city's throng, From mountain fastness, or beside the sea? Shouldst thou in an embowered solitude, far from a bird-song wing, amidst some ivy-wreath? I pray you grow acquainted, and let us be Neighbors in thought as in the magazine.

So may I ask, if you are deeply blue (As to the hair, I mean) or just a true, Bright little woman—wearing Bonnet? Whose song is sung without a thought to please Aught but the singer? May I read between The lines, and ask such things as these, Hoping they'll print them in the magazine!

Did he defer—that is the weary time! Beware acceptance and the printed rhyme— Make your sweet heart, like my old battered soul, Endure long agonies, and curse the whole Confounded tribe of editors whose keen, — Cuck, cuck, cuck, over the heads of all our burning thoughts is their first magazine!

And did you anxiously each week of track, From leading articles to the back, Each page, lest haply they had hid your verse, Beware some dreary kind of prose—or, worse, A paper full of verse that is not at all our burning thoughts is their first magazine!

Equation life! Chances, and chance alone, Upon one page my verse and yours has thrown. But, let me whisper ever I drop my pen, I'll never write again, unless you'll be so good, And write these lines—oh, may they yet be seen, By your bright eyes—in hopes they'll bring you twenty dollars from some magazine.

Great Troubles and Small. "Man is a bundle of contradictions." He bursts a calamity with a smile, and flies into a rage at some annoyance. When the foolish conduct of Landor, the scholar, had made it necessary for him to sell his personal property, transfer his real estate to his eldest son, and hurry off to the Continent, he arrived suddenly at Mr. Forster's house, where he was to dine. Dickens hastened to greet his friend, expecting to find him cast down; but the old man illustrated one of his notable sayings: "Most things are real to me except realities."

He set upon his bed, and talked in his most genial vein about Latin poetry. He went to Florence, and lived in rooms above those occupied by his friends, the Brownings, who used to send his dinner up to him every day. Dinner was to him an important event. He would stand watch in hand as the hour drew nigh, and if the dinner was a moment late, he would seize the dish and throw its contents out of the window. Mr. Brownings says that when a young man remembers seeing a leg of mutton pass the window of his father's room, when it had been sent to the irritable old man a minute behind time.—Youth's Companion.

Getting Even with Him. In a small garrison town in Prussia the officers of a cavalry company all mess together. A newly appointed second lieutenant had just arrived, and was eating his first dinner at the mess table. That day the principal dish was stewed kidneys. When the dish was passed around one officer after another declined to take any, as they knew the captain was passionately addicted to stewed kidneys. When the dish came to the new lieutenant, he, not knowing any better, helped himself very liberally.

Next day on parade, the captain asked another officer: "What is that wretched creature on the left?" "That's the new lieutenant." "Yes, I remember; he can gorge himself on stewed kidneys, but he can't ride."—New York News.

Deaf for Hot Blood. The idea is beginning to gain vogue with others who have never considered the subject in the light that the vegetarians do, that our diet is altogether too strong in the matter of the more heating meats; so much so, in the case that it is maintained that mild wines do really less harm to the general system than flesh that is loaded with red blood. This strong meat, such, for instance, as beef, the eating of which, it is said, frequently generates too hot blood, gives us our reckless activity, our intensity and many of our new diseases. White meats, vegetables, oils and fruits of nature are, among the ancients, in this view a safer and wholesomer diet than that which we have—Harper's Bazar.

A Rat's Carelessness. A firm of manufacturers in Milwaukee had an odd experience with a rat lately. Noticing that the bills for water delivered through a meter were unusually large an investigation was made, when it was found that the lead supply pipe in one place ran in contact with a wastepipe, also of lead. A rat, who frequented the waste pipe, happening to be thirsty, and divining by the curious instinct peculiar for such animals the proximity of a supply of water, had gnawed a hole through the walls of both pipes in order to get a drink. He succeeded in getting his drink, but omitted to close the hole again, and the water continued to flow through the meter, and on again through the waste pipe.—Chicago Herald.

Writers of American Life. Has anybody taken the pains to get to the bottom of the popular fancy for dialect writing? There is only one explanation. The people want American literature written in American style; they want something unconventional, with a touch of nature and individuality. Dialect, however, is not the only form of unconventional literary expression. The thoughtful observer who follows Emerson's advice and lives in the streets will find interesting types of character besides the negroes, mountaineers and crackers, and when he comes to write what is in his mind he will produce American literature.—Atlanta Constitution.

PRECIOUS STONES.

Some of the Superstitions Which Attach to Them—Good and Bad Attributes. Agate quenches thirst, and if held in the mouth allays fever. It is supposed, at least in fable, to render the wearer invisible, and to turn the sword of foes against themselves. It is the emblem of health and long life, and is dedicated to June. In the zodiac it stands for Scorpio.

Amber is a cure for sore throat and all glandular swellings. It is said to be a concretion of birds' tears. The birds which wept amber were the sisters of Meleager, called Meleagrides, who never ceased weeping for their brother's death.

Amethyst banishes the desire for drink and promotes chastity. The Greeks thought it counteracted the effects of wine. The amethyst is an emblem of humility and sobriety. It is dedicated to February and Venus. In the zodiac it represents Sagittarius, in metallurgy copper, in Christian art it is given to St. Matthew, and in the Roman Catholic church it is set in the pastoral ring of bishops, whence it is called the "prelate's gem."

Carbuncle is considered by the Chinese as a charm against witchcraft, and to be a talisman against enchantments, thunder, witchcraft, and other perils of flood and field. It was consecrated to Jupiter and Phobus. Red coral worn about the person is considered a cure for indigestion.

Crystal induces visions, promotes sleep and insures good dreams. It is dedicated to the moon and in metallurgy stands for silver.

Diamond produces somnambulism and promotes spiritual ecstasies. The diamond is an emblem of innocence and is dedicated to April and the sun. In the zodiac it stands for Virgo, in metallurgy for gold, in Christian art invulnerable faith.

Emerald promotes friendship and constancy of mind. If a serpent fixes its eyes on an emerald, it becomes blind. It is an emblem of success in love and is dedicated to May; in the zodiac it stands for Cancer, in metallurgy for iron, and in Christian art is given to St. John. It is dedicated to Mars.

Garnet preserves health and joy. It is an emblem of constancy and is dedicated to January. This was the carbuncle of the ancients. Jacinth is also dedicated to January.

Leadstone produces somnambulism, is dedicated to Mercury and in metallurgy stands for quicksilver.

Moonstone has the virtue of making trees fruitful and of curing epilepsy. It contains in it an image of the moon, representing its increase and decrease every month.

Onyx contains in it an imprisoned devil, and if a man wears it, it causes terror to the wearer, disturbing sleep with ugly dreams. Cupid, with the sharp point of his arrows, cut the nails of Venus during sleep, and the parings, falling into the Indus, sank to the bottom and turned into onyx. In the zodiac it stands for Aquarius; some say it is the emblem of August and conjugal love; in Christian art it symbolizes strictness.

Opal is fatal to the liver and sows discord. It is an emblem of hope, and is given to bring ill luck. The opal is an emblem of hope, and is dedicated to October.

Ruby. The Burmese believe that the ruby ripens like fruit. They say that a ruby in its crude state is colorless, and as it matures, changes first to yellow, then to green, then to blue, and lastly to a brilliant red, its highest state of perfection and ripeness. In the zodiac it stands for Aries. Some give it to December and make it the emblem of brilliant success.

Sapphire produces somnambulism and impels the wearer to all good works. In the zodiac it signifies Leo, and in Christian art is dedicated to St. Anthony, emblematic of his heavenly faith and good hope. Some give this gem to April.

Topaz is favorable to hemorrhages, imparts strength and promotes digestion. It is an emblem of fidelity and is dedicated to November. In the zodiac it stands for Taurus, and in Christian art is given to St. James the Less.

Turquoise, given by loving hands, carries with it happiness and good fortune. Its color always pales when the well being of the giver is in peril. It is an emblem of prosperity and is dedicated to December. In the zodiac it stands for Saturn, and in metallurgy for lead.

A bouquet composed of diamonds, leadstones and sapphires combined, renders a person almost invulnerable, wholly irresistible.

All precious stones are purified by heat.—T. F. Scott in Detroit Free Press.

Put in the Bowl. At a recent "fashionable event"—an evening party in high circles—a lady lost a diamond earring of great value which could nowhere be found. Thereupon a gentleman who had just returned from the east professed his capability to discover the missing gem by means of an Indian drug. Accordingly he asked all the company to be seated, and after leaving the room he reappeared with a colored glass bowl containing a liquid. He then announced that he should ask all those present to dip their fingers into the vessel, and declared that should any one have secreted the jewel for him he would be sure to find it.

The Casual Way. If you drop your collar button there is one sure method of finding it. After you have hunted the bureau across the room to look under it, then replace the heavy furniture and put on a heavy pair of shoes, start to walk across the room, and before you have taken three steps you will step on the collar button and smash it all to pieces.—Danville Breeze.

The Landlord's Trick.

"I beats any of the games or puzzles of the day," said the landlady, who was explaining his diversion to an interested crowd. "I call it Tom and Jerry, and there isn't one man in fifty can do it. You take any long necked bottle and lay it on its side—so, and he suited the action to the word. 'Now take a little bit of paper and roll it into a ball, dry it thoroughly—so,' and again he illustrated by making the little roll himself. 'Now, place the roll in the neck of the bottle, near the external opening, and try, with all the lung power you have, to blow the paper ball into the body of the bottle. If you do it in twenty-five minutes I'll give you \$10,' and the hotel man drew the crisp bills from his pocket.

Of course every man in the party began to try, and the landlady had begun to break before the last aspirant had tried to put the ball in, the interest in the puzzle had not diminished. The first who attempted to get in Jerry, as the landlady called the recalcitrant bit of paper, blew so violently that Jerry leaped to the floor.

"Bravo, Jerry!" said the landlady. "Then Jerry was coaxed and caressed by a gentle breath that played around him so delicately that he seemed destined to glide into the body of the bottle.

"Look out, Jerry!" yelled the landlady. Jerry seemed to understand, for he came flying back, no nearer in than when he was started. This raised a general laugh, the landlady laughing most loudly, because his call to Jerry had so unexpectedly lowered that the latter failed to gauge his wind.

The first trial began shortly after midnight, and the last was concluded at about 4 a. m. Only the landlady had succeeded in getting Jerry in, and the guests went to bed to dream of Jerry and his master Tom.

Facility in Art. Facility is often mistaken for genius, but it generally leads to mediocrity. How many a person I have known, who, with great promise at the beginning, soon faltered, and then stopped; while others, with no early facility, strengthened themselves by study and will, and passed far beyond them at the end. So many are satisfied with doing pretty well that they do very well, while others, who struggle, but at least four-fifths of genius is an indomitable will.

Take Michael Angelo, for instance; he had not a natural facility like Raphael, but he climbed to far higher regions by force of will, and an energy that 90 years did not tire; while Raphael passed his culmination at 37, and his last works, young as he was, are far from being his best. However, we need not go to great extremes; common life and every-day will furnish them. A thousand are pleased with dabbling in water colors and toy with them as amateurs to one who earnestly works with the determination to be an artist. After all, there is far greater difference between men in their will than in their talent.

What we fail to do, despite of obstacles, is our failure; the more is the credit in doing at last. "Easy writing," says Sheridan, "makes damned hard reading"; and we must make up our minds to work if we wish to win success.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Separating Minerals. Mr. Carus-Wilson has devised an effective dry method for separating ores and minerals from sand. In pieces of carbide about two feet long is bent in the form of a shoot or trough (it must not be allowed to break), and held in this form by elastic bands at either end; this must then be held or fixed at an angle sufficiently inclined to allow the sand to travel slowly down the shoot on being gently tapped. A small quantity of the sand to be treated is now placed at the head of the trough, which is then tapped with the finger. When the trough is tapped the sand travels slowly down, and in doing so the denser grains lag behind, forming a dark mass in the rear of the stream; this dark mass increases as the sand flows on, and must be collected and placed in a receptacle just the moment before the last tap would cause it to fall off the trough. When a sufficient quantity has been collected, the stream is collected, it should be placed in the lid of a cardboard box (12 inches by 6 inches), and gently shaken to and fro at a slightly inclined angle, the mass being at the same time gently blown on with the breath. The finer quartz grains will thus be blown away, and hardly any but the denser grains will remain.—Scientific American.

He Was a Distributor. On a side lot near the Forepanth grounds on North Broad street there was a fakir whose outfit consisted of the stake and ring game. This simple and enticing amusement is played as follows: The stake is placed in the ground at a certain angle, which the uninitiated to believe that it is easy to throw the five inch rings over it, whereas this feat is almost impossible. The fakir had a crowd around him, and was raking in the money—three "tries" for ten cents—when a black mustached, middle sized man walked up and said he'd bet a dollar he could put three rings out of five over the stake.

The fakir winked at the crowd and took the man up. The black mustached stranger threw five rings rapidly one after another, and as three of them were over the stake, the fakir was in a pretty creak. They doubled bets and the stranger won again. Then they bet \$10 even that nine rings out of the first ten thrown could not be put over the stake. The whole ten settled safely, and the fakir, as he broke \$10 in silver, said: "I'm broke; what's your business?" "I'm a distributor at the present," said the ring thrower. "I don't do anything but ring papers all day long into the mouths of fifty sacks." Philadelphia News.

THE SIGN OF THE THREE BALLS.

Friend of the Impetuous Who Spout Diamonds to Fight Fortune. If you want to study human nature, don't go to a police court, but take a day off and spend it behind the counter of a pawnbroker's shop. There is no more favorable place, and if you don't find out something about the weaknesses and foibles of bipeds there it is because you have not the faculty for learning.

The faithful friend of the impetuous "my uncle," is found in all the great cities of this great country, and you cannot mistake his place, for wherever are displayed the three gilded balls, beacons to the strangled wayfarer, even there is he, a bejeweled individual who often does out pitiful loans on collateral two, or three times more valuable than the amount loaned.

New York pawnshops are seen with painful frequency. Hardly a block on the east side is without one, and each has its regular patrons. The profit of the business accounts for the large number engaged in it, and this may be easily reckoned by a glance at the law which regulates the interest which may be charged. The statute reads as follows: "On sums of \$100 or under, 3 per cent. per month for the first 3 months, and 2 per cent. per month thereafter. On sums over \$100, 2 per cent. per month for the first six months and 1 per cent. per month thereafter."

No wonder "my uncle" is prosperous, is resplendent with jewels, owns lands, houses, etc. With a view to learn something of the class who enrich him, a reporter called at a well known Bowery sloop yesterday and stated his object.

"If you choose to stand here in my shop for a day," said the proprietor, "you would see some queer people, with queer notions about the value of the things in some cases valueless—articles they want me to lend money on. We have regular customers, the same as in any other business. There is one customer of mine, for instance, a man who carries good wages as a mechanic and spends his earnings in drink, who has nothing in his pocket regularly every Tuesday. For the last six months he has every Wednesday morning pawned his Sunday suit here, and as regularly redeemed it every Saturday night. He is an odd chap, and although earning good wages, out of which he might lay by money each week, he persists in his visits to me.

A few nights ago a man came in here, well dressed, even handsomely dressed; he had no jewels to pledge, he said, but he wanted to get an old suit for the new one he wore and the difference in cash. I need hardly say I refused to accommodate him. This is by no means an isolated case, or even an unusual one. The object who comes to me as a customer, who come from all ranks and the four points of the compass.

"There is constantly streaming into this great city an army of people, soldiers of fortune, in search of employment or wealth in other channels. Failing in their quest, they are compelled to part with their watches, say, or their rings, or any other article of value for their most live.

"Then, too, the sporting element among us is a source of profit. Today the gambler may be 'well heeled,' as they say, and to-morrow broke, and then he comes straightway to us in the racing season he meets with losses on a dead sure winner, and in order to wipe more war, up go his diamond rings and studs, and everything else which will fetch him money."—New York Star.

Millionaire's Coachman. In New York the coachman of the days before the war, who drove the Four Hundred through a city that ran into grass fields above Twenty-second street, were of different character from the men who now hold the reins over the spirited steeds that draw the carriages of the multitude of millionaires, whose magnificent mansions are fast spreading out until now they nestle under the leafy branches that bend the branches of the trees from an arid sun. In the old days the aristocratic family entrusted the ribbons to the colored race, but within the last twenty years the colored man has been deposed and the Englishman has taken his seat on the box; not that the colored man was a poor driver, but that he was the antithesis of anything that was "English, you know."

A mania for French bonnets, French cooies and English butlers naturally spread to a desire to import the stately and portly coachman whom the American millionaires had admired during the London season on Rotten Row. It is safe to say that there is hardly a dozen of our wealthy men in New York city who employ the old time black coachman, and indeed he is fast disappearing even in the south.—New York Star.

Out of the Question. "Fix your eyes on that sheet of paper hanging on the wall," said the photographer, "and assume a pleasant expression."

"Hold on!" exclaimed the sinner, in some excitement. "Isn't that an official list of the Louisiana lottery drawing?"

"I think it is." The young man hastily left the chair and went over to examine the document.

"Mister," he said, as he took his hat and moved slowly toward the door, "I wish, hopeless, another \$2,000 to thunder look on his face. 'I'll come in some time next week and have this picture taken, if it will suit you just as well.'"—Chicago Tribune.

The greater a man is in power, above others the more he ought to excel them in virtue. None ought to govern who is not better than the governed.—Cyrus.

STUFFING LIVE HENS.

An Automatic Chicken Feeder Which Imparts Any Flavor or Color. The curious and envious competitor of a Massachusetts avenue produce dealer may now turn in and admire those that they have the fattest and most delicious poultry that the American market affords. They have discovered the secret which has heretofore enabled their competitors to monopolize these claims. And so has the reporter who had often remarked the fat and overgrown appearance of the fowls which lazily strut in the dealer's side yard or adorn the frontispiece of his place of business.

Twice daily the fowls are driven into a shed on the premises. From this they always emerge stuffed until their hides will hardly hold them. Now, a hen is much like a monkey, in that it has a false and a true stomach. A monkey will eat voraciously for hours, filling up a paunch in his neck. At his leisure he draws from this sack and masticates his food.

A hen will fill her craw, and when that is done she is satisfied. A monkey never gets enough to eat, but a chicken will often leave a portion of its food untouched. The secret of fattening chickens is to induce them to eat more than they want. This is not done by offering extra inducements in the way of superior viands. It is done scientifically by force.

In the shed in question is a contrivance that might be taken for an infernal machine, a patent ballot box or an automatic corn sheller. But it is none of these. It is a chicken feeder. An unsuspecting fowl is driven on a trap door. The level floor folds up and incloses her, except at the top. A device not unlike a baseball mask swoops down and completes her imprisonment.

An operator then comes forward, puts the hen in a straight jacket that stretches the gallinaceous neck and holds the head erect, mouth open, beak pointed toward the ceiling.

Then a spring of automatic action is touched. It sets in motion a light metallic arm acting as a lever. Starting from a box overhead it descends to the open beak of the fowl, drops in a small quantity of prepared food and forces it far down into the throat.

This operation is repeated until the hen is "chock full." An apparatus may also be attached by which liquid food may be put into the bird. Stuffing stupifies a bird, but it does not interfere with the workings of its digestive apparatus.

"Birds fattened by the stuffing process," said the manager of this apparatus, "may actually be made to order. We can vary the food so as to produce the desired flavor. The foods are prepared to suit the demands of our patrons. By fattening a bird in ten days or less it is made very tender, as all the new flesh is the product of rich, clean food, and is not toughened by age or exercise."

"Do you mean to say that you can control the question of the quality of the bird's flesh?" "Certainly; that is the glory of this method. We can impart a dainty pork flavor, mingle the extract of bustard with the delicious cream of quail on toast, throw a touch of mint or celery into the meat, or imitate the delicacies of reed bird, canvasback ducks or frog hams. Besides, we can make the meat black or white, according as we want to represent delicate white flesh, or the dark meats of wild fowl."

Of course prepared chickens like this worth more in the pea green market than the ordinary barn yard chicken. We can also 'feed' turkeys, and ducks to good advantage, but we have had the best results with chickens."—Indianapolis News.

An Important Period. In thousands of homes all over the land the hearts of parents go out in the days of early June, to the daughter whose school days will end, who will be a sweet girl graduate. In her is centered a fond mother's tender hope and a father's less demonstrative pride and affection. The pretty creature busy at her studies in this the eleventh hour of school days, the fair graduate is an object of interest not confined to her parents or her brothers. There are other graduates' mothers that will learn to date all the events of their life, backward and forward, from the day their eyes were greeted with a vision of learned loveliness in spotless white, standing before the audience and reading such pretty platitudes from a ribbon-bound roll of heavy white paper. The time of woman's conquests does not necessarily begin in the drawing room, now is the time of its coming beyond the era of the "bud" season. Male hearts cannot possibly resist such a combination of brains and beauty; a doubled barreled charge which Cupid launches from the rostrum on graduation day. "June, dear June," is thus fittingly apostrophized by the poet, for a month that gives us the sweet girl graduate and the strawberry (the home grown, not the travel stained berry) is meet to reign queen of all the sisterhood of twelve.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Then the World Turned Round Again. He entered a tobacco store on Grand River avenue with a handkerchief pressed to his jaw, and was at once an object of solicitude.

"I've been there," said number one, "and I can feel for you." Try pepper-mint essence.

"I always put on a box of hot talk," said number two. "Have cured the worst kind of case in two hours."

"Bosh!" exclaimed number three. "Electricity will stop that ache in two minutes. I'll never fool with any other remedy."

"Gentleman," said number four as he put his finger into his mouth to feel of an old snag, "there's nothing like lardatum for the toothache. It comes from an exposed nerve. Lardatum deadens the sensibility of the nerve. I've used it with success a hundred times."

"I'd never advise a man to waste time fooling around," said number five. "Let him go straight to the dentist and have it pulled out. It takes grit, of course, but in five minutes you are over it forever."

LOVE AND SHOP.

How Arabella Learned Something About "Print Shop Lingo." And now, dear Jess, I must tell you about the charming call which I enjoyed from my fiance, Mr. Stubben, last evening. I don't know how many, and I don't wonder that he is a popular newspaperman. He came rather early, and we drifted to the sofa, as usual, and began talking about the usual subjects, when he suddenly remarked that he was afraid he had actually gone to press without thinking of the leading article. I asked him what the "leading article" was, and he said that it was a kiss—an article of "unvarying priority" (whatever that means). I blushed, of course, but said nothing; and presently he apologized for talking shop, and asked if he could print a kiss on my lips.

I said I didn't suppose I could prevent his attending to his own professional duties if he chose to; and so, well, he printed me an edition; I don't know how many. Then what do you suppose the unconscionable wretch asked me? He asked if I thought he had made an error. I told him I thought he had, certainly.

"Then," said he, "there is nothing for me to do but take a proof and see." Then he kissed me about six times more! I couldn't help laughing, because I do know what a "proof" is, and I ought to have been smart enough to have prevented him.

About three minutes later he asked me if I could let him have a "revise." Of course I hadn't the slightest idea what a revise was, but replied that if there was one in the house I would get it for him. He told me to sit perfectly still and he would help himself. And he did! (It seems that a "revise" is a second proof.)

Mamma came in just then, and Mr. Stubben made only two jumps from the sofa to the piano stool and began playing "Abide With Me." I thought I should die laughing! Fred is just the funniest, nicest, handsomest fellow in the world! After mamma went he began to talk shop again—about "setting up" and "locking up the form" and "holding copy" (he said I was just a copy of an old book), and lots of other things that I thought funny nonsense that I have forgotten.

I began to think he never would go, but about 12 o'clock a messenger boy came with a note from the managing editor of the paper Fred is connected with, and it seemed to frighten him almost to death. He dashed away without even his hat, and I heard him mutter something about "scare head" and "double take." I thought it must be something dreadful had happened, or would happen to my Fred, but papa said this morning it was nothing but a railroad accident, in which ninety people were killed. Your own

Jewelry Salesmen in New York. "How much?" inquired a tall, stylishly-dressed man, holding up a diamond scarf pin and addressing the principal of a Broadway wholesale jewelry firm.

"Twenty-five dollars—bottom price; it's cheap at five." "Good until when?" queried the man.

"Not later than 2 p. m." "Then she goes," and the stylishly-dressed man placed the pin carefully in his case, deposited it in his inside pocket and walked out.

"That's one of our many customers who take jewelry to sell on speculation. At this time of year it is quite a common thing for such persons to buy articles on speculation in that fashion. I shall know that if he does not return that pin by 2 o'clock he has sold it, and will bring me \$35. He may get \$45 or \$50 for it. That, however, is his affair."

"And a commission besides?" "No; we don't allow any commission on such transactions. See here," and he brought out his memorandum book, "we have no less than fourteen transactions entered precisely of the same kind, varying in amount from \$25 to \$150."





No. 487.—Hidden Fruit. Go range through every clime, where'er the patriot muse appears;

By midnight lamp each poet soul is plunged for flight sublime; Pale Monitor! Moon and shining stars Witness his glowing rhyme!

No. 488.—A Geographical Puzzle. In a state bordering on the Mississippi may be found, among the names of cotton-planters...

No. 489.—The Crown Problem. First place ten checker men in a row, thus 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. Now, the problem is to lift a man up and passing over two men...

No. 490.—Behandings. Behand "to carry" and have a verb, Behand "to cripple" and have a high standard.

No. 491.—Transpositions. Transpose the letters in the names of these objects, taken at random, and supply the missing words in the following sentences:



No. 492.—Proverb Making. A S U B E \* \* \* A pretty word for kind. A pair of eyes. A round building, as the Pantheon.

No. 493.—Enigma. A hundred and fifty, if rightly applied, To a place where the living did all reside;

No. 494.—Riddles. Why is a rhombus like the sea? When does a black and tan dog change color?

Progressive Memory. In this simple parlor amusement sharp eyes and a good memory are needed. A tray is brought in containing about twenty articles...

A Coming Congressman. Omaha Youth—Pa do you know I have met a discovery? Pa—No, my son, what have you found?

Key to the Puzzle. No. 482.—A Pleasing Puzzle: The month of roses. No. 483.—Maltese Cross Puzzle: At one o'clock, P. M.

No. 485.—The Legacies: Valet, £54; Maid, £42; Boy, 21s. No. 486.—A Hollow Square.

MINUTES. I P E L Y E C A R D E S N I L

A Russian navy officer has invented a method of searching the sea or coast by night, which does not reveal the position of the ship. A mortar fires a buoyant shell containing a compound which ignites on reaching the water and lights up the surrounding area.

AS WE VIEW IT.

Yonder landscape, regal in its splendor, Smiling with a look half proud, half tender, Seems a shrouded corpse when dense fogs roll Life is glorious when the rays of duty Shine upon it from a loving soul;

Wanting wealth of heart, the miser's treasure, Now too small to purchase lofty pleasure, Soon will be a death bed pang, or worse, Love, contentment, goodness, hopes ethereal, Make the peasant, slender though his purse, Vastly richer than the whole material.

Life's flame, flickering feebly in the strongest, Oft blown out, is soon burnt at the longest; Fresh life's fire, 'ere nothing in our graves, Awful awful now, yet daily lightening, Is our power, that rides the foaming waves, Weighs the planets, grasps the lightning, Changes fire and air into social slaves.

Knowing not where Truth's first step commences, Mind the sage, say our very senses, Teach but fictions, dark we live and die, Prioclose thoughts that time in its long travels Through past ages gathered, open lie; Science shows the ether that unravels Nature's secrets, writ on earth and sky; But the wondrous volumes spread before us Needs eternity to read right through it. All is darkness: Floods of light dash o'er us! Truth is as we view it.

One faint gasp, and then the low death rattle! Mind the sage, I listen in the battle, Losing all things with our parting breath, Life has glories, but intensely brighter Is the glory of a noble death, Heedless now of what the vain world saith, Seeing visions, pain sublimely soaring, Feels the icy hand, yet dares not woo it: Death is starkest night, or radiant morning: Death is as we view it.

Western Stage Horses. The old stage teams, which the locomotive and the Pullman car drove into an inglorious retirement, were many of them, as fine animals as money could buy.

Benham, who was for many years superintendent of the Lincoln Den- ver eastward. It was said of him that he could go into a band of horses, select four or six, harness them to a coach and each was in its proper place.

"Will they run yet?" was asked of the driver. "Yes, just as quick as they ever would," and he snapped his whip and away they sprang into a gait which sent the old coach rattling along at a ten mile an hour rate.

"In the office of Manager Amberg, of the German-theatre, lay several photographs of a handsome young woman, dressed in theatrical costumes, and posed in theatrical ways.

"Those are pictures of Franlein Loisinger," Mr. Amberg said, "and they came in a letter asking if I would engage her for a season in my theatre. She wrote that she had been pretty successful in Germany as a singer and comedienne, and she was willing to come to this country for \$100 a week.

Without bamboo, the Chinaman would be lost. It is of even greater importance to him than rice, although the latter is to the Chinaman what wheat and corn are to the people of other countries.

With bamboo he builds his house, even to thatching the roof, and around it he puts a bamboo fence. His carts are made chiefly of bamboo, his clothing is often, for the greater part, made of flue bamboo, and his hat is of bamboo.

The first vessel of schooner rig is said to have been built in Gloucester about the year 1713. When she went off the stocks into the water a bystander cried out: "Oh, how she scoons!"

Quite Indifferent, You See. Father—Robert, is it not about time that little boys were abed? Robert (aged 6, carelessly glancing at his watch)—Really, father, I must be excused from venturing an opinion. It is a subject in which I have little interest; I have no little boys, you know.—Binghamton Republican.

A Marsp teamster has succeeded in driving a pair of oxen with bits and reins. The ox knoweth even more than Holy Writ credits him with.

SAMUEL CALLED OF GOD.

LESSON I, THIRD QUARTER, INTER-NATIONAL SERIES, JULY 7.

Text of the Lesson, I Sam. III, 1-14—Commit to Memory Verses 6-10—Golden Text, I Sam. III, 10—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Completed from Lesson Helper Quarterly by permission of H. S. Hoffman, publisher, Philadelphia. Having spent six months upon the life of our Lord Jesus as recorded in the Gospel by Mark we now return to the study of the book which Jesus loved and from which He always preached, "expounding unto them all the Scriptures, and things concerning Himself." (Luke xiv, 27.)

1. "And the child Samuel ministered unto the Lord before Eli." Our last Old Testament studies were in the book of Judges and closed with the incidents of the-book of Ruth. We are now about to study the life of the last of the judges, who was also a prophet, as is written in Acts xiii, 20, "He gave unto them judgments about the space of four hundred and fifty years, until Samuel the prophet."

2. "The Temple of the Lord, where the Ark of God was." The temple here mentioned is the tabernacle which Moses had built in the wilderness, and which had now been for so long a time at Shiloh, the inner room of which, or Holy of Holies, was the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord of all the earth (Josh. iii, 11), and in the outer room of the golden altar of incense, and the golden seven branched candelstick or lamp stand, the lamps of which were lighted every evening and dressed every morning.

3. "The Lord called Samuel, and he answered, Here am I." Samuel is supposed to have been at this time about twelve years of age. "And he ran unto Eli, and said, Here am I, for thou calledst me." Thinking that Eli had called him, he rose up quickly and ran to him with these words, but Eli not having called him and not seeing that it was the voice of the Lord, bids him to lie down again, and Samuel obeys. How quickly the boy responded to what he supposed was the call of Eli; what promptness, what denial to self of the gratification of a little more slumber; a grand lesson for all.

4. "The Lord called Samuel again the third time." And again he arose and went to Eli with the same words, "Here am I, for thou didst call me." What parent's heart would not be made glad by such a son; what father's heart would not be glad to see his child, unwearied though apparently from the fatigue of the night, rise up and answer to the call of his father, and then, when he had actually called the child; the Lord spoke in a vision in an audible voice to a little boy; but let all the children know and believe that when they read the Bible they hear the voice of God speaking to them in His word as when He spoke to Samuel.

5. "The Lord called Samuel again the third time." And again he arose and went to Eli with the same words, "Here am I, for thou didst call me." What parent's heart would not be made glad by such a son; what father's heart would not be glad to see his child, unwearied though apparently from the fatigue of the night, rise up and answer to the call of his father, and then, when he had actually called the child; the Lord spoke in a vision in an audible voice to a little boy; but let all the children know and believe that when they read the Bible they hear the voice of God speaking to them in His word as when He spoke to Samuel.

6. "The Lord called Samuel again the third time." And again he arose and went to Eli with the same words, "Here am I, for thou didst call me." What parent's heart would not be made glad by such a son; what father's heart would not be glad to see his child, unwearied though apparently from the fatigue of the night, rise up and answer to the call of his father, and then, when he had actually called the child; the Lord spoke in a vision in an audible voice to a little boy; but let all the children know and believe that when they read the Bible they hear the voice of God speaking to them in His word as when He spoke to Samuel.

7. "The Lord called Samuel again the third time." And again he arose and went to Eli with the same words, "Here am I, for thou didst call me." What parent's heart would not be made glad by such a son; what father's heart would not be glad to see his child, unwearied though apparently from the fatigue of the night, rise up and answer to the call of his father, and then, when he had actually called the child; the Lord spoke in a vision in an audible voice to a little boy; but let all the children know and believe that when they read the Bible they hear the voice of God speaking to them in His word as when He spoke to Samuel.

8. "The Lord called Samuel again the third time." And again he arose and went to Eli with the same words, "Here am I, for thou didst call me." What parent's heart would not be made glad by such a son; what father's heart would not be glad to see his child, unwearied though apparently from the fatigue of the night, rise up and answer to the call of his father, and then, when he had actually called the child; the Lord spoke in a vision in an audible voice to a little boy; but let all the children know and believe that when they read the Bible they hear the voice of God speaking to them in His word as when He spoke to Samuel.

9. "The Lord called Samuel again the third time." And again he arose and went to Eli with the same words, "Here am I, for thou didst call me." What parent's heart would not be made glad by such a son; what father's heart would not be glad to see his child, unwearied though apparently from the fatigue of the night, rise up and answer to the call of his father, and then, when he had actually called the child; the Lord spoke in a vision in an audible voice to a little boy; but let all the children know and believe that when they read the Bible they hear the voice of God speaking to them in His word as when He spoke to Samuel.

10. "The Lord called Samuel again the third time." And again he arose and went to Eli with the same words, "Here am I, for thou didst call me." What parent's heart would not be made glad by such a son; what father's heart would not be glad to see his child, unwearied though apparently from the fatigue of the night, rise up and answer to the call of his father, and then, when he had actually called the child; the Lord spoke in a vision in an audible voice to a little boy; but let all the children know and believe that when they read the Bible they hear the voice of God speaking to them in His word as when He spoke to Samuel.

11. "The Lord called Samuel again the third time." And again he arose and went to Eli with the same words, "Here am I, for thou didst call me." What parent's heart would not be made glad by such a son; what father's heart would not be glad to see his child, unwearied though apparently from the fatigue of the night, rise up and answer to the call of his father, and then, when he had actually called the child; the Lord spoke in a vision in an audible voice to a little boy; but let all the children know and believe that when they read the Bible they hear the voice of God speaking to them in His word as when He spoke to Samuel.

12. "The Lord called Samuel again the third time." And again he arose and went to Eli with the same words, "Here am I, for thou didst call me." What parent's heart would not be made glad by such a son; what father's heart would not be glad to see his child, unwearied though apparently from the fatigue of the night, rise up and answer to the call of his father, and then, when he had actually called the child; the Lord spoke in a vision in an audible voice to a little boy; but let all the children know and believe that when they read the Bible they hear the voice of God speaking to them in His word as when He spoke to Samuel.

13. "The Lord called Samuel again the third time." And again he arose and went to Eli with the same words, "Here am I, for thou didst call me." What parent's heart would not be made glad by such a son; what father's heart would not be glad to see his child, unwearied though apparently from the fatigue of the night, rise up and answer to the call of his father, and then, when he had actually called the child; the Lord spoke in a vision in an audible voice to a little boy; but let all the children know and believe that when they read the Bible they hear the voice of God speaking to them in His word as when He spoke to Samuel.

14. "The Lord called Samuel again the third time." And again he arose and went to Eli with the same words, "Here am I, for thou didst call me." What parent's heart would not be made glad by such a son; what father's heart would not be glad to see his child, unwearied though apparently from the fatigue of the night, rise up and answer to the call of his father, and then, when he had actually called the child; the Lord spoke in a vision in an audible voice to a little boy; but let all the children know and believe that when they read the Bible they hear the voice of God speaking to them in His word as when He spoke to Samuel.

15. "The Lord called Samuel again the third time." And again he arose and went to Eli with the same words, "Here am I, for thou didst call me." What parent's heart would not be made glad by such a son; what father's heart would not be glad to see his child, unwearied though apparently from the fatigue of the night, rise up and answer to the call of his father, and then, when he had actually called the child; the Lord spoke in a vision in an audible voice to a little boy; but let all the children know and believe that when they read the Bible they hear the voice of God speaking to them in His word as when He spoke to Samuel.

16. "The Lord called Samuel again the third time." And again he arose and went to Eli with the same words, "Here am I, for thou didst call me." What parent's heart would not be made glad by such a son; what father's heart would not be glad to see his child, unwearied though apparently from the fatigue of the night, rise up and answer to the call of his father, and then, when he had actually called the child; the Lord spoke in a vision in an audible voice to a little boy; but let all the children know and believe that when they read the Bible they hear the voice of God speaking to them in His word as when He spoke to Samuel.

IF YOU WANT

TO CHEAP TO BE ECONOMICAL.

THIS is true of a large percentage of the Clothing in these days. It's slightly, superficially, attractive, looks well if You Don't Look DEEP, catches the inexperienced eye, but how many times you have felt like clubbing yourself for buying such stuff, after a few days wear has revealed its true inwardness. We realize that the goods which fit well, look well, wear well and hold their shapes are the ones which hold your patronage. We never sold such large quantities of HIGH GRADE CLOTHING as in the past twelve months Why? Its because you have found no catch penny methods here. You have got 100 cents on the dollar of value every time. You have evidently told others. Tell them now and dont forget yourself, about our Business Suits especially those from \$8 to \$15. It is true we have lower grades but as a matter of ultimate economy and permanent satisfaction by all means give preference to the higher grades, by so doing your custom is sure.

ENTERPRISE OFFICE. MICHIGAN SOUTHERN BREWERY

Botling Works



LAGER BEER! For Family Use. J. KOCH, PROP.

Traub & Mahrie, General Agents.

One Dozen Deacons' Tourest's Tags! For attaching to Trunks, Baskets, Packages, &c.

With stout strings, ready to tie on Sent by mail on receipt of six stamps, or sold at the

Enterprise Office.

The NEW VIBRATOR

THE Grain-Saving, Time-Saving, Money-Saving Thresher of this day and age.

HAS More Points of Exclusive Superiority than all others combined.

EVERY Thresherman and Farmer is delighted with its marvelous work.

NOT only Superior for all kinds of Grain, but the only successful handler of all Seeds.

ENTIRE Threshing Expenses (often 3 to 5 times that amount) made by extra Grain Saved.

WORKMANSHIP, Material, and Finish beyond all comparison.

VIBRATOR owners get the best jobs and make the most Money. INCOMPARABLE for Simplicity, Efficiency, and Durability. BEYOND all rivalry for Rapid Work, Perfect Cleaning, and for Saving Grain. REQUIRES no attachments or rebuilding to change from Grain to Seeds. BROAD and ample Warranty given on all our machinery. REACTION Engines Unrivalled in Material, Safety, Power and Durability. OUR Pamphlet giving full information, sent Free. It tells about this great REVOLUTION in Threshing Machinery. Send for pamphlet. Address

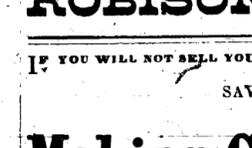
IF YOU WANT

TO CHEAP TO BE ECONOMICAL.

THIS is true of a large percentage of the Clothing in these days. It's slightly, superficially, attractive, looks well if You Don't Look DEEP, catches the inexperienced eye, but how many times you have felt like clubbing yourself for buying such stuff, after a few days wear has revealed its true inwardness. We realize that the goods which fit well, look well, wear well and hold their shapes are the ones which hold your patronage. We never sold such large quantities of HIGH GRADE CLOTHING as in the past twelve months Why? Its because you have found no catch penny methods here. You have got 100 cents on the dollar of value every time. You have evidently told others. Tell them now and dont forget yourself, about our Business Suits especially those from \$8 to \$15. It is true we have lower grades but as a matter of ultimate economy and permanent satisfaction by all means give preference to the higher grades, by so doing your custom is sure.

ENTERPRISE OFFICE. MICHIGAN SOUTHERN BREWERY

Botling Works



LAGER BEER! For Family Use. J. KOCH, PROP.

Traub & Mahrie, General Agents.

One Dozen Deacons' Tourest's Tags! For attaching to Trunks, Baskets, Packages, &c.

With stout strings, ready to tie on Sent by mail on receipt of six stamps, or sold at the

Enterprise Office.

The NEW VIBRATOR

THE Grain-Saving, Time-Saving, Money-Saving Thresher of this day and age.

HAS More Points of Exclusive Superiority than all others combined.

EVERY Thresherman and Farmer is delighted with its marvelous work.

NOT only Superior for all kinds of Grain, but the only successful handler of all Seeds.

ENTIRE Threshing Expenses (often 3 to 5 times that amount) made by extra Grain Saved.

WORKMANSHIP, Material, and Finish beyond all comparison.

VIBRATOR owners get the best jobs and make the most Money. INCOMPARABLE for Simplicity, Efficiency, and Durability. BEYOND all rivalry for Rapid Work, Perfect Cleaning, and for Saving Grain. REQUIRES no attachments or rebuilding to change from Grain to Seeds. BROAD and ample Warranty given on all our machinery. REACTION Engines Unrivalled in Material, Safety, Power and Durability. OUR Pamphlet giving full information, sent Free. It tells about this great REVOLUTION in Threshing Machinery. Send for pamphlet. Address

IF YOU WILL NOT SELL YOUR CREAM,

SAVE MONEY BY Making GOOD Butter!

At home with the Buckeye Churn. Don't pass me by if you want HARDWARE!

Or Tin Work done. Get a GALE Plow!

The Marshall Sheep Shears! Every Pair Warranted, by

J. H. KINGSLEY.

BEFORE SUBSCRIBING FOR ANY PAPER We wish you to Read the Following

POINTERS!

And see what we are doing for the Readers of the

ENTERPRISE.

1st. Grand Continued Stories.

2d. Best Selections of Prose and Poetry.

3d. Sunday School Lessons.

4th. Choice Piece of Music.

5th. Latest State News.

6th. County News from Papers, Telegraph, Telephone, etc.

7th. Correspondence 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.

12th. Large amount of Local News, the largest of any paper in Southern Michigan. For proof count the items on 3d and 4th pages.



THE ITHACA ORGAN! HALLETT & DAVIS, STEINWAY AND NEW ENGLAND PIANOS!

Every Style and Finish at the Lowest Cash Prices. If you want a Piano or Organ let me know as I can save you money.

Dr. C. F. KAPP, Manchester, Mich.

ATTENTION EVERYBODY! CLARK BROTHERS, Contractors and Builders

Are prepared to take contracts for building of all kinds. With our new Steam Planing Mills

We are prepared to manufacture on short notice Sash, Mouldings, Etc.

Turning, Planing, Scroll Sawing, Etc.

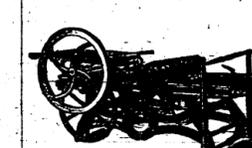
First-Class Style

Blank Books!



Notes, Receipts, Township Orders, School Orders,

They are all neatly printed on good paper and substantially bound. We make them for the trade, and sell them in quantities or at retail. We also make



Writing and Composition Books, and many other things in every day use by students and others.

CALL AND SEE SAMPLES at the Enterprise Steam Printing House

JUST RECEIVED A new lot and two sizes of Japanese Napkins!

LADIES' PEARLESS DYES

Do Your Own Dyeing at Home. They will dye everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c a package. They have equal strength, brightness, amount in packages for fastness of color, or non-fading qualities. They do not crack or smudge colors. Sold by Lynch & Co. and F. K. Stebbins.