

Manchester Enterprise

BY MAT D. BLOESSER.
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Societies.

AMERICAN ORDER UNITED WORKMEN
meet in their hall, over Geo. J. Hume's Drug store, on second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month. Ed. E. BUCK, M. W. O. HARRIS, Recorder.
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HARDWARE!
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We're the Cheapest Store in town
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Cigars, Tobaccos,
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Fresh Lager Beer
Always on hand. South side Exchange Place
Manchester, Mich.

MY LITTLE WIFE.

I love her for her wild ways,
Bright hair, impetuous words of praise;
For flashing anger's lightning fleet,
For questioning looks, for kisses sweet;
I love her when she laughs, and when
She frowns—oh, how I love her then!
She is not prudent, meek, or wise,
Not such a jewel as they prize;
Who seek perfection in the form,
Of lovely woman, sun and storm,
And fire and frost in her combine,
But, oh, I'm very glad she's mine!
Her changing moods are hard to gauge—
Now whiffy gay, now milky sage,
Now brisk and busy all about,
Now fast asleep, now going out,
Now making tea, and singing next,
Now making tea, and singing next.
But she is at her loveliest best
When day is done and time to rest,
Draws near, and sleep hangs in her eyes,
Late writing now in wintry skies,
And when she kneels to say her prayer,
My worldly heart kneels with her there.
—M. S. Bridges in Judge.

AN AMATEUR BURGLAR.

An accident in shunting the usual luggage train had delayed the regular express, and it was nearly eleven o'clock when the belated train glided before the engine had ceased moving slowly up to the Elmdale station. A tall young man swung himself easily to the platform, and stood bag-in-hand, looking, as if undecided, toward a lively stable across the street. Then he sprang to the ground, crossed the track and disappeared up the main road.
"I'll walk up to the house," he said to himself, "it will be quite a surprise, as they do not look for me for some time yet; besides, I am cramped and stiff from sitting so long, and it will give me a chance to stretch my limbs."
After proceeding a short distance he took down some bars and followed a well-worn footpath which led through several fields, until he finally came to a traveled highway. By this means he saved a considerable distance. He soon came to a hand some gate, opened into well-kept grounds, and entering approached a large house standing on the crest of a broad, sloping lawn.
"Home again," he cried exultingly; how the sight quickens one's pulse. All was dark in the house. He walked to the rear and looked up to the second story of a large wing at that side. Here he stood for a while, gazing at the windows of this room, and then down at the broad-pillared veranda beneath.
"It would be a great surprise to them," he said to himself, with a smile. "I could make my way easily to my room and no one would be the wiser. It's a regular freshman's caper, but I'll venture."
He set his bag down beside one of the pillars and climbed up to the roof as nimbly as a cat. He found the window unfastened, as he had expected, and gently raising it, leaped forward and listened intently. To his surprise he fancied he heard a noise in the adjoining apartment, but he dismissed the notion at once as ridiculous.
"Nonsense," he thought, as a blind rattle beside him, "it was nothing but the wind. Everybody has long been asleep."
He stepped carefully inside at this and stepped in the floor of moonlight looking about on the desks and benches and other school-room paraphernalia. Then he made his way slowly to the other end of the room. He had just reached a small closet, the door of which was standing open when he distinctly heard a light foot-fall. He stopped, motionless, and looked back. The steps came nearer and nearer.
In a moment more the portiere that hung across the door of the next room was flung open, and he saw brilliantly defined in the moonlight, a young girl holding the curtain back with one hand. She was dressed in a gown of virgin white, of some light summer material, but her hair, which she had in tresses down her back, as if she had been interrupted just as she was loosening it.
A moment more and she stepped boldly into the room and then the young man saw that she had a revolver in her right hand. There was significance, too, in the flashing of her eyes and the compression of her lips that was not to be disregarded.
Beautiful as she was, and she seemed to him almost like a vision from Paradise, he did not doubt that she would use the revolver without hesitation. She might shoot wildly, but she would surely shoot. Instinctively he dashed into the cupboard.
In a second the quick-witted girl had closed the door and turned the key. For the first time Gerald Mowbray realized the danger into which his foolish freak had led him.
"A pretty piece of business this," he thought, "but up here like a caged rat. Whoa, whoa, anyway, and what is she doing here? For my life I can't make out."

BASE INGRATITUDE.

THE WIDOW'S RAM BUNTED JEEMS AND DIED FOR IT.

The Prisoner Turns on His Accusers and Tells a Harrowing Tale That Mollifies the Judge.
I was travelling among the mountains of East Tennessee and one day about noon was casting about for a place where I might get something to eat, when my eye was attracted by a number of horses that were tied near a ruinous old log house.
Curiosity and a hope that I might be on the trail of something to eat drew me to the house says Opie P. Read. Upon entering the doorway I found a justice of the peace looking out. It was a criminal case, and I discovered the prisoner to be a long, lank fellow, with a bony face and a complexion that proclaimed the clay-eater. I fancied that having killed some one he was now on trial to determine whether or not he should be sent before the Grand Jury as a sort of sacrificial preliminary to being hanged, and had begun to pity his probable wife and presumable children when the Judge said:
"Not without giving me a hearing, I hope?"
"I don't see what good a hearing will do you when you have made that confession?"
"Well, just listen to me talk an' then mebbe you'll see. I don't want to take up yo' time so that you kaint meet the feller that mized yo' dog, but I do insist on havin' a hearing."

THE PICKPOCKET'S ARMY.

A Devotee of the Pickpocket's Army.

"There is no class of artists," said a renowned thief, "who in their calling are as dexterous as pickpockets. This is due to a double quality. Not only does your pickpocket find a hair for effort and exertion in success, but has the added spur of a fear of failure. Success means as much to a pickpocket as to any man, and failure means a great deal more. A vocation in which the slightest slip means loss of liberty, and perhaps of life, will ever be apt to have a degree of expertness in its followers not present in more reputable and safer avocations of trade."
"Pickpockets, like poets, are born, not made. Their nerves must be iron and yet as sensitive as instinct. Their hands must be as complete in make-up and accomplishment as Herrmann's, and strong as steel which did not down. Out of the vast army of humanity who are soldiers of the shadows only one-fourth of 1 percent can or do become pickpockets. These form the nobility of thieves, and are revered by the burglar, the footpad, the sneak, and the 'con' man as a higher class than they. The practice of a pickpocket while not really a work as a constant as that of some famous professor of the viol or harp. It keeps pace with the progression. No sooner does some jeweller invent a new fastening for diamond pins or studs than these men of finest touch devise the motion which evades its purpose."
The chief object of a pickpocket, after certainly, is speed. He cannot dally with his victim by the hour. What he does is to be over in a flash. Speaking of pins and studs, there has never been a fastening so complex but the expert thieves could defeat it in a motion. They do in their business as fine work as any Houdini, and the thief himself could not analyze or explain its details. His powers of execution have gone far beyond his power of perception or relation.
A pickpocket consults his own nervous condition constantly. No fine lady ever has such a time with her nerves as this aristocrat of the outlaws. If he does not feel right he won't work. When he does, I've known one, on the impulse to take a car on some 'well dressed and wealthy street, and seating himself side to the window, survey the shirt front of every would-be passenger as the car came up. The moment one showed a diamond in his linen or cravat the thief would hurry to the platform to get off. He would time his maneuvers so as to meet his man on the step of the car. They would collide. The thief would seize the diamond, and the owner would be left staring after him. The thief would then turn and look back at the owner, and as I have said, he could not detail the moves by which he attained it, even if he should try."—Kansas City Star.

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"Judge," said Jeems, "if you will just let me have a mint, I will bring a good deal of light on this here subject. I don't deny a killee of the sheep."
"Well, then, Jeems, you neenter say no more. You've stated the very fact that we air tryin' to get at, an' the salt no use in foolin' along here no longer. The court lobs that it will hatter sentence you, Jeems."

HOW TO GIVE MEDICINE TO A CAT.

A New York gentleman has a very valuable Angora cat, and so fine a specimen of her kind that she is famous in a large circle of fashionable folk. She is not rugged in health, yet she cannot be persuaded to take physic. It has been put in her milk, it has been mixed with her meat, it has been rudely and violently rubbed in her mouth, but never has she been deluded or forced into swallowing any of it. A green Irish girl appeared among the household servants. She heard about the failure to treat the cat. "Sure," said she, "give me the medicine and some lard and I'll warrant she'll be atting all I can give her." She mixed the powder and the grease and smeared it on the cat's sides. Puss at once licked both sides clean and swallowed all the physic. "Faith," said the servant girl, "everybody in Ireland does know how to give medicine to a cat."—Boston Post.



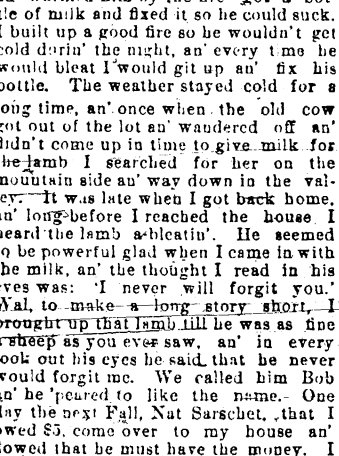
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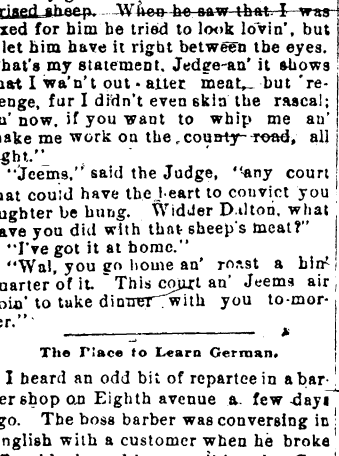


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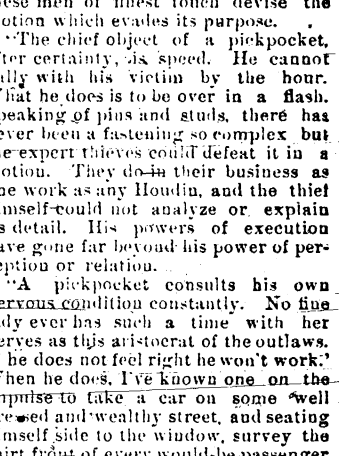
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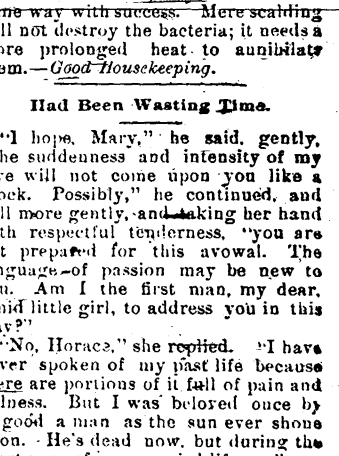


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WOLVERINE NEWS
THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1891

One of New York's comic novelists has printed on the cover of his book a picture of a man with a large nose and a small head, and has called it "The Nose." This is a very original and amusing illustration of the power of the nose in the human body.

AN ardent tree planter is Joaquin Miller, who has already set out more than 20,000 trees in the vicinity of Oakland, Cal. Not until he has satisfied his taste for tree planting does he intend to return to literary work.

The time will come sooner or later, when agriculture will be conducted on a business principle, and intelligent farmers will be able to produce more and better crops than they are now.

It is right and proper that the government should give whatever aid is legal and legitimate in the case of a monetary stringency, and among specially deserving cases is that of the small farmers who are now suffering from a shortage of money.

A new female device for earning a livelihood is that of going to the houses of society people and cleaning and repairing old dresses that have been accidentally soiled or otherwise injured. This is a very profitable and useful occupation.

It is likely, as a result of low prices for grain, that more of the arable land of England will be devoted from grain growing to pasturing and to small fruit farms and orchards.

The world is in danger of starving for many years to come if the people are willing to give intelligent support to the anti-slavery cause. It is a very important and noble cause.

There is a very interesting and profitable business in the United States, and that is the business of selling and distributing the products of the soil.

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THE WIDE WORLD
HISTORIAN BANCROFT CALLED TO HIS FINAL REST

GEN. MILES SUCCESS IN BRINGING THE INDIANS TO TERMS

THE NEWS OF THE PAST WEEK SUMMARIZED FOR BUSY READERS

Death of a Noted Man
Washington, Jan. 22.—George Bancroft, the venerable historian, died at his home in this city at 3:40 p.m. Saturday.

General Miles Success in Bringing the Indians to Terms
The news of the past week summarized for busy readers.

State News Condensed
Bay City has organized a base ball club, and now in a few short days there will be a team of players.

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THE WIDE WORLD
SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON
LESSON IV, JAN. 25—ELIJAH AND THE PROPHETS

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DODDS' CATHARTIC CURE
LOCAL AND INTERNAL TREATMENT

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Manchester Enterprise
THURSDAY, JAN. 22, 1891
SIX PAGES

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Close Out All Our
WINTER GOODS!

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