



VOL. 25—NO. 2.

Manchester Enterprise

BY MAT D. BLOSSER.  
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Societies.

MANCHESTER LODGE, No. 14, F. & A. M., meets at Masonic Hall, Monday evening, at 7 o'clock. All members and friends are invited to attend.  
J. H. KINGSLEY, H. P.  
J. H. KINGSLEY, Secy.  
ADONIRAM COUNCIL, No. 2, F. & A. M., meets at Masonic Hall, Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock. All members and friends are invited to attend.  
J. H. KINGSLEY, H. P.  
J. H. KINGSLEY, Secy.  
COMETWORK POST, No. 52, G. A. R., meets at the hall on Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock. All members and friends are invited to attend.  
J. H. KINGSLEY, H. P.  
J. H. KINGSLEY, Secy.

Business Cards.

J. D. COOZEY, Confectioner and Stationer, 101 N. Main St., Manchester, Mich.  
GOODYEAR HOUSE BARBERSHOP, J. J. BELEGEL, Proprietor, 101 N. Main St., Manchester, Mich.  
A. J. WATERS, LAWYER, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY AND NOTARY PUBLIC, 101 N. Main St., Manchester, Mich.  
F. A. KOTTS, DENTIST, Office Over Roller & Blum's Store, Manchester, Mich.

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Dentist.

F. A. KOTTS, DENTIST, Office Over Roller & Blum's Store, Manchester, Mich.

Auctioneer.

B. F. RETHOLDS, Auctioneer, 101 N. Main St., Manchester, Mich.

Groceries, Crockery.

W. H. LERN, Groceries, Crockery, 101 N. Main St., Manchester, Mich.

Fresh Lager Beer.

ALWAYS ON DRAUGHT, 101 N. Main St., Manchester, Mich.

Veterinary Surgeon.

Located in Manchester Village, 101 N. Main St., Manchester, Mich.

FLORA.

Her eyes are neither violets Nor scraps of heaven's blue, Her lips are not like blushing buds Kissed by the amorous dew. Her cheeks are not the damask kind, Her hair is not of gold, Nor does it fall in masses round A form of queenly mould.

AN EDGED TOOL.

"Miss Morel, immediately in the showrooms!" Shriek and sharp and clear: the message came through the speaking tube into the great room where all Mrs. Cavendish's young women were at work—the great, bare-floored echoing room, which was lighted only from a skylight of frosted glass above.

Half an hour later, when the girls all swarmed out of Mrs. Cavendish's work rooms at the sound of the 6 o'clock bell, Valencia Morel contrived to be a little behind the rest, so that it was quite dark when she reached the corner of the street, and a quick, silent shadow, with the fiery end of a cigar burning in front of it, moved up to her side quite as a matter of course.

"Yes, it's I," said Valencia Morel, coquettishly pulling the blue veil a little further over her face. "And Mrs. Cavendish has somehow found out that you walk home with me evenings."

"Well, what then?" demanded the owner of the fire-tipped cigar, in a delectable and defiant sort of way. "Is it a capital crime?"

"No, no, I suppose not," said Valencia, dubiously. "But Hector—"

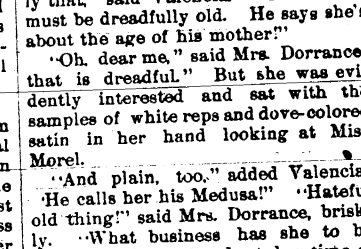
Valencia made him no answer; she only compressed her lips until they were a mere scarlet thread. And when she came back to Mrs. Cavendish's workroom the next day, she was a little paler than usual.

TRIUMPHS OF SCIENCE.

LATE DISCOVERIES FOR THIS PROGRESSIVE AGE.

An Electric Lighting Plant on Wheels—A Novel Idea for a Letter Opener—High Service Stand Pipe for Mills, etc.—Scientific Notes.

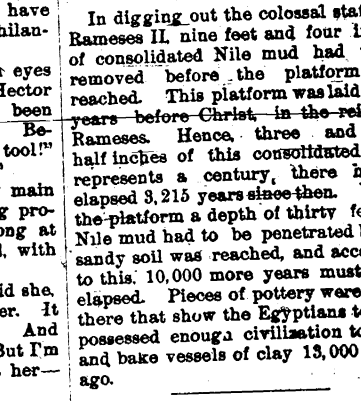
The scissors shown in this illustration are adapted to do the work of ordinary scissors and shears, and also so made that letter may be rapidly opened by the contents. The cutting blades are curved on their back sides, and one of them is somewhat thinner than the other, to allow it to close beneath a guide carried by the latter.



perforated to receive a stud on the outer end of the blade, which guide fits the inner end of the blade, being circular recess in the other blade, near the pivot point, and being slotted to fit closely upon the screw.

New High Service Stand Pipe. This stand pipe was erected for the purpose of forcing water above the first floors of houses on Jersey City heights. The pipe is 10 feet in height and 4 feet in diameter.

Pottery 13,000 Years Old. In digging out the colossal statue of Ramesses II, nine feet and four inches of consolidated Nile mud had to be removed before the platform was reached.



Your Finger Nails. The growth of nails on the left hand requires from eight to ten days more than those on the right; the growth is more rapid in children than in adults and goes on faster in winter than in summer.

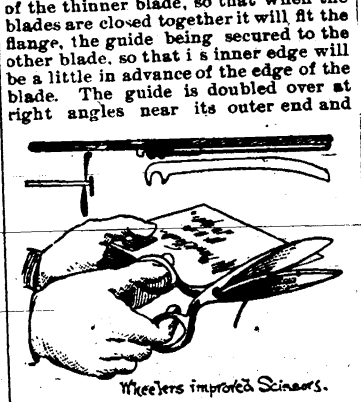
The Belgian military authorities have discovered that various songs used in the army are not quite proper, and several poets and composers have been applied to supply the army with some unobjectionable songs in French and Flemish to take their places.

WAS A RED HOT ISSUE.

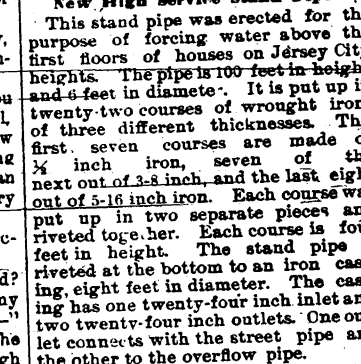
LAST WEEK'S NUMBER OF THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Bill Chudso Swung Off at Last—The County Clerk Tried to Bore Holes in the Editor—The Climate at Kickerville Recommended.

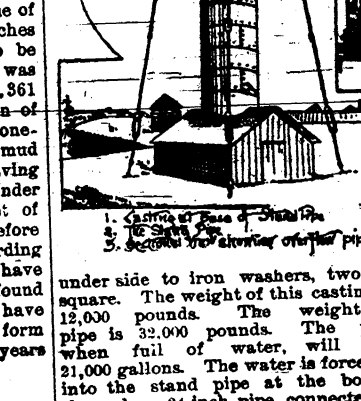
The Right Thing. We told Bill Chudso in these columns over two months ago that the climate of this locality would wear him out, and strongly advised him to travel.



Strength of Anchor Bolts. From a number of careful tests lately made to ascertain the precise strength of anchor bolts set in Portland cement in the ordinary way, the fact appeared that the joint was really stronger than the stone.



Antidote for Snake Bites. An interesting illustration of the antagonistic action of poisons is mentioned in the current number of the Pharmaceutical Journal.



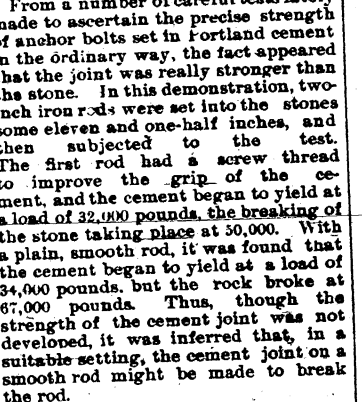
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A convenient piece of work for summer is a sun apron to be embroidered. Our model is in black silk. At the bottom is a hem three inches deep, above which a tuck an inch and a half deep is made.

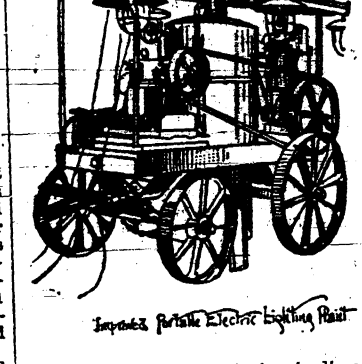
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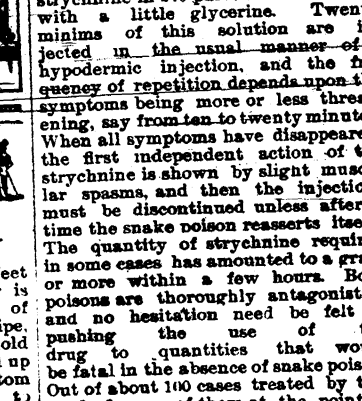
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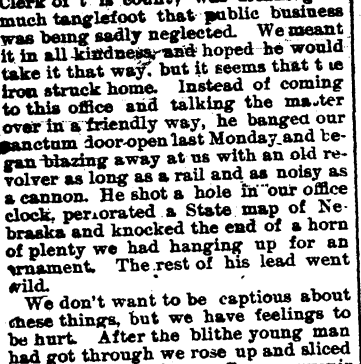
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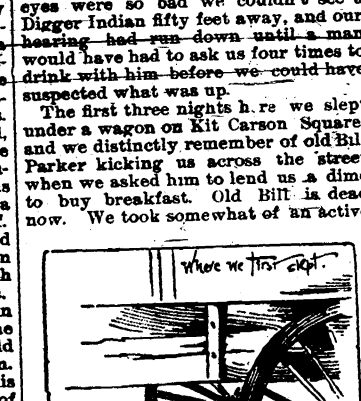
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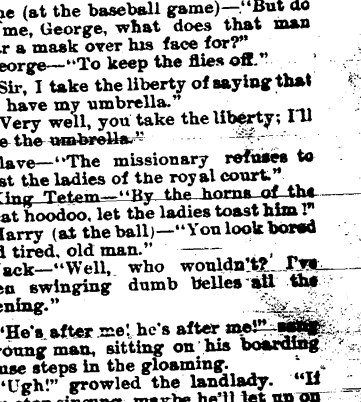
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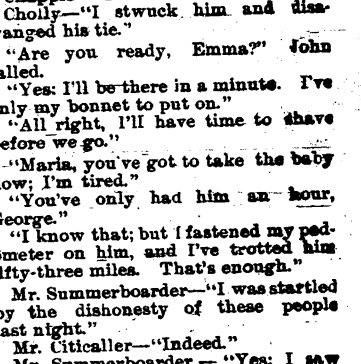
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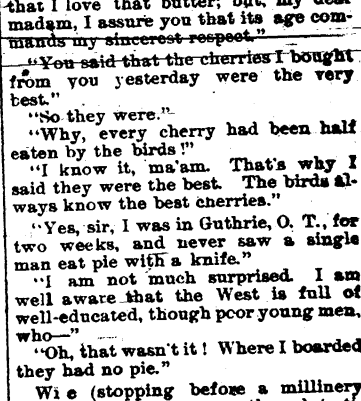
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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1931.

The more quietly and peacefully we all get on, the better—the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten the wisest course is, if a man chooses, to call himself a pacifist; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, let him live to see that nobody will believe him.

EVERY woman of good sense and every man who is at all acquainted with the true principles of clothing for health, grace and comfort knows that radical changes are necessary in women's dress. Many changes for the better have been accomplished, mothers and daughters are the beneficiaries of them.

It is surprising how many women are content with the old-fashioned, even among people of culture and education. That it is surprising to those who are fastidious about their pronunciation. The majority of the women notice the errors because many of them are common and attract little general attention.

NORRIS in the future is more visible than the entire abolition of English state-churchism. The gradual growth of the sense of individualism, especially the sentiment of fair play for all parties, forebodes the separation of state and church in the new order of free churches within the free state.

Straight side, with magnificent bouffants decorating the streets, we see countless beggars starting. Side by side with thousands of schools we see prisons for the commercial class. The wealth of the commercial class increases the greater becomes the number of poor people unable to obtain daily bread. The total wealth of the community accumulates, but the distress becomes more and more unequal.

Some children are utterly broken down physically and mentally by over-education; others have no education at all. Of the twin evils, the undernourished can afterwards educate themselves; but children who have had the vitality and spirits of their youth dragged out of them by machines, cannot be re-educated; others have no education at all. Of the twin evils, the undernourished can afterwards educate themselves; but children who have had the vitality and spirits of their youth dragged out of them by machines, cannot be re-educated; others have no education at all.

It has long been accepted as a theory that the only peace is in the calm, but the calmness of mediocrity is not a peace of practice among the American people. Europeans understood the real comforts of home, the restfulness of a complete family society, better than the wanderings of the world. There can be no real domestic happiness where there is no real domestic society. There can be no real domestic society where the father is separated from the mother by the responsibilities of a diversified fortune or the anxieties of a great ambition, and where the thought of the mother never diversifies the thoughts of the mother.

This popularizing of the still only dimly understood force called electricity has progressed. It has been transformed from a mail bag into a flash light. It has made mirrors of continents so that they are rapidly becoming reflections of each other. It has penetrated the earth and descended into the sea. It is to scour the heavens with telescopes, and it will probably furnish before long entirely new light to physical science by its already demonstrated power to weld metals. It has been playing metals for some time, now it is going to forge them as well. It ventilates, cooks, or heats houses.

It is the country that shows the least of the rapid change of persons in the east of the human community. The force of modern improvement and modern development which is manifest in the land over, and which characterizes the whole people with unrest, is intensified in the towns and cities where the excitement of speculation is added to the enthusiasm of legitimate success. Homes are sold at the first considerable advance, others bought and the household removed to them. Perpetual large and small are placed upon the most hazardous risks. Those who have neither money nor stock to invest nor property to sell place small amounts on lottery tickets, the races or the elections.

There are few people who dream as do the American people. They have excuse for the tendency but little reward for the indulgence. Only a few can be great or wealthy. The rewards of the element and the rich are colored to the youth. Some day he awakens to this fact and also to that great delusion, "possibilities." He sees at last disillusioned but generally leaves the mine in the hands of the better than it was before. Ambition is laudable, but eminence no longer reflects the personal credit upon the man that it once did. It is not "for all in all." A wife made happy by a husband who is better than a constituency well served. The laugh of happy children is sweeter than the acclaim of the populace. A peaceful life is more refreshing than a couch of state.

# AGAINST SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Grand Rapids Police Officers Object to Sunday Night School and Set Down on a Fresh Manager.

Carroll Hallford, employee of the Grand Rapids Police Department, has been charged with the arrest and injury of two officers.

Bishop Newman Ordains a Number of Elders, Deacons and Deaconesses at Detroit.

No Sunday Night Shows. The Rocky Mountain Hotel company, which has been operating at the Grand Rapids Hotel, has been ordered to stop Sunday night shows.

Accident at Mason. A small bound passenger train was approaching the Columbia street crossing at Mason, Saturday.

Annual Prairie Fire Have Started. From Dickinson, N. D., comes the report that the annual prairie fire have started.

Two a Cold-Blooded Murder. Sunday morning at William Hendrick, postmaster at St. John's, a small village in the state of Washington.

New York Demos Nominate Flower. The suspense over the New York Democratic nomination for governor is over.

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# BALMACEIDA A SUICIDE.

The Brutal Exp-Immigrant of Chile Finds Suicide a Pleasant Way to End His Life.

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# DOODS' CATARRH CURE

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# MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE

THURSDAY, SEPT. 24, 1931.

SIX PAGES.

LOCAL NEWS BRIEFLY.

Corn cutting is in order.

The boys will soon be cutting.

Beautiful moonlight evenings.

Hear the rustle of the autumn leaves.

This warm weather is said to be bad for wheat.

The leather renovator is doing a rushing business.

Thirty tickets were sold here this morning for Adrian.

Grass Lake melon peddlers keep their melons very well.

The farmers are so busy that they cannot find time to market their wheat.

There was a regular exodus of our citizens to Adrian yesterday to attend the fair.

George Bailey is putting down a cement walk in front of his snug little home on Union street.

Fred Freeman has taken an order for furnishing Grand Rapids streets to the Chelsea school.

There is a scarcity of fruit jars in this market, consequently the demand for peaches is high.

Alf Jansen now rides back and forth to his work, having purchased a horse of Barney Wade.

Some of our correspondents are either very busy or have gone to the fair, so they failed to send in items.

Mr. Behrens has changed the interior of his meat market by moving the office to the front on the east side.

Dr. Kapp talks quite favorably of putting down a cement walk in front of his block occupied by J. H. Kingley.

If anyone doubts it being healthy to sleep in feathers let him look at the spring chicken and see how tough he is.

The baptist Sunday school had a picnic at Wampler's lake last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sherwood went to Chicago on Tuesday to visit friends and see the city and exposition.

Mr. Charles Bopp returned from Milwaukee yesterday morning and will leave for Denver, Colo., tomorrow.

W. G. Cuckman, who is now traveling through the south, sent postmaster Nesbitt several cotton balls from Mississippi.

We learn that burglar made an effort to break into Will Patton's house in Detroit Saturday night but were frightened off.

Two new broom makers from Ypsilanti are added to the force at the Acme broom company's shops on Tuesday and they want several more.

There are many tree-planting parties up by farmers that hunters will have to travel in balloons and use grappling hooks in order to get any game.

James Martin of Bridgewater was in his parents' Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Harker, in this village.

Mr. W. T. Perkins of San Francisco, having been out on a short visit, stopped here yesterday to visit relatives and friends for a few days.

Doris Bowen and wife of Dow, Iowa, who have been visiting her brother H. E. Bowen of this place, for the past week, returned home yesterday.

Orrin Walte has gone to Ann Arbor to track the football season, the White being the football season.

Rev. R. L. Cope's many friends here and at Adrian will be pleased to learn that the M. E. conference has sent him back here for another year.

George Kay was in town on Saturday and informed us that he would work for the Singer sewing machine company, as they are to open an office in Tecumseh.

Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Holcomb of the "Independent," Bloomville, Ohio, have been visiting Mrs. Trow. We were pleased to receive a friendly call from him.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Spafford and Mrs. T. J. Farrell will go to the Olin exchange at Grand Rapids, where they will visit Mr. Farrell, while Mr. Farrell goes to Saratoga to try the mineral waters.

Mr. and Mrs. John Koch went to Bay City on Monday, he to attend the state fair, she to visit friends.

Barrett Robinson, who is a clerk in the freight department at the Erie R. R. in this place, came here on Friday night to celebrate his 21st birthday and remain a week visiting his parents and friends.

Rev. Reshaw returned home last Monday from Kent county where he was attending the M. E. conference.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Smith returned from their trip to the M. E. conference at Adrian.

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# PERSONAL.

Frank Wade is at home again.

J. H. Hollis returned from the west on Tuesday.

James Jones of Tecumseh was in town yesterday.

R. C. Withersell will move into Mrs. Blake's house.

J. S. Vreeland of Jackson was in town Monday afternoon.

Mess Bertha and Hilda Koch and Bula Koch spent Sunday in Chelsea.

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By May D. Blosser.

THURSDAY SEPT. 24, 1891.

SIX PAGES.

They stood gazing at the silent, full moon. She laid her head on his white vest And lifted her lips in a pouting way And—did he did the rest.

We are assured by President Proper and Secretary Fitzsimmons that the financial difficulties of James Vick, seedman, will in no way effect the great vegetable and flower show under their management at the Hillsdale fair next week. The prize money is guaranteed and the premiums will be paid by the treasurer of the fair at the same time as the society's premiums.

The Ann Arbor Democrat's man about town says: Why can't something be done to stop persons burning leaves and rubbish in the evening. Now that the leaves are beginning to fall people want to get rid of them as they accumulate very fast, but they ought to be compelled to burn them in the early part of the day so as to leave the night air free from smoke and smudge.

For prospective freshmen to paste in their hats—University of Michigan examinations for admission to departments for the coming year will be held on the following dates of this month: Examination for admission to the department of literature, science and arts, Sept. 24-29; examination for admission to the department of law, and to the school of pharmacy, Sept. 29-30; examination for admission to the department of medicine and surgery, to the homeopathic medical college and to the college of dental surgery, Sept. 30; first semester begins in all departments of the university October 1.

A medical journal says that milk is an excellent substitute for beer, whiskey or other alcoholic stimulants in cases of great fatigue or over-exertion of body and mind. Its reviving influences when taken as hot as it can be sipped, is remarkable. Its effect is promptly felt and lasting, and even those who are accustomed to the use of alcoholic beverages will find this substitute remarkably satisfying. This is especially true of over-worked women, for whom physicians sometimes prescribe beer and other mild stimulants. The momentary exhilaration felt is only the whip applied to an exhausted body, while the hot milk is digested and gives nourishment and real strength.

#### Synopsis of the Michigan Game Laws.

By request of some of the sporting men of this vicinity we give a synopsis of the game law as revised by the legislature of 1891:

Deer, lower peninsula, Nov. 5 to Nov. 25. Upper peninsula, Sept. 25 to Oct. 25. Woodcock, Aug. 15 to Dec. 15; quail and partridge, Nov. 1 to Dec. 15, inclusive; ducks, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1, except jack snipe, geese, red-heads, blue-bills, canvas backs, widgeon and pintails which may be killed between Sept. 1 and May 1; trout and grayling May 1 to Sept. 1, and only by hook and line; bass may be caught at any time but only by hook and line. It is unlawful to take, catch or kill, or attempt to take, catch or kill, any fish in any of the inland lakes of this state with any kind of spear, or trap hook, or by the use of jacks or artificial light of any kind, or by the use of set lines or night lines, or any kind of net, or any kind of firearms or explosives or other device except the hook and line.

#### Michigan Crop Report.

The returns from threshings indicate that the wheat in this state is yielding far better than estimated earlier in the season. On the fifth of this month, from the returns then in, the approximate yield in the state was placed at near twenty-seven million bushels. More complete returns show that the total yield will exceed this amount. It now seems certain that it will reach, and may exceed, twenty-eight million bushels. The present uncertainty respecting the output is due to the fact that the acreage is not yet definitely determined, and also to the fact that very many farmers have not yet threshed only a part of their crop, hence they themselves do not know accurately the average yield on their own farms.

The oat crop is better than for several years, and barley is yielding well per acre.

Potatoes will yield about 55 per cent of an average crop. The crop has been injured by the drouth, but the recent rains will improve it. If there are no frosts until late the very late potatoes may be materially improved.

Winter apples will yield about 30 per cent, and late peaches 82 per cent of an average crop.

The mean temperature of August, 66.6° F., was 0.8° above the normal of 15 years. The highest mean monthly temperature in the past 16 years, 73.2° F., occurred in 1876, and the lowest, 63.6° F., occurred in 1885.

Frosts occurred at a number of points in the state on the 29th. The points in the southern counties from which reported are Howell, Stockbridge, Williamston, East Mountain and Corunna.

The total rainfall in August was 4.01 inches or .81 of an inch above the average.

#### Lenawee County

At Clinton, people pay more attention to the necessities, than the luxuries of life. A meat market has just been closed out, to make way for a saloon.—Adrian Press.

David Woodward, who is building a fine residence at Clinton, informs the ENTERPRISE that his peach crop this year will go a long way toward paying for the house.

A milk dealer in this city is in possession of a boycotting letter from one of his customers, a lady, who compliments him on the quality of his milk, and the promptness with which it is delivered, but she says she never can patronize a man who frequents saloons. From the fact that all complaints to milkmen in general heretofore have been because they frequent the river, the gentleman is thinking seriously of committing suicide. He says the joke is on the lady, however, because she has engaged another milkman who is equally as "tough" as he is alleged to be.—Adrian Times.

#### Jackson County Items.

Chicago Mail: An enterprising citizen at Jackson, Mich., has captured five skunks and embarked in the skunk breeding business. He evidently believes in the old maxim, "Take care of the cents and the dollars will take care of themselves."

The Jackson street car company turned on the electricity and started a car over the road on Saturday afternoon. A limb caught the trolley pole and when it flew back a telephone wire was broken; the wire charged with electricity set fire to two houses and the fire companies in turning out to extinguish it got tangled in the wire and one horse was instantly killed and the other severely shocked. Otherwise the electric street railway is a success.

Jeff Lemm lives in Sharon and is favorably known in this and all the adjacent clearings. He is a good man. He loves his family, goes to church and sells butter with no hair in it. A misfortune to him is felt to be a public disaster. Probably not since that horse cut a Hubbard squash blossom over Dell Dwelle's eye with his hoof, has a man been worse used by an infuriated member of the brute creation than was J. R. Lemm last week. A tear steals into our eye as we record the incident. He stepped over into a neighbor's field in search of a lost lamb. A buck, of the corrugated, horizontal-front-action pile driver breed, stood unobserved a few steps away. That buck was loaded for war. He shot out with legs, body and horns and struck Lemm en masse right where a horse's tail sprouts. Our friend whizzed up in the air, his course describing a curve such as would be formed by the intersection of the surface of a cone with plane parallel to one of its sides. The woolly monster's prey came down. He started on a run for the fence, but on casting his eye over his shoulder his fears subsided. The buck was eating grass.

#### Washtenaw County.

The Ann Arbor Democrat, one of the best of our exchanges, has entered upon its 14th year.

The Washtenaw county teacher's association will meet at Ann Arbor on Saturday. See programme published last week.

Leo Kopf and Jack Butler of Ann Arbor got drunk and began to fight and Kopf was wounded in the face and bled profusely.

One lather in Ann Arbor has lathed 69 new houses and nine old ones this year. There are two other lathers in the city. This shows that Ann Arbor is growing.—Times.

The Detroit Tribune is publishing some interesting sketches of Ypsilanti and is illustrating them with pictures of important places and people. Capt. E. P. Allen and his home are the subjects of today's sketch.

Clyde Beaman of Lima, fifteen years old, stumbled and fell while running down hill and broke both his arms. Three years ago the same lad broke both arms in a similar manner, though not in the same places, in falling from a cherry tree.

Some of the younger boys of this place will bear a little watching. A lady drove up to a friend's house one day this week and left her pocket-book on the carriage seat while she went into the house. Several boys happened along soon after and one of them extracted a sum of money from the pocket-book, but he was seen and made to return the same.—Chelsea Standard.

Jacob Hasselschwerdt and Jacob Kerns of Sylvan will probably not race horses any more. Last Tuesday evening while endeavoring to see which had the best horse, their buggies became intermingled throwing everything in a heap. One wheel was taken off of the buggy of Kerns, two from the buggy of Hasselschwerdt. Kerns escaped with but a scare but Hasselschwerdt went into the ditch resulting in a dislocated elbow.—Chelsea Standard.

Corresponding secretary Deane of the Ann Arbor fair writes: "We are going to have the biggest fair this year Washtenaw county has ever seen. The farmers from all parts of the county are in it." Ann Arbor business men have taken that interest in the show and an agreement has been signed to close the stores from one till four o'clock in order that they and their clerks may attend the fair. September 29th and 30th and Oct. 1st and 2nd are the fair days.

#### SCHOOL

Has Commenced.

Don't forget that the place to get new

and second-hand

School Books and Supplies

of every description is at

Steinkohl's

DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

At the lowest figures. Prices as low as

the lowest.

HEADQUARTERS

At the

PEOPLE'S

DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

This interests you, as it is of interest to

everyone buying school books to

know where they can find a

full and complete stock of

School Books,

And everything in the school supply

line. I will say that I have

NEW AND SECOND HAND

School books at the lowest possible

prices.

Geo. J. Haussler.

THEY

ALL READ IT!



The ENTERPRISE from now until

January It only 40 cents.

**Burdock BLOOD BITTERS** CURES BILIOUSNESS. CURES BILIOUSNESS. CURES BILIOUSNESS.

REGULATES THE LIVER. Direct Proof. My wife has been troubled with Liver Complaint and Biliousness of the face for over a year. Before she used Burdock Blood Bitters she was almost entirely well. We truly recommend your medicine. GEORGE W. BRAUER, Montpelier, Vermont Co., Vt.

TABLETS

OF ALL SIZES

WRITING TABLETS

For Pen or Pencil, for Sale at the

ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

MILLINERY.

—Latest fall styles in—

HATS, CAPS AND BONNETS.

—Ribbons—

Germantown and Saxony Yarns.

MISS L. PFISTER.

GOOD SITUATIONS FOR MEN.

Good Paying Permanent Positions in a few good men. Exclusive Territory. But little knowledge required to learn. Honesty and push will make it prosper. Bro. & Thomas Big Money. Nurserymen, West Chester, Pa.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COURT OF PROBATE. In the matter of the estate of Pauline Helene Roemer, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Christian Oger, administrator, praying that he may be licensed to sell the real estate whereof said deceased died seized.

Thereupon it is ordered that Tuesday, the 22nd day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at 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 MANICHAETRA ENTERPRISE, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

J. WILLARD HABBITT, Judge of Probate. Wm. G. Dorr, Probate Register.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COURT OF PROBATE. In the matter of the estate of James M. Kres, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Mary C. Kres, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to herself or some other suitable person.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 12th day of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of 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, in said county 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 MANICHAETRA ENTERPRISE, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

J. WILLARD HABBITT, Judge of Probate. Wm. G. Dorr, Probate Register.

(A true copy) Wm. G. Dorr, Probate Register.

IF YOU WANT

A Beautiful

—Birthday Card!—

Plain or Embossed, at the

ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

One Dozen Denslow's

Tourist's Tags!

For sticking to

Trunks, Baskets, Packages, &c.

10c.

School books at the lowest possible

prices.

Geo. J. Haussler.

Without strings, ready to tie on

Not by mail on receipt of six 2c stamps;

or sold at the

Enterprise Office.

LARGE SHEETS

OF

BLOTTING PAPER!

Come and see our

5c & 10c COUNTERS!

No trouble to show Goods.

W. T. GEROW

Manchester.

ATTENTION EVERYBODY!

CLARK BROTHERS,

Contractors and Builders

Are prepared to take contracts for buildings

of all kinds With our new

Steam Planing Mills

We are prepared to manufacture on

short notice

Sash, Mouldings, Etc.

—And do—

Turning, Planing,

Scroll Sawing, Etc.

—Is—

First-Class Style

Mills at Case's Lumber Yard, near Lake

Shore Depot,

Manchester, - Mich.

Photograph Cards.

The richest and newest cards in the market

of which we will sell at Reduced

Prices, at the

Enterprise Office.

ONE OF THE SLICKEST

Devices to

CATCH A THIEF!

Can be seen at Wittse & Son's Hardware Shop.

The man who

STEALS A WHIP!

Will have no way to hide his guilt. Call in and

learn about it and see their stock of whips

suitable to

WHIP A HORSE!

As well as their stock of Hagspoons and Horse

Goods.

WILTSE & SON,

Manchester. Next to Post-Office.

SCHOOL COMMENCES

SEPTEMBER 7,

One of the most important points of business is to be in line with

thing needed in the line of

Wearing Apparel.

There is nothing that gives a boy a better start in school than

A Nice Suit and Hat.

We have everything complete in Knee and Long Pant Suits, Hats and

Caps. Do not fail to

SEE OUR 25 CENT KNEE PANTS

If you want to match some coat you have for the boy.

ROBISON & KOEBBE

The Daylight Clothiers.

BUY

—YOUR—

SCHOOL SHOES

—Of us. The best fitting—

Cheapest and Most Durable Line

—Anywhere in the town—

ROLLER & BLUM

WE NEVER HAD

Such a Fine Line of

BED ROOM SUITS!

And other Furniture as We have now, and We have something new

for Manchester, in

Folding Beds, Side Boards, Fancy

Writing Desks, and Book Cases

Combined; Fancy Antique Oak Rockers, High Back Antique Oak Dining

Chairs, and a score of articles in as full assortment as any city store.

We now have a stock of

LATEST STYLES CARPETS!

At Low Prices. We are making a special cut in prices of Marble Top Goods

Picture Framing and Ordered Work a specialty.

JENTER & RAUSCHENBERGER.

MANCHESTER.

NOW IS THE TIME

And the Hour to

GIVE US 40 CENTS

and get the

ENTERPRISE

until

JANUARY 1st, 1892.

Address,

MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE,

Manchester, Mich.



# FLORA.

Her eyes are neither violet  
Nor scraps of heaven's blue,  
Her lips are not like blushing buds  
Kissed by the amorous dew;  
Her cheeks are not the damask kind,  
Her hair is not of gold,  
Nor does it fall in masses round  
A form of queenly mould.

Her brow is not the fairest brow  
That e'er the sun shone on,  
Nor is there ought about her neck  
That imitates the swan;  
She hasn't ears like ocean shells,  
Fairy and pink and pure;  
Nor snowy hands, nor feet that might  
Enchant the connoisseur.

Yet, could I have her share my lot  
Till all my work is done,  
Maiden I'd love the very ground  
That Flora trod upon;  
For she told better tend me,  
And anticipate desire  
Than any other darkey that  
'Twas e'er my lot to hire.

—Yankie Blade.

## AN EDGED TOOL.

"Miss Morel, immediately in the  
showrooms!"

Shrill and sharp and clear the mes-  
sage came through the speaking tube  
into the great room where all Mrs.  
Cavendish's young women were at  
work—the great, bare-floored echoing  
room, which was lighted only from a  
skylight of frosted glass above.

Valencia Morel rose at once, her  
pale, olive cheeks suddenly suffused  
with scarlet, to obey the summons.  
She felt sure she was to be scolded for  
sighting the pipings on the skirt of  
old Mrs. Mickle's blue satin dress.

But Mrs. Cavendish, sitting at her  
desk, received her graciously.

"Miss Morel," said she, "on second  
thoughts, you may trim Miss Vavasa's  
moire antique with lace instead of vel-  
vet. Miss Gay, the forewoman, will  
give you all necessary instructions.

After a moment she added:

"My dear, you know that I seldom  
interfere in the private and personal  
affairs of my young women. But I am  
informed that you are escorted home  
every night by a gentleman who must  
certainly be above your station. Miss  
Morel, I am not your guardian, neither  
do I possess any authority over you.  
But I do know something of the world,  
and I bid you beware!"

Valencia Morel was quite silent. If  
Mrs. Cavendish had for an instant sup-  
posed that her favorite "trimmer" was  
going to confide in her, she was mis-  
taken.

Half an hour later, when the girls  
all swarmed out of Mrs. Cavendish's  
work rooms at the sound of the 6  
o'clock bell, Valencia Morel contrived  
to be a little behind the rest, so that  
it was quite dark when she reached  
the corner of the street, and a quick,  
silent shadow, with the fiery end of a  
cigar burning in front of it, moved up  
to her side quite as a matter of course.

"Valencia!" softly spoke the phan-  
tom.

"Yes, it's I," said Valencia Morel,  
coquettishly pulling the blue veil a  
little further over her face. "And  
Mrs. Cavendish has somehow found  
out that you walk home with me eve-  
nings."

"Well, what then?" demanded the  
owner of the fire-tipped cigar, in a de-  
bonair and defiant sort of way. "Is it  
a capital crime?"

"No; no, I suppose not," said Valen-  
cia, dubiously. "But Hector—"

"Well?" "I do wish I knew what  
the end of all this is to be," Captain  
Hector Maurice lifted his primrose-  
kissed hands deprecatingly. "So like  
a woman," said he. "Bless their dear  
little hearts, they never can be con-  
tented to let well enough alone."

"No; but Hector—" "Well, if  
you must know," interrupted the gal-  
lant captain. "We are nearer the end  
of all this than you've any idea of."

"What do you mean?" Valencia  
stood still, with a face as white as  
marble. "I mean simply that I'm to  
be married in three months." "Mar-  
ried?"

"Yes, married. Why not? She is  
not as pretty as you are, Valencia,"  
with a sigh and a shrug; "in fact,  
she's as old and ugly as Medusa. If you  
know that classical character was;  
but she's rich, and I never was one  
of the kind that could live on love  
and poetry. Now don't turn crusty,  
Valencia," as she impatiently drew  
back. "You know I'm desperately  
fond of you and all that sort of thing,  
but I must marry money, or it is all  
use with me! And you might have  
known that we couldn't go on philan-  
dering like this forever!"

Valencia looked at him with eyes  
that shone dangerously. "Hector  
Maurice," said she, "you have been  
playing with me all this time. Be-  
ware! I do not turn out an edged tool!"

"My darling, only listen to me,"

He took both her hands by main  
force and renewed his caressing pro-  
testations while he walked along at  
her side. Presently she turned, with a  
short, harsh laugh.

"Don't mind me, Hector," said she.  
"I was a little out of temper. It  
came so suddenly, you know. And  
perhaps I was unreasonable. But I'm  
all over it now. Tell me about her—  
the bride."

Hector made a little grimace. "Ex-  
cuse me," said he, "I shall have quite  
enough of her in the future without  
chapsing on the subject now."

"Is she pretty?" "Was Medusa  
pretty?" "Is she rich?" "If she  
wasn't do you suppose I'd marry her?"

"Is she young?" "Well, she's  
about the age of my mother." "Oh  
Hector! And what is her name?"  
"Aurora, my dear. Fair goddess of  
the dawn." "But her last name I  
mean!" urged Valencia.

"That I shall not tell you," half in  
earnest. "Let's to use your own  
words, you should turn out an edged  
tool."

Valencia made him no answer; she  
only compressed her lips until they  
were a mere scarlet thread. And  
when she came back to Mrs. Caven-  
dish's workroom the next day, she  
was a little paler than usual.

for the subject of weddings," said Miss  
Gay, clenching her brow.

But Valencia Morel's motive was  
deeper far than any of which Mrs.  
Cavendish and her forewoman could  
dream. And one day her quest met  
with its reward.

Mrs. Dorrance was a widow, fat, fair  
and forty; and Mrs. Dorrance con-  
templated a second matrimonial alliance.  
And while she was giving Mrs. Caven-  
dish's young woman her opinion about the  
wedding dress, Valencia's eye fell  
upon a photograph on the mantel—  
Hector Maurice's fair, false face.  
Her heart gave a great throb—the  
deep crimson flamed into her cheeks.

"So you are to be married again?"  
said she, drawing a long breath.  
"But I beg your pardon for the re-  
mark—Isn't it running a great risk?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mrs. Dor-  
rance, laughing. "Life is full of  
risks." "A friend of mine is going to  
be married, to a widow, too," said  
Valencia. "And you should hear him  
talk about her! But then, to be sure,  
widows differ."

"Very much in love, eh?" said the  
widow, slumbering. "Well, not exact-  
ly that," said Valencia. "His widow  
must be dreadfully old. He says she's  
about the age of his mother!"

"Oh, dear me," said Mrs. Dorrance;  
that is dreadful. But she was evi-  
dently interested and sat with the  
samples of white repps and dove-colored  
satin in her hand looking at Miss  
Morel.

"And plain, too," added Valencia.  
"He calls her the Medusa!" "Hateful  
old thing!" said Mrs. Dorrance, brisk-  
ly. "What business has she to be  
angling for a husband at her time of  
life?"

"But she's rich," added Valencia.  
"That accounts for it," said Mrs. Dor-  
rance. "Oh, yes," said Miss Morel.  
"That accounts for it." "You—you  
never heard him mention her name,  
did you?" said Mrs. Dorrance, a little  
uneasily.

"Oh, dear, no, ma'am," said Valen-  
cia. "Did you say you would prefer  
the stone-gray faille or—?" "I really  
don't know why I should feel any  
curiosity upon the subject," interrupted  
the widow, laughing artificially; "but  
if your friend's name isn't a  
secret—"

"Oh, no secret at all," said Valen-  
cia. "It is Maurice—Captain Hector  
Maurice."

"Good gracious!" said the widow,  
dropping all her samples in a glisten-  
ing shower.

"You don't mean to say that you  
know him, ma'am?" said Miss Morel,  
in well-feigned astonishment. "Know  
him?" said Mrs. Dorrance, fanning  
herself violently. "It's the very man  
I'm engaged to! But I won't marry  
him; no, that I never will!"

Valencia clasped her hands theatric-  
ally.

"Oh!" cried she, "what have I said?  
Please, please, dear madam, forget my  
foolish chatter. If I had known—"

"If I had known!" interrupted the  
widow. "Medusa, indeed! Old enough  
to be his mother, forsooth! But he  
shall never have the handling of my  
money!"

And Mrs. Dorrance rang the bell for  
her maid, and went off into violent  
hysterics.

No wedding outfit was made up for  
this occasion at Mrs. Cavendish's ce-  
lebrated establishment—and Captain  
Maurice was at his wife's ends to know  
why his plighted bride had changed her  
mind so suddenly. He did entertain  
some vague idea of a "breach-of-  
promise" suit, but wisely abandoned it;  
but, strange to say, he never sus-  
pected Valencia Morel, who still works  
on pale and silent, in the dreary  
rooms, and never sees him now.

Captain Maurice had played with  
edged tools and he had not come off  
scathless.—N. Y. Ledger.

**Little Curious Things.**

People who through accident are  
obliged to use a glass eye should have  
one for night and one for day use.  
The pupil of the natural eye is smaller  
by day than by night. A glass eye  
that looks all right during business  
hours gives the wearer an uncanny ap-  
pearance at night.

Railway statistics show that the  
American takes twenty-seven railway  
trips a year, the Englishman nineteen,  
the Belgian eleven, the Frenchman,  
the German, the Swede, Norwegian  
and the Spaniard five each, while the  
Turk, the Swiss and the Italian take  
but one each.

The Korean wears his hair braided  
down his back, it being considered un-  
holy to cut it, or even to wear it loose-  
ly around the neck and shoulders.  
After he gets married, and not before,  
the law permits him to wear it curled  
up on top of his head. To tell a mar-  
ried Korean that he ought to wear his  
hair down is equivalent to telling him  
that his wife is the better man of the  
two.

The people of Tessaly were the  
first to break horses for service in war,  
and their proficiency as equestrians  
probably first gave rise to the ancient  
myth that their country was originally  
inhabited by centaurs, fabulous crea-  
tures supposed to be half horse and  
half man.

An ex-policeman, who has done ten  
years' duty in one of the large cities of  
the east, informs "Ye Curious Man"  
that he has never seen a bald-headed  
tramp. Here, for once, is an interest-  
ing subject for discussion. Are bald-  
headed men too honorable to take up  
the life of a tramp, or do they stop  
tramping when the hair begins to fall  
out?

The Xerobates Agassizii, the grass-  
eating turtle of the Mojave desert, is  
said to be the only one of the turtle  
species which lives by grazing like a  
horse or an ox. Xerobates digs a hole  
in the sand to escape the intense heat;  
it is about ten inches in length when full  
grown, and weighs from six to eight  
pounds. Coast dealers in curiosities  
value them at \$5 each.—St. Louis Re-  
publican.

# TALMAGE TALKS MUSIC.

## THE TABERNACLE RINGS WITH SWEET MELODIES.

Leading Enchantment to Last Sun-  
day's Sermon—The Worth of Music  
as Viewed by the Great Divine—  
"The Voice of Many Waters."

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 20, 1891.—The  
magnificent organ of the New Brook-  
lyn tabernacle was dedicated to-day.  
The services were veritable musical  
festivals. While the regular musical  
programme at the tabernacle is al-  
ways attractive, that of to-day was  
exceptionally beautiful, the congrega-  
tional singing, offertories, and inter-  
ludes being rendered with marvellous  
volume and expression. Dr. Talmage's  
sermon, which was appropriate to the  
occasion, was on the text, Genesis 4:  
21: "His brother's name was Jubah; he  
was the father of all such as handle  
the harp and organ."

There has been much discussion  
as to where music was born. I think  
that at the beginning, when the mor-  
ning stars sang together, and all the  
sons of God shouted for joy, that the  
earth heard the echo. The cloud on  
which the angels rode to celebrate the  
creation, was the birthplace of song.  
Inanimate nature is full of God's  
stringed and wind instruments. Sil-  
ence itself—perfect silence—is only a  
musical rest in God's great  
anthem of worship. Wind among the  
leaves, insects humming in the sum-  
mer air, the rush of billow upon the  
beach, the ocean far out sounding its  
everlasting psalm, the bobolink on the  
edge of the forest, the quail whistling  
up from the grass, are music. On  
Blackwell's Island I heard, coming  
from a window of the lunatic asylum,  
a very sweet song. It was sung by one  
who had lost her reason, and I have  
come to believe that even the der-  
anged and disordered elements of  
nature would make music to our ear,  
if we only had acuteness enough to  
listen. I suppose that even the sounds  
in a madhouse are discordant and im-  
pulsive make harmony in God's ear.  
You know that you may come so near  
to an orchestra that the sounds are  
painful instead of pleasurable; and I  
think we stand so near devastating  
storm and frightful whirlwind, that  
we cannot hear the music which makes  
God's ear and the ear of the spirits  
above us, a music as complete as it is  
tremendous.

The day of judgment, which will be  
a day of uproar and tumult, I suppose  
will bring no dissonance to the ears of  
those who can calmly listen; although  
it will be a great performance in ex-  
ecuting a boisterous piece of music,  
he sometimes breaks down the instru-  
ment on which he plays, so it may be  
on that last day that the grand march  
of God, played by the fingers of thun-  
der, and earthquake, and conflagration,  
may break down the work upon which  
the music is executed. Not only is  
inanimate nature full of music, but God  
has wonderfully organized the human  
voice, so that in the plainest throat and  
lungs there are fourteen direct muscles  
which can make over sixteen thousand  
different sounds, and there are thirty  
muscles which make it, it has been  
estimated, more than one hundred and  
seventy-five millions of sounds! Now,  
I say, when God has so constructed  
the human voice, and when he has  
filled the whole earth with har-  
mony, and when he recognized it in the  
ancient temple, I have a right to come  
to the conclusion that God loved music.

I propose, this morning in setting  
apart this organ for sacred use, to  
speak about sacred music; first show-  
ing its importance, and then stat-  
ing some of the obstacles to its ad-  
vancement.

I draw the first argument for the im-  
portance of sacred music from the fact  
that God commanded it. Through Paul  
he tells us to admonish one another in  
psalms, and hymns, and spiritual  
songs; and through David he  
cries out: Sing ye to God, all ye  
of kingdoms of the earth.

And there are hundreds of other pas-  
sages I might name, proving that it is  
as much a man's duty to sing as it is  
his duty to pray. Indeed, I think  
there are more commands in the Bible  
to sing than there are to pray. God  
not only asks for the human voice but  
for instruments of music. He asks for  
the cymbal, and the harp, and the  
trumpet as well as the organ. And I  
suppose that in the last  
days of the church, the harp, the lute,  
the trumpet, and all the instruments  
of music whether they have been in the  
service of right or wrong, will be  
brought by their masters and laid  
down at the feet of Christ, and then  
sounded in the church's triumph, on  
her way from suffering into glory.

"Praise ye the Lord!" Praise him with  
your voices. Praise him with stringed  
instruments and with organs.

Many of you are illustrations of  
what sacred song can do. Through it  
you were brought into  
the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.  
You stood out against the argument  
and the warning of the pulpit; but  
when, in the sweet words of Isaac  
Watts, or Charles Wesley, or John  
Newton, or the love of Jesus  
was sung to your soul, then you were  
rendered, as armed castle, that could  
not be taken by a host, lifts its win-  
dow to listen to a harp's trill. There  
was a Scotch soldier dying in New  
Orleans, and a Scotch minister came in  
to give him the consolations of the  
Gospel. The man turned over on his  
pillow, and said: "Don't talk to me  
about religion." Then the Scotch  
minister began to sing a familiar hymn  
of Scotland, that was composed by  
David Dickenson, beginning with the  
words:

Oh, mother, dear Jerusalem,  
When shall I come to thee?  
He sang it to the tune of "Dundee,"  
and he sang it so sweetly, and with  
such a heart, that the Scotchman, who  
thinks that he is a hardy soldier, was  
turned over on his pillow, and he  
learned that "Why," replied the min-  
ister, "my mother taught me that."

"So did mine," said the dying Scotch  
soldier, and the Scotchman, who  
was unperturbed, and then and  
there he yielded himself to Christ. Oh,  
it has an irresistible power. Luther's  
sermons have been forgotten, but his  
"Judgment Hymn" will  
keep on singing until the blast of  
the archangel's trumpet shall bring  
about that very day when the hymn  
celebrates. I would to God that those  
who hear me to-day would take these  
songs of salvation as messages from  
heaven; for, just as certainly as the  
birds bring forth food for Elijah, so the  
prophet's words, these winged har-  
monies, God sent, are flying to your  
souls with the bread of life. Open your  
mouths and take it. Oh hungry Elijah!  
In addition to the inspiring music of  
our own day we have a glorious heri-  
tage of church psalmody which has  
been handed down to us with the de-  
votions of other generations—tunes no  
more worn out than they were when  
our great-grandfathers dimmed up  
them from the church page to glory.  
Dear old souls, how they used to sing!  
When they were cheerful, our grand-  
fathers and great-grandfathers used

to sing "Colchester." When  
they were very meditative, then  
the board meeting-house rang with  
"South street" and "Edmond."  
My Christian friends, have we a right  
to delegate to others the discharge of  
this duty which God demands of us?  
Suppose that four wood-thrushes  
should propose to do all the singing  
some bright day when the woods are  
ringing with bird voices. It is decided  
that four wood-thrushes shall do all  
the singing of the forest. Let all other  
voices keep silent. How beautifully  
the four warble. It is really fine  
music. But how long will you keep  
the forest still? Why, Christ would  
come into that forest and look up as he  
looked through the olives, and he  
would wave his hand and say: "Let  
everything that hath breath praise the  
Lord;" and, keeping time with the  
stroke of innumerable wings, there  
would be five thousand bird voices  
leaping into the harmony. Suppose  
this delegation of musical performers  
were tried in heaven, suppose that four  
holy spirits should sit at the singing  
of the upper temple. Hark! now  
thrones and dominions and principal-  
ties. David! be still, though you  
were "the sweet singer of Israel."  
Paul! keep quiet, though you have  
come to that crown of rejoicing. Rich-  
ard Baxter! keep still, for this is the  
"Saint's everlasting Rest." Four  
spirits now do all the singing. But  
how long would heaven be quiet? How  
long? "Hallelujah!" would cry some  
glorified Methodist from under the  
altar. "Praise the Lord!" would  
sing the martyrs from among the  
throne. "We give thanks unto God  
who giveth us the victory;" a  
great multitude of redeemed spirits  
would cry. Myriads of voices  
coming into the harmony, and the one  
hundred and forty and four thousand  
breaking forth into one acclamation.  
Stop! stop! singing! Stop! Oh no  
they cannot hear. You might as  
well try to drown the thunder of the  
sky, or beat back the roar of the sea,  
for every soul in heaven has resolved  
to do its own singing. Alas! that we  
should have tried on earth that which  
they cannot do in heaven, and, instead  
of joining all our voices in the praise  
of the Most High God, delegating per-  
haps to unconsecrated men and women  
this most solemn and most delightful  
service.

Now, in this church, we have re-  
solved upon the plan of conducting the  
music by organ and choir. We are  
for two reasons. One is that by throw-  
ing the whole responsibility upon the  
mass of the people, making the great  
multitude the choir, we might rouse  
more heartiness. The congregation  
coming on the Sabbath day feel  
that they cannot delegate this part of  
the great service to any one else, and  
to they themselves assume it. We have  
had a glorious congregational singing  
here. People have come many miles  
to hear it. They are not sure about  
the preaching, but they can always de-  
pend on the singing. I have heard  
the sound coming like "the voice of  
many waters," but it will be done at a  
better rate after awhile when we shall  
realize the height, and the depth, and  
the immensity of this privilege.

I forgot to state the other reason  
why we adopt this plan. That is, we  
do not want any choir quarrels. You  
know, my friends, that in scores of  
churches, there has been perpetual  
contention in that direction. The only  
church fighting that ever occurred un-  
der my ministry was over a melodeon.  
In my first settlement. Have you never  
been in church on the Sabbath day, and  
heard the choir sing and you said  
"That is splendid music!" The next  
Sabbath, you were at that church, and  
their was no choir at all. Why? The  
leader was mad, or his assistants were  
mad, or they were all mad together.  
Some of the choir are made up of  
our best Christian people. Some of  
the warmest friends I have ever had  
have stood up in them, Sabbath  
after Sabbath, conscientiously and suc-  
cessfully leading the praises of God.

I want to rouse you to a unanimi-  
ty in Christian song that has never yet  
been exhibited. Come, now, clear  
your throats a get ready for this  
great service. If you will, for this  
Sabbath, you will never hear the end  
of this.

I never shall forget hearing a  
Frenchman sing the "Marseillaise" on  
the Champs Elysees, Paris, just before  
the battle of Sedan, in 1870. I never  
saw such enthusiasm before or  
since. As he sang that national  
air, all the Frenchmen shouted and  
sang over in an English assem-  
bly heard a band play "God Save  
the Queen!" If you have, you know some-  
thing about the enthusiasm of a Na-  
tional air. Now, I tell you that these  
songs we sing Sabbath by Sabbath are  
of national air, of Jesus Christ and  
of the kingdom of heaven, and if  
we do not learn to sing them here, how  
can we ever expect to sing the song of  
Moses and the Lamb? I should not  
be surprised at all if some of the best  
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