

MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE

AN INDEPENDENT, LIVE, LOCAL NEWSPAPER.

VOL. 25—NO. 50.

MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1892.

WHOLE NUMBER 1298.

Manchester Enterprise

By MAT D. BLOSSER.

Societies.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.
Meet at Masonic Hall, Monday evening, at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers are invited to attend.
GEO. NIBLE, W. M.
C. MAHAR, Recorder.

MANCHESTER LODGE, NO. 148, F. & A. M.
Meet at Masonic Hall, Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers are invited to attend.
MAT D. BLOSSER, W. M.
J. A. GOODRICH, Sec.

MERIDIAN CHAPTER, NO. 45, R. A. M.
Meet at Masonic Hall on Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers are invited to attend.
J. H. KINGLEY, H. P.
J. A. GOODRICH, Sec.

ADONIRAM COUNCIL, NO. 24, R. & S. M.
Meet at Masonic Hall, Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers are invited to attend.
A. A. STANINGHAM, Com.
MAT D. BLOSSER, Recorder.

COMSTOCK POST, NO. 352, G. O. R. M.
Meet at Masonic Hall, Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers are invited to attend.
A. A. STANINGHAM, Com.
REV. I. L. CARR, Adjutant.

MANCHESTER TENT, NO. 141, K. O. T. M.
Meet at Odd Fellows' hall over Miss Pater's millinery store, the second Friday in each month. Visiting brothers are invited to attend.
J. B. BAILEY, Com.
C. E. LEWIS, Recorder.

Business Cards.

J. D. COREY, Conveyancer and Notary Public.
He collects and all other business left with him will receive prompt attention. Farm and village property for sale.

F. A. KOTTS.

DENTIST.
OFFICE OVER ROLLER & BLUM'S STORE, Manchester, Mich.
At Clinton every Wednesday.

J. J. BRIEGL.

TORONTO ARTIST.
Goodly House, Shaving, Haircutting, Shampooing, etc., done with neatness and dispatch.
Manchester, Mich.

A. C. RYLESWORTH.

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
MANCHESTER, MICH.
Sales in Village or Country will be promptly attended on reasonable terms. Dates can be made at the Enterprise office.

B. F. REYNOLDS.

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
TECUMSEH, MICH.
Sales in Village or Country will be promptly attended to. Dates can be made at the Enterprise office, Manchester.

A. F. FREEMAN.

ATTORNEY
And Counselor at Law. Office over People's Bank.
Manchester, Mich.

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Pure Bred White and Barred Plymouth Rocks and White Wyandottes.

Stock And Eggs For Sale.

MANCHESTER, MICH.

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GRANITE & MARBLE WORKS.

R. F. MARSHALL, Prop.
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GRATULANT, a German American letter book, heavy paper cover, 25c.

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Writing and Composition Books, Tablets, etc., for sale.

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ENTERPRISE PUBLISHING HOUSE,

MANCHESTER, MICH.

DEMOCRATS MEET.

BIG STRIKE SPRUNG UPON THE STATE CONVENTION.

Gov. Winans Withdraws From the Race for Governorial Honors—The Proceedings of the Democratic Convention in Grand Rapids.

At the opening of the Democratic convention at Grand Rapids letters were read from Gov. Winans and Auditor-General Stone declining renomination. Hon. J. M. Weston was elected temporary chairman. After a recess Congressman T. A. Weadock was made permanent chairman and Mill J. McKenna permanent secretary.

The call of the district for the nomination of candidates for governor was made. The first, second and third had no name to offer, but when the fourth was reached Hon. Edwin F. Uhl, of Grand Rapids, arose and made a long speech in support of Judge Morse in nomination.

The rules were then suspended and Judge Allen B. Morse was nominated by acclamation in a storm of cheers.

A committee was appointed to escort Judge Morse to the hall. The convention then named James P. Edwards, of Brighton, for lieutenant-governor, by acclamation. Judge Morse and the committee then took the stage and Judge Morse made his address of acceptance which was in the usual well worded and forcible vein which characterizes the man.

The nomination proceeded with the following result: For secretary of state, Charles F. Marskey, of Saginaw county; for auditor-general, Jas. A. Vannier, of Marquette county; for treasurer, Frederick Marvin, of Wayne county; for attorney-general, A. A. Ellis, of Ionia county; for commissioner state land office, Geo. T. Shaffer, of Cass county; for superintendent of public instruction, Ferris S. Pith, of Oakland county; for member state board of education, James K. Burr, of Genesee county; for elector at large, western district, Peter White, of Marquette county.

The Platform.

We denounce the McKinley tariff law as the culmination of class legislation. It has not increased the prices of the proceeds of farm or increased the wages of labor; it has increased the action of the present Democratic Congress in attempting to repeal its most oppressive features.

Resolved, That we condemn the Republican party in its present attitude toward the country, the train of evils that have resulted therefrom, and we recommend the Democratic party in Congress to the fact that a large majority of the people of this state are in favor of the repeal of the McKinley tariff law.

Resolved, That we recommend the repeal of the McKinley tariff law as the only way to secure the business needs of the country require. (Applauded.)

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RIOTING MINERS.

SERIOUS TROUBLE IN THE TENNESSEE MINING REGION.

Gov. Buchanan Forced to Call for 8,000 Volunteer Recruits to Quell the Disturbances—U. S. Troops may be Called Out—Strikers' Forces Very Strong.

Dispatches from Nashville, Tenn., dated August 19, say: Affairs in the mining regions are becoming more serious every moment. The strikers are constantly increasing in force about the Coal Creek mines and will undoubtedly attempt to overcome the guards and free the convicts.

Gov. Buchanan has issued a call for 8,000 volunteer recruits to report at once. Conflicting and sensational rumors are coming in from the scenes of the disturbance. It is definitely known that the stockade at Oliver Springs had been re-reinforced by 23 Knoxville militia under the command of Maj. Chandler. Later it was certain that the stockade had been captured along with the guards and soldiers who were holding it. The miners at Coal Creek, Jellico, Newcomb and other places on the Knoxville and Ohio road seized three trains and with drawn Winchester compelled the trainmen to take them to Silver Springs. The crowd numbered in all 1,500 men, embracing the miners at the latter point. The warden heard of their approach and when the miners were at least a mile from the stockade, he abandoned his post and with his convicts and guards marched a mile to surrender. This action meets with the contempt of all and after the former brave defense comes a great surprise.

The miners were led by D. A. Monro, a prisoner with a record of all the part he took. The guns of the militia were taken from them and they reached Knoxville. The miners had gone to Oliver's and loading the first train with convicts and guards and en route to the coal mines near Clinton. From this point the convicts were taken to Knoxville and the miners left for Coal Creek, where the miners of the entire region are concentrating. The wires are cut beyond Clinton and it is believed that Coal Creek will be attacked. At least 3,000 men are congregated there, and the miners say they can secure 5,000 more if necessary.

Later dispatches from Knoxville: The wires to Coal Creek have been cut and it is known that there has been severe fighting between the miners and Capt. Anderson's force. Several evidently well founded reports have been received. One is that Capt. Anderson had been captured and was being held in a prisoner's cage at the coal mines. Another report is that the convicts had been freed and were marching toward Knoxville. The details of the reported capture are not yet known, but it is said that it, to some extent, disheartened the militia. They are, however, fighting with desperation, as they know that capture will mean a horrible fate.

About 200 men left Knoxville to reinforce Capt. Anderson. At Clinton they were met by a number of citizens of Clinton and Coal Creek, who had been witnesses of the fight, and were taken to the coal mines. A small force could do nothing. They said that over 1,000 armed and infuriated miners would meet them at Coal Creek and fire upon them as they left the train. Major Carpenter heard the citizens through and then said, "If the miners will go to the coal mines, we will go with them. The wires being down beyond Clinton they have not been heard from."

Gov. Buchanan has called out the entire military force of the state and the sheriff of each and every county with his posse. Gen. Carnes has started for Coal Creek with 400 men. A special train from the depot at all by courier to Clinton says that the fighting began at 3 o'clock and continued without cessation until 6 o'clock. A truce was raised and the miners told Anderson if they would surrender they would allow him to return to his fort. He took the captured men and went down among the mob. When out of range of the guns he was captured and not allowed to return.

LATER.—The battle at Coal Creek has been fought. The soldiers are victorious. Gen. Carnes with his militia and volunteer recruits made a forced march, leaving their train before reaching the scene of trouble to avoid being trapped. The first shot was fired by the miners as the troops were descending the mountain and a young volunteer named Walshaw fell dead. An uncertain firing was kept up for a time but finally the miners retreated.

The troops at once charged. Eighteen miners were captured. Two more soldiers were killed and two dead horses were found besides many wounded. Gen. Carnes pushed to the darkness the march was made at night and at daybreak was at Coal Creek. The miners having been defeated in their own ambush had preceded the troops and Gen. Carnes took possession of the field without a fight. There he found that a desultory fight had been going on between troops and the miners at Port Anderson all day. The miners surrendered at 4:30 p. m. Gen. Anderson was restored to his command and peace was declared.

After reaching Clinton Maj. Carpenter's men, although they had not slept any for 24 hours, went by train directly to Coal Creek and reported to Gen. Carnes as he marched into the town. They were then sent to Knoxville with their dead and wounded. It is not known how many miners were killed and injured.

Sherman Says He was Foolish.

F. D. Sherman, formerly principal of the Bay City high school, who was recently arrested in Sandusky, O., on a charge of blackmail, has returned to Bay City. He immediately called on President Brotherton and other members of the school board, to whom he explained the circumstances connected with his arrest. Sherman admits that he behaved foolishly when he approached the Sandusky jeweler and questioned him concerning the missing jewels. He denied, however, he accused the former of taking them. He claims that he will be able to explain his conduct and justify his actions. The board of education have not yet taken any action in the case.

NO MORE CONVICT LABOR.

Tennessee Mining Company has had Enough Experience.

Col. A. S. Colyar, who is general counsel for the Tennessee Coal and Iron company, which owns the mines which have been the scene of the recent serious riots, says: "The officials of the Tennessee Coal and Iron company, Mr. Platt included, are, of one mind in the matter of the Tennessee uprising, and the company is certainly not in any wise responsible for the disgraceful conditions or affairs in the state. A resolution passed by the board of directors of the company, freely offering to surrender the convict lease, has been in the hands of the state officials for over four years, and the company expects no conditions in making the surrender. The company will not make the offer to surrender its lease and will probably insist that its offer be accepted. One of the chief reasons which first induced this company to take up the system was the great chance which it seemed to present for overcoming strikes. It was soon after we began the convict labor system, we found that we were right in circulating that the free laborers would be loth to enter upon strikes when they saw that the company was amply provided with convict labor. But the clamorings of the people for the past few years, combined with the recent disgraceful events, have disgusted the company with the whole business and we shall all be glad when we are well out of it."

Hundreds Dying Daily.

Cholera continues to claim a fearful large number of victims in the Tennessee mining region. Sanitary arrangements are almost unknown there, and the fatalistic tendencies of the people make it almost impossible to combat the disease. The vice-governor and his wife have died. Several Europeans have died. It is estimated that the deaths number from 800 to 900 daily. This city is estimated to have a population of 140,000, but it is so unhealthy in the summer that the shah, his court and the upper classes in Persia have fled during that season to the mountains near the Caspian sea, 100 miles north of Teheran. The poorer classes are compelled to remain within the unhealthy precincts of the city and the fearful mortality is entirely among them.

The Deserted Village.

Homestead, Pa., is daily becoming more deserted; many of the strikers securing work elsewhere pending a settlement of the strike. As a result the relief committee find their work much easier. The soldiers are looking for Sept. 1, when they expect to be relieved. By that time they have been in continuous service longer than at any time during the history of the guard, having been on the field 60 days. The Fourteenth regiment, which held the record at Johnstown, was on duty at Homestead for 40 days. The soldiers generally are of the opinion that the coal strike association with the strike, that it would not be wise to remove the guard entirely for a month yet at any rate.

Baked Alive in a Furnace.

A workman named Packer, has met with a horrible fate at the Westburg, Prussia. The man had been engaged in repairing a furnace at the Vogel iron works and it is supposed had fallen asleep while at work inside a furnace. Some fellow workman, not knowing that Packer was inside bricked up the furnace and sealed the door. The man was found dead in the furnace. Two days elapsed and the relatives of the missing man made a search. The furnace was reopened and the remains were found, distorted and charred beyond recognition. Many of the furnace brick had been disintegrated by the intense heat that the poor fellow had made desperate efforts to escape.

Michigan Liquor Business on the Increase.

From the advanced sheets of an abstract prepared by Auditor-General Stone it is shown that the total liquor tax paid by 5,129 dealers in Michigan last year was \$1,696,157.28. The amount was distributed as follows: \$14,924.96 was paid by 14 wholesalers of spirituous liquors and \$1,178,484.86 by 2,573 retailers. For handling malt brewed in Michigan, 1,350 manufacturers paid \$4,544.50 and 2,437 retailers, \$655,535.86. A total of 5,129 dealers paid \$1,696,157.28. This is an increase of 776 dealers and \$191,441.89 in the taxes collected over the previous year.

Chili at War Again.

There is a possibility of trouble between Peru and Chili arising from the protocol between France and Chili. The offensive tone of the Peruvian press and the hostile talk in the Peruvian congress have caused much comment at Valparaiso. If it is true, as it is being rumored, that the Peruvian treaty against Chili has been entered into between Argentina and Peru, Chili, is perfectly ready to meet them. While not seeking trouble Chili will not brook any insults.

Duelist Kills Two Men in One Day.

Lieutenant Hoebern had trouble early in Berlin with Herr Truholz, a sculptor, and Herr Pertz, a painter. Eventually Hoebern brought matters to a crisis by insulting both men in public. They challenged him and both were fought with pistols. In the first duel Truholz was severely and perhaps mortally wounded, in the second Pertz was shot dead. Hoebern is under military arrest.

55,000 Tailors Idle.

For a long time there has been a dispute between the journeymen tailors in England and the masters regarding the matter of piecework. Threats of striking were made and at last as a matter of protection the employers looked out their men. The number of tailors made idle by this action is 55,000.

Prisoners Killed While Escaping.

Charles Vincent and Thomas Welch, two convicts at Sing Sing, N. Y., attempted to escape from the state prison. As a result of the desperate fight which ensued Vincent was shot and killed and Welch seriously wounded.

A Few Rain.

In a recent hurricane near Sabasa, Mexico, there fell a shower of fishes, three inches long, and a number of small pelicans, but no rain, while at Mazatlan the ground was covered with dead winged ants.

AN ARMY AT BUFFALO

8,000 OF THE NEW YORK STATE TROOPS CALLED OUT.

Strikers Say They Will Extend the Strike from New York to Chicago and Paralyze Traffic—Firemen, Engineers and Trainmen to be Called Out.

The complications in the switchmen's strike at Buffalo are constantly increasing. The leaders of this strike have witnessed the movement and massing of troops with growing determination to meet every advance of their opponents with a counterstroke. Over 8,000 troops in the state service are now upon the field to watch and strike the 800 strikers. The presence of so large a number of soldiers is relied upon by the railway officials as a cover under which they may put to work non-union men already engaged to break the freight blockade. What the counterstroke of the strikers may be to this situation is problematic, but it is not beyond the range of near possibility that the firemen and the trainmen on all the lines where strikes now prevail may be called out.

The last addition of strength to the striking switchmen was 90 men in the Nickel Plate yards who struck against handling boycotted freight. So it is now that the switchmen upon the entire Vanderbilt system in this vicinity are out.

Besides the Vanderbilt lines the Erie, the Lehigh valley and Buffalo creek roads are paralyzed. Then there are three or four other roads which may be tied up at any moment and the entire traffic may be suspended.

There can be no doubt but that before yielding this fight the leaders will have the Erie, the Lehigh valley and Buffalo creek roads are paralyzed. Then there are three or four other roads which may be tied up at any moment and the entire traffic may be suspended.

The night crew of the Lehigh valley refused to handle freight from the New York Central yards and rather than do so put their engines in the round houses. The day men were notified and they also refused to work.

With the troops on guard the switchmen who are to fill the strikers' place have been able to move several trains of freight and the roads strained every nerve to make the demonstration as large as possible. The strikers looked on in silence, but their resources for strengthening their force are so great that they are confident of victory ultimately.

The switchmen on the Lackawanna and Western railroad have struck. They had no grievance as to pay or hours. Throughout the recent strike history the Lackawanna men have been avowedly loyal to the cause. All their demands have been granted. Their hours and pay had been fixed to suit them, being the hours and rates for which the other switchmen struck. Lackawanna men have declared that they would fight for the road but would never leave it from the Lehigh. This was a mistake, as an official claimed, as it was ordinary lake freight. Trains were running as usual an hour after the strike.

Two hours later for similar reasons, the switchmen in the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh went out adding 15 more to the idle switchmen.

Pig Iron Industry Is Dead.

The Excelsior furnace at Ishpeming has gone out of blast blowing, throwing 75 men out of employment. The capacity of the Excelsior was 40, tons of charcoal pig iron per day. This furnace is the last of the five Marquette county furnaces to cease operations for the first time since 1865. Not a pound of pig iron is being made in that county. The furnaces have closed down indefinitely and it is doubtful if they will resume until the iron industry becomes brighter.

A Girl's Horrible Find.

A young girl belonging to a party of berry pickers lost her way in the woods about three or four miles from Cadillac, near Haring, and while wandering about the forest she came upon a woman. As soon as she reached town she reported the fact and Constable Heath and a party began searching for the body. It is thought to be the body of a woman who disappeared from her home in Sherman several weeks ago.

Consul McCreezy at Home.

Colonel William R. McCreezy, United States consul at Valparaiso, Chili, has arrived at his home in Flint. He is home on a sixty days' leave of absence, but declares he has no intention of returning to Chili. Neither will he resign until fully cleared of the charges recently brought against him. Colonel McCreezy says he has no fear for the outcome and that investigation will clear him of every suspicion of wrong doing.

Cambridge Mine Burned Out.

The engine and shaft house of the Cambridge mine, near Negaunee, burned out. The mine had not been working this season, and the fire is supposed to have been caused by a lamp. The house was ruined. The loss is about \$20,000.

Drowned in a Mill Pond.

Paul Fredericks, aged 16 years, living in the town of Belknap, Presque Isle county, got beyond his depth and was drowned in his father's mill pond. His body was not recovered until some hours afterward.

A Big Haul of Stamps.

The postoffice at Zealand, five miles east from Holland, was burglarized. The safe was opened and \$300 in stamps and the money order money taken. There is no clue to the burglars.

UNCLE SAM RETALIATES.

Canadian Vessels Must Pay Tolls at the Soo Canal.

President Harrison has issued a proclamation imposing retaliatory tolls on Canadian vessels passing through American canals. The proclamation is under the act of Congress approved July 26, 1892, which is an act to enforce reciprocal trade relations between the United States and Canada. After quoting the above act the proclamation concludes:

Whereas, The Government of the Dominion of Canada imposes a toll amounting to about 20 cents per ton on all freight passing through the Welland canal in transit to a port of the United States, and also a further toll on all vessels of the United States and on all passengers in transit to a port of the United States, all of which tolls are without rebate; and

Whereas, The Government of the Dominion of Canada, in accordance with an order in council of April 4, 1892, refunds 18 cents per ton of the 20 cents toll at the Welland canal on all Indian corn, peas, barley, rye, oats, flax seed and buckwheat, upon condition that they are originally shipped for and carried to Montreal or some port of the Dominion of Canada, and that, if transhipped at an intermediate point, such transshipment is made within the Dominion of Canada, but allows no such or any other rebate on the product when shipped to a port of the United States or when carried to Montreal for export or transhipped within the United States; and

Whereas, The Government of the Dominion of Canada by said system of rebate and otherwise discriminates against the citizens of the United States in the use of said Welland canal in violation of the provisions of article 27 of the treaty of Washington concluded May 8, 1857; and

Whereas, The Welland canal is connected with the navigation of the great lakes and I am satisfied that the passage through it of cargoes in transit to ports of the United States is a matter of great importance by said discriminating system of rebate and otherwise and is reciprocally unjust and unreasonable;

Now, therefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States of America, by virtue of the power to that end conferred upon me by said act of Congress approved July 26, 1892, hereby direct that from and after September 1, 1892, until further notice, a toll of 20 cents per ton be levied, collected and paid on all freight of whatever kind, description or bulk, shipped through the St. Mary's Falls canal in transit to any port of the Dominion of Canada, whether carried in vessels of the United States or of the Dominion of Canada, except in the case of cargoes of Indian corn, peas, barley, rye, oats, flax seed and buckwheat, which shall be exempt from said toll, and all cargoes or portions of cargoes in transit to Canadian ports.

In testimony whereof, etc.,

By the President, John W. Foster, Secretary of State.

Yellowstone National Park.

The annual report of Capt. George L. Anderson, acting superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, which has been received by the secretary of the interior, shows that game within the park limits is receiving all of the protection and care that the limited military force at command will permit. The acting superintendent recommends the enactment of a law establishing a system of game guard for the park, a careful survey of the park boundaries; a transfer to the superintendent of the control of the appropriations for building and repairing roads, the construction of wagon roads from Cinnabar to Cooke, from the upper basin to the south line of the park on Snake river, and from the canyon to Yanceys and the addition of accommodation for a company of infantry to be made part of the permanent garrison of the park.

Farmers Rob a Train.

The St. Louis & San Francisco railroad passenger train which leaves Wichita, Kan., at 10:30 each evening was held up and the Wells-Fargo express car robbed by four masked men near Augusta, Butler county, Kas., about midnight, and before 9 o'clock the next morning the outlaws were captured with a

By May D. Blosser.

Notice to the Public:

Advertisements wishing to change their address, must get the copy to us as the work can be done as early as possible, and it will be set off the paper is out and be inserted the next week.

Advertisements wishing additional space should inform us of the amount desired as many days before publication day as possible in order that we may arrange for it.

Those having business at the probate court will please request Judge Babbitt to send their printing to the Executive office.

Birth, marriage and death notices, free. Ordinary notices, five cents a line.

Card of thanks, five cents a line.

Church socials and notices of meetings free. But notices of any kind where a fee or admission is charged, must be paid for the same as other business advertisements.

THURSDAY, AUG. 25, 1892.

The supreme court has decided that the board of control of the soldier's home at Grand Rapids has the power to withhold all but \$5 per month of pension money drawn by the inmates. Where the pensioner has a wife or family dependent upon him for support, the balance of the pension money will be sent to them. Otherwise it will be kept on deposit for the pensioner until his final discharge from the home.

In another column will be found an advertisement of the Jackson county agricultural society, whose annual fair will be held in Jackson, Sept. 26 to 30. No place is more accessible and no fair more interesting to a large number of our readers than the Jackson fair and as they give liberal premiums and have fine speed contests, sports, etc., no doubt there will be a large attendance. Premium lists can be had at the ENTERPRISE office or by writing to C. V. DeLand, Sec'y, Jackson.

As a rule most people are intensely exasperated when, after wading through an exciting story in the newspaper which they have devoured with breathless interest, to find at the finish it is only a trap to advertise some wonderful soap or patent medicine. Of course its disappointing but just consider how cleverly it's done, and by the way, what a wonderful industry has been developed in this mode of advertising. Some of the great medicine firms pay their advertising agent as high as ten thousand a year, and a certain manufacturer of soap pays his advertiser \$25,000. Just think of it, and while you are thinking, just remember that you can get the ENTERPRISE from Sept. 1 to Jan. 1, 1893, for 40 cents.

MASONIC PICNIC.

Napoleon, Liberty and Brooklyn Lodges Meet at Clark's Lake.

The third annual picnic of the masonic fraternity, embracing the jurisdiction of Brooklyn, Liberty and Napoleon lodges, was held at Pleasant View, Clark's lake, Aug. 18, with a large attendance.

The weather was a perfect "picnic day," being hot and dry, but as early as 8 a. m. people began to gather "neath the shade of the forest oak" to "wealth the sunny hours of the day."

T. W. Beech was to furnish dinner to those who wished it and at 11:45 his first bell was sounded when about 175 people responded and in due time unloaded his bountiful spread tables, while some were devouring the dainty viands of their lunch baskets. After all had eaten their fill the bowery hall was cleared and the Napoleon band, which furnished their usual fine music during the day, drew the crowd to the seats where they listened to a very fine programme of recitations, music and remarks by Rev. Gibbs of Concord.

Rev. Gibbs gave one of his usual jolly anecdotes of the revealed secrets in masonry as given by a man who wanted to travel free. During his remarks he said that the genius of any institution or organization may be defined as the ultimate end or object of such institution.

If age is a virtue, the fraternity can boast of the greatest antiquity, for it not only reaches back to the advent of christianity, but it was known at the time of Solomon, when under his reign and personal supervision was constructed the most imposing temple then known in the wide world; yes, more, the history of freemasonry may be traced back to the ancient Caldeans, whose magnificent temples, which now lie in ruins in the great valley of the Tigris and Euphrates, testify to the antiquity of the order.

True it was an organization of what is called operative masonry, and when it merged into what is now termed speculative masonry is unknown.

The subject which our ancient brothers had in view was, in all probability, mutual help and aid in gaining the necessities of life. Its purpose, however, in its speculative sense, is for grander reaching in its object to a life beyond the grave, for whatever else may be said of it, it has for its ultimate end the unfolding of character to the measure of the station of the fullness of Jesus Christ. And what in all the world can be nobler than that?

Religion, the foundation of civilization, began with the first man in his vague longings after a betterment of his condition, and the first intimation of a God came to him through his intuition, but as superstition is the product of misguided intuition, he soon became overwhelmed with superstitious and bowed down to the worship of sticks and stones beneath his feet.

The swift flowing river, the placid lake, the grand old ocean, each in his turn engaged his worship and further on the wide spreading oak, the lofty mountains, the fleecy clouds, the starry heavens, the lightning flashing as it moves through the atmosphere, and on and on to that

indiscribable something far beyond the blue etherial.

Emerson puts it this way: "The baffled intellect must still pause before the cause which refuses to be named,—infinite cause, which every fine genius has essayed to represent by some emphatic symbol, as Thales by water, Anaximenes by air, Anaxagoras by thought, Jesus and the moderns by love, and the metaphor of each has become a national religion."

Thus from fetishism to anthropomorphism, polytheism to monotheism, from a God of hate to a God of love, from a king seated upon his throne ruling as with a rod of iron to a father presiding with love and mercy over his family of children, so are we taught by the history of the past that man is a progressive being, a bundle of possibilities, if you please, who under right circumstances may be harmoniously and symmetrically developed into a perfect man; and freemasonry, in its earnest search after truth, has not been slow to discern this fact and has always been ready therefore to accept whatever help the world in its experience could offer, whatever the intellect could devise, whatever the heart could divine in the furtherance of their most laudable purpose.

The great book of nature laid open before them has been to some extent read and its instructive lessons learned. The true mason must be a friend of education, literature, art, science, have each of them a peculiar attraction. Geometry, for instance, in the language of another, "The first and noblest of sciences," is the basis upon which the superstructure of freemasonry is erected.

By geometry we may curiously trace nature through her various windings to her most concealed recesses. By it we discover the wisdom, power and goodness of the grand artificer of the universe, and view, with delight the proportions which connect this vast machine. By it we discover how the planets move in their respective orbits, and demonstrates their various evolutions. By it we account for the return of seasons and the variety of scenes which each season displays to the discerning eye.

Numberless worlds are around us, all formed by the same divine artist, which roll through the vast expanse, and all are conducted by the same unerring law of nature. A survey of nature and the observation of her beautiful proportions first determined man to imitate the divine plan and study symmetry and order. This gave rise to societies and births to every useful art.

The architect began to design and the plans which he laid down, being improved by time and experience have produced works which are the adoration of every age. Again, music to the ear of every mason is an angel come down from heaven to thrill his soul with delight and adjust his rude nature to the harmony of God's eternal truth.

Literature he would study to enable him to catch the finest thought dropped from the lips of his inspired brother and in his turn communicate it to the thoughtful, seeking further light; and dear to him it is the great light which directs him up to the throne of heaven and down again to the poorest and meanest individual among men and with hand outstretched he would lead him up to purity and goodness.

Masonry is then not only intellectual in its tendency, but highly moral and pre-eminently religious, and it stands in one of its phases an example to the world for those who are widest apart in their political alliances and the farthest from each other in their religious views, to meet and affiliate around one common altar with malice toward none and charity for all.

To promote the brotherhood and impress upon the heart the pure and holy principles of the order, many implements, tools, badges and signs have been adopted, all of which, to the mason, have their peculiar significance. The white apron or lamb skin is the badge of innocence. It is more honorable than the star or garter or any other order that can be bestowed upon him by king prince potentate or any other power except he be a mason. The square reminds him of that true honesty which should be practiced among men. The compass circumscribes his actions under all circumstances.

The plumb leads him through paths of rectitude. The level brings down the arrogant and lifts up the weak and makes all men equal.

The masons have secrets which are to them of great importance for in danger or distance they furnish at once a safeguard and relief. They are a passport into good society and are the reasons often of creating new friendships which tend to pass away in happiness what might be many lonely hours. In short, the obligations of a mason are manifold. They lay upon him temperance, fortitude, prudence and justice, and incite him to the highest deeds of heroism and to the purest and loftiest sacrifices, and inspire the noblest aspirations for his faith in God is unwavering, his hopes light up the darkness of the tomb and guides him to realms of immortal bliss, and his charity, broad as the canopy of heaven, covers humanity. Thus on the rounds of the symbolic ladder, faith, hope and charity, he expects to climb slowly but surely to heaven."

John B. Foot furnished some fine vocal music during the exercises and after the remarks by Bro. Gibbs a business meeting was held and the following officers elected for the ensuing year:

President, J. T. Weeks, Napoleon lodge; 1st Vice President, Percy Wood, Brooklyn lodge; 2nd vice president, Alvin Foot, Liberty lodge; secretary, W. F. Raven, Brooklyn; treasurer, T. Vinland, Liberty; executive committee, F. Whitney, Brooklyn, J. Eliot, Liberty,

M. L. Dean, Napoleon and Mrs. L. M. Jones, Brooklyn, eastern star.

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LADIES. I have received the Spring Styles in Hats! and beautiful flowers and ribbons. I have something FOR THE CHILDREN as well as for yourselves. Call at my store and see them.

JOHN REIFOR, Merchant Tailor, has Received SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS. And is ready to take orders for FIRST CLASS SUITS. Call and see cloth and get prices. Next door to Postoffice.

MANCHESTER, MICH.

Commissioners' Notice. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Enfield Anstett, late of said County, deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed, by order of said Probate Court, for creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the law office of Arthur J. Waters, in the village of Manchester, in said County, on the 21st day of November, and on the 21st day of February next, at 10 o'clock a. m., of each said day, to receive, examine and adjust said claims. Dated August 19, 1892.

Commissioners' Notice. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of William Turner, late of said County, deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed, by order of said Probate Court, for creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the law office of Arthur J. Waters, in the village of Manchester, in said County, on the 8th day of November and on the 8th day of February next, at 10 o'clock a. m., of each said day, to receive, examine and adjust said claims. Dated August 8th, 1892.

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STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW. In a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Saturday, the 6th day of August in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety two.

Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the Estate of Joseph Lowrey, deceased.

(To Reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of James Arthur Lowrey and others, praying that a certain instrument now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased may be admitted to probate and that administration of said estate may be granted to himself, the executor in said will named, or to some other suitable person.)

Thereupon it is ordered, that Thursday the 1st day of September next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, he assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the devisees, legatees and heirs at law of 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 Manchester Enterprise, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

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

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For Selling Goods Cheap.

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Has made this reputation for the Town. We pay Spot Cash for Goods and sell them on a close margin.

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Is our Great Drive and we save you a good day's wages on a Suit or Overcoat. Our stock is large in

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Boots and Shoes. All goods are sold AT ONE PRICE. Give us a call and you will come again. Respectfully,

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A BOOK FOR

SUMMER READING

A large assortment of Summer Literature just received. Nice Cloth

Bound Book for

30 CENTS

And a few at 25c, for a short time only. Come early and make a selection.

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I wish to announce that I shall keep a

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Shelf and Heavy

Hardware,

TINWARE, OILS, &C.

I have a first class TINNER and one

ready to execute all orders. Please

give me a call.

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GRAND OPENING!

Of Wall Paper sales, from hand

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To cheap Brown Backs, at

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Are prepared to take contracts for buildings of all

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We are prepared to manufacture on short

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Sash, Mouldings, Etc.

And do

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Mill at Jayne's Lumber Yard, near Lake Shore

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COME AND SEE

A GRAND FAIR!

The 42nd Annual Fair of the Jackson County

Agricultural Society will be held on

its Grounds in Jackson

SEPT. 26 TO 30, 1892.

A Liberal Line of Premiums, Fine Speed Contests, Sports, Races and

other attractions are offered. Call at this office and get

one of the Premium Lists.

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LAST DEAL.

A CLOSE CALL!

About 20 Lightweight Suits left to be sold

REGARDLESS OF COST!

We are bound to give them the shake before getting in the Fall Stock of

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We are showing all the New Fall Styles of Hats. Call and see them.

ROBISON & KOEBBE.

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Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Etc.

Every Lady should try a Pair of our new Patent Tip Lace or Button

Shoe, and every Gentleman a pair of our

"VICI KID"

Laces or Congress Shoes. The Best Fitting, Most Durable and Cheapest Line

of Shoes made. Way ahead of Patent Leather for looks.

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Do you chew Jolly Tar

Chewing Tobacco?

If not - why not?

Think it carefully over and then try it.

Your dealer keeps Jolly Tar

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MICHIGAN SOUTHERN Brewery - And - BOTTLING WORKS

Extra Bottled Lager For Family Use. Chas. Adrion & Co. MANCHESTER, MICH.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW. In a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Monday the 1st day of August in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety two.

Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the Estate of Joseph E. Lapham, deceased.

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

Thereupon it is ordered, that Thursday the 1st day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, he 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 Manchester Enterprise, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

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

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE CENTLEMEN. And other specialties for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys and Misses are the Best in the World. See descriptive advertisement which will appear in this paper.

Take no Substitute, but insist on having W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES, with name and price stamped on bottom of each shoe.

MAK & SCHMIDT

WHEN YOU FORGET ME!

You say that I am all to you.
That hearts can never sever,
That loving you will be, and true,
Forever and forever!
But often has that tale been told,
And tears at times been shed,
The day will come ere years are old,
The day when you'll forget me!

Yet will I trust until the end,
And passing years shall prove you;
I dare not "faint my fate content,"
Because "because I love you!"
And if in time to come you sigh,
Not long will anguish fret me,
For I shall pine away and die,
The day when you forget me!

—Sat. Evening Post.

BOORAH, THE INDIAN.

"What a beautifully wicked face!" said Maud Castleton to herself as a slimy-built young fellow passed by her one morning while she was leaning against the rail of a steamer plowing its way through the Suoz Canal.

It was a beautiful face, regular in all its fine-out proportions, but there was an upward curl to the dainty, lanky mustache, a cynical bow to the thin lips that gave it the look of the devil. The eyes were deep brown, and the nose was straight with curving nostrils; as for the hands they were slender, graceful, with fingers as taper as Maud's own; upon the little finger of the left hand shone a pigeon-blood ruby worth a king's ransom.

It was Boorah, the son of the rich Indian of Madras on his way to England to learn the English language preparatory to taking a collegiate course at Oxford.

In the saloon Boorah was but a mute listener to the light conversation, but his face would brighten up wonderfully when someone would address him in his own tongue. He could not understand a single word of English, as his life had been mostly spent in the interior part of his country.

Once when the gentleman who was seated by Maud's side asked her if she knew what the dark chap's name was, and she answered that she had heard him called Boorah, the Indian started and flashed a look in her direction. He had caught the sound of his name as it fell softly from Maud's lips. Why did they make him the subject of their conversation? Were they sneering at him, his strangeness, his complexion, his race? He smiled slightly, his thin lips drew in a straight line across his teeth and his nostrils quivered as he almost unconsciously took a slender bit of bread from his pocket and began to twine it with his slender, brown fingers. "Good heavens! Miss Castleton, see what the chap is doing now. Do not look at him presently, however, for, if I mistake not, he thinks that we are talking about him."

Maud cast her eyes after a moment or two toward the young Indian. She felt a strange tightness about her heart, a cold sensation pass over her as she glanced at the object in his hands. She quickly recovered her composure, and turning to her companion said in a low tone:

"It is the cord; the Indians use it to—"

"Hush! do not speak it. I have been among them too long not to recognize it. That chap is dangerous and I would not like to incur his enmity."

"He is—"

"Sh! a thug!"

When Maud again turned toward Boorah's chair it was vacant. Again that tightness came about her heart followed by the cold, creeping sensation. She shuddered as she rose and went to the other end of the saloon where a group of ladies were engaged in bright, small talk.

Maud Castleton was an American girl homeward bound in company with her aunt after a year's stay with relatives in the Madras. She was a fair-haired girl whose heart had never as yet been touched by one of Cupid's darts. At nineteen years of age, possessed of ample means with a loving family circle at home, she found other objects to engage her mind. Love would come soon enough, she said, at present she was free as a bird and she loved her liberty.

When the steamer touched at Naples the Indian left it and proceeded by rail to Paris while Maud and her aunt continued on board the vessel. When the pair reached London the first familiar face that Maud met upon arriving at the hotel was that of Boorah.

"Auntie, let us go away from here as soon as possible. I do not like England at all. I am so anxious to see papa and mamma."

"Why, dear, there are lots of nice things to be seen in London; besides you know we intended to stay here two weeks."

"Not two days if I can help it," broke in Maud, decidedly.

"Well, of all the queer turns! But why are you in such a hurry to leave, dear?"

"I do not know unless it is because"—and Maud started as she saw that the dining-room chair upon which the Indian had been seated was vacant—the weather is so foggy here."

"Well, Maud, if that is the reason, I quite agree with you and we will leave as soon as possible. I must say this fog bothers my breathing distressingly."

Within two days Maud and her aunt took a homeward bound steamer at Liverpool and a great load seemed lifted from the girl's heart when she saw the land disappear in the wake of the vessel.

Several times during the passage her aunt asked her why she had sobbed in her sleep. Maud looked distressed and would always say that she must have been dreaming. It was dreaming unpleasant dreams, however. The beautiful face with its curving nostrils the slender fingers playing with the cord! Boorah, the man from Madras, visited her in her dreams and in fright she sobbed as she felt the cold, creeping sensation pass over her.

Three weeks have passed, during which time Maud Castleton has become more beautiful than ever. Her heart is now no longer fancy free, for she loves and is loved. Harry Lisle, a rising young newspaper editor, is the lucky man who has taught Maud what the meaning of love is. And she is very happy in the possession of such a prize, but people who view the matter dispassionately say that if any man is worthy such a jewel of a girl it is Harry Lisle.

Maud is no longer frightened at the mere sight of a bit of rope, for she has forgotten almost how the handsome face of the young Indian looked; but she never reads novels about India, especially wherein there figure what a strange shudder passes over her.

It is a bright afternoon in June and Maud is seated in the conservatory. The book which she has been reading slips from her grasp and falls to the floor. The air is heavy with the perfume of flowers, the bees are buzzing in the garden, and a hummingbird poised upon its gossamer wings to sip the sweet of a bright blossom.

It was a delightful time for dreaming, and ere Maud realizes it she is away among foreign climes where the sky is more gorgeous, the flowers more gaudy, but not so sweet as those that surround her. Something disturbs her dreams; her bosom trembles as with fear, her eyelids twitch, then her lips grow white, and her fingers clench tightly together. She seems to struggle to awake and relieve herself of the terrible object. A strange effort seems to bind her fast to the floor, as though the bonds and stares wide awake, at some object upon the other side of the lattice conservatory. Her eyes are fastened upon it as though held there spell-bound. Her lips grow ashen and she tries to scream but cannot. Her limbs refuse to respond to her inner appeals for she cannot rise.

A slender brown hand has parted the thickly growing leaves and a pair of deep brown eyes peer in upon her. Upon the little finger of the hand gleams a pigeon-blood ruby.

"Surely this is no dream. There is the same slender, brown hand and there is not another such a ruby in the world. Is this old nightmare of fears about to visit her again? What a horror!—this fair young girl ever worked against the young Indian that he should follow her to her home after three years to torment her with his presence?"

The sound of footsteps, heard and Maud heaves a sigh of relief as the brown hand is withdrawn. In a moment Harry is by her side. She grasps his two hands and cries hysterically:

"Oh, do not leave me alone ever again."

"I hope not to, or at least soon, my dear. Why, what is the matter? You are all of a tremble and your face is like chalk. Has the poor little dear seen a mouse?"

"Don't tease please. No matter what has frightened me—"

"By the way, I just met Mr. Smith as I came in. He came from the garden."

"Mr. Smith? I do not know any Mr. Smith. Harry—Whom do you mean?"

"Oh a queer chap who cannot talk a word of English. He has been in the city for a couple of weeks, and seems to have plenty of money and knows how to spend it. He goes to the theatre, visits the races and seems to be taking all the time for some one. I guess he is a little wrong here," said Harry, tapping his forehead.

"Why do you call him Mr. Smith?"

"Because no one knows his other name. He is quite an object to the fellows down at newspaper row. One of the boys—a romancing fellow, of course—says that he believes Mr. Smith is a thug."

"Hush! do not speak that loud," interrupted Maud as she laid her fingers tightly upon Harry's lips and glanced anxiously around.

"Well, that beats all—"

"You have not lived in India. You do not know what relentless fury the Indian destroys his foe; you do not know how like a serpent the man with a dark skin tracks his prey. I do, I know Mr. Smith—"

"A scoop, by jove! Tell me all about it; it will be a scooper for my paper. Quick, you know Mr. Smith; hurry! I am dying to hear."

"But here, the leaves may have ears. We will go into the house where you shall hear all that I know about this man you call Mr. Smith," said Maud. Rising she led the way to the house where she told Harry her story. After she had finished she asked:

"And now, don't you think it would be best not to print it, dear?"

"You are right. I shall watch Mr. Smith. He evidently knows enough of the language to understand what is said in his presence. I think he loves you. Perhaps it will be best for you to be not too much alone; by all means do not stop long in the conservatory. Mr. Smith will be close watching; if he attempts any of his Indian fine work here he will be brought up sharply. After cautioning her again to be careful, Harry left Maud with her kiss yet warm upon his lips.

The next morning the newspapers contained the following startling news item:

"Last night between eleven and half-past eleven o'clock Mr. Harry Lisle, a well-known newspaper writer, was passing through—"

"—in the lower part of the city, was attacked by some villain, whose attempt to kill was almost beyond reason to believe. The victim felt a noose tighten about his neck, and before he could defend himself or cry for assistance he was thrown violently to the ground, where the scoundrel proceeded to do him up according to the way such things are done in Hindostan or India. A half drunken individual, however, who had been disturbed from his snooze, yelled for pence! pence! The cry was sufficient, and the noble chap of the blue coat was brass buttons ran to the scene. The thug disappeared in the darkness, followed by the officer, while the half drunken man loosened the cord that was cutting Lisle's wind off. A few more seconds and there would have been a vacancy for some other editor to fill. But the chap of the cord got his just deserts. He rushed for the river and jumped from the dock just as a ferry boat entered it. The water carried him about like a cork, and he was washed between the boat and the dock timbers, where his head was cracked like an egg shell. He was a dead man when he was fished out, and the little finger of his left hand was a pigeon blood red ruby worth a king's ransom. Nothing was found upon the body of identity. It was known among the boys of newspaper row as Mr. Smith. Harry Lisle is to be congratulated upon his escape."

Mr. Lisle can give no reason for the attack.

With the exception of a few scratches and a red mark about the neck Harry Lisle was all right when he hastened to Maud Castleton's home to quiet her tears which he knew must arise upon reading the article.

"He commenced his fine work pretty early, dear," said he lightly after kissing her.

"Yes, I think it was my prayer last night that saved you, Harry. Oh it was terrible, terrible. If he had succeeded—"

"Which he failed to do, thanks to my intervention, friend, who by the way, I have promised myself to look after."

"And you saw the dead Indian? What a dreadful end!"

"Yes, it is Mr. Smith sure enough."

"Boorah, the man from Madras," added Maud, "and he never speaks of the frightful thing again."

And Harry was content to have it so. The Indian was buried as Mr. Smith, as no one was likely to call for the valuable ruby it was sold by the authorities and the funds helped to place a certain unfortunate man in the way to reform.—Chicago Sun.

TO DETECT OLEOMARGARINE.

A Simple and Effective Test Well Worth Every One's Knowing.

Most housekeepers would treat with scorn the idea that they would be unable to distinguish oleomargarine from butter, but as a matter of fact it is now made to imitate the genuine article so closely that no one but an expert chemist or butter dealer could tell by simple inspection, the one from the other. It is a mistake to suppose that oleomargarine is disagreeable either in taste or odor. Made as it is from purified fats and oils the flavor may be somewhat tame, but this is usually corrected by salting, and, too, the materials are frequently churned with milk so that the imitation is almost perfect. Oleomargarine possesses the advantage over butter that it does not spoil readily, says the Philadelphia Times, but may be kept months without being materially affected.

If there is a small amount of butter present in oleomargarine, say as much as 15 or 20 per cent, the only method of determining that the material is not genuine butter is by chemical analysis, but if, as is almost invariably the case, there has been no butter added to it, the housekeeper can determine this for herself with as great a certainty as the experienced chemist. It is only necessary to place about a tablespoonful of the suspected material in a small tin cup or pan and heat it on the stove. Butter will melt quickly, give off its characteristic odor, and foam up until it has reached so eral times its original bulk. Oleomargarine will not foam at all, but will act just like hot fat, in which water has been spilled. It will spurt and crackle and drops of the melted fat will be projected from the dish. Precisely the same effect may be gotten by mixing a little water with the fat and heating it. If at the same time, some genuine butter is heated in another dish, the contrast between the two effects will be very evident.

PRESERVE THE FORESTS.

They Should Be Placed Under Guardianship of the National Army.

All the mountain forest lands owned by the nation should be at once withdrawn from sale, writes J. R. Harrison in the Cosmopolitan, and should be put under guardianship of the national army, under a comprehensive and efficient system of forestry has been established over them.

But it is probable that all remaining portions of the national domain will soon pass into possession of the states within whose boundaries they are situated. If this expectation is realized, the mountain forest lands everywhere should be held and administered by the states, as such and should not be allowed to become private holdings by sale to individuals. This is essential for the preservation of the country's water supply, and for the permanence of its agriculture. This is especially manifest in relation to the regions which require irrigation. No possible system of dams or of hydraulic engineering of any kind can secure and control an adequate supply of water, for extensive agriculture by irrigation if forest conditions are destroyed on the mountains above the arid region.

Forest conditions on these mountains on the public domain are now being rapidly destroyed by pasturage, by wretchedly wasteful and irresponsible lumbering and by fire. If these agencies continue in operation the arid region will remain arid, or, if they are reclaimed for a little while, the supply of water will soon fail and the desert will reassert its ancient domination.

A large proportion of the mountain land of the western part of the continent is of such a character that if forest conditions upon it are once fully destroyed they can never be restored. Man has no power to create a new world, but his ability to wreck and exhaust the planet on which he lives is almost without limit.

The Fugate Was Gone.

"Mother, where did I lose my squeaking board?" asked Mary. "I've pounded myself all over and can't find it. But I can always find dolly when I want her to cry."

"You never had one," answered mamma.

"Then I didn't mount to any more than my rag doll, did I?" sighed Mary.—Harper's Young People.

A Two-Dollar Present.

Mother—"Why did you put this horrid postage stamp on this beautiful little Japanese vase you bought for your sister's birthday present?"

Diffident Son—"You gave me two dollars an' said I shouldn't spend any of it 'cept for sister's present, an' the vase cost only a dollar an' ninety cents, an' so I bought a postage stamp and stuck it on."—Good News.

What Brought Him.

"Irene, what brings that young Harkinson here four or five evenings every week?" Miss Irene—"Why, papa—I hardly—I know what brings him here. A pair of the almost legs a dude ever walked on. Them's the things that brings him.—Chicago Tribune.

HIS LATEST SERMON.

TALMAGE STILL PREACHING IN ENGLAND.

Hungry and Homesick Forthas His Draw With a Subject from Which He Draws a Graphic Picture—"I Will Arise and Go to My Father."

There is nothing like hunger to take the energy out of a man. A hungry man can toil neither with pen, nor hand, nor foot. There has been many an army defeated, not so much for lack of ammunition as for lack of bread. It was that fact that took the fire out of this young man of the text. Storm and exposure will wear out any man's life in time, but hunger makes quick work. The most awful cry ever heard on earth is the cry for bread.

Satan promises large wages if we will serve him; but he clothes his victims with rags and he pinches them with hunger, and when they start out to do better he sets after them all the bloodhounds of hell. Satan comes to us to-day and he promises all luxuries, all emoluments, if we will only serve him. Liar, damn him, will there be no pit! "The wages of sin is death." Oh! the young man of the text was wise when he uttered the resolution: "I will arise and go to my father."

In the time of Queen Mary of England a persecutor came to a Christian woman who had hidden in her house for the Lord's sake one of Christ's servants, and the persecutor said: "Where is that heretic?" The Christian woman said: "You open that trunk and you will see the heretic." The persecutor opened the trunk and on the top of the linen of the trunk he saw a glass. He said: "There is no heretic here." "Ah!" she said, "you look in the glass and you will see the heretic." As I take up the mirror of God's word to-day, I would that instead of seeing the prodigal of the text, we might see ourselves—our want, our wandering, our sin, our lost condition, so that we might be as wise as this young man was and say: "I will arise and go to my father."

The resolution of this text was formed in disgust at his present circumstances. If this young man had been by his employer set to cultivating flowers, or training vines over an arbor, or keeping account of the pork market, or overseeing other laboring, he would not have thought of going home. If he had had his pockets full of money, if he had been able to say, "I have a thousand dollars now of my own; what's the use of my going back to my father's house? Do you think I am going back to apologize to the old man? Why, he would put me on the limits; he would not have gone on around the old place such conduct as I have been engaged in; I won't go home; there is no reason why I should go home; I have plenty of money, plenty of pleasant surroundings, why should I go home?" Ah! it was his pauperism, it was his beggary. He had to go home.

Some men comes and says to me: "Why do you talk about the ruined state of the human soul? Why don't you speak about the progress of the nineteenth century, and talk of something more exhilarating?" It is for this reason; a man never wants the gospel until he realizes he is in a famine-struck state. Suppose I should come to you in your home, health and in good health, robust, healthy, and I should begin to talk about medicines, and about how much better this medicine is than that, and some other medicine than some other medicine, and talk about this physician and that physician. After a while you would say: "I don't want to hear about medicines. Why do you talk to me of physicians? I never have a doctor." Suppose I come into your house and I find you severely sick, and I know the medicines that will cure you, and I know the physician who is skillful enough to meet your case. You say: "Bring on all that medicine, bring on that physician. I am terribly sick and I want help." If I came to you and you feel you are all right in body and all right in mind, and all right in soul, you have need of nothing; but suppose I have persuaded you that the leprosy of sin is upon you, the worst of all sickness. Oh, then you say: "Bring me that balm of the gospel, bring me that divine medicament, bring me Jesus Christ."

"But," says some one in the audience, "how do you prove that we are in a ruined condition by sin?" Well, I can prove it in two ways, and you may have your choice. I can prove it either by the statements of men, or by the statement of God. Which shall I use? You say, "Let us have the statement of God." Well, he says in one place: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." He says in another place: "What is man that he should be clean? and he which is born of a woman, that he should be righteous?" He says in another place: "There is none that doeth good, no, not one." He says in another place: "As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."

When Napoleon talked of going into Italy, they said: "You can't get there; if you knew what the Alps were, you wouldn't talk about it or think of it; you can't get your ammunition wagons over the Alps." Then Napoleon rose in his stirrups and waving his hand toward the mountains he said: "There shall be no Alps." That wonderful pass was laid out which has been the wonderment of all the years since—the wonderment of all engineers. And you tell me there are such mountains of sin between your soul and God, there is no mercy. Then I see Christ waving his hand toward the mountains, and I hear him say: "I will come over the mountains of thy sin and the hills of thine iniquity." There shall be no Pyrenees, there shall be no Alps.

A lad at Liverpool went out to bathe, went into the sea, went out too far, got beyond his depth and he floated far away. A ship bound for Dublin came along and took him on board. Sailors are generally very generous fellows, and one gave him a cap and another gave him a jacket, and another gave him shoes. A gentleman passing along on the beach at Liverpool found the lad's shoes and took them home, and the father was heartbroken, the mother was heartbroken at the loss of their child. They had heard nothing from him day after day, and they ordered the usual mourning for the sad event. But the lad took ship from Dublin and arrived in Liverpool the very day the garments arrived. He knocked at the door and the father was overjoyed, and the mother was overjoyed at the return of their lost son. "O my friends, have you waded out too deep? Have you waded down into sin? Have you waded from the shore? Will you come back? When you come back will you come in the rags of your sin, or will you come robed in the Savior's righteousness? I believe the latter. Go home to your God to-day. He is waiting for you. Go home!"

But I remark the characteristic of this resolution was, it was immediately put into execution.

The context says "he arose and came to his father." The trouble in nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand is that our resolutions amount to nothing because we make them for some distant time. If I resolve to become a Christian next year, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve to become a Christian to-morrow, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve at the service today to become a Christian, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve after I go home to-day to yield, my heart to God, that amounts to nothing at all. The only kind of resolution that amounts to anything is the resolution that is immediately put into execution. There is a man who had the typhoid fever. He said: "Oh! if I could get over this terrible distress; if this fever should depart; if I could be restored to health, I would all the rest of my life serve God." The fever departed. He got well enough to walk around the block. He got well enough to attend to business. He is well to-day—as well as he ever was. Where is the broken vow?

There is a man who said long ago: "If I could live to the year 1892, by that time I will have my business matters all arranged, and I will have time to attend to religion, and I will be a good, thorough, consecrated Christian. The year 1892 has come. January, February, March, April, May, June, July—fully half of the year gone. Where is your broken vow?" "Oh!" says some man, "I'll attend to that when I can get my character fixed up, when I can get over my evil habits; I am now given to strong drink," or, says, the man, "I am given to uncleanness," or says the man, "I am given to dishonest habits, then I'll be a thorough Christian." My brother, you will get worse and worse until Christ takes you in hand. "Not the righteous, sinners, Jesus came to call."

Oh! but you say: "I agree with you on all that, but I must put it off a little longer." Do you know there were many who came just as near as you are to the kingdom of God and never entered it?

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Oh! but you say: "I agree with you on all that, but I must put it off a little longer." Do you know there were many who came just as near as you are to the kingdom of God and never entered it?

In this country, two young men started from their father's house and went down to Portsmouth. The father could not pursue his children; for some reason he could not leave home, and so he wrote a letter down to Mr. Griffin, saying: "Mr. Griffin, I wish you would go and see my two sons. They have arrived in Portsmouth and they are going to take ship, and going away from home. I wish you would persuade them back." Mr. Griffin went and he tried to persuade them back. He persuaded one to go. He went with very easy persuasion because he was very homesick already. The other young man said, "I will not go. I have had enough of home. I'll never go home." "Well," said Mr. Griffin, "then if you won't go home, I'll get you a respectable position on a respectable ship." "No, you won't," said the prodigal; "no, you won't. I am going as a common sailor; that will plague my father most, and what will do most to tantalize and worry him will please me best."

Years passed on and Mr. Griffin was seated in his study one day when a message came to him saying there was a young man in irons on a ship at the dock—a young man condemned to death—who wished to see this clergyman. Mr. Griffin went down to the dock and went on shipboard. The young man said to him: "You don't know me, do you?" "No," he said, "I don't know you." "Why, don't you remember that young man you tried to persuade to go home and he wouldn't go?" "O yes," said Mr. Griffin, "are you that man?" "Yes, I am that man," said the other. "I would like to have you pray for me. I have committed murder and I must die; but I don't want to go out of this world until some one prays for me. You are my father's friend and I would like to have you pray for me."

Mr. Griffin went from judicial authority to judicial authority to get that young man's pardon. He slept not that night nor day. He went from influential person to influential person until in some way he got that young man's pardon. He came down on the dock and as he arrived on the dock with the pardon, the father came. He had heard that his son under a disguised name had been committing crime and was going to be put to death. So Mr. Griffin and the father went on ship's deck, and at the very moment Mr. Griffin offered the pardon to the young man, the old father threw his arms around the son's neck and the son said: "Father, I have done very wrong, and I am very sorry. I wish I had never broken your heart. I am very sorry." "O!" said the father, "don't mention it. It doesn't make any difference now. It is all over. I forgive you, my son." And he kissed him, and kissed him, and kissed him.

To-day I offer you the pardon of the Gospel—full pardon, free pardon. I do not care what your crime has been. Though you say you have committed a crime against God, against your own soul, against your fellow-man, against your family, against the day of judgment, against the cross of Christ—whatever your crime has been, here is pardon, full pardon, and the very moment you take that pardon your heavenly Father throws his arms about you and says: "My son, I forgive you. It is all right. You are as much in my favor now as if you never had sinned."

Oh! there is joy on earth and joy in Heaven. Who will take the Father's embrace?

Shoe-making machines were invented by Gallahue in 1858.

The mariner's compass was a Chinese invention, 1200 B. C.

THE FOLLOWING PERSONS

HAVE BOUGHT



—This Season—

William Schwab,
William Breitenwischer,
Mrs. Fred Haebler,
Andrew Braun,
Mat Alber,
George Paul,
Charlie Hildinger.

Jose Faulhaber,
Martin Haebler,
Lambert Reno,
Charley Alber,
Webb Logan,
George Paul, Jr.,

—A full stock of—

HARROWS, DRILLS,

Carriages, Wagons, Pumps, Windmills, Etc. We can save you money on Sewing Machines.

WURSTER BROTHERS.

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 Good, Picture Framing and Ordered Work a specialty.

JENTER & RAUSCHENBERGER.

MANCHESTER.

THE 25TH VOLUME

—OF—

THE ENTERPRISE

—WILL CLOSE—

SEPT. 8, 1892.

ON that date we wish Every Subscription Settled, because we wish to begin the

2ND QUARTER CENTURY

With Accounts all Balanced. This applies to those who are in arrears. A good many Subscriptions will expire at that date, and we shall be thankful if our Patrons will call or send in before that date and renew for another year. Please do not delay this; there are only a few more weeks left before that date—September 8th, and we hope that

YOU WILL NOT

Be the last

The truly great man is one who does not lose his child heart. He does not think beforehand that his words shall be sincere, nor that his actions shall be resolute; he simply always abides in the right.

When the hour of trouble comes to the mind or the body, or when the hour of death comes that comes to high and low, then it is not what we have done for ourselves, but what we have done for others that we think on most pleasantly.

The value of the moon to general science is conceded. To a great extent it is the key to the secrets of the stars. Like a mighty bull's eye in the astronomer's hands it has been used for clearing up countless celestial mysteries and dark places otherwise.

It is a false economy to put off incurring an obligation which sooner or later must be met and accepted, especially when delay brings immediate damage. The increase in the value of farm lands which would at once result from improved country roads would be more than sufficient to pay the entire cost of such roads.

Men do not fail always in life because they are failures but from a variety of causes, which might be almost looked upon as "accidental," but that we know nothing happens by chance, and over which they have no command. A very little experience and a small circle of acquaintances will suffice to make this clear to any careful observer.

There is considerable truth in the words of an exchange which says: "Men who are always talking about what they are going to do, or mean to accomplish, rarely, if ever, do it. Such men do a great deal of talking, but very little acting or working. Were they to practice what they preach they would very likely be successful. The world judges men by their acts, not by their talk or promises. Arguments are good, but facts are better—they convince."

The object of law is to prevent men from becoming worse, to remove temptations from them to restrain them by increasing the chances of detection and the surety of punishment. If law can make all look burglar proof, and compel their security at all hours, there would be none to be proven guilty of breaking and entering. If law obliged each property owner to deposit his available portable property in some place where there would be no chance of theft, stealing must be greatly discouraged.

For some reason which has thus far defied analysis visitations of war seem to move in waves. There will be a period of comparative peace and quietude and then the floodgates of evil will be thrown open to admit the messengers of death and destruction. But by a beneficent decree of the forces which regulate the universe, the dispensations of wrath are always brief in comparison with the long intervals of peace and those welcome periods of immunity from harm which outnumber and outlast the seasons of affliction in this world.

The kindergarten is rapidly becoming to be recognized as an essential feature in our national public school system. Every day we hear of its establishment in some new quarter. But it is evident that there are people, unfamiliar with its character, as at present conducted, who are inclined to regard it in the light of a tassel on the cap of education. It consists in the minds of these critics of a safe and pleasant day nursery, where children are sent for recreation in order that parents may be relieved of their care during certain portions of the day.

The more fully we come to understand the heart and the life of anyone, his motives and his aims, his purposes and plans, the more mysterious we discover. So the more we know of ourselves, the more we find that is inexplicable and contradictory. Let anyone who thinks he has fathomed his own nature and sounded its depths watch his daily life closely and he will find a thousand fractures in the smooth and comprehensive ideal he has imagined to himself. He will be surprised at a herosim of which he had not thought himself capable, or he will be shocked at some meanness which he had supposed impossible, here he will discern marks of an ability of which he had not dreamed, and there he will pause in wonder to see how far short he falls of his own intentions.

It is a mistake to suppose that Siberia is a desert, or a glacier, or a mountain fastness, or incapable of being made inhabitable. The valleys and level plains are said to be as fertile as the western portion of the United States, and it is not unlike the West in the variety of its resources—in mineral timber and in agricultural facilities. It is a marvellous treasure-trove of stored up opportunities. Its wealth is practically unlimited. With the advantages of railroad communication and telegraph lines a vast country is added to the world of civilization. The cultivation of the land and the introduction of all the elaborate machinery of enlightened life will as scientists depict, modify the rigors of the climate, although in Southern Siberia even this obstacle does not exist.

TWO BARDS.

A bard who wrote in 'Staves Once made a heathen hymn, He had this stern train, That moved as though in pain, 'The underneath of graves Makes the sea grim.' A south land singer sung With happy heart and free; The living, not the dead, He dealt with, and he said, 'The world is glad and young, And good to me.' And ever since mankind Is shuttled back and forth Between these singers twain Of glad and sad refrain, The south land warm and kind, The bitter north. —St. Paul Pioneer Press.

WADA THE SHREWDONE.

Many years ago in the beautiful empire of Japan, lived a family named Toshi. It consisted of a father, mother and two sons named Hoga and Wada, who were as different as boys could be. Hoga being selfish and cruel, while Wada was bright, witty and generous.

When they were just reaching manhood the cross old father died, leaving house and lands to Hoga, giving Wada only a tiny cottage near his brother's fine estate. The mother, as is the custom of Japan, was compelled to obey her eldest son and make her home with him, although she longed to be with Wada. Hoga did not allow her to see her youngest son often, but when they did meet he would cheer her up with his witty and shrewd remarks.

"Never mind, okkasan (mother)," he would say, "it is better to be poor and witty than rich and stupid. I will soon find a way to get money." One day Hoga received a message begging him to come to his brother's house at once, as there was a very marvelous thing for sale there. Wada was watching for him and, as soon as he saw him entering the gate, ran into the kitchen, picked up a kettle from the fire and set it on a block of wood in the middle of the parlor.

When Hoga entered the water was still hissing and steaming. Wada pointed to it and said: "Here is the world. It needs no charcoal, no wood, no fire, simply place it on this cedar block and it will boil." "Where did you get it?" growled Hoga, beginning at once to covet such an economical utensil.

"An old man brought it this morning," said the younger, "and offered to sell it for 500 yen, but I have no money. Can you not lend me this amount, brother? I could soon make it back by exhibiting such a curiosity." "I will not lend you a rin," said the unkind Hoga. "I wish to buy it for myself."

Wada's heart leaped with joy, but he managed to retain a miserable expression of countenance and cried: "Why should all good things come to you? I should become rich with this prize and now you take it from me." After many such complaints he handed his brother the kettle, took the money and soon after started on a long pleasure trip. Hoga returned home carrying his precious kettle in one hand and the block of cedar in the other. He called in all the neighbors to behold his new purchase.

With much ceremony he filled it with water, set it on the block, and then smilingly told the crowd to watch it boil. Moments passed but the water remained cold as at first. The company began to smile and exchange glances and Hoga saw that he had been deceived. Perfectly infuriated, he rushed over to Wada's house to kill him, but that young man was well out of the way and did not return until he thought it prudent.

Some time after this, when Hoga's anger had cooled, another messenger came asking him to step over to his brother's house for a few moments. This modest request he refused with scorn. Soon the messenger returned, bringing one small mikan (orange) on a lacquered tray and handed it to him, telling him that it was a sample from the tree which Wada had received that morning. Hoga turned it round and round and smelled it suspiciously. When at last he ventured to open it, there in the very heart lay a tiny golden yen. Burning with envy, he rushed over to his brother's house. There stood a pretty little mikan tree in a big red flower-pot, and Wada was caressing the dark green leaves.

Barely answering his brother's polite "Oyasoi!" (Good morning), Hoga grasped for the tree, tearing off several of the pretty golden balls at once. Yes, in each lurked that golden spot that tiny yen. "Where did you get it?" he burst out. "What will you sell it for?"

"It is a gift of the gods," replied Wada. "I could not sell it at any price."

"I think I see the gods making such presents to you," sneered the other. "Where did you get it?"

"I speak only the truth, brother," said Wada gently. "This morning at dawn when I went, as usual, to the temple of God Hachimaru, I saw, in front of the inner shrine, this wondrous tree. On the pot which holds it was painted: 'To my faithful servant Wada Toshi. There you can read for yourself!'"

Sure enough, in bright golden letters were the words; and the paint was not yet dry. Hoga returned home, his heart swelling with envy, jealousy and greed.

That night he could not sleep. Next day, as he sat in his garden trying to think of some way to get the tree away from his brother, Wada entered the gate. His face was pale, his clothes all tattered and he looked almost like a crazy person. When he saw Hoga he commenced weeping and beating his breast.

"Alas!" he cried, "I must lose my heavenly gift—my golden tree. My creditors have fallen upon me and will not wait. Help me now, brother! Lend me a thousand yen until my next crop when I can repay you twice over."

Hoga could scarcely restrain his delight. "Miserable spendthrift!" he answered. "I do not lend to such as you, but I will buy the tree for a thousand yen."

As these disappeared every night he was well satisfied, thinking that it had absorbed them. When autumn approached Wada decided to go on another long journey. When the mikan began to ripen Hoga's excitement was intense and he had a great festival when the day came to pluck them. One after one he opened them, but no gold yen appeared and he saw that he had been tricked for the second time.

When Wada returned after several months' absence, Hoga would neither speak to him nor allow any of his family to notice him. For some time Wada laughed at his brother's anger, but when his money had all disappeared he became somewhat anxious and sought an opportunity to speak to his mother, thinking that she might help him. One day they met by accident and he said: "Okkasan, I am in real trouble this time and you must help me."

When she asked him how she could assist him, he told her that the next afternoon about dusk she must pretend to be taken very ill suddenly and in a short while to die. Then he would come over and bring her to life with his magic samisen. At first the good lady hesitated, for she did not like to deceive even such a cross and stingy son as Hoga, but Wada begged so hard that she at last consented. Hoga was enough at dusk the next day. Hoga, pale and terrified, into his brother's house and told him that their mother was dying. Instead of showing grief, he commenced laughing and dancing and cried out: "Could anything be more fortunate! Wait until I get my samisen."

"Unfeeling wretch!" exclaimed Hoga. "You have always pretended to love your mother and now you laugh and sing to hear of her death. You are no better than a Chinaman!" "I laugh and sing because I can restore her to life," said Wada. "I have a samisen which can call back the souls of the dead."

"Liar!" cried Hoga in great anger. "You have tricked me twice, beware of the third time, for I will kill you with my own hand." "I would not joke on such a subject as this," said Wada in a pained tone. "But come," I will prove the truth of my words. When they entered the house all the friends and relatives were weeping for the old lady had just breathed her last. They were much horrified to see Wada with a samisen in his hand, and still more so when he sat by his mother's corpse and began to play a lively tune. Soon the dead woman moved one of her hands, then her arms, and her eyes opened and she said: "Who plays the magic samisen that calls my soul to earth? Every one present was filled with astonishment and joy, and the funeral was changed into a great banquet where no one drank to much or laughed so loud as Wada. Hoga bought the samisen for five thousand yen, and Wada went for another long journey. When next a neighbor died Hoga went to his house, laughing and singing, sat on the floor by his head, and began to play as Wada had done. Of course the dead man did not stir and all the relatives fell upon poor Hoga and beat him for showing such disrespect to the dead. Now Hoga's anger against his brother was terrible indeed. He did not speak of it, but he had determined to kill him.

When at last Wada returned two men were sent in the night to bind him and put him in a big red cage basket. At daybreak he was carried away toward the seashore for he had decided to drown him. The sea was several miles distant and when he nearly reached it he became so exhausted that he entered a wayside tea house for rest and refreshment, leaving the basket by the side of the road. Before long a poor old fisherman came limping past. He was crippled and sore and his eyes were so swollen that he could scarcely see. In his hand he carried a fine bunch of fish, cracks and when he was about to fall over the basket cried out: "Be careful! Do not disturb me. I am curing my eye sickness."

"What's that?" said the fisherman. "Here in the basket," said Wada. "I am curing my eyes." "My eyes are also sick," said the old man. "I pray you teach me how to cure them."

"Just untie this basket," said Wada with great politeness, "and I will give you my place for an hour. I can promise you that at the end of that time all your sickness and trouble will be over."

The fisherman hastened to obey. Wada tied his securely in, picked up the fish and lost no time in getting out of sight. When Hoga came out and lifted the basket the old fisherman called: "Be careful! Don't disturb me! I am curing my eye-sickness." "Yes, Hoga, with a grim smile, 'it will soon be cured.' So he took him to the top of a verbering rock and threw him as far out in the water as he possibly could.

All the way home he laughed and sang with delight at getting rid of his troublesome brother. As he entered the gate he heard sounds of mirth and laughter from within. Hurrying in, what was his horror at beholding Wada at the head of a large company urging them to eat more of the fish he had caught. As Hoga staggered on the threshold his brother looked up with a bright smile and said:

"Brother, why did you not throw me a little further? Then I could have seized some fish even larger than these."

But Hoga answered not a word. Seeing that he was baffled and disgraced, he went out the back yard and committed "Harakiri" by cutting his body open with a short sword.

Wada, who with his mother inherited all of his brother's wealth, enjoyed a long and happy life. His story being told abroad, his name became a synonym for quick and ready wit throughout all Japan. —Philadelphia Times.

A Lucky Man.

Missouri boasts of a man who carries in his trousers' pockets a buckeye picked from a tree 13 years old on a Friday night when he saw the moon over his right shoulder. In another pocket he had a luck stone taken from a cross-eyed perch's head while the tide was out, while about his neck he wore the left hind foot of a rabbit killed in a graveyard in the dark of the moon.

THE SPREADING OAK.

How Long It Takes to Raise a Grove of Trees.

The extreme limit of the age of the oak is not exactly known, but sound living specimens are at least 1,000 years old. The tree thrives best in a deep, tenacious loam with rocks in it, says the Ohio State Journal. Stagnant water is one of its aversions. It grows better on a comparatively poor sandy soil than on rich ground imperfectly drained. The trunk at first inclined to be irregular in shape, straightens at maturity into a grand cylindrical shaft.

The oak does not produce good seed until it is more than six years old. The acorn is the fruit of the oak; the seed-germ is a very small object at the pointed end of the acorn, with the future root uppermost. The acorn drops and its contents doubtless chemical changes while it lies under its winter covering of leaves or snow. In the mild warmth of spring the acorn awells, the little root elongates, and no matter what the position of the acorn, turns downward. The root penetrates the soil two or three inches before the stalk begins to show itself and grow upward. The "meat" of the acorn nourishes both root and stalk, and two years may pass before its store of food is entirely exhausted. At the end of a year the young oak has a root twelve to eighteen inches long, with numerous shorter rootlets, the stalk being from six to eight inches high. In this stage it differs from the sapling, and again the sapling differs from the tree. To watch these transformations under the lens is a fascinating occupation.

If an oak could be suspended in the air with all its roots and rootlets perfect and unobscured, the sight would be considered wonderful. The activity of the roots represent a great deal of power. They bore into the soil and flatten themselves to penetrate a crack in a rock. Invariably the tips turn away from the light. The growing point of a tiny outer root is back of the tip a small distance. The tip is driven on by the force behind it and searches the soil for the easiest points of entrance. When the tips are destroyed by obstructions, cold, frost or other causes a new growth starts in varying directions. The first roots broken and become girders to support the tree. The roots for the moisture and nourishment gathered by the outer rootlets, which are constantly boring their way into fresh territory. These absorb water, charged with soluble earth, salts, silica, nitrates, phosphates of lime, magnesia and potash, etc., which pass through the larger roots, stem and branches to the leaves, the laboratory of new growth. An oak tree may have 700,000 leaves and from June to October evaporates 226 times its own weight of water. Taking account of the new wood grown, we obtain some idea of the enormous gain of matter and energy from the outside universe which goes on each summer.

Oak-timber is not the heaviest, toughest nor most beautiful, but it combines most good qualities than any other kind. Its fruit is valuable food and its bark useful in certain industries. An oak pile submerged for 650 years in London bridge came up in sound condition, and there are specimens from the tower of London which date from the time of William Rufus. To produce a good oak grove requires from 140 to 200 years. It seems a long time to an American, but forestry is a perpetual branch of economics when once established.

A CUTE OLD HORSE.

He Had Strong Objections to Working on Sunday.

Old Tom is an ordinary plug-bred bay horse that has been engaged in pulling cars on the Third avenue line for nearly fifteen years, says the New York Advertiser.

He entered the service nearly a dozen years ago and has stood by it through thick and thin sunshine and rain, winter and summer, during all this time.

He was fresh from the country, gay and frisky, when he entered service, and his bay coat was bright and glossy.

Like all fresh horses put in the railroad service, he kicked up enough to cause his drivers to call him all sorts of bad names and to resort to frequent use of the lash.

As time grew on, however, he began to learn the ropes and in a year or two he had settled down into a satisfactory and well-mannered plug-bred, possessed of horse sense to a remarkable degree and in time he began to be spoken of by the drivers as Old Knowing Tom.

He would not stand the whip, had a decided objection to stopping except on corners and refused absolutely to work on Sundays.

How he ever hit on church day can only be conjectured, but he knows when it comes around, and will not allow a harness to be put on his back.

One of the drivers on the road told a reporter that enough stories had been told of Old Tom during his career on the road to fill a book, and without doubt he was the most remarkable railroad horse in the city.

A Most Venerable City.

Benares, the religious center of all India, since countless generations before Christ, is described as a city which bears the same relation to Hindoosm (or Hinduism) that Bethlehem did and does to Christendom. Its origin cannot be traced by man. It was occupied by hundreds of thousands of people over six centuries before our Christian era. There are 300,000,000 people in the world who bow to the Buddhist faith—worshipping as devoutly as ever Christian worshippers Christ.

Average Length of Life.

As far as can be calculated the average length of life, which is computed in the seventeenth century to have been only 13 years, was in the eighteenth increased to 20, and in the nineteenth to 36. Men used to be considered old when they passed 50.

Never Overcharged.

Mrs. Hicks. "People complain of being robbed at drug stores; they never overcharge me."

Hicks. "What do you buy?"

Mrs. Hicks. "Postage stamps."

AROUND THE HORIZON.

The extreme western boundary of the United States, the island of Alto, is as far west as San Francisco as that city is west of Bangor.

A keg of paris green was found in the well of the tenant house on Edward Ghar's farm near Woodbury, N. J., when the well was cleaned out.

The state of New York has finally gone into the business of a landlord. It will let camp sites of five acres each in the Adirondacks for from \$35 to \$150 a year.

Recent improvements in photographic plates have been so great as to make it possible to take accurate photographs of a rifle ball traveling at the rate of 3,000 feet a second.

The seasons nominally and according to the calendar begin as follows: Spring, March 20, at 3 a. m.; summer, June 20, 11 p. m.; autumn, September 22, 2 p. m.; winter, December 21, 8 a. m.

The Petit Journal of Paris, according to the latest report has reached the enormous circulation of 1,350,000 copies. It is printed on wood pulp paper, the raw material—the first—being brought from Norway and Austria.

The inhabitants of Geneva, N. Y., are fortunate in the discovery of the mineral spring which is venting itself from the bowels of the earth at the rate of twenty thousand barrels a day. The spring was struck by accident by persons boring near the mineral springs in that town, at a depth of three hundred feet.

Some years ago the burial vault of the Chaplin family at Blankney, in Lincolnshire, was opened, and it was ascertained that a large gray bat, which had been found within the place on several occasions when the vault was opened, was still a living inhabitant of the said vault. It was calculated that the bat had lived in the tomb thirty-three years.

A smart young man in Walla Walla, Wash., started out to have some fun by scaring two young women who were to return homeward through a wooded stretch of road after visiting friends in the evening. He put on a buffalo robe and started out to play bear. The girls at the supposed bear with heavy stones and then thumped it with clubs before the young man squealed. He was so badly bruised that he could hardly crawl home.

Lane's Medicine Moves the Bowels Each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Faith makes men work.

"Hasson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Dollars rule their owners.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A good mother is a beautiful woman.

Scanty and scorbutic affections, pimples, blotches on the skin are caused by impure blood which Boscman's Pills cure.

Full corns make empty ballot boxes.

J. A. JOHNSON, Medina, N. Y., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Man's ambition is the tereboard of hope and fear.

HILL'S S. R. & S. OINTMENT Cures Salt-Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Pimples and all diseases of the skin. Satisfaction or no pay. At all druggists. 25c.

It isn't the words of a prayer that reaches Heaven.

NO KNIFE Or scissors, no strangulation by ligature or cauterizing with red-hot iron. In fact no pain whatever in using HILL'S PAIN EXPELLER, which is a positive cure for piles. Instant relief, no pay. Try it to-night! At all druggists.

Their tools to find fault with the wisest legislation.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word.

There is a 4-inch display advertisement in this paper this week which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week. From the Dr. J. C. Hartner Medicine Co. This is a "Crucible" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word, and they will return you BOOKS, BRATFORD-LITHOGRAPHY OR SAMPLES FREE.

If politicians don't see what they want, they ask for it.

Most men run for office 'cause the office won't run for them.

Taxation, penuriousness in politics that makes parties proud.

AT BEDTIME I TAKE A PLEASANT SLEEPERS DRINK

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COLORS ARE BETTER. By doctoring it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE All druggists sell it at 10c and 25c a bottle. If you cannot get it, send your address for a free sample. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. Address: OAKMAN H. WOODWARD, LEROY, N. Y.

Entirely THERAPEUTIC AND A SURE CURE FOR COSTIVENESS Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Torpid Liver, Rheumatism, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Eruptions and Skin Diseases. Price 25c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. KEEL, JOHNSON & LADD, Props., Burlington, Vt.

When writing to Advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

Shadows Lengthen

And August's hot days and variable nights produce cramp, coughs, colds and sore throat in worst form. Nothing more distressing and difficult to cure than hay fever. Dr. Hossie's Certain Cure will positively cure hay fever and all other troubles. Dr. Williams, Davis, Brooks & Co., Detroit, Mich. A. P. Hossie, Buffalo, N. Y., and J. R. G. R.

Cooks more than kings have made men better.

A little whitewash now and then is related by the best of men in politics.

Hotel Glenham

I can attest to the efficiency of Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills, not only using them myself, but having given them to several of my friends, all of whom have been materially benefited by them. For cases of Dyspepsia and Torpid Liver, I consider them invaluable.

Proprietor, Hotel Glenham, New York. Write Dr. J. A. Deane & Co., Catskill, N. Y.

You can't tell what's in a United States Senator's head by the size of his hat.

Girls Who Have Push

Our 28-page handsome illustrated booklet

sent free on receipt of address

Girls who Love MUSIC and ART

and would like to know how to secure complete educations under the best masters

FREE OF COST

should send for it.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Philadelphia

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by Carter's Little Liver Pills. They also relieve Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, etc. A perfect remedy for Dyspepsia, Nausea, and all other troubles arising from a disordered Liver. In the Month, Coat Tongue, Pale Skin, etc. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Bile Beans

Small

Positively cure Sick-headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Colds and General debility. 40 to the bottle. Sugar coated. Easy to take. Do not gripe nor sicken the stomach. Sold by druggists. Price 25c. Reliable and economical. Sample dose free.

7. F. Smith & Co., 255 Greenwich St., N. Y.

EDUCATIONAL

ALMA COLLEGE, Michigan

Offers ample instruction in the Physical, Scientific, Philosophical and Literary Sciences. A normal preparation for the teaching of English, Latin and Mathematics. Also offers instruction in the Fine Arts, Music, and Drawing. The college is located in the heart of the city of Alma, Mich.

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ALMA COLLEGE, Michigan

MOTHERS and especially nursing mothers, need the strength-giving support and help that comes with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It restores the system and builds up the body, bearing, nursing, and all other troubles arising from a disordered Liver. In the Month, Coat Tongue, Pale Skin, etc. Price 25 cents.

promotes an abundant secretion of nourishment on the part of the mother. It is an invigorating tonic made especially for women, perfectly harmless in any condition of the female system, as it regulates and promotes all the natural functions and never conflicts with them.

The "Prescription" builds up, strengthens, and cures. In all the chronic weaknesses and disorders that afflict women, it is guaranteed to benefit or cure, or the money is refunded.

For every case of Catarrh which they cannot cure, the proprietors, Dr. Saph. Catarrh Remedy agree to pay \$500 in cash. You're cured by its mild, soothing, cleansing, and healing properties, or your money paid.

It is made with Thompson's Eye Water.

FLAGS

AMERICAN FLAG CO. Easton, Pa. Sold by druggists.

PEPS

EVERYONE SHOULD ALWAYS USE Peps. THE BEST ESTER