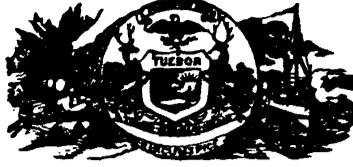


# MANCHESTER



# ENTERPRISE.

AN INDEPENDENT, LIVE, LOCAL NEWSPAPER.

VOL. 26—NO. 45.

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MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1893.

WHOLE NUMBER 1345.

## Manchester Enterprise

By MAT D. BLOSSER.

### Societies.

**ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN**  
meet in their hall over Haeseler's store  
on second and fourth Tuesday evening of each  
month. **FRED REINIGEMEIER**, M. W.  
O. NAUMASH, Recorder.

**MANCHESTER TENT NO. 111, K. O. T. M.**  
meet at Cold Water Hall the second  
Friday in each month. Visiting knights are  
invited to attend. **T. B. BAILEY**, Com.  
C. E. LEWIS, Record Keeper.

**MANCHESTER LODGE NO. 148, F. & A. M.**  
meet at Masonic Hall Monday evenings,  
on or before each full moon. Companion  
cordially welcomed. **J. H. KINGSLY**, H. P.  
Jos. A. GOODLEY, Sec.

**MERIDIAN CHAPTER NO. 48, R. & M.**  
meet at Masonic Hall Tuesday evenings  
on or before each full moon. Visiting brothers  
are invited to attend. **E. M. CONKLIN**, T. I. M.  
MAT D. BLOSSER.

**COMSTOCK POST NO. 355, G. A. R.** meet  
first and third Saturday of each month  
at the hall over Haeseler's store. **ELLIE R. STRONGHAM**, Pres.  
CHARLOTTE D. SILKWORTH, Secy.  
CATHERINE LEHN, Treas.

### Business Cards.

**J. D. COREY**, Conveyancer and Notary Pub-  
lic. Collections and all other business left  
with him will receive prompt attention. Farm  
and village property for sale.

**F. A. KOTTS**,  
DENTIST.  
OFFICE OVER J. ROLLER & CO'S. STORE.  
Manchester, Mich.  
In Clinton every Wednesday.

**J. J. BRIEGEL**,  
TONSORIAL ARTIST,  
Goodyear House.  
Shaving, Haircutting, Shampooing, Etc., done  
with neatness and dispatch.  
Manchester, - Michigan.

**A. C. AYLESWORTH**,  
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Sales in village or country will be promptly  
attended on. Dates can be made at the ENTERPRISE office.

**B. F. REYNOLDS**,  
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,  
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Sales in villages or country will be promptly  
attended on. Dates can be made at the ENTERPRISE office, Manchester.

**A. F. FREEMAN**,  
ATTORNEY  
And Counselor at Law. Offices over People's  
Bank.  
Manchester, - Michigan.

**ENTERPRISE**  
POULTRY-YARDS.  
Pure Bred White and Barred Plymouth Rocks  
and White Wyandottes.  
Stock and Eggs for Sale.  
MANCHESTER, MICH.

**CLINTON**  
—STEAM—  
GRANITE & MARBLE WORKS.

**E. F. MAISTELLA**, Prop.  
Recently fitted out with the latest Improved  
Machinery for the manufacture of  
Granite and Marble Monuments.  
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

As represented Office and Works on Church  
street, west of railroad, Clinton, Mich.

**ENTERPRISE**  
PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Manchester, Mich.

**SELECT GERMAN STORIES**, by George  
Storme, for stories of school and  
well-illustrated, \$1.00.  
**KINDER** and **HAUSMARCHEN**, by the  
brothers Grimm, illustrated, cloth, 75c.  
**GRATULANT**, a German-American letter  
book, 25c.  
**BLUMENLESE**, German and English auto-  
graph verses, heavy paper cover, 25c.  
Writing and Composition Books, Tablets,  
Township Blank Books, Receipts, Notes, Tablets,  
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

**IF YOU WANT**  
Advertising.

**BILL POSTING**,  
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—Etc., done in—  
Washington, Jackson and Lenawee Counties,  
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**ENTERPRISE PUBLISHING HOUSE**,  
MANCHESTER, - MICHIGAN.

**W. H. LEHR**,  
—Dealer in—

**GROCERIES, CROCKERY,**  
Glassware, Notions,

**TOBACCO**,  
Pure Wines and Liquors.

**Fresh Lager Beer**

**ALWAYS ON DRAUGHT**,  
South side of Exchange Place, Manchester,  
Michigan.

### AROUND THE STATE.

#### WOLVERINE NEWS RELATED IN BRIEF MANNER.

**Orangemen Celebrate Their Holiday.**—  
An Upper Peninsula Town's Treasurer  
Short \$10,000.—Adrian Lady Killed  
by Lightning.—Numerous Accidents.

Celebrated Orangemen's Day.

Saginaw celebrated Orangemen's Day with a great deal of noise and big crowds. The day was given over wholly to a celebration of the great day in Orange annals, and, of course, the feature was the parade. It was in 11 divisions, and contained thousands.

The State Savings bank at Whitehall has declared a dividend of five per cent payable at once.

Since the outbreak of diphtheria at Lansing there have been 24 cases, 9 of whom recovered.

A city prison will be established at Monroe, an ordinance to that effect having been passed.

Jim Bob of Dalton, bounded from a load of hay and his bands and feet are paralyzed as a result.

The colored people of Benton Harbor are preparing for an emancipation celebration on August 1.

The acreage in cereal at Kalamazoo is larger than ever before and the promise of a good crop was never better.

Estimates based on a complete census of four out of the six wards in Lansing, give that city a population of 18,500.

The English pheasants released near Muskegon about a year ago with the intention of stocking the country are drowsing off.

Avis & Pomery have secured an electric light franchise at Jonesville, and will have a plant in operation October 1.

The Oceana County Pioneers' association will hold its eighth annual reunion at the court house in Hart, August 17.

The citizens of Kalkaska have voted \$10,000 in aid of the Freeman manufacturing plant recently burned at that place.

An old farmer named Mauch, of Waltz township, Monroe county, was fatally gored by a mad bull. The man was entirely dismembered.

David Langley's barn at Caseville was struck by lightning and his wagons and new crop of hay were all burned to ashes. He saved his horses.

The F. W. Read Lumber company, of Michigan, discharged the night crew in its mills owing to the depressed lumber market. About 100 men were let out.

The dredge at Sangatuck has cut a channel 1500 feet long, 35 feet wide, and 13 feet deep through the outside bar, and is now engaged in making the channel 50 feet wider.

The inquest upon the death of convict Oscar Miller, who was shot in the attempted escape from the Ionia house of correction, resulted in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree was returned. Rekep was taken back to jail to await the trial of Stephen Reiger, which was at once commenced, before he and the three others convicted of the same crime will be sentenced.

**Girl Bicyclist Fatally Injured.**

Dora Hine, aged nine, of Bay City, was struck by an electric car while riding a bicycle and fatally injured. The child was dragged along under the car for several feet, her forehead was cut open and her skull fractured, besides the entire left side of the face was badly cut and bruised. In addition to this, she received a severe electric shock from being in contact with the wheel and rail.

Couldn't Save Them All.

William Rekep, who confessed two years ago at Rogers City and implicated twelve others in the murder of Albert Molitor at that place in 1875, was tried at Alpena and within 20 minutes after the case was given to the jury the verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree was returned. Rekep was taken back to jail to await the trial of Stephen Reiger, which was at once commenced, before he and the three others convicted of the same crime will be sentenced.

**President von Lerotzow** then called for three cheers for the emperor and they were given with enthusiasm by all the groups, except the socialists, who had left the house before the chancellor had finished.

The initial expenditures arising from the operations of the new military law will be covered by a loan of \$400,000 marks. This loan has been approved by the budget committee.

During a heavy thunder and wind storm at Sand Beach, the house of Wm. Stevenson was struck by lightning. James Avery, who was in the house, was struck and paralyzed in both limbs.

A lawn social was given at Adrian

in the local Epworth League. Ice cream was included in the refreshments and Edith and Addie Camburn were pleased by eating of it. They will recover.

Prof. Thomas M. Kilbride, of Haven, Ill., will occupy the chair of physics and chemistry at Hope college, at Holland. He is a graduate of the Michigan University where he received the degree of Ph. D.

To show that married life was not a failure Henry Watts, of Battle Creek, aged 75 years, and Lydia J. Lane, aged 71 years, have again entered the protest of marriage. Each had three previous experiences.

Marcel Bertchaume, of Ewan, who

squandered about five thousand dollars

inside of a year for liquor, laid a

freight car to take a nap. He was

not noticed and the car was switched,

killing him instantly.

The sea lion that escaped from Lincoln Park, Chicago, about a year ago, and has since been seen several times in Lake Michigan has just been seen in Grand Traverse Bay by the officers and men on the steamer Lawrence.

The Lady Macabees at Saginaw con-

tinued to quarrel. The jury disagreed

in the case of Mrs. Rosa Art, charged

with the killing of her son.

The French frontier is spreading, and that all

frontiers have been stopped.

Later advice tells the following: De-

spite the most pacific assurances from

the French minister who undertook to

stop the advance of the gunboats and

to arrange equitably all differences

between the Comte and the Inconstante.

The Comte and the Inconstante stopped

with the British fort. The Comte of

which was then proceeded to Bangkak and an-

chored with the gunboat Lutin oppo-

site the British legation. One sailor

was killed and two were wounded in

the exchange of shots at Paknam. The

king at once called a council. If it

comes to fighting fearful scenes will

be witnessed.

**Baptist Young People.**

The third annual convention of the

Baptist Young People's union of

America was held in Indianapolis. An

address of welcome on behalf of the

Baptist Young People's union of that

city was delivered by E. E. Stevenson

and Rev. W. F. Taylor, pastor of the

First Baptist church, welcomed the

convention on behalf of the Baptist

churches of Indianapolis. These ad-

dresses were responded to by four

gentlemen, representing the four sec-

tions into which the United States and

Canada are divided.

General Secretary F. L. Wilkins,

D. D., of Chicago, presented his an-

nual report a great grape crop this year.

A telephone line has been put up be-

tween Charlevoix and Mancelona.

John Wagner was struck by an elec-

tric car at Kalamazoo and seriously in-

jured.

The Adrian district, Epworth league,

has been highly honored by being called

upon in the woman's branch of the

historical congress at the World's Fair

to read an essay on "Holland as an

educator of the world from 1400 to 1700."

A man giving the name Henry

Bradley, was arrested at Lansing on a

charge of having murdered one Miss

Marshall at Warwick, Ont., in 1889. A

reward of \$1,000 was offered for his ar-

rest. He offers to return to Canada

without any trial.

Mr. Frank G. Stebbins, of Adrian,

has been appointed judge of the art

embroideries at the World's Fair.

Her own work has a national reputa-

tion.

Little Margaret Holden, a Traverse

City girl, is said to

# Manchester Enterprise GREAT IS DENMARK.

By MAT D. BLOSSER.

THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1893.

EMPEROR WILLIAM thinks as if there was no other man in Germany but himself. He has much to say about the welfare of the army, but nothing about the welfare of his people. "A soldier is a soldier, and a man is a man; people free," Emperor William manifests more of the nature of a tyrant than a king.

The Russians have seized a British steamer in Behring sea and a British war ship has sailed at once to adjust matters. Meantime, while the arbitration is in progress, the arbitration drags its slow length in Paris and the poor, unprotected seafarers don't know to whom they belong or where they are.

Full force of Atlanta has been acquitted of the charge of murdering Mrs. Webster, the coal woman, that while she was crazy to make the killing no crime, she is not crazy enough to be restrained of her liberty. The trial is adjourned until the 20th of August.

Three-year-old Nellie Sodich of New York fell with her doll from a third-story window, and was found by her mother sitting on an awning looking out. She was crying, but why the doll wasn't crying, too. Mothers whose children are likely to fall out of third-story windows should see to it immediately that the window is put up two stories underneath.

An admirer has interpreted Robert Louis Stevenson's latest poem. The evidence that the production needed something was ample; probably inexcusable, but it was a poem by a poet sing of a "light foot" all the while, but when it sings just as lustily of a "light foot" the suggestion of running could only be averted by a longer interval, such as, happily, has come to the rescue.

The undoubted immigration question is once more brought prominently to the surface by the fact that two steamers, each bringing several hundred immigrants from Europe, have been detained at the port of Philadelphia. The immigrants were of such an undesirable character that the regular steamers refused to take them. The enterprising country will not insist in its attempt that the Philadelphia authorities may make to prevent the question of free landing. The United States has no right, perhaps, to take care of them as we ought to have, and any further additions will be decidedly unwelcome.

Ice cream is one of the lovely and luscious things of this life that fill us with sweet little ices for refreshment. It is a sign of her existence as love or tea or coffee of a mouse. She has to be ice creamed at proper intervals in the summer, and some one does not do it for her she may be soon herself. What is the "summer" for, anyhow? It is not toadden woman's head with ice cream? She loves and loves for it, and begins to fade as she does for a chip hat or a china silk dress. She would die if she didn't have her ice cream, and she would be as pale and congealed joy, there is in a plate of the frozen pudding?

The loss of the Victoria suggests the reflection that the very present as taken in modern times for safety may be actual causes of death. The iron-bound vessel, without water-tight compartments, had a hole in her side, she eventually filled and sank. The hole in the side was at the bottom of the hold, and as it was situated at the bottom of the ship settled until her decks were down to the surface of the sea, when, with a great splash, she went under. But, after the boat was pulled to a safe distance and watched the vessel go down, the crew of the ship, and, when the water was no deeper than in which the Victoria lies, her mast projected like signs and hardy characters of the shipwreck.

Dr. Johnson's dictionary.

It is announced that the coast and gulf marine hope soon to settle the national ownership of Puerto Rico, island, which is near the boundary line between Maine and New Brunswick. When it belongs to the United States it will have been a master of dispute for a century or so. One would suppose that a question of so much importance on such a unknown coast would be settled less time than that, but, perhaps it isn't to be wondered at when we remember that there are still disputed territories in the new world. In the new testament written in the last century, and that the proper pronoun of the Latin language is still disputed, although that has been the language of scholars for seven centuries.

The bull fighting cage has broken out in full blast in the south of France. Matadors and toreros are all the rage now, and beef is the general battle cry. "The world do move queerly sometimes."

SEVERAL members of Congress think the session to begin August 7 this year. This is in view that the country largely depends on the people derive some satisfaction from the prospect that in a session extending through two summers congressmen will earn their salaries.

They say white stockings are to become fashionable again. If they may be right, let the evil day of appearance at last be postponed until the summer is over and the hammocks are laid.

The maharajah of Karnalpur is now in Japan on his way to the world's fair. We shall be delighted to see him for we have nothing but the world's fair to offer him.

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ANCIENT DANCES OF A VOYAGE OF EXPLORATION

is reproduced from styles in use in England at the present day. The room is devoted to the memory of the "First King of Denmark," King Eric.

Denmark may have a commendable admiration for its heroes but the memory of the ancient writer of fairy tales, Hans Christian Andersen. A bronze statue of Andersen, the author of "The Little Mermaid" and immediately back of it is the author of "The Little Mermaid."

The room is equipped with the busts of the author of "The Little Mermaid" and the author of "The Little Mermaid."

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## Manchester Enterprise

By MAT D. BLOSSER.

### Notice to the Public.

Advertisers wishing to change their advertisements, must get the copy to us so the work can be done as early as Tuesday, else it will be set after the paper is out and inserted the next week.

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

Notices of church socials and meetings, free; but notices of any kind where a fee or admission is charged must be paid for the same as other business announcements.

Those having business at the probate court are requested to ask Judge Babbitt to send their prints to the Enterprise office.

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

Card of thanks, five cents a line.

THURSDAY JULY 20, 1893

Celery growers are rejoicing over the prospects of a large crop and it about two weeks earlier than it was last year.

The columbian half dollar is a great souvenir. The government coins it and sells it for \$1. The other day one was sent back to the treasury but the owner was paid only 50 cents for it. The treasurer then puts a standard half dollar in its place and pockets the souvenir.

We have received bulletin 94 from the Michigan agricultural college experiment station. It is a book of 148 pages neatly printed and illustrated. It pertains to the birds of Michigan and would be a valuable addition to any farmer's library and can be had on application to the secretary.

We learn that Will Mansfield's printing office at Kensington, Ill., burned on Sunday morning. It was partially insured. Will was a former Manchester boy and worked in the Enterprise office many years ago and we know that his many friends here will join us in extending sympathy in his loss.

To kill off the flies, says an exchange, take a teaspoonful of black pepper, finely ground and mix with double the quantity of brown sugar, the compound moistened with cream. The flies will generally eat greedily of the mixture, if placed where they can reach it, but it will be their last meal, as the least bit of it to a fly is rank poison.

The country newspaper loses a good many good items in order that the feelings of their subscribers may be respected. For instance, the Brooklyn Exponent of last week said, "J. B. Stephenson left Thursday for the world's fair," while all the daily papers for miles around gave an account of the elopement of Stephenson and Miss Culver.

The state press are publishing the following: "The new sparrow law that went into effect this year permits them to be killed only from Nov. 1, to July 1. The whole body must be presented and the hunter must swear that they are sparrows." This is probably a mistake. You may kill a sparrow whenever you wish, but you will pay bounty only from November to July.

If one cannot get pleasure and profit from reading the August number of Dexor's Family Magazine, they ought never to see another. The oranges in the front part are real enough to put a pleasant taste in one's mouth and the views of Niagara which follow, with the description, fills us with a desire to be there. No less interesting is "Life at White Sulphur Springs," the great summer resort. But this is not all there is of Dexor's. Become a subscriber and have the magazine a whole year.

People who witnessed the balloon ascent at Wampler's lake on the 4th estimate the height attained by the balloon at from 150 to 300 feet. Fleming, the balloonist, told us he had no way of judging distance. He knew that he was way above the trees but he could not measure the height, perhaps he was 500 feet high. Griffith said from 500 to 700 feet. From conversation with men of good judgment, we are inclined to believe that the balloon was not more than 300 feet high, perhaps not over 200.

Almost every township in southern Michigan has purchased at least one road machine which, if properly handled, is capable of grading, scraping and shaping the roads. But that is not all there is to be done. It is a well established fact that dirt taken from ditches is unfit for the roadbed unless with it is mixed earth as will temper it and make it hard. A liberal coating of coarse gravel should be put on top. Clay, sand and stone used separately make a poor road, but by a proper mixture of these a durable and smooth road is made.

Never put green corn into hot water to boil. The best receipt for cooking is this: First, buy good corn. Be sure that the silk at the end of each ear is brown; then open each ear and by pressing the finger nail into one of the kernels see that the milk flows freely. Remove the outside husks and take all the silk from the ear, leave the inside husks on, put in a kettle of cold water. To every six ears put one tablespoonful of salt and three tablespoonfuls of sugar; place kettle on fire and let boil just ten minutes after it comes to a boil. It will then be perfect. Serve with husks on, covered with a large napkin.

Ten-cent letter tablets—splendid paper, at ENTERPRISE office.

The sewers on Duncan and Vernon streets leading to the river have been completed.

The cost of suppressing locusts in Cyprus since the British occupation amounts to over \$350,000. But the government engineer states that, large as the expenditure has been, it is certain that it has already been recovered by the island many times over in the value of the crops saved.

A discussion going on in Boston as to who is the oldest living member of the Masonic fraternity in New England has brought forth the names of several who have belonged to the order for more than half a century, among them David McDaniel, of Morristown, Vt., who joined in 1812, when twenty-one years old.

The usual story of the remarkable use of a pin is at hand. This time the scene is laid in Newton, Iowa, where thirteen years ago Mrs. Cyrus Gage dropped a pin in her ear. The pin in course of time dropped into her throat and was swallowed. The other day a doctor took it out of her left leg near the ankle.

### FREEDOM.

Mrs. Lutz and daughter Nellie of Detroit are visiting at Jacob Lutz's.

Wheat is nearly all cut and promises to be about 75 per cent of an average crop.

Gus Hildinger, who has been confined to the house with rheumatism, is able to be out again.

### Washtenaw County.

Sam Heselschweiler left for Ann Arbor last Monday where he has accepted a position with Staeber the decorator—Chesler Herald.

Chelsea possesses properties for tanning up the system equal to Ypsilanti or Mt. Clemens. We have a number of medicinal springs whose waters are as pure and clear as snow on the hill-top.—Herald. In July?—Just about.

### Lenawee County.

The Lenawee county pioneer society will hold its 21st annual meeting at Baker's grove, near Baker's corners in the town of Fairfield on Tuesday August 11, at 10 o'clock a.m.

Watts, Bean & Smith will bring suit against the Lake Shore railway for \$20, damages for the widow of John Flurer, the Lenawee Junction brakeman who was killed at Tecumseh. The victim caught his foot between the planking and rail at the crossing and the case will be based upon the alleged unlawful and dangerous condition of the crossing.—Adrian Times.

### Jackson County Items.

Gen. Weaver is to speak at Wolf lake Aug. 12th.

Jackson expects to have a high grade bicycile factory.

News was sent out to the state press on Friday last that Prof. John Stephenson and Miss Culver, teachers in the Brooklyn schools had eloped. Prof. Stephenson is a man 55 years of age, has a wife and several grown children, all enjoying excellent reputations and standing high in society. Miss Culver was likewise highly respected. She is said to have gone to Coldwater on the 5th of July to visit friends and the following day the professor deeded his property to his wife, bade his family good by and left for the west, taking some \$3,000 in cash with him. It is claimed that the professor and Miss Culver met in Coldwater and proceeded westward. We hope that the story is untrue. A late dispatch says the parties have been traced to Madison, South Dakota. It is also learned that they are living at different hotels and that the professor is seeking a legal separation from his wife in order to marry Miss Culver.

For Sale: A fine Assortment of Plain or Printed Magazine Binding. With or without Wires or Strings. At the Manchester Enterprise.

WE HAVE ADDED To our Facilities for Doing

## REPORT OF the condition of the PEOPLE'S BANK.

At Manchester, Michigan, at the close of business, July 12th, 1893.

### RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	464,186 15
Stocks, bonds, mortgages, etc.	16,555 10
Overdrafts	1,226 74
Due from other banks and banking houses	9,000 85
Banking houses	6,000 00
Furniture and fixtures	1,007 13
Other Real estate	25,120 08
Other personal items	1,761 76
Nickels and pennies	1,555 00
Gold coin	1,983 50
U. S. and National Bank Notes	3,088 00
Total	120,747 96

### LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$50,000 00
Surplus fund	4,000 00
Undivided profits	696 87
Individual deposits	31,686 54
Certificates of deposit	40,964 55
Total	120,747 96

### THE PRETTIEST

Style of Spring

### MILLINERY!

Garments of every description can be seen at my store on the east side of the river and I invite every lady to call.

### ENTERPRISE OFFICE

### UNI RECEIVED

### Japanese Napkins!

### ENTERPRISE OFFICE

### THE PRETTIEST

Style of Spring

### MILLINERY!

Garments of every description can be seen at my store on the east side of the river and I invite every lady to call.

### LOUISE PFISTER, Manchester.

### FARMERS ARE BUSY NOW

With Their Crops, But

### FARMERS SHOULD READ!

If you have no time, when your wife comes to town tell her to subscribe for

### THE ENTERPRISE

And you will get the village news, surrounding country news, pith of the news of three counties, the state and nation.

### GIVE US YOUR NAME NOW

### THE

### CHELSEA SAVINGS BANK

Chelsea, Michigan.

### CAPITAL PAID IN, \$60,000.00.

Extends to its customers every facility in Banking and solicits your patronage.

Hon. S. G. Ives, President. Mrs. N. S. Knapp, Vice President. Geo. P. Glazier, Cashier. Geo. E. Wood, 1st Asst. Cashier. Elmer Walsh, 2nd Asst. Cashier. DIRECTORS.

Hon. S. G. Ives, Harmon S. Holmes, Thos. S. Sears, Wm. J. Knapp, J. J. Babcock, Frank P. Glazier, Elmer M. Woods, Geo. P. Glazier.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Washtenaw, held at the Probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Friday the 12th day of July in the year one thousand eight hundred and nine.

Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate in the matter of the Estate of Endfield Antcliff deceased.

Arthur J. Waters, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to read his will.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Tuesday the 8th day of August next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing the will of Arthur J. Waters, deceased, and the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, to appear at a session of the Probate Court, to be held at the Probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed.

Also it is further ordered, that said executor give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the *Manchester Enterprise* newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.

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

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Washtenaw, held at the Probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Monday the 12th day of July in the year one thousand eight hundred and nine.

Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate in the matter of the estate of Ezra Glimpe, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition duly verified of Elias Glimpe and Leslie J. Lock praying the 12th day of July, 1893, that the said estate be appointed Trustee in said estate for certain powers set forth in said petition.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday the 12th day of July instant at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition and that the devises, legatees and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of the Probate Court, to be held at the Probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the *Manchester Enterprise* newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.

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

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Washtenaw, held at the Probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Wednesday the 12th day of July in the year one thousand eight hundred and nine.

Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate in the matter of the estate of Edward J. Powell deceased.

On reading and filing the petition duly verified of David Goodrich 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 in the administration of said estate may be granted to William Gadd the executor in said will and to some other suitable person.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday the 12th day of July instant at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition and that the devises, legatees and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of the Probate Court, to be held at the Probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the *Manchester Enterprise* newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.

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

Mortgage Sale.

On the 20th day of November 1884, Mary J. Vandgrift all that certain piece of land situated in Township of Manchester, Washtenaw County, Michigan, described as follows: commencing at the south west corner of section number three and running thence along the west line of said section to the south line of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Company lands (mentioning the "Jackson Bridge") and running east one degree eight minutes and seven links to a stake; thence north one degree and fifteen minutes east twenty-five chains and running thence back to the south line of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Company lands (mentioning the "Jackson Bridge") and running west one degree eight minutes and seven links to the point of beginning.

This mortgage was on the 28th day of February 1888 recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the Village of Manchester, Washtenaw County, Michigan,

#### ARCADY.

“Tis but a pot of primrose  
Set on a city sill.  
‘Tis but a laughing maiden,  
With a smile on her lip.  
Yet here’s enough for Love and me  
To make a heavenly Arcady.

I ask no verdant pastures,  
No shepherd with his fold.  
No winding silver streamlet—  
The poet’s fancy told.  
Next, a soft, low-toned lullaby,  
And a maid, you see,  
To turn a room to Arcady!

—Anne Reeve Aldrich

#### AMONG THE CLOUDS.

During my life I have had only one adventure, but that was of so fearful a nature, so full of peril that it has left on my mind so vivid an impression that I shall never forget it. Should my mind become a blank, should all other things fade away, the memory of those few hours would still remain. Although years have passed since then I still retain the memory of that awful experience as if it happened yesterday.

When I was 25 there was among my friends an aeronaut, Professor Dixon by name. One day the professor gave me an invitation to accompany him in an ascension to take place in San Francisco. Being adventurous I accepted.

My knowledge of balloons was very small, being gathered mainly from what I had read. I have lived the greater portion of my life in a small country village and had never yet witnessed a balloon ascension. Indeed, I had never seen a balloon other than one of those small paper toys. But my ignorance of ballooning instead of making me hesitate caused me to be all the more eager.

At last the eventful day arrived. When I reached the grounds the balloon was already inflated and Professor Dixon was delivering a short lecture upon ballooning from Montgolfier to the present day. The wind was blowing strongly, almost a gale it seemed to me, but as the aeronaut felt no apparent concern, I took my place without anxiety.

The professor soon finished his discourse and ordered the men to stand for that purpose to cut the ropes. They obeyed his command. At the same time there came an extremely powerful gust of wind.

By some means the anchor, which was upon the outside of the basket, at this instant became loosened, slipped and fell to the ground. The wind coming with such force at the same moment gave to the balloon a sideward tendency. Instead of ascending directly it was borne along by the wind, dragging the anchor after it over the ground.

This immediately caused a panic among the spectators, who rushed to the right or left to escape the danger. All were fortunate enough to do so except a negro.

He was so frightened that he stood still, staring at the oncoming anchor. The anchor trailing on the ground back of the balloon gave the rope an inclination oblique to the earth. Consequently the negro was struck by it on the forehead and being very taunt, it instantly upset him. At the same time his feet flew up and the spoke of the anchor caught him under the knees, causing him to convulsively bend them. There was a sudden lull in the wind and the balloon changing its course from a horizontal to a vertical one, rapidly arose, with the negro dangling from the end of the anchor line.

We were for a moment appalled by his peril, but Professor Dixon quickly grasped the rope, and with an exhibition of strength I had not given him credit for possessing, hauled up the anchor and pulled the negro into the car. The negro’s peril seemed to have in some way affected his senses and we were unable to get any words from him. Whatever we said or did he only stared at us with a vacant expression.

The professor decided to continue his trip, and after heaving over the ballast we sat down and talked of the negro’s adventure, the balloon in the meanwhile going in a southeasterly direction. At the same time he told me a number of exciting adventures that had happened to himself and his aeronaut friends.

He was in the midst of one of the stories when the wind, after stopping momentarily, suddenly and without apparent cause changed to a southwesterly direction, carrying the balloon in that course at a speed of over thrice that at which it had been going.

Professor Dixon discontinued his story, quickly arose and gave a sudden jerk on the valve rope, which from some cause, broke without opening the valve, leaving us at the wind’s mercy.

The wind continued its course and in a short time the balloon, seeming each moment to gain speed, had left the land and was over the Pacific Ocean. We were as helpless as if adrift in a boat and could only sit and wait for the adventure to end as it would.

We had, perhaps, been traveling for a couple of hours in our present direction, when we espied far ahead of us a small island. We were soon nearly over it, and examined it, but were not much interested, as it was a barren, rocky spot.

We had continued our journey at still increasing speed for about forty-five minutes, when we discovered before us, but slightly to the right, another island. We were soon abreast of it, and simultaneously the professor and I both made a peculiar discovery.

It was the same island!

If it was not, it was a most wonderful counterpart—the same shape, the same formed rocks in the same position, the same sandy beach on the right.

We were surprised, more than surprised, utterly astonished. We could only talk of but not explain the peculiar phenomenon. Half an hour had passed when we again espied an island. We looked at it. Yes, it was the same island! The professor stared hard at it as it quickly neared and as quickly disappeared, but with a vacant look in his eyes. This time it was still further to the right.

When it had disappeared from our sight, Professor Dixon turned to me. “Fred,” he said, and there was something in his very tones that warned me of greater perils, “we are in the path of a cyclone. Faster and faster it is carrying us around;

always nearing the center, soon we will be in the very vortex and then what happens none of us will ever know.” And with a pale face he resumed his seat in the bottom of the car.

I realized the dreadful import of his words. We would continue our circular course to the middle of this aerial maelstrom and would at last reach the center, and then what would happen? Where was the outlet? Did it reach downward to the blue waters far below us, or did it reach upward far into space?

If we lived we would know. Our speed had increased until it was faster than the fastest train.

Now all around us there was flying driftwood, trees and wreckage of every nature, all going in the circular course with us; but in the center of the aerial whirlpool the motion was upward. Huge trees would arise with lightning-like rapidity to disappear—where?

During all this time we had been obliged to hold ourselves to the bottom of the car by main force. The negro, although he held on tightly, uttered no sound until the car was struck by an immense tree. Opening his eyes, which were shut, he uttered an awful shriek; a cry of intense horror that I can hear to this day, and sprang over the side.

Gravitation seemed suspended; he remained in the air for a minute, and then there was a sight which would have sickened any man. He was struck by two masses of wood and fairly ground into pulp before our eyes.

The sight was horrible. It so shocked my senses that, man though I was, I nearly fainted. Probably I would have done so had not the scene around me possessed so terrible a fascination as to keep my mind busy. Huge trees, spars and many other things there were; all twirling and twisting about as lightly as a feather.

But now a change occurred. The circles of the balloon grew smaller and smaller, and the speed faster and faster, and finally with a loud whizz our course was changed from a circular to an upward one.

Although our former speed had been great, far swifter than any form of locomotion, it was now ten—yes, probably twenty times greater.

Upward we shot with a swiftness that took my very breath away, yes, that took the vision away from before my eyes. Nothing could I see, not even the sides of the balloon car of which I had hold. Everything was ap-peared as an unbroken gray mass of chaos.

But still our upward direction continued. Breathe, I could not; my head ached indescribably; the blood was streaming from my ears and nose and over me there was quickly stealing a feeling of utter numbness.

My senses were nearly gone when we seemed to stop. We remained perfectly still for a second, and then fairly rushed obliquely downward toward the earth.

Then my senses deserted me and I became unconscious.

When I regained consciousness all was changed. I lay weak and nearly helpless in a birth on board a yacht, cared for by people who were utter strangers to me. It was three weeks after my awaking to consciousness, and five in all, for I had remained in a trance-like stupor for two weeks, that I was able to go about.

From what I then learned, it must have been many hundred miles from the scene of our disaster where we were picked up.

The occupants of the vessel, which was a private pleasure yacht, had one day, when amusing themselves by fishing, been startled by the sudden fall of a large object from the sky. They rowed to and inspected it and found it to be a ruined balloon, and from among the debris, entirely wrapped up by what had once been the gas bag, they extricated the professor and myself.

The professor when he regained his strength was violently insane, but finally recovered. As for balloons, neither of us had had anything to do with one since that day, and never will, I think.—N. Y. Journal.

#### ONE OF DEPEWS’ STORIES.

Told Some Years Ago, Chauncy Now Has 109 Variations of It.

Speaking of the way some of his pet stories were denuded of pith by those who, after hearing them from his lips, told them to others, Chauncy Depew said recently: “A coon story I told in 1861 half a dozen years ago is still going the rounds. I have collected 109 versions of it, and I would not venture to guess how many have escaped me. Were it not that I caught the first ones and followed up the trail I would never, within a month after telling it, have recognized my own story. The great joke is that I have heard gentlemen repeat one or other of the emasculated versions with the assurance that they were among the hunters.

As the yarn went, some coon-hunters following a hot track found the dogs barking around a big sycamore on the edge of a shallow stream. The hunters thought they saw the coon in the tree-top, and one long climb to shake it off. Fifty feet or so above the earth the climber encountered a big bump that encircled the tree. With great difficulty he at last climbed over the obstruction and was much chagrined to find that what he took to be a coon was but a woody excrescence. Then he shinned down to the bump, over which he slid feet first, but wriggle and stretch as he could he could not bring his legs to the trunk below. The bump prevented it. He crawled up again and shouted to his comrades: ‘Oh, lordy, boys. I’m treed’ sted of the coon, an’ I’ll stay here till Gabriel blows’less the river rises fifty feet an’ floats me off.’ Some of the adaptations picture the coon sitting on the bump holding the hunter at bay, others have the river rising in the nick of time, and a third class bring the other hunters up the sycamore and over the bump until the three are treed and praying for a high stage of water.”

During the Walks.

She, who is being held unceas-sarily tight—Mr. Pressor, I prefer dancing and hugging separately.

He—Then may I have the next break?—Life’s Calendar.

#### TABERNACLE PULPIT.

##### COMFORT FOR BUSINESS MEN DISCUSSED BY TALMAGE

The Recent Disturbances in the Business World the Subject of an Eloquent and Appropriate Sermon—The Church of God.

BROOKLYN, July 16.—The Rev. Dr. Talmage has selected for his subject to day, a topic of the greatest interest and timeliness, viz.: “Comfort for Business Men,” the text being, 1 Cor. 4:2: “Speak ye comfort to Jerusalem.”

What an awful six weeks in commercial circles! The crashing of banks from San Francisco to New York, and from ocean to ocean. The complete uncertainty that has halted all styles of business for three months, and the pressure of the money market for the last year have put all bargain-makers at their wits’ end. Some of the best men in the land have faltered; men whose hearts are enlisted in every good work, and whose hands have blessed every good charity. The church of God can afford to extend to them their sympathies, and plead before heaven with all availings prayer. The schools such men have established, the churches they have built, the asylums and benevolent institutions they have fostered, will be their only long after their banking institutions are forgotten. Such men can never fail. They have their treasures in banks that never fail, and will be millionaires forever. The stringency of the money market, I am glad to say, begins to relax. May the wisdom of Almighty God come down upon our national legislature at their convening next month in Washington, and such results be reached as shall restore confidence and revive trade, and multiply pro-profits! Yet, not only now, but in the time of financial disaster, but all through life, our active business people have a struggle, and I think it will be appropriate and useful for me to talk about their trials and try to offer some curative prescriptions.

In the first place I have to remark that a great many of our business men feel ruinous trials and temptations coming to them from small and limited capital in business. It is everywhere understood that it takes now three or four times as much to do business well as once it did. On a few hundred dollars were turned into goods—the merchant would be his own store keeper, his own salesman, his own bookkeeper; he would manage all the affairs himself, and everything would be net profit. Wonder-changes have come: costly apparatus, extensive advertising, exorbitant store rents, heavy taxation, expensive agencies, are only parts of the demand made upon our commercial men; and when they have found themselves in such circumstances with small capital, they have sometimes been tempted to run against the rocks of moral and financial destruction. This temptation of limited capital has ruined men in two ways. Sometimes they have shrunk down yieling the battle before the first shot was fired. At the first hard gun they surrendered. Their knees knocked together at the fall of the automobile. They blushed at the financial peril. They did not understand that there is such a thing as heroism in merchandise, and that there are Waterloos of the counter, and that a man can fight no braver battle with the sword than he can with the yardstick. Their souls melted in them because sugars were up, when they wanted to buy, and down when they wanted to sell, and unsaleable goods were on the shelf, and bad debts in their ledger. The gloom of their countenances overshadowed even their dry goods and groceries. Despondency coming from limited capital blasted them. Others have felt it in different ways. They have said: “Here I have been trudging along. I have been trying to be honest all these years. I find it is of no use. Now it is make or break.” The small craft that could have stood the stream, is put beyond the lighthouse, on the great sea of speculation. Stocks are the dice with which he gambles. He bought for few dollars vast tracts of western land. Some man at the east, living on a fat homestead, meets this gambler of fortune, and is persuaded to trade off his estate here, for lots in a western city with large avenues, and costly palaces, and lake steamers smoking at the wharves, and railroads coming in with whistling speed from every direction. There it is all on paper. The city has never been built, nor the roads constructed, but everything points that way, and that thing will be done as sure as you live. And that is the process by which many have been tempted, through imitation of capital into labyrinth from which they could not be extricated. I would not want to chain honest enterprise. I would not want to block up any of the avenues for honest accumulation that open before young men. On the contrary, I would like to cheer them on and rejoice when they reach the goal; but when there are such multitudes of men going to ruin for this life and the life that is to come, through wrong notions of what is lawful spheres of enterprise, it is the duty of the ministers of religion, and the friends of all young men, to utter a plain, emphatic, unmistakable protest. These are the influences that drown men in destruction and perdition.

Again: a great many of our business men are tempted to over-anxiety and care. You know that nearly all commercial businesses are over-done in this day. Smitten with the love of quick gain, our cities are crowded with men resolved to be rich at all hazards. They do not care how money comes. Our best merchants are thrown into competition with men of more meanness and less conscience, and if an opportunity of accumulation comes, have it in a moment. Some one else picks it up. From January to December the struggle goes on. Night gives no quiet to limb, tossing in restlessness, nor to a brain that will not stop thinking. The dreams are harrowed with imaginary loss, and flushed with imaginary gains. Even the Sabbath cannot banish the tide of anxiety: for this wave of worldliness dashes clear over the churches, and leaves its foam over the pews and leaves its foam over the bibles and prayer-books. Men who are living on salaries, or by the culture of the soil, cannot understand the wear and tear of body and mind to which our merchants are subjected, when they do not know but that their livelihood and their business honor are dependent upon the uncertainties of the next hour. This excitation of the heart, this straining of effort that exhausts the spirit, sends a great many of our best men, in mid-life, into the grave. They find that Wall street does not end at the East river. It ends at Greenwood! Their life dashed out against money-sea. They go with their stores on the backs. They trudge, like camels sweating, from Aleppo to Damascus. They make their life a crucifixion. Standing behind desks and counters, weighed down by carking cares, they are so many suicides. Oh! I wish I could, to day, rub out some of these lines of care: that I could lift some of the burdens from the heart; that I

could give relaxation to some of these worn muscles. It is time for you to begin to take it a little easier. Do your best, and then trust God for the rest. Do not fret, God manages all the affairs of your life, and he manages them for the best. Consider the flies—they always have robes. Be not the fowls of the air—they always have nests. Take a long, quiet walk, not for a pa-kid. Do yourselves the favor of getting the hogheads and the shelves, and in the light of the holy Sabbath day resolve that you will give to the winds your fears and your fretfulness, and your distresses. You brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain you can carry nothing out. Having food and raiment therewith content. The merchant came home from the store. There had been great disaster there. He opened the front door and said, in the midst of his family circle: “I am ruined.” His wife said: “I am left;” and the little child threw up its hands, and said: “Papa, I am here.” The aged grandmother, seated in the room, said: “Then you have all the promises of God, beside Jo-an.” And he burst into tears, and said: “You forgive me, tht I have been so ungrateful. I find I have a great many things left. God forgive me.”

Again I remark, that many of our business men are tempted to neglect their home duties. How often it is that the store and the home seem to tax, but there ought not to be any collision. It is often the case that the father is the mere treasurer of the family, a sort of agent to see that they have dry goods and groceries. The work of family government he does not touch. Once or twice in a year he calls the children up on a Sabbath afternoon when he has a half hour free, not exactly know what to do with, and at half hour his discipline corrects their faults, and gives them a great deal of good advice, and then wonders all the rest of the year that his children do not do better, when they have the wonderful advantage of that semi-annual castigation. The family table, which ought to be the place for pleasant discourse and cheerfulness, often becomes the place of perilous expeditions. The signal rocket, the signal of the steam pipes. The hiss of the extinguished furnaces. The walking of God on the wave! The steamer went not down without a struggle. As the passengers stationed themselves in rows, to bale out the vessel, hark to the thump of the buckets, as men unused to toil, with blistered hands and strained muscle, tug for their lives. here is a sail seen against the sky. The flash of the distress gun sounded, its voice is heard not, for it is choked in the louder boomerang of the sea. A few passengers escaped; but the steamer gave one great lurch and was gone! So there are some men who sail on prosperously in life. All’s well, all’s well. But at last, some financial disaster comes: a cyclone. Down they go, the bottom of this commercial sea strown with shattered bulkers, but to cause your property go, do not let your soul go. Though all experience says that I have tell you of a more stupendous shipwreck than that which I have just mentioned. God launched this world six thousand years ago. It has been going on under freight of mountains and immortals; but one day it will stagger at the cry of fire. The timbers of rock will burn, the mountains flame like masts, and the clouds like sails in the judgment hurricane. Then God shall take the passengers off the deck, and from the berths those who have long been asleep in Jesus, and he will set them far beyond the reach of storm and peril. But how many shall go down; that will never be known, until it shall be announced one day in heaven, the shipwreck of a world! O! my dear hearers, whatever you lose, though your houses go, though your lands go, though your earthly possessions perish, may God Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, save your souls.

Madge—When do you go to the sea-side? Mabel—Whenever a visitor calls whom I don’t wish to see.

That’s a queer notion of Dayton calling his lawn mower ‘the tram’! Right enough—it won’t work, you see.

Please would you be so kind as to assist a poor man, sir. Besides this he is bludgeoned with lead, I have nothing in the wide world to call my own.”

Mrs. Newlywed—And do you always trust your husband implicitly. Mrs. Experience, enthusiastically—Indeed I do! That is to say, of course, to a certain extent.

You say she tried to stop a street car by whistling at it. Did she make a success of it? “Yes, in a way. It was not her whistling that stopped the car, though; it was the face she made.”

Biffers—There goes Mrs. De Fashion, the great society leader. Whiffers—She’d rather a handsome woman were it not for her mouth. “Too large?” “No, but it has such a disagreeable sort of pout.” “Oh, that comes from eating early strawberries.”

Bilkins—That boy of mine has such an ugly temper, I hate to buy him a pony. Wilkins—Then don’t do it. Get him a sailboat. Bilkins—But if he should get mad at the sailboat, and lose his self-control, he’d upset. Wilkins—Yes, but you’d still have the sailboat.

Citizen—People are saying that you were bribed to put through that thieving bill in behalf of the Grable company. Legislator, haughtily—Huh! Who would there be to bribe me, I should like to know. No one, sir. Not a living soul. Citizen—But that company—Legislator—Why, I’m the chief clerk.

Chief Clerk—Here’s an order for a bill of goods from a Western man whose name I can’t find in the books, but I guess he’s all right. He says he’ll pay for them next ‘round up.’ Head of Firm—Hush! These cattle men are just as likely to lose money as to make. Chief Clerk—This isn’t a cattle man. He’s an undertaker.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Seth Abbott, who enjoys a comfortable annuity from the estate of his daughter, the late Emma Abbott, adds to it by selling through the South a life of the singer.

Mrs. Pauline Fryer, better known in army circles as Major Pauline Cushman, is living in San Francisco on a small pension granted on account of her first husband’s services.

Yoshi Hoti, the eldest son of the Japanese mikado, who is coming to the world’s fair, is only fourteen

## Manchester Enterprise

By MAT D. BLOSSER.

THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1893.

**CHIEF SH. SIX**, one of the big guns of the Chinese six companies, has arrived in this country with a mission of some sort on his hands. He has vast wealth and untold power at his back among the Chinese, and nothing will be lost by keeping the sharpest kind of an eye on him.

**TWELVE** innocent-looking Texas farmers last week whipped out their revolvers and put a sudden quietus upon a desperate gang of train robbers. This jury of twelve good men and true ought to be hired by the frontier railroad lines to give up farming and travel for a living.

**SOMEBODY** proposes to adorn tombstones with the pictures of the deceased persons whose last resting-place they mark. There does not seem to be much reason for doing this. The average epitaph is lie enough without backbiting and abetting it with the flattery of the artist.

**WALTER BESANT** said a year ago that it seemed almost safe to prophesy an outburst of genius in the United States such as has not been seen since the days of Elizabeth. In order to keep him in countenance as a prophet, let us have that outburst of genius while he is visiting us.

**THE prevalence of crimson colors in certain fishes found of the New England coast is said by Professor J. Browne Goode to be due to the red pigment in seaweeds eaten by the crustaceans, which in turn are eaten by the fish. Proximity to Harvard college has nothing to do with it.**

**THE** latest flying machine is the invention of an Oregonian. While not on the lines of any of its predecessors in the field, it is believed to have one trait in common with all of them. This trait is unconquerable and irritating deference to the law that whacked Philosopher Newton on the head with an apple.

**ACCORDING** to the figures compiled by Carroll D. Wright, superintendent of the United States department of labor, there are now in this country 5,860 building associations and with net assets of \$86,923,405. In the list of states encouraging such associations Pennsylvania stands first and Ohio is second.

**A FUGIT** official suspected of undivisibility to the Chinese has been dismissed. He complains that he should have been given a chance to retire, his plaint illustrating the difference 'twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee. He is as effectually retired as though he himself had had the trouble of performing the operation.

**THERE** is no doubt a growing tendency to postpone murder trials too long. A murderer not a man to be handled with kid gloves, but a man under suspicion of murder is presumably innocent until his guilt is proven and should be treated with the consideration of an innocent man under suspicion. It is an outrage upon his personal rights to unnecessarily delay his trial.

**IT** is stated by a prominent Texas cowman that the number of cattle on the ranges has greatly decreased of late, the government report to the contrary notwithstanding; but the number of farmers has also increased on the lands formerly used as cattle ranges in the Southwest, and they all raise cattle, so that the number in existence is pretty apt to be as the government figures it, after all.

**WILLIAM ASTOR** CHANLER has pushed into hitherto unexplored regions of Africa and made some important discoveries. It is something anomalous that in this Columbian year the infant continent of America should be thoroughly explored, while the old continent of Africa, which had a flourishing civilization in its Nile valley in the time of Abraham, has regions still that have never been penetrated by civilized man.

**THE** farmer, of all men, should take pains to encourage his boys if he wishes them to adopt the business of farming as they grow to manhood. He, better than one engaged in other business, can do this. What is the loss if a small piece of land rented to the boy does not produce quite so much as if the better divided skill of the father were used to direct its cultivation? What is lost in money is more than made up by the value of the experience gained. Let there be competition between an acre worked by father and another worked by the son, and the boy who can excel his father in growing a crop will in so doing acquire more love of farming than he can get in any other way.

**TWO** young men have set out from New York with the intention of walking to San Francisco. If it is glory they want they have taken the wrong tack. Several people have already tramped the route, and the scroll of fame is scanned vainly for their names.

**AN** Idaho man has been sentenced to death for arson. People prone to set incendiary fires for the purpose of collecting insurance on the furniture, if operating in that state, will be simply prudent in having their life insurance policies also in good repair.

**AN** American riding through China on a bicycle was thought by the intelligent natives to be the devil, a very unfair estimate. An American on a good wheel and level roads who could not beat the devil would be unworthy of membership in a first-class club.

**IT** is announced semi-officially from the high jointers who have been in session in Paris, that the seals will be protected. Many thanks. After the horse is stolen the knowledge is always reassuring that a big brass lock is put on the barn.

### AN EPISODE.

A duodecim and a goatherd stood where the river bent. The goatherd with ill intent. The goat bucked the duodecim. And in the duodecim went.

The goatherd watched the duodecim. His disk mislaid to croon. And said the duodecim went down. To disappoint the goatherd. The duodecim would not drown.

The goatherd cursed the duodecim. Until his voice grew dim. He stamped his foot with useless rage. Then turned and said: "I might have known His empty head would swim."

### MYSTERY OF THE ROSES.

When the young and beautiful Pauline de Sambreuse died last spring every one feared that her husband would lose his mind. He had loved her so ardently that it seemed impossible for him to resign himself to the anguish of losing her.

To be sure, the ten years of their married life had not been shadowed. The difference in their ages, tastes and characters caused frequent quarrels, and while the husband was dissatisfied with his wife's coldness, she, on the other hand, rebelled against the despotism of his love, which was so exclusive and jealous that in its very ardor she saw more selfishness than devotion.

But little by little their relations became less strata. At last mutual concessions, as well as their earnest desire of living happily together, not merely of having the appearance of happiness, made their home life one of perfect accord, so none of their friends were in the least surprised at the depths of M. de Sambreuse's despair after this great sorrow had come to him.

His grief showed itself in a touching, though slightly romantic manner. Pauline from her earliest childhood had been extravagantly fond of roses, and in later years not a day had passed without her having a bouquet of that sweetest of flowers.

They had become so closely associated with her that, after her death, her husband went to the cemetery each morning and placed a fresh bunch of them in the marble urn which surmounted her tomb. Even the faded blossoms of the previous day were rendered sacred in his eyes by their contact with Pauline's last resting place, and he invariably carried them to his home, where, in another form, he continued his devotions.

In his own apartment, M. de Sambreuse made a sort of shrine to the memory of his wife. At the back of a deep niche, whose interior was concealed from the curious eyes of the servants by a folding door, he placed her portrait—that masterful portrait, one of Caron Duran's best, which was so much admired at the salon a few years ago. It represents the fair Pauline in ball costume, proud and smiling, with a bunch of roses in her slender, white hands. In the recess a lamp, which M. de Sambreuse himself carefully filled and trimmed each day, threw a brilliant and clear radiance upon the face of the picture, as well as upon a cushion beneath, where he had arranged the objects that had been most identified with his loved one, the last gloves she had worn, the last handkerchief she had used, her fan, her umbrella, her jewels, and in a confusion of laces and costly fabrics, the bouquets which he had brought from the cemetery, and which were never consigned to the flames until the withered petals dropped from their stems.

Every evening M. de Sambreuse hastened to his room, and, after opening the doors of the tabernacle, stood upon his knees before the portrait. For a long time he carried on this adoration, talking to the pictured face and exalting himself to the belief that the lips moved and spoke to him. At last, utterly exhausted, he fell asleep with his eyes still fixed upon the beautiful countenance.

One morning of autumn, when according to his invariable custom, M. de Sambreuse arrived at Père Lachaise, he was much astonished to find a bunch of strange roses in the urn, while his lay half uplifted upon the tomb. Assuredly they were superb, with their glowing crimson petals and long stems, but their proud beauty had not the charm of those with which he adorned Pauline's grave. His were tea roses, gloire de Dijon, chosen by him because he had always preferred their delicate tint and perfume to any other.

Without asking himself whence came these flowers which seemed to him impious usurpers, he grasped them with indignant hands and replaced them with his own. But as he was about to throw them far from him he paused, looking at them; and a feeling of pity succeeded his sudden anger. No longer did he cherish ill-will toward the person who had desired thus to pay homage to Pauline, and whose only fault had been in not comprehending the privileged and sacred character of his flowers. As he gently laid the crimson roses upon the tomb he wondered sadly who could have brought them. Some friend or relative? His conjectures were in vain, and he relinquished the hope of ever knowing.

Three days later on reaching Pauline's tomb he found that the dead had been repeated. He felt the same surprise and anger as on the previous day; but not the same forbearance. Full of wrath, he flung the bouquet, which someone had again dared to substitute for his, upon a heap of dried leaves and immortelles. Then for the first time he longed to discover the audacious individual who, without respect for his grief, had done him such an injury.

The following day matters were even worse, for a strange bouquet was in the urn, and his own was no longer upon the tomb. He found it crushed and withered upon the pile of rubbish where he had tossed the other the evening before. During eight days the singular rivalry continued. Defied and insulted by an unknown person, the more M. de Sambreuse tried to identify the guilty one the more exasperated he became.

However, by constantly questioning his memory, he recalled that on the morning of the burial when crushed with sorrow, he stood at the

edge of Pauline's grave, he had raised his eyes as the priest threw the earth upon the coffin, and had seen through his tears a young man whose despair seemed to equal his own. The pale face was distorted by suffering and weeping; but at the same time, under the sway of his own grief he was indifferent to another. The despatching countenance had soon vanished in the crowd, and his recollection of it was so vague that it seemed like a dream.

But now the vision was rapidly gaining in reality, and one imperious question was tormenting him. Who was this young man? So distressing, so cruel was the suspicion gnawing at his heart that he was reassured only when he knew before his wife's portrait and read her constancy in those clear and loyal eyes.

The rivalry in paying homage to Pauline continued, and each day revised M. de Sambreuse's misgivings and gave him neither peace nor repose. He determined to lie in wait and watch. He would know—he must.

One morning he went to the cemetery earlier than usual. As he approached his wife's tomb he saw a man standing before it, but his hand in his hand, in an attitude of meditation and reflection. He recognized him. It was the young man whose face had only passed before his eyes on the day of the funeral, but it had so deeply impressed itself upon his mind that in thinking of it later he had been able to recall the slightest details of the incident.

M. de Sambreuse walked close to him without being observed.

"What are you doing here, monsieur?" he demanded.

The stranger started, looked at him and replied in a sweet but firm voice.

"Doubtless what you yourself are doing."

"I, monsieur?" I come to pray at my wife's grave."

"I come to pray here, also."

"By what right?"

"By the right which friendship has given me."

"You were, then, a friend of Mme de Sambreuse?"

"I was her friend."

A flush mounted to M. de Sambreuse's cheeks and all of his old suspicions again took possession of him.

"You were a friend who hid himself from me and whose existence my wife concealed," he said in a trembling voice.

"Because they filled the place which mine alone may occupy."

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