

Manchester Enterprise

By MAT D. BLOSSER.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1864.

THE POLITENESS AND COURAGE OF AMERICANS IS PROVERBAL. Of all the passengers in a recent train robbery not one was rude enough to interfere with the bandits and not one was scared to death.

A NEW YORK editor is said to favor the plan of limiting suffrage to capitalists, thus definitely forming a plutocracy. The editor is not wholly given over to lunacy, for he refuses to reveal his name.

WHEN the czar of Russia cannot enjoy the pleasure of feeding hungry orphans with the crumbs from his table without danger of killing his innocent partakers of his bounty his lot is hard indeed.

FOOTPADS who rob women cannot expect to have the offense condoned because they are gallant enough to tip their hats as they depart, it may soften the hearts of women, but it will fail to touch the police as signally as the police have thus far failed to touch them.

WAY off in Africa King Lobengula, whose skin is black has succeeded in cutting to pieces some of the white troops that have been having similar fun with his followers. The king does not realize that he is bucking against civilization that can be just as uncivilized as himself.

IN TIME OF PEACE it troubles the officials of the navy to have the New York get away for Rio in such a hurry that they haven't time to paint out the coal stains on her sides. It is hard to say what such over-zealous officials would do in time of war, if she should have any blood stains on her decks.

ROBBERS tried to extort money from a Chicago lawyer. They did not get any, but acquired a lot of valuable experience on which they now meditate behind the bars. Strange as it may seem the lawyer did not charge them a cent. They ought to repay him by retaining him to defend them.

THE MODERN GREAT CITY must have streets two stories high, either with elevated roads above surface or tunnels or subways underneath. This involves tremendous expense, which might be saved if the streets had been made wide enough in the first place. This is a lesson which should be heeded in the laying out of all future streets.

ONE person has said that the world has progressed as much between 1820 and the present day as it did between 1820 and the days of Abraham. If this notion is to be accepted James Morris, who has just died at Lyons, N. Y., at the age of 121, has had an opportunity of witnessing as many changes as if he were born just after the flood and lived until the discovery of America.

AN ORPHANAGE declares that California has "women tramps." What is a poor woman to do when her father, husband, brother or son rides off and leaves her with the children to feed? One of the most pitiful aspects of modern civilization is the eagerness with which many itinerant families and devote their time and savings solely to their own appetites.

MANy people living in Rochester, N. Y., who could and would work are debarred from so doing because of insufficient clothing. Children, too, are unable to go to school because they have no shoes. The mayor has established in the basement of the city hall a bureau where second hand clothing may be sent by those who have discarded them. Every day between certain hours crowds of people in need of clothing go there and are fitted out.

THE SAFEST POSSIBLE WAY for distributing alms is through the organized charities. Money doled out in answer to street solicitation is often misplaced than otherwise. Few unworthy people are able to hoodwink those who manage the organized charities. The man who said he would rather give to nine unworthy solicitors for aid than refuse the tenth who should prove to be worthy is not now under the necessity of imposition.

THE GRAND JURY of Kings county, New York, is surprised and dismayed to learn that the inmates of the county jail are not constituents of society. This is indeed depressing. It shows that the standard of living among criminals is very low. Steps should be taken to "pinch" a few doctors of divinity, two or three judges, a bank president or two and a sprinkling of professional men to leave the lump. Ward McAllister might be inveigled across the river and chucked in.

A WOMAN has disposed of an estate of \$17,000 by writing a few lines in pencil on an old envelope. Lawyers say that the will cannot be broken, and their opinion that women know nothing about business they regard as confirmed anew.

VAIANT, the bomb-thrower, has a record that his last achievement is a crown. He has been a vagrant, a beggar, a thief, a woman beater, and served time for each offense. It is, perhaps, little wonder that he is not ennobled of the law.

A COUNTRY boy who was swindled at Sacramento forced the swindlers to look into a pistol and while laboring under the mental disquiet thus produced to return the spoils. It is to be hoped the young man will extend his visit to the city.

THE EXECUTORS of P. T. Barnum's estate, which is worth over \$5,000,000, have applied to have a portion of the property distributed among the heirs. It is but natural that the heirs of the great showman should want a show themselves.

A SAD MISTAKE.

Or, Decaying Appearance.

Miss Mixon had just been listening to her neighbor, Mrs. Popperton, relate how she had been bothered by a persistent chromo man, who could not be persuaded to go until he had sold something, and she made up her mind to make things warm for that man if he ever attempted to show himself in her house.

When she got home, however, she had forgotten all about her conversation, being so interested in fixing up her dress that she was to wear to the parsonage on the morrow. There was going to be a high old time there in honor of Mr. Todgit, the missionary from Dan, whose motive in returning to the country was partly to get himself a wife.

Miss Mixon was in the midst of a delightful reverie, when a hoarse cough suddenly interrupted her thoughts.

A neatly dressed individual, with a round face and bald head, was bowing in the doorway.

"The chromo man," she exclaimed, "half to herself.

"Madam," he began.

"No, I don't want anything to do with you," she cried, angrily, stamping her foot.

"I beg your pardon, madam; but—

Miss Mixon bethought herself of a curse.

"Here, Bosie! Bosie!" she called, whistling to an imaginary dog.

"If you do not leave at once I will set my dog on you."

And then fancying that still she was in the intruder's dilatory, he an intention of remaining to dispute the point, she caught up a broom and fortunately hung it in the corner and then entered the front door in such a resolute manner that the chromo man turned and fled.

"There," said Miss Mixon, aloud, as she saw him hurry high, either with elevated roads above surface or tunnels or subways underneath.

After the customary greetings Professor Burgsch reported his arrival.

"Where are you staying, Father Langford?"

"Here, below."

"What? In the same house with me? That's a curious coincidence."

"Not at all. In a cab."

"Ah, you have just come from the station and are looking for a hotel?"

"On the contrary, I lived in the cab since yesterday."

"No, I haven't seen any chromo man."

"I guess I frightened him out of the neighborhood," chuckled Miss Mixon.

She was beginning his opportunities when I went up to him with the broom and chased him out of the house."

Mrs. Bruce laughed heartily at the idea of her son, a boy-like little neighbor frightening anyone by such manifestations as she had described.

"But I'll tell you what I have seen," said she. "Mr. Todgit stopped here to inquire the way to the parsonage."

"Dear me, did he?" said Miss Mixon, with great interest.

"And I gave him a glass of my gooseberry wine and a slice of cake," added Mrs. Bruce.

"Entertaining angels unawares," sighed Miss Mixon. "Oh, how I wish it had been me! Do tell me how he looks. Is he tall?"

"No, not quite what you would call a tall man," said Mrs. Bruce, "but I think he is elderly, and he doesn't dress much. But he is a dear, good man, with a fine flow of language."

"I will meet him at the parsonage to-morrow," said Miss Mixon, reassuringly.

"How I envy you," said Mrs. Bruce.

Miss Mixon, dressed all in her best, went to the parsonage the next day.

And Mrs. Hall, the parson's wife, came running to meet her.

"My dear Martha," she said, "I was afraid you were not coming. Here, such a dear man! Come right into the parlor. Mr. Todgit will present you to Miss Mixon. Miss Mixon, this is Mr. Todgit from Japan."

Mr. Todgit's bow "checked" itself in a state of astonishment.

"As-tu-ishing!" said he.

Miss Mixon turned very red.

"Well, I do declare," she faltered.

For in Miss Mixon the lady who had been especially recommended to him as a saintly and up-to-date helper in the missionary work held the very female who had ignorantly pursued him from her door with a broom when the last day, he had stopped his abominations at the right door. And in Mr. Todgit's eyes he saw the parsonage, and he repelled as the obnoxious chimney man.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon," said he, "but I mistook you for some body else."

The missionary burst out laughing.

"No harm done," said he; "no harm done."

And fortunately he spoke the truth. Miss Mixon's genuine good sense and good feeling soon effaced the disagreeable first impression which she had of the obnoxious chimney man.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon," said Mr. Todgit's second call was longer than his first.

He made a long story short. Mr. Todgit married Martha Mixon, and to this day in America-Japan, circles the good missionary's tales will shake their tails how, on his first meeting with his wife, she pursued him off the field of carpet with a broom.

"Wasn't a brave man to take after that?"

And Mrs. Todgit only smiles and says.

Jerusalem, how come you?"

A Room in Shallowash.

A Missionary strayed into one of these South sea islands determined to give his residence a coat of whitewash.

To obtain this in the absence of lime, coral was reduced to powder by burning.

The natives, who had a remarkable superstition about the Chu river, which is the local name on the river for the Chilian. A considerable trade in drugs is born along this river, for which a special class of boat is composed of very light boards fastened with wooden nails, is built.

The natives say that the magnetic constipation is from a young lady in a bower.

As he is about to leave after his rejection—Come, Miss Summer, help me on with my overcoat. Since you cannot be my wife, you may at least be a sister to me.

Antoine Berger, aged 70 years, of Los Angeles, Cal., has brought suit for divorce against his wife, who is 90 years old. The couple have lived together for nearly forty years.

Regulate your expenses and your business. Be honorable and modest, simple and free. Serve your country in duty, not from ambition and vain hopes.

Seeds Apparatus—Say, boss, is there

any good prophet in Jamaica?

He teaches that foreign travelers, there, are signs

of money it is rising gradually.

I am glad to hear that "I'm no longer required to demand cash in advance."

A False Prophet in Jamaica.

A false prophet has arisen on the

island of Jamaica.

He teaches that

God has given him power to make a

miracle.

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