

MANCHESTER

ENTERPRISE.

AN INDEPENDENT, LIVE, LOCAL NEWSPAPER.

VOL 30-NO. 9

(Entered at Manchester Post Office
as Second-Class Matter.)

MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1896.

WHOLE NUMBER 1517.

Societies.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN
meet in their hall over Heuseler's store
on second and fourth Tuesday evening of each
month. C. NAUMANN, M. W.
J. BLUM, Recorder.

MANCHESTER LODGE NO. 148, F. & A. M.
met at Masonic Hall, Monday evening
on or before each full moon. Visiting brothers
are invited. FRED E. SPAFARD, W. M.
Ed. R. Root, Secretary.

MERIDIAN CHAPTER NO. 48, R. A. M.
meet at Masonic Hall, Wednesday evening
on or before each full moon. Companions
are invited. W. M. CONKLIN, H. F.
C. J. HANSON, Secretary.

MANCHESTER COUNCIL NO. 24, R. S. M.
meet at Masonic Hall, Tuesday evening
on or before each full moon. All visiting
companions invited. C. W. CASE, T. L. M.
MAT D. BLOSSER, Recorder.

MANCHESTER CHAPTER NO. 101, O. E. S.
meet at Masonic Hall, Friday evening on
or before each full moon. Companions
are invited. W. C. FREEMAN, W. M.
Mrs. EMMA LAPAH, Secretary.

MANCHESTER HIVE, NO. 626, L. O. T. M.
Meet in MacCabe's Hall second and fourth
Tuesday evening of each month. Visiting
ladies invited. Mrs. H. J. STRIGHAM, L. Com.
Mrs. J. SCHMID, L. Rec. Keeper.

COMSTOCK POST-NO. 335, G. A. R. meet
each third Tuesday evening of each month
at their hall over J. BRENNAN's store. All
comrades invited. S. R. SHERWOOD, Com.
G. B. SHERWOOD, Adj.

MANCHESTER TENT NO. 141, K. O. T. M.
meet in hall over J. ROLLER & Co.'s store
on 3d Tuesday evening of each month. All
visitors invited. FRED E. STEINHOFF, Com.
J. D. WUERTHNER, Rec. Keeper.

COMSTOCK W. R. C. NO. 220. meet first and
third Saturday afternoon of each month at
their hall over J. BRENNAN's store. Visiting
members invited. MRS. HELEN B. BROWN
Miss IDA L. SILKWOOD, Sec.

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.

KIEBLER & LANDWEHR.

CENTRAL MEAT MARKET.

Steam Sausage makers. Fresh, salt and
smoked meats. Wholesale and Retail.
Ice for Private Families.

G. W. TORREY.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Attention also given to Optical work.
Office over Yocom, Marx & Co.'s store. Resi-
dence, middle Lehn cottage on Boyne St.

CHARLES M. COOLEY.

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Manchester, Mich.
Sales in village or country will be promptly
attended on reasonable terms.

Dates can be made at the ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

A. J. WATERS.

ATTORNEY

and Counselor at Law. Practice over Union
Savings Bank.

Manchester, Michigan.

A. F. & F. M. FREEMAN,

ATTORNEYS

and Counselors at Law. Practice over People's
Bank.

Manchester, Michigan.

F. D. MERITHEW,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Manchester, Mich.
Sales in village or country will be promptly
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J. J. BREIGEL.

TONSONIAL ARTIST.

Painting, Hairpinning, Shampooing, etc., done
with neatness and dispatch.

Goodwyer House, Manchester, Mich.

DR. J. F. OHLINGER.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office over Youngman's Barber Shop.

Residence, Corner Clinton and Boyne Streets.

Manchester, Michigan.

A. C. AYLESWORTH,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

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G. C. CHADWICK, D. D. S.

Will be in Manchester every
Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, to practice
DENTISTRY.

Office over United Savings Bank.

GEO. A. SERVIS, D. D. S.

Is prepared to do all kinds of
DENTAL WORK.

General and Local Anesthesia for Painless
traction. Office over J. ROLLER & Co.'s Store.

In Clinton Every Thursday.

ENTERPRISE

POULTRY YARDS,

MANCHESTER, MICH.

White and Barred Plymouth Rock fowls and
eggs for sale in season.

Correspondence solicited.

THE UNION SAVINGS BANK.

CAPITAL \$25,000.

S. G. ECKER, Pres.; G. H. HENNESSY,

Vice-Pres.; Ed. Root, Cashier.

Business is conducted from ground floors
and on the second floor.

Four per cent. interest on savings
deposits. Always open Saturday evenings.

W. H. LEHR.

Dealer in

GROCERIES

Grocery, Glassware,

Notions.

TOBACCO & C.

Fine Wines and Liquors.

FRESH BEER

ALWAYS ON DRAUGHT.

South side of Manchester Plaza, Manchester,
Michigan.

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MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1896.

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WITHIN OUR WALLS.

MERE MENTION OF MICHIGAN MATTERS.

Union Veterans' Union at Battle Creek.
A Woman and Her Babe Burned to Death near Jackson—Lumber and Rail-

road Property Destroyed by Fire.

Union Veterans' Union.

The ninth annual encampment of the Michigan department, Union Veterans' union, was held at Battle Creek and was largely attended. The following officers were elected: Department commander, George M. Mead, of Camden; first deputy commander, George Turner, of Bay City; second, Gilbert E. Hall, of St. Louis; chaplain, Charles R. Davis, of Cadillac; surgeon general, S. S. French, of Battle Creek. "St. Louis will be the next place of meeting. The are now 65,000 members of the order in the United States.

The encampment of the Woman's Veteran Relief Union was also held at the hall over J. BRENNAN's store. All the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Lydia Sprague, of Greenville; senior vice-president, Mrs. Little Platt, of Bay City; junior, Mrs. Maggie Morse, of Battle Creek; conductor, Mrs. Sophia Webster, of Jackson; secretary, Mrs. Alice Spaulding, of Greenville; treasurer, Mrs. Jane Hayden, of Greenville; inside guard, Mrs. Lucy Hall, of St. Louis; outside guard, Mrs. Barbara Waller, of Bay

Mother and Child Roasted to Death.

Mrs. Albert Robinson, aged 35, and her 8-year-old daughter, were burned to death in their house in Sandstone township, Jackson county. There is little doubt that kerosene oil used to start a fire in the cooking stove caused an explosion. Robinson is a coal drawer from the Woodville mine. His

neighbors discovered the house on fire and succeeded in getting all out, but Mrs. Robinson and the child were dead. The husband and father was so badly burned that it is thought he will die.

Thugs knocked down and seriously injured Frank Maud, a farm hand, at Benton Harbor, but failed to find \$30 in a pocket. Neighbors, hearing his call for help, rushed out, firing three shots after the robbers, who escaped.

A peculiar disease has appeared among the horses of Wm. Hammond, who owns a large stock farm near Pontiac. The animals appear to be perfectly well, but suddenly the color of the nostrils changes and without any apparent pain or sickness they die.

Wm. Pickel, manager of the Charlot gas works, while alone in the building heard a noise in an adjoining room and stepped in to investigate. Two men confronted him and gave him a stunning blow on the head. When the engineer returned 15 minutes later Pickel was still unconscious. When he revived he found he had been robbed of \$60.

Ben Kennan, a young theological student at Hillsdale college, was discovered in the organ loft of the college church where he had hidden away a large amount of wearing apparel, jewelry, silverware, etc., which he has since confessed to having stolen. Most of the goods have been identified by students and citizens who had been

robbed.

By the payment of \$8,000. D. S. Dessaix, president of the Dessaix Co., of New York, has secured a 20-year extension to his lease of the Millie mine at Iron Mountain. The new lease calls for the mining of not less than 10,000 tons of first grade ore and 100,000 tons of low grade ore annually which will necessitate the employment of a largely increased force of men.

Railroad Property Burned.

The round house of the Quinnesec logging railroad, five miles from Iron Mountain was totally destroyed by fire. There were three locomotives in the house at the time and they are damaged beyond repair. The loss will exceed \$15,000, with no insurance. Log-
ging operations had just commenced along the line. The fire will necessitate a suspension of operations, throwing 100 men out of work.

Big Lumber Fire at Ingalls.

Ira Casley's lumber yard, at Ingalls, three miles south of Stephenson with 2,000,000 feet of lumber, is now in ashes. Casley's oil house had been broken into, the lumber piles saturated and then ignited. The hand engine at Stephenson went down and saved the store, the southern part of the mill yard, and the buildings west of the depot. The loss is about \$50,000; insurance \$18,000.

Died From Hydrophobia.

William Manchek, aged 35, died at the Saginaw hospital, after suffering great agony for 24 hours from hydrophobia. He was bitten last June while pedaling a dog-afflicted with distemper, but he paid no attention to the wound. While at work the day before his death he became violently ill, and was removed to the hospital. He leaves a widow and three little ones.

NEWS FOR MICHIGANDERS.

President Fiske, of Albion college, is seriously ill with bronchitis.

The annual convention of the W. C. T. U. of the Fourth district was held at Decatur.

In a saloon fight at Thompsonville, Ogle Janson bit off and swallowed Andy Thompson's thumb.

Henry Lewis, of near Shelby, fell under a freight train north of Dalton and received fatal injuries.

Fire did \$1,000 damage to the main building of the Northern Michigan Children's home at Marquette.

A. T. Patterson, a printer, received the appointment of customs collector for the port of Benton Harbor.

Dr. Mary Green, of Charlotte, has made president of the National Household Economics association.

Paul Kobi was killed while at work in the 13th level of the Calumet & Hecla mine by being hit by a falling rock.

The grain and stock barn on the farm of Mr. Lewis, near Overisel, burned together with their entire contents. Loss \$2,000.

The farm mill at Croswell, Dow-

ington, Berne, Wargo, and Brown City, have closed down immediately, throwing 150 men out of employment.

Truman Smith, 15 years old, was killed while hunting near Hartford. The gun was accidentally discharged, blowing the whole side of his head off.

Frank Batchelor of Pontiac, is under

arrest on a charge of attempted criminal assault on Maggie Seeley, the 11-year-old daughter of Clarence Seeley, near Utica.

A hunter returning home with a

party carelessly discharged his shotgun

and Marlie City and Willie Sturgis, aged 6, received five shot in his body and Al-

bert Sturgis, aged 4, one shot squarely

between the eyes. The boys will re-

cover.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

THE NEWS OF SEVEN DAYS UP TO DATE.

**Political Religious, Social and Criminal
Doings of the Whole World Carefully
Condensed for Our Readers—The Acci-
dents Record.**

The miners of the Shelburn, Ind. Coal company refuse to accept the scale of prices as submitted by the company, which, the miners say, is 2 cents per ton. The miners of the Shelburn, Ind. Coal company refuse to accept the scale of prices as submitted by the company, which, the miners say, is 2 cents per ton.

M. A. Middleton, assistant chief of the Marion, Ind. fire department, was killed as a result of a Hallowe'en prank. He was on horseback on his way to a fire and was riding rapidly. Several

boys threw corn at his horse, frightening

the animal. Middleton was thrown and his head struck against the rail-

road track.

The miners of the Shelburn, Ind.

By MAT D. BLOSSER

AT THE HOME OF THE PRESIDENT-ELECT

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1894.

Canton books are now dealing principally in books.

People who are efficient are never dependent on those who employ them.

The millennium will come about the time that people do their own thinking.

With the approach of Thanksgiving, Gladstone seems to talk about carving Turkey.

People are beginning to think that the campaign button has been pressed too much.

One consolation for defeated candidates will be that the corn-husking season is on.

People who cannot adapt themselves to conditions are more machine than ability to grumble.

The most humorous thing about a great many jokes is that some persons accept them in earnest.

The orient has become a competitor of the eastern part of this continent in getting coal to the Pacific coast. An American vessel recently arrived in San Francisco with a cargo of coal from Tonquin, that is said to be equal in quality to the best Pennsylvania coal and is sold profitably at a price considerably less than that sent from the eastern states. While the coal comes from a district peopled by Chinese, the industry is developed by French capital.

It must be a terrible blow to the great purifier, Anthony Comstock, to be accused of "indeedness," but that is the last charge to assail him by the women of the country.

With regard to the big row they are having over the bills brought before the legislative session, Comstock declared himself in favor of the bill to give the women after him with a sharp stick and say, "The terms he employed were probably untrue," and so on ad infinitum, or "ad nauseum," whatever you prefer.

"Dixy" Conway, New York's swell-esteemed belle, has left the metropolis and is having a grand time in New York was too slow for "Dixy" and there were too many regulations involving the payment of fines on the part of the women. He was not able to live, he thought, a gentleman should live, which incidentally included smoking while on duty. Chicago, however, is to be congratulated on the fact that it has the greatest policeman in America. He intends to join the Chicago force, especially if he is put on duty town at some coming time, where he can assist in the enforcement of the law, which duty he is said to perform with amazing and infinite grace and dexterity.

Mrs. Margaret Adams is the captain of a small boat that bears her own name and she is also a member of the society of New Womanhood from start to finish. At the time of the ultra. One of Mrs. Margaret Hobart had a break at the petitioned committee, with a knife, where she tapped him on the head with a marble spike and then cut his nose in the first row.

It is announced by Bradstreet's in New York that Washington, the reporter of the various countries, the report of the British-American boundary line dispute will be made to the president shortly before the conference convenes in October. It was expected that the report might be ready by Nov. 1, but complications in connection with the work in Holland have caused delay.

The third quarterly payment of the great Indians, consisting of \$100,000, was made to the Indians. The gamblers were at Pawnee and the few marshals were powerless to prevent deprivations. Two gamblers, Jones and Evans, bunched a gang of half a dozen, who were the gamblers out of town, and beat the Indians to death. It seems that the Indians held the winning hand.

Gamblers may not be the best people in the world, but we have to put up with them.

That Oklahoma man who has been divorced from one woman three times is undoubtedly employed as a sort of sandwich man by the divorce lawyers of that territory.

At an anarchist meeting in New York Johnson most shouted "rew" and was promptly ejected. Johnson likely thought he was attending a Chinese banquet.

Church services do not begin at 11 o'clock because it is the eleventh hour for repentence.

(Canton Letter.)

The report of the census can people have a great effect on the daily routine of the home of the president-elect.

Indeed, the big "daily" delegations have come in, and that delegation is made up by the large size of the daily mail which is now brought by the wagon load.

Every letter opened and answered with the same interest that attended the same that came during the long campaign.

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MCKINLEY—GOLD.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE SO PROCLAIMS.

BRYAN AND IN THE SMALLER VILLAGES Bryan and in the smaller villages Bryan and his wife welcomed their old friends into the same modest and homely home which they had occupied for many years.

Everybody enjoyed themselves immensely, for real hospitality shone in the house, the big "daily" delegations had been carried by the railroads, the telegraph and the crunching of feet in the crisp snow had died hard away, the great relief of the winter was a great relief, a festive and happy time.

The major strode up the open earth and gazed upon the cheerful room with its pictures of holy and patriotic scenes, the portraits of the great, the green, at the baskets and jars of beautiful flowers that had come from all over Ohio, the great flags, which soldier-like, he had draped from the windows, the flags of the leading parties, the banners and the flags of the various rallies and parades of the deepest interest.

The major turned back against the dark red curtains. She was a most modest, gentle woman, with a quiet, simple, winsome air, and a smile that was like a ray of light.

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Enrich Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact, the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Remember that the top side of a cloud is always bright.

Dip a soft cloth in vinegar and rub on smoky mica.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.

Ostentatious charity has its foundation in selfishness.

When bilious or sensitive eat a Cascarett Candy, a certain cure guaranteed. 10c. each.

It is better to tame and teach than to break horses.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children, softens the rums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Clean hard finished walls with ammonia water.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never taken, weaken or grippe.

The famous missionary ship Day-spring has been wrecked on the coast of New Caledonia and nine of the crew were drowned.

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE

Related by a Keeper of the Michigan State Prison at Jackson.

(From the Jackson Citizen.)

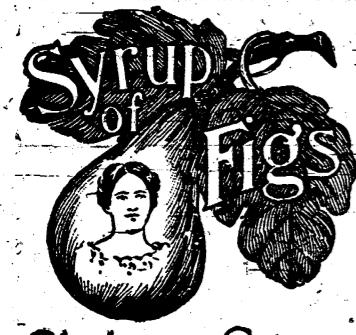
Mr. A. E. Wing resides at 619 N. Jackson Street, Jackson, Mich. He is a keeper in the Michigan State Prison, a man of stern integrity, and whose word is beyond dispute. He tells the following story of a wonderful escape, and the incidents connected with the dangerous position in which he was placed. He says, some months ago my attention was attracted by a swelling of my groin, which began to increase in size to such an extent that I was alarmed. It spread down my legs to my feet, and I was bloated from my waist down, so badly that I could not pull my pants over my legs, and I had to open my shoes fully two inches before I could get them on. Even my face became puffed up, and my whole system seemed affected. I could hardly drag myself upstairs to unlock my men. I consulted a physician, one of the best in the city. He said the swelling was caused by an irritation of the kidneys, and I commenced treatment with him.

But I seemed to be getting worse. I was strongly urged by a friend to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and finally consented. After the first week I could stand to see a change, and felt much better. This was encouraging, and I continued their use. I took five boxes in all, with the happy result that I was completely cured. I have never heard of any medicine which had such a pronounced and radical effect, and yet not affect the system generally, and leave it in such a good condition. I feel better now than I ever did. After the effect was once established the swelling gradually disappeared until it was entirely gone.

I regard Doan's Kidney Pills as a most wonderful agent in the curing of any form of kidney disorder.

For sale by all dealers—price, 50 cents per box. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

There are sermons in socks, prairies in potato beds, predictions in bread, consolation in coal, halibut in hams, Christianity in clothes and salvation in soup for the needy and suffering in the frozen; cold of winter.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. The beneficial effects of this are the fact, that it is the only remedy which promotes internal cleanliness—without disturbing the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, or may be considered, the most skillful physician, but if in need of a laxative, one will have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere. Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE. Ad. \$1.00. Advise & Pamphlet from Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

PATENTS, TRADE MARKS

Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventor's Guide, or How to Get a Patent." O'FARRELL & SON, Washington, D. C.

CUT THIS OUT.

LADIES' PARIS SAFETY PILLS

IMPORTED. May be taken a month at a time, safety and convenience guaranteed. They never fail. Price, \$1.00 per box. Send money by registered letter, express or post office. Sold only by THE PARIS COMPANY, Suite 103 Fairmont Hotel, CHICAGO, ILL.

Money refunded if not satisfactory. Every female representative wants to wear them.

DISPENSING SURGEON FOR

ALL YOUR NEEDS. Best Cough Syrup, "Peaches Good. The best in time. Sold by druggists."

IMPROVEMENT

A Lesson in Love.

"I suppose I love him. I wonder at myself for hesitating any longer to answer his letter."

Madeline turned the letter over in her hand and looked intently at the clear even writing on the envelope.

"He was not very much disturbed when he wrote that," she said; "there is not a single line or curve that denotes nervousness."

She turned the letter over. I fancy he never stamped the seal more perfectly. Now, really, it seems that his hand should have trembled just a little—a very little.

"I have said all my life," she said thoughtfully, "that I would never marry without love, but I never dreamed it would be difficult to know whether I loved." She threw her head back a little weakly and sighed.

"If I knew," she said slowly: "If I only knew, I would place as high a value upon the giving of my heart as any woman that lives. I only know that he is as much or more to me than anyone else that I have ever seen in my life; we have similar tastes; he is all my judgment tells me an honorable gentleman should be; he is of good family, sensible, practical and clever."

She reached out her hand and touched a little bell at her side.

"I love him," she said simply.

And Madeline smiled as she took up her desk again, a glad smile at the thought of a possible future that might still hold something of the beauty that is every girl's birthright.

And when Mr. Williams carefully and deliberately opened a perfumed note that he was perfectly sure he knew the contents of, he sat long with the daily, brief missive in his hand and wondered why—in the name of all that was inconsistent—she had said no!

K. C. B.

"Tell him all that, and then tell him I went on more and more rapidly: that I cannot bear it—I cannot bear it. If he would only come to me to see me sometimes when he is tired of everything else he would be as welcome as the sunshine."

"If he ever suffers, if anything ever makes him unhappy, it will kill me—I want to bear it all. Tell him if he came and put his hand in mine I would face him, and gladly, for him."

"Tell him—"

Madeline rose to her feet, and with hands that shook placed the desk upon the table. A few steps more, and her hands were flung with a passionate abandonment, new to her, about the girl's form, while the tears rained down her cheeks.

"In the name of God!" she cried, "go and tell him yourself; tell him what you have told me; and if he turns away from such a love—no matter, I say, Stella, what has ever been in your past or his—if he turns from such a love he is lost."

"Go and tell him, Stella, open your heart to him, as you have to me. I know who he is, and I believe he is a man of character. Go and tell him what you have told me, and say to him that I say—'God bless all such love!'

Stella looked up and smiled.

"I love him," she said simply.

And Madeline smiled as she took up her desk again, a glad smile at the thought of a possible future that might still hold something of the beauty that is every girl's birthright.

And when Mr. Williams carefully and deliberately opened a perfumed note that he was perfectly sure he knew the contents of, he sat long with the daily, brief missive in his hand and wondered why—in the name of all that was inconsistent—she had said no!

K. C. B.

His First Story.

A certain author, now well known to fame and fortune, once in the "battle for bread" wrote a wild Indian story for a northern story paper. That was twelve years ago, and to the story he gave his real name. He received a fat check for it, but year after year went by and the story never appeared. It finally passed from his remembrance, until the other day, when he received a letter from the publishers informing him that it would shortly run in an appearance in serial form. That made the author nervous, and he forthwith sent the following telegram:

"Suppress story and return manuscript, and will pay three times amount of original check."

The publishers replied:

"Can't do it. We know a good thing when we have it. The story is in your best vein!"

Letter after letter, telegram after telegram passed, but no—he didn't have money enough to buy that story! So he has written to all his friends and critics and has explained the circumstances, and now awaits, as cheerfully as possible, the weekly slaughter of the red Indians of his youthful brain. —Atlanta Constitution.

A Little White.

A little while a little love, The hour yet bears for thee and me, Who have not drawn the veil to see If still our heaven be lit above.

Thou merrily, at the day's last sigh, Has felt thy soul prolong the tone;

And I have heard the night wind cry And deemed its speech mine own.

A Little while a little love, The scattering autumn hoards for us,

Whose bower is not yet ruined Nor quite unlead our songless grove, Only across the shaken boughs,

We hear the floodtides seek the sea, And deep in both our hearts they rouse One wall for thee and me.

A little while a little love, May yet be ours who have not said The word it makes our eyes afraid To know that each is thinking of. Nor yet the end; be our lips dumb.

In smiles a little season yet; I'll tell thee, when the end is come, How we may best forget.

Dead Man's Claim.

Among the rich mines of Leadville is one called "Dead Man's Claim." It seems a certain popular miner had died and his friends, having decided to give him a good send-off, hired a man for \$20 to act as sexton. It was in the midst of winter; there were ten feet of snow on the ground, and the grave had to go six feet below that. The grave-digger sallied forth into the snow, depositing the corpse for safe-keeping in a drift, and for three days nothing was heard from him. A delegation sent to find the fellow discovered him digging away with all his might, but found also the intended grave converted into the entrance of a shaft. Striking the earth it seemed he had found pay rock worth \$60 a ton. The delegation at once staked out claims adjoining his and the deceased was forgotten. Later in the season, the snow having melted, his body was found and given an ordinary burial in another part of the camp. —Chicago Journal.

"Tell him," she continued more rapidly, and this time her eyes flashed into Madeline's, "tell him that I cannot bear it—I cannot bear it." Her voice rose and rang like a tolling bell. "Tell him that a flower that he has crushed with his foot is more to me than all the love that could ever grow in any other human heart. Tell him that I would rather sit and sew by my window twelve long hours, if by so doing I could just see him pass my door once, than to spend those hours in the finest palace made by hands; I would rather hear one kind word from his lips—just one—that is to be the honored wife of any other man than live."

"Tell him," said the girl, her great gray eyes turned upon the frescoed ceiling dreamily. "Tell him that he is breaking my heart; that there is not a moment when he is not in my thoughts. I dream of him when I sleep, and I dream of him when I am awake; when the sun shines it seems a mockery. When I hear anyone laugh, I put my hands up—quick—to shut out the sound, and if I see even a child in tears every sob grates at my heartstrings like the hand of death.

"Tell him," she continued more rapidly, and this time her eyes flashed into Madeline's, "tell him that I cannot bear it—I cannot bear it." Her voice rose and rang like a tolling bell. "Tell him that a flower that he has crushed with his foot is more to me than all the love that could ever grow in any other human heart. Tell him that I would rather sit and sew by my window twelve long hours, if by so doing I could just see him pass my door once, than to spend those hours in the finest palace made by hands; I would rather hear one kind word from his lips—just one—that is to be the honored wife of any other man than live."

An Injured Innocent.

"Judge, you honah," said Erastus Pinkley, "I'se jus'ly cused. I warn't playin' no policy."

"But you were found with policy slips in your possession."

"Dem warn't no policy slips, Judge, you honah. I was jes' figgerin' out how de different states is ter go next November."

"I do not believe that I have a true friend in the world." "So you have been trying to borrow money, too, have you?"—Truth.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

ILL SINCE GIRLHOOD, NOW A PICTURE OF HEALTH.

From the Star, Valparaiso, Ind.

The attention of the Star having been called to several cases of radical cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, it was determined to investigate some of the more notable of these cases, with a view to disseminating exact information on the subject and benefiting others who were suffering. Prominent among those who had experienced benefits from the use of this remedy was mentioned Mrs. Mary Noren, wife of John Noren, a prosperous farmer, living northeast of Valparaiso, Ind., and to her a reporter was accordingly dispatched.

Mrs. Noren was found busily engaged in household duties, but she found time to detail her experience, and was willing and even anxious that the benefits she had felt should be told for the benefit of those who had suffered as she did.

"I had been ill since girlhood with a complaint of complaints," said Mrs. Noren, "never so much as to be confined long in bed, but I suffered intense misery. My chief trouble was with my stomach. I felt a constant gnawing pain that was at times almost distracting, and which had been diagnosed by different physicians as dyspepsia and sympathetic derangement dependent on the condition of the generative organs. I had pains in the back, sometimes so great as to make me unable to work, and frequent bilious attacks. I also suffered greatly from constipation, from which I never could find permanent relief. Then these symptoms were aggravated by rheumatic pains between the shoulder blades, which were most excruciating in damp or cold weather. After my marriage, about five years ago, and when my baby was born the trouble seemed to increase, and I was frequently so sick that I could not do my household work. I tried different physicians and used numerous remedies but all in vain, until one day last fall I happened to read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. My husband sent three boxes from Mr. C. D. Holmes, the druggist, and I began to use them. From the first I began to feel relief, and before the three boxes were gone I was nearly well. The constipation was cured and my other troubles were relieved. I felt better than I had felt for years.

I continued in the use of the pills until I had a good record, and my appetite was greater and stronger, and my flesh increased, until I am in the condition you see me now."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a compensated form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by address Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

There is more money in two 150-pound pigs than in a 300-pound hog.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

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