

# MANCHESTER



AN INDEPENDENT, LIVE, LOCAL NEWSPAPER.

# ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 36.-NO. 52.

Manchester Enterprise

By MAT D BLOSSER.

## Societies.

MANCHESTER LODGE NO. 148, F. & A. M., meet at Masonic Hall Monday evening, and on full moon. All visiting companies cordially welcome. MAT D. BLOSSER, H. A. Ed. Root, Secretary.

MANCHESTER CHAPTER NO. 54, R. & S. M., assemble at Masonic Hall Tuesday evening after each full moon. All visiting companies cordially welcome. MAT D. BLOSSER, H. A. Ed. Root, Secretary.

MANCHESTER COUNCIL NO. 24, R. & S. M., assemble at Masonic Hall Tuesday evening after each full moon. All visiting companies cordially welcome. J. A. KINGSLY, T. L. Van Riel, Secretary.

MANCHESTER CHAPTER NO. 101, O. E. S., meet at Masonic Hall Friday evening or before full moon. Visiting members invited. Mrs. SARAH HUNDRESDOTT, W. M. Mrs. SORINA GLENN, Secretary.

MANCHESTER ORDER OF UNITED WORKERS meet in their hall over Hauser's store, and hold their annual meeting at the same time. GEO. FELDKAMP, M. W. Arthur Jaeger, Recorder.

MANCHESTER TENT NO. 51, K. O. T. M., meet at Masonic Hall second and third Sunday evening of month. Visiting members invited. FRED K. STEINKOHL, Com. W. J. HOFFER, Record keeper.

MANCHESTER W. F. NO. 1, D. O. M., meet at Masonic Hall second Sunday evening of month. Visiting members invited. MRS. FLOY NISLE, L. Com. Mrs. JOANNA SCHMID, Record keeper.

COASTOCK POST NO. 525, G. A. R., meet first and third Tuesday evening of each month at hall over Hauser's store. All officers invited. H. W. TUTTMAN, Com. G. E. BREWER, Adjutant.

COASTOCK W. R. C. NO. 520, meet first and third Tuesday afternoon of month at hall over Hauser's store. All officers invited. MRS. MARY N. RUBINSON, Pres. Miss NETTIE E. TAYLOR, Secretary.

## Business Cards.

A. F. & T. M. FREEMAN, ATTORNEYS, and Counselor at Law, Office over People's Savings Bank, MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN.

A. J. WATERS, ATTORNEY, and Counselor at Law, Office over People's Savings Bank, MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN.

B. A. TRACY, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, MANCHESTER, MICH. Office and Residence on Main street, Room 210, A. M. and from 12 to 2 P. M.

E. M. CONKLIN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Once hours: 1 to 4 and 7 to 8 P. M. MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN.

C. F. KAPP, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. At Residence on Main street, Room 210, A. M. and from 12 to 2 P. M.

W. A. KLOPFENSTEIN, HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and residence over Yocom, Main & Court Streets. Hours: 8-10 a. m., 1-3 and 4-6 p. m.

JOHN C. TUTTLE, JR., M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, CLINTON, MICH. Graduate of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. Specialties: Diseases of the Nervous system, Stomach and Kidneys.

G. E. KUHL, DENTIST. Manchester every Wednesday and Thursday. Office over Union Savings Bank.

GEO. A. SERVIS, D. D. S., Is prepared to do all kinds of DENTAL WORK. General and Local Anesthesia for Painless Extraction. Office upstairs in new Service Building. Clinton every Tuesday.

GRANT SUTTON, LICENSED AUCTIONEER. Good Name. Farmers' Village Property sold on reasonable terms. Dates made at KELLOGG'S, 11 Main Street, Manchester, Mich.

J. B. BRIEGEL, FREEMAN HOUSE BARBER. Shaving, Shampooing, Haircutting, etc. in first-class manner. Hot and Cold Baths.

ALBERT M. KIEBLER, CENTRAL MEAT MARKET. Bacon, Sausage Maker. Fresh, Salt and Smoked Meats. Wholesale and Retail. ICE FOR PRIVATE FAMILIES.

Gibson's Rome was not built in a day.

The Stevenson who collaborates is lost.

A Merchant doth good like medicine.

Hop-springs eternal in the autumn lists.

A little more than Poe and less than a poet.

A little Tolstoy is a dangerous thing.

Virtue is its own Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Where there's a Zangwill, there's a way.

Roe's by any other name would sell as well.

Don't kill the goose that wrote the Golden Girl.

## Michigan Happenings

### The New Normal.

"Decatur is the only town which stands show of getting the new \$40,000 normal school," said Henry Russell, chief counsel of the Michigan Central Railroad Co. Decatur town is located 72 miles west of Albion, 24 miles east of Niles and 108 miles west of Detroit. The State Gazetteer gives the population as 1,400; location, Van Buren county, 10 miles southwest of Paw Paw, the county seat, and 24 miles from Kalamazoo. Incorporated as a village in 1861. Has Adventist, Catholic, Christian, Free Methodist, Methodist, Presbyterian and Universalist churches, a public library, a bank, a weekly newspaper, an opera house and brick town hall. Stage daily to Vassilie, Prairie Ronde and Marcellus. Tel. W. C. Ex. 2. Telephone connection. Wm. H. White, postmaster.

The Muskegon Fruit Growers Co. has been organized with \$25,000, and it will boom the fruit lands in the Muskegon district. It will begin by planting trees on one tract of 330 acres.

Manistee has its first automobile.

The thirteenth annual reunion and campment of the Tri-State Soldiers and Sailors' Association begins at Montgomery September 2, continuing three days.

The West Bay City canning factory has canned nearly 1,000 bushels of bucklesberries this season and is not through yet. The most of the berries come from along the Mackinaw division of the Michigan Central.

Wesley Hulbert, aged 36, unmarried, blew his head off with a shotgun at his home in Manton. Several years ago he was struck on the head by a limb that fell off a tree, and he had been partially deranged ever since.

The 2-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence George, living east of Mule, fell backward into a pail of boiling water which her mother was about to use for mopping and was so badly scalded that it died in a short time.

State Game Warden Chapman, Chief Deputy Brewster and Deputy Fisher, of Detroit, have returned from Isle Royale, where they found that some provisions of the fish laws had been violated. Wholesale prosecutions will cost \$30,000.

The Michigan commission for the St. Louis fair is considering three sets of plans for the state building, which is to cost \$30,000.

John Waterman of Ithaca, is proud

that the acreage planted to wheat in that vicinity this fall will be larger than for several years past. The good yield and freedom from the various pests this year has encouraged the farmers.

Will Hall, one of a Grand Trunk train gang, was instantly killed at

Ainsley by making the mistake of back-

ing from the gravel train on to the main track and not observing that a fast train was coming. His home was at Bellevue.

William Peck Keene, son of Am-

brose Keene, met death by falling from a buggy. He had gone out be-

hind one of Ernest Bodine's horses

and the animal came home without a

driver. Keene was made and his

body was found.

While Mrs. Anna Otener, of Brook-

field township, was unbiting a horse,

she ran the end of a buckle tongue

into her finger. Bleeding poison has

necessitated the amputation of the

finger and it is feared that her hand

will have to be taken off.

Herbert Moon, 13 years old, shot

and killed Lucius Drew, aged 20, of

Ithaca, Mich., on a farm near Utica.

The boy and man had been

quarreling and the latter had severely

shocked young Moon. During the

quarrel the boy broke away and got a

22-caliber rifle, with which he shot

Drew.

The canal for which Port Huron ap-

propriated \$100,000, to connect from Lake Huron to Black river, for the

purpose of cleaning the latter stream

in the air. The city has so far sunk

nearly \$40,000 in the ditch, and all

there is to show is large irregular

holes in the ground and several small

trunks.

Otis Mosher, who was shot Monday

by Deputy Sheriff Amis, of Battle

Creek, while trying to escape from the

officer, who arrested him for stealing

a bridle from a farmer's wagon, died

Tuesday night of the wound. There

is a good deal of feeling that any man

should be killed for such a petty

offense.

The store of the Pittsburg & Lake

Superior Iron Co. at Palmer was

raided by burglars Tuesday night. The

safe was blown open and \$1,500 and

hundreds of stamps were taken. The

store was used as the postoffice. Tues-

day was pay day at the mine, which

accounts for the fact that so much

money was on hand.

Two years ago Edward Mitchen, a

negro day laborer, of Grand Rapids,

married a prepossessing white girl,

named Riecka Gerber. The wife died

and now Mitchen has married Gertrude Gerber, a sister of Riecka, and a remarkably pretty woman of 24 years. Mitchen is 22, as black as they

make, and ordinary looking.

According to Albermarle Winslow, of

Kalamazoo, the Commissioner Fras-

ser has threatened to resign rather

than enforce the present law relative

to the taxation of credits, and admitted

that his decision regarding the as-

sessment of the Bowman private bank

was made after a conference between the commission and private bankers.

Investigation is being made into the

somewhat suspicious death yesterday

of Ed Logan, a middle-aged lumber worker, near Cadillac. A bad gash is

in Logan's skull, just over the eye. He

is said to have been last seen car-

rying with some other workers in the

woods.

Capt. George Duglass, formerly

known as "Frenchy," was captured

near Aurelius, a little village 20 miles

north of Jackson, Monday. Bright

in company with Charles Schuler, took

French leave of the prison on the 14th inst.

John, a married son of J. B. McAll-

lum, the well-known Chicago lumberman,

was severely disabled, but the

doctors have hopes of saving his

right eye.

He was 20 years old and had been

working for his father in the timber

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THURSDAY, AUG. 25, 1903.

Think how many people Uncle Rue still has, and Aunt Hetty Green have lived down.

Minding your business is all right, but the lawyer gets rich minding other people's business.

A few many people have discovered to their sorrow how narrow even what looks like a wide margin is.

Congressman Mudd of Maryland, who jumped out of the window, was lucky if he lighted on a kindred bank.

Some skeptical people do not believe that killing will cure hysterics, but nearly everybody is willing to let it go at that.

Those men with large families who brag about them seem to forget that their wives are entitled to some of the credit.

Paramus is doubtless longing for the day when Uncle Sam will be the government, and it can smoke its cigar-rent in peace.

The two priests in Macedonia are said to be in open revolt. When one more joins them it will be an unlucky number for Turkey.

It is to be hoped that the United States are going to take that-by-dead Fourth of July King Edward will be setting off cannon crackers.

Russia has leased a part of Korea and promises not to put up any telephone wires. Probably, however, it will put up bare wires.

Gen. Gomes captured 3,000 Mauers when Ciudad Bolivar fell—a supply which should furnish ample material for a hundred revolutions.

Chicago is threatened with another laundry strike, so nobody is inventing a shirt that will not require washing.

Seventy-three hours for a train from ocean to ocean, climbing over those mountain ranges. That ought to be the old world sit up and rub its eyes.

California man has just succeeded in making a flying machine for ten or fifteen minutes without an accident. Science simply will not be stopped.

To judge from current news the people who don't know how to behave in a hot are pretty well nonplussed in the summer resorts—and the suburbs.

Our old friend Abdul Hamid de clares that he is very sorry for the assassination in his life, he is probably telling the truth.

It is not right to shoot a bird when he calls for the rest, as did a Chicago tenant. However, while you pay him it is allowable to treat him with silent scorn.

A Philadelphia mad man because of too much study over chess. Ah, what a noble career it could hardly have happened anywhere but in Philadelphia.

They have discovered immense deposits of sulphur on Unalaska island, in the Arctic circle, and it will concern the people who somehow always associate sulphur with a hot place.

This is such a prosperous age that it is possible for a man to have millions of dollars and never be suspected. Sun, they generally consider such a case worth mentioning after the man dies.

The treasure of the Precious Aid Society, who never have given all the money, has no doubt got all that is coming to him, unless it is a term in prison.

The discussion concerning the food value of alcohol continues, but it need not distract anyone who wants a little more to eat. There can be no doubt about the relative quantity of bread and butter.

The fact that Mr. Edison is touring the continent, stimulated by his mad battery, warranted to run 100 miles, gives hope that automobile drivers generally may enjoy the same blissful privilege herefore, here.

The King of England has "caused to be circulated privately that he considers that his health is much improved by the use of tea, and that he is as healthy as by those who drink it in wine." Well, there's your salt Edgard.

The Duchess of Marborough is much vexed at the report that the English authorities demand to summon her to a regular trial for fastidiousness. She is, however, as healthy as a duchess raised from the ranks.

We hope that some good old mother-in-law will turn around before entering the pearl stores and admit to the children that no one ever had fit through eating orange-peel, and required the same to be taken.

—Achison, Goo.

One of the latest doctored stories from the temple of fashion, where so many worthless women are to be found, is that a modiste of whom we know not the name, has invented a doublet and skirt, just where it is to go is not specified, but it can with safety be placed in the garret or thrown to the members of the metropolis, though it is not to be expected that the duchess will be able to find a friend with a pantry full of food to greet her. I have not enquired of the duchess, but the duchess is seated down in the seat and sighs.

Another chance to spread the balm of sweet sympathy. —Philadel-

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One of the latest doctored stories from the temple

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By MAT D. BLOSSER

Established in 1897. Six Pages. Published every Saturday. Office second story, 110 Main Street.

How having business at the Product Court, and the Product Court at the business, is the best way to get the best results.

Advertisers wishing to change their advertising must get the copy to us to do so. We will set the paper out and be inserted in the next issue.

Birth, Marriage, and Death notices, free.

Card of Gratitude, five cents a line.

Long Distance Bell Telephone No. 44.

Work or Advertising.

Address: ENTERPRISE Manchester, Mich.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1903.

A new law prohibits first cousins from uniting in marriage.

Lynch law does not appear to put a stop to the terrible crimes committed by depraved men.

P. S. Willis caught a 14-pound pickerel with a Burgeon spoon hook.

The rain on Sunday night and Monday morning came just right and the earth and its people rejoice with exceeding joy.

The new post office at Ann Arbor is to be built on the corner of Catherine and Main streets, what is known as the Beau property.

The annual picnic of the Washtenaw, Wayne, Oakland and Livingston picnic association will be held at Whitmore lake on Saturday, Aug. 29.

Harsher any foreign person who desires to become a citizen of the United States must take an oath that he does not believe in the principles taught by anarchists.

The Cambridge farmers' club will be held Sept. 5th, at the home of Mr. & Mrs. E. A. Kerr. Mrs. John K. Kerr will have a paper, "What is preferable an education along spiritual lines, or a full college course?"

The local board of health has not abandoned the idea of constructing a new hospital by any means. The members are now at work interviewing the doctors throughout the country to make such a place a county affair, rather than one simply for the city, and the local professor will act in harmony with the doctors outside of Ann Arbor on the matter. —Times.

Manchester friends of Rev. Fr. O. Rilly were shocked on Tuesday by the report that he had attempted suicide by jumping from a bridge on an artificial lake at the entrance of Oakwood Cemetery in Adrian. The body was found floating in the water and rescued, before life was passed. Dr. Rilly was in poor health and almost blind for a long time and it was claimed that he became dizzy and fell over the railing.

Ann Arbor people are beginning to wake up to the fact that there are places in the southern part of the country that ought to be reached by electric railway from the county seat. This case, however, we should have put the newspapers first as they are the ones that do the most talking and show to the people the advantage to be gained by having one or more new electric lines to the south and west of the county seat. Manchester is now the only large village in the country that has no electric light and power company and no electric car line. What Manchester wants is a line from Ann Arbor or Ypsilanti to Jackson. The lake Augus people could extend the Saline line through here to Wolf lake, joining their line between Grass Lake and Michigan Center, thus making a very direct line and a good feeder to their present line.

Was it Murder or Suicide?

Last Friday, circus day, two young men left a horse and buggy at George Niles' barn. They said they were from Dexter and were going to Texas. They had a hand organ in the buggy. One, who said his name was Jaeger, said that they were leaving their rig there and telephoned to his brother at Dexter to come over to him.

Next day, when Mr. Niles read about the murder or suicide of a young farmer named Wm. Ben at Dexter, and ascertaining that Jaeger had not telephoned to Dexter, he became suspicious and informed the sheriff. Monday evening, Michael L. Lovell, a young man, was sent to Dexter to investigate the matter. The two men were found with the circus at Hillsdale and did not appear to know that Ben was dead. They were taken to Ann Arbor as witnesses, but it is certain that they knew nothing whatever to do with Ben's death as they were here in Manchester at that time.

Wednesday morning, while in town, Mr. Lovell left his home and went to town. On his return at night, he was found dead in the woodshed, his head in his hands. There were several bruises on his head and face and opinions differ as to the cause of his death. The officers think it a clear case of suicide.

Fred Jaeger, above mentioned, had worked for Ben but was discharged and ordered off the place about two weeks ago.

## Manchester-Boy's Success.

Established in 1897. Six Pages. Published every Saturday. Office second story, 110 Main Street.

How having business at the Product Court, and the Product Court at the business, is the best way to get the best results.

Advertisers wishing to change their advertising must get the copy to us to do so. We will set the paper out and be inserted in the next issue.

Birth, Marriage, and Death notices, free.

Card of Gratitude, five cents a line.

Long Distance Bell Telephone No. 44.

Work or Advertising.

Address: ENTERPRISE Manchester, Mich.

## Personal...

Welcome the following and speed the parting guest:

Prof. Wallace at Manistion Beach.

Frederick Steinbachi in Toledo yesterday, buying goods.

Mrs. Alice Ladd was a guest of Miss Cynthia Bailey last week.

Mrs. Clyda Young went to Toledo yesterday to purchase goods.

Mrs. C. A. Brower of Mason is visiting her brother, El. Blythe, this week.

Harlow Howard and family of Jackson are visiting in town this week.

Mrs. Florence Kerr has returned from Ann Arbor after a short vacation.

Prof. & Mrs. Knowles of Brooklyn are visiting at M. E. Ball's this week.

Mr. & Mrs. Harvey Walling of Detroit visited their parents here over Sunday.

Miss Jessie Gates of Saline is visiting the Ohio river and made a great strike in manufacturing bicycle rims.

Lloyd Lockwood of Sharon went to Manistion to work for Mr. Lovell who was ill. He has been to the doctor and induced him to return to the west and keep house for him. Mr. Lovell took a great interest in Lloyd and last season he sent him to Paris to manage one of his plants. He has just returned and his mother has gone to Owosso.

Mr. & Mrs. Knowles of Brooklyn are visiting at M. E. Ball's this week.

Mr. & Mrs. Harvey Walling of Detroit visited their parents here over Sunday.

Miss Emma Schaff and other friends.

Mr. & Mrs. George W. of Grace Lake visited at Mrs. Vogelback's over Sunday.

Mr. & Mrs. Woier and family of Jackson are the guests of Mr. & Mrs. J. F. Kerr this week.

Martha and Alon Ulrich have returned from Freedom to stay with their uncle, J. F. Kerr.

Miss Maud Rushton, left yesterday for Centralia, Washington where she will keep books.

Miss Francis Carey who has been visiting at Wm. Brighton's returned to Adrian Monday.

Miss Cora Merleth of Ann Arbor was the guest of her cousin, Miss Ida Silkworth last week.

Frederick Kapp of the Cleary business, col-

lege of Ypsilanti came home Saturday to visit his parents.

Mr. Hiram E. Simon of Toledo came home Monday to ready his railroad car for the winter. It is a good location, and that fall moved their saw mill there and had pine planed there. They had their mill ready to work in February 1891. In August of that year the Lovell & Bailey Co. came in to buy the mill and timber. Mr. Lovell & Bailey Co. are the owners of the mill and timber, purchased the whole plant. They also purchased the timber on some 30 acres of land, the finest in Michigan. They at once began to extend the plant which now consists of a saw mill of a capacity of 25,000 feet, a hand mill which makes 30,000 broom handles every 10 hours, a shingle mill good for 75,000 a day, and a steam lumbering engine, planing, dimension stock and shingles.

Some idea of the magnitude of this plant is gathered when it is stated that they furnish 65 per cent of the finished bicycle rims used in the world and furnish the rough stock for the major part of the other 35 per cent. This dimension plant is 100 feet long by 100 feet wide, two stories high, while the lumbering and planing shop and saw mill, the former with a capacity of 150,000 feet, the latter with a capacity of 2,000 barrels of water, hose and everything so complete that the company carries its own lumber.

The plant covers in all 45 acres of ground, with two miles of railroad track in the yard for the handling of stock. The company also owns the Saline and north Michigan railway, with some 10 miles of tracks, reaching to every part of their timber.

A warehouse 750 feet in size is used for storing the finished products of the company.

And the Cheapest place in

this County to Buy

GO TO THE

East Side Store

OR CALL PHONE NUMBER 3.

FOR....

Dry Goods

Groceries

Notions

Boots & Shoes

GO TO THE

East Side Store

OR CALL PHONE NUMBER 3.

JAEGER & DIETLE.

BUY YOUR

School Books

and Supplies

AT THE

Bed Front Drug Store.

I have a full stock of new and second hand Books at bottom prices.

Tables from 10 up a large stock to pick from.

Pencils and holders of the newest pattern.

A durable book-cover gives free with every school book bought.

Mr. & Mrs. A. Robison of Ann Arbor visited in Sharon and Manchester the past three days returning home today.

Mr. & Mrs. Myers and Mrs. Helker returned from Detroit Monday. Mr. Helker's funeral was held on Sunday.

Julius Wiesner has returned to his home in Manchester, after a two weeks' visit with relatives in the city. —Adrian Times.

The 350 novels are going fast at 25c. Look them before they are all gone.

A new lot of Henry's Rolls and other boys and girls books just received from 20c up.

The 350 novels are going fast at 25c. Look them before they are all gone.

And the Cheapest place in

this County to Buy

OIL! OIL! OIL!

Has been found in Bridgewater.

GOOD FURNITURE

Has been found at

G. J. HAEUSSLER.

UNDERTAKERS & FURNITURE DEALERS

Full Line of

Fancy and Plain

CREPE PAPER

in stock, also.

Plain Tissue

a full variety.

Also the widely ad-

vertised

LAUGHIN

FOUNTAIN PEN

Your choice of two styles, equal to any other \$3.00 kind, for only

\$1.00

Mail orders from our out-of-town friends will receive prompt attention.

A nice line of these pens at

STEINKOHL'S

Kirchgessner & Schaible.

Our venerable town, George Peckins is in very poor health.

Mr. & Mrs. Helen Spalding of Beaumont, Mich. are visiting their daughter, Mrs. L. H. Hubbard.

Our venerable town, George Peckins is in very poor health.

Mr. & Mrs. Fred Kleinsmith are entertained by Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Nichols of Saline.

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# FOR YOUNG READERS

The Point of View.  
A boy believed that he was made  
To fill at small niche here below,  
To play his part just as the Skoda  
Beneath the sprout, the drop rain  
The fragrant little lake of snow.  
Another thought that all the seas,  
And every plain and every hill  
And all the flowers and all the trees,  
The things that walk and crawl  
Were made to serve beneath his will.  
One of the twin has broad estates,  
And servants run when he commands.  
The other toils and humbly waits  
For the hand that fall from Fortune's  
Which of them, think you, serves and  
Is envied by the world and right?  
—S. E. Kiser.

The Marching Card.

Take the queen of hearts and fasten it to by means of a little wax a long auburn hair. The other end of the hair you attach to your coat button. Place the card upon the complete pack, shuffle carefully, so that the card keeps its place upon the top, and then lay the pack upon the table and cry "March!" You do not move, and of course the card remains quiet. You repeat the order "March!" several times, but the card is motionless. You appear to be surprised, reflect a while, however, and then say, that probably the card is a lady, and of course not accustomed to obey orders; that she must be treated with more politeness. You then approach the table, take up the top card, when it will appear that the card in question is a lady. You then exclaim—"Very well! we shall persuade her, however, for no lady refuses a polite and courteous request." My dear madame, I beg you will have the kindness to promenade a little. You now walk around the table, and the lady actually as requested, and to the surprise of the spectators promenades slowly upon the table.

Soap Bubble Over a Flower.

A very pretty experiment is making a big soap bubble with a flower inside



How Did the Rose Get There?

As the bubble ought to last some time that it may be seen and admired by everybody in reach, the best possible soap solution should be used so that the film may be strong. This may be accomplished by pouring a little glycerine into the solution.

Now take a large dinner plate, and pour the solution into it, the depth of about one-eighth of an inch. Then place a flower—a rose, a carnation, or any other you choose—in the centre of the plate, and over it place an ordinary tin funnel.

Blow gently into the small end of the funnel, and lift it slowly and gradually at the same time. Keep on blowing until a good-sized bubble has formed, and then gently disengage the funnel. This may be done by turning it at right angles but you must be very careful to avoid breaking the bubble.

When the funnel has been disengaged there will be a large bubble on the plate, in the centre of which is the flower, and those who did not see the bubble blow will wonder how the flower got there.

The Obedient Ball.

For the purpose of this trick a wood-in ball, two inches or so in diameter, will be required; an old croquet ball will suit the purpose admirably. This ball must be bored with a red hot iron, not straight from end to end, but so as to form a sort of angle in the middle, but the points where the hole begins and ends should be opposite each other.

Through the hole thus formed pass a piece of thin cord or string at each end of this small large knot, so as not to allow either of the ends to pass through the hole in the ball.

Now you are ready to perform the trick. Place one end of the string under your foot and take the other in your right hand, holding the string rather slack. Lift it up to the top of the string and let go of it when it will of course run rapidly down the string.

Repeat this several times in order to show the audience that the ball runs down the string quite freely, and tell them that you can cause the ball to become quite obedient to you.

Again raise the ball to the top of the string, and allow it to run down quite freely before letting it reaches the centre, then tighten the string; this causes the ball to be as it were, gripped by the angle in the centre of the ball, which will thereby be prevented from falling further down the string. Ask the ball to come to the bottom, slacken the string and the ball will obey you.

Raise the ball again, and ask it to go down the string slowly, this is easily done by keeping the string moderately tight.

Invite any of the company to select a particular spot in the string at which the ball must remain stationary, this being accomplished by tightening the string as before when the ball has reached the desired spot.

The trick can be repeated as often as desired, as it gives no clue to the secret. If the slackening and tightening of the string is properly managed we will be unobserved by the company.

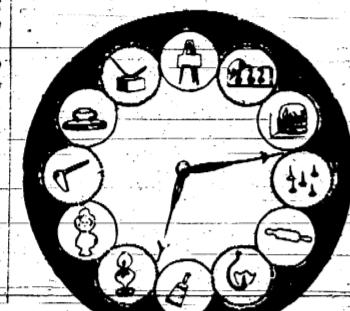
Pinhole Photography.

Photography without a lens would seem at first glance to be impossible. It is generally understood that for this work a good lens is necessary, but it is scarcely credible that some of the finest photographic work is obtained without the use of a lens at all, merely by the aid of a minute hole in

the side of a light-tight box, which is arranged to contain a sensitive plate. But the practicality of this method of photography is amply proved by the fine specimens that accompany an article on the subject by J. C. Abel, in the May Delinicator. One of the distinct advantages of pinhole photography is the slight expense incurred in apparatus; any kind of a light-tight box will suffice, provided it can be opened to insert the plate. Explicit directions for procedure are given in the article.

Clock Puzzles

There is represented on this clock face twelve household articles. When the names of the articles are written



in their proper order the initials will spell what Shakespeare calls "time" in his play of "Twelfth Night."

How to Raise Rabbits.

Wild rabbits are much more intelligent than others, and if you get one or two wild baby bunnies and feed them on milk they will soon get quite tame.

Bunnies should have their coats brushed every day, just like you have your hair combed and brushed, for it makes their fur grow and keeps it soft and shiny.

Bran, grain, peas, parsley, carrots, turnip tops and a few cabbage leaves are the things that rabbits like to eat, and a dish of clean water should always be kept in the hutch.

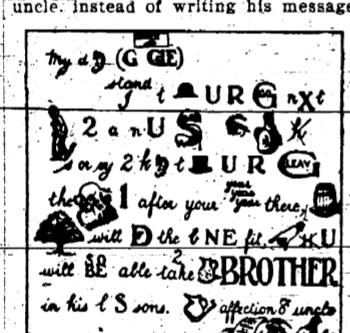
The bunnies should be allowed to run about outside their hutch for half an hour every day, and only one family at a time, or else I am sorry to say, there'll be ructions as rabbits are rather naughty about fighting.

A good hutch can easily be made from a grocer's box, by covering the open front with some wire netting and making a little door.

The hutch should be raised a few inches from the ground, and holes bored in the bottom for drainage. Line it with plenty of clean straw, and in wet or cold weather bunny's house should have a cloth thrown right over it at night to keep it warm. Keep the hutch very clean.

The Pictorial Letter.

Following is a letter which a gentleman sent to his clever nephew. Knowing that his young relative was clever at solving picture puzzles, the uncle instead of writing his message



in the ordinary way, drew several picture puzzles in place of the most important words. Can you read it?

A Composite Game.

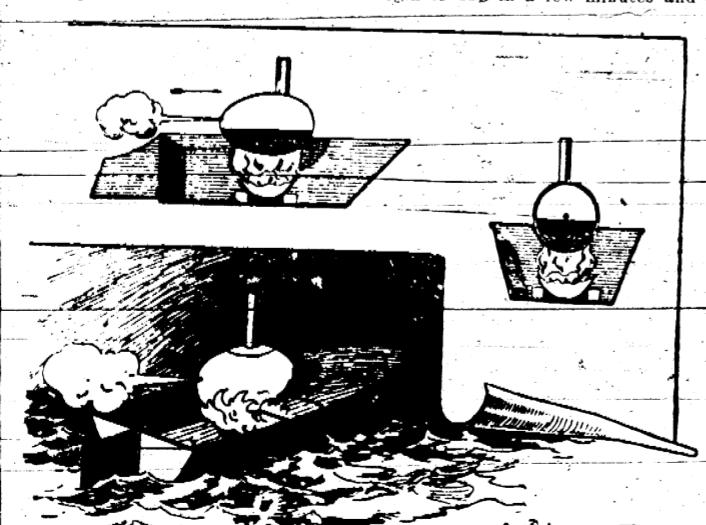
This is an impromptu game, that is to say, it may be played at any time or anywhere without preparation, and therefore is just the game-for-boys-and-girls to have ready when called on for something to amuse a company.

Eight players take part in it. They seat themselves in a row or a circle, and the first player whispers to his neighbor on the left the article "the" or "a." The second player whispers to his left-hand neighbor an adjective; the third a noun in the singular num-

## EASILY MADE TOY STEAMBOAT.

Make a boat of strong card-board, as shown in figure. The rudder, turning about a pin as axle, is connected with the sides of the boat by two pieces of thread of uneven length, giving the rudder an angular position. A tub of water is the ocean on which our little boat will steam about.

Two pieces of wire, bent as shown



in figure and fastened to the sides of the boat like blocks, hold an eggshell, the contents of which you have sucked out, leaving a little hole on one side. The boat in the opposite direction—that is forward—and we have a steamboat without wheels or screw.

represents the boiler, placed on the two pieces of wire, with the hole to the rear—somewhat above the rear part of the boat. To heat the boiler we use half of an eggshell placed on a piece of cork underneath the boiler, with a small piece of cotton in the center. Pour some alcohol on the cotton and set fire to it. The water will begin to boil in a few minutes and a

small stream of steam will leave the hole of the eggshell.

The pressure of the steam on the air will move the boat in the opposite direction—that is forward—and we have a steamboat without wheels or screw.

## WESLEY AND CHRISTIAN UNITY.

Helped to Lessen Bitterness and Draw Good Men Nearer Together.

It would be unjust to ignore what John Wesley did for Christian unity. Religious differences were more rancorous in his day than in ours. Macaulay often exaggerates, but he did not exaggerate in describing the old-time country squire whose "animosities were numerous and bitter. He hated Frenchmen and Italians, Scotchmen and Irishmen, Papists and Presbyterians, Independents and Baptists, Quakers and Jews." It did not require much provocation for a mob to pull down a dissenting chapel or throw stones at a Roman Catholic priest. In this world of fierce denunciation moved a scholar who gladly acknowledged his indebtedness to good men of widely different tenets. Wesley had learned a good deal from the early fathers;

you have the completed sentence. The intellectual camel walked amably fifty downhearted hyenas."

One ridiculous sentence after another may be formed in this way until the party tires of the game.

## Riddles and Things.

Can April March?—No, but June May.

When is a man thinner than a lath?—When he is shaving.

When does a chair dislike you?—When it cannot bear you.

Why is a sheet of stamps like distant relatives?—Because they are only slightly connected.

Why is whale like a water fly?—Because it always comes to the surface to blow.

What is better than presence of mind in a railroad accident?—Absence of body.

Needles as Spear.

Take a darning needle of medium size and stand three yards away from a door, holding the needle between the thumb and index finger. Throw the needle like a spear and try to fasten it onto the door. You will never succeed, no matter how hard you try.

But by putting a piece of thread through the eye of the needle you

will always succeed in sticking it to the wood.

Another spear can be made of a writing pen and four paper wings, as shown in the figure.

To Guess Several Drawn Cards.

For this trick you employ a pack consisting entirely of similar cards, from which you let two or three persons draw cards. They should not sit too closely together, however, lest one should see the cards drawn by the others. They note their cards and replace them in the pack. You turn and while pretending to look through the pack, you take two other cards which you must have at hand, place with them a card out of the pack, and approach those persons who have drawn cards, asking each if his card is not among the three. On receiving an answer in the affirmative you point out the drawn card.

A Few Conundrums.

What stories have always been successful?—Victories.

What sets are people applying to exterminate?—Insects.

What stream of water is made from the union of two liquors?—Brandywine.

When does a gentleman dress in feathers?—When he wears a swallow-tail coat.

When does a little girl become a city of China?—When she is Pekin (pecking).

What tree answers the question, "Which would beat in a race, a cat or a cur?"—Dogwood.

When is a doughton like one of Dickens' characters?—It is all of a twist (Oliver twist).

Why is a barrel heavier than a battering ram?—Because two heads are better than one, and this is a sheep's head.

What ever is placed in the center of a forest tree, brings it into good repute?—A C (tree) in the center of popular makes it popular.

Disagreements Among Scientists.

Who is going to decide when scientists disagree?—We find one group of investigators moved by recent discoveries such as the remarkable properties of the substance known as radium, figuring out that the earth and all that is in it must resolve themselves into their orbital elements or confusion of elements and that we shall have chaos come again. Another group of scientists declares that this is utter nonsense and those who entertain such theories are dreamers. So it goes. Every discovery is met by scientific doubt as well as scientific belief and the undreamed is to be forgiven for not knowing where he is at.

So let the Kaiser have his way.

Big kings and nations think they are right, but the Moors say, "No, we are right."

And fear not either and his crew.

For I unknown to me or war.

Love where each man is remote.

Not for an empress and her crown.

And so the Emperor and I.

The German Emperor and I.

The Emperor and I.

Both the self-same year were born.

Upon the self-same morning

A Kaiser he of high estate.

And I the usual chance of fate.

His father was a prince; and mine

Was just a farmer, that is all.

Sticks still are stars, although some shine.

And some rail hid in midnight's pall;

But argue, cavil all you can.

My star was just as good a man.

The German Emperor and I.

Eat, drink, and sleep the self-same

For bread is bread, and pie is pie.

And kings can eat but three a day.

And sleep will only come to those

With mouths and stomachs are not free.

I rise at six and go to work.

And by six and goes the same.

We both have care we cannot share.

Mine are for loved ones; his for fame.

He may live best, I cannot tell.

I'm sure the Kaiser will.

I have a wife, and so has he.

And yet, I think, we can see.

Mine is by long odds twice as fair,

Say, would I trade those eyes dark brown?

Not for an empress and her crown.

And so the Emperor and I.

On the night of the 10th of June

Both the self-same year were born.

Upon the self-same morning

A Kaiser he of high estate.

And I the usual chance of fate.

His father was a prince; and mine

Was just a farmer, that is all.

Sticks still are stars, although some shine.

And some rail hid in midnight's pall;

But argue, cavil all you can.

My star was just as good a man.

The German Emperor and I.

Eat, drink, and sleep the self-same

For bread is bread, and pie is pie.

And kings can eat but three a day.

And sleep will only come

## TO A GOOD BOOK.

Come, friend, and sit with me;  
We two are company  
Who in our calm retreat,  
Nor sport, nor play, nor dance,  
Nor club, nor dinner, to enhance  
The pleasure that it is to be  
With one who loves me well.  
You give me everything, while I  
I give you nothing, and I sigh  
Because you do not say  
You and I are the two.  
You ask for your alluring cheer?  
Is that enough? It is so easy, dear,  
To turn to me.  
I give you nothing for your company.  
—William J. Lampert, in the Reader.

between his hands and paused to kiss the parting lips.

"The improvement," he said slowly, "is the result of an unprofessional opinion." —M. Louise Cammins, in Boston Globe.

### EX-SPEAKER REED'S FORTUNE.

His Literary as Well as Legal Work Paid Him Handsomely.

The fact that the late Thomas B. Reed left an estate of \$431,000, after all indebtedness had been discharged, was a matter of surprise to people generally, writes William E. Curtis in the Chicago Record-Herald. Mr. Reed always pretended to be very poor, but some of his intimate friends were convinced long ago that his poverty was an affection, because they knew of large fees received by him from time to time for legal services and literary work. He never wrote a line or made a speech for nothing. Each of the many articles which from time to time appeared in the magazines from his pen brought him \$500, and I know of one instance at least in which he received \$100 from a New York newspaper for an interview he prepared with himself upon a current topic. His lectures brought him \$500 a night, and occasionally in large cities like New York and Boston he received \$1,000. The year before he left Congress he delivered five lectures in one week, for which he received a check for \$2,500.

He estimated his legal services at a very high value, and unless his clients made a bargain with him in advance they were sure to be surprised when they received their bills.

There is a story that, while in London some years ago, he charged John V. and C. B. Farwell of Chicago \$5,000 for giving some information to their English solicitor about the laws of the United States bearing on the sale of their Texas lands, and I know where he made a life enemy of one of his closest friends by sending him a bill for advice given on a legal question in what was supposed to be a friendly conversation.

### COULD NOT BE WORSE.

Why William Dean Howells Favored the Second Sonnet.

William Dean Howells has lifted so many young men from total obscurity into fame that his time is often bypassed on persons quite unworthy of his attention—persons without talent, who, nevertheless, think that he should write of them an essay as appreciative as those, say, wherein he pointed out the genius of Stephen Crane.

At the Franklin Inn club of Philadelphia a poet told the other day of a young man who once called on Mr. Howells without so much as a letter of introduction. This young man thought himself a sonneteer. He had two sonnets with him and he said he would read them both, and then he would ask Mr. Howells to tell him which of them was the better.

Mr. Howells is always gracious, and always particularly gracious to young men who love letters. Therefore he listened patiently to the first sonnet. It was execrable. The writer of such doggerel could not but be hopeless.

"The second sonnet is the better of the two," Mr. Howells said firmly, and he refused to listen to it. Pleading an engagement, he asked the young man to excuse him. "The second sonnet is the better, I assure you," he repeated.

Clarke Dexter's eyes, which a few hours before had scintillated with the joy of laying skilfully concealed traps for the feet of an unwary witness, stared before him in blank amazement.

"The fact is—" Natalie Dexter panted.

"What, dear?"

"It seems abominable to say, but you are the only mother I have ever known. There would be a greater chance of happiness for Clarke and me if—something occurred to disillusion him a little with his own attainments."

Clarke Dexter walked against a stone wall on a clear day he would not have so surprised as he was by these words in his wife's voice.

"But, my dear, Clarke has surely some right to feel complacent with his attainments. Not yet 30, and fast climbing to the top of the tree in his profession."

Dexter blessed Miss Hall in his heart.

"Don't I know that, Auntie? In the hours that I have sat and thought it all out I have come to this opinion—that all his life long everything even his wife has come to Clarke too easily. It must have been so at school and college. His grasp of things is so immediate and absolute that it

was almost a year later. Winter seemed to have stepped back and taken the reluctant earth in a last embrace.

Before a blazing log fire in the library Dexter and his wife sat, indulging in one of their many witty discussions, which were as the striking of flint and steel.

More than once he had risen and paced the floor, with hands thrust deep into his pockets, when his wife's keen wit and woman's instinct met and baffled him.

"Come," he said, holding out one hand to her, "I don't admit that I'm beaten by any means, but I know one thing—I'm ravenous. Let's go and see if we can't find something cold in the larder."

Natalie Dexter rose and laid her hands on her husband's shoulders.

The eyes which looked into his were no caring eyes that he went toward her, but she held him back.

"Clarke," she said slowly, "there's something I want to ask you. . . .

You have grown so immensely in the past year, there is not a trace of the you will forgive me, dear—

little touch of intolerance of egotism which—

Dexter took the glowing face be-



## His Eyes Opened

When Natalie Hall married Clarke Dexter the people who prophesied that she would not be happy were not very much in the minority that no one paid heed to them.

"Dexter's opinion of himself will have to be whitened down several notches before he'll make any woman's mind what it ought to be," one man had said.

But every one knew that the speaker would gladly have stood in Dexter's shoes, so he did not count.

Nevertheless, not many months had passed before a vague uncertainty began to grow in the heart of Natalie Dexter, which had the minority known it, would have caused them to exclaim complacently, "I told you so!"

As to Dexter, while still very much in love with his wife, he frankly admitted to himself that a woman of more penetration, in other words, one more keenly alive to the rare intellectual qualities of Clarke Dexter, attorney at law, might have proved a more congenial companion.

It was a warm day in early summer. After a hard five-hour in-court Dexter ascended the steps of the pretty suburban villa which he called home somewhat before his usual time. With the jangle of the day still on his nerves he dropped into a low chair on the porch.

Presently his own name reached him as through a haze. Dexter opened his eyes lazily, realizing that for a moment he had been blessedly unconscious.

"But surely, dear, you and Clarke are very happy?"

The repeated question, coming through an open window where the air softly stirred some light draperies, pricked him into complete "wakfulness." An aunt of his wife, who had been to her as a mother, was visiting them. Dexter recognized her voice.

He found himself listening intently for the reply. It came gradually.

"If you mean do we get on, Aunt Grace, I suppose we do, as well as nine-tenths of the people we know, perhaps."

"But, my dear, that is different from the married life I had hoped for you."

"It is different from the married life I had hoped for myself."

Dexter sat up, too annoyed to realize that he was listening to a conversation not meant for his ears.

"The fact is—" Natalie Dexter panted.

"What, dear?"

"It seems abominable to say, but you are the only mother I have ever known. There would be a greater chance of happiness for Clarke and me if—something occurred to disillusion him a little with his own attainments."

Clarke Dexter walked against a stone wall on a clear day he would not have so surprised as he was by these words in his wife's voice.

"But, my dear, Clarke has surely some right to feel complacent with his attainments. Not yet 30, and fast climbing to the top of the tree in his profession."

Dexter blessed Miss Hall in his heart.

"Don't I know that, Auntie? In the hours that I have sat and thought it all out I have come to this opinion—that all his life long everything even his wife has come to Clarke too easily. It must have been so at school and college. His grasp of things is so immediate and absolute that it

was almost a year later. Winter seemed to have stepped back and taken the reluctant earth in a last embrace.

Before a blazing log fire in the library Dexter and his wife sat, indulging in one of their many witty discussions, which were as the striking of flint and steel.

More than once he had risen and paced the floor, with hands thrust deep into his pockets, when his wife's keen wit and woman's instinct met and baffled him.

"Come," he said, holding out one hand to her, "I don't admit that I'm

beaten by any means, but I know one

thing—I'm ravenous. Let's go and see if we can't find something cold in the larder."

Natalie Dexter rose and laid her hands on her husband's shoulders.

The eyes which looked into his were no caring eyes that he went toward her, but she held him back.

"Clarke," she said slowly, "there's something I want to ask you. . . .

You have grown so immensely in the past year, there is not a trace of the you will forgive me, dear—

little touch of intolerance of egotism which—

Dexter took the glowing face be-

### SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS.

How a Great Man is Regarded by His Home Folks.

The Hon. M. E. Ingalls of Cincinnati, the president of the Big Four railroad, who will deliver an address in Portland on "Old Home Day," is a Maine man, and whenever he comes to his native state always spends a good portion of his time at Harrison, where he began the practice of law. He tells the following very good anecdote on himself:

"One evening when I was at Harrison, on a vacation I had gone to the village store and joined the circle of loafers that had gathered to talk over the public and private events of the nation, state, town and village. One old fellow, whom I formerly knew well, when there came a lull in the conversation, leaned over and said that he wanted to ask me a question:

"I want to know," said he, "if it is true that you get a salary of \$10,000 a year?"

"I admitted that I did make as much as that in twelve months.

"Well," said he, "it is remarkable what cheek and brass will do!" —New York Tribune

### THE STOCK GAMBLE GAME.

One Man's Idea of the Chance the Player Had.

Charlie Walsh, the veteran New York sport, frequently indulges in a game in Wall street. His downtown headquarters in old times was the office of C. J. Osborn, whose cashier was Mr. Hance. The office was divided fore and aft by a ground glass partition, with an aperture through which Mr. Hance could confer with customers upon the state of their health and margin. One morning Walsh came into the office and was called to the partition, after which he sat down with an air of evident annoyance.

"What's the trouble, Uncle Charles?" asked a sympathetic friend. "Oh, no trouble at all, only I tell you that fare is a square game alongside this stock speculation. When you bet on a card you can see where your money goes, but here you can't tell what goes on; you put up your margin and when you come down the next morning Hance sticks his head out of that hole and says 'Walsh loses.'"

—New York Times.

### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of a snarfer that cannot be cured by Hall's Kidney Pills. We pay \$100.00 for each case. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honest. We have carried out our obligations made by them.

W. H. TAYLOR, Wholesale Druggist, Toledo, O.

W. H. TAYLOR, Wholesale Druggist, Toledo, O.

Hall's Kidney Pills are the best. Sold by all druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

### WAS NOT TOO POPULAR.

Style of Preaching That Did Not Reach Congregation.

A northerner visited a friend who had an estate in the south, and employed a large number of negroes, who were treated with great kindness, but who could not keep their hands from picking and stealing.

The visitor attended their Sunday service, after which the negro preacher asked him how he liked the sermon.

The reply was complimentary, and Sambo grinned. Then came the remark:

"I think you should preach to your people on the sinfulness of theft-stealing fowls, ducks and eggs."

Sambo's face became gloomy, and he rejoined:

"Well, sir, the truff ob de matter is I hab tried dat style, but somehow or oder it allus seemed to trow a kind o' coolness ob de meelin'—Stray Stories.

### Vesuvius Causes Alarm.

Rome cable: Vesuvius is again causing intense alarm in the surrounding region, the eruptions of the volcano being very heavy, followed by shocks of earthquake.

### The Summer Bath.

Nothing is more refreshing or invigorating in summer than a daily bath. Use soft, tepid water and good soap. Ivory Soap is ideal for the bath; it is pure, lathers quickly and leaves the skin soft and white. The bath should be taken early in the morning or just before retiring at night. —ELEANOR R. PARKER.

It will be time enough to indulge others when we have finished the inventory of our own faults.

### Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to shake into your shoes. It arrests the feet. Cures Swelling, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight Shoes easy. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.

It never gets you anything to add to your shoes.

It seems strange that the man with a bad temper isn't any more amiable when he loses it.

He only employs his passion who can make no use of his reason. —C. L. C.

### ALL UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPERS.

Use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers.

It never gets you anything to add to your shoes.

It seems that the man with a bad temper isn't any more amiable when he loses it.

He only employs his passion who can make no use of his reason. —C. L. C.

### Supposed Kidney Diseases, Heart Troubles, and many similar ills, are but some form of indigestion or stomach troubles.

The stomach is the great nerve center; hence the beginning of sickness is usually in the stomach and here the symptoms multiply and spread in every direction.

We positively guarantee

### It's Your Stomach.

Supposed Kidney Diseases, Heart Troubles, and many similar ills, are but some form of indigestion or stomach troubles.

The stomach is the great nerve center; hence

the beginning of sickness is usually in the stomach and here the symptoms multiply and spread in every direction.

We positively guarantee

### Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

(A Laxative)

to permanently cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness, Sleeplessness, Liver and Kidney Disorders, Malaria—in short all ailments arising from Stomach troubles.

50 cents and \$1.00 bottles—It's economy to buy the dollar size.

Ask your druggist, but if he hasn't it we will send a sample bottle FREE; also our interesting book, "The Story of a Traveling-Man."

### PEPSIN SYRUP COMPANY, Monticello, Ill. U. S. A.

### WITH NERVES UNSTRUNG AND HEADS THAT ACHE

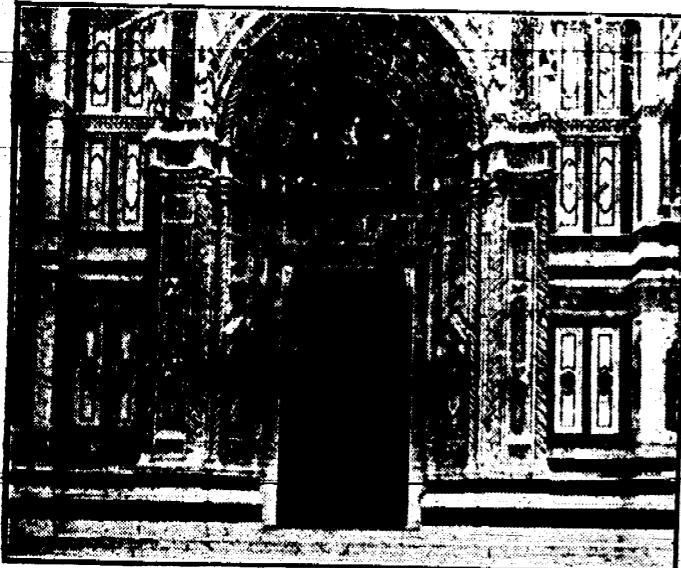
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## ART OF OTHER DAYS

### SOME GREAT MASTERPIECES

#### (SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

The adornment of church doors is an art of ancient date that still flourishes in Italy. The Church of Santa Sabina, on the Aventine at Rome, has a door of cedar wood carved with scriptural scenes, and the work dates from the fifth century. A few days ago, at an interval of fifteen centuries, the central door of the Florentine cathedral was unveiled in the presence of King Victor Emmanuel III, and its



Door of Florentine Cathedral.

bas-reliefs in gilded bronze show that the art of adorning doors has not yet died out of Italian art.

As an engraved frontispiece to

book giving hints of the beauty that

was within the door or door frame of

an ancient church was made a work

of art. In that old carved cedar door

of Santa Sabina on the Aventine Hill

at Rome, a site which is notable for

its memories, dating back to the foun-

dation of the city, we get illuminating

glimpses of the art of the period. That

apart from the evidence it furnishes

to the religious thought of the time, is

the special value of the designs with

which it is adorned.

The art of the catacombs is ended;

sculpture following the decline of

painting is rapidly going down; archi-

tecture, the last of the fine arts to

suffer decadence, is still vigorous. At

this moment, when the arts are for-

making Rome to seek home in Ra-

venna, where they will find a new de-

velopment, but not the most esthetic

of the carved door of Santa Sabina

stands, a landmark between the two

styles, and a fruitful theme for the art

critics and students of to-day.

It was in 1380 that Bonanno of Pisa

made the gates of the duomo in his

native city; 200 years later, save two

that is, in 1378, the greatest maker

of bronze doors that the world has yet

beheld was born at Florence, Lorenzo

Ghiberti.

Brunelleschi, born a year before Ghi-

berthi, who will come into competition

with him later, distinguished in the

history of art for the construction of

the grandiose cupola on the Cathedral

of Florence, the prototype of Michael

Angelo's cupola of St. Peter's in

Rome. Donatello, the marvelous

sculptor, whose influence has been as

new wine among the artists of his

time, was eight years younger than

Ghiberti.

The contest of competing artists for

the commission offered by the signors

for the two bronze doors of the bap-

mission for it on Nov. 23, 1403, and the contract obliging him to begin the work on the 1st of December following, and continue it without intermission—feast days excepted—until its completion. This door, divided in the center, consists of twenty-eight bas-reliefs, arranged in chronological order, each possessing a special frame, adorned with a band of ivy leaves, and having at each angle the head of a

"Yes" said the Suburban Philosopher, as he watched the growing youth of the village trample down his grass plot, "all the world's a baseball game, and all the men and women merely players; they have their in-nings and their outs, and one man in his time makes many errors."

"That's so," said the next-door neighbor as he leaned heavily on the handle of the lawn mower. "Life is a baseball game and some of us seldom score." Fate does the pitching, and it is sometimes a swift ball that is sent across the plate; one we cannot hit, and the umpire that silent voice within us that says 'Yes' and 'No' to all things.

It does as a referee, and we go

wondering and blundering along."

"Mary's the time," said the Suburban Philosopher, as he brought out the family hose and began spraying scallops in the dust, "we've begun to bat and the ball wasn't slow. The ball, you know, is opportunity in our game, and sometimes fate sends it fast and sometimes slow. Mary times it is tossed to us as if some child had pitched it in play. We lay back with the bat, hit it for all it is worth, and it goes right in the hands of some lucky fellow out in the center field of prosperity, and we are down and out and back on the players' bench with the sweater and the sponges."

"And again," said the next-door neighbor, as he carelessly tore down about three yards of the trailing honeysuckle, "we do make a good

send the ball of opportunity whizzing along through the grass past the second baseman, running the shortstop's hands, and we manage to get as far as second base. Doing pretty well, established a nice little thing of our own, got the rent paid in advance, employing a bookkeeper, and putting money in bank and paying the interest on all our notes. It seems so now when we get ambitious and we know

so surely that we can get to the third base. Increase the capitalization and make the competitor across the street look like thirty cents. We think the

## Corn Valuable as Fuel

Substitutes for coal have for many

years commanded attention and especially so during the eight or nine months in the United States when coal prices were at abnormal figures as a result of the anthracite miners' strike.

Peat and briquetted sawdust, wood, oil and many other substances have been under consideration, and among them also corn, this last particularly having been spoken of as something quite new, though as a matter of fact, corn has for a long time been used as fuel in the farming districts of the western sections of the United States and that, too, with very satisfactory results.

In a general way, it was recognized that when corn was abundant and cheap and coal was expensive, the former made a cheaper fuel than the latter, although no scientific determination of their relative efficiency had been made until a short time ago when tests were made by the department of agriculture of the University of Nebraska, says *Cassier's Magazine*. These showed, among other things, that of corn which, if burned, will yield from 22,512,000 to 45,024,000 units, not counting the heat that could be obtained from the stalk. Since a ton of good coal will give up from about 20,000,000 to 26,000,000 units, an

acre of ground is each year capable of producing fuel which is equal to 0.87 or 1.28 to 1.74 or 2.56 tons of coal. The stalk will probably exceed this amount by one-fourth or one-third.

The experience gained from boiler tests with corn fuel made it appear doubtful whether corn would be a practicable fuel for the generation of power, unless it were burned in some special furnace that would insure the perfect combustion of the volatile matter which forms so large a percentage of the whole corn and which is driven off at a comparatively low heat. Some form of automatic stoker would also be desirable, since the corn burns rapidly and must be frequently fired, making the work of the firemen very arduous, and at the same time tending to cause incomplete combustion by the excess of cold air entering through the fire door. Undoubtedly corn may, at times, be a cheap and economical fuel for domestic use. It is cleaner and more easily handled than coal and contains but a very small amount of ash.

It burns rapidly with an intense heat, and this is apt to be destructive to the cast-iron linings of the stove. Here, again, therefore, some special form of fire-box, that will not be injured by the heat, and that will utilize as much of the heat as possible, should be used.

## People With Odd Beliefs

In his article on "Our Appalachian People" in *Harper's Magazine* for June, Julian Ralph tells of the curious shyness of these people of the Cumberland mountains, and of their fear of anything new and advanced.

Incidents illustrative of some of these traits are the following," he says: "A man living on Hell-for-sat-night Creek refused to allow his sick baby to be taken to a hospital at Berea college, 'because,' he argued, 'if she's a-goin' to live, she'll git well anyhow, I reckon, and I don't guess, if she's a-goin' to die, nothin' we kin do won't save her.' Again, a man on Bullock creek, in explaining why his child died, said that 'no one could make her take no medicine.' She just wouldn't take it. She was a Baker through and through, and you never could make a Baker do nothin' he didn't want to do. A mountaineer in Tennessee heard his wife complain

that, no matter how hard she churned and no matter what she did, she could not make butter come that day. That's Nance Clay's doin's," said the husband. "I'll soon fix her." He proceeded to draw the figure of a woman on a sheet of paper, and when he finished, he marked with an oval the place where her heart would be. He pinned the paper on the wall of his log cabin, melted a silver coin into the form of a bullet, took down his rifle, aimed at the drawing, and shot the bullet through the oval. He believed that neighbor named Nancy Clay—presumably an aged spinster of shrewish temper or meddling disposition—had bewitched the milk, and that by shooting her through the heart in the drawing he could cause her to sicken and die. This is a very ancient notion found in one form or another among the red Indians, the negroes, the Asiatics and many other old races."

## The Puget Sound Salmon

The man who has fished for brook trout all his life is apt to think that he knows at least a little bit about

or any number of them by going out fishing, but he has only been going to the sound in a rowboat as the tide comes in and any place in the bay is a good place, so no one can make a mistake until he hooks his fish, then

—well, a good many men make a lot

of mistakes from that time on because

they can't keep up with the antics

of the party of the second part. That

is the reason many folks wait a long

time for the fish to bite, and then

they miss the fish, for they do not

know how to catch them.

Anybody can get hold of a salmon

in the spoon he grabbed is loaded.

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