

LOCAL NEWS

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1912

The boys had the fire engine out for practice, Monday night.

People say that the new state reward road west of town is fine, that the bridge is finished.

The street commissioner gave the go-ahead on Exchange Place a g of cleaning Tuesday.

Farmers generally say that the system of making and maintaining bridges is better than the present system.

The picture show is closed. The proprietors thought it would be unprofitable driving over from Chelles in the winter.

A good many will no doubt go from here to Ann Arbor, Saturday, as the road game between Cornell and Michigan.

The recent sales did not leave the road in very bad condition though the roads have been having some pretty heavy loads over them.

It is stated that the new Michigan Central station now in course of construction at Detroit will be the tallest railroad station in the world.

Robert Marple moved into his new residence Monday. It is a modern and comfortable home and nice looking within. Marple and his family enjoy it.

Work on the waterworks is going along owing to scarcity of men. The job will be completed the fall unless favorable weather continues for several weeks.

The weather was not so cold Saturday but the wind blew quite hard making it disagreeable, especially in the forenoon. Sunday was a beautiful day.

No sooner had the result of the election been announced than the scramble for office began. We learn that there are several candidates mentioned for position in this village.

We learn that A. B. Spiney of the Detroit sanitarium who visits Manchester professionally two or three times a year will give a free lecture at arbiters hall on the evening of his next visit. Dec. 4.

Country voters are generally opposed to voting yes on constitutional amendment. They are afraid that those fellows who are not as good and believe that the men who framed the constitution were as well as far seeing.

Those who oppose woman's suffrage are taking on contesting the election. It is claimed that the question was not properly stated on the ballot in this country and if this technicality is not removed the vote of those countries that question will be lost.

According to the recent electoral vote the position of the party tickets on the ballot in Michigan will be changed. Henceforth the republicans have occupied first place but hereafter the bull moose or progressive party will take that place, because they received more electoral votes than any other party.

The poultry association is planning a fowl show next month. Both sides of poultry they will have an exhibit of apples, corn, etc. with the good and the bad along with the others. It is planned to make selections now of choice samples of apples, corn, etc. An exhibition of these and other products will be of interest and benefit to this village and surrounding country, and should be well patronized.

Other counties than Washington are planning to provide work for tramps and minor prisoners while confined in jail. Providing work on the roads seems to be popular. If it is not possible, the paupers may be put to work, even during the winter, instead of letting them sit around play cards and tell stories. There will not be an opportunity for the vicious and low prisoners to teach the innocent the many ways of vice if they are kept at work.

There are a few persons—some are new comers—in the village and vicinity who are not subscribers to the ENTERPRISE to whom we are sending a special column with the hope that they will be soon made to feel at home. See an advertisement in another column.

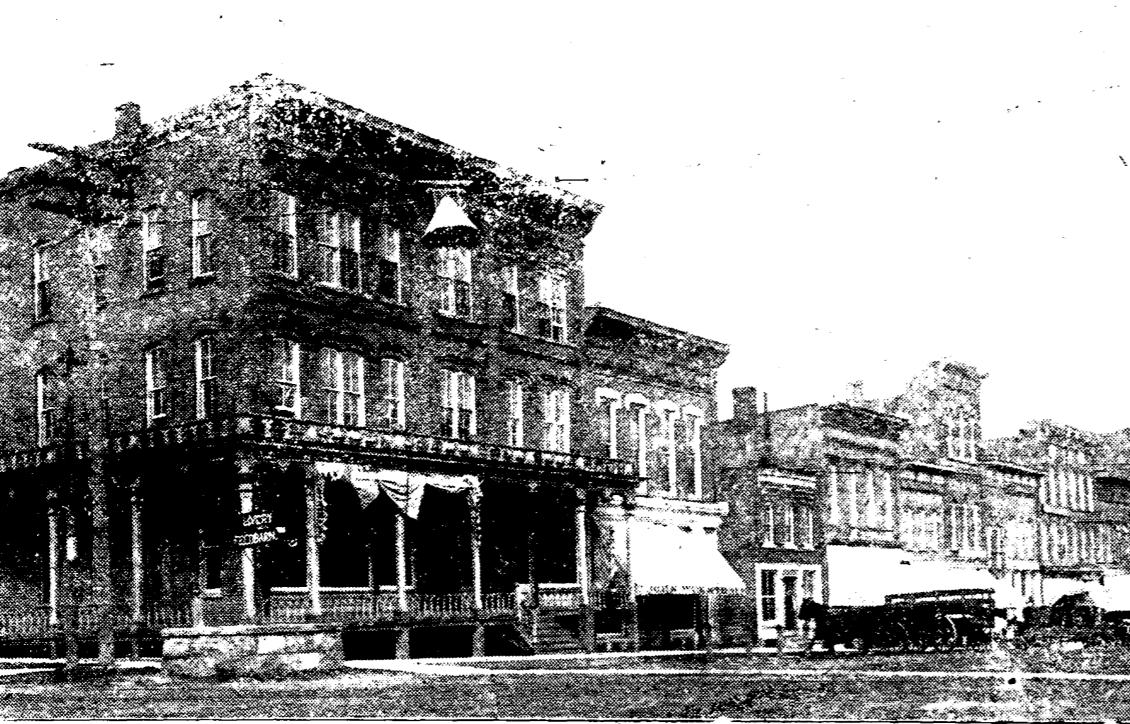
Jackson County.

The second annual apple show at Jackson last week was a great success. David Woodward of Clinton helped award prizes.

Mr. John C. Sharp has given what was known as the Merriman farm of nearly 800 acres to the city of Jackson to be used as a park, and an endowment to maintain it.

"I am not going to be severe with a poor defenseless boy like you," said Judge Parkinson of Jackson, when passing sentence. "When the board of pardons comes, if the board of pardons rules that you are innocent, the officers that have been sent up. Some of the worst forgers that have ever been sentenced from this country have been released within a year. When the board of pardons does that with these men, I am not going to be severe with a boy like you." The lad pleaded guilty to forging a check for \$400.

A Glimpse Down One Side of Exchange Place, Manchester, Mich.



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The rest cure is now offered to the baseball fans free of charge.

How do you like "wireless" as a verb? We rather admirationless it.

It's dull Sunday paper these days that doesn't exploit some new dancer.

In the time to come the reckless aviator will be arrested for plain disorderly conduct.

The man with the outrigger knees in the street cars is a good rival of the end seat hog.

We may have the stingless honey bee, but the political bee will keep its stinger forever.

A western man says it is possible to dress well on \$50 a year. He doesn't refer to women.

A Chicago pedagogue wants girls taught cooking instead of classics. Bet he married one of his pupils.

"A spade is not an implement of wealth," says a Pennsylvania labor leader. It is, if it fills a flush.

That Cornell professor who predicts another glacial epoch must be having serious trouble with his furnace.

And if there were no world's series of games how would our baseball players break into the literary game?

A Newark woman tried unsuccessfully ten times to end her life. Nothing succeeds like sticktoitiveness.

The best press agent in the world is said to be the girl who has an out-of-town friend coming to visit her.

One person in 110 in this country owns an automobile, but he should not try to exterminate the other 109.

Forty thousand people work at making gas in New York city. Now you know what's the matter with the town.

A musical comedy comedian under oath in New York admitted that he could not sing. There are many others.

An eastern court has declared the safety razor a dangerous weapon, presumably by a judge who shaves himself.

The plan to save birds will be effective when woman has been convinced that her hat looks just as well without them.

A Yale professor says the average American wastes three years of his life. But that is putting it at a pretty low figure.

A London nerve specialist says that modern dress is actually killing women. Most of 'em, at that, are dying to be in style.

An Englishman has invented a stingless bee. Now if he'll only invent an itchless woolen undershirt his fame will be secure.

A Cincinnati woman declares that she has married a man without a fault. Just think of the trouble there is in store for that man.

A Canadian lumberman wedded a girl he woed through an interpreter. And still they say that love has a universal language.

A West Virginia girl flagged a train with her apron and saved a wreck. She never could have done it if she'd worn a hobbler skirt.

A London pastor is of the opinion that young people should be allowed the privilege of flirting in chapel. Watch his attendance grow.

"The worst never happens," says the Toledo Blade. Of course not, it is yet to come.

A New York court has ruled that a nagging wife is above the law, or at least that the court cannot stop her. But so is a grousing husband.

A Chicago judge has held that lemon flavor is not lemon flavor unless it has a lemon in it. Handing a lemon to the ultimate consumer, as it were.

A western man proposes to raise and fatten turkeys on grasshoppers. Perhaps he's going to put the birds into a turkey trotting stunt in vaudeville.

Why is it that dwellers in mountainous countries are more belligerent than those who live on the plains? Does the lack of elevators make them peevish?

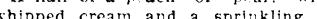
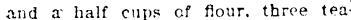
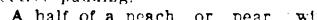
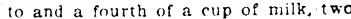
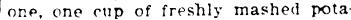
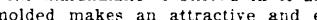
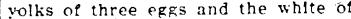
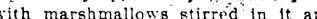
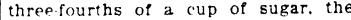
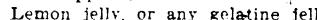
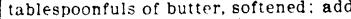
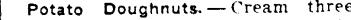
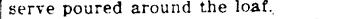
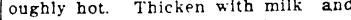
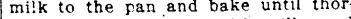
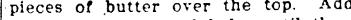
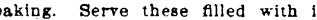
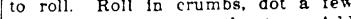
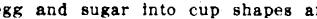
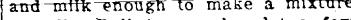
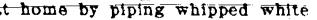
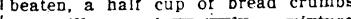
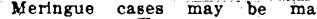
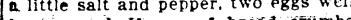
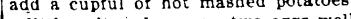
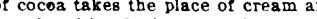
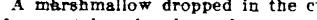
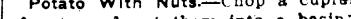
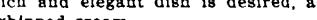
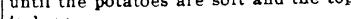
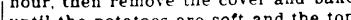
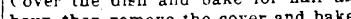
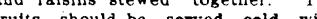
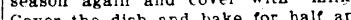
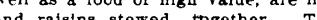
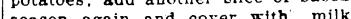
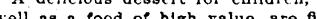
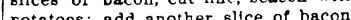
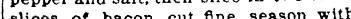
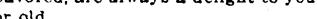
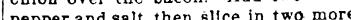
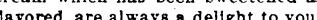
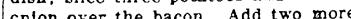
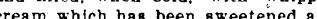
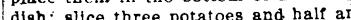
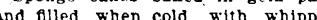
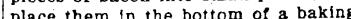
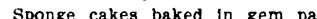
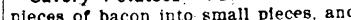
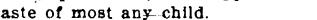
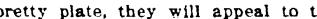
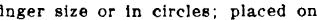
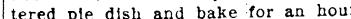
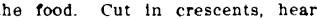
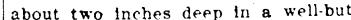
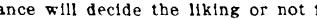
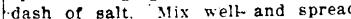
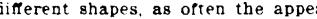
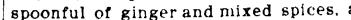
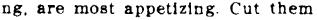
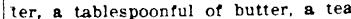
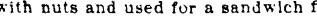
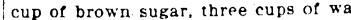
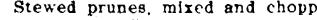
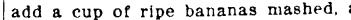
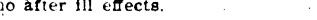
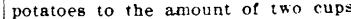
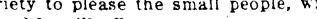
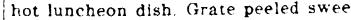
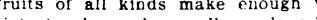
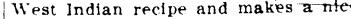
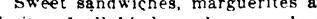
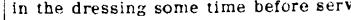
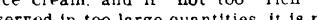
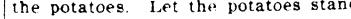
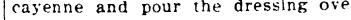
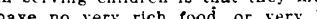
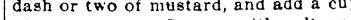
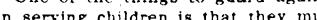
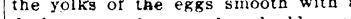
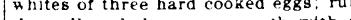
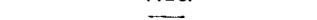
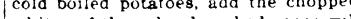
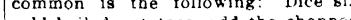
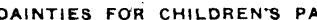
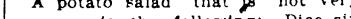
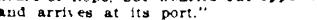
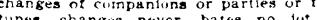
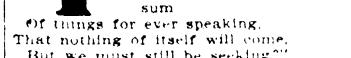
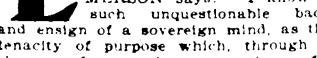
A German savant declares that the characters of musicians are profoundly influenced by the instruments they play. Then, by all means, eliminate the bass drum; we have enough knockers now.

If anybody has invented a method whereby an unfortunate man whose foot has become fastened in one of those deadly railway frogs can release himself at once and with absolute certainty, said inventor is exceedingly slow in procuring a press agent.

New York has ordered a number of "steeple street cars" for ladies who wear hobble skirts. Now will these ladies rejoice by ordering steeple trains when they contract for their next ball gowns?

A French reformer blames the decreasing birth rate in his country to the automobile. When it was found, he says, that to keep a child costs as much as to keep an automobile, the French birth rate was doomed. Are children so costly to keep in France?

THE KITCHEN CABINET



The CIVIL WAR
FIFTY YEARS AGO
THIS WEEK

November 18, 1862.

A skirmish took place at Rural Hills, Tenn., between a force of Union troops under Colonel Hawkins, and a body of Confederates, resulting in a retreat of the latter, who left a number of wounded on the field.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Mix, with a force of the Third New York cavalry, went from Newbern, N. C., on a reconnaissance on the Dover road to Kinston. At Cove Creek they encountered the Third regiment of North Carolina Confederate infantry, and a large portion of the Second cavalry, who, after a spirited engagement, retreated from the field, leaving a number of arms, blankets, and other equipments.

Falmouth, Va., was occupied by the advance column of the Army of the Potomac, on its advance toward Fredericksburg, where the entire Confederate force was gathered.

The British schooners Ariel and Ann Maria were captured off Little Run, S. C., by the United States gunboat Monticello, under command of Captain Braule.

November 19, 1862.

Colonel Dodge, of the New York Mounted Rifles, made a descent on a body of Confederates at Blackwater, Va., and dispersed them, capturing numbers of tents, rifles and other equipments of war.

James A. Seddon was appointed secretary of war for the Confederate states, to succeed G. W. Randolph, resigned.

A skirmish took place near Wallen's Creek, Ky., between a small force of the Harlan county State Guard and a body of Confederate irregulars, in which the latter were routed with the loss of all their horses and camp equipage.

The Confederate privateer Alabama, which had been bottled up in the harbor of Martinique, succeeded in escaping.

November 20, 1862.

Colonel Carlile's expedition, which had been patrolling the country between Nashville and Clarksville, Tenn., returned to the former place this evening, having captured forty-three Confederates, eighteen horses, twenty mules, and one hundred mugs.

Just before daybreak a party of Confederate cavalry made a "sudden descent" on the Union pickets stationed at Bull Run bridge, Va., and captured three of their number.

Both Warrenton and Leesburg were occupied by the Confederate cavalry.

November 21, 1862.

General Patrick, provost marshal of the Army of the Potomac, crossed the Rappahannock to Fredericksburg under a flag of truce, conveying to the Confederate authorities of the city a letter from Major-General Sumner, commanding right grand division of the army, demanding its surrender.

A sharp skirmish took place at Bayou Ronouche, near Fort Pike, La., between a small detachment of Union troops commanded by Captain Darling, of the Thirty-first Massachusetts, and a band of Confederate partisans under Captain Evans. After a savage fight lasting an hour, the Confederates withdrew.

Charles A. Davis, a chaplain in the army of the United States, was expelled from the Methodist conference of Virginia by that body in session at Petersburg.

Salem, Va., was occupied by the Confederates.

November 22, 1862.

A party of National troops, consisting of detachments from the four companies of the Fourth New York cavalry, under Captain Hawkins, had a skirmish with a body of Confederates near Winchester, Va., and succeeded in capturing four men and thirty horses.

Major-General Surber, commanding the right division of the Army of the Potomac in front of Fredericksburg, Va., in reply to a communication from the mayor of the town, praying that the town should not be fired on, informed them that he was authorized to say that so long as no hostile demonstration was made from the town it would not be shelled.

Commander Foxhall A. Parker, of the steamer Mahaska, in conjunction with a body of land forces under Brigadier-General Nagles, made an expedition into Mathew county, Va., and destroyed twelve salt works, with a large quantity of salt; burned five schooners, two sloops, a number of scows and boats, and captured a lighter and twenty-four large caskets. They also burned a vessel on the stocks.

A party of Confederates made an attack on the National forces near Hallowell, Va., but were driven back by the fire of six guns which General Geary had disposed in masked battery.

The secretary of war issued an order discharging from military custody all persons who had been arrested for discouraging voluntary enlistments, opposing the draft, or for otherwise giving aid and comfort to the Confederate States, and sent from such states for loyalty or hostility to the government of the United States, upon giving their promise to do no act of hostility against the government, nor render aid to its enemies.

November 23, 1862.

Lieutenant Cushing, in command of the United States steamer Ellis, proceeded up the New river, N. C., on a reconnoitering expedition. At Jacksonville he captured two schooners, and in returning down the river succeeded in running his own vessel on a shoal and losing her.

November 24, 1862.

General Kelly sent out a party of Union scouts, who captured a picket of twelve Confederates near Winchester, Va., from whom it was learned that the Confederate Gen. Stonewall



GOOD "COPY" IS IMPORTANT

Great Care Should Be Given to Preparation of Advertising—Tell Good Points of Your Product.

The value of advertising depends almost entirely on "copy."

A president of one of the largest insurance companies in the world remarked: "I consider my advertising ten times more important than any other department of our business and so give it ten times as much consideration." Yet nine men out of ten have cultivated the expensive habit of rushing through their copy in the shortest possible time and endeavor to get satisfaction for poor results by going into a frenzy when his bill is presented on the first.

If you would have your advertisements bring good results, prepare your copy with care, not just ordinary care, but great care, using the same force in your copy that you would if you were talking to a prospective customer in your store. Say, for instance, you were selling a wagon, would you start your argument by telling your customer what you started in business with, how much you had made and how many weary years you had been at the "job"? No, you would not, you would proceed to tell him of every good point you knew about that wagon and if you failed to drive every point home, it would be a point you did not know. It takes this very force to make ads effective.

Keep the history of your house, with your many years in business and its assets in your safe, except on some few special occasions. For if you continue to use them in your advertisements you will need them for some credit man. (He is the only one continuously interested in such matters.) A prospective customer is anxious for all the wagon information he can get, he expects it in your ads. Does he get it, or does he get a weary history of your business?

Then there is the man who does not believe in advertising. He is the man that gets in a basket and spends a lifetime trying to lift himself over the fence. There, too, is the big whoresaler. A strong believer in ad-

BRITISH ATTITUDE TOWARD PUBLICITY

Englishman Suspicious of Advertised Article, and Harder to Convince Than American.

By H. WENTWORTH JAMES.

Generally speaking, the British attitude to advertising is one of deep suspicion, contrasted with the American's trust and confidence. One frequently meets the type of Briton who positively shies at a well-advertised article, because he feels there must be some catch in it. In no country in the world does personal recommendation count for so much as in Britain. The fact that Jones has tried somebody's backache pills and had relief from them is worth much more from our countrymen's point of view than full pages.

The average Briton has no appreciation for smart or humorous advertising. Smartness and humor are poor games here. Some portion of the populace may be tickled, but they will not buy. If analyzed their feeling would be that the smart advertiser is probably going to be too smart for them. I once heard a friend of mine (a typical Briton) remark that so and so's advertisements are wonderfully smart. I asked him whether he had bought the articles advertised, but he had not, although he was the very prospect the advertising was searching for.

Every advertising critic will give you instances proving the contrary regarding smartness in advertising, but the truth is that many advertisers have succeeded in spite of this fact, not because of it. When the conditions are examined, we discover that the general truth of this axiom is maintained.

An Advertisement Dodger. The Briton, of course, susceptible to advertising, as is every member of the human race. His outer skin, however, is much thicker than the American's. He is racially not an advertisement reader (as are many Americans), but an advertisement dodger. If I had to describe the processes or the stages of the average Briton's mind with regard to the successfully advertised article, I would put them as follows:

1. Oblivious.
2. Irritation.
3. Grudging notice.
4. Skepticism.
5. Drawing feeling that there must be something in it.
6. Personal inquiries.
7. Purchases.

Naturally advertising takes longer to soak in. The results are slower, but they are more lasting. Once captured the Briton is as often as not a lifelong customer. Moreover, once convinced, he is a stanch friend and an advertising force in himself.

There are makers of certain articles in England to whom advertising, in the ordinary sense, would spell ruin. The well-dressed Englishman of the upper middle and the upper classes would sooner wear his hair over his collar (almost) than wear boots, hats, ties, or sartorial necessities that had been widely advertised. There is one hatter at least in London who advertises largely and well and the name of his hats is a standing jibe among our middle class Beau Brummels. Not because the hats are bad hats, because they are not, but simply because they are branded with the plebeian stamp of publicity.

"Of course, English bacon is better cured, too. It tastes more like ham than bacon. But, aside from the curing, our own bacon must always be tough, salty, flavorless, rubbish it is!"

"Part of the reason for American bacon's inferiority lies, I suppose, in the cut. English bacon is made of the chops, the ribs—and that, of course, is the choicest part of the pig. But our bacon is made of the ends—it is made of that grisly part of the chop which we trim off and use for soup."

"Of course, English bacon is better cured, too. It tastes more like ham than bacon. But, aside from the curing, our own bacon must always be tough and tasteless as long as we make it of the ends, the refuse, instead of the delicate chop."

Hadn't Heard of Socrates.

A big policeman who walks a beat near the Greek settlement in the North side always gets angry when he hears this told at his expense, but there are those who will vouch for its truth.

About a month ago a young man very much excited rushed up to this policeman and exclaimed:

"Say, Jim, did you hear about a Greek by the name of Socrates taking poison?"

"I did not," Jim replied innocently. Then he added, thoughtfully stroking his chin. "Sure, that's the first time I ever heard of a Greek going up against anything stronger than what he sells in his own coffee houses. I guess I'd better look this up and bullet all the details to the department. It's an unusual case," Kansas City Journal.

The Missing Adjunct.

"There was a very disagreeable wait at the Muggleton's wedding last evening. The bride was in tears, the bridegroom's collar melted, the pastor fell asleep in his study and the organist played, 'Oh, Promise Me,' eleven times."

"What in the world was the trouble?"

"Why, the moving picture man's auto struck a fire hydrant and his whole outfit went to smash."

Hogs Rob a Pear Tree.

Do animals reason? Well, a Lower Creek farmer's hogs pasturing in a pear orchard apparently do, for they take turns in going to low hanging limbs of the pear trees, grasp with the mouth a limb containing pears sit on their haunches and shake it until the pears fall, which the other hogs come and eat.—Salem, (Mass.) Sunbeam.

Gossip.

"Some folks were highly excited when they heard the other day that young Charley Sooted was caught kissing another man's wife."

"Good gracious! Who was the creature?"

"Don't get excited. It was his mother."

Australian Desert.

Australia's northern territory is the only large unpeopled tract of habitable land on the globe. It is six times the area of the state of Victoria. The country is fertile, and is watered by numerous splendid rivers.

WAR REMINISCENCES

SET FREE TWICE BY PAROLE

Document Proving Fact of Imprisonment Proves Later to Be Valuable to Soldier From Illinois.

A parole from a southern prison proved valuable in freeing a northern soldier from further imprisonment in a Union guardhouse and from possible incarceration in the Alton penitentiary, where deserters were sent.

It nine men out of ten have cultivated the expensive habit of rushing through their copy in the shortest possible time and endeavor to get satisfaction for poor results by going into a frenzy when his bill is presented on the first.

If you would have your advertisements bring good results, prepare your copy with care, not just ordinary care, but great care, using the same force in your copy that you would if you were talking to a prospective customer in your store. Say, for instance, you were selling a wagon,

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Then there is the man who does not believe in advertising. He is the man that gets in a basket and spends a lifetime trying to lift himself over the fence. There, too, is the big whoresaler. A strong believer in ad-

vertising, but about the only ads you see his name to are those that proclaim him as distributor. He has his city and country salesman and fails to properly realize the possibilities of the generous use of printer's ink. If he received a carload of cabbages today and announced the fact in the morning paper, he would, in all probability sell more cabbages before he was out of bed than his whole force would sell all day.

APPEAL TO WIFE OF FARMER

She Appreciates Labor-Saving Devices and Adviser Should Direct Copy at Her.

To instruct our farm women to be fine mothers, excellent pals in business and gentle sweethearts always, is to keep the motherhood and wifehood and womanhood fresh and untired and to look upon her as she is, the pillar of the farm.

Her zeal is always untiring and ever at some task for the home that means joy to all. Most farmers wives have incomes of their own with which they buy, if they desire, the comforts and luxuries of the house.

Her work is always untiring and ever at some task for the home that means joy to all. Most farmers wives have incomes of their own with which they buy, if they desire, the comforts and luxuries of the house.

White I was in the hands of the Confederates I had an uncomfortable experience. In the roll down the hill into the ravine I had lost my hat, and so when I started to hunt up my regiment I picked up the cap that some Confederate soldier had dropped, and I was wearing it when I was captured, just because of that I was accused of being a spy and of trying to pass myself off as a southern soldier. I got up the hill into our fire. They could not stand it for long, and here I came back again, crashing down the hill, wild eyed, yelling, screaming. Once more they passed through the ravine among and over the dead and living bodies and stumbled down the slope beyond, while I pretended to be a corpse.

"Our men were victorious there and the division at the hilltop was moved on to another part of the battlefield. Late in the afternoon, when there seemed to be no one near by, I started to hunt up my regiment, but before I had got far I was captured by a stray detachment of Confederates. They took me to Vicksburg and put me in prison there, and I stayed in the prison for about two weeks. About the last of June I was paroled and sent across the river to the Union forces, where I joined my regiment. A month later Vicksburg surrendered.

"While I was in the hands of the Confederates I had an uncomfortable experience. In the roll down the hill into the ravine I had lost my hat, and so when I started to hunt up my regiment I picked up the cap that some Confederate soldier had dropped, and I was wearing it when I was captured, just because of that I was accused of being a spy and of trying to pass myself off as a southern soldier. I got up the hill into our fire. They could not stand it for long, and here I came back again, crashing down the hill, wild eyed, yelling, screaming. Once more they passed through the ravine among and over the dead and living bodies and stumbled down the slope beyond, while I pretended to be a corpse.

Charm of Memory.

The charm of memory lies, I think, in the quality which it gives things, at once of intimacy and remoteness.

The fascination to us of recalling our past selves, our former surroundings, lies in our sense that they are absolutely known to us, yet absolutely out of our reach. We can recall places, houses, rooms until every detail lives again. We can turn from one thing to another and as we look at each let us there? It has a reality more poignant than the hand that we touch or the flower that we smell. Sometimes it is true, present experiences, even as they occur, have something of the quality. They do not need to recede into the past to gain this glamour.

Certain places have it; cathedrals sometimes, and still lakes. Certain things foster it; firelight and silence, and the steady fall of rain. Certain moments give birth to it; the luminous pause between sundown and dusk.

afternoon with its slant of light through dead grass or across a quiet river. This, I fancy, was what Tennyson was thinking of when he called the lotus land the land "wherein it seemed always afternoon." In that land these magic moments were prolonged, and thus it became the land of reminiscence.—Atlantic Monthly.

Barometer.

Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, despite his financial troubles, continues to tell innumerable witty war stories. One of the most recent of these concern a captain in a South American war.

"This captain," so General Sickles tells the tale, "was continually getting sick and being reported unfit for duty whenever there was a big battle in sight."

"After he had shirked about seven battles by means of sick leave, he became notorious, and it is said that he once overheard, from the hospital tent, two newsboys talking about himself."

"Juan," said the first boy, "we'd better order an extra supply of papers. There's going to be some tall fighting tomorrow."

"How do you know?" Pepe, the second boy asked.

"Captain Blanc," was the reply, "is sick again."

The Bitter Bit.

A certain critic, renowned for his bitter tongue, found that on occasion even artists will turn. The occasion was a reception at which the artist was exhibiting his latest work.

"I should like to have your opinion of my picture," he said to the critic.

"It's absolutely worthless," the other replied, shortly.

Manchester Enterprise

Personal Items.

By MATT D. BLOSSER
Oleomargarine at Neckinger's.
Lester Blodell spent Sunday in Jackson with Dan Gray.

Col. B. F. Wheeler of Wolf Lake has been to town this week.

Regular meeting of the star chapter Friday evening.

Bundles of old newspapers at the ENTERPRISE.

Clarence Mahle of Detroit spent Sunday with his parents.

Mr. & Mrs. Will Seckinger of Ypsilanti visited relatives here Sunday.

Mrs. Mary A. Spelt spent Sunday and Monday with relatives in Blisfield.

Choice Rhode Island Red Cockrels for sale, N. F. Pierce, Sharon.

House and lots for sale. Inquiry of Jacob Graf, 533 S. 4th Ave., Ann Arbor.

Some late and dainty patterns of Thanksgiving Post Cards and a new line of Birthday Cards at the ENTERPRISE office.

For Sale—Choice village Home Farm 16 acres on easy terms. W. B. Lowry, Brooklyn.

Mrs. Snowman entertained a party of lady friends at her home, Tuesday evening.

Mrs. N. Seeger entertained ladies at 500th Anniversary, afternoons, for Mrs. Wright of Trenton.

We learn that Julius Wuerthner expects to go to Great Falls, Montana before long.

Mr. & Mrs. B. Ahrens went to Ann Arbor yesterday to spend the Thanksgiving relative.

O. B. Nye and family visited Mrs. Nye's parents, Mr. & Mrs. Alex Parks at Tecumseh Sunday.

Mr. & Mrs. Frank Spaford will celebrate their 40th wedding anniversary on Friday the 29th.

Mr. N. Schmidt visited her daughter, Mrs. Floyd Ayer and husband at Tecumseh over Sunday.

Reuben Kiehl who is attending the M. A. C. Convention here Friday for a few days, will be here Saturday.

Mr. Lander, Paul Kress and John Dolker accompanied Mr. Lander in an auto ride to Ann Arbor yesterday.

Miss Bertha Youngberg came here last Friday night and visited her sister and brother until Monday morning.

E. H. Gause informs us that he intends to move out of his business here Saturday afternoon, at 5 and until everybody is served. Tickets, adults 25 cents, children 15 cents. Everybody invited.

The Ladies Aid of Emmanuel's church will give a Chicken Supper at Arbeiter's Hall Saturday afternoon, at 5 and until everybody is served. Tickets, adults 25 cents, children 15 cents. Everybody invited.

The parcels post will be started January 1st. The distinctive parcels post stamp must be used on all fourth class matter and if you use the ordinary postage stamp the package will be treated as held for postage. All parcels must bear the return card of the sender otherwise they will not be accepted for mailing.

By applying on or before December 2, date of the post office, the savings system may exchange the whole or a part of their deposit for United States registered or coupon bonds in denominations of \$20, \$100 and \$900, bearing interest from January 1, 1912, at the rate of 2½ per cent per annum, payable semi-annually. Postal savings bonds are exempt from all taxation in any form or under state, municipal, or local authority.

In another column will be found a story about our friend, David Woodward of Clinton. The only thing about it that interested us is that he remarked "Senators, Judges and Hillside-comes have some mighty good growers." By the article and what he says, as quoted, readers would not know that his orchard is in Washtenaw county, but it is and old Washtenaw is one of the best counties for fruit of all kinds that apples and peaches are the people most fond of here. Mr. Woodward's orchard is in Lapeer county that his orchard is there but it is in Bridgewater, Washtenaw county.

Washtenaw County—

We learn that the Slave Observer has been sold to Ohio parties who have taken possession. Andrew J. Warren has been publisher of the paper for many years.

James M. Cooper of Ypsilanti, demotes to write for the Slave Observer, believes that he is safely shot out without the votes cast for him on the detective voting machine in Ann Arbor, and which caused Frank Covert to contest it.

The students were never so boisterous over a foot ball victory as they were Saturday night at Ann Arbor over the Michigan players over Cornell. Several arrests were made and suspensions from the university are likely to follow.

The trials for the December term of circuit court are as follows:

Frank A. Allen, Conrad Noll, Christopher Bell, George Hangerter, Charles Gidens, John H. Johnson, Marshall Moore and Ralph S. Parsons, Ann Arbor.

John G. Fischer, Ann Arbor township, Melvin Hooker, Bridgewater.

Bernard Turb, Freedom.

George Barnes, Lima.

Robert Seeler, Toledo.

Oneida Parker, Lima.

Albert Kist, Manchester.

Adolph Banchsberger, Northfield.

Henry Schub, Pittsfield.

Garnon Gale, Salem.

Guy Collins, Saline.

Otto Wagner, Saline.

Edward L. Pierce, Sharon.

James H. Boyce, Tecumseh.

John O'Brien, Waukegan.

Peter Swett, Atco, E. Lewis, York.

Frank Davis, Tecumseh township.

Ation Lewis, Lewis, Carol, Ypsilanti.

Because of the date, it is probable that a number of the cases which ordinarily would have been disposed of at that time of court will have to be carried over into the next term which begins December 3.

Manchester Enterprise

Personal Items.

Advertising

Oleomargarine at Neckinger's.

Take up, a tray, Barn Quilt of Adam Wurster.

Regular meeting of the star chapter Friday evening.

Bundles of old newspapers at the ENTERPRISE.

Fine writing paper sold by the pound at the ENTERPRISE office.

A heavy overcoat found in the road at the ENTERPRISE office.

Choice Rhode Island Red Cockrels for sale, N. F. Pierce, Sharon.

House and lots for sale. Inquiry of Jacob Graf, 533 S. 4th Ave., Ann Arbor.

Some late and dainty patterns of Thanksgiving Post Cards and a new line of Birthday Cards at the ENTERPRISE office.

For Sale—Choice village Home Farm 16 acres on easy terms. W. B. Lowry, Brooklyn.

Mrs. Mary A. Spelt spent Sunday and Monday with relatives in Blisfield.

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ORIGIN of THANKSGIVING DAY

BY DR. JOHN WILLIAM PERRIN



FINE FLOCK OF TURKEYS



PRINCIPAL PART OF THE FEAST

THE IDEA is prevalent in the United States that our Thanksgiving festival is peculiarly an American custom of New England origin. This is true in part only. The general observance through many years of a set day on which to give thanks to Almighty God for his blessings has made the custom distinctively American; but its origin long antedates the settlement of this western continent, and we must look elsewhere for it.

The idea of Thanksgiving day goes back to remotest antiquity. It is a part of natural religion, and is probably as old as the human race. In written records we have ample evidence that the festival was celebrated in connection with "the fruits of the earth" by the ancient Egyptians, the Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans. Long before Luther's revolt from Rome in the sixteenth century it had been observed by the Christians; and after the reformation, Thanksgiving days were frequent use by the Protestants, especially those of England.

In old Egypt, when the harvest had been gathered, it was the custom to observe a day of feasting and to lay offerings upon the altars of Isis, the goddess of agriculture. The Jewish festival was the "Ingathering," or the "feast of the tabernacles" mentioned in Exodus and other parts of the Old Testament. This was more particularly a thanksgiving for the fruit harvest, and as it came at the close of the entire harvest, it probably was intended also as a general thanksgiving for the bounty of nature. In the year that had passed,

This festival appears early in Jewish history and, as it was connected with the land and its possession, may have had a Canaanitish prototype. Its celebration was annual and each festival continued through seven days. At the beginning "two vessels of silver were carried in a ceremonious manner to the temple, one full of water, the other of wine, which were poured at the foot of the altar of burnt offerings, always on the seventh day of the festival."

Plutarch describes this ceremonial which he believed was a feast to Bacchus. He says: "The Jews celebrated two feasts to Bacchus. In the midst of the vintage they spread tables, and live in tabernacles made especially of palms and ivy wreaths to rejoice." A few days later they kept another festival which was openly dedicated to Bacchus, for they carried bouquets of palms in their hands, with which they went into the temple. The Levites going before with instruments of music.

Analogous to the Jewish festival and possibly borrowed from it was that of the old Greeks, the Thesmophoria. This was a feast to Demeter, the goddess of the harvest. It lasted nine days and consisted of sacrifices of the products of the soil with oblations of "wine, milk and honey." The circus refers to it in the Seventh Idyl, where Silius Italicus says: "Now, this is our way to the Thesmophoria, for our friends, in sooth, are making a feast to Demeter of the beautiful robe offering the fruit of their abundance, since for them in bounteous manner the goddess has plied the thrashing floor with barley."

The goddess of the Roman harvest was Ceres. Her festival was celebrated annually and was called Ceralia. It was a day for worship and rustic sports. Men and women formed processions and went to the fields with music. Virgil refers to this festival. He mentions the sacrifices that were offered in the temples and allude to the joyousness of the occasion.

In one way or another, Thanksgiving day had been observed in Christian Europe for centuries before its celebration in New England. On the continent and for a time in England, it occurred at Martinmas, which was a day of feasting and drinking. Occasionally, too, civil authorities recommended the observance of some fixed day to celebrate the victory of Henry V. of England at Agincourt, Oct. 25, 1415, a public thanksgiving was held on Sunday, the feast of St. Edward, the king and confessor. Such a day was observed in Leyden, Holland Oct. 3, 1575, the first anniversary of that city from the siege by the Spaniards.

Many instances of thanksgiving days can be pointed out in England during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In 1559, the second year of Elizabeth's reign, Thanksgiving day entered Royal day. Then it was ordered that thanks should be given to Almighty God "for the increase and abundance of his fruits upon the earth." In this reign, too, there was great national thanksgiving day, that is worthy of note. This occurred on Tuesday, Nov. 19, 1588, and was in commemoration of the great victory over the "Invincible Armada." It had been described by Niccol in his "Progress of Queen Elizabeth" by Stowe, and by other contemporary writers. We are told that "the day was kept holy throughout the realm with sermons, singing of psalms, bonfires, etc., etc., and thanksgiving unto God for the deliverance of the Spaniards, our enemies, or rather the citizens of London in their invasion that day had a sermon at St. Paul's cross tending the first in America.

The legal and annual thanksgiving day because of the long time it was such deserves special mention. After the traitors in the gunpowder plot were executed a week in a letter to a friend in



SHOOTING WILD TURKEYS

had been tried and punished in 1605, it was ordered that because of their deliverance the 5th of November English people should keep the 5th of November every year "as a public thanksgiving to Almighty God that unfeigned thankfulness may never be forgotten and that all ages to come may yield praise to God's divine majesty for the same." The 5th of November continued a legal Thanksgiving day for more than two centuries, but in later years it fell into disuse, and in 1833 was abolished by parliament.

Long before the advent of the pilgrims in Massachusetts, all rituals contained expressions of gratitude to God for his mercies. In that of the Church of England special prayers were provided for the Sunday service. This service, however, must be carefully distinguished from the Thanksgiving day of the pilgrim fathers. Failure to make this distinction has led to the groundless claim that the Popham colonists "were the first to keep Thanksgiving day" in America. The service at Monhegan on which this claim is based was the regular Sunday service of the church of England, and while it had an element of thanksgiving the day can in nowise be regarded as a Thanksgiving day as that term is understood.

Contemporary evidence refutes all claim to the contrary.

From "A Relation of Voyage to Sagadahoc" we read as follows: "Sunday being the 9th of August, in the morning the most part of our company of both ships landed on this land, where the cross standeth; and thence we heard a sermon delivered unto us by our preacher, exhorting God thanks for our happy meetings and safe arrival into the country, and so returned aboard again (Massachusetts Historical Society proceedings VIII, 102.)

The record made in his "Breeches Bible" by William White, who came over in the Mayflower, has far more significance in determining the origin of our American Thanksgiving day than the event at Monhegan. This record reads: "William White married on ye 2d day of March, 1623, to Susannah Till." Peregrine White, born on board ye Mayflower in Cape Cod harbor, sonne to Susannah White, December 19th, ye six o'clock morning. Next day we meet for prayer and thanksgiving." This meeting for "prayer and thanksgiving" was not on Sunday, but on Tuesday. The fact that it was not a part of the regular Sunday service makes it more nearly accord with our idea of Thanksgiving day than does the Monhegan event. But this similarity is not sufficient to warrant our regarding it as the origin of the American custom.

The chief difference between the two was the want of ceremony at Plymouth that characterized the English festival. In some parts of England the merry-making was around the "nodding sheep" or "kern-baby," and in many places the last load of the harvest was drawn to the barn in a wagon called the "hoch cart." In front went pipe and taber, and around it gathered the reapers, male and female, singing joyously as they proceeded. At Plymouth there was no ceremony. The last shock of corn was not brought in "arrawed in brilliant finery." Neither was there any "blessing of the cart" or "kissing of the sheaves." There was no harvest song so familiar in the fatherland.

The first Thanksgiving was not for a day only but continued a week. In a letter to a friend in

England, Edward Winslow has given us a brief account of the festivities. This letter bears the date of Dec. 11, 1621, and in it Winslow wrote: "Our harvest being gotten in, our governor sent four men on fowling that so we might after special manner rejoice together after we had gathered the fruits of our labors." They four killed as much fowl as with a little help beside served the company about a week. At which times, among other recreations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and among the rest their greatest king, Massasoit, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five deer, which they brought and bestowed on our governor and upon the captains and others."

From other sources we know that there were athletic contests besides the exercises of arms which Winslow mentioned. No doubt they played at "stoolball," an old form of croquet, and "pitch ye bar," which Bradford mentions in his journal. There were no special religious services—at least there is no evidence of any. The pilgrims had their daily prayers before breakfast.

In this service and in the joyous spirit that seems to have dominated the occasion as well, there was, no doubt, a devout thanksgiving to God for all the blessings he had vouchsafed them.

It has been repeatedly asserted that this Thanksgiving festival was suggested to the pilgrims by the Jewish "feast of ingathering." This is not probable, as the differences between them are more striking than the likenesses. They were of the same duration, each lasting a week, and in common with all other harvest festivals they had the same intent. But in the Jewish festival sacrifice and worship were the prevailing characteristics, while in that of the pilgrims they were entirely wanting.

If the Plymouth festival has immediate kinship with similar events in the past, it has analogies with the harvest home of England which may relate them. The pilgrims were familiar with the English celebration and many of them, no doubt, had participated in it. The dominant mark of each was the joy over the ingathering harvest. In some districts in England, too, the festival had continued a week. Richard Carew in his "Survey of Cornwall" in speaking of the English festival, says: "Neither doth good cheare wholly expire (though it somewhat decrease) but with the end of the week."

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Here's health to the barley mow,

Here's a health to the man,

Who very well can

Both harrow and plow and sow."

opportunities are limited, but they do their best. Like the Germans, they cling to their own diet, long after they have mastered the language, and adopted American ways of living.

In cooking, indeed, America has more to learn from the newcomers if they but had a little butcher's meat, for they could make a hundred dishes out of a nozzle top.

The Italians have the same genius, as every one who has sailed on an Italian ship knows. It is to be hoped that they will not be assimilated to New England ways to the extent of losing this valuable gift.



THE TURKEY THAT CAME TOO LATE

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

HEY stood together in the bare grayness of the November forest.

"There's snow in the sky," said the man, and smiled down at the girl whose scarlet shawl was as red as her lips.

"I want snow," she said, "for Thanksgiving. It seems as if the snow is as much a part of the day as a turkey dinner."

For a moment he hesitated, then he blurted out the truth. "I'm afraid there won't be any turkey, honey."

"Oh," she looked up at him quickly, "but you said—you said that you would get one, Jed."

"I know. But if there don't seem to be any wild turkeys in these woods; I've hunted and hunted," said her lover, with some dreariness.

"It seems as if you couldn't have hunted very hard." She drew away from him. "Think how disappointed the children will be—Jed."

"I know. But if there aren't any turkeys, there ain't any—"

"But you promised."

"Yes. I said I'd get one if there was one to be got, but they don't grow on trees, you know."

But she did not smile. "Sometimes I think," she said, wearily, "that you are just like dad. All my life he has promised and promised that he'd do things, and he ain't ever done them. And when I promised to marry you, I thought that I'd found a man that was different, and I loved you because you were strong, and because you weren't like dad—but sometimes lately—"

His lips were set in a straight line. "Well, what have you thought lately?" he demanded.

"That—that as you grew older you'd be like the rest of the men of—"

"But you promised."

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Joseph C. Lincoln
Author of
"Whittaker's Place
Capt. Eri, Etc."

Illustrations by
Ellsworth Young

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SYNOPSIS.

Mrs. Keziah Coffin, supposed widow, is arranging to move from Trumett to Boston, following the death of her brother, for whom she had kept house. Kyan, popular minister, offers to help her, but indignantly refuses. Capt. Elkanah Daniels, leader of the Regular church offers Keziah a place as housekeeper for the new minister. Mrs. Coffin, who is still in Trumett, Keziah takes charge of Rev. John Ellery, the new minister, and gives him advice as to his conduct and manner of life. The pastor's wife causes a sensation by attending a "Come-out" meeting. Ellery's presence is bitterly resented by Eben Hammond, leader of the Free church. Apologies are made for the guardian and Ellery escorts her home in the rain. Capt. Nat Hammond, Eben's son, pecuniarily helps bring the carriage and packet into port safely through fog and storm. Ellery finds Keziah writing a letter to some one, inclosing money, in response to a letter from her. She is evidently still in love with Nat. She is soon informed of the arrival of Nat. Nat calls on Keziah, and it develops that they have been lovers since you. Mrs. Coffin, who is still in Trumett, goes for a "Come-out" meeting. Ellery is caught by the tide and is rescued by Nat. They become friends.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

Sure enough; one of the windows on this side of the house was raised about six inches at the bottom, the shade was up, and peering beneath the sash the minister discerned the expressive features of Abisha Pepper—or as much of those features as the size of the opening permitted to be seen of the opening permitted to be seen.

"Oh!" exclaimed the visitor, "is that you, Mr. Pepper? Well, I'm glad to see you, at last. You are rather hard to see, even now."

"Ever—come to call, did you?"

"Why, yes, that was my intention."

"Hum!—Ellery—Lavinia, she's gone over to Thankful Payne's. She heard that Thankful's cousin up to Middleboro had died—passed away, I mean—and she thought she'd run over and find out if Thankful was willing anything. She said she'd be back pretty soon."

"Very well. Then, as she won't be gone long, perhaps I'll come in and wait."

"You see, Mr. Ellery," stammered Kyan, "I—l'd like to have you come in fast rate, but—Lavinia she's got the key. She—the—Oh, consarn it all, Mr. Ellery, she's locked me in this room—a purpose, so's I won't get out and go somewhere without her knowin' it."

"She done it a purpose," continued Kyan, in a burst of confidence. "She had me put one of them new-fangled spring locks on the door of this room t'other day, 'cause she said she was afraid of tramps and wanted some place to shut herself up in if one of 'em come. And—and after dinner to-day she sent me in here for somethin', and then slammed the door on me. Said she call'd I'd stay put till she got back from Thankful's. She knew mighty well I couldn't get out of the window, 'cause it won't open no further'n it's now. I won't never so provoked in my life. Tain't no way to treat your own brother, lockin' him up like a young one, now, is it?"

"I don't know. You're of age, Mr. Pepper, and you must decide for yourself. I think I should declare my independence. Really, I must go. I—Stop your foolishness! Oh!—I ask your pardon, Mr. Ellery. That ain't no way to talk to a minister. But I'm goin' to go out when I want to if I bust a hole through the clapboards. I ain't fascinatin'. You ask any woman—except her!—if I be, and see what they say. What! I do?"

"Ha! Ha! I don't know, I'm sure. You might lock her up, I suppose, just for a change."

"Hey!" There was a sound from behind the pane as if the imprisoned one had slapped his knee. "By gum! I never thought of that. Would you now, Mr. Ellery? Would you? Ssh! ssh! somebody's comin'. Maybe it's her. Run around to the door, Mr. Ellery, quick. And don't tell her I've seen you, for mercy sakes! Don't now, will ye? Please! Run!"

The minister did not run, but he walked briskly around the corner. Sure enough, Lavinia was there, just unlocking the door. She expressed herself as very glad to see the caller, ushered him into the sitting room and disappeared, returning in another moment with her brother, whom she unblushingly said had been taking a nap. Abisha did not contradict her; instead, he merely looked apprehensive at the minister.

The call was a short one. Lavinia did seven-eighths of the talking and Ellery the rest. Kyan was silent.

He told no one of Kyan's confidential disclosure, and, after some speculation as to whether or not there might be a sequel, put the whole ludicrous affair out of his mind. A week from the following Sunday he dined in state at the Daniels' table. Captain Elkanah was gracious and condescending. Annabel was more than that. She was dressed in her newest gown and was so very gushing and affable that the minister felt rather embarrassed. When, after the meal was over, Captain Elkanah excused himself and went upstairs for his Sabbath nap, the embarrassment redoubled. Miss Annabel spoke very confidentially of her loneliness without "congenial society," or how very much she did enjoy Mr. Ellery's intellectual sermons, and especially what a treat it had been to have him as a guest.

He left the big house as soon as he could without giving offense, and started back toward the parsonage. But the afternoon was so fine and the early summer air so delightful that he changed his mind, jumping the fence at the foot of Cannon Hill, set off across the fields toward the bluffs and the bay shore.

The sun was low in the west as he entered the grove of pines on the bluffs. The red light between the boughs made brilliant carpet patterns on the

wouldn't hear of my visiting the parsonage."

She was close to the overhanging edge of the bluff and the soil upon which she stood was bending beneath her feet. He sprang forward, caught her about the waist, and pulled her back. The sod broke and rattled down the sandy slope. She would have had a slight tumble, nothing worse, had she gone with it. There was no danger; and yet the minister was very white as he released her.

She, too, was pale for a moment, and then crimson.

"Thank you," she gasped. "I—I must go. It is late. I didn't realize how late it was—I must go. I—I think the sunsets from this point are the finest I have ever seen. I come here every Sunday afternoon to see them."

This remark was given merely to cover embarrassment, but it had an unexpected effect.

"You do!" cried the minister. The next moment he was alone. Grace Van Horne had vanished in the gloom of the pine thickets.

It was a strange John Ellery who walked slowly back along the path. He saw nothing real, and heard nothing, not even the excited person who, hidden behind the bayberry bush, haled him as he passed. It was not until this person rushed forth and seized him by the arm that he came back to the unimportant affairs of this material earth.

"Why? Why, Mr. Pepper?" he gasped. "Are you here? What do you want?"

John Ellery stood still, with one foot uplifted for a step. The girl looked out over the water and he looked at her. Then a crow, one of several whirling above the pines, spied the intruder and screamed a warning. The minister was startled and stepped back. A dead limb beneath his foot cracked sharply. Grace turned and saw him.

"I am here!" panted Kyan. "Ain't I been here for the last twenty minutes waitin' to get a chance at you? Ain't I been chasin' you from Dan to Beersheba all this dummed—excuse me—afternoon? Oh, my godfrey mighty!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"You—you made me do it!" guard'd Kyan. "Yes, sir, was you put me up to it. When you was at our house t'other day, after Layin' locked me up, you told me the way to get square was to lock her up, too. And I done it!"

"Yes, sir, I done it when she got back from meetin' this noon. I run on and left her locked in. And—and—he wailed, wringing his hands—"I ain't dast to go home since. What'll I do?"

CHAPTER VIII.

In Which Miss Daniels Determines to Find Out.

The hysterical Mr. Pepper doubtless expected his clergyman to be almost as much upset as he was by the news of his action. But John Ellery was provokingly calm.

"Hush! Hush!" he commanded. "Wait a minute. Let me understand this thing. Some one is locked up, you say. Who is it? Where?"

"Who is it? Ain't I tellin' you. It's Layin'. She went into that spare room where I was t'other day and I slammed the spring lock to her. Then I grabbed the key and run. That was after three this afternoon; now it's most night and I ain't dast to go home. What'll she say when I let her out? I got to let her out, ain't I? She can't starve to death in there, can she? And you tell me to do it! You did! Oh—

"Well, then, I don't see why you can't go home and—huh! I don't like to advise you tellin' a lie, but you might let her infer that it was an accident. Or, if you really mean to be your own master, you can tell her you did it purposely and will do it again if she ever tries the trick on you."

"I tell her that! I tell her! O Mr. Ellery, don't talk so. You don't know Layin'; she ain't like most women."

"And Nat spoke as if it was all a joke," she said.

"No doubt he did. From what I hear of your brother, he generally refers to his own plucky, capable actions as jokes. Other people call them something else."

"He isn't my brother," she interrupted abruptly. "I wish he was."

She sighed as she uttered the last sentence.

"No, of course he isn't your real brother," I forgot. But he must seem like one."

"Yes, that was it."

She drew a long breath. Then, after a moment:

"And Nat spoke as if it was all a joke," she said.

"No doubt he did. From what I hear of your brother, he generally refers to his own plucky, capable actions as jokes. Other people call them something else."

"He isn't my brother," she interrupted abruptly. "I wish he was."

She sighed as she uttered the last sentence.

"No, of course he isn't your real brother," I forgot. But he must seem like one."

"Yes," rather doubtfully.

"You must be proud of him."

"I am—" there was nothing doubtful this time.

"Miss Van Horne! What did your uncle say about Cap'n Nat's meeting me the other day?"

"Uncle Eben doesn't know. Nat didn't tell anyone but me. He doesn't boast. And uncle would be glad he helped you. As I told you before, Mr. Ellery, I'm not ashamed of my uncle. He has been so good to me that I never can repay him, never! When my own father was drowned he took me in, a little orphan that would probably have been sent to a home. When I needed money most he said nothing to me, but insisted that I should be educated. I didn't know until after wards of the self-sacrifice my four years at the Middleboro Academy meant to him."

"So you went away to school?" he inquired. "This is why—

"That is why I don't say 'never done nothin'' and 'be you' and 'ain't neither.' Yes, thank you, that's why I don't wonder you were surprised."

She was going, but the minister had something to say. He stepped forward and walked beside her.

"Just a minute, please," he urged.

"Miss Van Horne, I do understand. I do respect your uncle. We have a mutual friend, you and I, and through her I have come to understand many things."

Grace turned and looked at him.

"A mutual friend?" she repeated.

"Oh, I know. Mrs. Coffin?"

"Yes; Mrs. Coffin. She's a good woman and a wise one."

"I know. I feel the same way about her. She means so much to me. I love her more than anyone else, of course—and Nat. I miss her very much since—since."

"Since I came, you mean. I'm sorry. I wish—I hate to think I am the cause which separates you two. It isn't my fault, as you know."

"Oh! I know that."

"Yes, and I object to having others choose my friends for me people who, because of a fanatical preju. ce, stand in the way of—If it wasn't for that, you might call and see Mrs. Coffin, just as you used to do."

"But it's impossible. Uncle respects and is fond of Aunt Keziah, but he

wouldn't hear of my visiting the parsonage."

She was close to the overhanging edge of the bluff and the soil upon which she stood was bending beneath her feet. He sprang forward, caught her about the waist, and pulled her back. The sod broke and rattled down the sandy slope. She would have had a slight tumble, nothing worse, had she gone with it. There was no danger; and yet the minister was very white as he released her.

The little room was empty.

"Humph!" he exclaimed. "She's gone. Come into the sitting room, light a lamp, and let's talk it over."

The lamp was found and lighted at last. Its radiance brightened the dingy sitting room. The sound of wheels was heard in the lane by the front gate. A vehicle stopped. Then came a hurrumph. A hurried good night, Mr. Pepper's rear returned.

"It's her!" he cried. "She's been here. Come to call, did you?"

"Thank you," she gasped. "I—I must go. It is late. I didn't realize how late it was—I must go. I—I think the sunsets from this point are the finest I have ever seen. I come here every Sunday afternoon to see them."

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The Best Way

To Advertise your town and bring people to it is to Advertise in the ENTERPRISE. People will not come here to look at you without some inducement being offered.

LOCAL NEWS

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1912

School Notes.

Glen Kauvel entered the first primary Monday.

Neal Kanavel entered the fourth grade Monday morning.

Robert N. Kiebler '10 who is attending the M. A. C. yester day Monday morning.

Ervin Grossman entered the high school Monday morning making the enrollment 91.

Mr. Woodward described his "mall order" market, which is exceptionally good, after which he touched on a few points regarding the market.

Mrs. Hickox conducted the exercises Monday morning and took for her subject Robert Louis Stevenson.

New song books have been purchased for the grammar grade. Thanksgiving songs are being taught at present.

The teacher, Mrs. Clark, has been at the big school, Nov. 20.

The six, seventh, eighth and ninth classes of craftsmanship in teaching will be discussed.

Teacher meetings are held every first and third Wednesday of each month.

Everyday problems in teaching" by M. V. O'Neal is the book studied. The last two meetings have been devoted to the problems of discipline.

The next regular meeting of the Alpha signs will be held Monday evening, Nov. 25. An interesting program will be given. Parents and friends are invited to attend.

Verena Kochel, Orton, Arvin Clark, Origin of Thanksgiving, Maude Staudt, Dialogue on the Proper Fortune Teller, Mrs. Bill, Mr. Korn, Frances Kitz, Marie Bowen, Debate on the Use of Tobacco, Mrs. Evans, Evan Rawins, Ethel Feldkamp, Negative, LaVerne Water, Myrtle Knous, Donald A. Ross, Roy Stork, Donald Greene, Donald A. Ross, General song and good music will be interspersed.

Oysters are the half shell suffer under the heat of the sun, said Dr. H. W. Miller, a New York oyster expert, the other night, according to a New York Herald. Washington correspondent. "Ninety per cent of them will not eat when they are taken from the water," he said.

"This does not touch on fruit growing, but it does show evidence that it is a healthful occupation, and no man is too old to establish an orchard if he makes up his mind to live to the last leaf."

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Oysters in New Houses Explained.

"Oysters in new houses that had never before been occupied," said a real estate agent, "will stick up when you buy them, and the price will be high."

"This will not deter me from buying in the delicious half shell," he said. "If this were our dining room, it would be full of tragic meanings and shrieks. However, this would not be so bad, for we would then have the alternative of cooking them."

"It was a misfortune to us to be told by a friend that there are always lots of oysters in new houses," he said. "I have drawn by the road used in the process, and while the town is going there have free oysters, and then when the price is high, it is hard to be sure if we left them to be found when the next moves in."

Pronounced Check.

Woman, 25, has a check, and sentenced to pay a fine of \$5.

"Oh, well," he said, "of course I'll have to pay, because I am in a great hurry to get out, but I haven't \$5 in my pocket. Will you let me pay my check?"

"Sure," said the justice.

"Telling the truth," drawled the justice, "they hasn't need of your doin' that. I'd ought to have paid it off, but we'll he to hold that there care s'curity the check goes through,"—Harper's Weekly.

Do You Know?

That your Corset is the most important garment of your wardrobe?

That without the Corset you will not be stylish, graceful or shape?

That the Corset is a big factor in your carriage, breathing and general health?

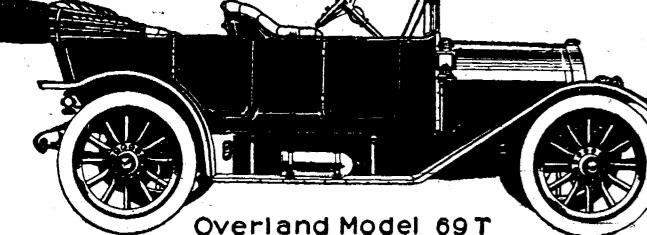
If you appreciate all this you will realize that you should wear a truly individualized Corset. That's why we urge you to wear a Henderson Corset.

Henderson Corsets

are sold at our corset department because we are satisfied that there are no better models for style, fit, comfort, service and health at the popular prices we quote. If you will examine the corsets in our latest Henderson Corsets you will be enthralled about them as we are and will be delighted with the fashionable effect that your individualized model will give you.

THE FAIR

Overland



Overland Model 69T

PRICE \$985

We have taken the agency for the Overland and would be glad to demonstrate it to prospective buyers. Come to the Garage and look it over and compare it with other cars. It is not high in price but in efficiency and power, strength and style is equal to any.

F. C. HUBER & A. J. WURSTER
Agents

Third Annual

FUR OPENING

AND

Special Sale of Furs

On Saturday, Nov. 23rd, we will have with us all day a representative of one of the largest Fur Manufacturers, who will have on display

\$10,000 to \$15,000 Worth of Furs

including a large variety of Muffs, Scarfs, Coats, etc.

This entire assortment, also our own large stock, we will place on sale at extremely low prices. If you are thinking of buying any kind of a fur piece or garment this winter it will pay you to come into us to attend this Sale.

Remember the Date.

Saturday, November 23rd

The Webster-Anderson Co.

Tecumseh, Michigan

Two Bargain Basement Specials All Day

One Day Only.

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