

Personal Items.

Mrs. Jessie Smiley is in Clinton caring for Will Wood.

Ralph Freeman of Chelsea went to the hospital at Ann Arbor last Thursday to have his tonsils removed.

Mr. & Mrs. Louis Lomie took Mr. & Mrs. Fred Wright in their car to Trenton Sunday to visit Mr. & Mrs. Fred Wright.

Clarence Karp of Detroit and Tommie of Ypsilanti are taking their vacation this week, the former with his parents and friends here and the latter at Wamplers lake.

Thos. J. Farrell and two daughters, Elizabeth and Marian, left Monday for Lake Orion to visit his son Olaf. They will all attend the 4th of July at Detroit and also will be with his older brother of Mr. Farrell, who resides on a farm near Pontiac. Mrs. Farrell concluded to remain at home.

John K. Gaffney is visiting his half-brother, Mr. Harvey Anthony. John used to live here and attended high school with Dr. Graham now of Munroe, Ind. F. H. Blower now of Seattle and others. He went north several years ago and located in the prosperous and growing city of Astoria. Wooglie, the night-wedding scraper and Perry Powers, commissioner of labor, calls home.

WILBUR ("WICK") McLAUREN, Candidate for Sheriff, subject to the Republican Primary.

Upon looking me up, after a lifetime spent in Washtenaw county, you believe I would give a satisfactory administration of the sheriff's office. I will very greatly appreciate your vote on primary day, Tuesday, August 26.

Respectfully yours,
WILBUR ("WICK") McLAUREN.

Eyes scientifically tested and glasses properly fitted. Repairs for glasses. DE W. A. KLOPPENSTEN.

We are now ready to take contracts for Cessent Work of all kinds. GOLEMAN & KUHN.

For rent, a brand new John Deere Manure Spreader. DIERKHOLZ & DAVIDSON.

Eyes tested, Glasses fitted and repaired. Dr. SCHERKIN.

FOR PICNICS,
FOR CAMPING

and for general use about the house, there is nothing handier or more sanitary than

Waxed Paper

We can send it to you by mail, 20 sheets 12x18, postage paid, any address, for 5c, cash with order. We send

Paper Napkins

from 5c to 8c a dozen, postpaid, cash with order.

MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE

The Price Is \$1.25
for the
ENTERPRISE

to everybody. But we have let our home subscribers, who pay a Full Year in Advance

have it for \$1. Some come in a month later and want it for the \$1.00. No, don't ask us to do that.

MAT D. BLOSSER

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.

Subscribe for The Enterprise
And Read the Home News

CANDIDATES

Endorsed for Offices on the Republican Ticket.

A meeting of republicans was held at Ann Arbor last Friday afternoon to suggest names of desirable candidates to fill vacancies on the ticket.

Jay G. Gray of Chelsea was suggested to consider him. Clayton O. Dibble, of Flint, for state treasurer; Webster H. Pearce of Ypsilanti for surveyor; Floyd E. Daggert of Ypsilanti and R. O. Boulstel of Ann Arbor for circuit court commissioners; Dr. Schaefer of Manchester for coroner; Sam Marchfeld had a petition out for coroner.

MATTHEW J. MAX,

WALDO MACK ABBOT

I am a candidate for the nomination on the Republican ticket to the office of Prosecuting Attorney at the primary to be held on August 25th.

I am at present serving my second year as City Attorney of Ann Arbor. I feel that my record in that office justifies me in asking for your support.

Very sincerely yours,
FRANK S. DEVINE.

Adv.

Why I Want Your Support

In asking the voters of Washtenaw county to support me for the nomination of Sheriff on the Democratic ticket at the August primaries I do so because I feel that my record as a concessions public servant, my knowledge of the duties of the office and my experience in handling its civil and criminal business, coupled with my record of 14 years in office, will speak a louder of the taxpayer's money needlessly.

If you want an honest, business like administration of the sheriff's office, vote at the primaries August 25, for MATTHEW J. MAX.

REPRESENTATIVE

DEMOCRATIC TICKET

I am a candidate for the office of Prosecuting Attorney of Washtenaw County and I sincerely hope you will support me in my candidacy.

If I am nominated and elected, I will faithfully perform the duties of the office and put forth my best efforts in the interests of the people. If you find my character and competency to be of such value as to warrant my election, then I would be pleased to be of such

value as to warrant my election.

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Fancy Cakes !!

in such variety here as no home could or can produce.

PLAIN
FRUIT
LAYER

cakes of every sort. Small cakes too numerous to mention.

No matter what your cake taste may be we can satisfy it with better cakes that you can bake and you'll admit it when once you put them to the test of taste.

C. H. SECKINGER
City Bakery and Grocery

Special Clean-up Sale

Will sell the following goods at

20 Per Cent Discount

Ladies' Shirt Waists, Ladies' White Rattine Skirts, Ladies' Light House Dresses, Children's Light Dresses, Children's Straw Hats, Men's Straw Hats, Ladies' and Children's Muslin Underwear, Ladies' and Children's Oxfords.

Apron Special

Made of Extra Quality Fast Color Percale, extra long, 56 inches long, and carefully made full sizes, regular 75c values.

While They Last, Only 50c

Pictorial Review Fashion Book

for fall on sale, 25c with pattern free.

G. H. BREITENWISCHER

One - More - Chance

to get any of our \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00 Waists

at 98c

Just for Saturday only, August 8th

These waists are all the new styles and waists. Come early if you wish to secure your size.

Extra Large Size Jelly Tumblers, 25c doz.

Your New Gown

will fit right if worn over-one of our Henderson Corsets. Very best quality made for \$1.00, and \$3.00. Come in and look them over.

Best Ice Cream in Town

Sundaes and Sodas, 5c

THE FAIR

When You Want

FERTILIZER

Call at the Mill

where you can get it when you want it.

A 1-3 at \$22.00 a ton.

Other brands in proportion.

Give us a trial order on Fertilizer.

LONIER & HOFFER

THE ENTERPRISE

By MAT D. BLACK

Personal Mention

For nearly 40 years the news of our Manchester people has been told in the *Enterprise* building, and now it is time to tell the news of our Manchester people. We want to know what you have done, and we want to know what you are doing. We want to know what you can't do, what you are failing and what you are failing.

Please do not be afraid to tell us.

Dr. Ackerson, and family attended Sonnenberg's Day at Stockbridge last week and say that it was a grand success.

Mrs. Wiles of Ann Arbor came here Wednesday to assist in caring for her mother, Mrs. G. Vogelbacher who is quite sick.

Miss Clara Neper who was called home by the death of her mother and has been visiting her sister for a few weeks, returned to Minneapolis, Saturday.

\$1.30 A Week: Single Copy \$6

and must first be paid in advance.

Last Date

To which every subscriber's name is added.

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The Hollow of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon

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CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

"I did not see the register at the inn. I did not know till afterwards that we were not booked. Once upstairs, I refused to remove my hat or my veil or my coat until he brought his friend to me. He pretended to be very angry over his friend's failure to be there beforehand, as he had promised. He ordered a supper served in the room. I did not eat anything. Somehow I was beginning to understand, vaguely of course, but surely—and bitterly, Mr. Wrondall. Suddenly he threw off the mask.

"He coolly informed me that he knew the kind of a girl I was. I had been on the stage. He said it was no use trying to work the marriage game on him. He was too old a bird and too wise to fall for that. Those were his words. I was horrified, stunned.

When I began to cry out in my fury, he laughed at me but swore he would marry me even at that if it were not for the fact that he was already married.

"I tried to leave the room. He held me. He kissed me a hundred times before I could break away. I tried to scream. . . . A little later on, when I was absolutely desperate, I snatched up the knife.

There was nothing else left for me to do. I struck at him. He fell back on the bed. . . . I stole out of the house—oh, hours and hours afterward it seemed to me. I cannot tell you how long I stood there watching him.

I was crazed by fear. I—"

Redmond Wrondall held up his hand.

"We will spare you the rest, Miss Castleton," he said, his voice hoarse and unnatural. "There is no need to say more."

"You understand? You do believe me?" she cried.

He looked down at his wife's bowed head, and received no sign from her; then at the white, drawn faces of his children. They met his gaze and he read something in their eyes.

"I—I think your story is so convincing that we—we could not endure the shame of having it repeated to the world."

"I cannot ask you to forgive me, sir. I only ask you to believe me," she murmured brokenly. "I—I am sorry it had to be. God is my witness that there was no other way."

Mr. Carroll came to his feet. There were tears in his eyes.

"I think, Mr. Wrondall, you will now appreciate my motives in."

"Pardon me, Mr. Carroll, if I suggest that Miss Castleton does not require any defense at present," said Mr. Wrondall stiffly. "Your motives were doubtless good. Will you be so good as to conduct us to a room where we may—may be alone for a short while?"

"There was something tragic in the man's face. His son and daughter arose as if moved by an instinctive realization of a duty, and perhaps for the first time in their lives were submissive to an influence they had never quite recognized before—the father's unalterable right to command. For once in their lives they were meek in his presence. They stepped to his side and stood waiting, and neither of them spoke.

Mr. Wrondall laid his hand heavily on his wife's shoulder. She started, looked up rather vacantly, and then arose without assistance. He did not make the mistake of offering to assist her. He knew too well that to question her strength now would be to invite weakness. She was strong. He knew her well.

She stood straight and firm for a few seconds, transfixing Hetty with a look that seemed to bore into the very soul of her, and then spoke.

"You ask us to be your judges?"

"I ask you to judge not me alone but—your son as well," said Hetty, meeting her look steadily. "You cannot pronounce me innocent without pronouncing him guilty. It will be hard."

Sara raised her head from her arms.

"You know the way into my sitting-

"We have found against my son, Miss Castleton," he said, his lips twitching. "He is not here to speak for himself, but he has already been judged. We, his family, apologize to you for what you have suffered from the conduct of one of us. Not one—but all of us believe the story you have told. It must never be retold. We ask this of all of you. It is not in our hearts to thank Sara for shielding you, for her hand is still raised against us. We are fair and just. If you had come to us on that wretched night and told the story of my son's infamy, we, the Wrondalls, would have stood between you and the law. The law could not have touched you then; it shall not touch you now. Our verdict, if you choose to call it that, is sealed. No man shall ever hear from the lips of a Wrondall the smallest part of what has transpired here tonight. Mr. Carroll, you were right. We thank you for the counsel that led this unhappy girl to place herself in our hands."

"Oh, God, I thank thee—I thank thee!" burst from the lips of Sara Wrondall. She strained Hetty to her breast.

"It is not for us to judge you, Sara," said Redmond Wrondall, speaking with difficulty. "You are your own judge, and a harsh one you will find yourself.

As for ourselves, we can only look upon your unspeakable design as the working of a temporarily deranged mind. You could never have carried it out. You are an honest woman. At the last you would have revolted, even with victory assured. Perhaps Leslie is the only one who has a real grievance against you in this matter. I am convinced that he loved Miss Castleton deeply. The worst hurt is his, and he has been your most devoted advocate during all the years of bitterness that has existed between you and us. You thought to play him a foul trick. You could not have carried it to the end. We leave you to pass judgment on yourself."

"We are very glad to see you here, madam," he said. "This room hasn't been used much, as you may observe. Is there anything I can do for you?"

She continued her critical survey of the room. Nothing had been changed since the days when she used to visit her husband here on occasions of rare social importance: such as calling to take him out to luncheon, or to see that he got safely home on rainy afternoons. The big picture of a steamship still hung on the wall across the room. Her own photograph, in a silver frame, stood in one of the recesses of the desk. She observed that there was a clean white blotter there, too; but the ink wells appeared to be empty. If she was to judge by the look of chagrin on the clerk's face as he inspected them. Photographs of polo scenes in which Wrondall was a prominent figure, hung about the walls, with two or three pictures of his favorite ponies, and one of a ragged gipsy girl with wonderful eyes, carrying a

monkey in a crude wooden cage strapped to her back. On closer observation one would have recognized Sara's peculiarly gipsy-like features in the face of the girl; and then one would have noticed the caption written in red ink at the bottom of the photograph: "The Trumbell's Fancy Dress Ball, January 10, '07. Sara as Gipsy Mab."

With a start, Sara came out of her painful reverie. She passed her hand over her eyes, and seemed thereby to put the polite senior clerk back into the picture once more.

"No, thank you. I am Mr. Redmond Wrondall down this afternoon."

"He came in not ten minutes ago. Mr. Leslie Wrondall is also here. Shall I tell Mr. Wrondall you wish to see him?"

"You may tell him that I am here, if you please," she said.

"I am very sorry about the ink wells, madam," murmured the clerk. "We were not expecting—"

"Pray don't let it disturb you, Mr. Carroll. I shall not use them to-day."

"They will be properly filled by to-morrow."

"Thank you."

He disappeared. She relaxed in the familiar, comfortable old leather-cushioned chair, and closed her eyes. There was a sharp little line between them, but it was hidden by the veil.

The door opened slowly and Redmond Wrondall came into the room. She arose at once.

"This is—er—an unexpected pleasure, Sara," he said perplexed and ill-at-ease. He stopped just inside the door he had been careful to close behind him, and did not offer her his hand.

"Perhaps you would prefer to sell out to me," she remarked quietly.

"Not at all!" he said quickly, with a surprised glance at his father. "We couldn't think of letting the business pass out of the Wrondall name."

"You forget that my name is Wrondall," she rejoined. "There would be no occasion to change the firm's name; merely its membership."

"Our original offer stands," said the senior Wrondall stiffly. "We prefer to buy."

"And I to sell. Mr. Carroll will meet you tomorrow, gentlemen. He will represent me as usual. Our business as well as social relations are about to end, I suppose. My only regret is that I cannot further accommodate you by changing my name. Still you may live in hope that time may work even that wonder for you."

"She arose. The two men regarded her in an aggrieved way for a moment.

"I have no real feeling of hostility toward you, Sara," said Leslie nervously. "In spite of all that you said the other night."

"I am afraid you don't mean that deep down in your heart, Leslie," she said, with a queer little smile.

"But I do," he protested. "Hang it all, we—we live in a glass house ourselves, Sara. I dare say, in a way, I was quite as unpleasant as the rest of the family. You see, we just can't help being snobs. It's in us, that's all there is to it."

"Mr. Wrondall looked up from the floor, his gaze having dropped at the first outburst from his son's lips.

"We—we prefer to be friendly, Sara, if you will allow us—"

She laughed and the old gentleman stepped to the middle of the room.

"Have Leslie in by all means," she said, resuming her seat.

He stood straight and firm for a few seconds, transfixing Hetty with a look that seemed to bore into the very soul of her, and then spoke.

"I—I wonder if that can be true," she murmured, rather piteously. "Am I so different from the rest of you? Is the blood to blame?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Carroll nervously. "Don't be silly, Sara, my child. That is not what Mr. Wrondall means."

Wrondall turned his face away.

"You loved as deeply as you hate, Sara," he said, with a curious twitching of his chin. "My son was your god. We are not insensitive to that. Perhaps we have never realized until now the depth and breadth of your love for him. Love is a bitter judge of its enemies. It knows no mercy, it knows no reason. Hate may be conquered by love, but love cannot be conquered by hate. You had reason to hate my son. Instead you persisted in your love for him. We—we owe you something for that, Sara. We owe you a great deal more than I find myself able to express in words."

Leslie entered the room at this instant. He had his overcoat on and carried his gloves and hat in his hand.

"We are ready, father," he said thickly.

After a moment's hesitation, he crossed over to Hetty, who stood beside Sara.

"I can now understand why you refused to marry me, Miss Castleton," he said in a queer, jerky manner.

"Would you let me say that I wish you all the happiness still to be found in this rather uneven world of ours?"

The crowning testimonial to an absolutely sincere ego!

CHAPTER XXII.

Renunciation.

On the third day after the singular trial of Hetty Castleton in Sara's library, young Mrs. Wrondall's motor drew up in front of a lofty office building in lower Broadway; its owner stepped down from the limousine and entered the building. A few moments later she walked briskly into the splendid offices of Wrondall & Co., private bankers and steamship-owners. The clerks in the outer offices stared for a moment in significant surprise, and then bowed respectfully to the beautiful silent partner in the great concern.

It was the first time she had been seen in the offices since the tragic event that had served to make her a member of the firm. A boy at the information desk, somewhat impressed by her beauty and the trim elegance of her long black broad-tail coat, to say nothing of the dark eyes that shone through the narrow veil, forgot the dignity of his office and went so far as to politely ask her who she wanted to see and "what name."

And he lifted him up and gave him a heave which landed him in the mud and left him sprawling over half a block.

Why She Mourned.

"Boo-hoo!" sobbed the lady.

"What are you crying about?" the man asked.

"You know the bread and the jelly I sent to the fair?"

"Yes. Didn't it take a prize? Well, cheer up—those judges."

"But it did take a prize—they both took first prizes—boo-hoo!"

"Well, what are you crying about?"

The bread took first prize as the best specimen of concrete, and the jelly as the best china cement!"

"There Was Nothing Else Left for Me to Do."

"There was, she said, with singular directness. Then she arose and drew her figure to its full height. "Please remember that it is I who am to be judged. Judge me as I have judged you. I am not asking for mercy."

Hetty impulsively threw her arms about the rigid figure, and swept a pleading look from one to the other of the four stony-faced Wrondalls.

They turned away without a word or a revealing look, and slowly moved off in the direction of the boudoir. They who remained behind stood still, motionless as statues. It was Vivian who opened the library door. She closed it after the others had passed through, and did not look behind.

Half an hour passed. Then the door was opened and the tall old man advanced into the room.

"A new boy, Mrs. Wrondall," he

had hastened to explain. To the new boy's surprise, the visitor was conducted with much bowing and scraping into the private offices, where no one ventured except by special edict of the powers.

"Who was it?" he asked. "In some awe, of a veteran stenographer, who came up and sneered at him."

"Mrs. Challis Wrondall, you little simpleton," said she, and for once he failed to snap back.

It is of record that for nearly two whole days, he was polite to every visitor who approached him and was generally worth his salt.

Sara found herself in the close little room that once had been her husband's, but was now scrupulously held in reserve for her own use. Rather a waste of space, she felt as she looked about the room.

"What's this?" He Demanded, Sharply.

"I am very sorry about the ink wells, madam," murmured the clerk.

"We were not expecting—"

"Pray don't let it disturb you, Mr. Carroll. I shall not use them to-day."

"They will be properly filled by to-morrow."

"Thank you."

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"She arose. The two men regarded her in an aggrieved way for a moment.

"I have no real feeling of hostility toward you, Sara," said Leslie nervously.

"Business?" he repeated, staring.

She took note of the tired, haggard look in his eyes, and the tightly compressed lips.

"I intend to dispose of my entire interest in Wrondall & Co.," she announced.

"He took a step forward, plainly started by the declaration.

"What's this?" he demanded sharply.

"We may as well speak plainly, Mr. Wrondall," she said. "You do not care to have me remain a member of the firm, nor do I blame you for feeling as you do about it. A year ago you offered to buy me out—or off, as I took it to be at the time. I had reasons then for not selling out to you. Today I am ready either to buy or to sell."

"You—you amaze me," he exclaimed.

"Does your offer of last December still stand?"

"I—I think we would better have Hetty in, Sara. This is most unexpected. I don't quite feel up to it."

"We—we prefer to be friendly, Sara, if you will allow us—"

She laughed and the old gentleman stepped to the middle of the room.

"Have Leslie in by all means," she said, resuming her seat.

He stood straight and firm for a few seconds, trans

