

MANCHESTER



ENTERPRISE.

Independent in all Things. Devoted to State, County and Home News.

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Manchester Enterprise

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Has a large circulation among the people of Manchester, Mass., Massachusetts, Fairhaven and Families throughout the village.

Manchester, Chelsea, Saline, Clinton, Northville, Brooklyn, Napoleon, Grass Lake, Burleson, building east side of the river, and all adjoining country.

MAT D. BLOSSER, Proprietor.

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Desirable Medium for Advertisers.

RATES MADE KNOWN ON APPLICATION.

Village Officers.

COMMON COUNCIL meets evenings of first and third Wednesdays each month, at the Old Town Hall, on State Street.

President, J. A. Conklin.

Clerk, Elijah G. Clark.

Treasurer, John Keeler.

Assessor, John L. Smith.

Marshal, H. L. Head.

Constable, Horace Wissner.

Street Commissioner, Luman G. Carr.

Police Officer, J. A. Lynch.

Post Master, H. L. Rose.

Fire Department, George Nash, T. J. Farrell, James A. Foulds, M. L. Lyon, Theodore Moorehouse.

BOARD OF EDUCATION meet once a month at the Directors' Office, Adams Building.

President, J. D. Conklin.

Trustee, Dr. C. E. Kapp.

Finance Committee, M. D. Case, J. D. Van Dyke, O. D. Monroe.

THE STORY TELLER

THE NIGHTINGALE.

There comes a time when
The world seems dead and cold,
And the heart is weary and weary—
So it seems to us all.

And the moon is pale and bright,
And the blunting winds are silent—
When the balm of summer is in the air,
And the roses are in blossom fair.

Be as the nightingale's heavenly strain,
With a rich and sonorous refrain,
A captive of delight.

All listen to her music well,
All stop to listen. Her voice is like a lark's,
Sweet-singing in the dark.

He has no pride of feathers due,
Captive of the nightingale,
Divine is his strain,
In his cage in misery.

But from the silence of his heart,
His lips are still,

And through the whole wide world
Is a sad, far distant sound.

Then he goes to his master,
That binds him.

—GOD'S GLORY IN ST. NEBRASKA.

EBEN HIGGINS, BACHELOR.

Mr. Eben Higgins was a confirmed old bachelor, the term signifying in this instance comprising the facts that he had passed his twentieth birthday, and that he was rapidly growing very bald, and that with each successive year of the portion of his existence he had receded further and further into the shell which sheltered his sole protection against woman's wiles.

The same, however, he occupied with his worthy kindred, Mrs. Brown, he had inhabited so long that he was in them most thoroughly at home.

Indeed, as Mr. Higgins was still in the best, he felt himself perfectly secure in occupying any of the small attentions she might be inclined to bestow upon him in the way of some particular delicacy for breakfast or something else, and, despatching just before retiring.

Had Mr. Higgins intended to depart this life, however, it is extremely dubious whether even those comforts would have induced Mr. Higgins to remain in a society marked by hunger.

From the play, certainly no man

has been conscious of some weak spot in his humor, else he would not have sought solace in avoidance. It is natural for the woman's glance to discover the weak spot, and thus find the dangerous thrust, for Mr. Higgins had a very fair proportion of that world's goods, and was, moreover, a very good-looking man.

—Eben Higgins, an evening sitting in an easy-chair, his feet in his stockings, his right leg bent away, and his thoughts, like a flame, burning through his mind, of any such possible designation of his fate, when his hand, a timid knock sounded on his door.

"Well, pardon me, my disturbing you, Mr. Higgins," said when she had obeyed his summons to enter and stood, nervously, before him, twisting one coverlet after another, before he pointedly advanced her, "but you've been staying so long (going on two years now) at our house, that I thought I might take the liberty of consulting you on a most particular subject."

"I don't think you have any nerves, Mr. Higgins," said when she had seated herself to enter and stood, nervously, before him, twisting one coverlet after another, before he pointedly advanced her, "but you've been staying so long (going on two years now) at our house, that I thought I might take the liberty of consulting you on a most particular subject."

"I don't quite comprehend," she said, "What is the matter on which you wish me, nevertheless?"

"Hear me! I haven't told you yet, and I may awake all night long, thinking over what Mr. Higgins, I have had an offer for my pecuniary, and such an offer—six months guarantee, and ten dollars a month more than my price, with fire extra," Brown says, "as a fool tyro can see, sir, but these were Brown's very words, though I confess they sound very strong in repeating." I'd be sorry not to take such an offer; but, deuce, it just makes my flesh crawl to think of it."

"What makes your flesh crawl?" What can mean? Is it a miasma or an infant asphyx which threatens you?"

"Worse than either, sir," said here

Mrs. Brown added, to a mysterious whisper, and she stole a glance of secret terror about the room, as if afraid of some unseen listeners. "Worse than either! It's a medium, as wants them a medium as presents to call people up from their graves, and set them rapping on chairs and tables. Even live folks find better occupation than that; let alone ghosts; yet, I declare to goodness! when I was talking to the young woman yesterday (and she is young, and pretty, too), there came two great knocks right on my chair; and she said that was to show her that the spirits liked the place, and she wasn't to let money come as an object between us."

The dreaded secret at last was out.

Mr. Higgins started.

"I'm inclined to agree with your husband, Mrs. Brown, and think you would be very foolish to allow any absurd superstition to interfere with your closing with an offer otherwise admissible, and I'm sure you'd find your sleep more disturbed by ghostly intruders. There are people simple enough to believe in such rubbish as that."

"I do, we all, I should suppose."

"At the end of a month on one stormy evening he forced Madame Bouville's sole attention."

The result of which conversation—somewhat more protracted, however, than we have room here for—was that

MANCHESTER, MICH., THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1883.

WHOLE NO. 791.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Ezekiel Peabody, of Marlboro, Mass., when twenty-one years old put \$600 in a savings bank at four percent, and never having touched it, wants to know how much he is worth now in his ninety-fifth year.

Frederick Gower, of Maine, has made a million and a half dollars by forming telephone companies in London, and Lydia Norton, of the same State, is singing in Paris at \$12,000 a year, and they are going to be married.

"Old Aunt Annie" Brady, of Baltimore, died. She was sixty years of age, weighed more than four hundred pounds, and owing to her immobility has been unable to work during the past seven years. Her coffin measured two feet deep by two feet six inches wide, and was so large that it could not be put in a hearse, but was borne to the cemetery in a furniture wagon.—*Washington Post*.

An aged couple were married in Lowell, Mass., recently the parties being Leander Randall, of North Andover, aged seventy-four, and Mrs. Philena H. Landers, of Acushnet, aged seventy-three. It was the second marriage—the groom and the fourth of the bride, and three generations of the bride's descendants were present in the persons of her four daughters, three granddaughters, two grandsons, and four great-grandchildren. The two oldest granddaughters acted as bridesmaids.

—A Canadian Romance.

Thirty-six years ago there lived in that pleasant little town down the river called Sorel—very little it was then—a youth and a maiden. The name of the youth was George Beaupre, the name of the maiden, Mary Ann Pearce. They belonged to families of moderate circumstances. He, with the strength and devotion of honest young manhood, loved this maiden, and wed her with her earnestness which only a lover can be given every encouragement; was a number who seem very high to an uninitiated ear. The purchasers of the goods which he sold were ready to make him a rich man, in securing the promise of a high price. They do not want money, but desire riches out of the way. The signature of what this couple leaves them a prey to the most intense impossibilities from the more intelligent but less honest white trafficker. These Indians are industrious, wilfully endeavoring opportunities of earning money by working for it. If they are a bad-tempered race, by reason of liquor and with degraded white previous to its elimination from heathenism, in the coming development of the resources of Alaska they will be a valuable factor in the use of wood and draw water.

—Meredith heaven is it was Madame Bouville who stood beside him. Madame Bouville in the flesh, who in another moment would have been made his wife. Indeed had he not already gone too far to be救?

With his teeth chattering and his limbs trembling beneath him, he was about to break his word to the dearest, when he opened his eyes to find her off, sitting in the chair where Mrs. Brown had left him, when, half an hour before, by the clock, she had come to seek his advice.

With inexpressible relief, he realized that the parlor floor was still unchanged, and that the mysterious medium had not yet taken up her quarters there.

Hastily putting his bell he summoned Mrs. Brown to his presence.

"I have been thinking over this matter, Mrs. Brown," he said, "and I believe I advised you we might wait a year. By all means, if your brother does not remain at his post, let us have no ghosts, and if you suffer any loss through my advice. Eben Higgins, be a good boy, and withdraw to the midland."

—Progress at Portland.

Indeed, the importance and advantages of the ignorant continued the invasions of his mind, spoken for the first time in long years by woman's lips, he did not pause to analyze, as a thrill of strange pleasure made his pulse leap.

Somewhat startled, Mr. Higgins carefully adjusted his glasses, and drew him off from his seat in a sensation as if he were tracking down his bête.

But still greater wonderment was in store for him, after advancing and reflecting for some minutes, the figure gradually and noiselessly approached him and laid his hand instant on his shoulder, as it were, low and directly.

—Eben!

Whether it was the touch of the sound of his name, spoken for the first time in long years by woman's lips, he did not pause to analyze, as a thrill of strange pleasure made his pulse leap.

—Eben Higgins, be a good boy, and withdraw to the midland.

—A good story is told of Colonel McKenzie, lately promoted to be Brigadier-General to succeed General Pope. He was a candidate for the promotion which Miles, the great Indian fighter, received a year or two ago. Shortly before the nomination of Miles, McKenzie was taking a starlight stroll with a friend, when he pointed out with admiration an exceedingly brilliant star (the Brigadier-General's insignia of rank). "It is pretty, Colonel," said his friend, "but that is Miles between you and that star."

—Our Continent.

—Captain Oliver N. Brooks, the faithful watchman of Long Island Sound, who for thirty-one years has kept the light on Franklin's Island burning, has handed

in his resignation. Captain Brown, of the Lightship Board, offered the veteran a furlough of one year and the promise of a good position ashore if he would remain in the service, but he declined.

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—Our Continent.

—Rev. Joseph Cook has returned from his lecturing tour around the world. He left this country for England September, 1880. After nine months in the United Kingdom he made the circuit of the great German universities, and then visited Italy, Greece, Egypt and Palestine. Going by the way of the Red Sea he reached Bombay in January, 1882. In India and Ceylon he spent eighty-four days and delivered forty-two lectures. Then he went up the Chinese coast to Japan, and from Yokohama sailed for South Australia. After visiting the various Australian colonies he set sail for San Francisco, having delivered more than two hundred and fifty lectures in foreign lands.—*Chicago Tribune*.

—He Knocked Off Four.

In riding over to Lost Mountain from Mattice, I came across a young man who was digging postholes for a barbed wire fence, and when I told him what I wanted, he replied:

"I'll go with you. I was in that fort myself, and I can point out every post.

—Who says the art taste of America is not being rapidly developed? A woman who will now pay one dollar for something that doesn't need it in order to get a five cent plaque.—*Boston Herald*.

—A confirmed cynic is curious to know whether the fact of a gentleman having "no tin" may not have something to do with the answer he invariably gives of "not in" when anybody calls upon him with a little bill!—*The Judge*.

—"I think that speech ought to be arrested," said Amédée Pichot, of Paris, to a political arranger. "Why no?" inquired Deacon Gilpin. "On the charge of being a vagrant," was the boy's timely answer.—*Marathon Tribune*.

—The egg traffic in this country amounts to \$5,000,000 per annum.

Something worth culling about and growing over, only the mischief is that when a hen lays one little egg she makes noise enough about it to warrant a currency in her evidence, belief that she had deposited the entire \$5,000,000 worth all at once.

—That was a powerful sermon the doctor preached this morning, said old Farmer Purrow to his wife as they sat at the dinner-table. "Dread it was," he replied, "but do you know, John, every one in the person spoke of the golden egg."

"I'll call it twenty-four instead of twenty-eight dead ducks in front of my position!" That's fair, isn't it?"

—Kept him that nothing could be more ill-timed.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

—The coming employment officer.

"You say you will give me ten dollars a week to do your housework. Have you a wife?" "Yes." "Any children?" "No."

"Will you let me have my gentleman company in the parlor, and make lots of nice presents?" "Oh, yes."

"And will you marry me when your wife dies?" "I can't promise that." "Then I won't come, you stuck-up old curmudgeon!"—*Chicago Times*.

—Invisible lemon: A man recently fell down on Warren street. He was a large individual, and took up lots of the sidewalk, and a bystander thought it the proper time to be funny. "How did you come to fall?" he inquired. "On a bit of lemon," replied the corpulent one. "But I never eat lemon," replied the funny man.

"Well, who said you couldn't?" severely roared the corpulent individual, and he got up and dusted himself off with his handkerchief. "Can any one get lemon in half a dozen cocktails?"

Manchester Enterprise

BY MAT D. BLOSSER.

TUESDAY, JAN. 18, 1883.

Meeting, Conventions, Etc.

Friday afternoon, Jan. 19th—At W. H. Parker's, in this village, meeting of the Presbytery of the Presbyterians.

Two days, Jan. 25th—At the North church in Sarnia, meeting for Rev. W. H. Parker.

Jan. 27th—S. W. Holmes, in Newell, at L. D. Walker's, the latter part of January, but Mr. W. announced that he should stay to the southern part of the trip, so that probably he would not have them meet at that time, but would be pleased to have them later.

The next meeting of the club will be held at the residence of Wm. Pease, near the Iron Creek bridge, on the first Friday in February. The question "What are the best and most profitable kinds of grasses of this section," will be discussed, and Mr. Walker is promised to speak on the subject.

The January meeting was held at the residence of B. G. English, in this town on Friday, the 6th, and was the largest attendance we have seen, which goes to prove that the interest is not flagging.

Mr. Ben. English kindly came after his editor and wife, and treated us to a delightful evening.

The meeting was called to order by President Merlewood. The question was not generally understood, consequently the discussion of "Dairying on the farm and how to make it profitable" was not as interesting as we would otherwise expect. D. W. Palmer thought the first consideration was the right kind of cows, and in proof of the statement he read a paper, which we shall publish, in part hereafter. He is in favor of Durbans, having raised them with satisfaction for many years.

J. G. English began by saying that in all ages farmers have been called heroes. We condemn the Chinese because they color the tea, and yet farmers color their butter. He thought it a bad practice, and inferred that if they would keep the right kind of cows they would not be obliged to resort to such means.

He was in favor of the Jersey cattle, and as he has taken 1st premiums at the state fair on cattle and butter, we are inclined to think his judgment good. He began to tell the audience of the grandeur of butter making; explained how he had seen the ladies fat pigeons, and said the cream from his Jersey cow was about as thick as a pancake, and he could handle it with a knife in a similar manner. He said many people fail in not heating cream right, they "bake" it too much, and was going on with the talk, but remembering that there were ladies present who had enviable reputations for making gilded butter, he stopped short.

B. G. English thought the only way profit could be made was by keeping better cows, and taking better care of them.

Richard Green does not think the lands on the plains are strong enough for dairying; they are not as strong as those near the creek. He has noticed that when grass was all dried up on the plains it would not grow on his farm, but his farm is not adapted for dairying. He does not think it is profitable. Thinks the butter money is the poorest earned money on the farm.

The ladies evidently have a secret way of making butter, for they refused to tell how they did it, in fact they would not express their views on the subject of dairying. It is generally understood that farmers' wives have the butter money (2) and perhaps they don't wish to let their husbands know how much they really get out of the business.

Meet Soc.—"Aunt Addie" gives the question a hearty endorsement, and says her husband is a good dairymen.

"How many farmers' wives divide the butter money with their husbands?"

There was much talk until supper was over, then all "drew up" and did some justice to the elegant repast prepared by Mrs. English and her two daughters.

Mrs. Carlson, then read a selection from "Farmers' Wives," which was listened to with attention.

The author is a woman of excellent breeding, for she has been more than twice married, and has a son and daughter.

"Is there a farmer present who feels he can make more than he does?"

A. H. M. Morrison, Esq., said, "I feel I can make more than I do."

Q.—"What is the best way to keep cattle in winter?"

A.—"W. D. B. Blosser, Esq., said, "The best way to keep cattle in winter is to have them eat what they can get, and the result you will find better than any other method."

Q.—"What is the best way to keep cattle when the weather is cold?"

A.—"W. D. B. Blosser, Esq., said, "The best way to keep cattle when the weather is cold is to have them eat what they can get, and the result you will find better than any other method."

Q.—"What is the best way to keep cattle when the weather is hot?"

A.—"W. D. B. Blosser, Esq., said, "The best way to keep cattle when the weather is hot is to have them eat what they can get, and the result you will find better than any other method."

Q.—"What is the best way to keep cattle when the weather is rainy?"

A.—"W. D. B. Blosser, Esq., said, "The best way to keep cattle when the weather is rainy is to have them eat what they can get, and the result you will find better than any other method."

Q.—"What is the best way to keep cattle when the weather is dry?"

A.—"W. D. B. Blosser, Esq., said, "The best way to keep cattle when the weather is dry is to have them eat what they can get, and the result you will find better than any other method."

Q.—"What is the best way to keep cattle when the weather is cold and rainy?"

A.—"W. D. B. Blosser, Esq., said, "The best way to keep cattle when the weather is cold and rainy is to have them eat what they can get, and the result you will find better than any other method."

Q.—"What is the best way to keep cattle when the weather is hot and rainy?"

A.—"W. D. B. Blosser, Esq., said, "The best way to keep cattle when the weather is hot and rainy is to have them eat what they can get, and the result you will find better than any other method."

Q.—"What is the best way to keep cattle when the weather is cold and dry?"

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Q.—"What is the best way to keep cattle when the weather is cold and rainy and hot and dry?"

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is not all that can be desired in the fruits of which our own as their hands."

Mrs. Calhoun will answer next meeting.

Q.—"Which is the most profitable for three years, one cow that will make 14 pounds of butter per week, or two, to make the same amount?"

A.—By D. W. Palmer. One cow, because it costs double to keep two cows, what it does to keep one. Richard Green thought it more profitable to keep two, for if one cow died you would have one left.

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