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SHIRLEY CARSTONE.

By ELIZA ARCHARD.

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"But I did not. There was no one to turn to. I had no friend. I did not know. I came to Linwood. In your happy home I met your father—and you. It was like paradise to me, after the life I had known. I was drawn to you first by your intellectual gifts, greater than I had believed could be in a woman. You liked me, too, you know that. You lingered about me with your light hearted, sunny nature, your sweet, frank ways, month after month. And then before I knew it, heaven forgive me! I loved you. How I loved you, even then!"

"Yet you deceived me," said Shirley, mournfully. "I would have died for you and you deceived me."

"I could not tell you that horrible story—how could I? If you had known it, you, too, might have turned against me. That was exactly what I could not bear. I read you like an open book, Shirley—you, the soul of purity and truth. You could not have disguised your feelings if you had tried. I read that you were beginning to care for me. I knew it, and the knowledge was very sweet to me. Forgive me, Shirley, that I tell you of it now."

"I can forgive anything in a friend, I think, but want of frankness," she replied in a dull tone.

He winced a little and was silent. Presently he went on:

"I thought when I came to Linwood that I had overcome the weakness, the passionateness of my boyhood. So I had—so it would have been if I had never seen you. All was under my feet, I thought. But I met you. Then for the second time in my life I ran away. Only there I was weak; only there I feared to trust myself. In all else I tried to be what you thought me. I suppose a man may be forgiven for being human, Shirley!"

He paused. She did not speak. She was hurt to the soul. He continued, speaking in low, hurried tone:

"Ever since I left you, there is not a day or a night that I have not thought of you. I have dreamed what life might have been to me had I been free. As it was, you have been like a star to me. I have been true to you in every word and thought. I have striven to keep myself pure and high in thought, to make my life helpful to others. Then, if ever the time was when I should be free, though it were fifty years, I could look honestly into your dear eyes and tell you—I have come to lay my heart at your feet. And so I would have come."

Then there was silence. Nothing broke it save the ticking of the clock in the little station. At last the master said:

"I am going now, Shirley. Good-by."

She held out her hand; it was death cold.

"I think you have broken my heart," she said, "but I forgive you."

That was their parting.

CHAPTER XIV.

LINWOOD TRANSFORMED.

Shirley had sighed for change. Well, she had had it.

"You wanted change, did you?" she said to herself. "How do you like it, now you've got it?"

She laughed at Shirley Carstone, in her bitterness, flying homeward in the train that day. For two weeks she had been as happy as she thought it was given mortal to be.

And now? She said to her other self if there was a human being on earth who thought himself more wretched than she was, she would be willing to change places with him.

An old metaphysical question floated into her mind as she fled homeward still in that dull train. Whether is it better to know great happiness and at the same time take with it the fatal gift of susceptibility to intense suffering, or to jog along moderately comfortable, without ever experiencing the highest height of joy or the deepest depth of misery? In her stunned, broken mental state, Shirley debated the pros and cons of that old question half a day. Finally she said:

"It is better to know neither great joy nor great suffering. There is more pain than pleasure in the world, anyhow. The unimpressionable are the only happy. Thick skinned people don't have half so much bother."

In her blind misery little things the most absurd came into Shirley's mind. Col. Carstone had disliked crying women excessively. Once in her father's lifetime she had seen her mother weeping. Her father had said smilingly:

"My dear, dry your tears. Crying women are an abnormal growth. They are the result of excessive emotional development in the sex since the days when man was monkey. Think how many handkerchiefs have been worn out, how many bright eyes have been spoiled. Yes, think how many classic noses have been reddened through excessive emotional development. My dear, don't do it!"

Her mamma dried her tears instantly. She was always slightly in awe of her strong, merry husband. But the matter seemed to strike Col. Carstone somehow. He thought of it further. Her mother left the room presently, and then he said rather seriously:

"Shirley, don't you ever be one of the snivveling kind. Be a rational, sensible human being. Rely on your brains for happiness, instead of on your emotions. Since the world began, there have always been Byrons to tell the race that man's love is of man's life a part, 'tis woman's whole existence. Women have been told this so often that they begin to think it is a credit to them to break their hearts, so as to display their superior emotional nature. It's rubbish, Shirley. Women make two-thirds of their unhappiness themselves, through sentimental nonsense. It is not their fault, either, so much. The nonsense has been educated into them, and must be educated out. They must learn self control. The coming woman will repress her abnormal emotional development, and put it back into its right place. Then women will no longer be more unhappy than men. Shirley, it would trouble me to the latest day of my life if I thought my daughter would be one of these uncontrolled, emotional women."

Shirley laughed. "Do I look like that, papa?" she said.

"No; thank God!" her father replied, fervently.

"But what a solemn sermon you have preached me," she continued.

"Very well, daughter, lay it away for a rainy Sunday, and then read it," he answered.

Had the rainy Sunday come? Was this what her father meant? Now, after all, had she, Shirley, inherited through ages of mothers that some fatal emotional development her father had warned her against? Was she going to let it wreck her life? How she scorned herself! And yet——

It was a strange psychological experience Shirley passed through at this time. It was such a rude unsetting of all the ways of thought to which she had been accustomed. The faiths and the ideals to which she had clung all her life, had been torn out by the roots. Nights of sleeplessness followed days of fierce mental conflict, till at last she found herself in an odd state of physical exhaustion and mental exaltation.

In the depths of her grief, the most laughable incidents she had known, the most comical stories she had heard, came up before her with perverse persistency, and mocked her like fiends. Weird faces followed her and watched her in the darkness, and finally in the daylight. They were genuine physical images; she saw them plainly with her waking eyes, in her right senses. She could have described the dress they wore, the color of their hair. The same images haunted her day after day. This one had the identical peculiarities of dress, that one grinned at her with his ugly mouth in the same way each time. And these unpleasant images had no connection in the remotest manner with anything in Shirley's life so far as she could trace.

She recognized these figures as the hallucination of disordered nerves, she reasoned about them to herself in cold blood, and yet they tormented her constantly. And all the while she kept wholly shut up within herself. No living creature knew of this storm of feeling that shook her because of "abnormal development of the emotional temperament," as she called it to herself, smiling grimly. No living creature knew she had met Mr. Morrison again. And nobody found it out.

If her father had been living there would have been help for her. He was the one friend of her life who would have understood and sympathized with her, and helped her out of this chaos. But her father was lying in the Carstone graveyard up there on the hill, with the grass of six years above him!

There was no help for her. She must fight it out alone!

DEACON DURHAM.

If she could have got away from Linwood it would not have been so hard. The bald rusticity and poverty of the lives of those around her never was so hateful to her. Only for her mother and the children she could have turned her back upon this scene. The busy whirl, the excitement of city work have a fascination for the young. Shirley could have plunged into these and found rest. At least she could have found congenial intellectual companionship. Here she was as utterly alone as Robinson Crusoe on his island. But had not her father said—"Take care of your mother, Shirley, take care of them all?"

There—was nobody to take care of the children, to have patience with her mother, absolutely nobody but Shirley. Here she was, and here she was to be tied to her country school, correcting the bad grammar of the children, listening alternately to the vulgar neighborhood clack and the peevish complainings of her mother, putting her hands too to work, now with the needle, now in household labor and out in the grounds. That was to be her life forever, hum-drum, like the clicking of a blacksmith beetle. Oh! if she could only get away! But no!

She faced her prospect and saw that the battle must be fought out in Linwood. Fate is hard on women.

Finally Shirley observed that this eating her heart out in silence was beginning to disturb her seriously. How she longed for some break in the dull monotony of fretting!

One morning she found her brother Pet seriously ill of a fever. He became worse through the day. Shirley herself went for the doctor.

Back of the village was a hideous patch of ground of several acres. It was called the "common," possibly from the fact that it was common dumping ground for all miscellaneous rubbish of the town. In the growing season it was covered with weeds.

The summer had been the rainiest one in many years. As Shirley passed by the common she saw it was covered with a stagnant, bubbling water. Poisonous exhalations seemed to rise from it and glisten in the sun. She entered the village. Rank weeds fringed the street in front of nearly every house. The stagnant water lay in pools along the roadway, at intervals, through the whole village. She wondered how it was she had never noticed the weeds and decaying water before.

She had scarcely been in the village since her return. But now she was struck with the sickly, greenish-yellow hue on the faces of persons she met. Surely, they did not look like that always. She neared the center of interest in the village, Simpkins' grocery. She saw something unusual had taken place. A huddle of men, sparsely sprinkled with members of the weaker sex, were gathered there. A look of gloom, of fear was in their faces.

An epidemic of fever had broken out in the village. The children and old people were dying. Some of Shirley's best pupils were down with it. Being so wholly taken up with her own griefs, Shirley had not heard of it.

For, something unusual, Deacon Durham was in the throng. Moreover he was talking, and that excitedly. He was in his shirt sleeves, his skeleton arms waving to and fro, his thin, gray locks shaking with excitement as he talked. There was the gleam of fanaticism in his eye.

"The wrath of the Lord is upon Linwood," Shirley heard him say. "This sickness is a judgment upon the people for their sins. The children walk in the ways of the ungodly. They go swimming in waters on the Sabbath day. The women are disobedient to their husbands, setting themselves up on the level of men. They attire themselves in gay apparel, not conducive to the glory of God, yea, wearing bonnets with flowers in them. Whereas sin came into the world by a woman, therefore is the anger of the Lord kindled against this town. These presumptuous females have brought a profane instrument of music into the Sabbath school."

His eye fell on Shirley. The crowd parted slightly. Pointing his skinny finger at her, the deacon continued his fierce denunciation:

"Yea, following the lead of godless female teachers, they have set up the scandalous practice of praising the Lord with fiddles. The Almighty will not hold them guiltless. 'I suffer not a woman to teach.' This people have departed from the straight way. Therefore is the sword of the Lord against them. Therefore I visit them with the pestilence that walketh in darkness, saith the Lord. Woe! woe! woe! to Sodom and Gomorrah!"

"Oh, bother!" Deacon Durham," said Shirley, "that's nonsense. There is not a word in the Bible against praising the Lord with fiddles. And as to washing in waters, if the children of this town did it a good deal of once, they would be better off and healthier. The Lord never said a female should not teach, either. It was a man said that. But I quite agree with you that the Almighty has sent a pestilence on Linwood. You are right that His wrath is kindled against this people for their sins, truly enough. He is visiting His wrath upon them because they are lazy and slovenly. Look at that common out there! It is a blister on the face of a civilized community. That's where the fever comes from mostly. It has rained nearly every day this season. The wind has been from the west. It has brought disease and death upon its wings from that foul, reeking pond over there. Look at these nasty puddles in front of your very doors! Look at these masses of rank, rotten weeds. Two hours' work a week from each gentleman who spends so much leisure time in the grocery would change this dirty, pokey, little town into a garden of Eden. But they don't give it. They let the common lie festering in the sun, month after month, bringing fever and sickness. This is why the wrath of the Almighty is kindled against them, and not because a poor little woman wears a flower in her bonnet. Is it likely the Creator of the universe would be in such small business as that?"

"No, by thunder!" exclaimed Jim Sweet.

Then Shirley got her doctor and her medicines and went home. The sickness raged in earnest. It took off Hughie Carter and Katy Tringle. Mis' Simpkins was left a widow. The gossips said her husband was just too lazy to fight the fever, and so gave up and died. Pet Carstone was very ill. The pestilence attacked old Mme. Frenchy, Mrs. Carstone's nurse. At last it fastened its grisly clutches upon that tough old Christian, Deacon Durham himself. It shook his ancient bones, it scorched his cold inwards. It rattled him soul and body. Plainly here was the wrath of the Lord kindled also against the righteous. It wasn't the fair thing, not at all.

There were weeping and desolation and terror in Linwood. Shirley worked night and day, tending the sick and helping the well in all ways in her power. Three persons were a self-constituted committee of relief. They were the Presbyterian minister, the doctor and Shirley. After the first two the girl came next in authority, by virtue of being the teacher, partly, but especially by virtue of being Shirley. These three worked together with a will. The helpless, ignorant villagers instinctively looked to them to do their thinking for them and to aid them in their distress. And the three had their hands full.

Shirley's sermon had sunk into the minds of one or two who heard it. After the pestilence abated the sermon returned afresh to them. They thought of it and talked. It was strange, but they had never noticed how unsightly the common—that camping ground of geese and pigs—was before.

Once more the three lights of Linwood, the Presbyterian minister, the doctor and Shirley, laid their heads together. A Village Improvement Society, with a big "I" and "S" was formed. Shirley was secretary.

When the town dignitaries came to consult about what should be done with their weeds, their unclean streets, their goose ponds, and, above all, their boss nuisance, the common, they found that their girl secretary knew more than they all put together. It was Shirley who had heard about drainage and tree planting and landscape gardening. She had her father to thank for that again. She had heard him talk of all this many a time. The books he studied were still there.

When the dry weather of late summer set in the Village Improvement people began their task with enthusiasm. The enthusiasm did not lag after the first year, either.

Processes are tedious. They are exceedingly unromantic, therefore not proper for a novel. We skip them, and go on to results.

The hideous common became Linwood park, a thing of beauty. The ground was leveled and filled with solid sweet earth, the plat was drained. The swamp in the center, the most unsightly and unwholesome spot of all, was changed by the magical power of brains and fingers into an exquisite tiny lake, the pearl and soul of the park.

Beautiful evergreen and hard wood forest trees were planted, and clumps of blossoming shrubs. Winding walks were made. Here and there the green was dotted with beds of brilliant flowers.

The Improvement Society with a big I and S did not stop its missionary labors at the park. It invaded the village. The riot act was read to the pigs and geese, and they roamed the highways and the byways at their own sweet will no more. The streets were drained, straightened and laid out regularly. Sidewalks and streets were neatly paved, and in time kept slightly and clean. The patches of weeds in front of the Linwood homes disappeared and their place was taken by brilliant patches of grass and flowering plants. Saplings from the woods were set out in the town, and in time these became noble avenues of trees. Shirley ransacked her brain and her father's books, and rediscovered graceful native vines and beautiful flowering trees.

The Improvement Society proclaimed loud and long the doctrine of mercy to the birds.

The Presbyterian minister preached sermons about it from his pulpit. Shirley preached sermons about it in her school. How the birds made the landscape beautiful, how they gladdened the earth with their songs, how they were man's best friend in killing insects that destroyed the fruits and grain for his food, was dinned into all their minds. This gospel was proclaimed alike from the pulpit and the school house till that Linwood child who would have killed a bird would have been a daring criminal indeed.

The teaching bore its good fruit in due season. Bright winged creatures—the red bird, the blue bird and the yellow bird—darted in and out among the leafy trees and played, as much at home as if they had been in their native forest, as indeed they were not far from being. The little winged singers opened their throats and poured forth sound till the air throbbed and thrilled with melody in the very heart of Linwood.

So the wrath of the Lord was averted, and the village was visited no more with epidemics of sickness. Out of the pestilence arose healthfulness, beauty and refinement. Linwood became noted far and wide as a model village.

City people who sighed for rural life were attracted thither in numbers. They brought with them additional wealth, intelligence and taste. The town increased in population. From being what we first knew it, Linwood became the ideal, beautiful country town.

And it was Shirley, the inspiring and suggestive, who was at the bottom of it all—Shirley, God bless her! the people said.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SILK COLONY.

So at last, as always, though constantly working and thinking for others, calmness of soul came to Shirley.

Was her heart broken? Well, there was much left in life still.

It was her hard fate to be tied in this one little village. Linwood it was to be, for good or ill. She recognized her fate and made the best of it. At length she became more warmly interested than she could have believed in things about her.

The village improvement scheme was only a part of her labors. From long habit of thought her mind still followed the old ideals of her unwritten poem. She found no calm, no time yet to begin the poem. It must be put off still again. But meantime, following the one golden thread of thought, she unconsciously turned to women.

During the fever Shirley had found among the villagers a poverty and an unhappiness that surprised her. Persons who have the sense of respectability, however small, instinctively put the best foot forward. Behind many a neat street garb a hungry stomach sits and howls in secret.

The specter of sickness attacked the households and shook out the hidden specters in plain sight. Shirley perceived constantly a barrenness of the commonest small comforts, a lack even of articles of food that was painful to her. It was the case alike among the overworked farm wives and the idle, gadding village wives. Poverty she herself knew, she thought. But it was that independent poverty which has fertility of resource, the poverty which whets the edge of struggle and aspiration. From this kind of poverty everything that is worth having in the world has come.

But these women? The larger part of the small things which Shirley thought a civilized human being regarded as necessities of life were to them unknown luxuries. In such a hard, stupid poverty as this, what hope?

Could nothing be done to help them? The question haunted Shirley. Could they not somehow be put in the way of helping themselves? Verily there was little that they might even hope for. An untrained grown woman in a village can do nothing to get money. Although there was among them lack of so many of the small things that make life desirable, yea, absolute want now and then, these women had no lack of time on their hands. It was the habit of many of them, women and girls, to sit and gaze idly out the window, hour after hour. A little spasmodic, intermittent effort finished the small work they were obliged to do. For the rest, nothing. They had no knowledge of anything better and no incentive to action. That was all there was in life for them. They had even no appreciation that it was a sin to waste time so. Their idleness and poverty brought with it a poverty of soul that was most hopeless of all.

It was at this period that public attention was first being generally called to the beautiful silk weaving industry in this country. Shirley herself had visited the mills, and been delighted as anybody must be with the exquisite fabrics wrought there.

The workmen showed her the filmy, shining threads from which the splendid fabrics were made. These had all to be brought over seas, they told her. It was certain the mulberry tree could be reared here at home, and the silk cocoons produced. The production of raw silk was an industry scarcely less beautiful than that of weaving the threads, and remunerative too. It was not done in America simply because it was not done.

One day, thinking of the idle, yet poverty stricken women she knew, Shirley happened to recall what she had heard in the silk mills. She put the two together.

Once more, processes are dull to outsiders. Therefore again we skip them. There is enough dullness in this world, Lord knows! even after we get rid of all we can.

No, we will have only results, for the present. The women's silk colony of Linwood—behold—is it not known to every intelligent person in the land? An intelligent person is one who reads newspapers.

Shirley obtained all the information possible. She planted her mulberry shoots, she got her cocoons and learned how to take care of them. Travelers on the now much frequented road past the stone house to the village turned to watch again the noble figure and bent head of the woman who was so intently busy in the grounds. Out there among her silk trees she might well have been taken for the reincarnation of the splendid empress who first introduced silk culture among her grateful people and thence gave it to the world.

Silk culture would have prospered in America more than 200 years ago, only that tobacco rooted it out. It did not do so in Linwood. Shirley experimented with her mulberries and silk worms till she was successful. She taught the secret to the neighbor women. The new and graceful employment spread among them. At length the colony produced annually no inconsiderable quantity of raw silk of an admirable quality.

The women and children did the work. It brought hundreds of dollars to the poor, stingy little neighborhood. Weed patches became mulberry gardens. In truth, there was by and by not a weed left in that region. Linwood became prosperous, handsome and ambitious. Articles of taste, beauty and comfort were added yearly to the humble homes. The hard, poverty stricken lives of the women blossomed out till they became new creatures under the magic of prosperity. They learned how admirable a thing it is for a human being to earn his own money and spend it as he pleases. They tasted the sweets of independence.

The village women sloughed off the idleness of their wasted lives. In the round of healthy, happy, paid work they forgot the idle talkee-talkee of other years. They outgrew the spite, the narrow feminine jealousies. They could no longer spend time from money getting to indulge in these peculiar little amusements.

There was another good result.

The town became a general center of interest. Foreigners visiting the country and tourists from half over the continent came there to see the women's silk colony. Whether they looked at the handsome, tree embowered village itself, with its clean, smooth streets and tasteful homes, the novel, successful industry that had contributed so greatly to its prosperity, or at the well fed, well dressed, girls and children—everything they saw was interesting and pleasing. There came so many that a neat and roomy hotel had to be built to accommodate them. It was kept by our friend Mis' Simpkins. The march of improvement had trodden under foot the show window with the box of blacking and two clothes pins.

The numerous visitors to the silk colony became a source of revenue to the village. It was suddenly discovered, too, by and by, that Linwood had exceptional advantages as a summer resort.

Nor yet was this all. With the advent of good times came better food, gentler ways, and more happiness to Linwood homes. Husbands and sons who had been wont to spend their hours and their earnings too much away from home, waked up gradually to find home had grown attractive before they were aware of it. There was music, there were books and games in their own houses of evenings. They also found pretty maidens and neat, cheerful matrons there. They found themselves exceedingly astonished to discover a remarkable fact—there was more fun at home than anywhere else.

The impulse of the ordinary woman who earns money, is to use it first to adorn her person, next her home. Neither is this a wicked impulse. It is not even an unwholesome one.

Linwood women were ordinary. They were exceedingly ordinary. Therefore they decorated first themselves, then their homes. With the stimulus that money of their own, and communication with minds outside of their own gave them, they, too, waked up to some important facts. They learned how far behind the day they were in their social ways, their housekeeping. They took to improved methods. There had been bitter quarreling and heartburning, family rows, in short, in many a Linwood household before, because of the undoubted preference of the masculine half of the house for the grocery and rum shop.

Linwood mothers and daughters made now the astounding discovery that wives and children who are neat, handsome and merry—delicate food, pretty healthful homes, music and jolly yet harmless home amusement, have more attraction for men than even a rum shop. Wives and daughters have the inside track all the time with the average masculine animal, if they only had sense enough to keep it.

Linwood had heard temperance lectures since the time the noble red man gave up and surrendered to the white man. Yet here, right under their noses, was a temperance lecture worth more than all the rest. How odd they had never thought of it before!

So Linwood was transformed, wholly and forever.

It was in very truth Shirley who did all. It was over again what George Morrison had read to her from the enchanted life of Joan of Arc:

"Daughter of God, all things were under her."

Was it not so?

To accomplish worthy aims, three things are necessary: Unselfishness, singleness of purpose and eternal enthusiasm.

Shirley gave up her village school at length. She gave it into the hands of one of her best pupils. So from the master to Shirley, from Shirley to the favorite pupil, the school was handed down and kept running on worthily in the wise old ways.

Shirley had other work that was more remunerative, and that was forced on her always as the first consideration. With all she had on her hands, it was her steady regret that she found no time to do her best at anything. Night never closed in on her and found her free from a care for the next day. She never had one week to rest.

She had now a modest yet solid distinction as a writer. The ideals in literature that she had set before her as peerless statues when she was 16, were locked away from human sight. Out of the fullness of the practical knowledge she had gained in her years of toil and trial, she wrote now. It was exactly this feature that made her work of especial value for everyday reading. People are glad to read that which helps them practically.

But she wrote no more poetry.

* * * * *

Linwood had indeed changed since we knew it first. Now it had a railroad. Trains daily went thundering past the old stone house, till its very walls shook. Little regard have iron and steam for beauty in nature. They laugh to scorn sentimental memories. The old mill was pulled down by the railway company. The iron tracks followed the bed of the picturesque mill race. They cut through the heart of the clump of graceful swaying willows, the very willows under which Shirley had sat while the master read to her the marvelous story of Joan of Arc.

Even so the iron had cut through the heart of Shirley's romance. Even so, God help us! the iron pierces the soul of us all, every one.

And one fine morning Shirley waked and remembered she was 30 years old.

The brothers and sisters were nearly all men and women now. Alice, the youngest, was 14. Harry was 17. These two were especially near to Shirley. They had hung about her neck in their helpless babyhood. Fatherless, worse, than motherless, they had only this tall, strong sister to cling to.

During these years so many minor incidents had happened in the Carstone family that it has not been possible to keep up with them all. It was well Shirley's worldly prospects had brightened. As the children grew older the need of money to educate them, to start them in life, increased constantly. Shirley worked and planned without ceasing to meet the demand. It gave her steady pride and pleasure that she was able to do so.

The children followed each his natural bent, no two of them alike. Percy, who had been so fond of studying the ways of birds and insects, developed into a naturalist. He was a slender, handsome youth, devoted to his studies with enthusiasm.

Pet, otherwise Master Francis Peyton, surprised the family by saying deliberately one day:

"Shirley, I want to go to West Point. I have made up my mind to it."

His mother looked at him in amazement.

"Great guns! Pet," said Percy, "you're foolin'. You mind when you used to hold your hands over your ears and run and hide your head in the pillows when father was teaching Tom to shoot at a mark? If you went into the army, somebody might fire off a shooting cracker close to your ear on a Fourth of July—what'd you do then?"

"I've made up my mind I want to go to West Point," was all the answer Pet made.

Shirley was the magician who did everything for everybody in the Carstone family. Her brother got his wish. Children develop in unexpected ways, sometimes. Pet, the timid, the delicate "girl boy" of the Carstones, became the soldier. A gallant soldier he made, too. Strangely enough, he was daring to recklessness. Of all the four sons he was the one who in manhood most resembled their brave, dashing father.

With Tom and Brownie Shirley had most trouble. Brownie was a dancing, springing, merry little cricket of a creature, as full of life as a squirrel, as mischievous, too. She was a very pretty girl, with laughing brown eyes, crisply curling black hair, clear, ivory tinted skin, nose faintly "tip-tilted," and lips like a scarlet cherry. She was much admired and sought after.

Given her own way in all things, and Miss Brownie at 18 was the most charming young lady in the world. But given not her own way, she could make the household hum to a degree beyond the supposed capacity of gentle young ladydom.

There was inborn in poor Brownie a passionate fondness for things beautiful and artistic. Had her father lived her tastes would have been gratified, and Brownie would have been happy. As it was, she chafed with bitter impatience against the Carstone poverty. She longed to wear bright jewels and pretty dresses, to get away from Linwood, the mean and the narrow. And being not of the heroic turn, she only stayed there and fretted, instead of trying to work out her wishes for herself.

[CONTINUED.]

A Funeral in Corea.

A Corean funeral is a sad affair. The female relatives, at least, do not accompany the body to the grave, and the mourning is done at the house and at the grave only by hired professional mourners. If the dead man was very poor he is carried to his grave on a bier of simplest construction, borne by two men, who often set their burden on the ground as they rest. The body is shielded from sight only by a semi-cylinder of paper, and it is placed in the grave with no coffin to hinder contact with the earth. The cost of burial in such a case is only about $2. —Seoul Cor. New York Post.

The Indian still holds 134,000,000 acres in this country.

ANTICS OF AN APE.

Trying to Catch a Stray Monkey in Paris—A Question of Ownership.

Poe's tragic tale of the murderous antics of an ape in Paris has just found a comical counterpart. Oddly enough, both dramas were enacted in the same locality, that is to say, not far from the morgue. A bevy of newly enlisted conscripts, with painted pictures on their hats, were crossing the Point Neuf, arm in arm, keeping step to the tune of the "Marseillaise," when suddenly they saw a small but nimble monkey leaping and bounding in front of them, making a zigzag course, from one side of the bridge to the other, frightened at the water on either hand, and too beaddled in mind to think of making a straight and swift escape to the end of the bridge, and thence to his home. The young conscripts, forgetting their country and its national song, gave a scream of delight, broke ranks and gave instant chase after the lively little beast. The raw recruits, undisciplined yet eager for action, performed prodigies of valor in running against and knocking one another down, and whisking off one another's picture covered hats, but no one of the hunters caught the monkey. He dodged deftly between the collective legs of the whole battalion, and was as brisk in his "new departures" as the Irishman's flea. Soon the melee, like a traveling gust of wind, was transferred from the bridge to the adjoining quai de la meggiserie. Here the numerous passers by, on seeing the fun, at once joined in it, adding to the baffled military force a fresh civil reserve. The spectacle was exhilarating. The crowd became dense, and everybody was soon stupidly looking down and around, here and there, expecting the monkey to be found under somebody's feet.

"Poor thing, he will probably be trampled to death," exclaimed some humane voices.

But this apprehension was soon put at rest. A hundred merry throats suddenly burst into a ringing cheer. Had the monkey been caught? No! He was farther than ever from such an ignominious fate—he had climbed a tree!

"Look at the little brute," said a stout gentleman, who had a legal portfolio under his arm, "how he is grinning at us! showing contempt to the court and jury."

Two or three ragamuffins, veritable gamins, then climbed the monkey's tree, al——s as nimbly as if they had been ——s themselves. Did they get their hands upon their Simian brother? Not at all! He hopped from branch to branch, and, on being hotly pressed, made a final and splendid jump—better than anything done on the trapeze at the hippodrome—landing himself safely on the next tree. The gamins were badly laughed at. Nothing so ill succeeds as ill success, as Talleyrand might have observed. But the gamins were not to be disconcerted by a laugh nor outwitted by an ape. The young rogues attacked the next tree, and the next, until the monkey, having no more trees to leap into, skipped at last to the only remaining refuge, which was the top of a lamp post. On this low pinnacle of evident danger his chances of maintaining his liberty and life might have been small, except for the opportune interference of a tall policeman, who said:

"Stand off, boys, I will reach up and take him down, quietly."

Whereupon the gentle giant outstretched his long right arm, and grazed the willing captive, who showed manifest signs of relief at thus receiving the protection of the law.

Was the sport now over? Certainly not. It was, in fact, renewed.

"Who is the owner of this animal? Let him step forth and claim his property," said the officer, magisterially.

"The monkey is mine," replied a whiskered young man, with unkempt hair and an uncanny look.

"No; he is mine," replied a small boy, smaller even than any of the gamins who had climbed the trees.

"You are a little liar," rejoined the unkempt man.

"You are a big thief," retorted the courageous lad.

In two minutes the popular interest in this dispute grew to a fever heat. There was something in the honest, scared, tearful look of the little boy that excited the sympathy of the bystanders. A policeman is, of all men, pre-eminently suspicious. The policeman who held the monkey gave a searching and suspicious look at the grizzly whiskerando who stood as claimant.

"Give the monkey to the little boy," cried several voices in the crowd.

"Not without evidence," replied the officer. "So, now, my little man, can you prove to me that this monkey is yours?"

"Yes, I can," cried the boy triumphantly; "this is a he monkey, and I have his wife in my pocket!"

Whereupon, to the astonishment and delight of the applauding crowd, the lad drew forth from his pocket a tiny pet female monkey, the animal which the French call the guenon. The evidence was complete, and, as the French journalists say, "the incident was closed."—Kansas City Journal.

The Salt Craze.

The majority of our readers will remember the blue glass craze which raged so furiously in 1871-2. The manufactories of blue glass reaped an enormous harvest, and people who never allowed the sun to shine upon them before permitted its beams to reach them through blue glass hung in convenient southern windows. There are some indications that another craze is coming to take the place of blue glass and the more recent furor of hot water. The latest is the consumption of sea salt or rock salt from Turk's Island as a cure for nearly all the ills of the body. The craze has reached Utica and is traveling this way. So far, the sea salt eaten in season and out of season has been found to cure consumption, dyspepsia and kidney difficulty, headache and general good for nothingness.—Rochester Democrat.

A Remarkable Flower.

A remarkable flower which grows 14,000 feet above the sea on Mount Whitney is described by Rev. Mr. Travers in The New York Times. This is 1,500 feet above the timber line, among the clouds, where all other vegetation has utterly ceased to exist. It is called Polygonum confertum or Jacob's ladder.—San Francisco Chronicle.

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SHIRLEY CARSTONE.

By ELIZA ARCHARD.

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"But I did not. There was no one to turn to. I had no friend. I did not know I came to Linwood. In your happy home I met your father—and you. It was like paradise to me, after the life I had known. I was drawn to you first by your intellectual gifts, greater than I had believed could be in a woman. You liked me, too, you know that. You lingered about me with your light hearted, sunny nature, your sweet, frank ways, month after month. And then before I knew it, heaven forgive me! I loved you. How I loved you, even then!"

"Yet you deceived me," said Shirley, mournfully. "I would have died for you and you deceived me."

"I could not tell you that horrible story—how could I? If you had known it, you, too, might have turned against me. That was exactly what I could not bear. I read you like an open book, Shirley—you, the soul of purity and truth. You could not have disguised your feelings if you had tried. I read that you were beginning to care for me. I knew it, and the knowledge was very sweet to me. Forgive me, Shirley, that I tell you of it now."

"I can forgive anything in a friend, I think, but want of frankness," she replied in a dull tone.

He winced a little and was silent. Presently he went on:

"I thought when I came to Linwood that I had overcome the weakness, the passionateness of my boyhood. So I had—so it would have been if I had never seen you. All was under my feet, I thought. But I met you. Then for the second time in my life I ran away. Only there I was weak; only there I feared to trust myself. In all else I tried to be what you thought me. I suppose a man may be forgiven for being human, Shirley?"

He paused. She did not speak. She was hurt to the soul. He continued, speaking in low, hurried tone:

"Ever since I left you, there is not a day or a night that I have not thought of you. I have dreamed what life might have been to me had I been free. As it was, you have been like a star to me. I have been true to to you in every word and thought. I have striven to keep myself pure and high in thought, to make my life helpful to others. Then, if ever the time was when I should be free, though it were fifty years, I could look honestly into your dear eyes and tell you—I have come to lay my heart at your feet. And so I would have come."

Then there was silence. Nothing broke it save the ticking of the clock in the little station. At last the master said:

"I am going now, Shirley. Good-by."

She held out her hand; it was death cold.

"I think you have broken my heart," she said, "but I forgive you."

That was their parting.

CHAPTER XIV.

LINWOOD TRANSFORMED.

Shirley had sighed for change. Well, she had had it.

"You wanted change, did you?" she said to herself. "How do you like it, now you've got it?"

She laughed at Shirley Carstone, in her bitterness, flying homeward in the train that day. For two weeks she had been as happy as she thought it was given mortal to be.

And now? She said to her other self if there was a human being on earth who thought himself more wretched than she was, she would be willing to change places with him.

An old metaphysical question floated into her mind as she fled homeward still in that dull train. Whether is it better to know great happiness and at the same time take with it the fatal gift of susceptibility to intense suffering, or to jog along moderately comfortable, without ever experiencing the highest height of joy or the deepest depth of misery? In her stunned, broken mental state, Shirley debated the pros and cons of that old question half a day. Finally she said:

"It is better to know neither great joy nor great suffering. There is more pain than pleasure in the world, anyhow. The unimpressionable are the only happy. Thick skinned people don't have half so much bother."

In her blind misery little things the most absurd came into Shirley's mind. Col. Carstone had disliked crying women excessively. Once in her father's lifetime she had seen her mother weeping. Her father had said smilingly:

"My dear, dry your tears. Crying women are an abnormal growth. They are the result of excessive emotional development in the sex since the days when man was monkey. Think how many handkerchiefs have been worn out, how many bright eyes have been spoiled. Yes, think how many classic noses have been reddened through excessive emotional development. My dear, don't do it!"

Her mamma dried her tears instantly. She was always slightly in awe of her strong, merry husband. But the matter seemed to strike Col. Carstone somehow. He thought of it further. Her mother left the room presently, and then he said rather seriously:

"Shirley, don't you ever be one of the sniveling kind. Be a rational, sensible human being. Rely on your brains for happiness, instead of on your emotions. Since the world began, there have always been Byrons to tell the race that man's love is of man's life a part, his woman's whole existence. Women have been told this so often that they begin to think it is a credit to them to break their hearts, so as to display their superior emotional nature. It's rubbish, Shirley. Women make two-thirds of their unhappiness themselves, through sentimental nonsense. It is not their fault, either, so much. The nonsense has been educated into them, and must be educated out. They must learn self control. The coming woman will repress her abnormal emotional development, and put it back into its right place. Then women will no longer be more unhappy than men. Shirley, it would trouble me to the latest day of my life if I thought my daughter would be one of these uncontrolled, emotional women."

Shirley laughed. "Do I look like that, papa?" she said.

"No; thank God!" her father replied, fervently.

"But what a solemn sermon you have preached me," she continued.

"Very well, daughter, lay it away for a rainy Sunday, and then read it," he answered.

Had the rainy Sunday come? Was this what her father meant? Now, after all, had she, Shirley, inherited through ages of mothers that same fatal emotional development her father had warned her against? Was she going to let it wreck her life? How she scorned herself! And yet——

It was a strange psychological experience Shirley passed through at this time. It was such a rude unsettling of all the ways of thought to which she had been accustomed. The faiths and the ideals to which she had clung all her life, had been torn out by the roots. Nights of sleeplessness followed days of fierce mental conflict, till at last she found herself in an odd state of physical exhaustion and mental exaltation.

In the depths of her grief, the most laughable incidents she had known, the most comical stories she had heard, came up before her with perverse persistency, and mocked her like fiends. Weird faces followed her and watched her in the darkness, and finally in the daylight. They were genuine physical images; she saw them plainly with her waking eyes, in her right senses. She could have described the dress they wore, the color of their hair. The same images haunted her day after day. This one had the identical peculiarities of dress, that one grinned at her with his ugly mouth in the same way each time. And these unpleasant images had no connection in the remotest manner with anything in Shirley's life so far as she could trace.

She recognized these figures as the hallucination of disordered nerves, she reasoned about them to herself in cold blood, and yet they tormented her constantly. And all the while she kept wholly shut up within herself. No living creature knew of this storm of feeling that shook her because of "abnormal development of the emotional temperament," as she called it to herself, smiling grimly. No living creature knew she had met Mr. Morrison again. And nobody found it out.

If her father had been living there would have been help for her. He was the one friend of her life who would have understood and sympathized with her, and helped her out of this chaos. But her father was lying in the Carstone graveyard up there on the hill, with the grass of six years above him!

There was no help for her. She must fight it out alone!

DEACON DURHAM.

If she could have got away from Linwood it would not have been so hard. The bald rusticity and poverty of the lives of those around her never was so hateful to her. Only for her mother and the children she could have turned her back upon this scene. The busy whirl, the excitement of city work have a fascination for the young. Shirley could have plunged into these and found rest. At least she could have found congenial intellectual companionship. Here she was as utterly alone as Robinson Crusoe on his island. But had not her father said—"Take care of your mother, Shirley, take care of them all?"

There was nobody to take care of the children, to have patience with her mother, absolutely nobody but Shirley. Here she was, and here she was to be tied to her country school, correcting the bad grammar of the children, listening alternately to the vulgar neighborhood clack and the peevish complainings of her mother, putting her hands too to work, now with the needle, now in household labor and out in the grounds. That was to be her life forever, hum-drum, like the clicking of a blacksmith beetle. Oh! if she could only get away! But no!

She faced her prospect and saw that the battle must be fought out in Linwood. Fate is hard on women.

Finally Shirley observed that this eating her heart out in silence was beginning to disturb her seriously. How she longed for some break in the dull monotony of fretting!

One morning she found her brother Pet seriously ill of a fever. He became worse through the day. Shirley herself went for the doctor.

Back of the village was a hideous patch of ground of several acres. It was called the "common," possibly from the fact that it was common dumping ground for all miscellaneous rubbish of the town. In the growing season it was covered with weeds.

The summer had been the rainiest one in many years. As Shirley passed by the common she saw it was covered with a stagnant, bubbling water. Poisonous exhalations seemed to rise from it and glisten in the sun. She entered the village. Rank weeds fringed the street in front of nearly every house. The stagnant water lay in pools along the roadway, at intervals, through the whole village. She wondered how it was she had never noticed the weeds and decaying water before.

She had scarcely been in the village since her return. But now she was struck with the sickly, greenish-yellow hue on the faces of persons she met. Surely, they did not look like that always. She neared the center of interest in the village, Simpkins' grocery. She saw something unusual had taken place. A huddle of men, sparsely sprinkled with members of the weaker sex, were gathered there. A look of gloom, of fear was in their faces.

An epidemic of fever had broken out in the village. The children and old people were dying. Some of Shirley's best pupils were down with it. Being so wholly taken up with her own griefs, Shirley had not heard of it.

For, something unusual, Deacon Durham was in the throng. Moreover he was talking, and that excitedly. He was in his shirt sleeves, his skeleton arms waving to and fro, his thin, gray locks shaking with excitement as he talked. There was the gleam of fanaticism in his eye.

"The wrath of the Lord is upon Linwood," Shirley heard him say. "This sickness is a judgment upon the people for their sins. The children walk in the ways of the ungodly. They go swimming in waters on the Sabbath day. The women are disobedient to their husbands, setting themselves up on the level of men. They attire themselves in gay apparel, not conducive to the glory of God, yea, wearing bonnets with flowers in them. Whereas sin came into the world by a woman, therefore is the anger of the Lord kindled against this town. These presumptuous females have brought a profane instrument of music into the Sabbath school."

His eye fell on Shirley. The crowd parted slightly. Pointing his skinny finger at her, the deacon continued his fierce denunciation:

"Yea, following the lead of godless female teachers, they have set up the scandalous practice of praising the Lord with fiddles. The Almighty will not hold them guiltless. 'I suffer not a woman to teach.' This people have departed from the straight way. Therefore is the sword of the Lord against them. Therefore I visit them with the pestilence that walketh in darkness, saith the Lord. Woe! woe! woe! to Sodom and Gomorrah!"

"Oh, bother!" Deacon Durham," said Shirley; "that's nonsense. There is not a word in the Bible against praising the Lord with fiddles. And as to washing in waters, if the children of this town did it a good deal oftener, they would be better off and healthier. The Lord never said a female should not teach, either. It was a man said that. But I quite agree with you that the Almighty has sent a pestilence on Linwood. You are right that His wrath is kindled against this people for their sins, truly enough. He is visiting His wrath upon them because they are lazy and slovenly. Look at that common out there! It is a blister on the face of a civilized community. That's where the fever comes from mostly. It has rained nearly every day this season. The wind has been from the west. It has brought disease and death upon its wings from that foul, reeking pond over there. Look at these nasty puddles in front of your very doors! Look at these masses of rank, rotten weeds. Two hours' work a week from each gentleman who spends so much leisure time in the grocery would change this dirty, pokey, little town into a garden of Eden. But they don't give it. They let the common lie festering in the sun, month after month, bringing fever and sickness. This is why the wrath of the Almighty is kindled against them, and not because a poor little woman wears a flower in her bonnet. Is it likely the Creator of the universe would be in such small business as that?"

"No, by thunder!" exclaimed Jim Sweet.

Then Shirley got her doctor and her medicines and went home. The sickness raged in earnest. It took off Hughie Carter and Katy Tringle. Mis' Simpkins was left a widow. The gossips said her husband was just too lazy to fight the fever, and so gave up and died. Pet Carstone was very ill. The pestilence attacked old Mme. Frenchy, Mrs. Carstone's nurse. At last it fastened its grisly clutches upon that tough old Christian, Deacon Durham himself. It shook his ancient bones, it scorched his cold inwards. It rattled him soul and body. Plainly here was the wrath of the Lord kindled also against the righteous. It wasn't the fair thing, not at all.

There were weeping and desolation and terror in Linwood. Shirley worked night and day, tending the sick and helping the well in all ways in her power. Three persons were a self-constituted committee of relief. They were the Presbyterian minister, the doctor and Shirley. After the first two the girl came next in authority, by virtue of being the teacher, partly, but especially by virtue of being Shirley. These three worked together with a will. The helpless, ignorant villagers instinctively looked to them to do their thinking for them and to aid them in their distress. And the three had their hands full.

Shirley's sermon had sunk into the minds of one or two who heard it. After the pestilence abated the sermon returned afresh to them. They thought of it and talked. It was strange, but they had never noticed how unsightly the common—that camping ground of geese and pigs—was before.

Once more the three lights of Linwood, the Presbyterian minister, the doctor and Shirley, laid their heads together. A Village Improvement Society, with a big "I" and "S" was formed. Shirley was secretary.

When the town dignitaries came to consult about what should be done with their woods, their unclean streets, their goose ponds, and, above all, their boss nuisance, the common, they found that their girl secretary knew more than they all put together. It was Shirley who had heard about drainage and tree planting and landscape gardening. She had her father to thank for that again. She had heard him talk of all this many a time. The books he studied were still there.

When the dry weather of late summer set in the Village Improvement people began their task with enthusiasm. The enthusiasm did not lag after the first year, either.

Processes are tedious. They are exceedingly unromantic, therefore not proper for a novel. We skip them, and go on to results.

The hideous common became Linwood park, a thing of beauty. The ground was leveled and filled with solid sweet earth, the plat was drained. The swamp in the center, the most unsightly and unwholesome spot of all, was changed by the magical power of brains and fingers into an exquisite tiny lake, the pearl and soul of the park.

Beautiful evergreen and hard wood forest trees were planted, and clumps of blossoming shrubs. Winding walks were made. Here and there the green was dotted with beds of brilliant flowers.

The Improvement Society with a big I and a big S did not stop its missionary labors at the park. It invaded the village. The riot act was read to the pigs and geese, and they roamed the highways and the byways at their own sweet will no more. The streets were drained, straightened and laid out regularly. Sidewalks and streets were neatly paved, and in time kept sightly and clean. The patches of weeds in front of the Linwood homes disappeared and their place was taken by brilliant patches of grass and flowering plants. Saplings from the woods were set out in the town, and in time these became noble avenues of trees. Shirley ransacked her brain and her father's books, and rediscovered graceful native vines and beautiful flowering trees.

The Improvement Society proclaimed loud and long the doctrine of mercy to the birds.

The Presbyterian minister preached sermons about it from his pulpit. Shirley preached sermons about it in her school. How the birds made the landscape beautiful, how they gladdened the earth with their songs, how they were man's best friend in killing insects that destroyed the fruits and grain for his food, was dinned into all their minds. This gospel was proclaimed alike from the pulpit and the school house till that Linwood child who would have killed a bird would have been a daring criminal indeed.

The teaching bore its good fruit in due season. Bright winged creatures—the red bird, the blue bird and the yellow bird—darted in and out among the leafy trees and played, as much at home as if they had been in their native forest, as indeed they were not far from being. The little winged singers opened their throats and poured forth sound till the air throbbed and thrilled with melody in the very heart of Linwood.

So the wrath of the Lord was averted, and the village was visited no more with epidemics of sickness. Out of the pestilence arose healthfulness, beauty, and refinement. Linwood became noted far and wide as a model village.

City people who sighed for rural life were attracted thither in numbers. They brought with them additional wealth, intelligence and taste. The town increased in population. From being what we first knew it, Linwood became the ideal, beautiful country town.

And it was Shirley, the inspiring and suggestive, who was at the bottom of it all—Shirley, God bless her! the people said.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SILK COLONY.

So at last, as always, though constantly working and thinking for others, calmness of soul came to Shirley.

Was her heart broken? Well, there was much left in life still.

It was her hard fate to be tied in this one little village. Linwood it was to be, for good or ill. She recognized her fate and made the best of it. At length she became more warmly interested than she could have believed in the affairs about her.

The village improvement scheme was only a part of her labors. From long habit of thought her mind still followed the old ideals of her unwritten poem. She found no calm, no time yet to begin the poem. It must be put off still again. But meantime, following the one golden thread of thought, she unconsciously turned to women.

During the fever Shirley had found among the villagers a poverty and an unhappiness that surprised her. Persons who have the sense of respectability, however small, instinctively put the best foot forward. Behind many a neat street garb a hungry stomach sits and howls in secret.

The specter of sickness attacked the households and shook out the hidden specters in plain sight. Shirley perceived constantly a barrenness of the commonest small comforts, a lack even of articles of food that was painful to her. It was the case alike among the overworked farm wives and the idle, gadding village wives. Poverty she herself knew, she thought. But it was that independent poverty which has fertility of resource, the poverty which whets the edge of struggle and aspiration. From this kind of poverty everything that is worth having in the world has come.

But these women? The larger part of the small things which Shirley thought a civilized human being regarded as necessities of life were to them unknown luxuries. In such a hard, stupid poverty as this, what hope?

Could nothing be done to help them? The question haunted Shirley. Could they not somehow be put in the way of helping themselves? Verily there was little that they might even hope for. An untrained grown woman in a village can do nothing to get money. Although there was among them lack of so many of the small things that make life desirable, yea, absolute want now and then, these women had no lack of time on their hands. It was the habit of many of them, women and girls, to sit and gaze idly out the window, hour after hour. A little spasmodic, intermittent effort finished the small work they were obliged to do. For the rest, nothing. They had no knowledge of anything better and no incentive to action. That was all there was in life for them. They had even no appreciation that it was a sin to waste time so. Their idleness and poverty brought with it a poverty of soul that was most hopeless of all.

It was at this period that public attention was first being generally called to the beautiful silk weaving industry in this country. Shirley herself had visited the mills, and been delighted as anybody must be with the exquisite fabrics wrought there.

The workmen showed her the filmy, shining threads from which the splendid fabrics were made. These had all to be brought over seas, they told her. It was certain the mulberry tree could be reared here at home, and the silk cocoons produced. The production of raw silk was an industry scarcely less beautiful than that of weaving the threads, and remunerative too. It was not done in America simply because it was not done.

One day, thinking of the idle, yet poverty stricken women she knew, Shirley happened to recall what she had heard in the silk mills. She put the two together.

Once more, processes are dull to outsiders. Therefore again we skip them. There is enough dullness in this world, Lord knows! even after we get rid of all we can.

No, we will have only results, for the present. The women's silk colony of Linwood—behold—is it not known to every intelligent person in the land? An intelligent person is one who reads newspapers.

Shirley obtained all the information possible. She planted her mulberry shoots, she got her cocoons and learned how to take care of them. Travelers on the now much frequented road past the stone house to the village turned to watch again the noble figure and bent head of the woman who was so intently busy in the grounds. Out there among her silk trees she might well have been taken for the reincarnation of the splendid empress who first introduced silk culture among her grateful people and thence gave it to the world.

Silk culture would have prospered in America more than 200 years ago, only that tobacco rooted it out. It did not do so in Linwood. Shirley experimented with her mulberries and silk worms till she was successful. She taught the secret to the neighbor women. The new and graceful employment spread among them. At length the colony produced annually no inconsiderable quantity of raw silk of an admirable quality.

The women and children did the work. It brought hundreds of dollars to the poor, stingy little neighborhood. Weed patches became mulberry gardens. In truth, there was by and by not a weed left in that region. Linwood became prosperous, handsome and ambitious. Articles of taste, beauty, and comfort were added yearly to the humble homes. The hard, poverty stricken lives of the women blossomed out till they became new creatures under the magic of prosperity. They learned how admirable a thing it is for a human being to earn his own money and spend it as he pleases. They tasted the sweets of independence.

The village women sloughed off the idleness of their wasted lives. In the round of healthy, happy, paid work they forgot the idle talkee-talkee of other years. They outgrew the spite, the narrow feminine jealousies. They could no longer spend time from money getting to indulge in these peculiar little amusements.

There was another good result.

The town became a general center of interest. Foreigners visiting the country and tourists from half over the continent came there to see the women's silk colony. Whether they looked at the handsome, tree embowered village itself, with its clean, smooth streets and tasteful homes, the novel, successful industry that had contributed so greatly to its prosperity, or at the well fed, well dressed girls and children—everything they saw was interesting and pleasing. There came so many that a neat and roomy hotel had to be built to accommodate them. It was kept by our friend Mis' Simpkins. The march of improvement had trodden under foot the show window with the box of blacking and two clothes pins.

The numerous visitors to the silk colony became a source of revenue to the village. It was suddenly discovered, too, by and by, that Linwood had exceptional advantages as a summer resort.

Nor yet was this all. With the advent of good times came better food, gentler ways, and more happiness to Linwood homes. Husbands and sons, who had been wont to spend their hours and their earnings too much away from home, waked up gradually to find home had grown attractive before they were aware of it. There was music, there were books and games in their own houses of evenings. They also found pretty maidens and neat, cheerful matrons there. They found themselves exceedingly astonished to discover a remarkable fact—there was more fun at home than anywhere else.

The impulse of the ordinary woman who earns money, is to use it first to adorn her person, next her home. Neither is this a wicked impulse. It is not even an unwholesome one.

Linwood women were ordinary. They were exceedingly ordinary. Therefore they decorated first themselves, then their homes. With the stimulus that money of their own, and communication with minds outside of their own gave them, they, too, waked up to some important facts. They learned how far behind the day they were in their social ways, their housekeeping. They took to improved methods. There had been bitter quarreling and heartburning, family rows, in short, in many a Linwood household before, because of the undoubted preference of the masculine half of the house for the grocery and rum shop.

Linwood mothers and daughters made now the astounding discovery that wives and children who are neat, handsome and merry—delicate food, pretty healthful homes, music and jolly yet harmless home amusement, have more attraction for men than even a rum shop. Wives and daughters have the inside track all the time with the average masculine animal, if they only had sense enough to keep it.

Linwood had heard temperance lectures since the time the noble red man gave up and surrendered to the white man. Yet here, right under their noses, was a temperance lecture worth more than all the rest. How odd they had never thought of it before!

So Linwood was transformed, wholly and forever.

It was in very truth Shirley who did all. It was over again what George Morrison had read to her from the enchanted life of Joan of Arc:

"Daughter of God, all things were under her."

Was it not so?

To accomplish worthy aims, three things are necessary: Unselfishness, singleness of purpose and eternal enthusiasm.

Shirley gave up her village school at length. She gave it into the hands of one of her best pupils. So from the master to Shirley, from Shirley to the favorite pupil, the school was handed down and kept running on worthily in the wise old ways.

Shirley had other work that was more remunerative, and that was forced on her always as the first consideration. With all she had on her hands, it was her steady regret that she found no time to do her best at anything. Night never closed in on her and found her free from a care for the next day. She never had one week to rest.

She had now a modest yet solid distinction as a writer. The ideals in literature that she had set before her as peerless statues when she was 16, were locked away from human sight. Out of the fullness of the practical knowledge she had gained in her years of toil and trial, she wrote now. It was exactly this feature that made her work of especial value for everyday reading. People are glad to read that which helps them practically.

But she wrote no more poetry."

* * * * * *

Linwood had indeed changed since we knew it first. Now it had a railroad. Trains daily went thundering past the old stone house, till its very walls shook. Little regard have iron and steam for beauty in nature. They laugh to scorn sentimental memories. The old mill was pulled down by the railway company. The iron tracks followed the bed of the picturesque mill race. They cut through the heart of the clump of graceful swaying willows, the very willows under which Shirley had sat while the master read to her the marvelous story of Joan of Arc.

Even so the iron had cut through the heart of Shirley's romance. Even so, God help us! the iron pierces the soul of us all, every one.

And one fine morning Shirley waked and remembered she was 20 years old.

The brothers and sisters were nearly all men and women now. Alice, the youngest, was 14. Harry was 17. Those two, were especially near to Shirley. They had hung about her neck in their helpless babyhood. Fatherless, worse than motherless, they had only this tall, strong sister to cling to.

During these years so many minor incidents had happened in the Carstone family that it has not been possible to keep up with them all. It was well! Shirley's worldly prospects had brightened. As the children grew older the need of money to educate them, to start them in life, increased constantly. Shirley worked and planned without ceasing to meet the demand. It gave her steady pride and pleasure that she was able to do so.

The children followed each his natural bent, no two of them alike. Percy, who had been so fond of studying the ways of birds and insects, developed into a naturalist. He was a slender, handsome youth, devoted to his studies with enthusiasm.

Pet, otherwise Master Francis Peyton, surprised the family by saying deliberately one day:

"Shirley, I want to go to West Point. I have made up my mind to it."

His mother looked at him in amazement.

"Great guns! Pet," said Percy, "you're foolin'. You mind when you used to hold your hands over your ears and run and hide your head in the pillows when father was teaching Tom to shoot at a mark? If you went into the army, somebody might fire off a shooting cracker close to your ear on a Fourth of July—a hat'd you *do then?*"

"I've made up my mind I want to go to West Point," was all the answer Pet made.

Shirley was the magician who did everything for everybody in the Carstone family. Her brother got his wish. Children develop in unexpected ways, sometimes. Pet, the timid, the delicate "girl boy" of the Carstones, became the soldier. A gallant soldier he made, too. Strangely enough, he was daring to recklessness. Of all the four sons he was the one who in manhood most resembled their brave, dashing father.

With Tom and Brownie Shirley had most trouble. Brownie was a dancing, springing, merry little cricket of a creature, as full of life as a squirrel, as mischievous, too. She was a very pretty girl, with laughing brown eyes, crisply curling black hair, clear, ivory tinted skin, nose faintly "tip-tilted," and lips like a scarlet cherry. She was much admired and sought after.

Given her own way in all things, and Miss Brownie at 18 was the most charming young lady in the world. But given not her own way, she could make the household hum to a degree beyond the supposed capacity of gentle young ladydom.

There was inborn in poor Brownie a passionate fondness for things beautiful and artistic. Had her father lived her tastes would have been gratified, and Brownie would have been happy. As it was, she chafed with bitter impatience against the Carstone poverty. She longed to wear bright jewels and pretty dresses, to get away from Linwood, the mean and the narrow. And being not of the heroic turn, she only stayed there and fretted, instead of trying to work out her wishes for herself.

[CONTINUED.]

A Funeral in Corea.

A Corean funeral is a sad affair. The female relatives, at least, do not accompany the body to the grave, and the mourning is done at the house and at the grave (if at all) by hired professional mourners. If the dead man was very poor he is carried to his grave on a bier of simplest construction, borne by two men, who often set their burden on the ground as they rest. The body is shielded from sight only by a semi-cylinder of paper, and it is placed in the grave with no coffin to hinder contact with the earth. The cost of burial in such a case is only about $1.—Seoul Cor. New York Post.

The Indian still holds 134,000,000 acres in this country.

ANTICS OF AN APE.

Trying to Catch a Stray Monkey in Paris—A Question of Ownership.

Paris's tragic fale of the murderous antics of an ape in Paris has just found a comical counterpart. Oddly enough, both dramas were enacted in the same locality, that is to say, not far from the morgue. A bevy of newly enlisted conscripts, with painted pictures on their hats, were crossing the Point Neuf, arm in arm, keeping step to the tunes of the "Marseillaise," when suddenly they saw a small but nimble monkey leaping and bounding in front of them, making a zigzag course, from one side of the bridge to the other, frightened at the water on either hand, and too bewildered in mind to think of making a straight and swift escape to the end of the bridge, and thence to his home. The young conscripts, forgetting their country and its national song, gave a scream of delight, broke ranks and gave instant chase after the lively little beast. The raw recruits, undisciplined yet eager for action, performed prodigies of valor in running against and knocking one another down, and whisking off one another's picture covered hats, but no one of the hunters caught the monkey. He dodged deftly between the collective legs of the whole battalion, and was as brisk in his "new departures" as the Trishman's flea. Soon the melee, like a traveling gust of wind, was transferred from the bridge to the adjoining quai de la meggisserie. Here the numerous passers by, on seeing the fun, at once joined in it, adding to the baffled military force a fresh civil reserve. The spectacle was exhilarating. The crowd became dense, and everybody was soon stupidly looking down and around, here and there, expecting the monkey to be found under somebody's feet.

"Poor thing, he will probably be trampled to death," exclaimed some humane voices.

But this apprehension was soon put at rest. A hundred merry throats suddenly burst into a ringing cheer. Had the monkey been caught? No! He was farther than ever from such an ignominious fate—he had climbed a tree!

"Look at the little brute," said a stout gentleman, who had a legal portfolio under his arm, "how he is grinning at us! showing contempt to the court and jury."

Two or three ragamuffins, veritable gamins, then climbed the monkey's tree, almost as nimbly as if they had been monkey themselves. Did they get their hands upon their Simian brother? Not at all! He hopped from branch to branch, and, on being hotly pressed, made a final and splendid jump—better than anything done on the trapeze at the hippodrome—landing himself safely on the next tree. The gamins were badly laughed at. Nothing so ill succeeds as ill success, as Talleyrand might have observed. But the gamins were not to be disconcerted by a laugh nor outwitted by an ape. The young rogues attacked the next tree, and the next, until the monkey, having no more trees to leap into, skipped at last to the only remaining refuge, which was the top of a lamp post. On this low pinnacle of evident danger his chances of maintaining his liberty and life might have been small, except for the opportune interference of a tall policeman, who said:

"Stand off, boys, I will reach up and take him down, quietly."

Whereupon the gentle giant outstretched his long right arm, and grazed the willing captive, who showed manifest signs of relief at thus receiving the protection of the law.

Was the sport now over? Certainly not. It was, in fact, renewed.

"Who is the owner of this animal? Let him step forth and claim his property," said the officer, magisterially.

"The monkey is mine," replied a whiskered young man, with unkempt hair and an uncanny look.

"No, he is mine," replied a small boy, smaller even than any of the gamins who had climbed the trees.

"You are a little liar," rejoined the unkempt man.

"You are a big thief," retorted the courageous lad.

In two minutes the popular interest in this dispute grew to a fever heat. There was something in the honest, scared, tearful look of the little boy that excited the sympathy of the bystanders. A policeman is, of all men, pre-eminently suspicious. The policeman who held the monkey gave a searching and suspicious look at the grizzly whiskerando who stood as claimant.

"Give the monkey to the little boy," cried several voices in the crowd.

"Not without evidence," replied the officer. "So, now, my little man, can you prove to me that this monkey is yours?"

"Yes, I can," cried the boy triumphantly; "this is a he monkey, and I have his wife in my pocket!"

Whereupon, to the astonishment and delight of the applauding crowd, the lad drew forth from his pocket a tiny pet female monkey, the animal which the French call the guenon. The evidence was complete, and, as the French journalists say, "the incident was closed."—Kansas City Journal.

The Salt Craze.

The majority of our readers will remember the blue glass craze which raged so furiously in 1871-2. The manufactories of blue glass reaped an enormous harvest, and people who never allowed the sun to shine upon them before permitted its beams to reach them through blue glass hung in convenient southern windows. There are some indications that another craze is coming to take the place of blue glass and the more recent furor of hot water. The latest is the consumption of sea salt or rock salt from Turk's Island as a cure for nearly all the ills of the body. The craze has reached Utica and is traveling this way. So far, the sea salt eaten in season and out of season has been found to cure consumption, dyspepsia and kidney difficulty, headache and general good for nothingness.—Rochester Democrat.

A Remarkable Flower.

A remarkable flower which grows 14,000 feet above the sea on Mount Whitney is described by Rev. Mr. Travers in The New York Times. This is 1,500 feet above the timber line, among the clouds, where all other vegetation has utterly ceased to exist. It is called Polemonium confertum or Jacob's ladder.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Manchester Enterprise

BY MAT D. BLOSSER.

Traveler's Guide.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

YPSILANTI BRANCH. LANSING DIVISION.

FROM YPSILANTI. Way Freight	Express & Mail	STATIONS	TO YPSILANTI. Way Freight	Express & Mail
6 30 A M	9 00 A M	Ypsilanti	4 05 P M	10 P M
7 10 "	9 18 "	Parkes	3 40 "	4 "
7 35 "	9 28 "	Saline	3 20 "	4 12 "
8 15 "	9 47 "	Bridgewater	2 30 "	4 28 "
10 05 "	10 05 "	Manchester	1 00 "	4 10 "
10 55 "	10 15 "	Watkins	12 20 "	3 37 "
12 20 "	10 30 "	Blissfields	11 25 "	3 "
5 50 P M	11 "	Hudson	8 50 A M	2 40 "

W. H. CANIFF, Superintendent.
W. G. MUNN, Ticket Agent.

JACKSON BRANCH. DETROIT DIVISION.

FROM JACKSON.

STATIONS	Mail	Express	Accom.
Jackson	6 27 A M	2 10 P M	1 00 P M
Napoleon	6 44 "	2 25 "	1 47 "
Norvell	6 50 "	2 34 "	2 05 "
Manchester	7 05 "	2 50 "	2 30 "
River Raisin	7 10 "	2 55 "	2 35 "
Clinton	7 17 "	3 10 "	2 45 "
Tecumseh	7 28 "	3 22 "	4 02 "
Adrian	8 08 "	4 10 "	4 05 "
Toledo	9 20 "	6 15 "	6 05 "
Cleveland	2 1 P M	40 "	.....
Buffalo	8 00 "	2 30 A M	.....
Detroit	11 20 A M	8 50 P M	.....
Chicago	6 30 P M	4 "	.....

TO JACKSON.

STATIONS	Accom.	Mail	Express
Chicago	4 00 P M	11 00 P M	7 20 A M
Detroit	.....	2 40 A M	6 00 P M
Buffalo	.....	11 45 P M	6 00 A M
Cleveland	.....	5 25 A M	9 20 P M
Toledo	.....	9 05 "	7 50 "
Adrian	6 45 A M	10 18 "	8 50 "
Tecumseh	7 25 "	11 00 P M	9 24 "
Clinton	8 19 "	11 20 "	9 37 "
River Raisin	8 26 "	11 29 "	9 47 "
Manchester	8 40 "	11 39 "	9 58 "
Norvell	8 55 "	11 56 "	10 17 "
Napoleon	9 55 "	12 05 "	10 27 "
Jackson	10 45 "	12 30 "	10 50 "

☞ Trains run New Standard at 90th Meridian Time. Coupon tickets sold at the stations for all points East and West.

G. H. WORCESTER, Superintendent.
FRANK MCGISS, Ticket Agent.
A. W. SPENCER, Station Agent.

THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1887.

LOCAL NEWS BREVITIES.

Subscribe for the ENTERPRISE.

Tramps are not so numerous now-a-days

Charles Sanford has painted his residence.

The painters and paper hangers are reaping their harvest now.

In another column is a small advertisement of the Deering binder.

Cherry trees are in blossom and peach buds are almost ready to burst open.

Nearly all the surrounding towns are preparing to observe Decoration Day.

Jacob Schanz has moved his tailor shop to the building between Kimble's and Exchange Place bridge.

The Clinton episcopal church choir came here on Sunday to sing at the funeral services of Mrs. Stautz.

J. T. Clark, of Clinton, who advertised cattle for sale, in the ENTERPRISE, says the local brought him over $200.

Prof. Evans, of Adrian, who has been conducting a business school here the past five weeks, closes it this week, having met with good success.

Byron Hill has painted and decorated the front rooms over Macomber Bros.' store for Mr. Pottle. They will be occupied by Fred Kotts, the dentist.

The third of our series of illustrated war sketches is presented this week to the ENTERPRISE readers, it being a description of Stonewall Jackson's raid through the Shenandoah valley in 1862.

J. H. Miller & Co. are bound to leave town. We learn that they will move to Dexter about the 1st of June and are offering bargains to close out as much of their stock as possible. See their new advertisement.

Wm. F. Rehfuss bought of Wilbur Short of Bridgewater, two head of cattle, two and three-year olds, which weighed 3,000 pounds, and of Joseph Lowery, of Bridgewater, two head, somewhat older, which weighed 3340 pounds.

In another column we publish a letter, or rather a series of short letters, written by our friend H. C. Calhoun, to his wife, while en route to California. To us it is interesting, and we doubt not that our readers will find pleasure in perusing it.

The personal property of F. Joseph Lerg, consisting of live stock, farming implements, etc., will be sold on a chattel mortgage sale at the premises in Bridgewater, on Saturday, May 14th, at one o'clock, P. M., at public auction. L. D. Watkins, mortgagee.

E. B. Morey, agent for a Philadelphia house, showed us a fine India ink and crayon portrait of Mrs. St. John's, deceased, and this is what Mrs. Comstock says about it: "Mr. E. B. Morey, has put up a picture of my mother for me and his portrait that he brought me has given me perfect satisfaction in every respect. MRS. R. W. COMSTOCK.

SHARON, May 9th, '87.

John Koch, proprietor of the Michigan Southern Brewery, in this village, has put in bottling works and can now furnish lager beer by the barrel, keg or case. He has given Wurster Bros. the general agency, and they will give their attention to the sale and delivery, especially of bottled beer. In another column will be found an advertisement to which we call the attention of our readers.

On Sunday last a class of 13 children consisting of six boys and seven girls, celebrated their first communion at St. Mary's catholic church in this village. Fr. Stauss had the children well drilled and they did their part splendidly. The church altar was tastefully decorated with flowers, and with the exception of remarks of Fr. Stauss, the singing, etc., the services were instructive and interesting in the extreme, and it is unfortunate that the church is not large enough to accommodate all the people who wish to attend on such occasions.

SHIRLEY CARSTONE.

By ELIZA ARCHARD.

[Copyrighted by the American Press Association.]

I write for newspapers, too," she said, brightening again. "I condense solemn information from agricultural reports for the readers of The Morning Herald. I can tell you to a dot, I do what effect the new dog tax law is going to have on the politics of the state."

"But why don't you not write your poem?"

She flushed slightly. "Mother is an invalid," she said. "We need so many things. I must do all I can to get money. I have some hope of book after. It seems as though I never get time to commence my poem. But I have not given it up, Mr. Morrison. Don't think that."

He reassured her a little.

The master read and perceived.

"I see it all," he said sadly. "You are father and mother and bread winner to them all. I never looked for this for you. My dear girl, my poor Shirley."

He stroked her hair softly and with infinite tenderness.

Mr. Morrison lingered on from day to day. He seemed not to be able to break the light chains that held him there. Yet he appeared restless and ill at ease. He spoke of going from day to day, though he did not go. He was reserved, and kept apart from the rest.

But he lavished about Shirley always, not oppressively, but just enough. He wrote half her reports for her. He had the fine graceful tact, the polished ease of manner of one who knows just what to do in the right place. He knew and met her every little wish, almost before it was formed. He never seemed to be looking for her, but ever his eyes sought hers with messages of courage and sympathy.

Shirley was in a paradise. It was so strangely sweet to her, the lonely girl, to find somebody who thought she needed help and sympathy. It is the doom of those who spend their lives caring for others, that none ever fancy they themselves need to be taken care of.

Little things are much to a woman, very much.

It was the first time since her father died that anybody had taken a thought of Shirley's happiness and comfort. In six years it had occurred to nobody that she had any little wants or wishes of her own. Therefore was this human sympathy unspeakably sweet to her.

The world shaking deliberations of the Psycho-physiko-theologians drew to a close. The last afternoon these phosphoric intellects so far forgot their mission as to have a picnic. One blushes to record it. They amused themselves. Many went on boat excursions over the lake.

"Shirley," said Mr. Morrison, "I want you to come with me this evening. This is the last. Wear your white dress, too, and put a rose in your hair. That is how I wish to remember you. I am to have you all to myself this evening, mind!"

He led her to the beach and seated her in a little skiff. He took the oars himself. With a few powerful strokes they shot out into the moonlit lake.

"I have found a place along the lake that I want to show you," he said. "I think it will please you."

In half an hour he tied the boat at the shore in the deep hollow of a tiny crescent bay. A cluster of beautiful trees grew there. Near by a brook tumbled over a cliff, and then gathered itself up and went on again into the lake. The summer wind murmured low among the trees. The miniature waterfall murmured back in music. The drops of water made a million white lights in the moonbeams. All was cool and restful.

Shirley clasped her hands with delight. "How lovely! How lovely this is!"

"I thought you would like it," said the master, quietly.

All that afternoon they had been near each other. In company with two or three of the learned lights, they had gone botanizing, picnicking, naturalizing, and the Lord knows what. It had been, in a way, like the vanished days of Linwood, yet different. Yes, there was a difference now.

Little matter was it that they had not been alone. They were happier, perhaps, on that account. The sweet, subtle sympathy that joined them could well be left unspoken. The silver line stretched between them, invisible to all but themselves.

They found a seat beneath the beautiful trees.

Shirley sat in silence, with her hands softly clasped in her lap, and looked out at the water and moonlight.

"This has been the happiest day of my life," said Mr. Morrison, at length.

"And mine, too," replied Shirley, hardly knowing what she said.

He leaned toward her till his head touched the rose in her hair. Was it the wind, or the break, or what was it that whispered in tones broken and sweet.

"I fight no more against the tide! Shirley, my star, my lily! Oh, how I love you!"

But they were a kingly pair, these two strong, beautiful ones!

Lower and lower the southern moon dipped; its rays shimmered across the waterfall, but they did not heed it. At last he arose with a start.

"Do you know how late it is, Shirley?"

"No," says Shirley, "and I'm afraid to ask."

They entered the tiny boat hastily. The last rays of the silver moon glinted across the whispering waterfall.

In the cool night silence they went to Shirley's cottage, they two. The swinging lamp yet burned in the porch. They passed in through the hallway.

SHIRLEY AND THE MASTER.

The room inside was quite deserted. At the threshold Mr. Morrison said good night, with a grave, stately bow. He had taken a step away when Shirley clutched his arm suddenly.

"Look there" she said.

A face was pressed against the glass outside, staring at them with wild, demoniac eyes. It was waxy white and emaciated. In all her life Shirley never again saw a countenance so frightful, so full of devilish malice as that. She shuddered from head to foot in spite of herself.

An awful look came into George Morrison's face. It was as if the frost of a thousand years had suddenly entered his heart.

"I will see what it is at once, he said. "It is nothing, don't mind it, Shirley."

He turned and left her with a bound.

CHAPTER XIII.

"SHE IS MY WIFE."

What did it mean?

The face vanished in an instant. As quickly as she could collect her senses, Shirley followed Mr. Morrison out the hallway. She went around in the porch to the window where the face had been. The master was nowhere about. No living creature was there. She stepped out upon the lawn beyond, and peered about under the starlight. She saw nothing, heard nothing.

All was night and silence.

So still it was out there, so entirely all nature seemed unconscious of anything unusual, that Shirley could almost have believed nothing unusual had happened, and that she had imagined the face in the glass. There was a dim light inside the room, a brighter light outside in the porch. Might not the optical laws of refraction and reflection, aided by a crooked pane of glass, have twisted the image of some very commonplace object into that distorted, demoniac shape? She had read of such things.

At any rate, Shirley was not one to fret herself unnecessarily. She had had so many real worries in her life that she never went out of her way to hunt up unreal ones. Above all and before all, too, there was the supreme comforting thought, if anything was wrong, he, the master, would set it right. He would see that no harm came to her.

That was the thought in her mind as she went back inside the cottage, and to her own room.

The room, it will be remembered, was upon the ground floor.

The girl sat down beside the low, broad window. She was too restless, too happy to sleep. She said over and again to herself: "Fate has been very good to me, after all. I never believed such joy was to be for me, Shirley Carstone."

The master loved her. He had told her so. That was enough. No vision of guile, of treachery or of trouble crossed her thought. Her noble, innocent nature saw no falseness, no weakness in those she loved. She trusted them wholly. Yea, to the world's end.

Looking down the valley into the years that were to come, Shirley saw only brightness. Perplexities would come perhaps. Her hands would still be full of work, that she knew. Nay, as the world went, it might be long before he could come and claim her. She even thought of that. What then? The master loved her. That knowledge would be a strange, sweet presence that walked beside her day by day to the end, turning her heavy load into lightness. She laughed in the face of storm, of darkness, of the deadly lightning. The sweet, magic presence that walked evermore beside her would touch them and turn all her life into blue sky and rose cloud.

And her poem? The intense girl heart gave a glad bound. Half her inspiration had seemed gone when the master left her under the willows that day long ago. Now it came back. Now she would indeed write her poem. She would prove herself worthy of such a lover. He should be so proud of her, in the blessed years to come!

Rapt in her sweet visions Shirley sat there hour after hour. Morning was at hand. The mysterious thrill of the coming day quivered in the dark air. A timid bird chirped faintly. The breath of lilies swept in at the open window.

Shirley started up, smiled and threw herself upon her bed, dressed as she was. She had spun her web of thought out for the time. In five minutes she was in the land of dreams.

Shirley was a sound sleeper. The fashion of "nervous" young lady was just coming in. Shirley was not of that kind. She had a clear conscience and a good digestion, heaven be praised!

Therefore when a human shape trod catlike over the low window sill and into the room, she did not waken.

The first knowledge Shirley had was an awful consciousness that she was dying of suffocation. A great weight was upon her chest. Something was pressed over her mouth and nostrils, stifling her, swift and deadly. She tried to breathe, she tried to cry out. In vain. She struggled. She was lapped from head to foot in some heavy covering that made it impossible for her to use her hands or arms. She fought blindly a moment or two, and then gave over.

Death was almost there, she knew. The master, would he ever know how she died? In the last gleam of consciousness, a foolish tale of her childhood flashed through her memory. A cat had sat upon a child's breast, it was said, and drawn the breath from its nostrils, and so suffocated it. Was it a cat upon her breast?

Then she remembered no more.

But just in the nick of time, the instant before it would have been too late forever, a man sprang in at the window. The man was Mr. Morrison. With giant strength he seized the creature upon the bed and flung her off. It was a woman, with waxy white face and wild, demoniac eyes. He snatched the pillow and a heavy covering from Shirley's senseless form. He lifted her, he fanned her with his hand, called her his Shirley, his darling, he implored her to speak to him.

The wild woman flew at him like a panther. She tore his face with her nails. She buried her teeth in his hand to the bone.

Once more he mastered her by main strength and dragged her away from the bed. Two strong men had followed him in through the window. One of them carried a strait jacket. He gave her into their hands. It was with difficulty that even they could hold her.

Shirley opened her eyes. The wild woman saw it, and made as if she would spring at her again. But the two keepers had got her into the strait jacket.

Mr. Morrison motioned them to be gone.

"Take that devil away," he said, "before I crush the life out of her!"

The wild woman snarled at him like a savage beast. The keepers forced her out through the doorway. As she went she gave George Morrison a last look of helpless rage, and muttered:

"I hate you! And you would marry me!"

Shirley heard her say it. She lived over the horror of those few moments in her dreams, sometimes in after years, and would waken to find herself standing upright, shrieking frightfully, her brow wet with drops of cold perspiration.

She had heard the wild woman mutter:

"I hate you! And you could marry me!"

The master stood still by the door with a deathly pale face, and blood dripping from his hand. A streak of blood coursed down his cheeks. Shirley turned her eyes on him. She was quite in her senses now.

"Who is that woman?" she said.

The concentrated gall and wormwood of all humanity was in his voice as he answered:

"She is my wife!"

Then a fearful silence followed. He broke it.

"Well, Shirley, you don't congratulate me on my wedded bliss?"

She gave him a terrible look.

"You have deceived me," she said.

"I have. It is true I saved your life a moment ago, but that is nothing. I have let you believe a falsehood. And my name is not George Morrison. It is Philip Dumoray. Perhaps you will be interested to know it."

The dare devil of his reckless youth was uppermost in him again now. He strode across and stopped beside her with his white, blood streaked face and wounded hand. He stood so close to her that the blood from his hand dropped and stained the sleeve of her white dress. She shrank from him with horror. He went on.

"I have deceived you all along. I am a married man—husband of the angelic creature who so nearly murdered you awhile ago."

The master was the master no longer, not even of himself. A savage oath broke from his lips. Shirley could not speak. She beckoned him feebly to go. He did not heed it, but talked on:

"She almost killed me once, in the same way. They have had her in the mad house, on the hill, for nine years. I come here once a year to see that she is well treated and wants for nothing. That is what I came here for now. Last night she got away. Nobody knew it till you saw her at the window. I gave the alarm and searched for her with two attendants all night after I left you. I was afraid she would do some deviltry. I never thought of harm to you, though, good God!"

Then he broke into wild anger again.

"Go, only go!" said Shirley, faintly.

"Well, I will. But I will come back again."

The rose she had worn in her hair lay upon the floor, crushed and trampled. He stooped and picked it up and carried it away with him.

Was not that a morning for them both, after such an evening?

* * * * * *

Shirley had only one thought—to get away, and that quickly and forever. A mad desire to fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, where she would see nobody she ever knew; above all, where Philip Dumoray would never find her again. That was the only wish she was conscious of.

The work which she had come to do was done. The stir and bustle of the morning was on now. All about her she heard it. A train left early which would take her homeward. She was weak and trembling, so that she could scarcely rise, yet she hurried her preparations. She was in feverish haste to be gone. She had been so happy in that cottage, happier than ever in her life before. But now it was hateful to her. Only let her go away, away.

It wanted yet an hour till train time when Shirley was ready for her departure, yet she made haste to be gone. In the cheerless, foggy dawn she had herself taken to the station. How utterly cheerless, how dreary it was! It was a morning to take the stiffening out of a human being.

"SHE'S MY WIFE."

Shirley waited for the train. She could not restrain her impatience. She walked up and down the platform in the fog. She shivered with cold, she, the warm blooded, merry Shirley. Her knees trembled beneath her with weakness, but her will kept her up. There is nothing so good as a strong will.

Well, at last, in fifteen minutes it would be train time. She looked at her watch. It was very chilly. She disliked to go back into the little waiting room. It was full of giggling girls, smirking youths and stupid women. In the unhappy, unreasonable mind in which she was, how she hated them!

Nevertheless, she was chilled to the bone. She turned to go inside, and came face to face with Philip Dumoray!

He had been to the cottage and had followed on after her. His injured hand was bound up and carried in a sling. His torn, disordered clothing had been replaced by a well made toilet. He would have been neatly attired if he had dressed himself for the scaffold. There was dandy enough about Philip Dumoray for that. His face was still very pale, but firm and composed. He looked reproachfully at Shirley.

"Why did you go away when you knew I wished to see you again?"

"Why did you come here after me when you knew I did not wish to see you?"

"I did not know it," he replied, simply.

"Then you ought to have known it. You saved my life. I ought to thank you for that, I suppose. But I don't. Life will not be so sweet or pleasant to me hereafter that I should cherish a desperate desire to hang to it though thick and thin."

"Shirley," said he, "there is something I have to tell you. It is a wretched story. I ask you to bear with me and listen to it."

"I don't wish to hear it," she answered, coldly.

"But I must tell you," he said.

"My train is coming," said Shirley. "There it is at the curve. Good morning, Mr. Dumoray."

He laid his unpacked hand upon her arm, not very gently, if the truth must be told. The gentle master was not in a gentle mood that morning.

"You shall not go until you hear me," he exclaimed. "Shirley, if you don't stop I'll——

"You'll what?" she retorted.

"Shirley, your father was my friend. By the memory of your father, grant me this one favor. It is the last request I may ever make of you."

The train stopped, gathered up its passengers, and went on, and Shirley was not among them. She led the way into the railway waiting room.

"Well, what is it you wish to say to me?" she asked. Her manner was as indifferent as if the last night had never been.

"I cannot tell you here," he said.

"Here or not at all," she answered. "Don't ask me to go back to that wretched house."

"So be it then," he replied. He had hoped—the Lord knows what he had hoped. It was true all was over now, all the possibilities he had dreamed of in that brief, mad hour of the night before. Was that a century ago, in some other state of existence?

There was nothing for them now. But if Shirley only knew his history, only could understand how he had struggled against fate, she might be not so hard. There might be a little less suffering for them both. If he could have her alone, and tell her, she would be gentler. Nay, he might even hope to be forgiven at last. But she had willed it that he should speak to her here, and speak he would.

So there, in the wretched waiting room, he narrated his miserable story, not abating one jot. He told her of the fire, of his twin boys, how strangely he had lost them, how he had searched the world over for them. He told her, too, of the devilish suspicion that had been set afloat by his wife's mother, and how at last all men turned against him.

"Wherever my name was heard," he said, "that vile slander followed me, till it drove me to desperation. I went away where no one knew me. I changed my name, in hope to find some peace. I was wrong. I should have stayed there, in that very spot, and faced my enemies, and lived it down, though I died of starvation."

"Yes, that is what you should have done," said Shirley.

[CONTINUED.]

Want Column.

Advertisements in this column under this heading will be inserted for one cent a word for each insertion. Nothing less than 10 cents accepted for an advertisement.

Help Wanted, Situations Wanted, Real Estate for Sale, Houses to Rent, Wanted to Rent Houses, Rooms for Rent, Boarding, Wanted to Rent Rooms, Wanted Board, Wanted Agents and Canvassers, Lost and Found, For Sale, Miscellaneous one cent a word each insertion.

Advertisements must be handed in as early as Wednesday morning, with cash.

Advertisements by letter will receive prompt attention. Address "ENTERPRISE," Manchester Michigan.

WANTED.

WANTED—Situation by competent engineer and machinist, to run engine for threshing this fall. Traction preferred. Address C. Box 38, Norvell, Mich. 1020c

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—My brick double residence, fruit and gardening property, with 1, 2, 3 or 4 large lots as desired. Time given if preferred. N. VAN DERWERKEN, Manchester, Mich.

TO-NIGHT AND to-morrow night, and at all times call on us for Kemp's Pile Suppositories. The new treatment for Piles. Price 50 cents per box. Fred K. Steinkohl, druggist, Manchester.

FOR I DON'T CARE, dull, tired feeling, impoverished blood, dull pains in back and head, tantalizing skin eruptions, Kemp's Sarsaparilla never fails to give relief. We always guarantee it. Price $1.00 per bottle. Sold by Fred K. Steinkohl, druggist, Manchester.

Miscellaneous. Miscellaneous.

ONE OF THE MANY QUESTIONS WHICH ARE ASKED

in regard to Blue Suits. Are they

"DYED IN THE WOOL?"

We have them. The celebrated Dean Cheviot and Middlesex Fannel

INDIGO BLUE!

Warranted Fast Color.

That means if the Goods are not as Represented, your Money is Retunded.

This is the Way we Deal!

ROBISON & KOEBBE,
Daylight Clothiers.

NOW IS THE TIME

THIS STORE WILL BE CLOSED BY

FIRST OF JUNE!

and as we do not wish to move the heavy goods we will offer them at Wholesale Prices. We must have all accounts settled by cash or notes at once.

LOOK THIS OVER:

Oat meal 3c a lb	Best Crackers 5c a lb
Best white sugar 5½c	Best oil 11½c
Extra C sugar 5c	15c bottle Bluing for 10c
Cut Loaf Sugar 6¼	Wool Twine 6c a lb
60c Tea for 40c a lb	60c Molasses for 40c
Babbitts Soap 4c a bar	Cider Vinegar 12½c
10c Soap for 4c a bar	Best Salt for 75c
24 Envelopes for 5c	Stone Crocks for 5c a gal.
Lamp Chimneys, half price.	Lard 8c a lb

All Crockery and Glassware at half price. Mixed and Stick Candy 10c a lb. All Tobacco and Cigars half price. Salmon, 15c a can. Scales, Show cases, tea and spice cans for sale.

J. H. MILLER & CO.,
MAY 10, '87.

WE HAVE JUST OPENED

With a New Stock of

GROCERIES!

Confectionery, Provisions, Canned Goods, Crockery, Boots and Shoes, and all goods found in a first-class grocery store, and belonging to the various departments. Call and see our immense stock of

WALL PAPER

Entirely new designs. No old stock to work off. We have the best $3.00 Shoes for ladies and gents in the county. Come and See and be convinced.

CASH PAID FOR BUTTER AND EGGS!

We have it for farmers!

The South Bend Reversable Share Chilled Plow!

Is the only genuine in the market. Come and see it. It is just what you want. The Genuine South Bend Points always on hand. Lookout for Immitations. The

Planet Jr. Cultivator

Is worth three others. Don't forget to see it before you buy elsewhere. The QUICK MEAL GASOLINE STOVES are the safest and best. Buy no other. Tinners work neatly and quickly done.

C. LEHN AND CO.

BELOW IS A LIST

of Farmers who have purchased

GALE PLOWS!

The past two seasons. I refer to any of them. The Gale Plow is

No Cheap John Affair:

Wm Logan	Christian Frey	Sam Jödele	Geo Geiske
John Schlicht	John Landwhir	Henry L Reno	Edward Kraun
G L Kuhl	Chas Fellows	Lambert Dreeselhaus	Wm Kirchgessner 2
J T Feldkamp	Geo Feldkamp	W J Millard	John Kuchl
Milo Rowe	Geo Raymond	J P Mond	M Sailey
Chas Coon	Geo Herminding r 2	D G Rose	Christian Trinkley
Jacob Feigel	Aug Weiss	Fred Steinway	M Dewey
Chas Altenburg	Jacob Braun	Herbert Hunt	Porter Brower
Hiram Lamb	Isaac Hall	Wm Ashley	R K Fellows
Thomas Holmes	B Ocher	Frank Hall	Henry Leeson
John Miller	Chas Hildinger	Oscas Bitins	R W Comstalk
Wm Freeman	L Herman	Robert Bower	John Koebbe
C Sailey	C C Ernst	Albert Robison	Chauncey Risbridger 2
Thos Guinan	Wm Gray	Elmer Bowers	John Stabler
Wm Hall 2	Edmund Rowe	Mrs T Uphaus	August Hildinger
Wm Hausman	J D Corey	Mrs H Hausman	M Horning
Jos Lowery	Geo Schneering	Herman Balkie	Mrs L Kirk
Henry J Reno	John Logan 2		

The Gale Co make the best Reversable Point Plow in the market. Remember, one Genuine Gale Point outlasts two of the immitation, There are 400 of these Plows in use in this section and that guarantees

A Stock of Repairs

TO BE KEPT HERE.

J. H. KINGSLEY.

Miscellaneous.

ADVERTISE IN THE

Want Column!

PENNYROYAL WAFERS.

Prescription of a physician who has had a life long experience in treating female diseases. Is used monthly with perfect success by over 10,000 ladies. Pleasant, safe, effectual. Ladies ask your druggist for Pennyroyal Wafers and take no substitute, or inclose postage for sealed particulars. Sold by all druggists, $1 per box. Address THE EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., DETROIT, MICH.

☞ Sold in Manchester by Geo. J. Haeussler.

MANCHESTER NOVELTY WORKS.

Having started a

Machine and Repair Shop!

In the building opposite the Postoffice. I am prepared to do all kinds of work such as mending

Gasoline Stoves, Sewing Machines!

Clothes Wringers, Locks, Keys,

Guns and Revolvers,

Etc. Also do saw filing, sharpening shears and knives, and manufacturer of

Fish Spears,

Butcher Knives, Knife Blades, etc., on short notice. Give me a call.

G. H. Anthony.

CLOSING OUT SALE

—OF—

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Expecting to change my business location, I offer my entire stock of new and second hand pianos and organs at very low prices.

PIANO AND ORGAN STOOLS

From 50 cents upwards.

Bargains Will Be Given!

—As I am going to—

SELL THE GOODS

Guitars, Violins, Banjos, Accordians, Etc at reduced prices. A large amount of sheet music at 2 cents per copy.

ALVIN WILSY

For Baking Purposes.
Best in the World.

THE ITHACA ORGAN,
HALLETT & DAVIS,
STEINEWAY AND
NEW ENGLAND

PIANOS,

Every style and finish at the lowest cash price. If you want a Piano or Organ let me know and I will save you money.

Dr. C. F. KAPP,
Manchester. Mich

ATTENTION EVERYBODY!

CLARK BROTHERS,

Contractors and Builders!

Are prepared to take contracts for buildings of all kinds. With our new

Steam Planing Mills

We are prepared to manufacture on short notice

Sash, Mouldings, Etc.

—And do—

Turning, Planing,

Scroll Sawing, Etc.

—In—

First Class Style.

Miller & Case's Lumber Yard, near Lake Shore depot,

Manchester. - Mich.

Manchester Enterprise
BY MAT D. BLOSSER.

Entered at the Postoffice in Manchester as Second-class matter.

We solicit correspondence and news from the surrounding towns.

Anyone desirous of becoming a regular or occasional correspondent, or news gatherer, will please write us for instructions and stationery.

Every communication must contain the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

We must not be held responsible for sentiments expressed by writers.

If you have any business at the Probate Office, make the request that your notice be published in the MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE. Such a request will always be granted.

Changes in displayed advertisements are made at the order of their respective parties, and cannot be positively promised unless handed in at least upon the Tuesday before the desired insertion.

All articles for publication should be addressed MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE, Manchester, Michigan

THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1887.

Michigan Crop Report, May 1.

For this report returns have been received from 965 correspondents representing 710 townships.

Correspondents this month, almost without exception, note the severity of the drouth.

Wheat on sandy soil made very good growth during April, but on clay soil the growth was very unsatisfactory. The average condition in the southern counties is 87 per cent, comparison being with vitality and growth of average years. In all of the counties in the first and second tiers from the south line of the state, except Jackson, and in Allegan and Macomb in the third tier, the condition is below 87, the average for the southern fourth tiers; while in Jackson in the second tier, and in all of the counties of the third and fourth tiers except Allegan and Macomb, the condition equals or exceeds 87.

The average condition of wheat in the central counties is 94, and in the northern counties 93.

Very little wheat will be plowed up because winter-killed or otherwise destroyed, yet a considerable area that would otherwise be plowed up will be saved only because "seeded down."

Clover, like wheat is badly injured. Correspondents in the southern counties estimate that no less than 11 per cent is so far destroyed that it will be plowed up. The condition of clover meadows and pastures is 84 in the southern, 89 in the central, and 93 in the northern counties.

In condition, horses are returned at 97, cattle 94, sheep 96, and swine 96. These figures are for the state.

Apples promise 88 per cent and peaches 72 per cent of an average crop. The report for peaches is for living, healthy trees, of which there are not many in the interior and eastern part of the state. The fruit specialists and regular crop correspondents indicate the fruit prospects in the several counties.

THE CODLING MOTH:

London Purple or Paris Green best for its Destruction.

Prof. A. J. Cook, of the agricultural college, in bulletin No. 22 says: In bulletin 14, issued a year ago, I urged a flame for several years, the value of the arsenites in fighting the codling moth. I only wish to add at this time a few hints that I am sure will be of aid to any who contemplate making use of this excellent remedy. If all would practice it millions of dollars would be saved by our people.

First, Use London purple or Paris green, and not white arsenic. London purple is cheap, mixes easily, and perhaps is a little less likely than Paris green to blight the foliage if used too freely.

Second, Apply early, just after the blossoms have fallen, when the apples are the size of small peas. If we wait longer than this some of the insects will have entered the apples and be beyond reach of harm, and so we shall partially fail of success.

Third, Use a dilute mixture, not more than one pound of London purple or Paris green to 100 gallons of water. If I were to make any change at all it would be to make it more dilute, rather than stronger. If kept stirred, and it should always be while being used, we note that the liquid is evenly colored. This proves that poison is in every drop of water. I have proved repeatedly that the faintest traces of this poison is certain death to the wee insects. So it is not large doses, but thorough distribution that is needed. Not that there is not poison enough on each apple, but that many apples have received no poison at all. If as dilute as recommended above we scatter so thoroughly as to reach nearly every fruit and yet not scald or blight the foliage. It stands to reason that in using poisons it is always best to use the minimum quantity necessary to success.

Fourth, Apply the poison with great force. The apples are concealed and protected by many leaves, and to insure contact of the poisonous liquid with the calyx end of each apple, it must be dashed on to the tree with great energy, then it will scatter and every apple will receive the fatal atom and each larva will be killed. The neglect of this caution is why some have only saved 75 per cent of fruit. I have frequently saved every apple, and that with only one application, but this was in time, and absolutely thorough. Lastly, be sure that the mineral is well mixed. This is done by grinding first in a little water and then adding the full complement.

No one need fear to use this remedy. If the orchard is used for pasture, stock better be kept out of it for a few days. The poison should never be handled with bare hands, nor should it be used when there is a wind to blow the spray or dust on to the person using it. But most important of all be careful where the poison is left. No poison ought ever to be left unlabelled, and poisons ought always to be put where they cannot possibly do any harm. Carelessness in handling is the cause of nearly if not all the accidents which result from such poisons.

A force pump should be used. They cost from $1 to $30.

NAPOLEON.

Mr. Joseph Pollack left for Chicago Tuesday.

Mr. Pierce Lee is dangerously ill with diabetes and his recovery is doubtful.

Mr. Louis Eldred has purchased the interest owned by Mr. I. Geer in the hardware store.

Miss Roxana Greene, who spent the winter in New York, returned home last week, bringing her sister Clara with her.

Base ball is raging here. Two games were played here last week with the following score: Napoleon 1st nine, 16; high school nine, 26. Long Island nine, 36; Napoleon 1st nine, 12.

CLINTON.

Charles Burroughs, the druggist, has sold out to O. A. Sinclair.

Ball playing has commenced and the boys here expect to have a nine that will take the cake from all the surrounding country.

Our dramatic club have received many flattering compliments for their rendering "Comrades" Friday and Saturday evenings of last week.

There was a party at George Lastell's, in Bridgewater, last week, it being his 88th birthday. The ages of 12 of the company averaged over 80 years.

L. W. Kimball & Co., the clothing dealers, have sold out to Frank Lancaster and Chas. Burroughs, Kimball talks of accepting a clerkship in the factory.

Washtenaw County Items.

C. M. Fellows, of Sharon, was elected clerk of the Washtenaw baptist association, held at York last week.

Manchester wants a paper mill.—Observer. Yes, we want any kind of a manufacturing establishment that will give employment to our citizens.

The Chelsea Herald has been sold to Mr. A. Allison, of the Chelsea Echo, who will merge the papers into one. Chelsea is not large enough to support two papers.

Wm. Ball, of Webster, has presented the pioneer society with an old fashioned flint-lock musket, which did service in the revolutionary war, and again in the war of 1812.

Elder Davis has a wooden clock in his pioneer room which is over 50 years old and keeps the best time of any of the clocks in the court house, except the one in the tower.—Register.

"An interesting sight in town Tuesday, was a happy and healthy family of father, mother, and 10 children. They came in to get a family picture taken at the photograph gallery.—Saline Observer.

Dr. C. F. Unterkircher, of Bridgewater, has removed here for the practice of his profession, and has located his office in Dr. Watson's old office. He comes well recommended. See his card in another column.—Saline Observer.

Geo. A. Cross, of Chelsea, has obtained a verdict of $1,000 against the L. S. & M. S. railroad, for a sprained ankle sustained by falling into a hole on the company's grounds at Pittsford nearly two years ago. His sister, who was injured at the same time, has a suit pending against the company.

Lucy W. S. Morgan, wife of E. W. Morgan, died at her residence in Ann Arbor, Thursday afternoon, aged nearly 51 years. She was one of the oldest pioneers of the city, having moved there when there were only three houses. She was probably the wealthiest lady in her own name in this part of the state, her property being estimated at nearly $400,000. She will be remembered as the lady who obtained the verdict of $40,000 a few years ago against the Michigan Central for land on which their shops were built at Jackson, which she deeded to the city for a park, the city giving it in turn to the central road. She claimed the land and the supreme court decided in her favor. Her husband survives her at the age of 82. They have no children.

Real Estate Transfers.

JACKSON COUNTY.

Edward Calley to John C. Phelps, land in Grass Lake, $200.

Harrison Faulkner to Nancy M. Soper, land in Grass Lake, $1,

LENAWEE COUNTY.

John P. Becker to Joseph Durkin, land in Ridgeway, $50.

John Linton to John W. Sherman, land in Macon, $400.

Edgar S. Pilbeam to Dixson Burchard, land in Ridgeway, $1,000.

Welcome Sherman to Lydia M. Coryell, land in Tecumseh village, $2,200.

Lenawee County Items.

Rev. J. M. Getchell will deliver the Decoration day address at Tecumseh.

Clark Ames, a farmer living half a mile north of Hudson, gave a birthday party the other day in honor of the arrival of his 33d year. Three brothers and two sisters were present, the youngest of the family entering being 75, and the average of the sextet being 83½ years.

Hydrophobia.

EDITOR ENTERPRISE: As there is just now, and with good reason, considerable interest in the subject of "Mad Dogs," I have thought best to put forth a few facts through the medium of your excellent paper, hoping that they will interest your readers and perhaps be the means of doing some good. I have endeavored to be brief as possible and to state only facts, such as should be known by everybody in the community at the present time.

1. Hydrophobia cannot be communicated in any other way than by bringing the saliva of an infected animal in contact with a broken or raw surface, either of the skin of the body or the mucous membrane—such as the surface of the lips or tongue. Therefore the saliva of an infected animal, or its blood, may be swallowed or its flesh eaten by man or other animals without harm.

2 The danger from the bite of a rabid animal in no way depends upon the size of the wound made; for if the skin is only broken infection may take place.

3. It is not necessary that the dog should be actually mad as the disease may be communicated by an infected animal during the period of incubation, i. e.: The period elapsing between the time when the animal was bitten and the development of the disease, providing the animal is induced through anger or any other cause to bite. This fact should be remembered.

4 The period of incubation is almost never less that 12 days, and may extend, in dogs, to six or eight months. Hence the idea held by some that all danger is past after 10 or 12 days may lead to most disastrous results.

5. The seasons have nothing to do with the development of the disease. Of 302 cases collected with reference to this point, 80 occurred in the spring months, 74 in summer, 64 in the fall and 75 in the winter.

6. A dog suffering with rabies is not necessarily afraid of water, as they will wallow in it freely and lap it eagerly even when they are unable to swallow it. Therefore, throwing water on a sick dog as a test for hydrophobia is a mistake.

7. A rabid dog does not foam at the mouth until he is unable to swallow or to bite—which is usually in the last stages of the disease.

I cannot in an article of this length fully detail the symptoms of the disease as it occurs in dogs. There are, however, two forms of the disease, the "Furious" and the "Sullen" forms. In the Furious form the dog is restless, has an inclination to lick or bite substances which are not edible, snaps at everything he sees and often at the vacant air, while at the same time he may obey his master; he changes position frequently, is apt to run about, and in this stage may approach in a perfectly friendly manner and then suddenly bite. It is this form of the malady that is dangerous, as in the Sullen form the dog is inclined to slink away out of sight and usually will not bite.

WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF MAD DOG BITE.

1. Wash the wound off with water, and immediately apply the mouth to the wound and endeavor to suck out the poison; rinsing the mouth with water and applying it again and again; at the same time, if the wound is upon the extremities, tie or wind a cord tightly around the limb, above the wound and as near as is convenient to it."

2. If medical aid has not by this time been summoned, heat an iron—a store poker will do—to a white heat and burn every portion of the wound thoroughly, being sure to go its entire depth, after which apply damp cloths until medical aid arrives.

It is of the utmost importance that these measures should be carried out immediately as every moment's delay adds to the danger of infection; and if you have faith in any other form of prevention or cure try it afterwards, but do not delay the treatment I have recommended.

It is obvious from the above statements that a dog known to have been exposed to the disease should be guarded for a very long time, or better still, destroyed at once. And as the symptoms of the disease vary more or less in different animals, it would be well to properly secure and watch any dog if he shows any signs of being unwell, lest you may, in an unguarded moment, fall a victim to this fearful malady.

Manchester, May, 1887. A. C. TAYLOR, M. D.

Jackson County Items.

The Exponent hints that the fish warden keeps a watchful eye on the lawless fisherman in the vicinity of Brooklyn.

Mrs. Belle Crowell, wife of J. Reid Crowell, of Brooklyn, has been granted a notary public's commission. She is said to execute papers finely.

Brooklyn girls go out serenading and the Exponent says: "Should some of our quiet, peace-loving boys act thus, they would be arrested and fined."

For the year ending June 30, 1886, there were 454 pensioners in Jackson county, and the amount of money paid to them by the government was $5,137.

Mrs. George W. Stephenson, of Jackson, died last Friday from the effects of being burned by a gasoline stove. She suffered terribly and was unconscious for three days before she died.

July 4th is the 58th birthday of the city of Jackson. July 4th, 1829, three pioneers and an Indian camped on Trail street, near Grand River, and the land was promising. Settlements soon after followed, and the bustling Jackson of today received its start in life.—Citizen.

On account of failure to receive satisfactory railway rates, the Michigan companies withdrew from the national drill at Washington this week.

Miscellaneous.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

FARMERS! Bring your wheat to the
Manchester Roller Mills!
If you want the highest market price for it, or
Exchange it for Flour.
You will find our Flour the
BEST IN THE MARKET
We have put in a large
CORN SHELLER
And are prepared to grind your feed on Short Notice. Housekeepers will find our flour on sale at the mill and at stores. Call and get full sized
Take No Other
—IF YOU—
Want Nice Bread.
Merchants in neighboring towns, give us
SAMPLE ORDER.
We are sure that you will want our flour if you once use it. We are running day and night to fill orders for Enterprise and home consumption.
Respectfully,
N. W. HOLT & CO.

THE BUCKEYE
Light, Folding, Elevating
STEEL BINDER!
AND
Buckeye Mowers
Repairs and Twine for sale at the Corner Store.
Call any Saturday afternoon and
SEE SAMPLES!
before you purchase. The agent will not talk you tired, but will set a machine on the walk, and send you on your way rejoicing to gather in the shekels.
A. J. WATERS, AGENT.

BUY YOUR BREAD
AT THE
Manchester City Bakery,
where you will also find
CANDY TOYS,
Nuts and Confectionery of all kinds
ICE CREAM!
By the dish or quantity constantly on hand.
WM. KIRCHGESSNER.

HAVING BOUGHT OUT
J. C. Mahrle's tailor business, I am prepared to do All Kinds of
TAILORING!
And cutting in First-Class Style. I have a stock from the best cloth manufacturers, and can set up
A SPRING OR SUMMER SUIT
In suit inquiry, sold and price. All work will have Prompt Attention. Give me a call at the new location, Mahrle's old place.
JACOB SCHANZ.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Washtenaw, in the City of Ann Arbor, on Tuesday, the 26th day of April, A. D. 1887. Present, Edward Ledyard, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Kate R. Wade, late of said county, deceased. It appears by the petition of Mary Ann Wade, praying that a certain instrument in writing, now on file in the probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, be admitted to probate, and that all creditors of said deceased, are required to present their claims to and before the Judge of Probate, at the office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Tuesday, the 26th day of October next, and that such claims will be heard on the 26th day of April and on Wednesday, the 26th day of July and on Wednesday, the 26th day of October next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days. Dated, Ann Arbor April 26, 1887.
WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Judge of Probate.

JUST RECEIVED
A New Lot of
JAPANESE NAPKINS!
Of the latest Designs and Patterns at the
ENTERPRISE OFFICE

TEACHERS
Will find an assortment of
SCHOOL CARDS
To please them at the
ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

ENTERPRISE PUBLISHING HOUSE
Manchester, Mich., publish
Select German Stories
With copious notes for the use of schools or for Best and Substantial School Binding, 60 Cents

Miscellaneous.

IF YOU WANT
THE BEST
Sewing Machine
Made, buy the
"Standard,"
The only rotary shuttle machine made. The place to buy it is at
FAUSEL'S

NECK CHAINS,
Society Pins, Rings and Charms. Latest styles of Bracelets, in fact, everything in the line and of the Best Quality. Silver and Plated ware, Glass and Silverware.
CAKE BASKETS
Celery Glasses, Silver Tea and Water Sets, the finest ever brought to Manchester. I can't remember all the beautiful goods I have, it would take a large newspaper to do it, but
Call at my Store
And I will gladly show you. I have selected these goods knowing that I was the only
JEWELER
In town and wish to meet the wants of all classes. If your sight is failing call and get a pair of
Spectacles or Eye-

Glasses.
I have a large assortment of
TOYS, SUGAR TOYS,
and Wax Candles for Christmas trees. Remember the place, north side of Jefferson and Water-street, first door east of the river.
G. A. FAUSEL
Manchester.

ATTENTION EVERYBODY!
CLARK BROTHERS,
Contractors and Builders!
Are prepared to take contracts for buildings of all kinds. With our new
Steam Planing Mills
We are prepared to manufacture on short notice
Sash, Mouldings, Etc.
—And do—
Turning, Planing,
Scroll Sawing, Etc.
—In—
First Class Style.
Mill at Case's Lumber Yard, near Lake Shore depot.
Manchester, - Mich.

LADIES!
We have a new and elegant assortment of
Plush Card Cases
Various styles
SHAPES AND COLORS
Call and see them at the
ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

SOMETHING NEW
For Teachers and scholars.
UNION SCHOOL TABLETS!
Made of Fine Writing Paper, with picture of Union School Building, neatly bound.
ONLY 10 CTS. EACH.
For sale at
HAUSSLER'S DRUG STORE.

REGRET CARDS,
Latest Styles
Colored Lithograph!
and Plain at the
ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

IF YOU WANT
A Beautiful
Birthday Card!
Call at the
ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

Miscellaneous.

DON'T MAKE A MISTAKE.
By not looking over my stock of
BOOTS & SHOES!
Before buying elsewhere, as I can save you money. I buy all of my goods
Direct from the Manufacturers
Made to my order, and guarantee them to give SATISFACTION. Shoddy goods I will not handle, or try to compete with in price, but I will sell the best Reliable Boots and Shoes as low as any store in Michigan. Any boot or shoe that I sell you any time before wearing out, will be
REPAIRED FREE OF CHARGE.
C. E. LEWIS, Prop.
Peoples' Boot & Shoe Store.

DO YOU KNOW
THAT
We Want Your Cash
And in order to get it we offer such inducements as cannot be equalled elsewhere. Our stock of Mens Boys and Childrens
CLOTHING!
Is full from the Working to the Finest Dress Suits on the market, and at prices that will thoroughly satisfy the most economical buyer.
And as to our Line of
SPRING HATS
We will simply say that we have them in every desirable shape, color, and quality, and as to the prices it is not necessary to say, as having always enjoyed the
Bulk of the Trade,
In these goods in Manchester, they will speak for themselves. Our line of
GENT'S FURNISHINGS
consists of all the latest novelties in Spring Neckwear. Fine Flannel Shirts Ballriggan Underwear, Hosiery, etc., etc. We ask for no patronage unless we can convince you that it is to your advantage to PURCHASE OF US.
A. H. GREEN,
Low-Priced Clothier.

UNQUESTIONABLY THE BEST!
Local Newspaper in Southern Michigan is the
75 CENTS!
Everybody says so and "what everybody says must be so."
In order that everybody may enjoy the privilege of reading it during 1887, we have concluded to offer it until January 1st, 1888 for
THE ENTERPRISE
Contains more Local News than any other paper, more Correspondence than any other, the best and most reliable Market Reports,
Better Constructed Stories
Than any other. The story of "Shirley Carleton," now running in the ENTERPRISE, cannot be read in any other paper, and we intend to spend money to get stories not published by any of our neighbors.
The War Sketches!
Now being published in the ENTERPRISE are nicely illustrated and we intend to furnish our readers with ORIGINAL SKETCHES, something that no other paper has.
The Pioneer Sketches,
Are a new feature just begun in the ENTERPRISE, and we shall make them very interesting to our young readers as well as to the old settlers, who have helped to make this country "blossom as the rose."
Our Farmers' Club Reports
Will always be found interesting and instructive and several of our best agricultural writers have promised to contribute articles for the ENTERPRISE, all of which will be read with interest. A choice selection of
Jackson, Lenawee and Washtenaw
COUNTY NEWS,
Is always found in the ENTERPRISE, collected by telegraph, telephone, mail and taken from our best exchanges.
EVERYTHING IS FRESH
In the ENTERPRISE, and you can't spend 75 cents to better advantage than by subscribing for the ENTERPRISE for 1887.
REMEMBER THAT 75 CENTS PAYS UNTIL JANUARY 1888.
Bring it, send it by a neighbor, by mail, or pay to the postmaster, any way to get it to us.
MAT D. BLOSSER, - - - PUBLISHER.

Manchester Enterprise
BY MAT D. BLOSSER.

THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1887.

LOCAL NEWS BREVITIES.

Locals on 4th page.

We were blessed with rain on Tuesday.

Services were held at Emanuels church to-day.

Ascension day services were held at St. Marys church to-day.

We call especial attention to the article about hydrophobia in another column.

A fishing party went to Iron Creek yesterday and brought home a nice lot of fish.

N. W. Holt & Co. sold three car loads of flour yesterday, to be shipped to Scotland.

James Waters, agent for the Buckeye machines, has a change of advertisement this week.

Fred Martty plays splendidly on his new piano harp. He also makes a tearful noise on the horn.

Who would be without the ENTERPRISE when it can be had for 75 cents until the 1st of January.

Dr. Kapp, having given an order to Geo. Nisle for a new family carriage, has had an extension built on to his barn.

The ladies society of the M. E. church will meet at the residence of C. E. Lewis next Wednesday afternoon. May 25th.

Mrs. Goodell is very thankful for services rendered by neighbors and friends in her late bereavement, and especially to the G. A. R.

Among those who have put up new awnings this spring are Mack & Schmid; C. E. Lewis, A. H. Green, Peoples Bank, Dr. Lynch.

We are in receipt of copies of California papers from H. C. Calhoun, and the Sunday Mirror, of Kansas City, from Frank Vogel. Thanks.

Manchester Arbeiter Verein have elected C. Lehn and N. Schmid as representatives at the annual convention to be held at Ypsilanti next month.

Mrs. Calhoun says that Henry is delighted with Southern California, and says that if his family and property were there he would not wish to return.

Comstock Post, G. A. R., made a fine appearance last Saturday, when they conducted the remains of their comrade E. B. Goodell, to their last resting place.

Mr. Hadden, of Jackson, agent for Stevens' artificial flower vases and flower pots, was in town this morning and sold some large vases. A. F. Freeman bought two.

The question of commencing the erection of the village council building was brought before the council on Tuesday evening. It will be further discussed next Tuesday evening.

The common council rightly took action on the dog question at their meeting last Tuesday night, as will be seen by notice elsewhere, and we hope that every dog owner will take heed.

The german workingmen have been talking of buying a grove near this village to be fitted up for a park in which to hold picnics, etc. Granger's grove suits them pretty well, and J. D. Corey has offered to sell "Park Pleasant" to them.

As a good many of our readers are contemplating a visit away from home, and as they stick the ENTERPRISE sent to them in order that they may know the news, we have concluded to offer it until January 1st, for 75 cents. We will prepay the postage and change the address as often as desired.

Some time since the ENTERPRISE published a report of a wrestling match at Jacksonville, Florida, the successful contestant being Charles McMahon, of this place, and now we learn that John, his brother, is attached to wrestle Cornish style for $1,000 a side with James Pascoe, at Baker City, Oregon, on June 9th.

Asa Noyes, the fifer, and his son-in-law, one of the best snare drummers in Barry county, have been engaged by the G. A. R. to play for Comstock Post on Decoration Day. Asa used to make the woods around here ring with the dulcet tones of his fife, and his old friends will be pleased to hear him play once more.

A new game is very useful. Annoy unhemmed are distributed among the ladies, and bags, each containing thread and a needle, among the gentlemen. When gentleman finds a lady with an apron of the same material as his bag, he is obliged to hem her apron. Prizes are awarded to the quickest workers and the best one.—Exchange.

This village is to-day sadly in need of reservoirs. We should have at least three, one on Ann Arbor street, one near the central school building and one on Boyne street near Washington. In case a fire should break out in either of these localities, there is no water to supply the engine. Our city fathers should attend to this matter at once.

Jackson Citizen: A letter was received from Superintendent Worcester, of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad yesterday, by ticket agent C. E. Botsford, which was turned over to the committee of the merchants' and manufacturers' association. It was in reply to the petition from residents along the Jackson branch line for a morning train to, and an evening train from Jackson, and said there was not business enough to warrant it, and the road could not afford to run the train for good will's sake.

PERSONAL.

Pat McMahon has gone to Cadillac.

R. C. Witherill was in town over Sunday.

S. W. Dorr is able to walk out in the yard.

Wm. Bartless was in Saline Monday on business.

Mrs. N. H. Wells visited in Clinton yesterday.

Tenpenoel is at work at his trade at Findlay, Ohio.

We learn that Herman Gieske, sr., is a little better to-day.

Bert Conklin is clerking for D. W. Clark in Tecumseh.

Will Pattison and family returned to Detroit on Saturday.

Herb. Reed went to Clinton this morning in search of work.

Rev. D. R. Shier drove to Ypsilanti and back on Tuesday.

"Uncle" John Greenman, of Norvell, was in town on Monday.

Mrs. H. G. Conklin, of Tecumseh, is visiting relatives in town.

Messrs. Harris & Hitesho, of Tecumseh, were in town Sunday.

Fred Steinkohl went to Lansing last Friday to visit over Sunday.

L. S. Hulbert and N. Schmid went to Toleeo yesterday on business.

Rev. & Mrs. Patchin are now "at home" in the presbyterian parsonage.

Wm. Eberbach, of Jackson, was in town on Monday visiting friends.

Mrs. A. E. Hewett, of Jackson, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. E. G. Carr.

Mr. & Mrs. George Kay visited his brother John, in Norvell, over Sunday.

Lorenzo Coon went to Hudson on Tuesday to visit his brother who is quite sick.

Mr. Bert Wade, of Manchester, spent Sunday with relatives in this city.—Democrat.

Mrs. Truman McKinney, of Toledo, was the guest of Mrs. George Kay last Friday.

Eugene K. Frueauff, esq., and John Heinzmann, of Ann Arbor, were in town on Sunday.

Mr. & Mrs. C. E. Lewis visited relatives in Clinton, Tecumseh and Mason over Sunday.

Hubbell Middlebrook, of Clinton, formerly of Sharon, has been granted an increase of pension.

Frank Van Duyn, who has been at Wyandotte the past several weeks, was home over Sunday.

Thomas Mosher went to Adrian this morning to attend the knights templar decoration services.

Mrs. L. T. Smith and Mrs. Gardner, of Leavenworth, Kan., are visiting their brother, Charles Kendall.

Fred Martty, Frank Tuthill, Fred Van Duyn and Frank Haag, spent Sunday at Eagle Point, Clark's Lake.

We listened to some fine music on the guitar and mouth organ by Chas. Bennett of Plymouth, on Tuesday evening.

Fred Kotts has been unable to attend to his duties at the university this week on account of sickness, and is at home.

We learn that Bert Rowe has been quite sick the past week with measles, and has been confined to his room in Ann Arbor.

Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Kirchgessner went to Adrian yesterday to attend the marriage of his niece, Miss Amelia Wagner, to Robert Fertig.

Mrs. James Kelly went to Brooklyn last Friday to visit her daughter, and on Sunday Mr. Kelly drove down and she returned home with him.

We learn that Mrs. Lurany Townsend, formerly of Sharon, but who went to Auburn, N. Y., several weeks ago, has become Mrs. G. Sullivan.

John McMahon, the showman, was in town last Thursday. He says that the show has been doing a splendid business. It was in St. Louis last week.

Mr. Antoine Klein, of Lishon, Ottawa county, was in town visiting his friend P. Joseph Stainer, over Sunday, before starting for a visit to Europe.

We learn that L. F. Wheeler gave one of his popular illustrated lectures at the opera house in Ionia on Tuesday evening and that the Knights of Pythias attended in a body.

We are pleased to learn that Dr. Sheldon is meeting with good success in Hillsdale. He is a good dentist and thoroughly understands his business, being up in all the late improvements.

We learn that L. M. Baldwin has bought 20 acres, and E. G. Carr 24, 15 acres of California land. That looks as though they like the country and have faith in its future prosperity.

Mrs. Vreeland, of Jackson, formerly of this place, has a large music class in that city, and last Saturday evening her pupils gave a rehearsal which reflected great credit upon their teacher.

J. M. Moore, of the Wampler's Lake House, was in town on Monday and the ENTERPRISE printed the bills for the opening at his hotel for the season of '87 which will occur on the 1st of June.

Joe O'Neil has taken the Monroe division of the Lake Shore railroad as division carpenter. His territory is from Detroit to Toledo and from Monroe to Lenawee Junction. He was home over Sunday.

We are in receipt of the Baker City, Oregon, Daily Democrat, from which we learn that Michael J. McMahon, a graduate of our union school and of the law department of the university, is practicing law at that place.

Fred Macomber, of Macomber Bros., went to Toledo last Thursday on business, returning Saturday. On Monday morning he started out for a few weeks trip selling goods for the eastern house he worked for previous to his coming here.

The June St. Nicholas has for the frontispiece "A Day Dream," drawn by Frank Russell Green. Following this is a poem for June which is very appropriate, and a serial entitled "King London," containing 12 illustrations. "Juan and Juanita" is continued, and each chapter awakens new interest for the reader. "Winning a Commission," by George I. Putman, is an interesting and instructive article. A thrilling description of "Sheridan in the Valley," is a narrative full of war sketches and anecdotes. Palmer Cox, in his clever manner tells the experience of "The Brownies" with some wild bees. The letter and riddle boxes contain many useful and amusing articles for both old and young.

We clip the following from the Jackson Patriot, as it concerns one of our former citizens: "The police commissioners held a lengthy session last evening, during which Patrolman Josiah S. Case was advanced to police constable. Mr. Case began his official career many years ago in Washtenaw county, first as a constable, then as a deputy sheriff. In 1876, the year Samuel J. Tilden was elected president of the united states, he was chosen sheriff of Washtenaw county, a position he held for two terms, or as long as the laws of the state permit. Friends of Mr. Case say he was the best sheriff Washtenaw county ever had. When E. B. Pond became warden of the prison, Mr. Case was appointed steward, where he remained until a change of administration made H. F. Hatch warden, when he resigned. Two years ago next month, Mr. Case was appointed patrolman. He has the record of having been a good officer. That he will be an efficient man in his new place none who know him doubt."

There seems to be a considerable difference in opinion amongst the councilmen regarding the style of building needed for a council chamber, engine house, etc. A plan was drawn by a Jackson architect last fall, which represents a brick building with out stone trimmings, self-supporting slate roof, a tower, and everything in nice shape. The plan cost about $30. It will cost between $4,000 and $5,000 to build such a building, and another $1,000 to furnish it appropriately. By cutting off much of the fancy work and changing the roof the cost could be reduced say $1,000. Now the question arises, do we want to put such a nice appearing building on that lot? Would not a plain store front building without a tower and with a flat roof, answer our purpose just as well as one according to the plan drawn? The matter is in the hands of the city fathers, whom the citizens of this village have elected to represent them, and we shall expect them to act wisely in the matter. There is much need of money now. We need reservoirs, new sidewalks, street graded, etc., and we must be careful how we spend the money.

Fire.

On Sunday morning at about five o'clock, the barn of Charles Sloat, in the east part of the village, was found to be on fire. Fred Kurfess first discovered it and aroused Mr. Sloat and the neighbors, who ran to the barn, and there upon the upper, where the flames and smoke burst out so fiercely that they could not go into the building to save the horses and wagon, and in a short time nothing remained but the building ruins.

Mr. Sloat was a peddler and bought rags, etc., and it is thought by some that the fire originated from spontaneous combustion in the rags, while others think a tramp may have slept there and set fire to it.

The horses and dog were evidently suffocated before the people arrived, as they made no noise, and could not be seen on account of the dense smoke.

The barn was a good substantial building costing about $300. It was insured for $100. There was no insurance on the other property, and Mr. Sloat loses between $700 and $800. A subscription paper was started on Monday morning to raise money to buy him another team with which to earn a living. Our citizens are subscribing liberally and about $200 have been raised.

SCHOOL ITEMS.

Miss Anna Gieske has resumed charge of her department.

The school is promised a picnic some time in the near future.

The students of the high school and intermediate departments enjoyed a holiday last Friday.

Decoration Day will be properly observed by the school. Exercises will be held in the chapel.

Prof. Phillips, Misses Minnie Sullivan, Alice Richmond and Grace Spaulding visited Tecumseh schools last Friday.

Subject of sermon next Sunday morning at 10:30 at the universalist church: "Obedient unto the Heavenly vision." In the evening at 7:30, a discourse on "The Moral Forces of the World."

Take Care of Your Dogs.

The following resolution was passed by the common council of the village of Manchester, Michigan, at its regular session on Tuesday evening, May 17th, 1887, to-wit:

RESOLVED, By the common council of the village of Manchester, and it is hereby ordered: That all dogs running at large within the corporate limits of this village between the passage of this resolution and publication of same in the MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE, to and until June 1st next, and from that time on in accordance with Rev. Law VII, of this village "In Relation to Dogs," are hereby required to be properly muzzled, or in case any dog found running at large, contrary to this resolution, the village marshal is hereby authorized and ordered to kill and destroy, or cause the same to be done; and all in accordance to said By Law."

CONRAD LEITZ,
Clerk Pro tem.

BRIDGEWATER.

F. E. Ortenburger was in Saline Tuesday on business.

Dr. C. F. Unterkircher, of Saline, was in town last Sunday.

Considerable wheat has been marketed here the past week.

Mrs. A. K. Rouse, of Saline, spent Tuesday with Lizzie Burns.

Mrs. John Nauman and children, of Detroit, is spending a few days with Mr. & Mrs. Henry Guthard.

Supt. Caniff and trackmaster T. O. Doremus passed over this branch Saturday in the steam car "Midget."

IRON CREEK.

Mrs. Moon spent Sunday in this vicinity.

R. T. Van Valkenburg is home this week.

Rev. W. R. Moon baptized 14 persons last Sunday.

The church social meets at Porter Brown's Thursday afternoon, May 26th.

Mrs. Mary Reed and son have been visiting her aint, Mrs. A. A. Stringham, the past week.

The baptist social of Manchester, will meet at Mrs. G. M. Sutton's Thursday afternoon, June 2d.

FREEDOM.

Jacob Roth, who has been considered "out of his head" for some time threatened to shoot his neighbor, Charles Buss, last Thursday, and Buss had him arrested and put in jail.

May 31st, June 1st, 2d and 3d, the time for the Washtenaw county fair, is close at hand, and preparations are being made to have it a success. Everyone should attend and help it along.

Decoration Services.

On Sunday, the 29th, at 1 o'clock, the members of Comstock Post, G. A. R., will leave the post room and march to the baptist church, where they will listen to a memorial sermon by Rev. J. M. Getchell, at 1:30. The church will be appropriately decorated for the occasion.

At 2 o'clock the masonic fraternity of this village and surrounding country will assemble at masonic hall and march in regular order to Oak Grove cemetery, where a lot four square will be formed in front of the public vault, when the glee club will sing several appropriate pieces and Rev. J. M. Getchell will deliver an address, after which the graves of the following master masons will be decorated:

Barnabas Case, Emanuel Case, Benjamin Case, Talman Case, Chandler Carter, U. G. Beach, James F. Dorey, G. M. Hewett, J. B. Gilman, Adam Van Tyle, Oliver High, Matthew Gall, W. S. Stowell, Thomas Morgan, John Wier, J. M. McLean, Benona Merriman.

The decorations will consist of a large square and compasses, trimmed with evergreens and flowers. Each grave to be decorated will be marked by a white banner, and it is hoped that spectators will keep away from those graves so as not to interfere with the committee in decorating. After the graves have been decorated the masons will return to their hall, where the closing exercises will be held and refreshments served. Masons from all the surrounding lodges have been invited and should the day prove fair, it is expected that there will be a good representation as a number have signified their intention to attend.

Members of Comstock Post, G. A. R., will meet at the post room promptly at 1:30 P. M., on Monday, the 30th, where a procession will be formed, headed by a band of martial music, and march to Oak Grove cemetery, when they will listen to an address, by Rev. John Patchin, after which they will decorate the following soldiers graves:

Wm. Metzke, Selah Noyes, Lawson Leeps, George Youngs, Charles Force, Abner Ide, M. Martin, L. FitzGerald, George M. Howe, Thos. Spafard, John Havens, Lambert Hartsock, Elias Fountain, F. B. Goodell, George Owen.

The manner of decorating the graves is altogether different from that of the masons, and will be quite interesting. The G. A. R. will then return to the post room and disband.

Resolutions.

At a meeting of Comstock Post, G. A. R., May 17, 1887, a committee was appointed to draft suitable resolutions on the death of comrade Burdette Goodell, and instructed to have them published in the MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the All Wise, our Supreme Commander above, to remove by death from our midst a true and trusted brother, Comrade Goodell, Therefore be it

RESOLVED, 1st. That by this event Comstock Post loses a worthy and faithful member. One ready for duty, and this community an honest and good citizen. 2d. That we extend to his good wife and daughter our heartfelt sympathies in this their hour of greatest trial and bereavement.

W. H. PUTTLE,
E. LOGAN,
THOS. RUSTIN, (Com.

Commercial.

Markets by Telegraph.

DETROIT, Mich., May 19, 1887.

EGGS—Quiet at 11c ⅌ doz for fresh.

BEANS—Firm at $1.65@1.70 for city hand picked.

POTATOES—Steady at 70c for car lots, 75c in small lots, from store.

BUTTER—Market easy at 16@17c for best dairy receipts.

WHEAT—No. 2 red, spot, 3 cars at 80c; May 5,000 bu at 80c;

Manchester Enterprise
BY MAT D. BLOSSER.

Traveler's Guide.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY.
VISTULANT BRANCH. Departures. FROM VISTULANT.

Mail	Freight	STATIONS	Freight	Mail
8 30 a m	9 00 a m	Vistulant	2 00 p m	7 30 p m
7 20 "	9 15 "	Pittsfield Junc	1 45 "	7 15 "
7 10 "	9 25 "	Salline	1 35 "	7 05 "
6 55 "	9 40 "	Bridgewater	1 20 "	6 50 "
6 40 "	9 55 "	Manchester	1 05 "	6 35 "
6 35 "	10 15 "	Manchester Junc	12 45 "	6 30 "
6 25 "	10 25 "	Sylvania	12 35 "	6 20 "
6 10 "	10 40 "	Ottokee	12 20 "	6 05 "

W. G. MARK, Gen'l Superintendent.
W. H. CANIFF, Superintendent.
JACKSON BRANCH—Departures.
FROM JACKSON.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Express.	Accom.
Jackson	6 15 a m	2 35 p m	7 00 p m
Napoleon	6 45 "	3 05 "	7 30 "
Norvell	6 55 "	3 15 "	7 40 "
Clarklake	7 05 "	3 25 "	7 50 "
River Raisin	7 15 "	3 35 "	8 00 "
Clinton	7 25 "	3 50 "	8 15 "
Tecumseh	7 45 "	4 10 "	8 35 "
Adrian	8 05 "	4 35 "	9 00 "
Toledo	10 45 "	7 15 "	12 00 m
Cleveland	2 20 p m	9 40 "	4 00 a m
Buffalo	6 50 "	2 05 a m	9 00 "
Chicago	8 30 a m	10 00 "	7 00 p m

W. PARKER,
General Ticket and Passenger Agent of the system.
J. W. FOSTER, Agent, Jackson.
FRANK MCGINNIS, Ticket Agent.
A. W. SPENCER, Station Agent.

THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1887.

LOCAL NEWS BREVITIES.

To-day is Ascension Day.

Subscribe for the ENTERPRISE—it is cheap.

The forest fires up north have filled the air with smoke.

A gas well boring company has been organized in this village.

George J. Haeusler has built a new sidewalk on the east side of his yard.

Clark Bros. began work on Chas. Atkinson's house at Norvell, on Tuesday.

The streets and lawns show young grass in spring attire, and present a pretty appearance.

The street commissioner has had the little brook, into which the Washington street sewer empties, cleaned out.

The baptist young people's society will give an ice cream social at the residence of James Field, to-morrow evening.

Kingsley has been doing some and getting ready to repair the dam and improve the waterpower at East Manchester.

There is a change in the time card on the Lake Shore railway, as will be seen by the time card in the ENTERPRISE this week.

Marty & Co., have sold their cows but to Wm. Mount, of Sharon. They had to do so as they did not find the pasturing season is over.

The merchants have been cleaning up the yards in the rear of the stores and quite an improvement in looks and smell has been wrought.

J. H. Kingsley has a change of advertisement this week, in which he calls the attention of our readers to the new Pneumatic gasoline stove.

Peterson's Magazine for June has a colored fashion plate and numerous woodcuts, besides patterns of various dresses, fancy work, etc. The literary contents are interesting. A new volume begins with the July number, affording a good time to subscribe.

A stock company has been organized in this village to bore for gas, oil, etc. The stockholders are C. Lehn, Wm. Burless, L. S. Hulbert, T. J. Farrell, N. Schmid, J. Heinzmann and H. K. Freeman. The company has a good reputation and in this vicinity for beginning boring operations.

Quite an exciting time was had on the Sparland plains last Friday, when a mad dog appeared. It bit a horse and disturbed everything and everybody he came in contact with. He was followed by Dan Rivins who shot him and laced him, then Charles Cool shot him and laced him, before he was laid low. Every dog should either be muzzled or shot.

The newest confidence racket, worked on the farmers in this locality, is for a man to walk into a house, bitterly bewailing the loss of his pocketbook, and by working upon the sympathies of the householder, get an order for a night's lodging in the nearest town. If it does not turn up in the shape of something else, the confidence man, at least, chuckles at his success in a good bed.

The steamer bought at Lansing by Wheeler, Millen & Nestell, was brought to Wolf Lake a week or two ago, and is now undergoing a thorough overhaul and will be launched in a few days. Eight hones were employed in hauling the boat from Lansing and it took five days to get it here. The trip is said were pleasant and nearly every bridge on the way was broken in passing over. Wheeler and Millen came home Sunday.

James Morris, proprietor of the Wagner House, Lake Odessa, opens his doors on Wednesday, June 1st, and will have everything arranged for the entertainment of his guests, a pleasant grove, a fine dance hall which will be open in the evening, and Engel's orchestra to play, with his celebrated refreshments on hand. It is a fine place to fish and boat, within a few rods of the house. Lake Odessa is resort and affords an excellent opportunity for those who wish to enjoy a day's recreation.

PHANTOMS OF THE FAST.

Upto on the first of June, the Island Queen, the finest pleasure boat on the part across the Atlantic, is to be in the Detroit trade. The best of all the lines, in the opinion of the critics.

Dark of the lips, they look to warm affection, Cold of the eyes, they look to warm affection, Dark of the lips, they look to warm affection, Cold of the eyes, they look to warm affection.

Dance! Dance! Dance!

BROTHER GARFIELD'S ADDRESS.

Caramat Johnson About to Start for Kentucky—Lots Wholesome Words.

Caramat Johnson is about to start for Kentucky, and will be, he says, in a week or two. He has sold his farm, and is anxious to be off. Mr. Johnson is a Democrat and the president as the Democrat.

Caramat slipped on his shoes and coming to Ionia, and the president of Garfield's Brigade, and the president of Garfield's Brigade, and the president of Garfield's Brigade