

KEMPF'S

Genuine, Old Fashioned, Honest,

1-4 OFF 1-4

SALE

ON

DRY GOODS & LADIES & CHILDREN'S SHOES.

Everything goes, no prices changed.

GEO. H. KEMPF.

"Dogs delight to bark and bite, It is their nature too," but

HUMMEL & FENN

Continue to sell all kinds of Drugs and Medicines, "Whiskey" included; also

Choice family groceries, books, stationery and wall paper, fancy goods, toilet powders, brushes and combs.

Fine Perfumes a Specialty.

Cheaper than any other house in town.

Truly Yours,

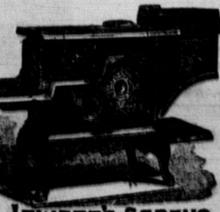
HUMMEL & FENN.

Druggists and Grocers.

Successors to R. S. Armstrong.

STOVES

We are determined to reduce our stock of heating stoves, and will make special inducements until Feb. 1st.



JEWETT'S SERENO.

IN HORSE BLANKETS

We are showing many good things. Prices are right.

LAMPS.

If you didn't get a lamp for X-mas you can have one now. We have a good many choice lamps left.

We have some

ODDS AND ENDS

in toys and notions that we will close out cheap.

Bear in mind that until

Feb. 1st

we will make it to your interest to see us on anything in our line.

HOAG & HOLMES.

Zero and There.

The holidays are a thing of the past. Miss Eva Cook is on the sick list at present.

The fine warm weather is a thing of the past. Quite a change in the weather this week.

The straw market is overstocked at Jackson.

Read Glazier's change of "ad." on first and last page.

David Thomas has been quite sick for the past week.

Mr. T. Drislane, of Ann Arbor, was in town this week.

Fred Vogel was in Ann Arbor last Tuesday on business.

Miss Margaret Neary of Jackson, is visiting friends here.

Wm. Riemschneider was in Detroit Monday on business.

Lewis P. Klein is quite ill with inflammation of the bowels.

Mrs. Wm. Dunner, has been very sick for the past six weeks.

The new buildings corner Main and Park streets are almost completed.

County Clerk Howlett issued 260 marriage licenses in the year 1889.

Mrs. John Rafferty and children returned home from Allion last Monday.

Mrs. Joe. Cramer of Lock, was the guest of Mrs. Peter Easterle last week.

The Misses Lena and Maggie Lusty returned home from Jackson last Monday.

Jacob Hindelang, of Waterloo, spent Sunday in town with relatives and friends.

There were about 185 deaths in Ann Arbor and vicinity during the year 1889.

The boys who received sleds at Christmas, are firmly persuaded that life is a hollow mockery.

Jas. Geddes, Jr., received a pair of handsome Lansang chickens from Trenton, N. J., last Tuesday.

It is no use to tell anybody who has the Russian sneezes to keep a stiff upper lip. He simply can't do it.

Mrs. Geo. Easterle of Sylvan, is on the sick list. Mrs. Easterle is the Mother of Peter Easterle of this place.

Ypsilanti and Pittsfield townships have a joint literary society. They think one good society is better than two poor ones.

The imported influenza is also called the grip. Will the members of secret societies be more liable to catch it than other people?

A savings bank has been organized at Milan to succeed the banking house of Barnes & Co. The new institution has \$25,000 capital stock.

Hereafter Frank Buckley, Dentist, will be in Ann Arbor Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and in Chelsea Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays. See card on last page.

This European influenza which was to enable folks to sneeze themselves into society, turns out to be the common horse disease called "pink eye." This announcement will stop it at once.

We are on the last ten years of the 19th century.—Manchester Enterprise. There has been considerable dispute here the past week as to whether it took ten or eleven years to finish the 19th century.

An Ionia county young man who "doesn't take the papers" procured a marriage license last week, and then with the girl of his choice set up housekeeping. The mistake was discovered by a friend and marriage resulted suddenly.

One hundred Catholic students of the University have followed the example of the Methodists and the Presbyterians and organized a "guild" to be known as the "Foley Guild" named in honor of Bishop Foley of Detroit, who promises the boys all possible aid in their society and a suitable building in the near future.—Stockbridge Sun.

Lieutenant Baker, will lecture at the town hall, Wednesday evening, Jan. 15th, 1890, on the pursuit and capture of J. Wilkes Booth, for the benefit of the Chelsea High School. Lieutenant Baker, had charge of the company that captured Mr. Booth, and therefore knows more about the affair than any other living man. Don't fail to hear him.

John T. Mitchell, of Dakota, who is visiting his sister, Mrs. Davison, of this place, was the guest of Geo. H. Mitchell and wife a few days last week. Mr. Mitchell used to be a resident of Sharon, this county, but in 1869 removed to Minnesota, where he resided until 1887, when he went to Faulkton, Paulk county, Dakota, and is now engaged in business in that place.

T. A. Seney has a very promising young animal in his 2-year-old stallion, Harry West. He is by Col. West, by Almost, dam by County House mare. He is fairly well broken and shows great signs of speed; and will be put into training next season, when it is expected this youngster will win laurels to his name.—Jackson Citizen.

The above colt was purchased by Mr. S. at the State Fair two years ago at a large figure and was sent to the farm of H. P. Seney, Lima, where he might have been seen until last June, when he was taken back to Jackson and broken to harness. He is a favorite of the horsemen and bids fair to make a stepper.

Miss Lizzie Maroney is quite sick. Pinckney now has street lamps. The general census will be taken this year.

Mrs. Wm. Brower has been quite ill the past week.

C. E. DePuy, of Stockbridge spent Sunday in town.

John Belcher has been appointed postmaster at Leslie.

The State Prohibition Convention will meet in Detroit Feb. 12th.

A state cider makers, convention will be held at Benton Harbor on the 15 inst.

Two Manchester boys have assumed the role of chimney sweep and they have plenty to do.

Steinbach's orchestra treated the fireman with some fine music in there hall Friday evening.

Twenty more desks has been added to the Lima school and ten more to the Chelsea school.

Our enterprising merchants have inaugurated their annual clearing sales of odds and ends.

The recitation room in the high school has been divided and another teacher has been engaged.

Linemen have been in town the past week repairing the telegraph lines along the M. C. R. R.

Mr. Chas. Lambrecht has bought the property owned by Geo. Hewlett southwest of Chelsea.

Geo. H. Kempf has something to say about dry goods and ladies fine shoes, see "ad." on first page.

Mr. Jarvis Goodwin, who has been in the west for several years, is visiting relatives and friends here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Chadwick, of Ann Arbor, visited at her father's Mr. George Peckens of Sharon last week.

The suggestion that the grippe was all in your eye is suddenly succeeded by the fact that it is all in your nose.

The second quarterly meeting of the M. E. church, Sharon, was held at center church Sunday forenoon at 10:00 o'clock.

Fred Lutz, of Freedom, while drawing lumber recently, fell from the load injuring his head and shoulders quite badly.

About forty of Mae L. Wood's young friends gave her a surprise New Years day All present report an enjoyable time.

There has been a failure in all the crops the past year, and now there is talk of a failure in the ice crop. What next?

Mr. and Mrs. Milo Hunter have been in Manchester the past week taking care of Mrs. Hunter's father, who is quite ill.

Harry Shaver while loading a car at the freight house recently slipped and fell hurting his side quite severely. He is now better.

Buglars are again committing depredations in the smaller towns of this County, and it is not improbable that they will visit Chelsea in their rounds.

C. W. Vogel, of Ann Arbor, has sold a half interest in his meat market to Mr. Kern, of Manchester, and the firm name hereafter will be Vogel & Kern.

Frank Robinson of Francisco, who formerly lived in Sharon, fell dead of heart disease recently, while doing his chores. He was about 40 years of age and leaves a wife and child.

The Washtenaw German fire insurance company have elected the following officers: Pres. S. Hirth; vice-pres. M. Seeger, H. Paul; treas., Geo. Mann; directors, J. Keppler, J. Jetele, J. M. Gross.

Jacob Staffan and Jay Woods were in Pontiac the fore part of this week. While in Detroit Mr. Wood called on his brother-in-law Mr. Rademacher, and found that he had sold his wholesale grocery business, and also that they had a young son.

The Detroit Journal desires to receive, by postal card, the address of all living male and female descendants of the Revolutionary officers and soldiers of 1776, and, when possible, the name and state of the ancestor. Wonder if W. H. Brearley, proprietor of the Detroit Journal, is contemplating a raid upon the national treasury?

The five-year-old boy of Patrick Murphy, of Waterloo, was kicked by a horse one day last week in such a manner as to peel off a portion of his scalp leaving considerable of the scalp bare. Dr. Sherman was called and patched up the little fellow and he is now doing nicely, it will probably leave a very large scar.—Stockbridge Sun.

Michael Grimes, age 19 years, reached Bay City Monday morning from Ireland, having come the way unattended. His father left him in the old country when the child was 11 months of age, in charge of his grandmother. The latter dying, money was sent to the old home and the little fellow started out alone. He was introduced to five brothers and sisters he had never seen.

They confided a country youth up in Saginaw country the other day. He was to be married, and "the boys" told him to go to Saginaw and stop at the best hotel; that there is a rivalry among the big hotels in securing bridal couples, and that none of them charge a cent the first week after occupying a bridal chamber for a week the new benedictus was confronted with a bill that made his hair stand up. He was in jail for beating a hotel at last accounts.



Glazier, the Druggist.

Is getting over it, and will be all right by next week. Mr. Emmert says

"GLAZIER Sells Groceries Cheap,

Cheaper perhaps than any other house in this county." We fully agree with Mr. Emmert and offer the following Facts and Figures that you may see that he is right.

- 4 1/2 lbs crackers for... 25c
Best canned salmon... 15c per can
Choice new Prungs... 15 lbs for \$1.00
Best dried beef... 8c per lb
Oysters, best standards... 18c per can
Oysters, extra select... 20c per can
15 lbs granulated sugar for... \$1.00
20 lbs brown sugar for... 1.00
Starch... 10c per lb
Substitutes... 5c
Yeast cakes... 3c per pkg
Finest tea dust... 12 1/2c per lb
Good Japan tea... 30c
Full cream cheese... 12 1/2c
6 lb rolled oats for... 25c
35 boxes matches, 300 to box, for... 25c
24 boxes matches, 300 to box, for... 25c
4 pounds best rice... 25c
Choice dates... 25c
Choice mixed candy... 15c per lb
Coddish bricks... 15c per lb
Farmers' Pride smoking... 18c
Good molasses... 40c per gal
Fine sugar syrup... 40c per gal

All Goods Fresh. All Goods Warranted. Verily, merrily, more and more it pays to trade at

Glazier's Store.

Report of the Condition of the Chelsea Savings Bank.

Table with columns for Assets and Liabilities. Assets include Capital stock, Surplus fund, Undivided profits, Commercial deposits, Savings deposits. Liabilities include Loans and discounts, Stocks, bonds, mortgages, etc., Due from banks in reserve, etc.

Total... \$219,831.09

At Chelsea, Michigan, at the close of business, Dec 11th, 1889.

I, Geo. P. Glazier, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Geo. P. GLAZIER, Cashier

Correct—Attest: H. M. Wood, F. P. Glazier, T. S. Sears, Directors.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 11th day of Dec., 1889. T. A. Wood, Notary Public.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE BY Geo. P. Glazier's Loan and Real Estate Agency, Chelsea, Mich.

Farm No. 1—270 acres, located 2 miles south of Chelsea, 6 miles west from Cl... 5 miles east of Grass Lake, adjoining Michael Nelson's farm on the south, known as the Wales Riggs farm. One of the best soil farms in Michigan. There is a comfortable frame house, a large frame barn 114 feet long, 2 small barns, 2 good wells of water, wind mill, corn house, henery and tool house, orchard and a fine vineyard of one acre, 180 acres of land fit for the plow, besides ample woodland. In all it is one of the best grain and stock farms in Michigan to make money from.

Farm No. 18—100 60 100 acres, situated 3 miles from Chelsea, near school on good road, and in an excellent neighborhood of Eastern people. There is a framed dwelling house of 20 rooms (large and small), a frame barn 28x50, also a stock barn 100 feet long, wagon house 24x30, brick smoke house and fruit dryer, 2 good wells of excellent water, medium sized orchard, 50 acres of plow land, remainder good timber land. No waste land whatever. This is a superior located farm, under high state of cultivation. The owner desires to retire from active work and will sell for \$25 per acre.

FOR THE MONTH OF

JANUARY

I will make some interesting prices on boots and shoes.

I have a good many shoes that must be sold before making my annual inventory.

In ladies fine shoes at \$2.00, 2.50, 3.00 and 3.50. I will make a reduction from 50c to \$1 per pair. That reduces the price from 1-4 to 1-3 off.

In men's shoes I will give you an endless line of \$3.00 shoes at \$2.25. Just received a police shoe, good value, at \$3.00, and I will go with the rest.

Felt boots and stockings at your own price. Do not appropriate one dollar for foot wear until you see my prices.

Respectfully, B. PARKER, Boot and Shoe Dealer.

BLAICH BROS.

We have just received a fine line of Florida Oranges, Lemons, Candies, Mixed Nuts, Dates, Figs, Seedless Raisins, Citron, Lemon Peel, Orange Peel, all colors of Sugar Sand, Almond Meats, etc. We keep on hand a fine line of Extracts, also a fine line of Canned Goods.

Call and see us and we will try and treat you kindly, and make prices right to you. Respectfully,

BLAICH BROS.

Given Away on February 1st, 1890.

On that day I will give away a \$55 White Sewing Machine with numerous attachments, on the following plan: Every person buying one dollar's worth of goods for cash, can guess on the number of kernels of corn in a sealed dish on the machine, and the person guessing the number of kernels, or the nearest to the same will be given the machine free of charge. My stock consists of Groceries, Gloves, Mittens, etc., and everything is sold at bottom price.

Nothing extra will be charged for guessing privileges. Look at the machine in the show window. Yours, etc.

R. A. SNYDER'S.

OUR ANNUAL CLEARING SALE!

Commences Saturday Morning,

January 4th, 1890,

And Closes Saturday Evening,

February, 4th, 1890.

Owing to the warm weather we have too many goods which

MUST BE

Turned into cash within the next 30 days. This we are going to do if prices count.

See our large bills, and visit our stores for the next 30 days for bargains.

Yours Respectfully, H. S. HOLMES & CO.

FROM WASHINGTON.

The Commissioner of Education in his report for the 30th ult. estimated that 45,000 in round numbers was expended for the education of twelve million children in the United States the past year, an average cost of \$11 a child per annum.

In the United States the visible supply of wheat and corn on the 30th ult. was, respectively, \$3,971,648 and 8,099,901 bushels.

On the 30th ult. the trade outlook was very promising and business men and financiers all over the country concurred in the opinion that the next twelve months would be unusually prosperous.

In the United States the number of persons who committed suicide during the year 1889 was 2,324, against 1,487 in 1888. Of this number 1,905 were males and 419 females. The total number of suicides committed was 5,367, against 3,184 in 1888.

During the past year 7,719 lives were lost in various disasters in this country as follows: Drowning, 5,705; fires, 889; cyclones, storms, 163; explosions, 99; mines, 30; falling buildings, 99; lightning, 215.

In railway accidents 5,438 persons were killed, against 1,551 in 1888. In marine disasters 2,000 lives were lost, against 4,095 the previous year.

The fire losses in the United States during 1889 foot up \$143,902,670, against \$100,000,000 in 1888.

During the past year 83 centenarians died in the United States, of whom 37 were males and 46 were females.

The total amount of money borrowed from corporations, private firms and the United States Government during the year 1889 was \$8,562,753.

There were 98 legal hangings in the United States last year, against 87 the previous year, and 175 persons were lynched, against 144 in 1888.

The public debt statement issued on the 30th ult. showed the total debt to be \$1,610,500,000; cash in Treasury, \$30,295,121; debt less cash in Treasury, \$1,580,204,879. Decrease during December, \$3,138,083. Decrease since June 30, 1889, \$23,667,710.

The business failures during the year 1889 in the United States numbered 10,882, with liabilities of \$4,784,374. The failures during the seven days ended on the 30th numbered 322 against 288 the previous week.

THE EAST.

EMPLOYEES OF Carnegie's Homestead (Pa.) steel works were notified on the 30th ult. of an advance of sixteen per cent in wages to go into effect immediately.

Miss DOLLIE BROWN, aged seventy-one years, died on the 30th ult. while kneeling in prayer at her bedside at Middletown, N. Y.

BRADSTREET reports a total of 11,719 business failures in the United States the past year, against 10,587 in 1888. The total liabilities were \$140,559,490, against \$120,242,402 the previous year. The assets the past year were \$70,509,769, against \$61,009,911 in 1888.

On the 31st ult. Mrs. Mary Smith, a girl, died in New York, aged forty-eight years. She weighed seven hundred pounds.

CHARLES KING, of Middleton, Mass., celebrated his one hundred and ninth birthday on the 1st.

At Castle Garden, New York, immigrants arrived last year to the number of 315,228, which was a falling off from the year before of 68,397.

On the 31st ult. Mrs. Polly French celebrated her one hundredth birthday at East Templeton, Mass.

GOVERNOR BRACKETT in his annual message to the Massachusetts Legislature on the 30th commended the Australian system of voting, which was employed at the last election, and recommended the extension of a similar method to the primaries.

FLAMES on the 30th in the shops of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company at New York caused a loss of \$100,000.

On the 30th Horatio Allen, who invented the Allen paper wheel, and who ran the first locomotive ever propelled over a track in this country, died at his home near South Orange, N. J., aged eighty-eight years.

Some unknown person on the 24th cut the throats of Sarah Kelly and Ann Kelly, aged respectively eighty-one and seventy-nine years, who lived alone in a little frame house in Philadelphia. Robbery was the motive.

CURTIS & Co., an iron firm at Roland, Pa., failed on the 24th for \$200,000. The firm was established in 1810.

STATISTICS of locomotive building for 1889 show a slight falling off from the product of 1888. Reports from about half the car-building companies show a decline of 20 per cent from the product of 1888.

The death of Hon. George H. Boker, ex-United States Minister to Turkey and Russia, occurred at his home in Philadelphia on the 30th.

BURGLARS entered the residence of Dr. Kniffin, a Trenton (N. J.) dentist, on the night of the 29th, chloroforming his wife and a young lady visitor. In the morning Mrs. Kniffin was found dead in her bedroom. Her companion was unconscious, but was revived.

The Portuguese schooner Velaria, which sailed from New York September 7, was on the 30th given up for lost. She had ten men in her crew and carried nine passengers.

The death of John Carlisle, aged eighty-five years, was announced at Portsmouth, N. H., on the 30th. He was Past Worshipful Grand Master Mason of New Hampshire and was the oldest active member of the thirty-third degree of Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite in the world.

WEST AND SOUTH.

On the 30th ult. the Academy of Music in course of erection at St. Louis fell in a heap, owing, it was thought, to a bed of quicksand under it.

On the 1st the Montana Republican House and Senate met in joint session and formally elected W. F. Sanders one of the United States Senators.

MONROE GARLAND killed three men in Mitchell County, S. C., on the 31st ult. and wounded twelve in revenge for the death of his brother, who was killed Christmas Day.

PASSENGER trains on the Pan-Handle road collided near Kokomo, Ind., on the 31st ult., and three train men were fatally injured and four others were seriously hurt.

At Jackson, Tenn., four boys between the ages of ten and eighteen years were suffocated by a falling sand bank on the 31st ult.

W. MCKINNEY was inaugurated Governor of Virginia on the 1st.

NEAR Tacoma, Wash., a quicksilver mine that assayed from 55 to 69 per cent of mercury was discovered on the 30th.

At Frankfort, Ky., an ordinance was passed on the 2d prohibiting the sale of cigarettes within the corporation limits. DURING 1889 the sugar manufactured in Kansas from sorghum aggregated 1,293,275 pounds, against 698,374 pounds in 1888.

On the 2d the Montana Legislature elected Thomas C. Power as colleague of Colonel Sanders in the United States Senate.

At Bebe's logging camp, eighty miles up the Tennessee river from Paducah, Ky., a cabin in the woods caught fire on the 3d and four inmates were burned to death.

GALVIN MORRIS (colored) was hanged at Houma, La., on the 3d for the murder of Alfred Harrison, October 5, 1888.

ROBERT COLEMAN, an engineer, and John Kameron, a brakeman, were killed by a collision of freight trains near Wichita, Kan., on the 3d.

An unfinished trestle on the Brierfield, Blocton & Birmingham railroad near Birmingham, Ala., fell on the 3d, carrying down twenty-five carpenters who were at work on the structure. Two men were killed and twenty injured.

JOSEPH LEMONIE was frozen to death while drunk at East Atchison, Kan., on the 3d.

The collapse of a bridge at Hallettsville, Tex., on the 3d threw twenty-two freight-cars into the river, and three persons were drowned and many injured.

On the 3d seven people lost their lives and four houses were almost entirely wrecked, including the Roman Catholic church, by a snow-slide at Sierra City, Cal.

DEMOCRATS of the Kentucky Legislature renominated J. C. S. Blackburn for United States Senator on the 3d.

The death of Judge Samuel Rice, once Chief Justice of Alabama and in 1848 elector on the Taylor-Fillmore ticket, occurred at Montgomery, Ala., on the 3d.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

HUNDREDS of the foreign residents of Brazil on the 30th ult. protested against the naturalization scheme of the Provisional Republican Government, by which they were to be forced to become Brazilian citizens.

At Havana, Cuba, twenty-two firemen were injured, three of them fatally, at a firemen's exhibit on the 30th ult.

The failure of L. A. Bergavin, a wholesale druggist dealer at Quebec, Can., occurred on the 30th ult. for \$100,000.

On the 30th ult. M. Rothschild presented 100,000 francs to the municipality to be devoted to the relief of the poor of Paris afflicted with influenza.

FIRE destroyed the royal palace of King Leopold, near Brussels, on the 1st, together with all the private papers of the King and the Queen's jewels.

In the Old World the whole list of casualties during the year 1889, where the loss of life was important enough to be telegraphed, including those who perished by disease and battle, was 96,380, against 66,107 in 1888.

At the industrial school in Westham, Eng., on the 31st twenty-six lives were lost in a fire.

In Madrid Senor Gayarre, a noted Spanish tenor, died on the 3d of influenza.

At St. Petersburg thirty-two officers were arrested on the 3d charged with being members of the secret society whose object is to abolish the aristocracy and to establish a constitutional monarchy.

The Cabinet of Spain resigned on the 3d, and Senor Sagasta would attempt to form a new Cabinet on a basis that will reconcile the various Liberal groups.

The steamer Britannic of the White Star line collided with the brigantine Carowitz in the Irish sea on the 3d. The Carowitz sank and her captain was drowned, the crew being rescued by the Britannic.

THOMAS WILLIAMS killed his wife and himself with a razor in Montreal, Can., on the 3d. Dumb trouble was the cause.

A PLOT to take the life of the Czar of Russia and the entire imperial family was unearthed at St. Petersburg on the 3d, and many persons in high official circles were placed under arrest for their connection with the plot.

A FIRE at Port Arthur, Ont., on the 3d destroyed property valued at over \$10,000.

LATER.

FLOODS covering an area of three hundred miles were reported on the 4th in Queensland. A portion of Normanton was submerged, the water in some places being twenty feet deep.

The total amount of money in circulation in this country on the 4th was said to be \$1,439,549,929.

ONE of the greatest snow blockades ever known on the Sierra Nevada mountains was raised on the 4th by the railroad company's forces.

At Louisville, Ky., on the 4th Gerard Gregory, his wife and four children were poisoned by arsenic in their coffee.

At Springfield, Mo., on the 4th Mike Hayes shot and fatally wounded two negroes named Robbins and Anderson in a street fight.

At Center Haverhill, N. H., Stephen Le Plant, a Frenchman eighty years old, while drunk on the 4th fatally beat two of his own children.

REPORTS of the 5th from all parts of the United States showed that the "grip" had made its appearance and that its victims were many.

ENGLISH capitalists have invested \$295,000,000 in various American industries in the past eighteen months.

REV. EBERNEZER DOUGER, D. D., LL. D., president of Madison University, died at Hamilton, N. Y., on the 5th, of peritonitis, aged sixty years.

The loss of the schooner Joseph Southern, of Thomastown, Me., with a crew of eight men, was reported on the 5th.

MAY & VAUGHN, wholesale grocers of New Orleans, failed on the 4th for \$155,000.

LOUIS M. FRANKEN, living at Williamsburg, N. Y., killed his wife and child on the 4th and then took his own life.

On the 5th Judge J. C. Knickerbocker, of Chicago, died from a stroke of paralysis, aged fifty-three years.

FOUR loggers were burned to death on the 4th at Bebe's camp, on the Tennessee river, seventy-five miles from Paducah, Ky.

SIX German families of Waltham, Mower County, Minn., numbering between twenty-five and thirty persons, were down with trichinosis on the 5th.

The greater portion of the village of Waldner, Wash., was destroyed by fire on the 4th.

The exchanges at the leading clearing houses in the United States during the week ended on the 4th aggregated \$1,219,229,724, against \$947,888,249 the previous week. As compared with the corresponding week of 1888 the increase amounted to 9.9.

A TRIPLE TRAGEDY.

A Resident of Williamsburg, N. Y., Kills His Wife and Child and Himself—He Poisons and Shoots His Wife and Strangles the Little One, and After Living in the House with Their Remains for Two Days, Commits Suicide.

New York, Jan. 6.—In Brooklyn Saturday the discovery was made that Louis M. Franken, an Anarchist, had choked his wife to death, poisoned and then shot his child, and when discovery made the law's retribution certain, sent a 44-caliber bullet through his heart. Death followed instantly. For two days and nights he had eaten and slept alongside the decomposing bodies of his wife and child.

It was shortly after 9 o'clock in the morning that Edward Katsenstaer reported to the police that there was something wrong in the little shanty at the rear of 180 Mauger street. Officers went to the spot and rapped at the door of the shanty, but received no response. An officer raised the front window and saw a man with matted hair and beard, wild, rolling eyes bound from the rear room. In his hand was a huge revolver. It was leveled at the officer's head. "Get out of here!" cried the madman, at the same time snapping the trigger. The officer retreated, but a pistol-shot was heard within the shanty, and he returned. A terrible discovery was made. In the rear room—there are but two—lay the bodies of the suicide's wife and child. One—the wife—had been killed by him at her own request. The child he had strangled to death with a rope, never once heeding its piteous cries.

The shanty in which the family lived gave evidence that Mrs. Franken was a neat, thrifty housekeeper. She sympathized with her husband and when he said the entire family would be better off dead than alive she agreed to die easily. She suggested that he poison her. With this end in view he purchased Paris green. He told this in one of the letters he left. In it he also says his wife died at precisely 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. In another letter he says that he is insane, driven so by poverty and the prospect of never being able to better his condition. Franken and his wife discussed this matter calmly, and finally agreed to go out of the world together. The child, a pretty blue-eyed thing, not quite 3 years old, they decided to take with them. The husband and father became the executioner. Tuesday the wife lay down upon the bed in the rear room. She had previously cleaned up the rooms. Her husband brought her a dose of Paris green in water. She drank it. When she began to suffer, rolling on the bed in intense agony, she begged piteously for relief. Franken hurriedly loaded his revolver and placed the muzzle against her right temple. Another cry of agony from the woman and the report of the pistol rang out simultaneously. Relief had come. The child was next called into the room. It had been frightened by the noise and was crying. The father cut a piece of clothes-line. Holding the child in his left arm he grasped both ends of the rope in his right hand. He sat on the edge of the bed. Placing the rope around the child's neck he drew it taut. Instinctively the little one's chubby hands raised in defense of its life. But the murderer's work went on. Tighter and tighter the rope became, twisted by the muscular hand of the father. The child gasped and struggled feebly. It was going fast. Tighter and tighter was the cruel rope drawn, until it cut into the yielding flesh. Tying the rope thus, the father laid the poor dead baby beside its mother. Here the cowardly Franken manifested itself. He failed to carry out the contract, for he did not kill himself. Since Tuesday night he had remained in the rooms with his murdered wife and child. The last time he was seen by any of his neighbors was Tuesday. He cooked his own meals and lived alone with death.

It was shortly after 9 o'clock in the morning that Edward Katsenstaer reported to the police that there was something wrong in the little shanty at the rear of 180 Mauger street. Officers went to the spot and rapped at the door of the shanty, but received no response. An officer raised the front window and saw a man with matted hair and beard, wild, rolling eyes bound from the rear room. In his hand was a huge revolver. It was leveled at the officer's head. "Get out of here!" cried the madman, at the same time snapping the trigger. The officer retreated, but a pistol-shot was heard within the shanty, and he returned. A terrible discovery was made. In the rear room—there are but two—lay the bodies of the suicide's wife and child. One—the wife—had been killed by him at her own request. The child he had strangled to death with a rope, never once heeding its piteous cries.

The shanty in which the family lived gave evidence that Mrs. Franken was a neat, thrifty housekeeper. She sympathized with her husband and when he said the entire family would be better off dead than alive she agreed to die easily. She suggested that he poison her. With this end in view he purchased Paris green. He told this in one of the letters he left. In it he also says his wife died at precisely 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. In another letter he says that he is insane, driven so by poverty and the prospect of never being able to better his condition. Franken and his wife discussed this matter calmly, and finally agreed to go out of the world together. The child, a pretty blue-eyed thing, not quite 3 years old, they decided to take with them. The husband and father became the executioner. Tuesday the wife lay down upon the bed in the rear room. She had previously cleaned up the rooms. Her husband brought her a dose of Paris green in water. She drank it. When she began to suffer, rolling on the bed in intense agony, she begged piteously for relief. Franken hurriedly loaded his revolver and placed the muzzle against her right temple. Another cry of agony from the woman and the report of the pistol rang out simultaneously. Relief had come. The child was next called into the room. It had been frightened by the noise and was crying. The father cut a piece of clothes-line. Holding the child in his left arm he grasped both ends of the rope in his right hand. He sat on the edge of the bed. Placing the rope around the child's neck he drew it taut. Instinctively the little one's chubby hands raised in defense of its life. But the murderer's work went on. Tighter and tighter the rope became, twisted by the muscular hand of the father. The child gasped and struggled feebly. It was going fast. Tighter and tighter was the cruel rope drawn, until it cut into the yielding flesh. Tying the rope thus, the father laid the poor dead baby beside its mother. Here the cowardly Franken manifested itself. He failed to carry out the contract, for he did not kill himself. Since Tuesday night he had remained in the rooms with his murdered wife and child. The last time he was seen by any of his neighbors was Tuesday. He cooked his own meals and lived alone with death.

The shanty in which the family lived gave evidence that Mrs. Franken was a neat, thrifty housekeeper. She sympathized with her husband and when he said the entire family would be better off dead than alive she agreed to die easily. She suggested that he poison her. With this end in view he purchased Paris green. He told this in one of the letters he left. In it he also says his wife died at precisely 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. In another letter he says that he is insane, driven so by poverty and the prospect of never being able to better his condition. Franken and his wife discussed this matter calmly, and finally agreed to go out of the world together. The child, a pretty blue-eyed thing, not quite 3 years old, they decided to take with them. The husband and father became the executioner. Tuesday the wife lay down upon the bed in the rear room. She had previously cleaned up the rooms. Her husband brought her a dose of Paris green in water. She drank it. When she began to suffer, rolling on the bed in intense agony, she begged piteously for relief. Franken hurriedly loaded his revolver and placed the muzzle against her right temple. Another cry of agony from the woman and the report of the pistol rang out simultaneously. Relief had come. The child was next called into the room. It had been frightened by the noise and was crying. The father cut a piece of clothes-line. Holding the child in his left arm he grasped both ends of the rope in his right hand. He sat on the edge of the bed. Placing the rope around the child's neck he drew it taut. Instinctively the little one's chubby hands raised in defense of its life. But the murderer's work went on. Tighter and tighter the rope became, twisted by the muscular hand of the father. The child gasped and struggled feebly. It was going fast. Tighter and tighter was the cruel rope drawn, until it cut into the yielding flesh. Tying the rope thus, the father laid the poor dead baby beside its mother. Here the cowardly Franken manifested itself. He failed to carry out the contract, for he did not kill himself. Since Tuesday night he had remained in the rooms with his murdered wife and child. The last time he was seen by any of his neighbors was Tuesday. He cooked his own meals and lived alone with death.

The shanty in which the family lived gave evidence that Mrs. Franken was a neat, thrifty housekeeper. She sympathized with her husband and when he said the entire family would be better off dead than alive she agreed to die easily. She suggested that he poison her. With this end in view he purchased Paris green. He told this in one of the letters he left. In it he also says his wife died at precisely 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. In another letter he says that he is insane, driven so by poverty and the prospect of never being able to better his condition. Franken and his wife discussed this matter calmly, and finally agreed to go out of the world together. The child, a pretty blue-eyed thing, not quite 3 years old, they decided to take with them. The husband and father became the executioner. Tuesday the wife lay down upon the bed in the rear room. She had previously cleaned up the rooms. Her husband brought her a dose of Paris green in water. She drank it. When she began to suffer, rolling on the bed in intense agony, she begged piteously for relief. Franken hurriedly loaded his revolver and placed the muzzle against her right temple. Another cry of agony from the woman and the report of the pistol rang out simultaneously. Relief had come. The child was next called into the room. It had been frightened by the noise and was crying. The father cut a piece of clothes-line. Holding the child in his left arm he grasped both ends of the rope in his right hand. He sat on the edge of the bed. Placing the rope around the child's neck he drew it taut. Instinctively the little one's chubby hands raised in defense of its life. But the murderer's work went on. Tighter and tighter the rope became, twisted by the muscular hand of the father. The child gasped and struggled feebly. It was going fast. Tighter and tighter was the cruel rope drawn, until it cut into the yielding flesh. Tying the rope thus, the father laid the poor dead baby beside its mother. Here the cowardly Franken manifested itself. He failed to carry out the contract, for he did not kill himself. Since Tuesday night he had remained in the rooms with his murdered wife and child. The last time he was seen by any of his neighbors was Tuesday. He cooked his own meals and lived alone with death.

The shanty in which the family lived gave evidence that Mrs. Franken was a neat, thrifty housekeeper. She sympathized with her husband and when he said the entire family would be better off dead than alive she agreed to die easily. She suggested that he poison her. With this end in view he purchased Paris green. He told this in one of the letters he left. In it he also says his wife died at precisely 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. In another letter he says that he is insane, driven so by poverty and the prospect of never being able to better his condition. Franken and his wife discussed this matter calmly, and finally agreed to go out of the world together. The child, a pretty blue-eyed thing, not quite 3 years old, they decided to take with them. The husband and father became the executioner. Tuesday the wife lay down upon the bed in the rear room. She had previously cleaned up the rooms. Her husband brought her a dose of Paris green in water. She drank it. When she began to suffer, rolling on the bed in intense agony, she begged piteously for relief. Franken hurriedly loaded his revolver and placed the muzzle against her right temple. Another cry of agony from the woman and the report of the pistol rang out simultaneously. Relief had come. The child was next called into the room. It had been frightened by the noise and was crying. The father cut a piece of clothes-line. Holding the child in his left arm he grasped both ends of the rope in his right hand. He sat on the edge of the bed. Placing the rope around the child's neck he drew it taut. Instinctively the little one's chubby hands raised in defense of its life. But the murderer's work went on. Tighter and tighter the rope became, twisted by the muscular hand of the father. The child gasped and struggled feebly. It was going fast. Tighter and tighter was the cruel rope drawn, until it cut into the yielding flesh. Tying the rope thus, the father laid the poor dead baby beside its mother. Here the cowardly Franken manifested itself. He failed to carry out the contract, for he did not kill himself. Since Tuesday night he had remained in the rooms with his murdered wife and child. The last time he was seen by any of his neighbors was Tuesday. He cooked his own meals and lived alone with death.

The shanty in which the family lived gave evidence that Mrs. Franken was a neat, thrifty housekeeper. She sympathized with her husband and when he said the entire family would be better off dead than alive she agreed to die easily. She suggested that he poison her. With this end in view he purchased Paris green. He told this in one of the letters he left. In it he also says his wife died at precisely 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. In another letter he says that he is insane, driven so by poverty and the prospect of never being able to better his condition. Franken and his wife discussed this matter calmly, and finally agreed to go out of the world together. The child, a pretty blue-eyed thing, not quite 3 years old, they decided to take with them. The husband and father became the executioner. Tuesday the wife lay down upon the bed in the rear room. She had previously cleaned up the rooms. Her husband brought her a dose of Paris green in water. She drank it. When she began to suffer, rolling on the bed in intense agony, she begged piteously for relief. Franken hurriedly loaded his revolver and placed the muzzle against her right temple. Another cry of agony from the woman and the report of the pistol rang out simultaneously. Relief had come. The child was next called into the room. It had been frightened by the noise and was crying. The father cut a piece of clothes-line. Holding the child in his left arm he grasped both ends of the rope in his right hand. He sat on the edge of the bed. Placing the rope around the child's neck he drew it taut. Instinctively the little one's chubby hands raised in defense of its life. But the murderer's work went on. Tighter and tighter the rope became, twisted by the muscular hand of the father. The child gasped and struggled feebly. It was going fast. Tighter and tighter was the cruel rope drawn, until it cut into the yielding flesh. Tying the rope thus, the father laid the poor dead baby beside its mother. Here the cowardly Franken manifested itself. He failed to carry out the contract, for he did not kill himself. Since Tuesday night he had remained in the rooms with his murdered wife and child. The last time he was seen by any of his neighbors was Tuesday. He cooked his own meals and lived alone with death.

The shanty in which the family lived gave evidence that Mrs. Franken was a neat, thrifty housekeeper. She sympathized with her husband and when he said the entire family would be better off dead than alive she agreed to die easily. She suggested that he poison her. With this end in view he purchased Paris green. He told this in one of the letters he left. In it he also says his wife died at precisely 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. In another letter he says that he is insane, driven so by poverty and the prospect of never being able to better his condition. Franken and his wife discussed this matter calmly, and finally agreed to go out of the world together. The child, a pretty blue-eyed thing, not quite 3 years old, they decided to take with them. The husband and father became the executioner. Tuesday the wife lay down upon the bed in the rear room. She had previously cleaned up the rooms. Her husband brought her a dose of Paris green in water. She drank it. When she began to suffer, rolling on the bed in intense agony, she begged piteously for relief. Franken hurriedly loaded his revolver and placed the muzzle against her right temple. Another cry of agony from the woman and the report of the pistol rang out simultaneously. Relief had come. The child was next called into the room. It had been frightened by the noise and was crying. The father cut a piece of clothes-line. Holding the child in his left arm he grasped both ends of the rope in his right hand. He sat on the edge of the bed. Placing the rope around the child's neck he drew it taut. Instinctively the little one's chubby hands raised in defense of its life. But the murderer's work went on. Tighter and tighter the rope became, twisted by the muscular hand of the father. The child gasped and struggled feebly. It was going fast. Tighter and tighter was the cruel rope drawn, until it cut into the yielding flesh. Tying the rope thus, the father laid the poor dead baby beside its mother. Here the cowardly Franken manifested itself. He failed to carry out the contract, for he did not kill himself. Since Tuesday night he had remained in the rooms with his murdered wife and child. The last time he was seen by any of his neighbors was Tuesday. He cooked his own meals and lived alone with death.

The shanty in which the family lived gave evidence that Mrs. Franken was a neat, thrifty housekeeper. She sympathized with her husband and when he said the entire family would be better off dead than alive she agreed to die easily. She suggested that he poison her. With this end in view he purchased Paris green. He told this in one of the letters he left. In it he also says his wife died at precisely 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. In another letter he says that he is insane, driven so by poverty and the prospect of never being able to better his condition. Franken and his wife discussed this matter calmly, and finally agreed to go out of the world together. The child, a pretty blue-eyed thing, not quite 3 years old, they decided to take with them. The husband and father became the executioner. Tuesday the wife lay down upon the bed in the rear room. She had previously cleaned up the rooms. Her husband brought her a dose of Paris green in water. She drank it. When she began to suffer, rolling on the bed in intense agony, she begged piteously for relief. Franken hurriedly loaded his revolver and placed the muzzle against her right temple. Another cry of agony from the woman and the report of the pistol rang out simultaneously. Relief had come. The child was next called into the room. It had been frightened by the noise and was crying. The father cut a piece of clothes-line. Holding the child in his left arm he grasped both ends of the rope in his right hand. He sat on the edge of the bed. Placing the rope around the child's neck he drew it taut. Instinctively the little one's chubby hands raised in defense of its life. But the murderer's work went on. Tighter and tighter the rope became, twisted by the muscular hand of the father. The child gasped and struggled feebly. It was going fast. Tighter and tighter was the cruel rope drawn, until it cut into the yielding flesh. Tying the rope thus, the father laid the poor dead baby beside its mother. Here the cowardly Franken manifested itself. He failed to carry out the contract, for he did not kill himself. Since Tuesday night he had remained in the rooms with his murdered wife and child. The last time he was seen by any of his neighbors was Tuesday. He cooked his own meals and lived alone with death.

The shanty in which the family lived gave evidence that Mrs. Franken was a neat, thrifty housekeeper. She sympathized with her husband and when he said the entire family would be better off dead than alive she agreed to die easily. She suggested that he poison her. With this end in view he purchased Paris green. He told this in one of the letters he left. In it he also says his wife died at precisely 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. In another letter he says that he is insane, driven so by poverty and the prospect of never being able to better his condition. Franken and his wife discussed this matter calmly, and finally agreed to go out of the world together. The child, a pretty blue-eyed thing, not quite 3 years old, they decided to take with them. The husband and father became the executioner. Tuesday the wife lay down upon the bed in the rear room. She had previously cleaned up the rooms. Her husband brought her a dose of Paris green in water. She drank it. When she began to suffer, rolling on the bed in intense agony, she begged piteously for relief. Franken hurriedly loaded his revolver and placed the muzzle against her right temple. Another cry of agony from the woman and the report of the pistol rang out simultaneously. Relief had come. The child was next called into the room. It had been frightened by the noise and was crying. The father cut a piece of clothes-line. Holding the child in his left arm he grasped both ends of the rope in his right hand. He sat on the edge of the bed. Placing the rope around the child's neck he drew it taut. Instinctively the little one's chubby hands raised in defense of its life. But the murderer's work went on. Tighter and tighter the rope became, twisted by the muscular hand of the father. The child gasped and struggled feebly. It was going fast. Tighter and tighter was the cruel rope drawn, until it cut into the yielding flesh. Tying the rope thus, the father laid the poor dead baby beside its mother. Here the cowardly Franken manifested itself. He failed to carry out the contract, for he did not kill himself. Since Tuesday night he had remained in the rooms with his murdered wife and child. The last time he was seen by any of his neighbors was Tuesday. He cooked his own meals and lived alone with death.

The shanty in which the family lived gave evidence that Mrs. Franken was a neat, thrifty housekeeper. She sympathized with her husband and when he said the entire family would be better off dead than alive she agreed to die easily. She suggested that he poison her. With this end in view he purchased Paris green. He told this in one of the letters he left. In it he also says his wife died at precisely 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. In another letter he says that he is insane, driven so by poverty and the prospect of never being able to better his condition. Franken and his wife discussed this matter calmly, and finally agreed to go out of the world together. The child, a pretty blue-eyed thing, not quite 3 years old, they decided to take with them. The husband and father became the executioner. Tuesday the wife lay down upon the bed in the rear room. She had previously cleaned up the rooms. Her husband brought her a dose of Paris green in water. She drank it. When she began to suffer, rolling on the bed in intense agony, she begged piteously for relief. Franken hurriedly loaded his revolver and placed the muzzle against her right temple. Another cry of agony from the woman and the report of the pistol rang out simultaneously. Relief had come. The child was next called into the room. It had been frightened by the noise and was crying. The father cut a piece of clothes-line. Holding the child in his left arm he grasped both ends of the rope in his right hand. He sat on the edge of the bed. Placing the rope around the child's neck he drew it taut. Instinctively the little one's chubby hands raised in defense of its life. But the murderer's work went on. Tighter and tighter the rope became, twisted by the muscular hand of the father. The child gasped and struggled feebly. It was going fast. Tighter and tighter was the cruel rope drawn, until it cut into the yielding flesh. Tying the rope thus, the father laid the poor dead baby beside its mother. Here the cowardly Franken manifested itself. He failed to carry out the contract, for he did not kill himself. Since Tuesday night he had remained in the rooms with his murdered wife and child. The last time he was seen by any of his neighbors was Tuesday. He cooked his own meals and lived alone with death.

The shanty in which the family lived gave evidence that Mrs. Franken was a neat, thrifty housekeeper. She sympathized with her husband and when he said the entire family would be better off dead than alive she agreed to die easily. She suggested that he poison her. With this end in view he purchased Paris green. He told this in one of the letters he left. In it he also says his wife died at precisely 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. In another letter he says that he is insane, driven so by poverty and the prospect of never being able to better his condition. Franken and his wife discussed this matter calmly, and finally agreed to go out of the world together. The child, a pretty blue-eyed thing, not quite 3 years old, they decided to take with them. The husband and father became the executioner. Tuesday the wife lay down upon the bed in the rear room. She had previously cleaned up the rooms. Her husband brought her

AT THE OPEN GATE.

At the twilight shades were gathered, And the evening star was bright, Just between the hour of sunset, And the darker hours of night, Homeward coming from the city, Pensive the city coming late, Grey evening - who would meet me - Greet me at the open gate.

When the day's hard toil was over, And I left the smoky town, Let the hard-paved streets and clamor, For my quiet country home, Let all week and cares behind me, Homeward turning - 'twas late - Sure to find there in the gloaming - Some one at the open gate.

Many a summer twilight found us Linger, whispering, soft and low; Lovers still, the long talk, Watching for my coming home, Come one - like a little darling - Fair haired, blue eyed, now will wait, Calling "Papa, papa; hurry!" Swinging on the open gate.

Sometimes - somewhere - I shall see her, I shall find my love again; Sleeping not amongst the flowers, Where so long her form has lain; But beyond the twilight shadows, Sure my darling there will wait, Watching for the long home-coming Just inside the Heavenly Gate. - M. EDITH YOST, in City and Country.

DIANA'S TRUE LOVE.

He Returned to Claim Her as He Promised He Would.

I often told Adam that our home on the Bald Mountain was exactly like living on a solitary island out at sea. We were all surrounded with floating wreaths of fog, which looked for all the world like white-capped waves.

For weeks at a time nobody came near us, but I did not mind. The doctors had told Adam that the restoration of his health depended on his living for a few years at this high altitude, and what sort of a sister should I have been to let him stay alone in the little brown cabin, where the smoke from the charcoal pits ascended night and day, and as if placed were an extinct volcano, and never had left off belching fire and smoke?

We took turns, Adam and I, like a vigilante committee. I worked all day in the little stone-walled garden, trying to make the rose-bushes and the hollyhocks believe they were down in some sheltered valley, and singing about my little odds and ends of housework; and when the sunset died away on Bald crag, and the whip-poor-will began to sing below us, Adam, who had slept all day, sallied out to the charcoal pits to keep his lonely vigil - for we were poor people, and had to earn our living as best we could.

And all went very smooth until old Uncle Pomp, the colored man, suddenly announced his intention of abandoning the charcoal business. "It's gettin' old," said Uncle Pomp. "I ain't nether a bald eagle nor yet a lizard to lib a-top o' de mountain no longer. It's too desprit lonesome fur ole Pomp!"

"But think what it is for us," reasoned Adam. "You're young folks," obstinately uttered Uncle Pomp. "Tings is altogether different wid yous."

So we were left alone, which made matters pretty hard for Adam. Nobody cared to come up Bald mountain if they could possibly make a livelihood anywhere else.

But one evening just as I was getting ready to take a chicken sandwich and a pair of the charcoal pit for Adam's supper, a tall, red-shirted man came swinging up the stony path toward our gate.

"Heard you wanted help this way," said he, taking off his cap and inclining his head ungraciously. "My heart leaped within me. 'Oh, sir, I, 'we do!' 'What sort of work is it?' he said, looking curiously around him. 'There don't seem to be much chance for farming up here, and I haven't seen any mill machinery nor shafts for ore.' 'Tending the charcoal pit,' I explained. 'Sit down and rest a little, and I will show you where my brother is, - Will you have a drink of tea and a sandwich?'

He drank eagerly; he ate as if he had not tasted food for a week. I watched him while he ate, and he was dark, strong-featured, snister-looking, with a close-shaven face, yet I felt no sentiment of fear or aversion to him. "Now," he said, at last, "I am ready." He tended the fires that night while Adam slept.

"Why did you leave your place?" "Oh, for a variety of reasons. Look here, Diana, you've set this lily top far in the shade. Bring it forward a little."

I colored a little. I felt that perhaps I had asked an impertinent question. But, after all, he did not seem offended, because he worked long after dusk making the border of wild violets for my flower-bed, so that the newly-transplanted roots should get the benefit of the coming shower that muttered along the west.

It was the very next day that Ralph Maddox came up Bald mountain and asked me to marry him. "Of course you said 'yes'!" cried Adam, when he questioned me about it afterward.

"Of course I said no!" Adam opened his eyes very wide. "Why, I thought you liked Ralph Maddox!" said he.

"One can't marry every man one likes," said I, pettishly. "But we are poor, little sister, and the Maddoxes have the finest house in the village - and it is a delectable sort of life for you to live up here on Bald mountain."

"I never was so happy in my life as I am on Bald mountain, now!" cried I. Adam whistled. "There is no accounting for tastes," observed he.

I served merrily over my work as I got tea that evening - the simple tea, at which Adam was my first guest, John Smith my last. For it was Adam's night at the charcoal pits. The fragrance of the tea, the appetizing odor of the wild-strawberry short-cake, the waffles that I myself had baked - how plainly I remember it all! I was clearing off the table; John sat on the doorstep reading the weekly paper.

"What are you reading?" I asked, as I stopped to give the cat her saucer of milk. He laughed. "It seems the Baldville villagers have had a dreadful panic," said he. "There's a rumor that Mad Mortimer is somewhere in hiding in their midst. Think of that!"

"Who is Mad Mortimer?" I asked. "Haven't you heard of him? A famous safe-cracker and forger - one of those genteel highwaymen you read about?"

"I don't read about them." "Well, that other folks read about - who make polite speeches to the ladies while they pocket their silver spoons and cameo ear-drops. Bah! The humbug there is in this world! I say, Di!"

"If the fellow really wanted to hide himself, where could he do it better than in just such a place as this?" said Smith. "Who ever comes here?" "Well, I hope he won't," said I. "You're a plucky girl, Di. I don't believe you'd be afraid even of Mad Mortimer!"

"Yes, I should," I persisted. "Remember, the devil isn't always as black as he's painted." "John, don't talk that way!" "Di, put down that dish towel! Come here!"

"Why?" "I've got something to say to you. I've been a lying scoundrel all these weeks. I am the runaway scamp that men would scotch as they would a snake! I am Mad Mortimer. I tell you this because the chase is getting too hot in my vicinity. I must go away." I looked at him in surprise. Was I dreaming?

They were chucking to think of the reward they were going to get. Body never was Mad Mortimer. And that was the end of - clear grit to the end. "Mamma, do stop for a minute!" cried my little boy, breathlessly. "Let me look at the cave where the robber chief hid from his enemies. Only one minute, mamma!"

Presently he came back, panting. "Such a jolly deep cave," said he. "But I shouldn't think a man could hide there a month, should you?" "No," I answered, absently, "I should not think he could." - Saturday Night.

THE MIND'S KINGDOM.

Some of the Beneficent Effects of Careful, Studious Reading. Literary culture opens up a new world to the fortunate possessor of a trained and well-stored mind. He is never in solitude; for imagination peoples for him a world of his own, free from the distractions and disappointments of material life. He may at will withdraw himself into his own kingdom, where he reigns supreme. The immediate pleasure which one derives from reading, from witnessing stage performances that appeal to the intellect, and from social intercourse with cultivated people, scarcely equals that which abides with one always in recollection. It has been said that the highest pleasure is in anticipation, but a more lasting one, and a more justifying one, is in recollection. Poets and novelists, of the higher class have pictured characters as clearly to the imagination as those one meets in life; they have introduced to us pleasant people to whom we can turn as to old friends, conjure them up before us, and make them again and again appear to us in our busy mind. When one considers the relief that may be afforded from the hardships and disappointments of real life by an intelligent use of the best literature, culture of this kind may be recommended on sanitary grounds. Literature may be termed "minister to a mind diseased," but it may prevent disease from getting a foothold, by furnishing healthful exercise at times when brooding over other and possibly more material matters might be injurious. "My mind to me a kingdom is!" He who can say that in a measure independent of the petty annoyances that beset those whose thoughts and faculties are ever with the present material world. He has ears, but he hears not; eyes, but he sees not; he lives in another world, peopled as he pleases, and with such scenes passing before him as bring him enjoyment. Whether he is in the crowded world or in solitude, amid the bustle of business or confined to his lonely couch by illness, he carries with him his little kingdom of the mind and lives a dual existence. It is scarcely possible to convey to one who has not known of such enjoyments an adequate idea of the value of reading and general literary culture in this respect, but that it is something rich and greatly to be preferred to riches of any other kind will be attested by all who have had the pleasant experience of recalling for their own delectation the measure of such enjoyment that one may find in the reading of a novel, or the extent and variety of one's reading and other literary associations, but by the training given to the mind by fiction, for the sake of the story gives no foundation for such culture of the mind as shall make it a kingdom. Even a novel, if it is worthy to be read at all, should be read attentively and thoughtfully. If congenial friends can be found to read it in company and to discuss it, the impression it may make will be more lasting. That is the great value of such organizations as Shakespeare and Browning societies, though they sometimes indulge in too much idle speculation. Their general plan is useful, however, in inciting to careful, studious reading, and to thought upon the matter that has been read. The habit having once been established, a little kingdom of the mind has been set up which may be extended in time or out of the society. The essential or desirable thing to do is to cultivate the imaginative faculties, so as to make of the characters one reads about living pictures always present with us, always ready to entertain or amuse us. Thus fortified, one may in a measure defy the ills of life, and live the greater part of it in cloudland, with pleasant companions and no less pleasant surroundings.

It is true that the duties of life must be met and fulfilled, the hard struggle of existence must be carried on; but it is lightened, and one returns to it refreshed when these excursions into the kingdom of the mind may be undertaken at will, without expense and without waste of time or effort. - Baltimore Sun.

WORSE THAN DEATH. Horrible Dream of a Youth Who Was Too Fond of Chicago Mince-Pie. "Merciful powers! Miss Keystone, the rope that held the balloon has broken! We are drifting!" (A shriek.) "Is there no help, Mr. Spoonamore?" "None! None!" "No way of escape?" "None." "Have you no resources whatever?" (Despairingly.) "A ten-rider ticket to Hyde Park, \$7.50 in cash, a receipted gas-bill, and a corker-ewer." (Wringing her hands.) "In what direction are we moving?" (With forced calmness.) "Miss Keystone, can you bear a dreadful shock?" "What is it?" "Quick! Are we over the lake?" "Worse!" "Is the balloon about to burst?" "Far worse! Miss Keystone, we are - we are - I dare not tell you!" (Frantically.) "Keep me in suspense no longer, sir!" "We are moving straight toward St. Louis!"

A piercing shriek broke from the pallid lips of his companion in misery, and before the young man could prevent her she had flung herself over the side of the car and disappeared. Even in that dreadful moment his self-possession did not forsake him. He stood erect, with heaving chest and dilating nostril, and took a last, long, unflinching look at the scene that shone in cloudless glory overhead. With an exultant shout at the prospect of an immediate and happy deliverance from the fate that threatened him, he threw himself a moment later at home in his lonely bed. He had eaten too much mince pie for supper. O, young man, let this be a warning. - Chicago Tribune.

Sold Everywhere. Office, 44 Murray St., New York. Ely's Cream Balm IS WORTH \$10.00 TO ANY Man, Woman or Child suffering from CATARRH. Agony, Pain, Itching, Swelling, ELY BROS., 117 Warren St., N.Y.

DETECTIVES. Wanted, one to see to the instructions in the case of the... (Text continues with details of a detective case.)

CATARRH. Catarrh of the Head - Hay Fever - A New Home Treatment. Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and sustentacular tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple and effective remedy has been discovered. Catarrh, Hay Fever and Catarrh of the Nose are permanently cured in from one to three applications made at home by the patient. - Two weeks.

When the summer's rose has faded, When the leaves of the tree are shed, When the flowers of the field are dead, No more shall I drive away the pain! No more shall I feel the heat of the sun, No more shall I feel the cold of the rain, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the brain, No more shall I feel the pain of the eye, No more shall I feel the pain of the ear, No more shall I feel the pain of the nose, No more shall I feel the pain of the throat, No more shall I feel the pain of the chest, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the bowels, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the uterus, No more shall I feel the pain of the vagina, No more shall I feel the pain of the vulva, No more shall I feel the pain of the clitoris, No more shall I feel the pain of the penis, No more shall I feel the pain of the testis, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymis, No more shall I feel the pain of the vas deferens, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureter, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of the pancreas, No more shall I feel the pain of the gall bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the liver, No more shall I feel the pain of the spleen, No more shall I feel the pain of the lungs, No more shall I feel the pain of the heart, No more shall I feel the pain of the kidneys, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the testes, No more shall I feel the pain of the epididymides, No more shall I feel the pain of the vasa deferentia, No more shall I feel the pain of the ureters, No more shall I feel the pain of the bladder, No more shall I feel the pain of the rectum, No more shall I feel the pain of the sigmoid, No more shall I feel the pain of the colon, No more shall I feel the pain of the small intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the large intestine, No more shall I feel the pain of the stomach, No more shall I feel the pain of the duodenum, No more shall I feel the pain of

Down Below Zero.

That's where the prices on our Clothing Stock has gone.

We have yet got too much clothing and owing to the mild weather we fully realize that to reduce our stock for annual inventory we must make extraordinary inducements. We shall not stop this time with a 1-4 off sale, but put the knife in still deeper, and give you such bargains as were never before heard of in Chelsea. Space here will permit us to give you only a faint idea of the Bargains.

\$3.50

For \$3.50 you can have the choice of 300 men's, boy's and children's Overcoats and suits. Regular price \$5 and \$7.

\$5.00.

For \$5.00 we offer an immense assortment of Overcoats and Suits. Regular price \$7 to \$10.

\$8.00.

For \$8.00 you can have the choice of over 200 Overcoats and suits. Regular price \$12.

\$10.00.

For \$10 we will show you an endless assortment of Overcoats and Suits. Regular price \$12 to \$15.

Odd pants, odd vests, caps, mittens, woolen socks, felt and knit Boots, everything in the shape of winter goods slaughtered during this sale.

SALE CLOSES JANUARY 15th,
And is strictly for cash.

W.P. SCHENK,

Corner Main and Middle Streets.

REMOVAL!

About February 1st, 1890, the Standard Drug and Grocery House will remove to the new store, corner Main and Park streets, which is being especially fitted up for this business.

Until then, we will be glad to see you at Fletcher's old stand, believing that we can sell you goods that will please you, even if the prices seem a little high.

Yours

WM. EMMERT

L. & A. WINANS

Dealers in

WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY.

Repairing a Specialty.

New Goods.

Low Prices.

CHELSEA ROLLER MILLS.
Market Report.

Roller Patent, per hundred	\$2 80
Housekeepers Delight, per hundred	2 50
Superior, per hundred	1 75
Corn Meal, bolted, per hundred	1 50
Corn Meal, coarse, per hundred	1 25
Feed, corn and oats, per ton	18 00
Bran, per ton	12 00

Corrected weekly by

COOPER & WOOD.

Additional Local.

4 1/2 pounds crackers for \$20 at Glazier's. John Spafford, of Manchester, was in town Wednesday.

Red-hot bargains stare you in the face at Glazier's.

A "Merchants' Carnival" is to be held at Dexter Tuesday evening January 21st. Particular people are always pleased with Glazier's goods.

Wm. Burkhardt, of Marshal, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Lehman.

A new year, but the same old deal. Bargains for everybody at Glazier's.

Francis Christian of Bluffton, Muskegon county, was 100 years old Dec. 22.

15 pounds granulated sugar for \$1.00 at Glazier's.

Saws filed on short notice at Hoag & Holmes' hardware store. Remember that every saw filed is warranted. n18.

18 pounds new prunes for \$1.00 at Glazier's.

The annual catalogue of Hillsdale college shows 485 students in attendance.

Choice salmon 15c per pound at Glazier's.

A Grand Rapids spiritualist says that Toot the missing express clerk is dead.

All Glazier, the Druggist, asks is a fair comparison of his goods and prices with those of other dealers.

Go to Hoag & Holmes' hardware store to get your saws filed. Work warranted.

Best dried beef 8c per pound at Glazier's.

Cincinnati parties will build an elegant club house at St. Clair Plats next season. Starch and Saleratus 5c per package at Glazier's.

Bismark is entirely bald, and is said to be crozier than ever.

Yeast cakes 8c per paper at Glazier's.

Monarchies and kingdoms are passed: Republics are the fashion.

20 lbs. brown sugar for \$1.00 at Glazier's.

A hunter at Pocatello, Idaho, has deer's horns with forty-two prongs.

Have you tried Glazier's 12 1/2c tea.

Not including Alaska, Barzil is larger in extent than the United States.

Do you drink Glazier's 29 cent roasted coffee? If not, why not?

It is said that there are forty-eight languages and dialects spoken in Mexico.

Glazier's 40c syrup and molasses are hummers.

There are more newspapers published in Pennsylvania than in all British America.

Glazier's 28c fine cut is a trade winner.

Jacob and Katie Braun spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Lehman.

Let others do the haggling, Glazier, the Druggist, makes the bargains.

What is the world coming to? Well, this section of it is mostly coming to Glazier's store.

Mr. Emmert says that "Glazier sells groceries cheap—cheaper perhaps than any other house in the country."

A wise mule will set right down in the street sooner than let his master pass Glazier's store and lose those rare bargains.

The old year is dead, but Glazier, the druggist, is more alive than ever, at the old corner.

Good Templars.

At a meeting held in this village Jan. 2nd, 1890, and presided over by Mr. J. R. Malone, Deputy Grand Chief Templar, a Good Templars Lodge was organized, and the following officers were elected:

Chief Templar—W. H. Wood.
Vice Templar—Emma R. Kempf.
Secretary—Mrs. D. B. Taylor.
Assistant Sec.—Chas. Kingsley.
Financial Sec.—Mrs. A. Congdon.
Treasurer—C. M. Bowen.
Chaplain—J. H. McIntosh.
Marshal—C. S. Winans.
Deputy Marshal—Allie McIntosh.
Scout—G. V. Clark.
Guard—Mrs. L. Tichenor.
Lodge Deputy—Mrs. Geo. Taylor.
Supt. Juv. Tem.—Mrs. Geo. Davison.
Meetings are held in the G. A. R. hall every Tuesday evening.

Francisco.

Protracted meeting is now being held at the M. E. church.

Will Seckinger is practicing telegraphy at the office in this place.

Ice packers begin to wonder if there will be any ice cream next summer.

Mrs. Raven, of Jackson, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Riggs, the past week.

Quite an interest was taken in the lyceum last week, the question being well and ably discussed.

Mr. A. Krimling and wife of Toledo, Ohio, are visiting Mrs. Krimling's parents, Rev. and Mrs. Krimling.

The following officers of the M. E. Sunday school were elected for the year Supt. P. Schweinfurth; Asst. Supt. C. Riemenschneider; Sec. Martha Riemenschneider; Treas. F. Kalmbach; Lib. A. Oesterle; Organist. Carrie Schenk and Minnie Mensing.

Real Estate Transfers.

The Chelsea Savings Bank to L. & F. Wolf Manchester, \$4,100.
Wade & Glazier to Peter Cash, Manchester, \$1,500.
John Doyle to Chelsea Savings Bank, Sylvan, \$3,482.

Council Proceedings.

CHELSEA, Dec. 20, 1889.
Board met in council room.
Meeting called to order by the President.
Roll call by clerk.
Present, W. J. Knapp, President; Trustees, Schumacher, Lighthall, Crowell, Holmes and Bacon.
Absent, Trustee Schenk.
Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.
Moved and carried that the following bills be allowed and orders drawn on the treasurer for the amount.
Wm Bacon, lumber..... \$28.70
John Conaty, draying..... 2.40
Thomas Leach, 23 loads gravel... 1.10
The Finance Committee reported as follows:
To the President and Trustees of the Village of Chelsea: The Finance Committee make the following report, after checking up with our Village Marshal.
Total amount of taxes collected. \$988.78
Total amount of poll tax..... 73.00
Total..... \$1,061.78
By amount deposited with Treasurer..... \$1,044.08
Balance in hands of Marshal..... \$17.70
H. S. HOLMES.
GEO. CHOWELL.
J. SCHUMACHER.
Moved and supported that the report of the Finance Committee be accepted and adopted. Carried.
Moved by W. Bacon, supported by J. Schumacher, that we appoint Edward Moore as Marshal, services commencing Jan. 1st, 1890. Carried.
Moved and carried that we adjourn.
ERED VOGEL, Clerk.

North Lake Broomes.

No church last Sunday.
A bran new baby at Henry H. Ind. son's.

John Ray is visiting relatives at Detroit.

Ducks are plenty on the lake, but look out for fine shot.

I. Glenn will sell or rent his farm and go to Albion soon.

Harry Twanley returned to Detroit Monday to resume work.

Messrs C. and S. A. Mapes stopped here a short time Monday morning.

Mrs. Alice Secor, has purchased the Ray farm, near Half Moon Lake.

Mr. Geo. Cooke, returned from Wisconsin on Tuesday of last week.

Come out to the lyceum next Saturday evening and hear the young ladies.

The social at J. Cook's was well attended, and all present enjoyed themselves.

Mr. R. Webb has erected a new star wind mill, which will save a lot of hard labor.

Geo. Webb went to Ypsilanti on Monday to commence a course at the Chary Business College.

Prof. Wood returned to Chicago on Thursday last, accompanied by his niece Miss Matie Wood.

Wm. Wood and family of Chelsea were the guests of his father Mr. Wm. Wood on New Years day.

No lyceum last Saturday evening on account of bad weather. The same question will hold good next Saturday evening.

Mrs. R. S. Mary and Amy Whalan returned from their visit at Munith and Leslie Tuesday of last week.

Mrs. Whalan is now spending a few days with the family of E. J. Whalan, of Marion.

His Head Blown Off.

We copy the following from the Ann Arbor Register: "Ellis Freese, of Dexter, a young man whose father lives on First-st. in this City, met with a sudden and terrible death last Friday afternoon. He went to spend the day with a friend, John Pratt, who lives near Dexter. In the afternoon they went out on a hunting expedition. Returning to Pratt's house late in the afternoon, Freese went to the wood shed to clean his gun. Pratt stepping into adjoining room for a minute. The report of a gun was heard and Pratt stepping quickly out found Freese with the whole side of his head blown off. Judging from the position in which he was lying and the marks of teeth on the ramrod, it is evident that Freese tried to pull the ramrod from the socket with his teeth, and in so doing one barrel of the gun was discharged. Freese was 28 years of age, a carpenter by trade, and was well thought of by all who knew him."

Notice.

The regular banking hours of the Chelsea Savings Bank are from 9 a. m. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 1 o'clock p. m. to 4 o'clock p. m. But to accommodate the public, the bank is usually open for business from 8 o'clock in the morning until 8 o'clock in the evening, except from 4 to 6 o'clock p. m. during which hours the bank is necessarily closed, to count cash and balance account books.

New Subscribers.

The following names have been added to our subscription list this past week.

Geo Warren	\$1.00
Mrs P M Hooker	1.00
A Goetz	1.00
Dr Hiram Paige	1.00
Mathew Kooster	1.00
J Honeiman	1.00
Howard Everett	1.00
Frank Gramer	1.00
John Eichelbach	1.00
Phil Beitz	1.00
Charles P Duss	1.00
Phillip Ulrick	1.00
Christopher Miller	1.00
Chas Sawyer	1.00
Christoph F. Cener	1.00
Lewis Geyer	1.00
Wm Wolf	1.00
Wm Grieb	1.00
David Lewick	1.00
Frank Feldmanp	1.00
Cornelius Kei dall	1.00
Wm Stevenson	1.00
Hugh McNally	1.00
Irving Pichel	1.00
Frank Ellsworth	1.00
Fred Nehaus	1.00
Elmer Beach	1.00
Mary A Higge	1.00
Geo H Plow	1.00
Thos Stanfield	1.00
M B Millpugh	1.00
Christ Laubenguyer	1.00
Henry Neeb	1.00
Albert Guthery	1.00
F G Stabler	1.00
Fred Berger	1.00
Chas Davis	1.00
James Howlett	1.00
Chas Lumpert	1.00
Wm Beach	1.00
Christ Trinkle	1.00
Fred Trinkle	1.00
T F Morse	1.00
Will Denman	1.00
Leander Easton	1.00
Chas Hegerly	1.00
Will Sherman	1.00
Daniel Heber	1.00
Herman Hulson	1.00
W H Wiley	1.00
Seymour Tyndall	1.00
Chas Fish	1.00
Frank Guerin	1.00
Wm Osterle	1.00
Edward Daniels	1.00

A Proposition.

I will present to every family, not now a subscriber to the Chelsea HERALD, one years subscription to that paper with any purchase of \$5 worth of goods at the Bank Drug Store. This purchase may include anything in my store from sugar to sugar coated pills.

FRANK P. GLAZIER.

Entirely Helpless to Health.

The above statement made by Mrs. H. Ford, wife of Gen. Ford, can be verified by nearly the entire population of Cornuna, Mich., her home for years. She was for years a terrible sufferer from rheumatism, being confined to her bed most of the time, her feet and limbs being so badly swollen she could scarcely move. She was induced to try a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. It helped her and two additional bottles entirely cured her. To-day she is a well woman. First ask your druggist, should he not keep it we will send it on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle or six for \$5.00. Rheumatic Syrup, Jackson, Mich. Hummel & Fenn, Druggist, Chelsea, Mich.

CLOTHESPINS!

Probate Order.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw
In re: the estate of Ann Arbor, on Tuesday the 11th day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.
Present, J. Willard Habbitt, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of Darwin D. Swener, deceased.
James L. Gilbert the administrator with the will annexed, of said estate, comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render his final account as such administrator.
Thereupon it is ordered, that Tuesday, the 11th day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such account, and that the devisees, legatees and heirs at law interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate office, in the City of Ann Arbor, in said County, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed. And it is further ordered, that said Administrator give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account, and the hearing thereon, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the 1st Union Herald a newspaper printed and circulating in said County, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.
J. WILLARD HABBITT
Judge of Probate.
WM. G. DOTY, Probate Registrar.

AT THE

Excelsior Bakery!
YOU CAN ALWAYS GET FRESH
BREAD CAKE AND PIES,
—ALSO—
Boneless Ham, Pork & Beans, and Cold Meats.
Particular attention given to everything in my line. Your trade is solicited.

WILLIAM CASPARY,
CHELSEA, MICH.
Wunder's old stand v1887

CLOTHESPINS!



SEE THIS!
IT'S A LONE HAND!
We play it!

We hold the cards to take every trick in the business game. Our motto:

Underbuy! Undersell!
Backed by plenty of push and hard cash, makes life tedious for the old timers, who have grown used to their regular 25 per cent. profit.

Life is too short, and we are too busy selling goods at our KUT prices, to stop to argue the matter with them.

THE DISCOUNT DODGE.
Looses its grip; the chromo fake and confidence games are knocked out by the steady and incessant fire of

UNDERBUY! UNDERSELL!
Honest Goods, Honest Prices, Honest Facts.

Are what you'll always find at
GLAZIER'S

Verily, merrily, more and more, it pays to trade at
Glazier's Store.

The Parlor Barber Shop,
Chelsea, Mich.

I take great pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Chelsea and vicinity that I have moved my barber shop to the old stand of Frank Shaver, where I will be found at all times, to wait on all who may favor me with a call. Good work and close attention to business is my motto. With this in view, I hope to secure, at least, part of your patronage. v1884

GEO. EDER, Prop.

CLOTHESPINS!

"PALACE"
Barber Shop & Bath Rooms,
CHELSEA, MICHIGAN.
Ladies bangs cut in the latest style.
CRAWFORD & RIEMENSCHNEIDER.
First door south of Chelsea House.

AUCTIONEER.

GEO. E. DAVIS,
Chelsea, Mich.

Orders by telephone or otherwise from any part of the state promptly filled.
Terms reasonable. Office in W. J. Knapp's Hardware. v1887

CLOTHESPINS!

BOLLERS
STEPHEN PRATT'S
STEAM BOILER WORKS.
(Established 1865.)
Manufacturers of High and Low Pressure and Steam Heating Boilers of all kinds, smoke pipes, bracing, etc. Old boilers taken in exchange for new. Rivet boiler plates, and boiler tubes for sale. Cor. Foundry st. and Mich. Cent'l R. R. tracks, DETROIT, MICH. v1883

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN
ESTABLISHED 1845
Is the oldest and most popular scientific and mechanical paper published and has the largest circulation of any paper of its class in the world. Fully illustrated. Best class of Wood Engraving. Published weekly. Sent for specimen copy. Price 5c a copy. Four months for \$1.50. MURKIN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 311 Broadway, N. Y.

ARCHITECTS & BUILDERS
Edition of Scientific American.
Microscopic plates of coasts and city residences. Numerous engravings of all plans and specifications for use of such as contemplate building. Price \$1.50 a year, 50c a copy. MURKIN & CO., PUBLISHERS.

PATENTS
may be secured by applying to MURKIN & CO., and procure immediate protection, based on the scientific and legal principles. Send for Handbook. Correspondence confidential.
TRADE MARKS.
In case your mark is not registered in the Patent Office, apply to MURKIN & CO., and procure immediate protection, based on the scientific and legal principles. Send for Handbook. Correspondence confidential.
GENRAL OFFICE: 321 BROADWAY, N. Y.

CLOTHESPINS!

PERCHERON HORSES
BARGAINS

We mean exactly what we say. We have 150 head imported and Pure bred Stallions and Horses, must be disposed of during this season, owing to change in our business. If you think of buying, write us for our Catalogue and Prices, and we will convince you that it will pay you well to buy of us.

SAVAGE & FARNUM,
Island Home Stock Farm, DETROIT, MICH.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route."
90th MERIDIAN TIME.
Passenger Trains on the Michigan Central Railroad will leave Chelsea Station as follows:
GOING WEST.
Mail Train.....10:38 A. M.
Grand Rapids Express.....6:10 P. M.
Evening Express.....9:37 P. M.
GOING EAST.
Night Express.....5:57 A. M.
Atlantic Express.....7:10 A. M.
Grand Rapids Express.....10:15 A. M.
Mail Train.....4:17 P. M.
Daily except Sunday. Daily except Saturday. Daily.
W. M. MARTIN, Agent.
O. W. RUGGLES, General Passenger Ticket Agent, Chicago.

CLOTHESPINS!

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY

This fall by canvassing for the

Michigan Farmer!

An energetic agent wanted at every post office to whom a good cash commission will be paid. References required. Make application at once for outfit and go to work early.

Every Farmer who has anything to sell can

MAKE MONEY

By subscribing for the

Michigan Farmer

And reading its market reports. The "Farmer" is a business paper for farmers. ONLY \$1 PER YEAR WITH "HOUSEHOLD" SUPPLEMENT. Sample copies sent free on application. Address,
MICHIGAN FARMER,
1118
Detroit, Mich.

W. F. STRANGWAYS,
Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur
Office and residence second door west of Methodist church. v1917
Office hours, 3 to 6 p. m.

C. E. FAY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Special attention given to Genito-Urinary and Rectal Diseases.
Office over Chelsea Savings Bank.
Office hours from 10 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 3 p. m. v1910

H. W. SCHMIDT,
Physician & Surgeon.
Calls by night or day will receive prompt attention. Office in the Knapp & Hundelung block. Reside opposite McKune House. 1912

FRANK S. BUCKLEY,
Dentist,
Office with Dr. Palmer, over Glazier's drug store. Office hours—8 a m to 12 m and 1 to 6 p m.
In Ann Arbor Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays. In Chelsea Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays. v1919

FIRE! FIRE!!
If you want insurance call on Gilbert & Crowell. We represent companies whose gross assets amount to the sum of
\$45,000,000.

FARMERS AND HORSE OWNERS
HAVE YOU BEEN THE

"RAPID" HARNESS REPAIRERS

PATENTED February 24, 1888.
March 27th, 1889.

You can repair your own Harness, Halters, Straps, &c., without expense or loss of time. It will make a nice clean job.

NO SEWING OR RIVETING!
No special tools. A common hammer will do the work. It is the most simple and handy little device known. Can be applied to any portion of a harness. They are put up, one gross, assorted sizes, in a tin box, handy to carry in the pocket ready for any emergency. Ask your dealer for them.

PRICE ONLY 25c PER GROSS.
For Sale by Harness Makers, Hardware and General Stores.

Buffalo Specialty Manufacturing Co.
Sole Manufacturers and Patentees.
67-69 Washington St. BUFFALO, N. Y.
Harry Shaver, Agent,
Chelsea, Mich.

PERCHERON HORSES
BARGAINS

We mean exactly what we say. We have 150 head imported and Pure bred Stallions and Horses, must be disposed of during this season, owing to change in our business. If you think of buying, write us for our Catalogue and Prices, and we will convince you that it will pay you well to buy of us.

SAVAGE & FARNUM,
Island Home Stock Farm, DETROIT, MICH.