



CHELSEA STANDARD.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WM. EMMERT.
OFFICE IN

Standard Drug and Grocery Store.
Corner Main and Park Sts.

\$1.00 PER YEAR STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES. FOR DISPLAY ADVERTISEMENTS.

	1 Mo.	3 Mos.	6 Mos.	1 Year.
1 Col.	\$12.00	\$24.00	\$42.00	\$72.00
1/2 Col.	9.60	14.40	24.00	42.00
1/4 Col.	6.00	9.60	14.40	24.00
1 Inch	2.40	3.60	4.80	6.00

Reading notices 5 cents per line each insertion. 10 cents per line among local items. Advertisements changed as often as desired if copy is received by Tuesday morning.

DR. PALMER,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
OFFICE OVER GLAZIER'S DRUGSTORE
OFFICE HOURS:
Dr. Palmer's, 10 to 1, a. m., 4 to 6 p. m.

Frank S. Buckley, Dentist.

OFFICE WITH
DR. PALMER.
Over Glazier's Drug Store.
In Ann Arbor, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. In Chelsea, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.
Office hours from 8 to 12 and 1 to 6.

12 SHAVES FOR \$1.00

GEO. EDER.
Rooms formerly occupied by Frank Shaver, Middle street. Your trade solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FOR A

Cup of Fine Coffee

GO TO
CASPARY'S BAKERY,
OPPOSITE
TOWN HALL, CHELSEA.

THE LADIES' FAVORITE
NEW HOME
THE BEST
WOODWORK ATTACHMENTS
THE FINEST
SEWING MACHINE
28 UNION SQUARE, N.Y.
ATLANTA, GA. CALIF. ST. LOUIS, MO. FOR SALE BY DALLASTEX
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

PEERLESS DYES ARE THE BEST
FOR BLACK STOCKINGS.
Made in 40 colors that neither
smut, wash out nor fade.
Sold by Druggists. Also
Peerless Brown Paints—6 colors.
Peerless Laundry Bleach—7 colors.
Peerless Ink Powders—7 colors.
Peerless Shoe & Harness Dressing.
Peerless Egg Dyes—6 colors.

COUNTY CIRCUMSTANCES.

Carefully Called, Clipped, Cured—
Softly Served Subscribers.
Dexter has a German conversation class.
Gieske & Dresselhouse is the name of a new grocery firm at Manchester.
Godfrey and Johney Ottmar, of Saline, will seek their fortunes in Montana. They left Monday last.
N. S. Case, who has served the village of Manchester in various capacities for years, died recently after a lingering illness.

Brown & Mason, of Saline, have moved their machine shop to Ypsilanti.

H. T. Nichols, of Saline, who visited Oklahoma last spring, will go there again this week. Will he invest?

Manchesterites want the postoffice moved because it is near a saloon. But, as saloons are so thick there, the question is, shall it be moved out of the village. Better move out some of the saloons!

The Ann Arbor Register in speaking of the sheep stealing case says: "The case was hard fought all through, and it is estimated that each sheep stolen cost the county at least \$100 in expenss, etc., while to Collins they are estimated as still more expensive."

Peach blossoms in Michigan in March. That breaks the record we think. Mr. L. Silsbury, of York, this week sent us several twigs taken from his trees, loaded with blossoms. Truth demands, however, that we add that the twigs had been kept in a warm room immersed in water a week before our seeing them.—*Saline Observer.*

A. A. Wood this week sold his fine Shorthorn bull 2nd Fennel Duke, and two Poland Chinas to Wm. McDonald & Sons, prominent breeders of Bad Ax, who personally visited Hickory Grove stock farm and selected the animals from Mr. Wood's herds. Fennel Duke is a most promising animal, two years of age and weighs 1300 pounds.—*Saline Observer.*

Village elections this year, seems to be very tame. Saline only had one ticket in the field last week, the following being elected: President—S. D. VanDuzer; Clerk—L. L. Kilby; Trustees—Samuel Josenhans, Wm. J. Jackson, Adam C. Clarke; Assessor—John Gillen; Treasurer—John A. Alber; Street Commissioner—M. D. Wallace; Constable—Frederick Jerry.

The Michigan Savings and Loan Association of Detroit.

A local board of the above association was organized in this village on Friday, March 14th. The following officers were elected.

President—Samuel G. Ives.
Vice Pres.—Wm. J. Knapp.
Treas.—Geo. P. Glazier.
Sec'y—Theo. E. Wood.
Attys.—Turnbull & Wilkinson.
DIRECTORS.

Geo. W. Palmer
Bernard Parker.
Wm. P. Schenk.
A. W. Wilkinson.
Geo. W. Turnbull.

These gentlemen are the representative men of our town, and the association starts off in a creditable manner. There is no question but that this is the best and strongest association in the state.

Mr. C. K. Hives, the agent of the association, explained the workings of the association and deserves credit for placing so strong a list of officers and directors on the board. It speaks well for our town to have an organization of this kind here; it gives a safe and profitable investment to the old or young—rich or poor. Shares are one hundred dollars each, matured by paying one dollar per month on each share. For circulars, and Journals, illustrating the workings etc., or parties wishing to take shares, call or address, THEO. E. WOOD, Secy., Chelsea, Mich.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?
Not if you go through the world a dyspeptic. Dr. Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets are a positive cure for the worst forms of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulency and Constipation. Guaranteed and sold by Hummel & Fenn.

THAT TERRIBLE COUGH.
In the morning, hurried or difficult breathing, raising phlegm, tightness in the chest, quickened pulse, chilliness in the evening or sweats at night, all or any of these things are the first stages of consumption. Dr. Acker's English Cough Remedy will cure these fearful symptoms, and is sold under a positive guarantee by Hummel & Fenn.

ELF SONG.

I twist the toes of the birds a-doo,
I tinkle the dew bells bright;
I chuck the chin of the dimpled rose
Till she laughs in the stars' dim light.
The glowworm's lamp I hide in the damp,
I steal the wild bee's sting;
I pinch the toad till his legs are a-cramp,
And clip the beetle's wing.
O hey! O hey!
My pranks I play
With never a note of warning.
I set a snare for the moonbeams fair
All wrought of spider web twine;
I tangle the naughty children's hair
In a snarl of rare design.
I fit through the house without any noise,
There's never an elf so sly;
I break the toys of bad little boys
And the cross little girls who cry.
O hey! O hey!
I work them woe,
Till crows the cock in the morning.
—Samuel Minturn Peck in St. Nicholas.

Took Him for a Tree.

Not very long ago the keeper of the wild cattle at Chillingham escaped being injured by them in a way which shows how much may be accomplished by presence of mind. They were being fed, and he in some way had got between them and the hills, when, something having alarmed them, they made one of the mad rushes in which, like Highland cattle, they often indulge. He gave himself up for lost, as he was in the open ground where the two contingents had to meet as they came flying round the paddock. Partly because he was a Scotsman, and resolved to die with "his face to the foe," but still more because he knew flight to be certain death, he folded his arms, drew himself up to his full height, and stood perfectly motionless. He says himself that he expected to be killed, but the cattle, perhaps mistaking him in the dusk for a tree stump or a gate post—to which his gaunt figure bears no slight resemblance—swerved as they approached and scampered past without touching him.—*Montreal Star.*

No Error.

Young Mr. Hale is one of the people who think it must be the easiest thing in the world to write a book, or at least a poem.
"You have your desk, your paper and pens," said he, hopefully, in discussing the subject of literature with a more experienced friend, "and there you are!"
"Yes," said the friend, dryly, "but you've omitted one implement of the trade which ought to be in the hands of beginners—an eraser, to rub out what they have written. Now take this petition you have just drawn up for the 'Widows' Mite Society.' Look over the paper with me. You haven't explained your object with clearness, and you've repeated the word 'charity' nine times in thirteen lines."
For a moment the ambitious young man looked disturbed; but suddenly his composure returned.
"Oh, well," said he, "I don't consider that repetition a mistake. You can't have too much charity!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Trading in Damascus.

The oriental mind is disposed to mingle all the dealings of life with an amount of "sentiment" which would be scorned by the more literal business man of the west. A visitor at Damascus gives in Murray's Magazine the following description of a horse trade in that city:
A long dispute took place between the intending purchaser and the owner as the former attempted to beat down the price by a few piasters. The owner, however, seemed very sure of making a favorable sale, even if the present customer should withdraw. So he remained silent, with an occasional inconsequent remark, such as, "It matters not," "Wallah, whom am I to argue with thee?" "Wallah, my horse is as dust; take it without money."
All these expressions are equivalent to cold negatives, and might naturally have exasperated the other man, who had been wasting oceans of rhetoric in persuasion. Finally, he, in this turn, exclaimed, with heart warming show of generosity and philanthropy:
"Wallah, are we not brothers? Wherefore all this noise? Is it for money? Allah, why bid! You want 1,600 piasters? Here is the money. Take it!" Then he pressed the bulk of treasure into the other's hand and turned away. "Never mind about your horse. I care not for it. Shall we part enemies because of money?"
At this point the other, who now had his money secure, ran after his customer, fell on his neck, and, kissing him on both cheeks, assured him that the horse would henceforth be worthless to him; that, since his brother wished for it, he must take it as a present. And so the bargain was concluded.

A New Prophet.

Mrs. Brown—I'll never forgive you for not getting me the seal-skin you promised. You're too mean to live.
Brown—That's nonsense. I knew all along we wouldn't have any winter.—*Epoc.*

H. S. HOLMES & CO.

SPRING OF 1890.

We are now receiving in our dry goods departments all the new things in Wash Goods consisting of

New Gingham.
New Satines.
New Challies.
New Teazel Suitings.

"Cashmere Ombries" which are the most talked of any foreign goods which have come out this season. Don't fail to see them.

We are also showing new things in all colors of "Moh air Brilliantines" and a full line of blacks. Every lady must have a Mohair Brilliantine dress, this season.

We are also showing a full line of French black goods, silk warp Henriettas, flannels, Broadhead dress goods etc. Please look this department over when you have time.

HOSIERY, GLOVES AND UNDERWEAR.

Guaranteed Black Hosiery or money returned in all prices. Full line of Gloves in kid, taffeta and silks. Underwear in all styles and prices in "Jersey ribbed" in both long and short sleeves and all prices.

Make our store your headquarters. We shall be glad to see one and all of you for 1890.

H. S. HOLMES & CO.

NEW BOOTS AND SHOES.

My stock will soon be complete, and shall be pleased to have you call and examine the new styles and prices. I expect to do an increasing business this year. My motto is to underbuy and undersell.
Yours.

B. PARKER.

CHELSEA ROLLER MILLS MARKET REPORT.

Corrected Weekly by Cooper & Wood

Roller Patent, per hundred,.....	\$2.50
Housekeeper's Delight, per hundred,.....	2.25
Superior, per hundred,.....	1.50
Corn Meal, bolted, per hundred,.....	1.40
Corn Meal, coarse, per hundred,.....	.85
Feed, corn and oats, per ton.....	17.00
Bran, per ton,.....	13.00
Special Feed (Rye, Oats and Corn),.....	75c per 100

No short weights.

TRY THE STANDARD COFFEE
25 CTS.

I'M GROWING OLD.

BY C. LOWATER.

I'm growing old; for sixty years I've struggled through mortal life...

You'll never see the days, my lad, as bright as those when I was young...

The life we led was wild and free. The men were bold, the girls were sweet...

The rod, my lad, was in the school in days when I first learned to spell...

They had a noble handihood to fight against the wilderness...

I'm growing old; for sixty years I've smiled at pain and laughed with joy...

The Piccadilly Puzzle.

THE STORY OF A TERRIBLE EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.

By F. W. HUME.

CHAPTER I. A FOGGY NIGHT.

Two o'clock in the morning during the month of August sounds of music could be heard proceeding from a brilliantly lighted house in Park Lane...

Outside it was dull and chilly, with a thick yellow fog pervading the atmosphere, but within the ball-room it was like fairyland with the brilliant light of the lamps...

Near the door of the ball-room a young man of about thirty years of age was leaning against the wall in a lazy attitude, idly watching the dancers swinging past him...

The one was Spencer Ellersby, only son of a wealthy West Indian planter, and the other Horace Marton, a well-known society man generally called The Town Crier...

"Hey! Ellersby, my boy," said The Town Crier, on the alert to acquire new information, "have you come back once more to England, home and beauty—hey? Been all over the world, I suppose, hey? Going to publish a book of travels, hey?"

"Not me," replied Ellersby, in the slow, languid manner habitual to him; "every one who goes a half a dozen miles nowadays publishes a book of travels under some fantastic title. I prefer to be renowned for not having done so."

a long description of tolly and fashion, varied by sermons and scandal, which, being spiced with a little maliciousness, proved quite an amusing discourse.

"You ought to write your memoirs, Marton," he said, dryly; "they would be as gossipy as Pepys, as scandalous as De Grammont, and as amusing as either, but go on—anything more? Who are the new beauties?"

"Hey! oh! one was here to-night, Lady Balscombe."

"What! old Balscombe married," said Ellersby in a surprised tone. "I thought he loved no one but himself—so!—and who is the lady?"

"That's what every one wants to know," replied Marton, eagerly; "he picked her up down in the country somewhere, but she's got no pedigree—no money, no talents—nothing but personal beauty."

"Which is worth all the rest put together to a woman," interrupted Ellersby cynically. "What is she like?"

"Tall, fair, blue eyes, beautiful complexion, magnificent figure, and the devil's own temper."

"Nice set of qualifications, especially the latter," murmured Ellersby. "Balscombe fond of her?"

"Hey! oh, yes—madly! won't let her out of his sight, but he had to to-night, as he's off down to his place in Berkshire on business; tried to make her ladyship come too, but she wouldn't because of this dance—good Lord—fancy a dance at this time of year!—but Kerstoke's wife was always slightly cracked!"

"Does Lady Balscombe reciprocate her husband's adoration?"

"Not exactly! hey!" he replied, chuckling. "Calliston is first favorite there."

"Eh!—the deuce—I thought he was in love with old Balscombe's ward, Miss Penfold."

"So he is—but he makes love to the wife, just to keep his hand in. I wouldn't be surprised if it ended in the divorce court."

"Well, you are generally right in your surmises," retorted Ellersby; "but what would Miss Penfold say to that?"

"Hey! oh, she'd be glad," replied Marton; "bless you, she cares more for Myles Desmond's little finger than she does for the whole body of Calliston."

"Oh, I know Myles," said Ellersby, promptly; "a rattling good fellow, was with him at Cambridge, but we somehow never hit it off—trying to make a fortune by his pen, I hear."

"Yes! and hasn't made a penny yet, so he acts as secretary to his cousin, Lord Calliston. He's next heir to the title, you know, hey?"

"Much chance he'll have of it," replied Ellersby, contemptuously. "Calliston's sure to marry and have heirs, unless he kills himself in the meantime with drink—but to revert to our former conversation—the Balscombe menage seems slightly mixed."

"Hey! rather. It stands this way," explained Marton, eagerly; "Balscombe's jealous of his wife on account of Calliston, Lady B. is jealous of Calliston on account of Miss Penfold, and that young lady does not care two straws for the whole lot of them in comparison to Myles Desmond."

the familiar street, which, as if by magic, had suddenly assumed an unreal appearance, transforming Piccadilly into a vague immensity resembling the steppes of Russia.

With his ears alert for every sound, and his eyes peering anxiously into the veil of gray mist, Ellersby hurried along, managed to cross the street, and by some miracle of dexterity, which he placed at once to the credit of instinct, turned down St. James street, and it was here his first mishap occurred, for just as he rounded the corner he came against a young man hastening in the opposite direction at a rapid pace.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger quickly, "but the fog is so dense I could not see—excuse me."

And he was about to hurry away when Ellersby, recognizing the voice, stopped him.

"Wait a moment, Desmond," he said, gaily, "and give an old friend a word."

Desmond seemed annoyed at being recognized, and looking sharply at the face of the other, gave vent to an ejaculation of surprise, which, however, had not a very delighted ring in it.

"Ellersby, by Jove!" he said, in a hesitating manner. "I thought you were in Persia or in Patagonia. Who the deuce would have expected to see you in Piccadilly on such a devil of a night?"

"I've been to a ball," explained Ellersby, "and thought I'd walk back to my hotel just to renew my acquaintance with London fogs. It was a mad freak, but amusing. Come to my hotel and have a nightcap."

"Thanks, awfully," said Desmond, hurriedly, "but I can't. I'm—I'm in a hurry. Where are you stopping?"

"Guelph Hotel, Jermyn street."

"Eh!" said Desmond, with a start. "Jermyn street—all right; look you up to-morrow."

"Wait a moment," observed Ellersby, detaining him. "Tell me, where is Calliston? I want to see him."

"Not much chance," replied Desmond, shaking his head. "He's—gone off to-night down to Shoreham—yachting, you know. Wants to go to the Azores; well, I see you to-morrow; good night—I'm in a deuce of a hurry."

He spoke rapidly, with nervous agitation quite at variance with his usual demeanor, as Ellersby knew, and as he went off quickly and was swallowed up by the fog, the latter resumed his walk with a quiet laugh.

"A woman, I bet," he said to himself, as he made his way cautiously along. "Fancy Venus on such a discouraging night as this—the rosy mists enveloping the goddess are charming, but a London fog—ah, bah!"

He stood on the pavement, wondering how he could strike Jermyn street, and was about to attempt to cross on a chance of his luck guiding him when the fall form of a policeman loomed out of the fog and flashed the light of a lantern on him.

"Ah, just in time, policeman," said Ellersby, in a relieved tone. "I've got slightly astray in this fog, so you must guide me to the Guelph Hotel."

"Just across the street, sir," replied the policeman, touching his helmet, and he stepped off the pavement, followed by Ellersby.

They soon got into Jermyn street and went along the left-hand side toward the hotel. Though the fog was still thick, Ellersby in the vanity of his heart thought he could now find the way for himself. He gave the policeman half a crown, and going along a few yards, went up what he supposed was the steps of the hotel. The policeman stood in the same place, ready to render his services as a guide, should he be required, when suddenly he was startled by a cry from Ellersby.

How He Got Rid of an Irrepressible Creditor.

"One of my creditors," a big, fat, strong shoemaker, was particularly obnoxious when I was in an embarrassed condition," said a Boston merchant, for he was at my house presenting his bill three and four times a day, and then the same number of times during the evening. He made me tired and I puzzled my brain for a scheme to get rid of him, and the opportunity to get even with him came at last.

"I knew that he was a coward at heart, and I resolved to make him so afraid that he would run out of my house and never come in it again. This morning that I referred to he came as usual and presented his bill. I was busy in a room I had fixed up as a sort of den, as it were, and the landlady sent him in there to find me.

"Well, sir, what is it?" I asked as he came in.

"I have come for the amount of my bill," he replied.

"And, said I calmly, 'I shall be obliged to tell you that I haven't the necessary funds to liquidate that bill.'

"Very well, sir," he answered. "Then I shall be obliged to inform you that I shall sit down here and wait until the bill is paid."

"Very good," said I quietly, but to all the truth I was highly elated, for here was just the opportunity I had been looking for.

He sat down and placed his hat on the table. When he had done this I called to the landlady and said: "Mrs. Robbins, I am at home to nobody to-day, and do not wish to be disturbed under any circumstances. You may come in to-morrow morning and mail what letters you find here on my writing desk."

Then I closed and locked the door, and stripping up some billiard cloth I had I stuffed it into every crack, leaving no place where air could get into the place or out. Then I drew up a long legal-looking document which I labeled: "My will," which I took good care that the shoemaker could see, and after writing a few notes I went to the chandelier and turned on all four burners. All the while previous to this the big shoemaker had no doubt thought that I was bluffing him, but when I turned on the gas I could see that he was beginning to feel nervous.

"I arranged everything neatly in the room and then sat down calmly and waited for him to weaken. The gas was escaping rapidly and the room was fast becoming filled with it. I could feel my head swim but I would not give in. All of a sudden he jumped up and said: 'I did not come here to be murdered,' and making a rush jumped through the window, taking ash and all with him. It was about twenty feet from the ground, but when he landed he started off as if a mad bull were after him, and I never saw him or his bill, for—I can't help if you don't believe me. It's the truth, and if you come up here to-morrow I'll show you the man himself, and you can ask him if it isn't so."—Boston Globe.

American Typos.

Here is a description given of an American printer by a French member of the craft, who was one of a delegation of workmen sent out by the city of Paris two or three years ago to visit America and study the different trade systems in vogue: Dressed like gentlemen and carrying a small basket containing his lunch on his arm, he enters the composing-room calm and dignified, although he has just climbed, slowly and laboriously, the hundred-odd steps that separate his gallery from the nuddy street.

His first care is to place his luncheon in the refrigerator. Then he takes off his clothes, even his shirt, hangs them on a peg, and puts on over his undershirt, usually made of coarse cotton, the sort of apron that our fathers and grandfathers were in the habit of wearing. Then very leisurely—he steps to his case, where a "wooden man" has already placed his share of type to be distributed. He takes his chewing tobacco out of his pocket, puts a quid into his mouth, assures himself by a glance and by a trial essay that the vase bowl (sic) is within spitting range, climbs up on his stool and begins to distribute. Nothing can now stop him until his case is filled or the hour has arrived for leaving off.

A visit to the bar in a neighboring basement is the only break he allows in his work, and as the work does not call for any exchange of language an American printer may leave the composing-room when the paper is ready to go to press without having said a word to any one during the entire evening. But little systematic noise is made, and then only as a sign of contempt.—New Orleans Picayune.

His Whiskers Support Him.

A New York reporter the other night stumbled against a rather odd piece of humanity. While engaged on his nightly rounds he was accosted by an athletic and well-dressed young fellow with a heavy, scrubby growth of red beard, who asked him for 15 cents with which to get a shave. He stated that he had come into the city from a New England town three days before to look for work and that he was so unfortunate as to lose his pocketbook containing every cent of money he had. He had an engagement for the next morning with a merchant who had promised him a job as a book-keeper, but he could hardly expect to be employed if he showed up with his unshaven face. The reporter doubted the truth of his story and expressed his doubt so forcibly that the fellow admitted it to be false. He said that he had come to New York a month ago, desiring to get work, which, how-

ever, he did not find. He needed a shave badly, and one night appealed to a gentleman for aid, telling the same story he told the reporter. The man gave him a quarter. The case with which the quarter came to him led him to tackle others, and before the night was over he had made \$4. He then gave up all idea of working and went at this trade. He makes about \$20 in four days of the week. The rest of the week he cannot work at his trade, for he has to shave then and to allow his beard to again grow until it become scrubby.

Larva as Food.

Here is an appetizing extract from "Among Cannibals": One night we spent in a cave near the brook. The cave was not large, and was low, cold and damp, and thus not very inviting. We had but its naked stones for a couch, for there was of course no grass to be found in the scrub. A big fire was kindled; outside it was pitch dark. My blacks had found in a large fallen tree some larvae of beetles (Coleoptera) on which we feasted. There are several varieties of these edible larvae, and all have a different taste. The best one is glittering white, of the thickness of a finger, and is found in the acacia trees. The others live in the scrubs and are smaller and not equal to the former in flavor. The blacks are so fond of them that they even eat them alive, while they pick them out of the decayed trunk of a tree—a not very attractive spectacle. The larvae were usually collected in baskets and so taken to the camp. The Australian does not as a rule eat raw animal food; the only exception I know of being these coleoptera larvae. The large fire crackled lustily in the cave while we sat round it preparing the larva. We simply placed them in the red-hot ashes, where they at once became brown and crisp, and the fat fairly bubbled in them while they were being thus prepared. After being turned once or twice they were thrown out from the ashes with a stick and were ready to be eaten. Strange to say, these larvae were the best food the natives were able to offer me, and the only kind which I really enjoyed. If such a larva is broken in two it will be found to consist of a yellow and tolerably compact mass rather like an omelet. In taste it resembles an egg, but it seemed to me that the best kind, namely, the acacia larva, which has the flavor of nuts, tasted even better than a European omelet. The natives always consumed the entire larva, while I usually bit off the head and threw aside the skin, but my men always consumed my leftovers with great gusto. They also ate the beetles as greedily as the larvae, simply removing the hard wings before roasting them.

Elevator Sickness.

A great many people are unable to ride on elevator cars on account of the feeling that their hearts and souls are being pulled out of them when the machine starts to drop. People with heart affection are frequently forbidden by their physicians to ride in the cars, and it is disagreeable to thousands who ride, in spite of it, to save time and legs in the big buildings of the city.

A well-known lawyer, who has a very level head at most times, admits that his head feels very empty when the elevator starts down, but claims to have discovered a very clever mechanical trick by which he avoids the all-gone feeling. He is willing to have it suggested to his fellow mortals anonymously.

"I take a long breath," he said, "just as I step on the elevator, and hold it with a tight pressure. Then, just as the elevator begins to sink, I let it out exactly with the motion of the car. The quicker the car starts, the quicker and harder I press out the air, and I don't feel as if my soul had flown out; in fact, I can avoid the least disagreeable sensation."

Another gentleman who tried the experiment vouched for the results in his case. "Don't imagine that you have to blow so that everybody else in the car can hear you," he said. "All you need to do is to hold the breath tightly and let it go noiselessly out the nose. I think the sensation is due to the sudden change of pressure of blood in the heart and head, and the compression of air in the breathing organ off-sets that pressure by reaction when the car starts."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

The very thing that most men think they have got the most of, they have the least of, and that is judgment. A man is vain just in proportion to how pholly, and wize just in proportion to his humility. A vain man, flushed with success, spreads himself like a peacock on a fair day; but when his hour of trial comes, like a peacock, on a wet day, he folds his spread, and steals silently away. When vice leaves an old man, if it is no ways certain that virtue takes the place of it, for sin sometimes quits us because it has nothing to feed on. It seems very natral for all of us to think that the world would get along very poorly if it wa't for us, and if there wa'n't but one man left on the face of the earth, he would think just so, too. The luxuries of life, which are so often reprimanded, are, after all, the principal promoters of industry. Munny ain't akumulated so much to satisfy wants as few kreate them. It iz a very wise man who iz able to hide his ignorance. Wisdom is another name for genius, and both are the gift of God. A man kant learn to be wize, enny more than he kan learn to be hansum. —New York Weekly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Clear Conscience Obtained.

Broker's Wife—How happy you look, my dear. What is the cause? Broker—A clear conscience. I have not taken any innocent and confiding man's money for twenty-four hours. "I am glad to hear it." "Yes; you see my partner died last night, and our office was closed today."—New York Weekly.

CHELSEA STANDARD.

FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1890.

REPORT —of the— CONDITION

Chelsea Savings Bank.

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

RESOURCES:

Loans and discounts.....	\$ 81,191 09
Stocks, bonds, mortgages etc	93,994 03
Due from banks in reserve	
cities.....	4,025 61
Due from other banks and	
bankers.....	13,577 37
Furniture and fixtures.....	3,701 20
Other Real estate.....	4,365 54
Current expenses and taxes	
paid.....	1,196 87
Interest paid.....	27 45
Checks and cash items.....	7,076 61
Nickels and pennies.....	104 32
Gold.....	287 50
Silver.....	705 50
U. S. and Nat. Bank Notes	3,578 00
Total.....	\$ 213,831 09

LIABILITIES:

Capital paid in.....	\$ 50,000 00
Surplus fund.....	7,031 92
Undivided profits.....	1,714 90
Commercial deposits.....	49,404 90
Savings deposits.....	105,679 37
Total.....	\$ 213,831 09

State of Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss:

I, Geo. P. Glazier, 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. Woods,
Sam'l G. Ives,
F. P. Glazier,
Directors.

Subscribed and sworn to before me,
this 11th day of Dec. 1889.

Theo. E. Wood, Notary Public.

NOTICE.

The regular banking hours of the CHELSEA SAVINGS BANK are from 9 o'clock A. M. to 12 o'clock M. and from 1 P. M. to 4 P. M.

But to accommodate the public the bank is usually open for business from eight o'clock in the morning until eight 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.

Geo. P. GLAZIER, Cashier.

CLOSING OF MAIL:

EAST.—9:45 A. M. 3:47 and 8:00 P. M.
WEST.—10:35 A. M. 5:35 and 8:00 P. M.

TRAINS LEAVE:

EAST.—5:27, 7:10, 10:15 A. M. 4:17 P. M.
WEST.—10:58 A. M. 6:00 and 9:55 P. M.

LOCAL NEWSY ITEMS.

Picked up White—Roaming Around This Most Beautiful Village.

Get your "slate" ready for the township election.

A large farm to rent, inquire of Turnbull & Wilkinson.

If you are not satisfied with the flour you are using, buy the Eldred Mills, sold only at Boyd's market.—Adv.

A number of people, young and old, were admitted to the M. E. church on probation, Sunday last, the result of the recent meetings.

A thirteen pound boy is now trundled on John P. Foster's knee. The little fellow came into this cold and dismal world last Friday.

The writer wore a bouquet made of plum tree blossoms, yesterday, furnished him by Mrs. McCarter. The blossoms had materialized indoors, however. Next!

The next meeting of the grange, will be held at the residence of Jay Wood's, of Lima, Friday, March 28th. A good program has been arranged for the occasion.

By an oversight in proofreading, we said in our last issue that the entertainment under the auspices of St. Mary's church would take place on Wednesday, when it should have read Monday. We are all liable to make errors.

A Free Seat offering to apply on the salary of the Rev. J. H. McIntosh, will be made at the Town Hall on Friday evening, March 28, '90. Refreshments, music, a feast of reason and a flow of soul" will be participated in. The Church and Congregation as well as the faithful Pastor's many friends are cordially invited to be present. Sec.

Boyd's new market in the new south store is just a slick one.—Adv.

There will be quite a moving bee held soon, at least a dozen families changing localities.

Farm For Rent! A first class farm. Inquire of Henry Wilson, Lima, or H. A. Paige, Chelsea.

The next meeting of Recreation Park association will be held on Saturday, April 5th. Don't forget it if interested.

Will our readers please inform us who the village presidents were prior to 1870. The records were destroyed at that time.

During township clerk BeGole's absence, Archie Wilkinson will officiate as deputy township clerk. The office is in good hands.

Let the committees in adjoining townships remember that the STANDARD is headquarters for tickets and slips, and will get them up legally and correctly. Give us a call.

Hon. A. T. Gorton, of Los Angeles, Cal., has our thanks for a copy of of the Los Angeles Tribune of March 12th, which gives a complete account of the Citrus Fair, held there at that time.

The workers of the Congregational church met with Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Holmes, Wednesday afternoon, a large company taking tea, and all enjoying themselves. It is a royal place to be entertained, too.

On the last page of the STANDARD will be found a cut of Arnold Prudden's patent fence, and some points why it is the cheapest and best. Mr. Prudden is disposing of quite a number of farm rights.

By glancing at our first page, you will see that a building and loan association has been organized here, and that it is well officered. If you want to save your dollars in a way that will be profitable, invest in a few shares.

The entertainment, "The Danger Signal," given at the Town Hall last Monday evening by the Catholic society was an entire success, every one taking part in the play, doing their share faithfully. The ladies, especially, did nobly and deserve the praise of all.

A new paper will be issued at Gregory, this week, by a Mr. Dunlap, a druggist at that place. Gregory is only a place of several hundred, but we trust Mr. Dunlap will be able to say years hence that the done-laps are many. Give him your support, ye citizens of that burg.

The many friends in this section of Rev. George P. Wright, of Woodstock, Ill., formerly of River Raisin, Mich., will be pleased to learn that he has received a call to Winfield, to become pastor of one of the largest churches in Kansas, with a membership of 300.

In another column will be found an extended account of the celebrated Collins' case. To the credit of prosecuting attorney Lehman it is said that he tried the case for all there was in it, but money was too much for him and his able assistants. It is good the case is ended, even if not satisfactory to many people.

Sunday evening last, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Alexander and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth, Mr. Thos. Jenson, Mr. McNorton, Miss Carrie Tyndall and Miss Myrta Conk were baptized at the Baptist church, in the presence of a large audience. This is the largest number baptized at one time in the history of the church.

Chelsea, like many other villages, contains several so-called young men and ladies, who can not attend worship at any church, without disturbing the meetings. The STANDARD has been informed that, should these disturbances again occur, the law will be brought to bear upon the case to its full extent. Boys and girls, behave yourselves when you go to church, no matter if the services seem ridiculous to you.

The latest republican candidate for congress is a Hillsdale lawyer named St. John. We thought Hillsdale would show up before the convention. Now what have the Washtenaw republican papers to say concerning St. John candidacy.—Argus. The writer is personally acquainted with Mr. St. John. He is a gentleman, a scholar and an ex-soldier, but, knowing Hon. E. P. Allen's ability in his present position, we deem it advisable to keep him where he is. Next!

In this issue will be found several recommends from persons who have used Curlett's thrush and heave remedies. These remedies have been used for years, and have given entire satisfaction. They are on sale at the drug stores and by the Standard Drug and Grocery House.

Figuring lumber at \$20 per thousand, there is 18 cents worth of lumber in each fence-post. Posts 12 feet apart, 440 to the mile, 18 cents each, setting 5 cents, 18 plus 5 equals 23 times 440 equals \$101.20. By using Merchant's Patent there is a saving of \$84 per mile. 100-acre farm rights for sale for which I can save in 20 rods of fence over any other style of fence. There would be a saving to the M. C. R. R. from Detroit to Chicago of \$50,000. Wood or iron posts, plain barbed or flat wire, wood or iron stays. Patents issued and two more applied for. J. N. MERCHANT, Jerusalem Mills.

YOUR FOLKS AND OURS.

Mr. Will Conlin is home from Ann Arbor.

Adam Bohmet has been admitted to citizenship.

Miss Maud Congdon went to Detroit last Monday.

Miss Lottie Taylor spent last Friday with Ann Arbor friends.

R. A. Snyder made his usual business trip to Ann Arbor last Monday.

Mr. J. E. Durand and wife are spending the week in Jackson among friends.

Miss Estella Stocking is reported quite ill at her home on Middle Street.

Miss Mary Foster was in Detroit the first of the week, selecting millinery goods.

Uncle Stephen Chase is very ill, and owing to his extreme old age, recovery is doubtful.

Tim Drislane and family are moving into the house next to C. Chandler's, on Summit street.

C. T. Conklin has been seriously ill the past week with bronchitis, but is now improving.

Miss Cora Irwin now keeps Dr. Palmer's books, and attends to her school duties, also.

The Rev. J. H. McIntosh will preach at Lima Center, next Sunday, March 23rd, at 2.30 o'clock.

Austin Yocum and Clarence Maroney are spending a few days of this week at Bay City and Saginaw.

Dr. Finch has removed from the corner opposite the STANDARD office to the Brook's house on Middle street.

Miss Nellie McLaren left for East Saginaw last Wednesday morning to visit her sister, Mrs. Will Brewer.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Cooper will hold a song service at the Sylvan Center church, next Sunday, March 23, at 2.30.

Miss Helen Prudden is home from Ypsilanti, and reports her sister as doing nicely now, improving right along.

Mrs. Walter W. Williams, of the medical department of the University, was in town Sunday last with relatives.

Miss Minnie Strauss, of Waterloo, who has been visiting friends in the different parts of the state, returned home yesterday.

Ed. Schumacher, who is with Eberbach & Sons, at Ann Arbor, was home last Saturday evening, the first time since last Christmas.

D. A. Warner has traded his farm for Wm. Gray's house and lot, team and sprinkler, and will soon remove from the Barnes house to his own.

W. J. Knapp has been elected to represent the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Congregational church at the state meeting in Lansing, April 1st and 2nd.

Miss Edith Noble and Miss Nina Howlett, of Ann Arbor, visited with Miss Howlett's Grandmother, Mrs. J. K. Yocum, last Friday and Saturday.

Artie Judson on Friday last, celebrated his tenth birthday at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Kate J. Taylor. Quite a number of playmates, and several of his teachers were present, all having a most pleasant time.

The Standard Drug and Grocery House is giving the ladies another opportunity to get a basket of tea for 35 cents.

Washtubs, washboards, mops, cloths, lifters, clothes pins, clothes pin bags etc. just received at the Standard Grocery House.

SUDDENLY CALLED AWAY

Robert D. Glenn, While Hunting, Fatally Shoots Himself.

This community was startled Monday morning last, when the report was circulated that R. D. Glenn, of North Lake, had accidentally shot himself.

It seems that Mr. Glenn, who was a young man, aged 22 years the 24th of last October, and who had been engaged to teach the North Lake school, had seen a number of squirrels around the place, and so, Monday morning last, while some of the folks were still eating, he took the gun and started out. Soon after, the report of the gun was heard, and the young men went out to see what he had shot. They called to him, but received no answer; they whistled, and were answered by a groan. Upon reaching him, they found a hole shot in the abdomen, and life nearly fled. The body was carried into the house, only a few rods away, where he gasped a few times and expired.

The theory of the shooting by those who were there soon after the accident is, that he was going to step over a low fence. He put the gun over, and as he was going to step over, he slipped thus drawing the gun toward him, the hammer catching on the fence, breaking off the stock and discharging the gun.

Mr. Glenn was a second cousin of William and Robert Glenn, also of North Lake, and leaves a mother, sister and brother, who are heart-broken. He was a young man of high character and fine abilities, being the champion whistler of the state. Only Saturday last, he whistled at the entertainment at North Lake, imitating fifteen of the feathered songsters. When he closed school Friday, he made the remark that he did not believe he would live to teach the term out, as he was the third teacher during the term the school had had. Sunday night he sang his favorite songs, and also requested that a certain selection should be sung at his funeral.

The funeral was held from the North Lake church, Wednesday last, attended by hundreds of his admirers, and sympathizers with his mother, sister and brother.

For nearly a year Mr. Glenn was the efficient and painstaking correspondent from North Lake, and in all that time we have not heard a word of complaint from his neighborhood in regard to his items. We shall miss his communications, as will also many of our esteemed subscribers. In this, their hour of bereavement, we extend our sincere sympathy to the friends, and trust that their home may be not made more desolate.

THE NEW COUNCIL MEETS.

President Knapp Appoints the Committees for the ensuing Year.

The first meeting of the new village council was held in the council room, last Wednesday evening, a full board being present. President Knapp appointed the following standing committees:

Finance—Holmes, Kempf and Crowell.

Streets—Lighthall, Riemenschneider and Bacon.

Side and Cross walks—Bacon, Kempf and Holmes.

Ordinances—Crowell, Riemenschneider and Lighthall.

The assessor was instructed to take the village assessment at once. The printing of the proceedings of the council was awarded to the STANDARD at \$20 per year.

As will be seen by the council proceedings, the STANDARD has been awarded the printing for this year. This is correct, as we believe that we have the largest circulation and DEFY the Herald to make any affidavit to its circulation. We are willing to make an affidavit to ours at any time.

Markets by Telegraph

DETROIT, Mar. 21, 1890.

BUTTER.—Market quiet at 18@20c for best dairy. 10c for fair grades.

EGGS.—Market easy at 12c per doz for fresh receipts.

POTATOES.—Market quiet at 35c per bu for store lots.

WHEAT.—No 2 red spot, 5 cars at 82c 8 cars at 88c; May 1,000 at 83c. No. 1 white 21 car at 80c.

CORN.—No. 2 spot, 30c.
OATS.—No. 2, white, spot 26c.

Home Markets.

BUTTER.—In demand at 14@17c.
BARLEY.—Is dull at 60@85c 100
EGGS.—10c per doz.
LARD.—Country wanted at 5@6
OATS.—Remain steady at 20@22
POTATOES.—Stronger at 25c
WHEAT.—Is in good demand at 75c for red and 75c for No. 1 white.
CORN.—Quiet at 22c per bu.

Business Locals.

For Rent! The desirable rooms now occupied by the STANDARD. Inquire of L. BARCOCK.

Steeple nights made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the Remedy for you. Hummel & Fenn, Chelsea.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. Hummel & Fenn, Chelsea.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. Hummel & Fenn, Chelsea.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all other symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Hummel & Fenn, Chelsea.

For sale: House and five acres of land near Plainfield, good water and plenty of choice fruit etc. A good home for a soldier with a pension. For further information, address: J. L. DREWE, Iosco, Mich.

Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. Hummel & Fenn, Chelsea.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. Hummel & Fenn, Chelsea.

Goods bought at the Standard Grocery House delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Hummel & Fenn, Chelsea.

Shiloh's cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. Hummel & Fenn, Chelsea.

The Standard Grocery House handles the Chelsea flour in all grades Flour promptly delivered to any part of the village.

Dr. Kelly's Germifuge.

A new discovery, prepared on the true theory now accepted by all advanced physicians, that Bacilli or Germs in the system are the active cause of many prevalent diseases. Germifuge removes this cause and will cure Catarrh, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Malarial Fever and Ague, Female Weaknesses, Nervous Exhaustion, Sleeplessness, Headache, Infantile Fevers and Convulsions, Rheumatism, Syphilitic, Urinal and other Blood and Germ diseases. A Family Medicine, scientifically prepared, perfectly safe and leaves no injurious effects. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price \$1 00 per bottle.

HOOAG & HOIIMIES
HARDWARE AND FURNITURE,
CHELSEA, MICH.

THE CHELSEA STANDARD.

WM. EMMERT, Publisher.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN

A solid vein of lead ore has been found at Marshalltown, Pa.

The Kansas State Board of Agriculture reports that the population of that State has declined 56,638 the past year.

The death of Charles Edward Lester recalls the fact that he wrote twenty-one books and horsewhipped the elder Bennett three times.

ONE of the largest forests in the world stands on ice. It is situated between the Ural and the Okhotsk Sea. A well was recently dug in the region when it was found that at a depth of 116 meters the ground was still frozen.

A GROCER at Lynchburg, Va., who had been in business thirteen years without making a cent couldn't figure out how it was until his head clerk was taken sick, thought he was going to die, and owned up to having embezzled about \$17,000.

THE city of Atlanta has solved the question of provision for firemen by taking out accident policies which will give each member of the force \$10 a week if disabled by accident, and \$1,500 to his family in case of death. The cost to the city is \$1,400 annually. The example is a good one for larger places than Atlanta to imitate.

A NEW crime has developed at Manchester. It is called "scuttling," and consists in a party of young men and girls lying in wait for obnoxious fellow-workmen or for "scabs," and hustling, beating and kicking them upon the public streets. It has got so common that the magistrate has inflicted severe sentences upon several girls and young men for the purpose of breaking it up.

GEN. SHERMAN says that Russians were the first settlers of California. His authority is a Russian officer, who gave him facts to substantiate the statement. The Russian said his countrymen had settled on the present site of San Francisco twenty years before the gold fever. At that time they were engaged in hunting furs in Alaska, and the San Francisco village was a supply depot for the Arctic hunters.

THE Austrian sculptor, Friedrich Beer, in Paris, has discovered a process for making marble fluid and molding it as broze is molded. The name of the marble thus treated is beryt. The new product costs little more than plaster, and is especially well adapted to the ornamentation of houses and the construction of floors, baths and small pillars. A stock company has been organized to place beryt on the market.

THE Government of New South Wales has withdrawn its offer of a reward of \$125,000 for a sure cure for the rabbit plague with which the colony is afflicted. Some 1,300 suggestions were made to the rabbit commission, many of which were tried, among others Pasteur's suggestion of feeding the rabbits with stuff that had been impregnated with the microbe of some deadly disease, and all failed. It is now suggested that the rabbits might be profitably captured alive and shipped to England for the market.

GEORGE W. FOX, of Redwood City, Cal., has in his possession one of the most remarkable curiosities ever found on the Pacific coast—nothing more nor less than an abalone shell, in the interior of which, firmly incased in the pearly shell secretion, there are a baby's shoe and stocking. The shape is perfect in every particular, and the size indicates that the owner of these pedal coverings was a very young child. The sole of the shoe and the toe, badly worn and red from water soaking, can be plainly seen where the secretion has not entirely enveloped them.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and a half hours. At Stockholm, Sweden, it has eighteen and a half hours in length. At Hamburg in Germany and Dantzic in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours. At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest is nineteen hours, and the shortest five hours. At Topeka, Finland, June 21 brings a day nearly twenty-two hours in length. At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 23, without interruption; and in Spitzbergen the longest day is three and a half months. At St. Louis the longest day is somewhat less than fifteen hours, and at Montreal, Canada, it is sixteen.

SIR WILLIAM GULL, the eminent English physician, who died recently, when asked his opinion on women doc-

tors, expressed himself as follows: "Personally," he said, smiling, "I should only be too pleased to be called in consultation with one of my fair conferees, but such has not often been my fate." Then, more seriously, he added: "I think one ought always to help women studying medicine in every possible way. I have the greatest respect for the ladies now practicing in London, and feel sure that they must fill far more satisfactorily than the average medical man could pretend to do certain posts. A young child at first would always rather be attended and operated upon by a woman than by a man, though they get wonderfully soon accustomed to 'the doctor.'"

A VERY considerate and humane purpose is that of the Letter Guild in Birmingham, recently started among the factory girls. The guild is composed of both working girls and ladies of leisure, with a desire to afford help and encouragement to the former in the duties, pleasures, trials, and troubles of life, by the advice, sympathy and friendship of the latter conveyed by means of letters. Each lady who joins pledges herself to write one letter each month to the girl assigned to her, in a plain and simple style, on subjects likely to interest girls, as, for instance, work, friendship, home life, worries, rainy days, etc. The girls are persuaded to answer these letters, and so popular has the society become that the number of girl members far exceeds the lady writers. The postage and stationery bill is met by the dues of the club members.

AN Italian pays New York \$80,000 a year for the privilege of picking over the city's dirt. A few years ago, three or four men were hired at a dollar and a half a day to "trim" the city's dirt. Finally it occurred to the superintendent of street cleaning that a smart man could find enough in it to afford to pay the trimmers himself, and, sure enough, such a man was found. Then an offer of \$75 a week for the privilege was made and accepted, and gradually the price rose by successive bids to \$200 a week. By successive gradations the sums of \$700 two years ago, eleven hundred dollars last year and eleven hundred and fifty-two dollars per week this year have been made, and the city now has its work done for it and is paid \$80,000 a year for the privilege. Dickens was not an exaggerator when he created a fortune out of the dust heaps which seemed a mere incumbrance on the face of the earth.

It would be hard to cite a nobler story than that of the career of Marie Therese, the French Sister of Mercy, who has just received the Cross of the Legion of Honor at the hands of the Governor of Tonquin. This devoted woman was only 20 years of age when she received her first wound in the trenches of Balaklava. She was wounded again at the battle of Magenta. Later, with undaunted energy and courage, she pursued her chosen mission under her country's flag in Syria, China, and Mexico. From the battle-field of Worth she was carried away suffering from serious injuries, and before she had recovered she was again performing her duties. On one occasion a grenade fell into her ambulance; she seized and ran with it for a hundred yards, and her patients' lives were saved, though she herself was severely injured by the bursting of the missile. The French troops who were called out to witness the unusual scene of the bestowal of this honor upon a woman, presented arms to the heroine of the ceremony.

In Stanley's report of the British Government in regard to his expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, he speaks as follows of the discovery of an immense forest: "We can prove that east and north and northeast of the Congo there exists an immense area of about 2,50,000 square miles which is covered by one unbroken, compact and veritable forest. Through the core of this forest we traveled for thirteen months, and in its gloomy shades many scores of our dark followers perished. Our progress through the dense undergrowth of bush and ambitious young trees which grew beneath the impervious shades of the forest giants, and which was matted by arums, phrynias and anoma, meshed by endless lines of calamus, and complicated by great cablelike convolvuli, was often only at the rate of 200 yards an hour. Through such obstructions as these we had to tunnel a way for the column to pass. The Amazon Valley cannot boast a more impervious or a more umbrageous forest, nor one which has more truly a tropical character, than this vast Upper Congo forest, nourished as it is by eleven months of tropical showery."

A CONTEMPORARY reports that kissing matches are popular in various parts of the country. "This may be true, but it smacks of improbability."

RURAL TOPICS.

INFORMATION FOR THE HUSBAND-MAN AND HOUSEWIFE.

Some Practical Suggestions for the Farmer, Stock-Breeder, Poulterer, Nurseryman, and Housekeeper.

THE FARM.

The Salway Peach.

This is a new late peach designed especially for canning, as it is found by experience that the early peaches are more difficult to keep from fermenting, as they must needs be put up in hot weather. But the great difficulty with the Salway is that in some seasons and localities it is almost too late. It needs nearly as long and warm a season as the Catawba grape. The late Crawford is probably the most popular late peach for most localities.

Working for Milkmen.

Milkmen necessarily require very early rising, as milk has to be delivered before breakfast, often after being brought two, three or four miles with horse and wagon or sleigh, and through all kinds of weather. There is also just about the same kind of work to be done, milking, feeding, and caring for cows, on Sunday as on any other day of the week. Taking all these facts in consideration, milkmen have to pay higher wages per month to employ than ordinary farmers, and if they get trusty men they can afford to do this.

Horses' Feet.

An experienced shoeer claims, in the New York Tribune, that most ill-shaped feet were so the first time the horse was taken to the shop. Several in his town have the feet of their colts trimmed every few months until they are shod, and he never saw an imperfect foot on one of them. Colts are born with perfect feet. Nature intended them to run on the ground constantly, and if they did, their hoofs would wear away evenly; but, instead, they are kept indoors five months of the year; the hoofs become long and break off in pieces from time to time.

If a considerable piece breaks off at the side, the foot runs over like an old boot, and the colt acquires the habit of walking partially on the side of the foot, which is very difficult to remedy. Sometimes both sides break off, leaving the toe unnaturally long, thus throwing more weight on the heels, causing them to wear away faster than they should. This produces flat feet. The uneven breaking off of the hoof before the animal matures causes most of the imperfections in the feet of the horse, with the resultant ringbones, spavins, curbs, and other ailments. When a horse with a bad foot comes to be shod, if it runs over at the side, it should be leveled up gradually at several succeeding shoeings, by making the shoe thicker at one side and paring down the hoof a little the most on the opposite side.

If the feet are flat the heel should be left alone, and the toes cut as far back as it will answer at every shoeing. The shoe should never bear on the sole of the foot, but on the wall alone. If the sole is low down and presents a convex surface, as is often the case, the shoe should either be made concave, to match, or very narrow to fit only on the horny shell. If the animal has contracted feet the heels should be cut away all it will do, as well as the horn on the bottom of the foot, and the shoes should be bevelled out from the quarters back, that the feet may have a tendency to spread.

If the animal has ringbone or any stiffness in the joint the toes should be cut back. This rule applies also to cases of spavin, thoroughpin, curbs, etc. Bad feet in horses are generally traceable to inattention by man. The feet of colts should be attended to once in three months, from the time they are first stabled in the fall until they reach maturity, and then permanent good feet will be assured. If agricultural societies would employ a skillful man to shoe horses at their fairs and give illustrative lectures, they would accomplish more good than they do now by some of their transactions.

THE DAIRY.

Facts of Dairymen.

Dr. Collier, the Director of the New York Agricultural Experiment Station at Geneva, has already secured, nearly thirty choice representatives of six of the leading breeds of dairy cattle for purposes of investigation, to determine their relative value in the production of milk, butter and cheese under different rations, as also, in the course of the work, to continue the investigation of the various methods used in the production of butter and cheese.

We give a few preliminary points already brought out by the investigations at the station as given by Dr. Collier. 1. We have been furnished with the figures of amounts of rations fed by ten of the leading and most successful dairymen and breeders of the State. As evidence of this I would say that the average of three of them who turn their attention to the production of butter is 363 pounds of butter per cow annually, from 156 to 200 per cent. more than the average of the State as a whole. Well, now, one of these ten feeds his cows a daily ration costing 28 cents per cow, while another, getting practically as good results, feeds a ration costing 14 cents per cow per day; the feed of one costing exactly 100 per cent. more than the feed of the other. But a saving of 1 cent a day upon the dairy cows of New York is over \$15,000 daily, nearly \$6,000,000 a year. But here is a difference between our most intelligent dairymen of 14 cents per day. Still another feeds a ration costing 31 1/2 cents a day, or 125 per cent. greater.

2. A recent test of two of the cows of the station shows the one to give 60 per cent. more milk upon the same amount of the same kind of food than does the other cow, and this milk is not only more abundant, but is better for, with the same careful setting and churning, it yields 72 per cent. more butter than does the other; and yet these cows are of an appearance so much alike, and are both recently in milk, that it is doubtful whether one would at auction bring \$5 more than the other. Now can anybody doubt that every herd of cows in the State, whether of one breed or another

or no breed, will show even greater differences than those found by us in these two cows which I have mentioned above?

These facts must be impressed upon our dairymen, and when they are fully understood it will result in an increase of millions and millions of dollars annually to the products of our dairy industry, and revolutionize the agriculture of the State.

To show how the annual product of the dairy industry of the State may be doubled, its quality improved without increase of cost, is one of the leading features of the present work of the station, and there appears every reason to believe that this may be accomplished, and within a very few years.

3. The work of the station has established beyond question the immense practical value of the silo. During the past season careful digestion experiments were made with orchard grass, and it was found that the animals digested an average of 331 pounds of each 2,000 pounds of fresh orchard grass fed them, and a recently concluded experiment has shown that of the corn ensilage which is now being fed at the station the animals digest of each 2,000 pounds fed them 318 pounds, or a fraction over 95 per cent. of the amount obtained from orchard grass, and that the amounts of nitrogenous matter, fats and carbohydrates in both ensilage, as made at the station, and fresh orchard grass are practically the same, so that our dairymen may, if they will, carry their animals through the winter upon rations which are practically the same as those of summer, when our meadows and pastures are at the best.

4. Finally, another result, of the greatest practical value to our farmers, shows them how their lands may be not only maintained, but increased in fertility, and that without restoring to the use of these expensive commercial fertilizers, in the purchase of which there is the greatest danger of fraud, since there is in this State no law by which the farmer may be protected. Now it has been shown at the station that while a ration costing daily 14.27 cents was being fed dairy cows, the manure obtained had a value of a fraction above 70 per cent. of that of the ration, and that the liquid portion was worth 6 cents daily, while the solid was worth but 4 cents. It will be seen that estimated at the same prices which the farmer pays for the fertilizing constituents of any of the commercial fertilizers, the annual value of the manure from a herd of cows, at a ration costing but 14.27 cents daily, is \$1,825.

THE APIARY.

Bee-Keeping as an Occupation for Women.

At the convention of the International American Bee Association, held at Brantford, Ontario, the following essay by Miss H. F. Butler was read:

The question may be, and no doubt often has been asked, "Is bee-keeping a suitable or desirable occupation for women?" and after having given it a pretty fair trial for the last eight years, I am of the opinion that there is no reason why any woman of moderate strength and intelligence, should not be able to take charge of an apiary of from thirty to fifty colonies, with very little assistance, and derive both pleasure and profit from the employment; at the same time, I doubt whether there are many who would succeed very well in carrying on the business alone, though of course there are a few who would.

In reading the numerous bee-papers that are published nowadays, one frequently meets with articles on the subject of, whether it is best to make a specialty of bee-keeping, or combine it with some other occupation. Now I do not believe that the farmer can, on both farming and bee-keeping successfully himself, but if he has either daughters or sons, who will make a specialty of this department, bee-keeping, it may very advantageously be combined with farming; and I do not know of any reason why girls might not make as great a success of the business as boys.

The wife is supposed to have her hands quite full enough with household work, and, I may say, her head, too, and for any one, either boy or girl, man or woman, to do any good with bees, they must give them their individual attention, and be really interested and enthusiastic over their work.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of success" in any business, and in none more than in bee-keeping. It is not only labor, but a science, and will make constant demands, not only on the patience, but on the bodily strength and intelligence of those who engage in it; at the same time there is a fascination about the business which relieves it of all tediousness. A woman will think of her bees, study about them, and become so interested as to be almost paid for her work by the love of it.

I believe it would be well worth while for any one who has not been in the way of having the management of an apiary, to spend one season with a skillful bee-keeper before embarking in the business on his own account, as he would then find out not only the best methods of working, but also whether the kind of work suited him. However, even with this preparation, all will not succeed, for I know a lady who took this course, and afterwards failed entirely when she was working for herself; while others, who have only learned what they could from books and papers, besides the suggestions and instructions given them by more experienced bee-keeping friends, have done very well.

In conclusion, I may say that a great deal of the work in the apiary is quite as well adapted for women as for men, and also in the care of the honey, and in preparing it for market. When they are most likely to feel their deficiency, is in the lack of skill to do the various carpentering jobs that seem to be inseparably connected with bee-keeping. I imagine that it is find a woman who knows how to handle carpenter's tools, though even this they may acquire enough of to answer the purpose, where there is a necessity for doing so.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Order in the House.

Occasionally I notice an article on economizing labor, but none has, to my mind, struck the key-note exactly. Now I know that there are very many ways

that labor can be economized both and about the house and about the farm, and the best thing to do it with in my opinion is order. With order we have harmony, with disorder confusion. I have had a little experience in my own house, and I know there is a great difference between housekeepers, how many of them complain of over-work. No doubt there are many such and very many that are not so; for instance, the shears are used and laid aside where used, place of having a place for them, when done with them putting them in their place, and when next wanted they are nowhere to be found and perhaps an hour is spent in fruitless search; a waste of time besides something neglected that the shears were wanted for. How perplexing it is, the good lady gets a scowl on her face, soon comes in to change some of his apparatus to go to town and a button is off or something of the kind and Jane says, "Let me have that a moment till I do, and so to it," but he is in a hurry and can hardly stop, besides, he says, "We did you not do that in the morning." The reply is, "I could not find the shears."

John gets home and it is milking time, goes for the pails and finds the unwashed, and has to wait till the good lady washes them, and, of course, naturally enough, says, "Why didn't you wash them before?" The reply is, "I have been hunting for those shears," or some thing else that was misplaced. Clean clothes are laid away in the drawers unpatched, and some without buttons, on Sunday comes and going to church is contemplated. John gets his shirt and finds it unfit to wear; but the good lady gets thread and needle, if she can find it, and temporarily repairs the garment. Again, naturally enough, John says, "Why did you not fix this before?" Again the reply is, "I could not find" so and so; and so it will go the whole time where order does not prevail, to a great extent both about the barn and in the house. Now I do not wish to say the one sex is more disorderly than the other, but I know that good order is a great saving of labor. Let us all try to have a place for everything and everything in its place.—Cor. Practical Farmer.

Hints to Housekeepers.

PUT a tablespoonful of ammonia in a quart of water, wash your brushes and combs in this, and all grease and dirt will disappear. Rinse, shake, and dry in the sun or by the fire.

FLANNELS and blankets may be soaked in a pail of water containing one tablespoonful of ammonia and a little soda. Rub as little as possible and they will be white and clean, and will not shrink.

A BOX of powdered borax should always be kept on the sink shelf. A little added to the water in which dish-towels are washed will help much to keep them clean, and at the same time keep one's hands soft and smooth.

A FEW stitches in the worn ends of vest button-holes and new buttons have a wonderfully renovating effect. A worn lining inside a coat skirt gives a coat a very forlorn look. A good, thick sateen of color suited to the coat, when basted in and hemmed neatly around the edges, taking care to have it just fit well without drawing or bagging, will make one's husband very happy.

TO boil rice in grains for soups, after cleaning it throw it into plenty of salted boiling water, and boil it fast for fifteen minutes; then drain off the water and place the saucapan containing the rice either in the oven, uncovered, or upon a brick on the back of the stove, with a clean towel folded several times laid in the saucapan above the rice, the cover being left off. After about ten minutes steaming in this way, the rice will be dry and tender, every grain distinct.

THE KITCHEN.

Graham Cookies.

One egg well beaten, one cup of sugar, one-fourth cup each of butter and sweet milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, a little nutmeg, and graham to mix stiff. Mold them in flour, rub the top with sugar and bake in a quick oven. Or if you have cream, use a cup of sour cream instead of the butter.

Home Pudding.

Beat together two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter and one of sugar; add one cup of sweet milk and a full pint of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water. Steam thirty minutes. You may add fruit when steamed one hour.

Baked Stuffed Fish.

Wash thoroughly and dry by rolling in a towel. Salt and pepper to taste; fill the cavity with stuffing made as used for fowl, sew up and place in a baking pan with a cup full of boiling water and two ounces of butter. Bake two or three times during one hour, which it will take to cook it. Serve with white gravy or mashed potatoes.

Yeast Buns.

One cup of sugar, one cup of warm milk, one cup of flour, one cup of yeast, thickened to a batter, let it rise over night, or until it is light, then add one cup of sugar, one egg, one-half cup of melted butter, a little salt and nutmeg, two cups of chopped raisins or currents as you prefer, add flour as for bread, put in a baking tin in small cakes, let them rise again, then bake.

Bean Soup.

Soak one quart of small white beans over night in cold water. In the morning cut fine about two pounds of fresh lean beef and put in all the bones; when it comes to a boil, skim and add the beans, and cook until the meat and beans are all cooked to pieces; strain through a colander, put back in kettle and season with salt. Do not use pepper unless you are sure all your family like it. Keep hot until you wish to serve it.

Chocolate Marble Cake.

One cup of sugar, two cups of flour, one-half cup each of milk and water, three eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda; when mixed, take one teaspoon of the mixture, stir in one tablespoonful of grated chocolate which has been softened by setting in a saucer over the teakettle; fill the pan one inch deep with the yellow batter, then make two or three circles of the dark, then a layer of the yellow, and continue till you have as much as you wish in the pan.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

THE MEN WHO MET UPON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Old Stories of the Rebellion—Old Soldiers and Sailors Recite Interesting Reminiscences of Life in Camp and on the Field.

The Swords Were Thirty-seven.

BY CHAS. G. HALPINE ("MILES O'REILLY").

His poem was written in 1866, and describes the union and banquet of the surviving officers of the regiment that had fought through the war three years ago to-day. We raised our hands to heaven and on the rolls of muster our names were thirty-seven. Our names were thirty-seven. And the swords were thirty-seven. We took the oath of service with our right hands raised to heaven. With our right hands raised to heaven.

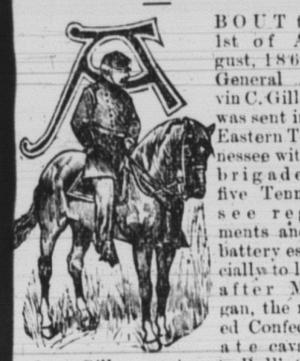
It was a glorious day, in memory still adored, that day of sun-bright nuptials, with the musket and the sword, that rang the files, the bugles blared. As beneath a cloudless heaven twinkled a thousand bayonets, and the swords were thirty-seven.

Of the thousand stalwart bayonets two hundred march to-day, hundreds lie in Virginia swamps, and other hundreds, less happy, drag their shattered limbs around and envy the deep, long, blessed sleep of the battlefield's holy ground.

For the swords one night a week ago, the remnant, just eleven, gathered around a banquet board with seats for thirty-seven. There were two, hipped in on benches, and two had each but a hand to pour the wine and raise the glass. As we toasted our flag and land.

The Killing of General Morgan.

BY J. G. MACGOWAN.



ABOUT the 1st of August, 1864, General Alvin C. Gillem was sent into Eastern Tennessee with a brigade of five Tennessee regiments and a battery especially to look after Morgan, the noted Confederate cavalry leader.

Gillem went up to Bull's Gap and camped. After lying there inactive for nearly a month he received word from scouts and citizens that Morgan's force had moved down from the east and occupied Greenville and the surrounding country. Knoxville is seventy-five miles east of Knoxville and twenty-five miles east of Bull's Gap. Gillem got notice of the advancing of the enemy on the evening of September 3. He moved the Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry in advance, accompanied by Major Sewell's battalion of the Tenth Michigan Cavalry, at eleven o'clock that night. This party was commanded by Lieutenant Colonel William H. Ingerton. The night was as dark as a wolf's mouth, and a terrific series of storms of rain, thunder and lightning raged from early in the evening until after daylight on the 4th. When the advance command had reached a point about two or three miles west of Greenville they were ordered to halt by a courier sent forward by the General until Gillem came up with the main force. He arrived at 2 o'clock in the morning.

About the time the brigade was concentrated, and as notes were being compared with a view to determine on some plan of operations against Morgan, a woman from Greenville, dripping with rain and on horseback, was conducted to the spot, apart, where the General and officers were consulting. Her name was Bacon. She was an alleged widow, formerly of Ohio. In reality she was an adventuress, an ex-variety actress, anxious to cause a sensation, got herself talked about among the officers of the armies and mentioned in reports and newspapers. This woman correctly told Gillem the situation at Greenville.

Morgan was sleeping at the mansion of Mrs. Williams in the edge of the town and directly on the Bull's Gap road. "Dick" Morgan's regiment was in camp in a field a short distance west of the town, and that side alone was picketed. Duke, with the main force, lay nearly a mile east of where Morgan had rested for the night. This information gained, Gillem at once ordered Ingerton to proceed to Greenville with his regiment and Newell's Battalion. Captain Roberts of the Tenth Michigan and Captain Wilcox of the Thirteenth Tennessee were sent in advance with their companies, the main reconnoitering force taking a more leisurely pace and making a detour to the left so as to get around Dick Morgan's pickets and take his regiment in the rear. Wilcox, who commanded the advance, when within three-fourths of a mile of the village, got a glimpse of the Confederate reserve picket in the road. He proposed to Roberts to make a dash through the lines and into the town, with a view of surrounding the house where Morgan was in bed, capturing him and his staff, and trust to luck to get out. Roberts was ready for any enterprise and closed eagerly with his superior's daring proposition. "Forward! Trot! Gallop! Charge!" he shouted on the air and on the ears of startled Confederate sentries. They

were literally ridden over by the Federals, and before Dick Morgan's subordinate, whom he had left in command, got a man in the saddle Williams' house was surrounded by Wilcox's men. They shot or captured two or three guards, picked up all the horses and an officer or two in less time than it requires to tell the story.

Morgan was awakened by the shooting and tramping. He got on his breeches, boots and hat, and in his shirt sleeves, revolver in hand, he ran down the long sloping grounds on the east front of the house. In the north-east corner was a grape arbor. As Morgan stooped to pass under this in order to reach the fence he was discovered by Andy Campbell, private in Company G, Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry, who fired on him. The bullet took effect in General Morgan's right side, and ranging upward on account of his stooping position, passed out near his heart. He fell and died instantly.

Meantime the balance of the officers in and about the house, a few orderlies and a squad from Dick Morgan's command were captured and rushed off toward the eastern part of the town. Campbell dismounted from his horse, took a look at the man he had killed, recognized him—he was a deserter from Morgan's first command—raised the body, threw it over his saddle bow, remounted and rode away with his companions.

Campbell was speedily promoted to a lieutenancy, and a few days later was contemplating his lively fortunes in the guard-house at Knoxville.

This creature was after the war made a lieutenant in the regular army, and was finally killed in a drunken brawl at Helena, Ark., in 1869. In reference to an alleged part taken by Mrs. Joseph A. Williams, daughter-in-law of the lady at whose house Morgan slept on that, for him, fatal night, in conveying information to Gillem, there has been some notoriety. Mrs. Williams was a young and refined woman, at that time certainly not more than twenty years old. She and all her kin were ardent Confederates. She was a quiet and retiring lady, who would be as soon suspected of the performance described as she would of having inherited the warlike qualities of Joan of Arc. No more cruel story was ever told on a woman. The details of Morgan's situation were given Gillem by the woman Bacon, whom I know several years after the war, and from whom I have the entire story, which she told in a manner to convince a listener that she was not romancing. General Gillem also told me in effect the same thing, and she was corroborated by others who met her on the night of the surprise.

The North and the South.

THE following stirring incident is related by General George F. Alford, of Dallas, Texas:

About twenty years ago the city of Galveston, Texas, feeling the need of deep water in her harbor and earnestly desiring to bury face downward the last vestige of the late fratricidal war, and to cultivate fraternal relations with its former brave enemies, invited all the Northern members of Congress to visit that beautiful Southern "inland city." Many accepted the cordial invitation, perhaps one hundred and fifty. These distinguished gentlemen, many of whom had never before been south of Mason and Dixon's line, were the honored guests of the "gem of the seas" from the day of their departure from Washington city to their return, and were not permitted to expend one dollar for anything—railway fares, hotels, street cars, hacks, Havana cigars, champagnes, or anything else.

A splendid reception was tendered them at the new Galveston Opera House. Under each gas jet was suspended a cage of singing canary birds. The large and beautiful hall was handsomely and uniquely decorated with orange, magnolia, oleander and other tropical flowers, which grow indigenous in that climate. The fragrant breath of southland, like the balmy odors wafted from the garden of Hesperides, and cordial greeting of its chivalric men and beautiful matrons and maidens were a revelation to the stern warriors and statesmen from the northland, of which they had never before conceived, and their hearts were melted to tenderness and love. Speeches of welcome were delivered by Gov. F. Lubbock, Gen. T. N. Waul and other distinguished Texan orators, and appropriate replies were made by illustrious Northern statesmen and soldiers. Among others was one by a most superb specimen of physical, moral and intellectual manhood, in the following language, as near as I can recall it after the lapse of a fifth of a century.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN: For I rejoice that I can now address you as such, I am a member of Congress from the granite hills of New Hampshire—a Republican—in politics, and I am ashamed to say it is my first visit south of Mason and Dixon's line, but it shall not be my last. Had our people visited more and become better acquainted with each other, a common language would have been learned that they speak from a common heritage of free ancestry, and espoused by patriotic revolutionaries, and there would have been no bloody wars of father against son and brother against brother. Since the day we crossed the imaginary line between the North and the South, our trip has been an ovation. I had long heard of your charming climate, your fruitful soil, the beauty of your women, the chivalry and valor of your men, and the universal hospitality of your people, but the half had not been told me. I go back to the bleak hills of my native land, a changed man. Never again will I speak, or permit unbraked in my presence, an unpatriotic word of my Southern brethren. Your kind words of my country and your God my God. Just before leaving the capital of our common country, the State city named in honor of Washington, he himself a Southern soldier and statesman, it was "Decoration day" at the Arlington National Cemetery. Robert E. Lee, illustrious and godlike of the chivalry, led there in the peaceful home of fraternal embrace the sleep side by side in fraternal embrace the

hallowed dust of the blue and the gray, many thousands of the former but few of the latter. I blush to say that in the distribution of the floral bouquets of heaven, the product of the sacred dust of heroic Federal and Confederate alike, the few mounds above the latter were neglected and desolate. A little blue-eyed maiden over whose golden head scarce eight halcyon springs had shed their glory—God bless the dear child—with a tiny basket of fragrant flowers in her dimpled hand scattered some of them upon these few neglected mounds. An aged man, whose gray hairs, already ripe for the grave, should have taught him the sweet language of love which found no judgment in the breast of an innocent child: "Do you know that this is a rebel grave, and that its occupant fought against your father and your country?" With tears couring down her velvet cheeks, she replied: "Yes, sir, I know that; but my father was a Union soldier, and in one of the great battles in the far Southland he was killed, and now lies sleeping in a Southern graveyard, and I thought if I placed some sweet flowers upon this rebel's grave perhaps some little rebel girl would place some sweet flowers upon my father's grave. Oh, sir, were you with my father when he died?"

No, my stricken countrymen, he was not, or he never could have employed, at such an hour, the language of love which found no judgment in the breast of an innocent child, blue or gray. And now, my countrymen, let us, and our posterity, through all the cycles of endless time, emulate the holy example of this Christian child—the example of one blessed savior, who taught "Peace on earth and good-will to man"—and we will forever remain one people, marching to the victories of peace, which are mightier than those of grim-visaged war, under the protecting folds of one flag, and enjoying the glorious inheritance of one Government, and the valor and illustrious achievements of the soldiers of both armies alike shall become the common glory and pride of all patriotic Americans.

The climax was reached. Human nature could stand no more. Every eye in that vast audience was moist, and every breast swelled with patriotic emotion. Such incidents promote the growth of patriotic sentiment throughout the Union.

Gen Morgan's Escape—Another Account.

BY J. G. MACGOWAN.

OHN H. MORGAN, the noted Confederate leader in the West, was captured by the Federal forces near Salinesville, Ohio, July 26, 1863, while on a raid with his command, and taken to Cincinnati, where he was kept for several days under a strong guard, together with nearly all the officers captured with him, at Ninth Street Station House. Thence they were removed to the penitentiary at Columbus. Their heads were shaved as if they had been felons, an outrage never yet fully accounted for. Greeley says, volume 2, page 407, that this treatment was "certainly not ordered by the Government." Seven of these officers, including Morgan, were quartered in the warden's room for special safety, that being reported as the most difficult of all places in the prison to effect an escape from. They were imprisoned about August 1, 1863. By the 20th of next November a tunnel had been excavated from the room to beyond the inner prison wall.

On the night of Nov. 23 the entire seven crawled through the tunnel and made good their escape. The outer wall was not guarded, and the sentry-box nearest the tunnel's outer end furnished the fugitives a convenient shelter, where they changed their clothes. They crossed the wall at different points, and each took the way he thought best calculated to facilitate his final deliverance. Morgan and Capt. Jim Hines, the latter as perfect a dare-devil as ever drew a saber, went directly to the Cleveland, Columbus, and Cincinnati depot, arriving just in time to board a train for Cincinnati. At 1 o'clock in the morning, when the train arrived near the Ohio River, above the city, Morgan and Hines were stationed on the platform of the two rear cars. At a concerted signal they set the brakes with all their strength. The train promptly slackened speed. The two fugitives jumped off, rolled down the bank of a shallow fill and lay quietly at the bottom in the darkness until the cars had regained full speed. They then made their way to the river and were ferried over. They soon found shelter, food, and horses in Kentucky. They kept company only a few days, and then Morgan struck out boldly for the Confederate lines in North Georgia, which he reached after several narrow escapes and much hardship about the 10th of December.

Heroic Record of the Second Wisconsin.

THE heroic record of the Second Wisconsin shows that, in proportion to the number enrolled, it sustained during its term of service the heaviest loss in battle of any regiment in the Union army. As this regiment was never routed, and as its officers never blundered, it may fairly be inferred that it encountered the hardest fighting in the war, and its services should be recognized accordingly. As the record of this regiment stands for the full measure of heroism among the two thousand or more regiments in the Union army, the figures given by Colonel Fox in connection with it are interesting. The Second Wisconsin, Colonel Lucius Fairchild, had a total enrollment of one thousand two hundred and three officers and men (including non-combatants), of which number two hundred and thirty-eight, or 19.7 per cent., were killed in battle. In addition there were five hundred and fifteen who were wounded and one hundred and thirty-two missing or captured. In other words, if the non-combatants be deducted, over three-fourths of that regiment were killed or wounded, to say nothing of those who died of disease.



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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON CONSIDERED.

Reflection of an Elevating Character—Wholesome Food for Thought—Studying the Scriptural Lessons Intelligently and Profitably.

The lesson for Sunday, March 23, may be found in Luke 5: 17-26.

INTRODUCTORY. The verses preceding the lesson is a suggestive one: "And he withdrew himself into the wilderness and prayed." It is presumable that this is the same occasion of solitary vigils referred to in its chronological order in the preceding chapter. Luke does not seem to be following in this chapter the strict chronological order, but is relating, as they occur to him, some interesting details of our Lord's early ministry in Galilee.—Teaching. As was Christ's custom. The term used here is the one from which comes our English word didactics. "Didascopos"—Pharisees and doctors of the law. Themselves the teachers of the people. They have come to learn of this new prophet whose name is gone abroad. Christ was not as yet inured to their fierce enmity.—Sitting by. As with the boy of twelve years, before, in the temple at Jerusalem.—And Judea. Galilee appears to have been at this time the scene of our Lord's labors and his fame would bring men hither from all over Palestine.—Present to heal them. A "present" is not in the original, and the "them" is omitted from some manuscripts. Tischenori. See Variations. The meaning, in any case, is that while Christ could heal he could also heal, as opportunity offered.

Behold. As introducing a notable incident.—Men brought in a leper. The Greek is more graphic. Behold, men bringing in a leper.—Taken with a palsy; with paralysis. We should say a name that comes directly from the Greek term and here translated "paralysis"—Sought means: "omit"—means—absent from the original. They were seeking to bring him in. The verb is in the realistic imperfect.—Before him. In mute appeal for help and healing. Thus interrupting his discourse for the sake of his "power to heal." And why not?—WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES. The power of the Lord was present to heal. Unappropriated power. Whether the power spoken of was present to heal them especially, or to heal any one in general, there was healing energy there in Christ, and these sick folk, morally and physically sick, dared to avail themselves of it. Why? They were merely "standing by" and reasoning and criticizing, while the palsied man was receiving and rejoicing. Christ is here with power to heal to-day. In this Sunday-school, in this class. Who will be healed? Those who will accept. Who will be passed by? Those who sit and wonder and reason—and nothing more. Take and live—neglect and die. They sought means to bring him in. An "endeavor society" of four; or, shall we say, five, and the fifth man the "associate member." The four were there to help, and the one was there to be helped. And yet, doubtless, all were blessed together. There is something stirring in the spirit of persistence here displayed. Having begun to seek, they kept on seeking, their very failure, in the first attempt, a new provocation to endeavor. Do you see? "When they could not find confess themselves worsted, they were the fastness of some of all of us at times. But no, when they "could not," then they must. They tried a new tack. "They went upon the house-top," was our faith carried us thus far? We have grace to go in at the front door, in a sort of decorous fashion, with our burden. But have we this dead-in-earnest spirit that will leap over walled walls, and break through conventional ceilings? Perhaps right here is the reason the burden still remains.

Into the midst before Jesus. What a plea that was! No word spoken—thee needed Jesus. Just a cot laid down to the feet of Jesus, and in the cot a helpless man. Here was the eloquence of action. Think you it did not appeal to the heart of the great Physician sitting there? We can imagine the breathless silence that would ensue. Christ is sitting and looking. What is he looking at? He is beholding their faith. Can faith be seen? We'll be assured, faith that cannot be seen is of very little account. "Doubt! James calls it. The Master looks at those straining arms, reaching down through the thatch, and then we may imagine, at the anxious eyes of the sick man—and now he is about to speak. Listen. Never man spake as this man. "Son, thy sins are forgiven thee!" O, to have seen the face of that palsied man at such an utterance! He had asked an aim and gotten an annuity; he had prayed for a crumb and gotten a crown. And then to have looked up and seen those eyes peering down from above—happy eyes—brim-full, we fancy, with a joy born not short of heaven.

But that you may know. Do we know it? Have we apprehended the mission of the miracle? If it simply stir an interest and hold for a few moments our curious thought we are no better than the skeptics and scoffers of old. The marvel which Christ wrought and which his apostle wrought after him were for this presentment to possess, to prove him as the Son of God with power. Power for all that was demonstrated. Proven so clearly that thousands accepted on the spot, at the first proclamation of Christ's risen majesty. That testimony is no less strong to-day—nay, centuries have made the foundation all the more solid. Our duty to-day is to build upon it, and knowing that the Son of man hath power upon earth to forgive sins, to accept him at once as a personal Savior. His "power on earth" was forever proven by the miracle of healing—"rise and walk"; the power in heaven—each must know by the voice within, saying, "Thy sins are forgiven thee."

They glorified God. It was the contagion of praise. First went the healed man orth "glorifying God," and then the next moment, we see all the multitude streaming forth, their mouths filled with praise, for they, too, "glorified God." How long has it been since such praise has been lifted from this and that community! We long to hear it break forth in the house of God. Well, know that it must have a beginning. Let some heart come to a lively sense of sins forgiven and praise him for his redeeming grace. Straightway the accents are caught from either side and the echoes ring. Do you wish to see God glorified in this place? Very good. Here is the Christ to heal. The Word and the Spirit revealing God. And here is the sick man to be restored. What shall we do? Just four pairs of hands, in faith, to help—that is all.

Next Lesson: "Quarterly Review." Temperance Lesson. Gal. 6: 1-5.

DEATH OF A SPY.

How Bishop Beckwith Conducted a Burial.

It was 10 uncommon circumstance during the war for a stranger within the lines of the enemy to be hung for a spy. Frequently it happened on both sides that absolutely innocent men who were unable to give satisfactory information concerning themselves met an ignominious death which they did not deserve. Even the epithet of a spy, coupled with a man's name, in those days, secured for him the loathing and contempt of his captors, and it was rare, indeed, that a man could be found with courage sufficient to champion the cause of a prisoner under suspicion.

Bishop Beckwith was one of the men who knew no fear, and during all the years he served as chaplain on Gen. Polk's staff, he was never known to swerve from the path which he considered that duty marked out for him. A striking example of the determination of his character was given toward the close of the war, when in defiance of the bindings of a court martial and in opposition to the sentiment of the entire army, he used every effort to save the life of a spy.

It was during the last year of the Confederacy that a man was found loitering about Gen. Polk's headquarters. He was unable to answer the questions put to him satisfactorily, and, as his whole bearing proclaimed him a northerner, immediately it was said: "That man is a spy. Let him be hung."

A drum-head court martial listened to the testimony, and, as the prisoner could only bring forward his unsupported assertion that he was innocent, he was quickly sentenced to be hung. It was while the prisoner was waiting to be executed that Bishop Beckwith heard of the case, and hurried to offer what consolation he could. Something in the story he was told by the condemned man convinced the chaplain that there was some truth in the story he had listened to, and by the exercise of his wonderful eloquence he procured a new trial.

The accused man's unsupported testimony was, however, not sufficient to convince a court composed of stern soldiers as it had the man of God, and he was again found guilty and sentenced to be hung the next day.

All the intervening hours the bishop passed preparing the condemned spy for the dreadful ordeal through which he was to pass, and he even consented to go as far as the gallows with the man he had tried to save, though he could not bring himself to promise that he would stand by and see the execution performed.

In the gray light of the breaking day, a dismal procession took its way to the borders of the camp. In the midst of the soldiers marched a man with his arms pinioned behind him, and by his side was the friend he had found in the midst of his enemies striving to comfort the doomed man in the hour of his sore trial.

Not until the rope was about his neck did the clergyman turn away, so as to avoid seeing the death struggle, and as soon as it was over he hurried back to render the last service possible, and to see that Christian burial was given the lifeless clay.

About the foot of the gallows the soldiers stood looking at the swaying body. There was no pity in their hearts for the life cut off in its prime, and when their chaplain asked them to cut down the body and place it in the rude coffin which had been prepared, they all turned away, saying: "He was a spy, let him hang there till he rots."

When the chaplain found all his entreaties useless, he advanced with a knife, and quietly, but with determination, commenced cutting down the body.

Every man there had received some kindness from the clergyman, and they all loved him well. When they saw that he was in earnest, reluctantly they lent their aid, and in a few moments the body was lying on the grass.

Under the same force of example the soldiers even consented to place the corpse in the coffin, but digging a grave for a convicted spy was asking too much of them, and they refused absolutely to make a beginning.

Without a word of upbraiding or complaint, Chaplain Beckwith procured a spade and commenced digging. One by one, the hearts of the men softened at the sight of their brave pastor performing, for duty's sake, such an unusual task, and soon a big soldier, who had been earnest in his assertions that the "damned spy" should be left for the buzzards to feed on, took the spade from his hands and continued the work. Others came to his aid, and the grave was quickly made.

When the coffin was finally lowered Chaplain Beckwith read the Christian burial service, and saw to it that a wooden cross was placed at the head of the mound.

After the war news of the manner by which the spy received the last offices of the church was carried North, and finally reached the dead man's family. Their gratitude has never abated, and even now the bishop of Georgia frequently receives letters from a distant New England home bearing ever renewed thanks for the kindness showed the enemy of his country while he lived, and the determination he displayed in burying him after he was executed.—Atlanta Constitution.

A SHARP little boy in Georgia who was kicked by a mule, instead of saying naughty words or going home crying to his mother, tied the mule within five feet of a beehive, backed him round it and let him kick.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

In times like these the doctor skilled
His hopes of curing offers.
His pockets are with money filled
Drawn from the public's coughers.
—Washington Capital.

"This is somewhat of a 'twine
trust,'" said the young man as his best
girl wound her arms about his neck to
whisper sweet nothings in his large left
ear.—Hearney Enterprise.

"Papa—'If I have to speak to you
again I'll whip you.' The Terror—'Say,
papa, what did you have a little boy for
if you can't get along any better with
him than you do?'—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Newly-Accepted Squire—"Well, Bob-
by, you will have a new uncle soon; I am
your Aunt Mary's choice for a husband."
Bobby (surprised)—"Well, that's strange.
I heard her tell mamma, only yesterday,
that you were Hobson's choice."—Life.

The only man whose melancholy
trip to the bottom of the sea ever stirred
the sympathies of the people as much as
Dan McInty was the lamented Pharaoh,
who went down in his best Sunday char-
riot some thousands of years ago.—Chi-
cago Lyre.

Tramp—"Will you give me permis-
sion, lady, to go into your barn to com-
mit suicide?" Lady (filled with pity)—
Poor man! Here's a piece of mince-pie
for you." Tramp—"Thank you, marm,
but I've got some 'Rough on Rats' that
will do just as well."—N. Y. Sun.

Mrs. Dolliver (to the new girl)—
"Noreena, throw this water out of the
window; but be sure you look out. (Ten
seconds later.) What's the matter?"
Noreena—"I looked out, Mum, and I
saw the water go all over as fine a gen-
tleman as you'd care to meet."—Puck.

First officer—"What's wrong? wid
him, Jimmy? Can't yer lift him?" Sec-
ond officer—"No! a half can I move
him." Party who has fallen—"It's no
use, gentlemen; you might just as well
leave me. I've been at the West-side
cooking-school dinner, and I ate four
amateur doughnuts."—Judge.

"Do you remember Jones who went
out West?" said one traveling man who
was conversing with another in a reni-
scent vein. "Very well." "He was a
high strung fellow." "He was when I
last saw him." "What do you mean?"
"A vigilance committee had taken
charge of him."—Merchant Traveler.

Lucy (aged eleven; who is reading a
paper)—"It is perfectly dreadful!" Pa-
ther—"What's dreadful, Luc?" Lucy—
"Another faithless wife, the mother
of six children runs off with a married
man, who leaves a large family behind.
Dear me, if this doesn't stop pretty soon,
there will not be any parents left."
—Texas Sittings.

Guest at eating house (grumblingly)
—"Bring me some reed birds. Seems to
me fifty cents is a good price for them,
though." Waiter—"Yes, sah. Reed
birds is expensive. They are hard to
get, sah, and we have to bring 'em a
long distance." (Behind the screen
some minutes later) "Lively, now.
Hurry up them English sparrows."
—Chicago Tribune.

AMERICAN HISTORY.

As Yet There Is No Satisfactory History of
the United States.

Of more importance than is generally
supposed is the American Historical As-
sociation. Its membership comprises
many of the best known literary men in
this country, and they are carrying on a
labor of love with great zeal and re-
markable success.

It is a lamentable fact that this coun-
try, which has done more to shape mod-
ern history than all others combined,
which is a new and successful experi-
ment contrary to all human experience,
is without a satisfactory record of its
own history. Many admirable books
have been written on the subject, but
none do more than faint justice to it.
Bancroft's history is rich in colonial
lore, but even that is incomplete.

History has not received proper atten-
tion in this country until within a de-
cade. Previous to our centennial year
there were few colleges that maintained
a chair of history, and the attention
paid to this most important branch of
study was very slight. One of two in-
different text books were used, with
occasional lectures, but the student who
desired to learn any thing about history
was obliged to rely on such resources as
the college library afforded without any
assistance from his professor.

Of recent years this has been changed.
Every first-class educational institution
has a chair of history, and history is
made an important part of the curricu-
lum. The study of American history
has received an impetus from many
directions. The Smithsonian Institute
is doing a great work in the prehistoric
period. Antiquarians are delving into
libraries and public records in search of
facts instead of taking as truth many
legends of the colonial period which are
based on very slim foundations.

The association referred to is doing a
great work by interesting our best men
in the subject. The result is that mate-
rial is accumulating rapidly, so that be-
fore many years an American history can
be written which will adequately deal
with the subject. The genius of Macau-
lay is needed to handle it, but there is
no reason to doubt that in due time the
man will arise who can perform the task
successfully.

The study of history is, perhaps, the
most important duty of an American.
We can not expect to survive as a Nation
unless we know how to escape those
evils which have destroyed other peo-
ples. The past is the guide for the
future, as to what we should do as well
as what we should not do, and every
movement that stimulates a study of
our own general history should be en-
couraged.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

OVER A BATH TOWEL.

How Three Women Drove a Clerk to the
Verge of Madness.

The soul and body of the dry goods
clerk waxeth weary when he sees three
women headed for his counter. One is
bad enough; two are worse, but three
women in counsel over the merits of a
bath towel are enough to make a poor
worn-out clerk wish he might depart
from earth by the electricity method.

"It seems like quite a good one for the
money, don't it?" says the intending
purchaser.

"Well, I don't know," says the other,
holding the towel up at full length and
eyeing it critically. "I got one quite as
good for thirty-seven and a half cents at
White's."

"You did?"
"Yes, but it was eight or nine weeks
ago and I don't s'pose they've any more
like it."

"I may be mistaken, but I've an idea
it would shrink," says number three,
taking the towel from number two and
wrapping a corner of it over her finger.

"See, it's a little thin."
"Well, I wouldn't mind if it did shrink
a little, because—oh, look at this one!
Isn't it lovely?"

"Beautiful! How much is it?"

"A dollar and a half."

"Mercy! I'd never pay that for a bath
towel."

"Nor I."

"Those colors would fade."

"Of course they would."

"Do you know I like good plain crash
as well as any thing for towels."

"I don't know but—see these towels
for fifteen cents. I paid twenty-five for
some last week not a bit better."

"Let's see: are they full length? Yes.
They are cheap. Five a notion to—but I
guess I won't. I have so many towels
now."

"They're a bargain if one really needed
them."

"How do you like towels used as
todies?"

"Horrid!"

"I think so, too."

"So do I—oh, let me tell you, I saw a
woman on the street one day with an
apron made out of a red and white
fringed towel."

"Mercy! Looked like fury, didn't it?
How was it made?"

"Oh, one end was simply gathered to
a band, and—there, the towel was just
like this one; and she'd taken it so and
gathered it in so, and—really, it didn't
look so bad after all."

"Do you suppose the colors would run
in this border?"

"Well, I hardly know. I had one
very much like it once, and the colors in
it ran dreadfully the very first time I
washed it."

"Then I'll not take this for I—why if
it isn't four o'clock and—"

"Who'd ever have thought—"

"I must go."

"So must I."

"And I—no, I'll not take the towel
to-day."—Truax Dane, in Detroit Free
Press.

THE SOCIETY BUD.

How She Makes Her Debut and What Us-
ually Follows It.

A young girl who is about to enter so-
ciety is termed a "bud" because she is
an undeveloped blossom, even more at-
tractive to many than the full-fledged
society girl who has had experience of
worldly things gained by going through
a couple of seasons.

The first duty of a bud is to have a tea,
to which all her father's and mother's
friends as well as her own should be in-
vited, and then she is really started on
her career. Teas are rather tame af-
fairs, not only because the ice cream,
wafers and coffee are insufficient to sat-
isfy the hunger of the sterner sex, who
prefer, when they go out, to have some-
thing substantial if no dancing is in
order, but because the attractive girls
who are not receiving are apt to decline
being present if there is another engage-
ment of a more important character
scheduled for the same evening. The
tea, however, is a highly necessary
event, and it is a cheap way of paying
off any number of social obligations.

At her first tea the bud always looks
charming in her attractive white garb,
and her cousins or school friends who
assist her in making the affair pass off
pleasantly are particularly anxious to
call attention to her good looks as they
beam over huge corsage bouquets and en-
deavor to prove even more attractive
themselves.

After the tea, when the young girl
has been flattered by the attention she
has received, and has been called upon
by young men, and older ones, who have
had more experience in addressing com-
pliments to the fair sex, she is ready for
balls, Germans and dancing classes, and
if she has any personal charms and
knows how to sway her form in time to
waltz, polka, yorke, Berlin, Danish
dance or militaire schottische music, she
is sure to have a good time. Even if she
knows but few people others are sure to
solicit an introduction from her chaperon
or other attendant, and her dances will
soon be engaged.

The first season of a young girl is for
her a delightful existence. Alas, that
it is so quickly gone.—Philadelphia
North American.

WOMEN WHO SHED BLOOD.

A Remarkable Race on the West African
Coast at War With France.

The republic of France is at war with
the king of Dahomey, and a French
newspaper says that a battle has been
fought, in which eight combatants were
killed and many wounded. Later on
the Dahomians, who had succeeded in
capturing a number of Frenchmen and
other Europeans, made another attack,
but were finally repulsed with a loss of
400 killed.

The interesting fact in the dispatch lay
in the last lines: "Among the dead were
found some of the female warriors of the
king of Dahomey." Who are these am-
azons?

Dahomey, now for the fifth time at
war with an European nation, is a king-
dom of Western Africa, in Guinea, its
limits being inexactly defined, but with
an estimated area of 4,000 square miles.
The Dahomians are pagans, and the tiger
is their principal fetish. They are blood
thirsty, but hospitable and courageous.
Once a year the monarch, whose people
approach him by crawling with their
faces in the dust, sprinkles his ancestors'
graves with human blood. There is an
annual festival which takes place about
October and lasts several weeks. Dur-
ing the Saturnalia many human victims
are put to death with great barbarity.
At one stage of these "customs" the un-
fortunate wretches, chiefly captives taken
in war, are dressed in white shirts and
long white nightcaps and tied on baskets.
They are then taken to the top of a high
platform and paraded on the heads of
amazons together with an alligator, a
cat and a hawk in similar baskets. After
the king has made a speech the victims
are hurled down in the midst of a sur-
ging crowd of natives, and meet with a
horrible death. The skulls are used to
adorn the palace walls, and the king's
sleeping chamber is paved with the
heads of his enemies. The skulls of the
conquered kings are converted into royal
drinking cups.

About one-fourth of the females are
said to be married to the fetish, many
even before their birth.

The amazons form the flower of the
army. They are marshaled into regi-
ments, each with its distinctive uniform
and badges, and they take the post of
honor on the flanks of the battle line.
Their number has been variously esti-
mated at from one to six thousand. Their
weapons are blunder busses, flint musk-
ets, and bows and arrows. They are in
part recruited in a remarkable manner.
If a woman in Dahomey is found to be
unfaithful to her husband she is at once
sent to military headquarters and en-
rolled among the amazons. If she has
an acrid temper, or fails to bear child-
ren, or if her husband wants to get rid
of her, he honors himself by presenting
her to the king, who, if she has the re-
quisite physical qualifications, turns her
over to his army officers to be drilled as
an amazon.

The garrison of Aghome, the king's
capital, is composed almost exclusively
of amazons. A recent visitor to the
capital says there were only thirty male
soldiers in the garrison. The amazons
are also trained to fill the peaceful role
of ballet girls. One of the big sights of
Dahomey is to see the amazons on gay
days frantically brandishing their weap-
ons, uttering their war cries and going
through their dances before the king.

It is said that at the death of the king
a horrid scene ensues. The wives, after
the most extravagant demonstrations of
grief, attack and murder each other, and
remain in an uproar until order is re-
stored by the new sovereign.—Paris
Letter.

How Carl Schurz Looks.

Carl Schurz walks up Broadway every
afternoon to his residence, which is
somewhere above Thirty-fourth street
on the west side. He does not appear to
change a particle in appearance, and
can be recognized as easily today by the
cartoons Tom Nast drew of him in 1876
as he could then. Carl Schurz is not a
handsome man, either in figure or face.
He is lean and cadaverous, with red
whiskers and a sharp nose that is habit-
ually elevated in the air as if catching an
unpleasant odor. But there are few
men on Broadway who are better known
or oftener pointed out to strangers. He
has been caricatured until the public
generally knows him by sight. I am
told that he is a fine pianist, and that
frequently at night the neighborhood in
which he lives is edified by strains of
music that float out from his home.—
New York Press.

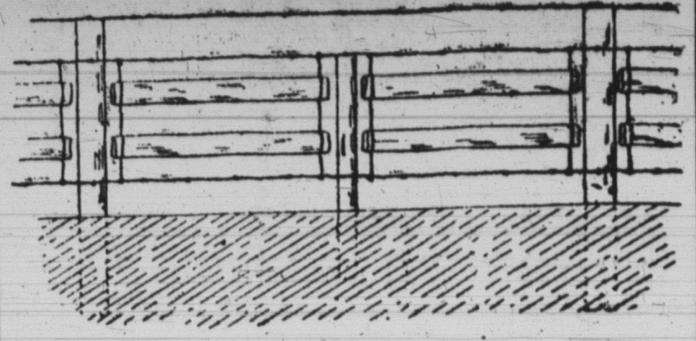
Bald Headed Congressmen.

There are a great many more men in
the house with smooth heads than
smooth faces. Their hair seems naturally
to train down. Some of the baldest
heads have the shaggiest faces. More
men have long, flowing beards than
usual. Some members, like Holman,
who retain the old time prejudice against
a hairy upper lip, have their faces shaved
clean, except the chin, and there have a
respectable beard. Holman has his
beard cut to a point after the French
style, but without the mustache the
effect is lost.—Washington Letter.

Chance for Sugar Cane in Florida.

Claus Spreckels is in Florida and says
that what astonishes him most is the
richness of the black muck lands in cer-
tain localities and their peculiar adapta-
bility to sugar growing. This land, so
long under water and formed almost
wholly of decayed vegetable matter, he
regards as capable of producing five or
six tons of sugar to the acre.—New York
Evening Sun.

Prudden's Practical Patent Fence.



A FEW OF THE REASONS WHY THIS FENCE IS SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER FARM FENCES ARE:

It is much cheaper and more easily made than any other good, durable, substantial, safe stock fence.

It takes little space, and no stakes or corners to work around.

It requires few long posts commonly used, and the short ones can be made of material of little value, and are easily replaced as there are few staples to draw.

The posts will last much longer than common posts, as there is little strain on them.

The way the rails are used they count one foot more than the length of them, instead of one foot less, making a gain of two feet, and will last much longer, as they do not touch each other.

Boards can be used in the same way without nails, and without touching the posts.

Very light rails, poles or boards may be used, as they are protected by the wire above and below.

Barb or smooth wire can be used or both.

Any length rails or boards can be used by varying the distance of posts.

It will cost about \$1.00 for the sawing of boards enough to make 40 rods of this fence.

This fence is easily and quickly made by a common farm hand without extra tools.

It catches little wind or snow which is of great advantage, and is so constructed that it adjusts itself to changes of the weather.

The boards or rails are fastened with a double wire running from the wires above and below them.

Easily built; two men can weave in the rails at the rate of forty rods an hour. Little danger from fire.

It is much more safe than an all barb fence, as stock can see the fence, and protect their legs from the wires. Old boards or rails can be used to good advantage, thus saving at least half the expense of wire. Sheep are not liable to be injured, or the wool pulled out by the fence. Should a board or rail break, it can be replaced in a moment. It does not get top heavy and sag over. "A farmer says he has between 200 or 300 rods of this fence on his place which has cost him nothing, taking into consideration what he received for the rails left from the rail fence replaced. He has used his fence for about a year with from fifteen to twenty head of horses and cows, and a corresponding number of other stock around it most of the time, without injury. Have also used a fence similar to this for five years past, without injury to the stock."

The cost of the wire used is about fourteen cents per rod. The other materials (rails, boards, and posts) are of minor importance to the farmer.

There are several other important items which can be best explained to those interested. Among them, is a simple way of tightening wires in a moment.

Can You Afford to Use Any Other Fence?

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FARMERS BUY NOW! YOU WILL WANT IT!

For a short time I will sell you farm rights at two cents per acre, or one-half what the price will be when patent is granted. For further particulars, see Messrs. W. J. Knapp or Hoag & Holmes.

The following named gentlemen stand ready to erect the fence at a reasonable rate: Chas. Zamp, Bert Stedman, John Bard and Abner Spencer. ARNOLD PRUDDEN.

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