



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.

| | 1 Mo. | 3 Mos. | 6 Mos. | 1 Year. |
|----------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1 Col. | \$12.00 | \$24.00 | \$42.00 | \$72.00 |
| 1/2 Col. | 6.00 | 14.40 | 24.00 | 42.00 |
| 1/4 Col. | 3.00 | 7.20 | 12.00 | 21.00 |
| 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.

MISS MARY POSTER.

Fashionable Milliner.

Hats, Laces, Plumes and Novelties.
Rooms over

H. S. HOLMES & CO'S STORE.

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.



RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

PEERLESS DYES ARE THE BEST FOR BLACK STOCKINGS.
Made in 49 colors that neither bleed, wash out nor fade.
Sold by Druggists. Also:
Peerless Bronze Paints—46 colors.
Peerless Laundry Bluing.
Peerless Ink Powders—7 colors.
Peerless Shoe & Harness Dressing.
Peerless Egg Dyes—8 colors.

COUNTY CIRCUMSTANCES.

Carefully Culled, Clipped, Cured—
Softly Served Subscribers.

The court house clock tock a rest Friday morning.

The Ann Arbor Argus, which has been the newsiest paper published in that city for the past year, now comes to us as a semi-weekly—with the semi-weekly feature left out. It appears as a four-page paper on Tuesday, and the usual size—eight pages on Friday.

H. A. Williams, of Dexter, formerly book-keeper for Gregory & Son's bank, will keep the books for the Courier at Ann Arbor, hereafter.

For eleven years the inspectors of the second ward have regularly discovered two democrat ballots folded together which they have as regularly thrown out. On the local option election, they found the two ballots folded together and threw them out. This year they reappeared but the democrat who for eleven years tried to vote twice and did not succeed in voting at all was joined by a republican who thought he could try the same dodge. Both had their vote thrown out.—Argus.

The Pratt & Burchard matters of Grass Lake have been settled on a basis of ten cents on the dollar. Burchard since 1885 has been absent in "Rogue's Retreat" (Canada). The News referring to the matter says: The amount Burchard took from the bank was from \$17,000 to \$20,000. Suit was instituted against the firm of Pratt & Burchard for this money. Burchard owned a brick house in the village, and among Pratt's assets were a farm in Sylvan, Washtenaw county, and ranch interests in Texas. The bank as a preliminary attached such property as was in reach, and litigation proceeded Pratt's chief deference was, that when the new bank was organized the old firm of Pratt & Burchard was dissolved, a view which the court upheld at the issue of the trial. The bank appealed to the supreme court, but the case had not come to a hearing before that tribunal, and of course is now ended by settlement. In the compromise the bank gets the brick residence mentioned, a lot of bank stock of the value of \$2,000 or \$3,000, and other property of undetermined value. The other creditors of the old firm, whose united claims may possibly foot up between \$25,000 and \$30,000, will get about ten cents on the dollar. The firm's failure created a good deal of distress and proved a most depressing misfortune to the community.—Sun.

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

The following is a correct list of the members of the Board of Supervisors for 1890-1. Those who have not been on the board before, are in *Italics*:
Ann Arbor City:

- First ward, John R. Miner, R.
- Second ward, Eugene Oesterlie, D.
- Third ward, James Kearns, D.
- Fourth ward, Ambrose Kearney, D.
- Fifth ward, Amos Corey, D.
- Sixth ward, John W. Bennett, R.
- Ann Arbor Town—Thomas G. Burlingame, D.

- Augusta—Walter L. Rogers, D.
- Bridgewater—George Walter, D.
- Dexter—Jacob Jeele, D.
- Freedom—Jacob Breining, D.
- Lima—John V. N. Gregory, D.
- Lodi—Lester H. Sweetland, D.
- Lyndon—Thomas Young, jr., D.
- Manchester—William Burtless, R.
- Northfield—Frank Duncan, C.
- Pittsfield—Morton F. Case, R.
- Salem—Arthur C. VanSickle, D.
- Saline—Edward DePue, D.
- Scio—Andrew T. Hughes, D.
- Sharon—Albert H. Perry, D.
- Superior—M. Howard, D.
- Sylvan—James L. Gilbert, R.
- Webster—Edward Ball, R.
- York—Alfred Davenport, D.
- Ypsilanti Town—John L. Hunter, R.
- Ypsilanti City:
First district, David Edwards, R.
Second district, James Forsythe, D.

CAN'T SLEEP NIGHTS

Is the complaint of thousands suffering from asthma, consumption, coughs, etc. Did you ever try Dr. Acker's English Remedy? It is the best preparation known for all lung troubles. Sold on a positive guarantee at 25 and 50c. Hummel & Fenn.

WE CAN AND DO

Guarantee Dr. Acker's Blood Elixer, for it has been fully demonstrated to the people of this county that it is superior to all other preparations for blood diseases. It is a positive cure for syphilitic poisoning, Ulcers, Eruptions and Pimples. It purifies the whole system and thoroughly builds up the constitution. Hummel & Fenn.

AN OLD FASHIONED LAWYER'S FIGHT

Gen. Reuben Davis' Encounter with a Judge Who Had Fined Him.

In his racy book, "Recollections of Mississippi," Gen. Reuben Davis gives the following account of a personal encounter he once had with a judge who had fined him for contempt:

My patience gave way, and I felt myself in a perfect blaze of sudden fury. I had in my pocket a very fine knife with a long, thin blade. As I sprang to my feet I drew out this knife, opened it and threw it point foremost into the bar, looking steadily at the judge all the while. My object was to induce the judge to order me to jail and then to attack him on the bench. The knife vibrated, and the weight of the handle broke the blade near the handle. Gen. S. J. Gholson and several others ran upon the bench beside the judge, ordered the sheriff to adjourn the court and carried the judge out of the court room, while a number of persons seized me. Judge Howry being withdrawn, prudent men among my personal friends condemned my action and appealed to me to let the matter stop. I agreed to this. Intending to pass straight to my hotel, I saw Judge Howry come forward toward the place where I was standing. I awaited his approach and when close to me asked him if he had intended by his fine to insult me. He said "No." I then said I had been guilty of no offense to justify such an indignity and requested an explanation. He replied, "I do not, sir, explain my official conduct to any man."

In a moment I had slapped him on the face with my open hand. By some accident a claw hammer had been left on the floor near by: he seized this and struck at me violently, while I got from my pocket the broken knife and opened it. The blow of his hammer fell upon my head, cutting through my hat and several files of paper to the bone. I made another stroke at his jugular with the corner of my knife blade. This blow fell upon his jaw and I seized him with my left hand, by the collar and pushed my head into his face. He struck again with the hammer, breaking and depressing the outer plate of my skull bone, but not until I had inflicted three more cuts upon his jaw. As we were pulled apart he gave me the third blow. I went to my room and sent the judge a message not to leave his room unarmed, as I would attack him on sight.

The court met again that evening. I had put on a fur cap, with the back part before, to conceal my wounds, and the judge wore his overcoat, with the collar well drawn up, to hide the tokens of combat on his person. I did not meet Judge Howry for seven years after this affair. I had gone to Pontotoc to attend the Federal court and was sitting in a room with Roger Barton and Chancellor Chalmers was sent for from below. He soon returned and said to me: "I suppose, Davis, you care nothing about that affair between you and Judge Howry?" I promptly replied that I thought nothing of it, that Howry was a gentleman, and that our difficulty was casual and without malice. Chalmers then said that Howry was below and would be glad to come up to Barton's room. He did so, and I met him at the door and we greeted each other in the most cordial manner. Until his death no two men could be more sincerely friendly than we continued to be. I shall always believe that he went down to his grave without finding out what led to our quarrel that day, and I am perfectly certain that I shall go down to mine in equal ignorance, unless he comes back to tell me.

Delights of Tobogganing.

You sit astride your toboggan, and when it begins to rush down the descent along a road as hard as iron, with the speed of light, your first feeling is that you would give everything you have in the world to be anywhere but where you are. There is, however, a wonderful fascination about rushing through the crisp, sharp air, taking corners cleverly by means of guiding pegs, and sailing down triumphantly on to the broad bosom of the lake. So many accidents had, however, taken place upon the lake run that we of the awkward squad were disposed to give it a wide berth. A snow storm altered, however, the complexion of affairs.

Two or three inches of snow on the hard, slippery track made the pace less rapid; and if, blinded by the snow and the monotonous whiteness above, below and around, you ran off the course, as I did, you and your sledge simply rolled over half a dozen times in the soft snow without the inconvenience of broken bones, much less of a broken neck. I cannot close this letter without alluding to the effect of this glorious out-of-doors life upon the nerves. I am fully persuaded that all the bromides in the world are incomparably inferior to a good draught of Engadine air.—Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.

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 Teazle 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 "Mo hair Brilliantines" and a full line of blacks. Every lady must have a Mo-hair 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 * SLIPPERS

—AND—

WALKING SHOES

In Lace, Button and Ties. Tan Patent Leather-tipped, Ooze Calf and Tan foxed.

These shoes are made very neat and stylish.

I will be pleased to have you call and see them.

Yours,

B. PARKER.

SHOE DEALER.

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.

THE CHELSEA STANDARD.

WM. EMMERT, Publisher.
CHELSEA, MICHIGAN

THERE are 208,749 railroad bridges in the United States, spanning 3,213 miles.

A RIVERSIDE (Cal.) man sent a piece of manzanita wood to a friend in New York recently. He has now received an order from a maker of musical instruments to forward a whole carload.

A NEW YORK publisher is shipping every year 50,000 American school books for the schools of Japan. The English classics are daily read in countries of which Shakspeare and Milton never heard.

A FAMILY in Whatecom, Wash., not liking the taste of the water they were drawing from their ninety-foot-deep well, sent a man down to inspect its depth. The well was in tolerably good condition, but a dead Indian was hoisted out.

THE production of gold in California began in 1848, the yield that year being \$9,000,000; in the following, \$40,000,000, and \$50,000,000 in 1850. The total gold product of that State to date is estimated at \$1,125,000,000.

HUMOR has had an illustration in the South. A minister announced to his congregation one Sunday, that on the next Sunday he would preach on "Looking Backward." A large audience assembled to hear him, when he discoursed to the people on Lot's wife.

THAT was a singularly sad suicide at Topeka, Kan. Two sisters, school-teachers, and highly respected, had developed symptoms of consumption, and, through several generations, fatally hereditary in their family.

Y sought death by drowning rather than face the slow progress of the dread disease. The grim messenger had less error for them, than the fear of living.

ST. PETERSBURG tailors got up a scheme for publishing in the newspapers the names of all their customers who refused to pay their bills, but the government forbade it. Now the tailors accomplish the same object by putting up a large blackboard in the reception room of their shops, upon which they chalk the names of the chief delinquents and the amounts of their bills. They say it has reduced by 60 per cent. their losses.

THE town Board of Unadilla, Otsego County, Pa., pays a bounty of 10 cents on every woodchuck's tail. It has recently, however, come to the knowledge of the town Board that boys are in the habit of catching woodchucks, cutting off their tails and then letting them go in order that they may breed more woodchucks with 10-cent tails. The farmers say that unless the bounty is stopped the town will be overrun with woodchucks.

IN a cemetery near Detroit are the graves of three husbands of the same woman all in a row. A suggestive feature of the group is the headstones. The first departed received a very handsome and expensive stone, the second exhibits a considerable reduction, and the third is a very cheap affair. Three husbands were more than the woman could afford to bury in style, or else her affection for them rapidly diminished.

IT may have been noticed that the widow of Jefferson Davis, since his death, signs her name "V. Jefferson Davis." Many persons doubtless suppose she has added the name Jefferson to her Christian name Varina. But this is not the proper explanation. V. is the abbreviation of veuve, the French widow, and is the custom in Louisiana and perhaps in other parts of the South, for widows to place that letter before the Christian names of their deceased husbands. V. Jefferson Davis simply means the widow of Jefferson Davis.

THE largest edible oysters are found at Port Lincoln, in South Australia. They are as large as a dinner plate, and the same shape. They are sometimes more than a foot across the shell, and the oyster fits the shell so well he does not leave much margin. It is a new sensation, when a friend asks you to lunch at Adelaide, to have one oyster set before you fried in butter or egg and bread crumbs. But it is a very pleasant sensation, for the flavor and the delicacy of the Port Lincoln mammoth are proverbial in the land of luxuries.

A VERY eccentric character died at Hempstead, L. I., a few days ago. It was Mrs. Elizabeth Hewlett, a member of one of the oldest families in Hempstead, who for more than fifty years has lived alone in a carpetless and almost un-

furnished hut. Her eccentricity is said to have been due to disappointment in love, a young dentist who had paid her attention having transferred his affection to her sister, whom he married. This caused her to practically abandon her family, and not long after the event she went to live in an old hut at Hempstead. She was 84 years old.

THE estate of Marwood, the famous English hangman, is in bankruptcy. It appears by his books that his business, although very active, was by no means in a flourishing condition at the time of his death. Marwood was a shoemaker by trade. In Horncastle, Lincolnshire, where he lived, the people believed he was wealthy, and they were surprised to learn that he died insolvent. His profits in hemp were considerable, but he was a speculator, and was not at all fortunate. In his books there appears an item of £25 against the city of Dublin, the balapoe due for the hanging of the murderers of Burke and Cavendish.

HENRY GLADSTONE, lately wedded to Miss-Maud Rendel, proposed to her on a moonlight night in Naples. Instead of answering him the pretty girl covered her face with her hands and fled precipitately into the villa. Next morning he wandered gloomily in the garden. Suddenly he heard Miss Maud call to him, and, turning, he beheld the young girl advancing. She put her hands in his and said, with charming frankness: "I would not answer you last night fearing you were under the influence of the insidious summer evening and of the poetical and almost magical scene, and that it was not your heart that spoke; so I would hear in the daytime if you love me, and, if this is so, I will tell you that I am willing to give you my life and my love."

Nearly one hundred thousand pounds of snails are sold daily in the Paris markets to be eaten by dwellers in Paris. They are carefully reared for the purpose in extensive snail gardens in the provinces and fed on aromatic herbs to make their flavor finer. One snailery in Dijon is said to bring in to its proprietor 5,000 francs a year. Many Swiss cantons also contain large snail gardens where they are grown with much pains. They are not only regarded as a great delicacy, but are reckoned as very nutritious. Hygienists say they contain 17 per cent. of nitrogenous matter, and that they are equal to oysters in nutritive properties. Snails are also extensively used as an article of food in Austria, Spain, Italy, and Egypt and the countries on the African side of the Mediterranean. Indeed, the habit of eating snails as food has existed in various parts of Europe for many centuries.

AN attempt was made by a jurymen in a trial in Philadelphia, to force a lady witness to kiss the Bible. The judge overruled the demand ordering the woman to be sworn with the uplifted hand, saying: "I am not surprised that the witness did not kiss the book; I would not do it, either—a dirty book like that." One is inclined to wonder that this nasty practice of requiring a witness to kiss the Bible retains an existence anywhere among decent people. It is an appalling dirtiness than which anything more disgusting cannot be imagined. Fancy one of these books drawn in use in a court of justice. It is gummy with foulness. On its surface is the import of the foul lips of the harlot, the sensual mouth of the rouse, the touch of innocent women, the slaver of the sot, the taint of diseased surfaces, the rotting odors of decayed teeth and whisky-tainted breaths, and all the other noisome things developed by such an opportunity. The Philadelphia judge who indorsed the witness's refusal to soil her purity by touching the unclean object deserves well of the advocates of cleanliness. An oath among most people is one in which God is invoked while the hand of the taker is placed on something sacred in its character. It is an insult to Deity to invoke his co-operation on a book covered with palatable impurity.

Why They Went Out.
She was younger and more innocent than she probably would be after a few years.
"Why are all those men going out?" she remarked, as the curtain fell on the first act.
His heart rose and fell with violent emotion as he answered:
"Suppose I follow them and see?"
"Yes, do," and her natural woman's curiosity became his salvation.
"It wasn't much," he remarked on his entrance; "only a man next door giving out paper collars for hot throats."
And by averting his face the breath of suspicion never reached her.—*Philadelphia Times.*

"GIVE me all the sleep I want and all the fish I can eat and let no one ask me for money, and I care not what becomes of the world at large," is the philosophy of the average Chinaman at home.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

INSTRUCTIVE SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

Some Information of Value to the Farmer, Stock-Breeder, Bee-Keeper, Housewife, and Kitchen-Maid.

THE FARM.

Solid Floors for Stables.

Manure is now of so much more importance than formerly that the saving by use of stable floors with wide cracks, through which the manure leaches, is not to be compared with the resulting loss. The very best floor is one of cement, and if under a barn, where it can be protected against frost, it will last indefinitely. Many old barns have under them the leachings of years, and this, if cleared out, will pay a considerable part of the expense for putting a wall under the frame and a cement floor on the bottom.

Breeding Young Heifers.

The earlier a heifer is bred the more likely she is to become a good milker. The tendency to beef production is soon established where the feed is good, and breeding is the best antidote. The good feeding after the milk tendency is fully established will secure enough growth, and if the cow is somewhat under-sized through life, from being put early to milk production, she will be none the worse for it. Besides, a breeding animal necessarily has a hearty appetite, and will not cloy on rations that would put another animal off its feed.

Best Pigs from Old Sows.

That old sows bring the strongest pigs is generally known, but the reason is not often thought of. The young sow is or should be growing, and part of the nutriment she eats must go to make her own bone and flesh and muscle. The old sow, except to maintain her present condition, can devote all her energies to providing sustenance for her young. The old sow gives more milk, and it is richer in bone and flesh-forming nutrition than that of the young sow. As the best breeding varieties of hogs grow until they are three and even four years old, it follows that sows have better pigs up to this age. This is the fact, as many experienced breeders are aware. Killing sows after they have had one or two litters of pigs is a great mistake and cause a deterioration. The breed improves by keeping the sow as long as she breeds well. After five or six years, however, they often become very mischievous or acquire other bad habits.

Applying Manure.

At a recent meeting of the Elmira (N. Y.) Farmers' Club, G. W. Hoffman said: "The best time to apply manure is when you have got it. I would not leave it to draw out in the spring, and then draw out and plow under, but I would draw on the furrow as made and drag it to get the best results. We clean the stables with the cows in and draw out every day. We are not drawing on the fields at present on account of the softness of the earth, but I think it is best to draw and spread as made, on side bill as well as flat land. As a rule farmers take quite good care of their manure."

Mr. George S. McCann asked: "Is it not a good idea to apply manure on potato ground after they are planted?"

Mr. Hoffman: "Yes, it is a good idea to apply on potatoes or any other crop if you have got it. I would prefer it on top and dragged in, not plowed under."

Commenting upon this the *Farmers' Review* truthfully says: "It may be true that Eastern farmers 'take quite good care of their manure,' but this cannot be truly reported of our Western agriculturists. After all, manure needs little care if, as the majority believe, it should be drawn to the fields as made. When it is placed in large heaps in the barnyard much care is on the other hand absolutely necessary. Unless care be taken in such cases there is serious loss both by leaching and evaporation. As to applying manure to a growing crop of potatoes, our readers should bear in mind that the speakers evidently referred to the use of decomposed manure. For top-dressing such manure is preferable, but unmade manure freshly drawn to the fields before decomposed, may be expected to give the best results when plowed under. Rank, unrotted manure acts best below the potatoes; finely decomposed manure is most profitable for feeding the little roots of growing plants, which search for such food in the surface soil."

THE STOCK RANCH.

Handling Horses.

There are two theories in regard to handling horses; the first, and most common one, looks upon the horse as a refractory animal that is to be brought into subjection, or "broke," as the term is. The other theory regards the horse as an animal of intelligence and general good will, ready to do as he is bidden as soon as he is taught how. The man who goes to work on the first theory proceeds with severe bit and severe whip to punish his subject until he winds up with a balker, kicker, runaway, or a spiritless, dejected thing that crawls along the road as though life was a burden. The other man, looking well to the intelligence and temper of his animal, proceeds with kindness backed by firmness, to initiate him in the mysteries of reining and driving. Behold him then in due course stepping along full of spirit and courage, rejoicing in his strength. So much for the handling of young horses.

The horse in his general make-up, variability of temper, intelligence, and all, is very closely allied to the genus homo. And the same course of treatment applied to either will yield substantially the same results. Put a man at hard labor and keep him at it from sunrise to sunset, and he will soon learn to take the slowest gait possible, and take a few minutes of rest whenever possible. Whipping, if continued, would accelerate his speed only so long as he felt the lash. The same is perfectly true of horses; the more they are whipped the more will be required to keep up the same motion, and the less whipping the less needed.

All horses have a limit to the amount of work they can do in one day without drawing upon the store of nerve force

needed for the next day. They also need a certain amount of time in the stable to masticate a necessary amount of food. And if either of these conditions are encroached upon the temptation is to make up for lost spirit and vitality by the use of the whip.

But what about the horse that is naturally slow and lazy or old and infirm, if we cannot have a whip? Did anybody ever see a horse's nature changed from slow and lazy to fast and spirited, or from age and infirmity to youth and strength by the use of the whip?

There is no horse that has intelligence and good temper enough to be trained for general farm and road work but will respond in spirit and increased action to generous feeding and kind treatment. And kept in the harness a reasonable number of hours in a day (say ten) and kept in steady motion from the time he is hitched up until unhitched, will do all in a day that he is well able to do.

To sum up: A horse is an animal possessing more intelligence than he is generally credited with, is prompted to more bad habits by his driver than by his own nature, and has to take all the punishment.

Of course there are exceptions to all general rules, and it is general rules that these remarks have sought to follow. And they are submitted to the farmers having the best conditioned and best walking teams for a verdict of their truth or falsity.—*C. S. Beach, in Farm, Field and Stockman.*

THE POULTRY YARD.

The White Guinea.

The guinea fowl is a native of Africa and is sometimes called African Pindor or Gallenis. They have never outgrown their wild nature enough to be closely confined when bred for domestic use. With propriety the white guinea may be called the watch dog of the poultry yard. Ever watchful and on the alert it gives the note of warning on the first approach of danger.

They are very profitable on farms as they are industrious foragers and excellent insect destroyers; will destroy more insects than all other poultry combined, and they are not destructive to growing crops. They can be kept without cost, but it would be better to give them an evening meal when young to entice them to come up to roost at night. The white guinea is not a polygamist and has but one mate. They are quite domestic in their habits and lay with them. The white guinea is a fine layer of very rich flavored eggs. As layers they almost rival Leghorns. They begin early in the spring and continue until late in the fall, until many of the hens have stopped. The eggs require about four weeks to hatch. The young are hardy and easily raised if given the required attention. The flesh of the white guinea, unlike that of its speckled relation, is very tender and toothsome. As a table fowl they come nearer the wild game birds than any of our domestic fowls. Their scarlet-trimmed heads and beautiful snow white plumage attracts many admirers. The white guinea grows rapidly, and for broilers excell young chickens, and farmers who want to raise something pretty as well as toothsome would do well to raise a flock of these pretty little birds. A few dollars invested in eggs for hatching will well repay them for the outlay.—*Mrs. S. E. Ellars in Farm, Field and Stockman.*

Poultry Notes.

It is not always the best and most elaborate poultry houses that shelter the choicest stock. Success, however, mainly depends on warm, dry coops with proper care and management and freedom from overcrowding. This latter trouble is often the cause of ill success. If you wish a healthy flock keep few in a pen.

CHICKENS like ground bone occasionally. There are grinding mills made that will crush fine all kinds of bones, as well as crack corn. You will find a mill of this kind very useful and indispensable around a poultry coop. Ground bone can either be fed with soft food or alone, and will eat it in any food, and is one of the articles of diet suited to them.

A FOWL inclined to fatten too soon is not a good layer, as a general rule. It can't be; the flesh it carries makes it lazy; this never promotes laying. The Leghorn, Wayandotte and Light Brahma are all good steady layers, but if not kept in condition to lay they will never do it. Condition is an important thing when the production of eggs is the question.

AS AN ornamental fowl the white faced Black Spanish stands next in rank to the Polish. They are stylish looking fowls and very attractive and lay well throughout the season. We do not consider them as hardy as some other fowls yet they can stand considerable rough weather and have good records as winter layers in mild climates. The Spanish, Polish, and Hamburg rank about the same.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Giving Shape to Feet.

Every one, but especially children, should wear properly fitting shoes, no matter how common their material. They should be neither too large nor too small, and should have low, flat heels that must be promptly "righted" as soon as they begin to wear to one side. If the toes of the foot show a tendency to overlap they should be rubbed with the hands once or twice each day; and if this care be given when the curving commences, it will, as a rule, prove sufficient to correct any irregularities of this nature. If a nail is wayward in its growth, trim it only lightly at the ailing corner, but fully at the opposite corner. If both corners grow too deeply into the flesh, clip them carefully and lightly, and then scrape the center of the nail from the tip to near the root until it is thin and flexible. This process seldom fails to correct refractory nails—provided, of course, they are not neglected too long.

Wasteful Economy.

"Many a young wife," said a motherly woman the other day, "would find the wheels of her household moving much more smoothly if she would spend a little less money on the furnishing of her drawing-room, and devote it instead to supplying her kitchen with labor-saving appliances and plenty of utensils. Economy in kitchen utensils may easily be pushed too far, and if there is de-

other place where a woman may be more readily excused than another for extravagance, it is just here.

To have to stop in the middle of making a dessert, in order to clean a saucapan or a kettle in which the soup had been prepared, because you have not another, is folly, when soup kettles can be had for 25 cents each. To have your kitchen knives of such poor metal that they will not stay sharp, or to let a good knife remain dull, because you think you cannot afford to spend 10 cents to have it sharpened, is a real waste of strength, out of all proportion to the saving.

To have nothing by which you can measure your ingredients accurately, because it costs more to buy a set of weights of a graduated glass measure than to trust to guess-work and an old ten cent cup, has spoiled many a good dish that cost just as much, and has brought humiliation on many a good cook. To scrape your porridge pot with a spoon because you will not buy a patent pot-scraper for 12 cents wears out ten spoons to one pot-scraper, and the hired girl invariably selects your best spoon for that purpose. Sifting the coal ashes is such a dirty business as it is usually performed, and the servant kicks against it so vigorously, that the most economical housekeeper soon abandons it in despair. A patent ash-sifter that allows no dust to escape, and preserves all the half-burned coal, will pay for itself in one winter and last five. A cheap refrigerator can be had for one-third the cost of a good one of the same size, but if you buy it your ice-bill will be twice as large.

There is hardly anything in the kitchen of which there are not two varieties, the cheap and the dear, and the result of the use of either is generally its exact opposite in actual cash. But in comfort to one's self and to one's husband and children, and a saving of time, temper, brain worry and backache, they repay their own cost many times over every week.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Hints to Housekeepers.

NEVER use the first water that comes from a pump or hydrant; it has been in a lead or iron pipe all night, and is not healthful.

RUB lamp chimneys with newspaper on which has been poured a little kerosene. This will make them clearer than if soap is used; they will also be less liable to crack.

If the fishy taste in wild game is objectionable, it can be removed by putting a small onion, cut fine, into the water it is cooked in, or carrots if onions are not liked.

THERE should always be plenty of good kitchen aprons, which protect the dresses so much. Long-sleeved and high necked sack aprons for children should be kept on them while at play or at the table.

A BRUISE may be hindered from discoloration either by the instant application of hot water, or by using a little dry starch or arrowroot merely moistened with cold water, and placed on the injured part.

THE old-fashioned idea that burning sulphur is a disinfectant is pronounced by physicians of the present day to apply only to the rooms and closets of a house, but will not answer for clothing and blankets, which should be washed in a solution of carbolic acid and left in the air for several days.

THERE are very simple methods of getting foreign substances out of the eye. A glass of water filled to the brim, in which the eye should be immersed until the object floats out. The upper lid placed over the lower is a remedy widely known. As good a one as any, and accessible wherever flaxseed can be obtained, is to place a grain of flaxseed under the lower lid, and close the lids. The seed becomes surrounded by a thick mucilage, which entraps the foreign body, and soon carries it out from the angle of the eye.

THE KITCHEN.

Corn Bread.

One cup of flour, two cups of Indian meal, butter the size of an egg, sweeten and salt to taste, one teaspoonful of soda, one cup of sour milk or butter-milk.

Griddle Cakes.

Sift 1½ pints of flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, add four tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, two eggs and half a pint of milk. Bake on a hot, greased griddle, and sift with powdered sugar.

Cold Stew.

Take one quart of finely chopped cabbage; add to it three tablespoonfuls of thick, sweet cream and stir well, adding one teaspoonful of salt, one heaping tablespoonful of sugar and pepper to taste. Lastly, add half a pint of good cider vinegar.

Hard Gingerbread.

One teacupful of molasses or a half-cup each of molasses and sugar, three tablespoonfuls shortening, two tablespoonfuls water, warmed if butter is very hard, one teaspoonful each of ginger and soda, a little salt, flour to make a dough stiff enough to roll in flat cakes the size of the baking pan.

Coffee Cake.

One cup of strong coffee, one cup of lard and butter (mixed), two-thirds cup of molasses, two-thirds cup of brown sugar, two eggs, one teaspoonful each of pepper, cloves, and soda, one cupful of raisins; add from two to three cups of flour. After baking, wrap in a cloth to prevent the aroma from escaping.

Muffins.

Scald one pint of milk, take it from the fire, add four ounces of butter, and when lukewarm add a half-cup of yeast, or a half teacup cake dissolved. When the butter is melted add a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of sugar, and one and one-half pints of sifted flour. Beat thoroughly, cover, and stand in a warm place until very light. Bake the same as Yorkshire muffins.

Rye and Wheat Griddle Cakes.

Mix equal parts of rye and wheat flour. To two teacupfuls of this add a teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, ½ teacupfuls sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls each of butter and sugar and two well beaten eggs. Beat well together and bake on a hot greased griddle and serve at once. Griddle cakes of any kind should not stand long after baking.

AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE

OLD SOLDIERS TALK OVER EXPERIENCES AND SPIN YARNS.

The Blue and the Gray Revive Incidents of the Late War, and in a Graphic and Interesting Manner Tell of Camp, March, and Battle.

How Are You, Sanitary?

BY BERT HARTZ.

Down the picket-guarded lane
Rolled the comfort-laden wagon,
Cheered by shouts that shook the plain,
Soldier-like and merry.

Right and left the caissons drew
As the car went lumbering through,
Quick succeeding in review
Squadron, military;

In such cheers it struggles on
Till the battle front was won;
Then the car, its journey done,
Lay stationary;

Such the work. The Phantom flies,
Wrapped in battle clouds that rise;
But the brave—whose dying eyes,
Velled and visionary.

On to Vicksburg.

BY J. T. BIGGS, 77th ILLINOIS.



URING

A period of almost two years (1861-'63) Vicksburg was one of the Confederate strong-holds, and with her water-batteries along the shore and heavy siege guns planted along the cliffs, frowning down upon the waters of the great Mississippi, bade defiance to the army and navy of the Federal Government.

Early in the winter of '62, while yet this mighty river was blockaded from Memphis to New Orleans, an army of 30,000 men, under General Sherman, was organized and hurled against this powerful fortress. Up to this time the Union army had met with a great many defeats, and the people of the North were getting quite anxious as to the final outcome of the conflict. While the people of the North wanted to see a move made against Vicksburg, they were also fearful of the results. Some said it was so strongly fortified that it would be impossible to take it; while others believed that, under proper generalship, it might be taken. Accordingly, about the 15th of December, 1863, this expedition, comprising about 30,000 men, embarked in river steamers as transports, well guarded by iron-clad gunboats, steamed down the river to the mouth of the Yazoo. They then filed left and ran up to near Haines Bluff, which was at that time the north end of the strong fortifications in the rear of the city. The troops disembarked, formed in line, stacked arms, and laid down for the night. This began to seem like business, for many of us had enlisted but a few months before, and had never yet been in battle, and now the few hours that should intervene between our lying down for rest and going into battle gave us ample time for reflection. We thought of the dear ones at home—the father of his dear wife and children, the young man of his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, and his sweetheart as well. The possibility that we might the next day be numbered among the slain or severely wounded were thoughts which naturally occupied our minds; and, although it seemed a befitting time for solemn thoughts, yet many of the boys seemed jubilant and full of life.

About four o'clock in the morning of the 30th we were all startled by the report of heavy siege guns shelling the woods. The reveille was then sounded, and after roll-call and a hurried breakfast the army was commanded to fall into line, right face, and march to within a few hundred yards of the enemy's works, where they were then formed in line of battle. The ball now opened in earnest.

Four days of hard fighting, with heavy loss to the Union forces, convinced Uncle Billy that he was not equal to the emergency, consequently on the night of Jan. 1, 1863, he withdrew from the scene of action, marched back to his transports, re-embarked, and steamed down the Yazoo just in time to "save his bacon."

This must have been to him a sad day—a sorrowful thought—for up to this time Uncle Billy Sherman was considered one among the best generals in the United States.

Thus, having been disappointed and thwarted in his plans for the capture of Vicksburg, the General now turned his attention northward, steamed back up the Mississippi River to the mouth of the Arkansas, thence up that river to Arkansas Post, which he captured with his garrison, and then returned to Milliken's Bend, a point about six miles up the river from Vicksburg. Here the army disembarked and occupied the ground between that place and Young's Point, three miles below. General Sherman's services now being required elsewhere, he was called away and General McClernand took his

place. Here the troops remained until about the first of May, during which time they had been joined by General Grant, who began at once laying his plans for the downfall of the doomed city.

Nearly three decades have passed away since the occurrence of this campaign, and yet how vividly to the minds of the old veterans who yet survive do the scenes of these actions come up. The long, weary weeks and months that passed away while the army lay at Milliken's Bend and Young's Point, the sickness and death that occurred on account of chronic diarrhea, the construction of the canal across the peninsula, the running of the blockade at Vicksburg, the forced march to Grand Gulf, some sixty or seventy miles below; the naval engagement and the running of the blockade at that city, the crossing of the river about seven miles below, the capture of Fort Gibson and the complete rout of the enemy, the chase from that point up the river on the east side, with occasional fighting, the laying of the siege, and finally the surrender by Gen. Pemberton—all these things and more are still fresh in the minds of every Union soldier who still lives and participated in this expedition. Many of us have since then dragged out a miserable existence on account of wounds and diseases contracted in the army, and many of us, like myself, are now languishing upon beds of sickness, and in the language of the poet are

Fading away like the stars of the morning,
Losing their light in the glorious sun;
Ever remembered, forever remembered,
Ever remembered while the years are rolling on.

But now to our story. We will go back to Young's Point and give it in detail, that our readers may be the better able to understand it.

The time had now come when Gen. Grant had decided to move forward; consequently, as we have already stated, the canal had been dug across the peninsula about three miles west of the city, the object of which was to run the blockade, but this had proven a failure. So there was nothing left him but to face the music and take his chances on running his transports with his supplies through the blockade. This was accomplished by first loading an old condemned barge with boxes and barrels so as to make it a conspicuous as possible, and on one dark night this boat was sent adrift to float at will down the river which it did nobly; the enemy opening fire upon it as soon as it hove in sight around the bend, but proudly and nobly she was borne on the current on a downward course until she had passed out of range of the last battery, and although every available gun had been brought to bear upon this sham boat, but little if any harm was done, if my memory serves me right. This test trial being accomplished, it was then decided to run our transports through, which numbered about ten or a dozen, which was accomplished by running with as little light as possible, each boat keeping its proper distance, noiselessly as possible hugging the opposite shore, until the last transports had passed out of the range of the rebel guns, which had done their utmost to destroy our fleet. Upon examination it was found that little damage was done; this was joyful news to our boys. The river was now clear as far as Grand Gulf. Part of the troops had already gone, and now that our transports had run the blockade, by order of our great commander the remainder of the army took up its line of march southward to Grand Gulf. This march was attended with great difficulty on account of heavy rains and deep mud, our artillery being able to make but very few miles each day. However, as time moved on and rain became less frequent the roads dried up, and the artillery was now enabled to go above ground and hurried on, so that the latter end of this march to Grand Gulf was a hurried one. Consequently, when the head of the army had reached the point below Grand Gulf where the crossing was to be made, the middle and rear of the army, which had been held back to guard artillery and supply trains, was now ordered forward with all possible speed, which made it indeed a forced march, so much so that we were compelled to march day and night, often through heavy rains, with no covering but our poncho-blankets for the night, and with very little rest until we reached the point. As the regiment to which I belonged approached the city, we arrived at a point up the river about three miles, where we had a fine view of a naval engagement between our gunboats and the enemy's artillery along the shore. This was done by the gunboats forming a circle at a proper distance from the enemy's batteries and moving round and round. When each gunboat came with her broadside to the enemy she fired every shot she was able to, and moved on to let the next one do likewise, until the day was finished. This done, it was an easy matter to run the blockade that night under cover of darkness, which was accomplished with very little damage.

The running of the blockade at Vicksburg on the night of the 29th of April, 1863, which was witnessed by a large portion of the army, will ever be remembered by the old boys as one of the grandest scenes they ever witnessed. The shrill screaming of solid shots, the bursting of bombshells in the air and the incessant roar of cannon until the last boat had passed out of reach, all combined to render it a grand scene in the darkness and an exciting moment to the Union forces.

ports had been landed, it was discovered that little damage had been done. The worst, and about the only, damage of consequence that we heard of which I had the privilege of witnessing myself, was that caused by a solid shot which passed through the wheel house of the steamer Pocahontas and killed two horses which were standing in range in that part of the boat.

Now that our transports with supplies were out of danger, the next day was spent in crossing the Thirteenth Army Corps, under command of General John A. McClernand, who landed his forces at Bruinsburg, about seven miles below, and at once took up his line of march eastward toward Port Gibson, but before reaching that point, on the morning of May 1, we were intercepted by the enemy, who fought us like tigers during that whole day.

While General Grant was making his way down the river on the west side to a point where he could effect a crossing, the Confederate General Pemberton, who commanded the forces at Vicksburg, was not asleep but wide-awake to the cause which he had espoused, and had, with his army, on the east side of the river, kept pace with the Union forces in order to confront them at the earliest possible moment. Thus we have it that upon the first day of May this battle occurred.

Early on the morning of the 2d the Union forces moved forward in line of battle, expecting every moment to be engaged. But to our surprise we soon learned that the Johnnies had "skeddaddled" out of Port Gibson and retreated back towards Vicksburg; but they did not forget to burn the bridge at Port Gibson across a small river, the name of which I have forgotten, thus compelling our forces to build a pontoon bridge before we could proceed. This was, however, completed by the middle of the afternoon. In the meantime General McPherson, with his Seventeenth Corps, came up. During these operations our boys were not idle, but were busy inspecting the city, and among the curiosities found was a bank, which they went through, filling their pockets with Confederate money. Some of the bills had been filled out, but most of them were blank. A great portion of this money was afterwards passed back to the Confederates in exchange for greenbacks. Before the crossing could be made and our army had time to cut off the retreat of the enemy at Grand Gulf, it was discovered that they had evacuated that city and joined their comrades in their retreat back to Vicksburg, thus leaving Grand Gulf in the hands of the Union forces.

General Grant had thus succeeded in capturing those two points and was fairly on his way to Vicksburg; yet he had not his forces as concentrated and his supplies as near at hand as he wished, so decided to call a halt, which he did after about two days' march. Here in camp we remained about three or four days, during which we were reinforced by the Fifteenth Corps, under command of General Sherman, and at the same time a goodly supply of ammunition had been brought up from Grand Gulf by our supply train. By this time our rations had run pretty short, consequently we were compelled to subsist chiefly on what we could find by foraging through the country; and as there had never been an army in this part of Dixey the foraging was pretty good.

It was while we were in this camp that a good story was told on Gen. A. J. Smith. It appears that two of the boys who had been out foraging killed some porkers. Each man slung a pig upon his shoulder, and with sturdy steps they were soon lugging them to camp. On their way it was necessary for them to pass near division headquarters, and while they were making their way as best they could some little distance apart, General Smith stepped out of his tent as if to cross their path. As the first one came up the General accosted him thus:

"What are you going to do with that pig?"

He was answered in a kind of intimidated, whining tone: "I don't know hardly what I will do with it."

"Throw it down, sir! throw it down!" then said the General.

Down went the pig. The General turned to his orderly, who stood nearby, and said:

"Orderly, take that pig to camp; I know what to do with it."

Presently the other man came up, and the General put the same question to him:

"What are you going to do with that pig, sir?"

The young man, although a private soldier, with all the dignity of a superior officer turned to the General, who stood before him in full uniform, and said:

"I am going to eat it, sir! What in the h—l do you suppose I am going to do with it?"

"All right, sir; all right."

General Smith, turning himself about, walked back to his tent, while the soldier went on his way rejoicing. It appears that this was characteristic of General Smith; although at times he appeared harsh and cruel with his men, he was a man with a heart and of a noble spirit, and at such times thought more of a soldier who would turn upon him and "sass him back" rather than to have him go off with his head down as if he was afraid to call his soul his own. He thought the latter would make the best soldier.

"Which would you rather be, a knave or a fool?" asked Idioticus. "I don't know," replied Cynicus. "What has been your experience?"

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ENTERTAINING DISSERTATION ON SERIOUS SUBJECTS.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson and Where It May Be Found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

The lesson for Sunday, April 20, may be found in Luke 1: 26-50.

It is to Luke a rain that we are indebted for this count of incident in our savior's life. Such an incident it is as would deeply impress the large-minded, tender-hearted in whom we call the "Beloved Physician." The lesson is a lesson of responsive love. It is responsive, mark you. The beautiful lines of Handel's "Culeridge" probably convey the impression usually first gotten from the passage:

She sat and wept, and with her untressed hair still wiped the face she was so blessed to touch; And he wiped off the soiling of despair. From her sweet soul, because she loved so much.

And yet it is not much love that saves, but much trust. Other wise we might come to lean on human works and human feelings. Her love but witnessed that grace that was hers, it was the fruit itself God's Spirit imparted. We are to keep in mind the emphatic words with which the lesson closes, "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.
One of the Pharisees, Christ had not yet incurred the flattery of this supercilious sect. He desired him, or asked, the motive of the invitation is seen to have been not of the best. "Eat with him." A semi-public feast giving large opportunity for the indulgence of such curiosity as the recent career of our Lord had excited. He went. Marking the ready, acquiescent spirit of Christ. "Sat down to eat. One word in the Greek, recalled. A woman. The great national government of this world is dubious. It seems to stand almost in the case absolute as coming after the exclamation, "Behold!" i. e., Lo, a woman! A sinner. Not necessarily an abandoned person perhaps no more than a Gentle, but ordinarily taken in its worse signification. When she knew. Of simply ascertained (participle). The event would be asked of outside on the street, from which, indeed, glimpses of the feast might be had. "Alabaster box. A similarly precious flask was broken for him later (Mark 14: 3) by Mary, the sister of Lazarus. Ointment. A perfuming oil.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.
He went into the Pharisee's house. Jesus was no recluse. He went where he was bidden. His presence at the wedding-feast in Cana proved this at the very outset of his ministry. Nor was he, like some of his followers, overfastidious in his presence in ill surroundings or in unhalcyon places. It was not necessary that holy water should be sprinkled at Levi's table as he sat down with publicans and sinners; nor that a special guard should be placed about him, because the Pharisee was not in whole-hearted sympathy with him. The trait which spoke from him and in him was a sufficient talisman. He went everywhere that the door opened for him, that the truth might there be manifested; with infinite tact and charity, seeking everywhere to save. Has the church fully learned this lesson of the Master?

Behold a woman in the city which was a sinner. A woman: a sinner! There seems to be a glow of shudder or shrug of the shoulders along with the very words, graphic and luminous as they are. Right there in that convivial assembly a social outcast. A spot in the feast was she. Why had she come? It is a feeling too familiar; altogether hateful, we believe, to God. Why should she not be there? Hers was the need. Christ's supply for that need. Why should not the sick seek the Great Physician? That is a touching story told of John B. Gough. Sitting in the church one day, a man came in and took the seat behind him, whom he could not but wish had gone elsewhere. His dress uncouth, his figure uncomely, his face all awry—what in the world did he want in such a place? But he evidently enjoyed the service, and presently when they sang he tried in a poor, stumbling fashion, to join in. During the interlude he leaned forward and murmured:

"Would you be kind enough to tell me the next verse, sir? I think I know it." "Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind," Mr. Gough whispered, "but feeling more kindly." "That's it, that's it," said the stranger, "I'm blind." And he finished the verse: "Sight, riches, healing of the mind, 'Ye, all I want in the I find, O Lamb of God, I come."

I have somewhat to say unto thee. Whatever your thought, Jesus has an answer for you. A message to your heart, if you will receive it. Are you troubled about some inconsistency in the Christian life? Christ has something to say to you about that. Is there some obscurity in the word? Take it to Christ. He has something to say regarding it. Have you a doubt as to the reality of his power, the integrity of his claim? Let him speak to you. Are you harboring a bit of infidelity regarding him? He assured he knows it, and he stands over against you saying: "I have somewhat to say unto thee." If you desire deliverance, if you seek a light and life, let this be your honorable answer: "Master, say on."

See thou this woman? It is love's object lesson. What an illustration "this woman" gives of the truth he would speak. A sermon always has double force if we call on eye as well as ear, and as it were thrust in between the line upon line a tact "seest thou this?"—It may be man, woman, child who is even now living the truth. You recall the English missionary who sat by the sick bed. "No," said the dying woman lying there, "it is not in the Book. God does not care for me." "O, but he does," said the visitor, turning the pages of his Bible. "God is love." I have read it with my own eyes. But he could not, somehow, find it. Back and forward he searched, but in vain. Presently he stood up. "How far is it to the nearest manse?" "Fourteen miles," was the answer, and he was gone. Late in the day he knocked at the distant minister's house. "Is the minister in?" "No," said the girl, "he's away." "O, I wanted to know where in the Book it says 'God is love.' It's for a sick woman." "Come in," said the girl. "I found salvation through them same words, and here they are, 1 John 4: 8. 'Thank you,' said the missionary, and he was off. In the evening he stood again beside the sick bed. "Here it is," he said. "Seven hours walking have brought me back with the written proof that God is love." "Seven hours, did you say?" answered the sick woman, "and with seven hours' walking, did you think I needed any other proof that God is love?"

For she loved much. Here is love proving love. Her great love is a pledge that God's still greater love has wrought for the forgiveness of sins. It is not that God has forgiven her because of her affection, but God has first forgiven her and hence she feels and expresses love. Her conduct is not the means, but the result of forgiving grace. Her soul is already redeemed. What is the testimony of our lives? Do we tell by the spirit of our daily acts, of a great and gracious forgiveness? Is we have a full and complete redemption from the Lord, assuredly our love and loyalty to him will show itself in manifold ways. Our small devotion gives token of but small portion in the Lord. Let us draw nigh to God; then will the life tell more of his goodness and grace.

Next Lesson: "The Parable of the Sower," Luke 8: 4-15.

BENEDICT ARNOLD'S HOUSE.

Still Standing in New Haven—Some Reminiscences of the Traitor.

The old Benedict Arnold house is still standing in Fifth Ward, on Water street, near the corner of Olive street. It has fallen into decay, but there are some old gray-haired citizens who remember when it was one of the show places of the town. Its orchard was one of the largest and finest in New Haven, and the grounds were laid out in handsome terraces.

Arnold built the house soon after his return from Ticonderoga. He must have been a man of some wealth, for the house was well built and the grounds were ample. Arnold was not a popular man. He had a violent and irascible temper, and "would rather fight than eat," as has been said of him. He always found fault, and the ferryman who took passengers across the mouth of the Quinnipiac River before the bridge was built dreaded to have him for a passenger, for he always swore at them for not rowing faster.

Nevertheless Arnold was a man of affairs. Besides his business as a druggist and book-seller, he, with Adam Babcock, owned three vessels engaged in the West India trade. They were the brigantine Fortune, forty tons, the Charming Sally, thirty tons, and the Three Brothers, twenty-eight tons. Arnold never took particular pains to see that all Custom House dues were paid; in fact, he was very lax in this particular. It is related that once on a time a sailor on board one of his vessels reported some of these laxities to the Collector of the port. The report was made on Sunday, and the Collector refused to receive it, and told the sailor to come again on Monday. In the mean time Arnold had heard of the sailor's tale-bearing. Before Monday came Arnold adopted a course of moral and physical suasion which compelled the sailor to leave town with his tale untold.

Arnold's laxity in regard to the customs was a virtue rather than a fault, for it was regarded as a justifiable method of protest against taxation without representation.

Arnold's property was confiscated after his treachery at West Point was discovered. Pierpont Edwards acted on the Government's administration and sold the property to Capt. Isaac Prout. Capt. Prout made only a partial payment, and was unable to meet the subsequent payments as they became due. In this way the property came into the hands of Noah Webster, the lexicographer, and he lived there some years, finally selling it to James Hunt, a West India merchant, who devised it to his daughter, wife of D. Goffe Phipps, of this city. The house still remains in Mrs. Phipps' possession, although it has been almost dismantled.

Betsy Arnold, a sister of Benedict Arnold, lived for years and years, after her brother's disgrace, in Norwich on public charity. When she was 90 years old she was taken to the almshouse by old Sheriff E. G. Thomas. Betsy made a great how-de-do about it, and was so grieved that she lived only a few months. She was a strong old woman, and had much of her father's temper. —New Haven Palladium.

Tragedy Foretold in a Dream.

Some time ago there was a lady from Macon visiting relatives in Athens. She had been there about a week when she suddenly received a telegram one morning from her home in Macon saying her nephew was quite sick.

On reading the telegram the lady suddenly grew pale, and appeared unduly excited about the news received. She did not speak, however, about it until she was leaving Athens on the Georgia Railroad. Then she told another lady from Athens who accompanied her that on the night before receiving the telegram she had a most frightful dream about this same nephew. She said that she dreamed he had become engaged in a row with one or two other men, and had been horribly shot and fatally wounded. The frightful vision was so impressed on her mind that she could even at that moment see her nephew shot down like a dog, and bleeding on the floor. The sight made her sick, and the lady almost fainted on the car. She was told it was only a dream, and that it could have no bearing on the telegram whatever, as the telegram had only stated that her nephew was sick.

When the ladies changed cars at Barnett for Macon a friend of the Macon lady came in the car, and in the presence of the Athens lady, told that the nephew had been shot, and in very much the same way that the dream had been recounted. —Savannah News.

A Society Mystery.

Mrs. De Fashion—So Clara Pretty has married Mr. Noble. Why, he's poor as a church mouse.

Mrs. De Style—No prospects either. Mrs. Highup—No; and no family.

Mrs. Wayup—What on earth could she have married him for?

Mrs. Tiptop—It's the greatest mystery.

Mrs. Topnotch—Yes, everybody in society is puzzled over it, but it seems impossible to solve the problem.

Mr. Noble (in parlor car of press train)—My darling, why do you marry me?

The Bride—Because I love you. —New York Herald.

"What had you gentlemen of de press not makes de papers do ef it was for us gentlemen of de press not sell de papers?" was the pertinent inquiry of a small newsboy of a newspaper proprietor the other day in this city. —Philadelphia Times.

CHELSEA STANDARD.

BY WM. EMMERT.

OFFICIAL VILLAGE PAPER.

FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1890.

MORE LOCAL ITEMS.

Potatoes wanted. See us at the store.

Owing to the quarterly services of the M. E. church, there will be no preaching in the Sylvan Center church next Sunday, Apr. 20.

Eugene E. Beal has been recommended post master of Ann Arbor, by Capt. E. P. Allen. It is thought that the nomination will be confirmed immediately.

R. Kempf & Bro. are pushing the work on the corner store, which will be changed into a bank and store, the bank occupying the front forty feet. It will be a fine one.

By some unaccountable mistake, on the part of the writer of the late Mr. Stephen J. Chase's obituary, the remains were said to have been deposited in the vault, preparatory to interment in "Oak Grove" cemetery, whereas they were deposited in the Vermont cemetery.

Lima Luminations.

Squire Covert has a new cart—the best in town.

Miss Nettie Storms is home for a week's vacation.

Ida Dixon, of Dexter, spent Saturday and Sunday here.

Whooping cough and the mumps are in the neighborhood.

Otto Lewic is home from college and will not return until fall.

Miss L. Townsend, of Chelsea, has been spending a few days here.

Fred Nordman and wife, of Dexter, spent Sunday at J. Wheelock's.

Mark Ormsbee, of Pontiac, has been here visiting relatives and friends.

Emma Stabler, of Chelsea, was the guest of Miss Bertha Lewic a couple of days last week.

Miss Hattie McCarter and Miss Estella Guerin went to Chelsea Monday night to see the "Danger Signal."

Quite a little excitement was caused here by a runaway Sunday afternoon. Fred Kline and Jake Bereis were riding through here when the thill strap broke. The horse did some expert kicking and both boys were thrown out but were not injured. The buggy was damaged somewhat.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, that we, the freeholders of the Township of Lima, do hereby forbid any and all persons from entering upon our lands for the purpose of hunting trapping or fishing, or for any sporting purpose whatever.

The above resolution was adopted by the voters of Lima, Monday last.—59

Business Locals.

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

Catarh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarh 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.

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.

Try our 43 cent tea; the best in the village. Standard Drug and Grocery House.

THE FIRST SYMPTOMS OF DEATH

Tired feeling, dull headache, pains in various parts of the body, sinking at the pit of the stomach, loss of appetite, feverishness, pimples or sores, are all positive evidence of poisoned blood. No matter how it became poisoned it must be purified to avoid death. Dr. Acker's English Blood Elixer has never failed to remove scrofulous or syphilitic poisons. Sold under positive guarantee. Hummel & Fenn.

Dr. Kelly's Caputine.

A new discovery. It has been proven by microscopic examination, that Scalp diseases and Dandruff are caused by the Bacilli, or Germ, which burrows itself under the scarf skin of the scalp, and that these diseases are contagious and are communicated by persons using the same hair brush, comb or towel, or sleeping in the same bed with another. Caputine removes this cause and will cure all Scalp diseases and Dandruff, check the falling out of the hair, and increases growth, softens harsh brittle hair, restores faded hair to natural color, and preserves the gloss, thus preventing baldness and prematurely gray hair. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price \$1.00 per bottle.

For sale at the Standard Drug and Grocery House.

LEGAL NOTICES.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF Washtenaw, ss: At a session of the Probate Court, for the county of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Tuesday, the 15th day of April, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety. Present J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Elizabeth Newton, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Eva Guthrie, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to herself or some other suitable person.

Thereupon it is ordered that Monday the 12th day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition; and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, and show cause if any there be why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Chelsea STANDARD a newspaper printed and circulated in said county three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.
WM. G. DOTY, Probate Register.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF Washtenaw, S. S. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Tuesday, the eighth day of April, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety. Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Stephen J. Chase, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Romeny P. Chase, praying that a certain instrument now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament and codicil thereto of said deceased may be admitted to probate, and that administration of said estate may be granted to Romeny P. Chase as executor or some other suitable person.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the fifth day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the devisees, legatees and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Chelsea STANDARD a newspaper printed and circulated in said county three weeks previous to said day of hearing.

J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.
WM. DOTY, Probate Register.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF Washtenaw, S. S. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Saturday, the twenty-second day of March, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety. Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Lucy Ann Clark, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Charles E. Clark, praying that the administration of said estate may be granted to himself or some other suitable person.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the twenty-first day of April next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate office, in the City of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Chelsea STANDARD, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.
WM. DOTY, Probate Register.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF Washtenaw, S. S. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Saturday, the twenty-second day of March, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety. Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Luther James, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Thomas S. Skars, praying that the administration of said estate may be granted to himself or some other suitable person.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the twenty-first day of April next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate office, in the City of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Chelsea STANDARD, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.
WM. DOTY, Probate Register.

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

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal—a recent discovery by an old physician. Is successfully used monthly—Safe, Effectual. Price \$1. by mail, sealed. Ladies, ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound and take no substitute. Or inclose 3 stamps for sealed particulars. Address FOND LILL COMPANY, No. 3 Fisher Block, 121 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

Sold by Glazier, the Druggist, Chelsea

HOMESTEAD FERTILIZER.

FOR SALE ON C. E. LETTS' FARM, Chelsea.

Can be had in small lots at any time. Half ton or ton lots can be had on short notice. The effect of the fertilizer sown on our wheat last fall can be seen for a half mile. Inspection solicited. Also red cob ensilage seed corn, sweet, tender and juicy. Always re-cleaned and tested.

C. E. LETTS, Agent.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF Washtenaw, S. S. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, made on the tenth day of March, A. D. 1890, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Mary L. Fletcher, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the tenth day of September next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on the tenth day of June and on the tenth day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days.

Dated, Ann Arbor, March 10, A. D. 1890.
J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.

TAX SALES, VILLAGE OF CHELSEA

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF Washtenaw, Village of Chelsea, ss. Take notice that on the 17th day of May, A. D. 1890, at 10 o'clock of said day I will sell at public auction at the village council room in the Town Hall in said village of Chelsea, so much of the following described parcel of land as shall be necessary to pay the said delinquent taxes and interest thereon as provided by law that was levied thereon by special assessment for the year 1888, ordered by the village board to provide for the payment of sidewalks built under special ordinance No. 11 of the village of Chelsea aforesaid, approved April 3, 1888, viz: Land bounded north by south line of block 14, east of lands owned by Josiah Cummings and J. Bacon, south by Jabez Bacon and William Bacon's land and Orchard street and west by Main street in Chelsea, Michigan.

Such delinquent tax, interest and costs amounting to on said day of sale the sum of \$241.
Dated April 2, 1890.
THEO. E. WOOD, Treasurer of the village of Chelsea

MORTGAGE SALE.

Whereas default has been made in the condition of a certain mortgage dated the fifteenth day of November, A. D. 1888; made and executed by Isaac M. Whitaker and Elvira Whitaker, his wife, of the township of Sylvan, County of Washtenaw, State of Michigan, to Chelsea Savings Bank of the village of Chelsea, county and state aforesaid, a bank organized and doing business under the general banking law, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of said county of Washtenaw in said state of Michigan, on the 15th day of November, A. D. 1888, in liber 72 of Mortgages on page 388, by which the power of sale in said mortgage has become operative and whereas there is now claimed to be due the sum of thirteen hundred seventeen and 24/100 dollars for principal and interest and thirty dollars as an attorney fee as provided by law and whereas no suit or proceeding at law or in equity has been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of said power of sale and the laws of this state on Saturday, the 28th day of June, 1890, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the east front door of the court house, in the city of Ann Arbor, County of Washtenaw, state of Michigan (that being the place where the circuit court for said county of Washtenaw is held), it will sell at public vendue to the highest bidder, the lands and premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as shall be necessary to satisfy the amount due, interests, costs and expenses of said sale, said premises being situated in the township of Lima, County of Washtenaw, state of Michigan and described as follows to wit: The north-east quarter of section 43, and the south-west quarter of the south-east quarter of section fourteen (14) Town two (2), south range four (4), east.

Dated at Chelsea, Michigan, April 1st, 1890
CHELSEA SAVINGS BANK, Mortgagee.

TERNBELL & WILKINSON, Attorneys for mortgagee.

MORTGAGE SALE.

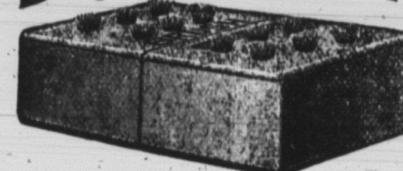
Default having been made in the conditions of a mortgage recorded by William Warner to Luther James bearing date the 1st day of April, A. D. 1879 and recorded in the office of the Register of deeds, for the county of Washtenaw, in the state of Michigan, on the 10th day of April, A. D. 1888, in liber 62 of mortgages on page 473 the north-east quarter of section 43, and the south-west quarter of the south-east quarter of section fourteen (14) Town two (2), south range four (4), east.

Notice is therefore hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, the same shall be foreclosed on Monday, the 25 day of April, A. D. 1890, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, at the East door of the Court house in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county of Washtenaw, said court house being the place of holding the circuit court for said county of Washtenaw, by sale at public auction to the highest bidder of the said mortgaged premises as described in said mortgage as follows, viz: All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Lima, county of Washtenaw and state of Michigan, and described as follows to wit: Being the north-east quarter of section 43, and the south-west quarter of the south-east quarter of section fourteen (14) East, according to the original survey, containing eighty acres of land more or less.

Dated Chelsea, Mich., January 28th, 1890.
JAMES L. BARCOCK, LEWIS W. JAMES, THOMAS S. SKARS, Executors of the last will and testament of Luther James, deceased.

TERNBELL & WILKINSON, Attorneys for Executors.

THE BEST SOAP IS THE BRUSH SOAP



Which, for hands, is the finest thing in the market, and is on sale at the STANDARD DRUG AND GROCERY HOUSE.

Its properties are equal to the "Grandpa" soap, while the brush in the soap is an addition much appreciated. Price ten cents per large cake.

THE HIGHEST PRICES PAID AT THE STANDARD DRUG & GROCERY HOUSE FOR FRESH EGGS.

CURLETT'S Thrush, Pinworm Heave Remedy.

Curlett's Thrush Remedy is a sure cure for Thrush and rotting away diseases of the feet of stock.

Curlett's Pinworm Remedy (for man or beast) a compound that effectually removes those troublesome parasites, which are such a great source of annoyances to stock.

Curlett's Heave Remedy is a sure cure for Heaves in the earlier stages, and warranted to relieve in advanced stages, if not producing a cure.

John Steele, miller, Scio, Mich., says: "Horse distemper left my horse with a heavy cough, which I think would have produced heaves but for the use of Curlett's Heave Remedy, which cured the cough in a short time and left the horses in a good healthy condition."

Valentine Bro., successful horse and sheep dealers, of Webster, (P. O. Dexter), says: "We have always used Curlett's Spavin Remedy with the best results for killing spavins; also found it good for taking off puffs and splints. Have tried Curlett's Thrush Remedy, with complete cure as a result."

McQuillan Bro's, of Dexter, say: "Epizootic on two different years left two different horses with a very heavy cough, which would probably have produced heaves but for the use of Curlett's Heave Remedy, which cured the coughs in a short time, and left the horse in a healthy condition."

W. A. Lyons, of Lyons & Brownell, liverymen, at Stockbridge, Mich., says: "We had a very bad case of Thrush in a valuable mare, and could not seem to

cure it, after trying for a year. After trying one bottle of Curlett's Thrush Remedy, the mare got over her lameness, and has as good a foot as any horse on earth, and to-day is cured."

John Helber, highway commissioner, Scio, Mich., says: "I have used Curlett's Pinworm Remedy several years with the best of success. The first dose that I gave a horse brought a ball of Pinworms as big as my fist. Always worked horses while giving Curlett's Pinworm Remedy, which toned the constitution and made them have a soft glossy coat, and my horses always increased in good sound flesh after its use."

H. (Tip) Ball, the postmaster at Dexter, who doctors the greater part of the horses in and around there, and one of the firm of Phelps & Ball, liverymen, horse dealers, and owners of the handsome trotting stallion, Regalia, says: "I have used Curlett's Thrush Remedy a great deal, and have never known it to fail in procuring a permanent cure of Thrush when used as directed. I consider it a positive cure for the disease."

J. C. Crawley, horse and cow doctor, Scio, Mich., noted for successfully removing placentas from cows, says: "I cured my pony of a very bad case of Thrush with Curlett's Thrush Remedy, which I have also used for bruises, wounds and sores caused by feet coming in contact with hard substances. I have used it with success in all cases of Thrush which I have been called upon to doctor."

For sale by F. P. Glazier and the Standard Drug Store.

CLOSING OF MAIL: 9:45 A. M. 3:47 and 8:00 P. M. 10:35 A. M. 5:35 and 8:00 P. M. TRAINS LEAVE: 5:27, 7:10, 10:15 A. M. 4:17 P. M. 10:58 A. M. 6:00 and 9:57 P. M.

LOCAL, NEWSY ITEMS.

Up White Roaming Around This Most Beautiful Village. Did you set out a tree? Arbor day. George Staffan returned to Ypsilanti Tuesday. Large farm to rent, inquire of Bull & Wilkinson. M. C. pay car made the boys merchants happy last Monday. Ann Arbor's street railway will be big for use—some time in the future. You have potatoes to sell, now is the time to dispose of them. Call us at the store. Quite a number of our good Baptists are attending the Baptist Sunday school convention at Ypsilanti. Nine persons were baptized at the Baptist church last Friday evening. There are several more candidates. Perhaps the oldest horse in this part of the state died recently, it being 37 years old, and was in Mr. Gab. Freer's possession all these years. There are at the present time something like two hundred persons at work on the double track between here and Dexter. Quite a company. J. E. Durand is now on the road for C. Palmer Mfg. Co., of Omaha, Neb., selling canning goods. His business is to establish canning factories here possible. Winter is no more, and for future reference we will say that we did not have a single day's sleighing in all that time. The heaviest fall of snow took place on Thanksgiving day. While Geo. W. Boynton was at Bacon's lumber yard, Tuesday, his team took fright, running across the railroad, bringing up at the Boyd house, considerably damaging the wagon. Mrs. J. C. Harrington and children desire to express their thanks to neighbors and friends who so kindly assisted them in bereavement and also to the choir for the vocal music furnished. Rev. F. E. Arnold is now on his second year with the Baptist people of this place. During his pastorate, thirty-eight persons have united with the society, some twenty-six having been baptized in that time. Saturday, Monday and Tuesday last, H. S. Holmes & Co., had a special shoe sale, which was a "hammer," hundreds taking advantage of the same. H. S. says that several more in other departments, may be expected. The STANDARD is pleased to state that Mr. Thomas Holmes has been granted letters patent on an improved nut cracker. Mr. Holmes claims three points—larger meats, no pinched fingers, quicker time than with a hammer or any other nut cracker in the market. Can any of our readers inform us whether the atmosphere has any effect upon a watch, and if so, what? While W. H. Wilsey and John K. Yocum were surveying, recently, both watches stopped at about the same place, although the parties were on the spot about forty-five minutes apart. It was misting at the time. Can it be that the parties were in the neighborhood of an iron mine? At one o'clock, yesterday morning, the fire bell rang, a bright fire being seen south of here. Upon investigation, it was found to be the barn of Mrs. E. A. Pierce, about two miles out, causing a loss of about \$600, on which there is an insurance of \$320. The fire evidently is the work of an incendiary. It took the firemen just eight minutes from the time the bell was sounded, to reach Steger's place. Quick time. Later: A young man, commonly known as "Pedro," who has been living with A. Prudden for several years, an imbecile, has owned up that he lit a cigar near the straw stack at 11 o'clock that night. He has been taken to Ann Arbor, where he will have an examination, and if possible, be sent to Pontiac.

Daisies were in full bloom in W. J. Knapp's yard last Sunday. Hair, nail and tooth brushes at the Standard Drug and Grocery House. Ferry's choice garden seeds in packages, at the Standard Drug and Grocery house. You can go to Detroit and back next Tuesday, on the special train, for \$1.25. Cheap enough! Geo. Eder is having a drive well put down on his place, Chas. Carpenter doing the work. Farmers! We want a large quantity of good potatoes. Standard Drug and Grocery House. Go to Mrs. Staffan's for millinery of every description—hats, bonnets, infants caps, ribbons, etc. The workers of the Congregational church met with Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Crowell, Wednesday, quite a company being present. H. C. Gregory, of Dexter, the junior member of the firm of Gregory & Son, died last Friday, while in Illinois, of heart trouble. The funeral was held in Dexter, Monday last. Extensive improvements are being made at the Baptist church. The prayer meeting room has been re-papered, and the seats in the main room raised and made more comfortable. The corrected time table will be found at the head of the local column. By it, it will be noticed that several trains have changed time several minutes, but those few minutes may cause you trouble if overlooked. Tuesday evening, last, about five o'clock, the "blue" house of Wm. Tuttle, on the Lima road, was discovered to be on fire, and was totally destroyed, involving a loss of about \$800, with insurance of about two-thirds of that amount. The Superintendent of Census has given notice that no persons connected with the levying or assessment of taxes will be appointed as an enumerator. This rule is made to prevent the using of information regarding property as a means of raising his taxation. Supervisor Gilbert has left blanks with tax payers, this week, which must be filled out, sworn to, and handed to the supervisor. If you give your valuation too low, you are held for perjury. We can not see how the law is an improvement on the old one. In our election returns last week, we omitted to give the vote on Justice. Wm. Bacon, republican, received 309 votes, while Jas. Bachman, democrat received 213 votes. Also for drain commissioner, Arthur W. Chapman received 285, while Geo. A. Young received 237. R. P. Carpenter Post, G. A. R., of this place has engaged Hon. A. J. Sawyer, of Ann Arbor, to deliver the Decoration Day address. Mr. Sawyer being acquainted with all the boys who went from here, will without a doubt, give us a grand address. The post is fortunate in securing him. Miss Blodgett and W. J. Knapp and son Rudolph went to Battle Creek, Friday, called there to attend the funeral of the nine months old son of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Dudley, who had died the day previous. Mrs. Dudley (nee Lou Whitelsey) has the sympathy of her numerous acquaintances in this vicinity. Mark Lowry, whom we transported (in type) to Arkansas in our last issue, is in Plattsmouth, Neb. He writes that a town that consisted of several hundred inhabitants a year ago, now supports electric lights, electric street cars etc. Let all go west and grow up and then come back and make this country grow. Later: Mr. Lowry has returned home,—and will stay. In another column will be found a notice forbidding persons giving or selling Mr. Schnaitman's boys tobacco in any form. It seems strange that there are merchants in our community who are so grasping, that they will sell boys tobacco; yet they do so to our knowledge. Do they know that they are violating a state law? Are they so situated that they must drag boys down in this shameless way! Yes, so it seems. Five cents to them looks like a dollar, and the more dollars they have, the more anxious they are to sell the five cents worth of tobacco. We trust that Mr. Schnaitman will do as he says, and prosecute all or any persons.

IN MEMORIAM.

James C. Harrington was born in Columbia County, state of New York, on the 1st day of May, 1804. The early part of his life was spent at New Lebanon, N. Y. He came to Ann Arbor, Michigan, in 1832, where he resided until 1856. He then removed to a farm two and a half miles north of this village. In 1861 he came to Chelsea and here resided on North Main street until his death, which took place on Easter Sunday morning, Apr. 6, 1890, being nearly 86 years of age. The deceased had been twice married. First to Miss Almira Burlingham, of North Adams, Mass., in 1827. She died in 1836. He was married again to Miss Elizabeth A. Burden, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, in 1837, who survives him. There were three children from his first marriage, namely, Henrietta, Sidney D. and James F., the latter being the only survivor of this family. Five children were the issue of the second marriage, all of whom are now living in this state. Mary A. widow of O. N. Allyn, Charlotte, wife of Horace Canfield, of Isabella Co., Francis, wife of E. Sumner, Middleville, and Albert L. of Grand Rapids. Mr. Harrington was the last of nine children. Although he had attained to over four score years, yet he retained his mental faculties to a remarkable degree. He leaves sixteen grand children and one great-grand child. The funeral was held at the M. E. church, the services being conducted by Rev. J. H. McIntosh, pastor. The remains were interred in Oak Grove Cemetery.

A SERIOUS RUNAWAY.

What may yet prove a fatal accident, happened to Mr. and Mrs. John R. Moore last Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Moore had finished their shopping, and about five o'clock started for home, getting in front of Jas. Ackerson's place on North Main street, when they were overtaken by the runaway team of Ed. Gorman. The team struck the Moore buggy, instantly knocking Mr. Moore out. The team also took fright and ran away, but Mrs. Moore grabbed the lines and held on until the bridge at the turn of the road was reached. Here she was also thrown out, falling the distance of ten feet, landing on the edge of the creek. Assistance was immediately at hand, and the wounded woman was removed to the house of Mr. Pottinger (the Letts place), where Dr. Strangways found her and made an examination. Mrs. Moore was raising blood, indicating that the right lung was injured, but to what extent cannot yet be told. Mr. Moore, though quite badly bruised on the head and limb, was able to walk, and his injuries are not thought serious. Considering that Mr. and Mrs. Moore weigh not far from 300 pounds each, the escape is almost a miracle. The community hopes that both of the injured people may experience a speedy and entire recovery.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The third annual convention of the Washtenaw County Sunday School Association will be held at the Baptist church, in the city of Ann Arbor, on Tuesday, April 29th, 1890, commencing at 9:30 o'clock, and continuing through the day and evening. Some of the most active and distinguished Sunday School workers in the state are assigned parts on the program, and the occasion will, undoubtedly, be one of great interest and profit to those who are in attendance. Every Sunday School in the county is earnestly requested to send delegates, as many as they choose, to this convention. Pastors of churches and Sunday School superintendents are especially invited to be present. By order of committee, THOMAS HOLMES, Pres.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Notice is hereby given that I shall prosecute without fear or favor any and all persons furnishing my son William, 14 years of age, Fredrick, 12 years of age, with tobacco in any form or shape whatsoever. See Act No. 77, Session Laws, 1889. J. D. SCHNAITMAN. April 18, 1890.

Two dozen papers at this office for five cents. Come early if you wish some of them.

YOUR FOLKS AND OURS.

Miss Kate Hooker is in Detroit. Nathan Pierce went to Jackson last Friday. J. Harkins, of Ann Arbor, was in town Saturday. Rev. Father Considine was in Detroit last Tuesday. Miss Carrie Bowen returned to Ypsilanti last Saturday. Mrs. Phil. Keusch has been very ill, and is still very low. Geo. Davis now occupies the Guerin house on Orchard street. Frank E. Bessie, of Lansing, called on Chelsea friends last Tuesday. Miss Libbie Depew went to Ann Arbor last Wednesday to visit friends. Chauncey Hummel made a short business trip to Grass Lake last Friday. Calvin Conklin and Dr. Schmid were among Grass Lake friends last Friday. Mrs. Kingsley, of Manchester, was the guest of Mrs. A. K. Calkins, Tuesday. Mr. David Thomas and daughter Ellen are visiting among friends in Jackson this week. Mrs. Loren Babcock attended the funeral of Mr. Henry Gregory at Dexter last Monday. Will Durand, of Battle Creek, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Durand over Sunday. Maud Freer commenced a term of school on the Collin's plains last Monday—her first school. E. M. Fletcher has been investigating the regions around about Iron Mountain the past week. Dan McLaren, who has resided on Orchard street, has moved back to his fine farm in Lima township. James Bacon, who has been spending a few days with his mother in town, returned to Detroit last Tuesday. Mr. Slotterbeck, of Ann Arbor, was the guest of Mr. C. H. Kempf and family last Sunday and Monday. Mrs. Reuben Kempf and daughter, Miss Nellie, of Ann Arbor, visited Miss Ella Whitaker and relatives in this place in this week. Mrs. U. H. Hinckley is away visiting this week, but will be ready to do dress making upon her return, over Sherry's harness shop. Mrs. James McLaren returned home from East Saginaw last Monday after a two weeks visit with her daughter, Mrs. Brewer at that place. Mrs. A. Burkhart and son Munson, spent several days of the past week with friends and relatives at Whitmore Lake, Dexter and other points. Rev. Dr. Haskall, of Ann Arbor, preached for the Baptist people of this place, last Sunday. While in the village he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Everett. U. Gates, who clerked for Geo. Blaich the past year, has gone back to the farm. In his removal the Baptist Sunday school loses an efficient superintendent. Dr. Raymond Wright, after looking the country over, has concluded that his chances are better here than elsewhere, and has again taken up his profession with Dr. Palmer. Mrs. Ann Dancer, mother of Mrs. R. Kempf, is quite ill at the residence of Mrs. Boyd, on Summit street. As Mrs. Dancer is about 80 years of age, her recovery is doubtful. Geo. B. Whitaker, who now resides near Jackson, writes us that he is worth a million more since Wednesday of last week, as another ten-pound boy put in its appearance on that day. We congratulate. Mr. Ormsby, who is well known here, and who is now connected with the asylum at Pontiac, spent several days of the past week here on a vacation. Mr. Ormsby fills quite a responsible position, and likes his work very much. Married April 15th at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. Mallory, their daughter Mabel to Rev. John Claffin, of Ovid, formerly of Dexter, Rev. O. C. Bailey officiating. A select company gathered to witness the marriage ceremony, each bringing with them, some smiles, more good wishes, and most useful and beautiful presents. Mr. and Mrs. Claffin left on the late train for Chicago, where they spend a few days before settling in their new field of labor at Ovid.

OUT OF THE OLD INTO THE NEW.

After conducting the hardware business for sixteen years at the corner of Main & Middle streets,

W. J. KNAPP

has moved into his Elegant New Store, on Main Street, 2 doors south of the old stand, where he will be pleased to see his old customers, who have stood by him so long, and as many new ones as will favor him. He feels

Thankful for Past Favors, and will endeavor to merit his share of patronage in time to come.

His Stock Is Complete

and his method of doing business is well known. His new store is more spacious and also more commodious than the old, is fitted up in elegant style, and has several of the most approved modern improvements. He intends to keep competent and gentlemanly clerks, and by strict attention to business himself, hopes to be able to give to old and new customers, better satisfaction than ever before. As he now has no rent to pay, his expenses will be less than before, of which gain his customers get the benefit. When fully settled, his stock will always be kept as complete as possible and for a starter he will offer some specialties that it will pay his customers to take advantage of.

GARLAND LINE

In stoves he sells the "World's best." A stove or range bearing the name of "Garland" is warranted to be the best that can be made. Housekeepers will find it to their interest to call and look through his line of granite ware, copper and tin ware, all hand made and of the best material.

Builders will find here hardware of every description in their line, and carpenters every new tool in theirs.

Farmers will find this the place, particularly this spring, to buy fence wire, a large stock having been bought before the advance in iron took place.

Agricultural Implements.

from a corn planter up to a binder, will be made a specialty. Plows, Cultivators, Mowers, Drills, Spring-tooth harrows, Binders—any implement now used upon a farm may be found here at lowest living prices. Also a complete assortment of painters' and paper-hangers' brushes, glass, paints, oils, sash, doors, etc.

Knapp's New Hardware Store will be found to be headquarters for everything in the hardware line, from a Jack Knife to a "Big Injun Sulky Plow," at prices to suit the times.

W. J. KNAPP

LITTLE KATE—A SONG.

BY J. B. SALISBURY.

It was down by the hedge-row that Little Kate wandered, Little Kate, Little Kate, Full many strange things in her wise head she pondered, Little Kate, Little Kate, There was joy in her voice, there was mirth in her eye, And she cast sunny glances around her so shy That the birds caught her secret, and twittered and warbled, 'Tis a coming, dear Kate—why are your cheeks marbled, Little Kate, Pretty Kate? Her heart was as light as a bird when it's winging, Little Kate, Pretty Kate, And she sang a sweet lay—'twas restful the singing, Little Kate, Pretty Kate, 'My Harry is coming, my sailor, to-day, For his ship lies at anchor over there on the bay; Soon his strong honest heart will beat firmly 'gainst mine— He's my king, I'm his kingdom, and love is the wine— I am Kate, Little Kate.' But her Harry returned not—neath the green seas he's sleeping, Little Kate, Little Kate, While the elves and the fairies above him are weeping, Little Kate, Pretty Kate, Alone she still wanders by the hedge-row and thorn, And sighs: 'He is coming, it may be at morn; He will ask the kind queen of the fairies to bring, To bring him to Lathmoor to hear Kitty sing, Little Kate, Lonely Kate,' BARBIE CENTRE, N. Y.

The Piccadilly Puzzle.

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

By F. W. HUME.

CHAPTER VII.

A JUVENILE DETECTIVE. Flip was a small, dried-up looking boy, born and brought up in a London slum. He had no pretensions—at least, none that he could remember—and had been asked how he came into existence he would probably have answered, Topsy-like, that he "grewed." His mother and father had both deserted him at an early age, giving him nothing to remember them by, not even a name, so he was thrown on the world a squalling brat. Nevertheless, he managed to get along somehow to the age of fifteen, at which period of his life Dowker chanced on him and his prospects began to improve.

Dowker underneath his drab exterior concealed a kind heart, and having met Flip one night in the rain, had taken compassion on the miserable morsel of humanity and given him a cup of coffee to warm him and a roll of bread to satisfy his hunger. Flip was so touched at this disinterested kindness that he attached himself with dog-like fidelity to the detective and tried to serve him to the best of his small ability.

Having had to fight his way in the world, Flip had developed a wonderful sharpness of intellect at a very early age, and Dowker turned this hunger-educated instinct to good account, for he often set the little urchin to follow cabs, run messages, and do other small matters which he required. Flip performed all these duties so well and promptly that Dowker began to take an interest in him, and set to work to cultivate this stunted flower which had sprung up amid the evil weeds of the slums. He had a meeting place appointed with Flip in Drury Lane, and whenever he wanted him went there to seek him out. Flip listened to his patron's instructions carefully, and, having a wonderfully tenacious memory of an uncivilized kind, he never forgot what he was told. In return for services rendered, Dowker gave him a shilling a week, and on this small sum Flip managed to exist, with occasional help from casual passers-by. Every one in London knows Drury Lane, that quaint, dirty narrow street leading to the Strand.

Flip was sitting considering at the edge of the pavement, with his feet, for sake of coolness, in the gutter, and his eyes fixed on three dirty pennies lying in his own dirty drowsy palm.

"Wot's h'up, guv'nor?" he asked, with a leer. Flip's leer was not pleasant—it had such an unholly appearance. "More larks—my eye, I thort I'd never twig you again. 'Ave you bin 'over the garden-wall arter a prig'?"

"Hold your tongue," said Dowker, sharply. "I want you to do something for me—arg you heary?"

"Not much," said Flip, coolly, "but I don't mind a' an' sn'wich."

Dowker cast a sharp glance at the ragged little figure walking beside him. "Where have you been getting money?" he asked.

"My eye, it's a rigger game," said Flip, rubbing his grimy hands together, as they turned into a ham and beef shop. "I'll tell yer all—am I'll 'ave an' bread."

Being supplied with these luxuries at the expense of Dowker, Flip stuffed his mouth with a liberal portion, and then began to talk.

"Larst Monday," he began. "Ha," said Dowker, suddenly recollecting the date of the murder, "yesterday?"

"No, the Monday afore," said Flip, "it were at nite, h'awful foggy, my eye, a rigger coker it were. I was as 'ungry as a bloomin' tyke an' couldn't find you no-how, so I up I goes to Soho to see 'old Jem Mux, you knows 'im, guv'nor, the cove as keeps the 'Pink 'Un'."

"Yes, the sporting 'ub," replied Dowker.

"Same game," said Flip, "e gives me sunmat to eat when I asks it, so I goes h'up to cidge some victuals. I gits cold meat, my h'ey, prime, an' bread an' beer, so when I ad copped the grub, I was a-gittin' away h'out of the bar when a swell cove comes in—lor', what a swell—fur coat an' a shiny at. Ses 'e to the gal, ses 'e, 'Is that ere sprin' comin' off this evenin'?' 'Yes,' says 'e, 'in the drovin'-room.' Right you 'ave, ses 'e. 'I want to see it afore I leave Hengland. I was a-goin' down to my 'yotsh,' ses 'e, 'but I'll put it off till to-morrow, as I wants to see this set-to,' then 'e twigs me, an' ses 'e, 'Are you cold?' ses 'e. 'Yes,

ses I. 'Ungry?' 'Not much,' ses I. 'Ere's some tin for you, you pore little devil, an' I'm blessed if 'e didn't tip me a sov, so I've been livin' like a dook on it since I sawr you—nice game, ain't it, guv'nor'?"

During this recital Dowker had not paid much attention till Flip spoke of the yacht, then he suddenly pricked up his ears, for it dawned on him that this unknown benefactor of Flip's might possibly be Lord Calliston.

"Monday night he was going out of town," murmured Dowker, "but he was always a sporting blade, so perhaps he stopped for this fight and then went down next morning. I wonder where he met Lady Balscombe. Ah, well, it's nothing to do with the murder at all events; but I'd like to know if he really did leave town on the night."

Then he turned to Flip. "Did the swell see Jem Mux?" he asked sharply.

"Rather," said Flip, an' Jem 'e called 'im 'is lord, so 'e must 'ave been a bloomin' blandin' toff."

"My lord," repeated Dowker thoughtfully, "Oh, no doubt it was Lord Calliston. I wonder if he's had anything to do with the death of his mistress; it's curious if he stopped in town all night that he didn't go back to his chambers. About what time was this?" he asked, aloud.

"About nine," said Flip, promptly, "or half-past."

"Nine," echoed Dowker; "then in that case he must have stayed in town all night, as the last train to Shoreham is about half-past. I'll look into this business, but meantime I want to find out Desmond's little game."

Flip had now finished his meal, and was waiting impatiently for instructions from his chief.

"Wot's h'up, guv'nor?" he asked, his black beady eyes fixed on the detective. Dowker glanced at his watch.

"It's about 2," he said, replacing it, "and I want you to meet me at the Marble Arch about a quarter to 3."

"Wot for?"

"To follow a lady and gentleman and overhear what they say," said Dowker; "I'll show you whom I mean. Don't lose a word of their conversation and then repeat it all to me."

"I'm fly," said Flip, with a wink, and then this curiously assorted pair departed, Dowker to his office for a few minutes, and Flip to wait his way to the rendezvous at Marble Arch.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

May Penfold was a very pretty girl, tall and fair-haired, with a pair of merry blue eyes, and a charming complexion. Her parents died when she was young, and left her to the care of Sir Rupert Balscombe, who certainly fulfilled his trust admirably. He had her well educated, both intellectually and physically, so when she made her debut in London society she was much admired. An accomplished musician and linguist, a daring horse-woman, and a kiddy disposition, it was no wonder that she was much sought after; but when added to these gifts it was also discovered that she possessed twenty thousand a year in her own right, she became the catch of the season, and many were the attempts made by hard-up scions of noble houses to secure her hand in marriage.

But alas for the contrary disposition of womankind, she would have none of the gilded youth, but fixed her affections on Myles Desmond, a poor Irish gentleman, with nothing to recommend him but a handsome face, a clever brain, and a witty tongue. In vain Lord Calliston asked her to be his wife; she coolly refused him, telling the astonished nobleman that neither his morals nor his manners were to her liking, and informed Sir Rupert that she intended to marry Myles Desmond.

The baronet was furious at this declaration, and as May was under age and could not marry without her guardian's consent, he forbade Myles the house, and ordered his ward not to speak to him. But see how the duplicity of love can circumvent the water-tightness of guardians. May and Myles met secretly in the park, at garden parties, and at balls, whenever they chose, and so cleverly did they manage their meetings that Sir Rupert never for a moment suspected the truth. He wanted his ward to marry Calliston, but when that fickle young man ran off with Lady Balscombe he changed his tune altogether, and had May been clever enough to have taken advantage of his dismay, he would doubtless have consented to her union with Myles, despite the disadvantages of the match.

At this time of the year there were comparatively few people in town who knew her; nevertheless, for the sake of safety, she dressed herself plainly in a dark dress and wore a thick veil which concealed her face. Thus disguised she had no fear of being recognized, and arrived at the rendezvous about five minutes past three o'clock. There she found Myles waiting for her, and they walked together into the park, feeling perfectly secure from interruption or detection. But they did not know that they were being shadowed by a small ragged boy who was apparently playing idly about them.

Dowker, recognizing Myles, pointed him out to Flip and departed at once, lest he should be seen by Desmond; so when Flip saw May join the young Irishman he knew it was the couple whose conversation he was there to overhear, and followed them promptly.

Myles and Miss Penfold walked a short distance into the park and then seated themselves for a while—two ordinary-looking figures, not calculated to attract much notice; for, the day being cold, Myles was muffled up in a large ulster, and May's dress, as previously noticed, was not conspicuous.

Flip sat down on the grass at the back of them, apparently engaged in spelling out a dirty newspaper, but in reality drinking in every word the lovers uttered.

They were continuing a conversation begun when they first met.

"Does this man suspect you?" said May, evidently referring to Dowker.

"I'm afraid so," he replied, gloomily, "and I cannot open my mouth to defend myself."

"Why?"

"Because my only defense would be an explanation of the events of that night, and I cannot explain."

"Why not?"

He remained silent, at which the girl turned pale.

"Yes."

"Is that reason—a woman?" Myles bowed his head.

Mis Penfold grew a shade paler and laughed bitterly.

"A pleasant reason to give me," she said, with a sneer. "I have given up all else for your sake, because I thought you loved me, and you—you—talk of another woman to me."

"This is nonsense," he answered, impatiently. "There is no love in the case; it simply involves the breaking of a promise given to a woman, and you would be the last to ask me to do that. Can you not believe in my honor?"

May looked at him doubtfully. "Can I believe in any man's honor?" she replied, sadly.

"That depends who the man is," answered Myles quietly. "It is simply a case of Lovela e over again: I would not love thee, dear, so much, Loved I not honor more."

It is absurd—quixotic—ridiculous—to talk about honor in these days. I grant you, but unfortunately I inherit loyal blood, and—well, I must ask you to trust me till I can speak."

"And you will speak?"

"Yes, if it comes to the worst," he replied, with a slight shiver.

The girl gave him her hand, which he took and pressed slightly, so thus mutely they made up their quarrel.

All the foregoing conversation about honor was Greek to Flip, who, after some cogitation, came to the conclusion it was a scene out of the play. But now they began to talk on a subject more suited to his comprehension.

"May," said Myles, "I want you to tell me all that Lady Balscombe did on—that night."

"The night when she eloped?"

"Yes."

"Let me see," said May, knitting her pretty brows, "we went to a ball—to Lady Kerstoke's."

"At what time?"

"Between nine and ten."

"And what time did you leave?"

"Very early—about half past ten; in fact, we were there only a few moments. Lady Balscombe said she had a headache and went home. You know our house is only a few doors away. I expect she only went there to avert suspicion as to her elopement."

"What happened when she came home?"

"There was a woman waiting to see her in her boudoir."

"A woman?" repeated Desmond; "who was she?"

"I don't know; I didn't even see her. She saw Lady Balscombe and then left the house between eleven and twelve."

"How do you know?"

"My maid told me."

"And what time did Lady Balscombe leave?"

"I don't know. I did not see her again that night. She went to bed because of her headache, and, I suppose, departed early in the morning to catch the train to Shoreham."

"Where was Sir Rupert all this time?"

"He had been down in Berkshire, but arrived some time before 12—he and Lady Balscombe had quarreled lately, and occupied different rooms. Besides, he went off to his club on arriving in town, so he could not know of her flight till the morning."

"Did she leave a letter for him?"

"I suppose so; but why do you ask all these questions?"

"Because I want to save my neck, if possible. The woman who was murdered is said to be Lena Sarschina, whom I saw during the day. I saw a woman in Calliston's rooms on the same night, whom the detective thinks was the same person. Now, between the time I left the chambers and the time I met Spencer Ellersby I was wandering about the streets and, as I spoke to no one, I cannot prove an alibi. Ellersby met me coming up St. James street, and the scene of the crime was not far off, so, if I am arrested, circumstances will tell very hard against me. Nobody will believe my assertion that I did not see the dead woman in that tight, and I cannot prove it without breaking my promise."

"I see what you mean, but what has Lady Balscombe to do with it?"

"Simply this: I am anxious to find out if Calliston really left town on that night, because I want to know if he had anything to do with the death of his mistress. He left his chamber to catch the ten-minutes-past-9 train from London bridge; but did he catch it? I think not, because he would not have left town without Lady Balscombe, and, from your own showing, she did not leave her house till early on Tuesday morning. So I think Calliston must have remained in town at some hotel, where she joined him, and they went down to Shoreham by the first train in the morning."

"But you don't think Calliston killed this woman?"

"No, I don't think so," he answered, thoughtfully. "I really don't think so, but I would like to have all his movements on that night accounted for. As for myself, I am in a very awkward position, for, if arrested, I cannot extricate myself from it till Calliston returns."

"Why?"

"Because, till his yacht comes back, I cannot prove my innocence."

"But you are innocent?"

"How can you doubt me?"

"I was certain of it."

"I hope the jury of twelve good and lawful men will be as certain," he replied, grimly, as he walked away.

Flip followed them at a distance, but only caught scraps of conversation which seemed to him to be about trivial matters. So, with all the conversation, he had heard in the Park indelibly inscribed on his brain, Flip darted away to give his patron an accurate report, and thus add another link to the chain which was gradually encircling the murderer of Lena Sarschina.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mrs. Austin as a Crusader.

"Have you read what those women out West went and done the other day?" Mr. Austin asked his wife as they sat at the breakfast table.

"Dunno whether I have or not," replied Mrs. Austin, somewhat testily. She wasn't feeling very well that morning, because her hired girl had quit her in a huff and she was compelled to do the housework until another one could be obtained.

"That's just like you," said Mr. Austin, impatiently, "you never seem to take any interest in the affairs of your sex."

"Got about all I can do to look after our own affairs," replied Mrs. A., with more spirit than she often displayed, but she was nervous and tired.

"All over the world women are rising up and endeavoring to throw off their thralldom," cried Mr. A., grandiloquently. "After being crushed down for centuries they are beginning to assert their manhood—I mean their womanhood, and to show that they will no longer be trodden down under the iron heel of the oppressor."

"What have the women been doing out West?" asked Mrs. Austin, with dawning interest, although she had a very confused idea as to where "out West" was located.

"In a body they tackled the demon, Alcohol!" said Mr. Austin, putting great emphasis on the last word.

"Gracious!" cried Mrs. Austin, "do you mean to say they took to drink in a body? How dreadful!"

"No, no! They made an attack on King Alcohol in his stronghold, the saloon. They vanquished the saloon-keeper, seized his poisonous stuff and emptied it into the street. Ah!" cried Mr. Austin, rising to his feet and pointing to an imaginary group of strong-minded women smashing bottles and demijohns, "there are women to admire!"

"But, John," said Mrs. Austin, dolefully, "would you want me to break into saloons with an axe and go to smashing in the heads of whisky barrels?"

"You would if you were at all inspired with the spirit of the Crusades—if you recognized the true mission of women, to battle against wrong and clear the moral atmosphere of the times. Ah, Mrs. Austin, you are not equal to the demands of the hour. You do not possess the heroic spirit of those brave and noble women of the West. How I could admire and worship you if you were made of that sort of stuff, and would emulate their glorious example."

Mrs. Austin was silent for a moment, then rising hastily she went into the kitchen. She quickly returned with a look of firmness on her face and the kitchen poker in her hand. She strode resolutely to the side-board, and bringing out a demijohn of "Old Rye" she smashed it with one blow of the poker.

"Mrs. Austin! are you crazy?" cried her astonished husband springing to his feet.

"I suppose I am a little off," cried Mrs. Austin, deftly knocking off the head of a brandy bottle. Then she followed up the attack by assailing the various bottles of liquor, standing on the shelves.

"Wife! wife! you are—"

"I'm a crusader! Whoopee!" and again the poker descended among the cherished bottles of select liquors. "I'm going for the demon, Alcohol!"

"But these are for family use," exclaimed Mr. Austin, dodging a reckless swing of the poker that came within dangerous proximity to his head.

"Well, ain't the family using 'em?"

"Stay thy hand, woman!" (With stern authority.)

"Can't any of this stuff stay here," aiming a deft blow at a bottle labeled "Old Tom Gin."

"I'll call the police!"

"Call anybody! I'm following your advice—attacking King Alcohol in his stronghold. Emulating the noble women of the West! Hurrah!"

Mr. Austin gazed ruefully at the devastation wrought, and then went off in a rage, while Mrs. Austin went off in a fit of hysterics.—Texas Sitings.

Substitute for a Pair of Blue Stockings.

The daughter of a Norwich, Conn., shoemaker was the acknowledged belle in society circles, and when her doting father brought her a cute little pair of slippers he had made her expressly for the occasion her joy knew no bounds. The great day came at last, as all days, great or small, have a habit of doing. Early in the evening the beauty laid all her finery carefully on the bed, the dress washed and ironed by her own fair hands, her new slippers and only good pair of stockings, reserved for such occasions; ribbons for her waist and hair. Then, with shining eyes, she stood off and admired the collection with glowing anticipation of the hearts she would break and the envy of her girl friends.

The time for dressing finally arrived and like the majority of her sex, she almost completed her toilet before putting on her stockings and slippers. The latter were where she had left them, but the stockings were not. She searched the whole room over, frantically pulling the bed to pieces, in vain. Then she darted down to the parlor, where the parents awaited her coming, with the dreadful information that her only pair of stockings had in some mysterious way vanished. What should she do? To go without was impossible, for the dancing length of dresses was more abbreviated at that time than now and allowed a more liberal display of an ankle.

To remain at home would break her heart; besides, if the cause of her absence became known, she would have to endure the ridicule of all those she

had snubbed at other times. A stood in speechless despair, the trickling down her pretty face, her attention was caught and held by bucket containing blue paint, which old man had bought that day to fresh "coat" on the front of the house. In a twinkling she caught the brush and dashed back to her room. The amazed parents thought the appointment had turned her brain, not so. It was rather late when family got to the ball, but when did arrive Beauty was quickly rounded with admirers, and when favored man tucked her under his arm and they took their places at the of the "set" forming, a perfect but envy went around the room on the of the girls, and of admiration on part of the men, but the only remark made: "What a lovely pair of stockings Beauty has on." Of protest may have outdressed her, no one will deny that she "outstepped" the crowd.

Not Quite Hopeless.

There are various ways of estimating a man's worth and standing. An gentleman who had evidently been quite indifferent to the fact that one his summer boarders was a learned man, and had written several books openly expressed his admiration when she went into the kitchen and made some excellent biscuits. "That's what I like, a woman that knows something worth while!" remarked he, on sitting down to the supper table. The author of "Winters in Algeria" depended as slight an event, to demonstrate own common sense to his Alger guide.

"Now, Miloud," said I, "why do you not educate the girls?"

"Oh, the girls are of no consequence. They can do housework, and wash pavements of the mosques, but they are good for nothing. All the misfortune in the world comes through women. They are to blame for everything that goes wrong, and if a husband gets tired of a wife he has a perfect right to see her away."

"But, Miloud, you are not enlightened, according to our views. You need to make a trip to our northern countries, where you will find that am not the only one to uphold the rights of women."

He stopped short in the road, and with his forefinger to his forehead, said gravely:

"Really, monsieur, it is incomprehensible; you look like an intelligent man, and seem to know a great many things, and judge of them in a sensible manner just as I do, but I do not understand how you can talk about women in this way."

I asked him for the subject for a moment I took him for my overcoat and remarked that the evening was growing chilly. As we had been walking fast, thought it prudent to put the garment on, and gave my reasons for avoiding the cold.

Miloud evidently saw in my remark some signs of reasoning power, and flattered me by saying:

"Ah, that was just what I was going to tell you, that you should put on your overcoat. Did you think of that yourself? You have, indeed, some good ideas!"—Exchange.

How a Piano Would Have Affected Brother Bill.

Some years ago, when pianos were not so numerous as at the present time an Arkansaw man, a genuine character who had been born and bred in the backwoods, happened to be in a river town on the banks of the "Father of Waters" when one of its largest and most magnificent steamboats was lying at the pier. Our hero was magnificently clad in a wolfskin cap and blue homespun trousers thrust into his enormous cowhide boots. His huge rough hands were adorned with massive brass rings and also by several warts as large as nutmegs. Attracted by the sound of music the genius strolled on board the boat and accosted the captain:

"Mornin', stranger. Pretty pert music hereabouts. Where might it be stranger?"

"In the lower cabin, sir."

"Mought I take a look at the machine?"

"Certainly, sir; walk down."

The gentleman from Arkansaw needed no second invitation. He went down stairs into the cabin and, approaching the instrument, literally devoured it with his eyes. The young lady who was seated at it continued playing and the man from Arkansaw was wrapped in silent wonder.

At length, when the sound ceased, he raised his cap respectfully and addressed the audience:

"Ladies, I am much obliged to you for the kindness you have done me. I never heard one of them things before and I never 'spect to again."

"You appeared to be very much pleased with it," observed a lady.

"Why, yes, madam, I am somewhat, and perhaps I should like it better if I had an ear for music, like my brother. Yes, I like it well enough, but if my brother Bill could only hear that ere thifz ladies he'd tear his shirt and fall right thru' it!"

The ladies had the sense to laugh, played another piece, and then the Arkansaw man went on shore highly delighted.—Sunday Mercury.

At the funeral of John Cozzens, a prominent citizen of Spotswood, N. J., some one discovered that there were thirteen carriages in the procession, and one carriage was withdrawn.

A COLORED girl in Tennessee bears the following name: Carrie Ann Happy Ann Ann Eliza Scales Blow-the-Bellows Potters' Field Rose Ann Thomas.

who has practiced medicine for forty years, to know salt from sugar. Read the following:

TOLEDO, Ohio, Jan. 10, 1887.

Dr. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen:—I have used your medicine for forty years, and would say that in all cases of Catarrh of the bladder, your medicine is the only one that I could prescribe with as much confidence as I can. I have prescribed your medicine for many years, and its effect is wonderful. I can say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure. If you will take it according to directions.

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Office, 215 Summit street.
For any case of Catarrh that will not be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure, I will give \$100 for any case of Catarrh that will be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sole and Wholesale Druggists, 75c.

The Russian Government intends to considerably raise the rates on nearly all merchandise transported over the railroads belonging to the State. A special session is now at work elaborating a

"Oh, So Tired!"
is the cry of thousands every Spring. For that Tired Feeling take **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** and recover Health and Vigor. It Makes the Weak Strong. Prepared by **Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**

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Children always Enjoy It. SCOTT'S EMULSION. of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk. Children enjoy it rather than otherwise. A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER. It is indeed, and the little lads and lassies who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season. Beware of substitutions and imitations.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. THE GREAT CONQUEROR OF PAIN. For Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pain in the Chest or Sides, Headache, Toothache, or any other external pain, a few applications rubbed on by hand act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop. For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, move thorough and repeated applications are necessary. All Internal Pains, Diarrhea, Colic, Spasms, Hoarseness, Fainting Spells, Nervousness, Sleeplessness are relieved instantly, and quickly cured by taking inwardly 20 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water. 50c. a bottle. All Druggists.

RADWAY'S PINK PILLS, An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and best Medicine of the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH OR BOWELS. Taken according to directions they will restore health and renew vitality. Price 25 cts. a Box. Sold by All Druggists.

To Dispel Colds, Headaches and Fevers, to cleanse the system effectually, yet gently, when constive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, use Syrup of Figs.

Hypnotism in Love. The French have discovered a new way of drawing unrequited love out of the hearts of the lads and lassies of that country. Hypnotism is the medium used, and one of the cases where it was used is thus reported in a Paris journal: "A young man became deeply enamored of a lady, who did not reciprocate his passion. He was hypnotized, and his hand was placed in the hand of another. When he recovered he was perfectly indifferent to his love, and the recipient of his passion was plunged deep into Cupid's toils. The latter was hypnotized and told to abandon his folly. When he was restored he had no love for anybody, and there wasn't a particle of love left in the room."

Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. There is certainly something remarkable in this preparation, as it is meeting with a success never attained by any other medicine. It never fails if used as directed. For over twenty years I have been a great sufferer from the effects of a diseased stomach, and for three years past have been unable to do business. Two years ago my case was pronounced incurable. I visited different water cures and climates, all to no purpose. Last June I began taking Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup (prepared by Hibbard's Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich.), and at once began to feel better. I have used thirteen bottles and am a well man. EDWARD BAKER, Master Mechanic and Blacksmith, 202 Jackson street, Jackson, Mich.

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The Reason She Was Not Invited. Two Harlem ladies riding on a Madison avenue car were conversing upon social events, when one of them, mentioning a recent affair, remarked: "I was never so tired in all my life as I was after Mrs. Blank's party; but we had a splendid time. I did not see you there." "No; in fact, I never received an invitation. Were there many present?" "No, not many. It was a very select affair," answered the friend, sweetly.

Some Foolish People Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away, but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial size free. At all Druggists."

There is a lesson in perseverance to be learned from a woodpecker that makes an annual visit to a certain steeple in North St. Joseph every spring. Although this church steeple is completely covered with tin, he puts in his appearance in the early morning, and pecks and pecks throughout the entire day. Last year was his third season, and up to that time he had not succeeded in making a dent in the tin; however, he was good-natured as ever and seemed well pleased with the results. The people of that vicinity expect his advent soon again, and when he comes it is certain that his maneuvers will be watched with more interest than ever before.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills. These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No gripping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of Sick Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

Mr. Meeson's Will.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER V.

THE R. M. S. KANGAROO.

It was on Tuesday evening that a mighty vessel was steaming majestically out of the mouth of the Thames and shaping her imposing course straight at the ball of the setting sun. Most people will remember reading descriptions of the steamship Kangaroo, and being astonished at the power of her engines, the beauty of her fittings, and the extraordinary speed—about eighteen knots—which she developed in her trials, with an unusually low expenditure of coal. For the benefit of those who have not, however, it may be stated that the Kangaroo, the Little Kangaroo, as she was ironically named among sailor men, was the very latest development of the science of modern ship building. Everything about her, from the electric light and boiler tubes up, was on a new and a patent system.

Quicker and quicker she sped along and spurred the churning water from her swift sides. She was running under a full head of steam now, and the coast line of England grew faint and low in the faint, low light, till at last it vanished from the gaze of a tall, slim girl, who stood forward, clinging to the bulwark bulwark netting and looking with deep gray eyes across the waste of waters. Presently Augusta, for it was she, could see the shore no more, and turned to watch the other passengers and think. She was sad at heart, poor girl, and felt what she was—a very wail upon the sea of life. Not that she had much to regret upon the vanished coast line. A little grave with a white cross over it—that was all. She had left no friends to weep for her, none. But even as she thought it a recollection rose up in her mind of Eustace Meeson's pleasant, handsome face, and of his kind words, and with it came a pang as she reflected that, in all probability, she would never see the one nor hear the other again. Why, she wondered, had he not come to see her again? She should have liked to bid him "good by," and had half a mind to send him a note and tell him of her going. This, on second thought, however, she had decided not to do; for one thing, she did not know his address, and—well, there was an end of it.

Could she by the means of clairvoyance have seen Eustace's face and heard his words, she would have regretted her decision. For even as that great vessel plunged on her fierce way right into the heart of the gathering darkness, he was standing at the door of the lodging house in the little street in Birmingham.

"Gone!" he was saying. "Miss Smithers gone to New Zealand! What is her address?"

"She didn't leave no address, sir," replies the dirty maid of all work with a grin. "She went from here two days ago, and was going on to the ship in London."

"What was the name of the ship?" he asks, in despair.

"Kan-Kon-Conger-eel," replies the girl in triumph, and shuts the door in his face.

Poor Eustace! he had gone to London to try and get some employment, and having after some difficulty succeeded in obtaining a billet as reader in Latin, French and English to a publishing house of good repute at the salary of £180 a year, he had hurried back to Birmingham for the sole purpose of seeing Miss Augusta Smithers, with whom, if the whole truth must be told, he had, to his credit, he it said, fallen deeply, truly and violently in love. Indeed, so far was he in this way gone that he had determined to make all the progress that he could and, if he thought that there was any prospect of success, to declare his passion.

Pity a poor young man! To come from London to Birmingham to woo one's gray-eyed mistress, in a third-class carriage, too, and find her gone to New Zealand, whither circumstances prevented him from following her, without leaving a word or a line, or even an address behind her! It was too bad. Well, there was no remedy in the matter; so he walked to the railway station and groaned and swore all the way back to London.

Augusta, on board the Kangaroo, was, however, in utter ignorance of this act of devotion on the part of her admirer; indeed, she did not even know that he was her admirer. Feeling a curious sinking sensation within her, she was about to go below to her cabin, which she shared with a lady's maid, not knowing whether to attribute it to sentimental qualms incidental to her lonely departure from the land of her birth, or to other qualms connected with a first experience of life upon the ocean wave. About that moment, however, a burly quartermaster addressed her in gruff tones and informed her that if she wanted to see the last of "hold-Habion" she had better go aft a bit, and look over the port side and she would see the something or other light. Accordingly, more to prove to herself that she was not seasick than for any other reason, she did so; and, standing as far aft as the second class passengers were allowed to go, stared at the quick flashes of the light house as, second by second, they sent their message across the great waste of sea.

As she stood there, holding on to a stanchion to steady herself, for the vessel, large as she was, had begun to get a bit of a roll on, she was suddenly aware of a bulky figure of a man, which came running, or rather reeling, against the bulwarks alongside of her, where it—or rather he—was, instantly and violently sick. Augusta was, not unnaturally, almost horrified into following the figure's

or from some other cause, it loosed its hold and rolled into the scuppers, where it lay feebly swearing. Augusta, obeying a tender impulse of humanity, hurried forward and stretched out the hand of succor, and presently, between her help and that of the bulwark nettings, the man struggled to his feet. As he did so his face came close to hers, and in the dim light she recognized the fat, coarse features, now blanched with misery, of Mr. Meeson, the publisher. There was no doubt about it; it was her enemy—the man whose behavior had indirectly, as she believed, caused the death of her little sister. She dropped his hand with an exclamation of disgust and dismay, and as she did so he recognized who she was.

"Halloo!" he said, with a faint and rather feeble attempt to assume his fine old trusted publishing company manners. "Halloo! Miss Jemima—Smithers, I mean; what on earth are you doing here?"

"I am going to New Zealand, Mr. Meeson," she answered sharply, "and I certainly did not expect to have the pleasure of your company on the voyage."

"Going to New Zealand," he said, "are you? Why, so am I; at least, I am going there first, then to Australia. What do you mean to do there—try and run round our little agreement, eh? It won't be any good, I tell you plainly. We have our agents in New Zealand, and a house in Australia, and if you try to get the better of Meeson's there, Meeson's will be even with you, Miss Smithers—Oh, heavens! I feel as though I were coming to pieces."

"Don't alarm yourself, Mr. Meeson," she answered, "I am not going to publish any more books at present."

"That is a pity," he said, "because your stuff is good selling stuff. Any publisher would find money in it. I suppose you are second class, Miss Smithers, so we shan't see much of each other; and, perhaps, if we should meet, it might be as well if we didn't seem to have any acquaintance. It don't look well for a man in my position to know second class passengers, especially young lady passengers who write novels."

"You need not be afraid, Mr. Meeson; I have no wish to claim your acquaintance," said Augusta.

At this point her enemy was taken violently worse again, and, being unable to stand the sight and sound of his writhing and groaning, she fed forward; and, reflecting on this strange and awkward meeting, went down to her own berth, where, with half intervals, she remained helpless and lucid stupid for the next three days. On the fourth day, however, she reappeared on deck, quite recovered and with an excellent appetite. She had her breakfast, and then went and sat forward in as quiet a place as she could find.

Suddenly she was astonished by the appearance of a splendid official bearing a book. At first, from the quantity of gold lace with which his uniform was adorned, Augusta took him to be the captain, but it presently transpired that he was only the chief steward.

"Please, miss," he said, touching his hat and holding out the book in his hand toward her, "the captain sends his compliments and wants to know if you are the young lady who wrote this."

Augusta glanced at the work. It was a copy of "Jemima's Vow." Then she replied that she was the writer of it, and the steward vanished.

Later in the morning came another surprise. The gorgeous official again appeared, touched his cap, and said that the captain desired him to say that orders had been given to have her things moved to a cabin further aft. At first Augusta demurred to this, not from any love of the lady's maid, but because she had a truly British objection to being ordered about.

"Captain's orders, miss," said the man, touching his cap again, and she yielded.

Nor had she any cause to regret doing so; for to her huge delight, she found herself moved into a charming deck cabin on the starboard side of the vessel, some little way abaft the engine room. It was evidently an officer's cabin, for there, over the head of the bed, was the picture of the young lady he adored, and also some neatly titled shelves of books, a rack of telescopes, and other seamanlike contrivances.

"Am I to have this cabin to myself?" asked Augusta of the steward.

"Yes, miss; those are the captain's orders. It is Mr. Jones' cabin, Mr. Jones is the second officer; but he has turned in with Mr. Thomas, the first officer, and given up the cabin to you."

"I am sure it is very kind of Mr. Jones," murmured Augusta, not knowing what to make of this turn of fortune. But surprises were not to end there. A few minutes afterward, just as she was leaving the cabin, a gentleman in uniform came up, in whom she recognized the captain. He was accompanied by a pretty, fair-haired woman, very becomingly dressed.

"Excuse me; Miss Smithers, I believe?" he said, with a bow.

"Yes."

"I am Capt. Alton. I hope you like your new cabin. Let me introduce you to Lady Holmhurst, wife of Lord Holmhurst, the New Zealand governor, you know. Lady Holmhurst, this is Miss Smithers, whose book you were talking so much about."

"Oh! I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Miss Smithers," said the great lady in a manner that evidently was not assumed. "Capt. Alton has promised that I shall sit next to you at dinner, and then we can have a good talk. I don't know when I have been so much delighted with anything as I was with your book. I have read it three times; what do you think of that for a busy woman?"

"I think there is some mistake," said Augusta, hurriedly and with a slight blush. "I am a second class passenger on board this ship, and therefore cannot have the pleasure of sitting next to Lady Holmhurst."

"Oh, that is all right, Miss Smithers," said the captain, with a jolly laugh. "You are my guest, and I shall take no denial."

"When we find genius for once in our lives we are not going to lose the opportunity of sitting at its feet," added Lady Holmhurst, with a little movement toward her which was neither courtesy nor bow, but rather a happy combination of both. The compliment was, Augusta felt, sincere, however much it exaggerated the measure of her poor capacities, and

passing other things aside, was, coming as it did from one woman to another, peculiarly graceful and surprising. She blushed and bowed, scarcely knowing what to say, when suddenly Mr. Meeson's harsh tones, pitched just now in a respectful key, broke upon her ear. Mr. Meeson was addressing no less a person than Lord Holmhurst, G. C. M. G. Lord Holmhurst was a stout, short, dark little man, with a somewhat pompous manner and a kindly face.

"I was repeating, my lord," said the harsh voice of Mr. Meeson, "that the principle of hereditary peerage is the grandest principle our country has yet developed. It gives us something to look forward to. In one generation we make the money; in the next we take the title which the money buys. Look at your lordship. Your lordship is now in a proud position, but, as I have understood, your lordship's father was a trader like me."

"Hum!—well, not exactly, Mr. Meeson," broke in Lord Holmhurst. "Dear me, I wonder who that exceedingly nice looking girl Lady Holmhurst is talking to you?"

"Now, your lordship, to put a case," went on the remorseless Meeson, who, like most people of his stamp, had an almost superstitious veneration for the aristocracy, "I have made a great deal of money, as I do not mind telling your lordship. What is there to prevent my successor—supposing I have a successor—from taking advantage of that money, and rising on it to a similar position to that so worthily occupied by your lordship?"

"Exactly, Mr. Meeson. A most excellent idea for your successor. Excuse me, but I see Lady Holmhurst beckoning to me." And he fled precipitately, still followed by Mr. Meeson.

"John, my dear," said Lady Holmhurst, "I want to introduce you to Miss Smithers—the Miss Smithers whom we have all been talking about and whose book you have been reading; Miss Smithers, my husband."

Lord Holmhurst bowed most politely, and was proceeding to tell Augusta, in very charming language, how delighted he was to make her acquaintance, when Mr. Meeson arrived on the scene and perceived Augusta for the first time. Quite taken aback at finding her, apparently, upon the best of terms with people of such quality, he hesitated to consider what course to adopt, whereupon Lady Holmhurst, in a somewhat formal way, for she was not very fond of Mr. Meeson, mistaking his hesitation, went on to introduce him. Thereupon, all in a moment, as we do sometimes take such resolutions, Augusta came to a determination. She would have nothing more to do with Mr. Meeson—she would repudiate him then and there, come what would of it.

So, as he advanced upon her with outstretched hand, she drew herself up, and in a cold and determined voice said: "I already know Mr. Meeson, Lady Holmhurst, and I do not wish to have anything more to do with him. Mr. Meeson has not behaved well to me."

"Pon my word," murmured Lord Holmhurst to himself, "I don't wonder she has had enough of him. Sensible young woman, that!"

Lady Holmhurst looked a little astonished and a little amused. Suddenly, however, a light broke upon her.

"Oh! I see," she said. "I suppose that Mr. Meeson published 'Jemima's Vow.' Of course that accounts for it. Why, I declare there is the dinner bell! Come along, Miss Smithers, or we shall lose the place that the captain has promised us." And, accordingly, they went, leaving Mr. Meeson, who had not yet fully realized the unprecedented nature of the position, positively gasping on the deck. And on board the Kangaroo there were no clerks and editors on whom he could wreak the wrath!

"And now, my dear Miss Smithers," said Lady Holmhurst when, dinner being over, they were sitting together in the moonlight, near the wheel, "perhaps you will tell me why you don't like Mr. Meeson, whom, by the way, I personally detest. But don't, if you don't wish to, you know."

But Augusta did wish to, and then and there she unfolded her whole sad story into her new found friend's sympathetic ear; and glad enough the poor girl was to find a confidant to whom she could unbosom her sorrows.

"Well, upon my word!" said Lady Holmhurst, when she had listened with tears in her eyes to the history of poor little Jeanie's death, "upon my word, of all the brutes I ever heard of, I think that this publisher of yours is the worst! I will cut him, and get my husband to cut him, too. But no, I have a better plan than that—He shall tear up that agreement, so sure as my name is Bessie Holmhurst, he shall tear it up, or—" and she nodded her little head with an air of infinite wisdom.

Bad Winter for Coal Dealers.

"There will be more hardship in the coal trade this spring than ever before," said a dealer in black diamonds says. "The loss on the supposed failure of the ice crop will amount to naught as compared with that of the coal trade," he continued. "It is a gray haired knowledge now that this winter has been the mildest in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. Few people have stopped to think of the savings to poor families on that account, and the consequent loss to coal dealers. I mention poor families because it is from them that the greatest profit accrues."

"People of means purchase their fuel in the summer, when the market is down to the last notch. Poor families can't do this, no small portion of them being obliged to purchase their coal supply from the corner grocery at so much per pail or bushel, as occasion demands. Each winter for the last five years I sold between 70,000 and 80,000 tons of coal. This winter my output will not reach 80,000, and from present appearances I'm afraid it will run below 25,000 tons. I have had a dozen horses and wagons idle all this season, there being nothing for them to do. I feel sorry for some of the companies that have secured a small sized corner on the market. They'll come out the wrong end of the game." New York Mail and Express.

ROMANCE AND INSURANCE.

A PLOT TO SECURE \$10,000 THAT WAS FINALLY EXPOSED.

The Secret of Burns' Reappearance After He Had Been Mourned For by His Best Girl—The Doctor and Matilda Overshoot the Mark.

About eight years ago a man living in Pecatonica, Ill., who may be called Burns for short, insured his life in the Provident Savings Life Assurance company of New York for \$6,000. He made the policy payable to a young lady for whom he had developed a singular degree of fondness, but had never married. Shortly afterward he took out an additional \$4,000 policy in another company, and proceeded thereafter about his regular business. He was in good health, and one day in December he went to the river for a season of skating, declining any company. He went skimming over the smooth surface of the river till he reached a point three miles from town, where he passed a group of men loading wood, shouted a greeting to them, and passed out of sight. They recognized him, and remarked on his grace as a skater, but they never saw him again.

A CLEAR CASE.

Burns never came back to town. His Pecatonica friends never saw him again and his loss was mourned bitterly. In a day or two a group of boys came up from the country along the river, four miles from town, and said they saw a man whose description answered that of Burns come skating toward them the morning of his disappearance while they were attending to some muskrat traps; that he was performing some marvelous gyrations and that he suddenly disappeared in an opening in the ice. Burns' friends found the marks of his skates from the very point where he had put them out down to within 200 yards of where the youthful trappers had treed a muskrat. Here they found a hole about ten feet across, formed by a spring, which prevented the water from freezing. The skate marks led to the very edge of the hole, and there were lost.

It looked like accidental death, and Miss Matilda, the charming beneficiary under the policies of life insurance, asked that the money be paid her. But until the body was produced and identification fixed beyond a doubt the soulless corporation declined to contribute. Along in April the ice was well out of the river, and the bed was dragged for the body of Burns. The body of a man was found some distance down the river. He had on Burns' clothes. Burns' skates were on his feet, and in one of the pockets was found Burns' open faced watch. The identification seemed complete.

But chief among those who examined and identified the body was Dr. Pills, who had passed upon Burns' application for insurance. He seemed exceedingly interested in the case, making many trips to Pecatonica and comforting Matilda by almost daily visits. He cheered her so effectually that on the Fourth of July they were married, and the girl laid aside her weeds the day she was wed. For some reason the company still objected to paying the insurance money, and suit was brought to compel them. They found Burns had made a will by which the doctor inherited all his little worldly wealth, and this, with some other facts, still induced them to question the validity of the claim. The case did not come to trial until the following winter, and then the defendants' attorney asked for an adjournment until the following day. Was he going to offer a compromise?

Next morning the court room was filled and every one was on tiptoe to see how much of the \$10,000 Matilda secured. Bill Evans, a barber, was placed in the witness chair by the defense.

Were you acquainted with John Burns?" he was asked.

"I was," he replied.

"Is he living?"

"He is."

"How do you know?"

"Because I am looking right at him now!"

WHY BURNS TURNED UP.

All eyes followed the barber's keen glance. Judge, jury, lawyers, witnesses, everybody rose up and gazed in horrified interest at an apparition near the door. There stood John Burns sound and well. The barber was discharged and he took the stand. His identification was instantaneous, complete, unquestioned. Even Matilda broke down and wept, though something more than joy at seeing him may have moved her. The doctor grew white and red and white again, then faintly outright.

Burns told his story. He and the girl and the doctor formed the scheme to get \$10,000 from the insurance companies. He was young and careless, and willing to take some risks. The doctor was to take \$2,000, the girl \$2,000, and he was to have the balance. Then he was to marry Matilda, and with her leave the country. He passed the wood haulers on the ice, and almost immediately after took off his skates, went ashore and struck off through the woods, which were bare of snow, and got a train at a station ten miles from home, and went to Chicago. Then he went up to Wisconsin and found work in a sawmill. He corresponded with the doctor, taking an assumed name. When the company demanded the body the doctor wrote asking for his skates, watch and the clothes he wore on that fatal morning. He sent them, but saved the letter, which was now produced in court, and in which the statement was made: "I have a good

stuff about four size which I can give you." Burns accidentally learned that Pills and Matilda were married, at once returned to Pecatonica, that he would not have cared if he hadn't married, but her weak doctor's evident treachery led him to overreach. The sequel was that doctor spent two years in prison for his fraud. Burns got off and the woman was not prosecuted. But how about the man who says saw skate into a sink hole river? Well, they simply lied.—Chicago Herald.

PORTIERES AND POPPING

Barrained Doorways Are Serious Obstacles in the Way of Matrimony.

A few evenings ago I said to my Darel: "Joseph, why haven't you married?" The question seemed abrupt, but the moment was most tedious. As we sat in the cozyest corner of the club room testing a new and popping brand of cigars we talked at random, and finally we, too, drifted the subject of marriage in Buffalo, spoke of the apparent reluctance of certain young men to do anything dawdle about the objects of their affection, and when Joseph said, "Don't blame them, perhaps it is not their fault," I put to him the startling question: "Joseph, why don't you marry?" I took several long pulls at his cigar, replying, but finally said, his eyes on the ascending smoke: "If you know what has kept me from matrimony I will tell you. It is the portiere." I said: "Joseph went on: 'In other words because parlors have no doors—because our modern houses are one vast waiting gallery in which the slightest is heard from one end to another. years since I have felt sure that I absolutely alone with a girl—an environment necessary for sentimental distractions. But to particularize. It is long since I became unusually interested in a young woman of my acquaintance. Perhaps I was in love with her. If I know that I might have become a paid her rather marked attention nearly a year, but in my numerous visits to her house there was never an opportunity for anything but the most casual conversation. Usually her father's library across the hall in full view—if not in view—of us. No chance to a door. At the parlor door—portiere at the library door—portieres; at dining room door—portieres; and an opportunity for that sense of private-a-tete which gives a man inspiration for sentimental deeds."

"Now, it is my idea that the time when mutual love is first acknowledged should be a supreme moment in life—one made the most of, and not to be thrown away by any such insensate proceeding as a proposal by letter, or even to risked at unpropitious seasons, when interruption is probable or possible. The fore, I did not tell my love with per reading his paper in the adjoining room or with the servant fumbling at the board in the dining room, with out thickness of curtain between her and I did not tell my love while all the doors were wide open and the sisters were a live in the upper halls, and I could hear the brother in his room overhead dressing to go out. No; I waited for some moment of assured privacy. It never came."

There was a long silence. "Well," said at last. "That is all. Last summer the young woman in question made visit to a provincial town, where she could shut the parlor door. While she she became engaged and was married last autumn."

"And that is courtship as she is conducted in Buffalo," I sighed. "That the state of things in nine houses out of ten where I pay social visits," said Joseph Darel. And as I recalled the homes of our wedded but unwedded maids I concluded that Joseph was not wrong, at that what is most needed by our young men is not courage, but "a chance." Buffalo Courier.

Prepared for Emergencies.

"Well, when our advertising card came along there last season the men wanted one side of a cooper shop to display some of our finest pictures. The owner wanted \$25 in cash and ten free tickets for the privilege, but we refused to be robbed. He finally came down to \$20 then to \$15, and we offered him \$10. He said he would take an hour to think over, and at the end of that time I went to get his answer.

"What do you estimate the tickets worth?" he asked.

"Fifty cents apiece."

"And I can sell mine!"

"If you wish."

"Well, you see how it is. My wife is very sick and liable to die. If she lives we can use two of the tickets to go to the circus. If she dies I can use one, but I'll have to give the other to my sister-in-law for helping at the funeral. That's what I have just agreed to do. Make \$10.50 and ten tickets, and you can have the shop."

"As business is business, I agreed to his terms, but I never ached harder in my life to give anybody a good licking."—New York Sun.

A Useful Present.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of this city, received a rather curious present from a young lady whom he had rescued from nervous invalidism. It was a cord of white oak chopped down and sawed up by her own hands, and sent as circumstantial evidence of the health she had gained by following his directions to live an open air life in the woods.—New York Telegram.