

**CHELSEA STANDARD.**  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
**WM. EMMERT.**  
OFFICE IN  
**Standard Drug and Grocery Store.**  
Corner Main and Park Sts.

**\$1.00 PER YEAR STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.**

**ADVERTISING RATES.**  
FOR DISPLAY ADVERTISEMENTS.

	1 Mo.	3 Mos.	6 Mos.	1 Year.
1 Col.	\$12.00	\$24.00	\$42.00	\$72.00
1 Col.	9.00	14.40	21.00	42.00
1 Col.	6.00	9.60	14.40	24.00
1 Inch.	2.40	3.60	4.80	6.00

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

**MISS MARY FOSTER & CO**  
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.**

**NEW BROWN**  
THE LADIES' FAVORITE  
FINEST WOODWORK  
CHICAGO, 28 UNION SQUARE  
ST. LOUIS, MO. 1015 N. 3RD ST.  
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

**PEERLESS DYES**  
ARE THE BEST  
FOR BLACK STOCKINGS.  
Made in 40 colors that neither  
fade, wash out nor fade.  
Sold by Druggists. Also  
Peerless Bronze Paints—6 colors.  
Peerless Laundry Blueing.  
Peerless Ink Powders—7 colors.  
Peerless Shoe & Harness Dressing.  
Peerless Egg Dyes—8 colors.

**COUNTY CIRCUMSTANCES.**

Carefully Culled. Clipped. Cured.  
Softly served subscribers.

E. C. Bassett, of South Lyon, will soon open a grocery and drug store in Ann Arbor.

August Roys, a painter at Ann Arbor, fell 42 feet without sustaining serious injuries.

Ann Arbor banks have a million dollars deposited with them. Who says money is scarce?

Ypsilanti will have a \$10,000 livery stable

Peach buds, so far, are in fine condition in this county.

A merchants' carnival will be held in Ann Arbor rink, May 22, 23 and 24.

Eugene E. Deal, the newly appointed postmaster at Ann Arbor, will take hold May 5.

The new fair ground and buildings at the county seat are being pushed for all the officers are worth.

Ann Arbor has a peeping Tom, but if the police can catch him he will peep through the bars hereafter.

Ypsilanti has been sued for \$5,000 on account of poor walks. Plenty of poor walks here; better repair them now.

C. M. King, who has been sexton of Saline's cemetery for twenty-one years, has resigned. During his incumbency he buried 492 persons.

The Friends of electric sugar fame, who have been confined in the Tombs, in New York, for nearly a year, have been released and will probably return to Ann Arbor.

It cost Washtenaw county \$767.29 to care for insane patients at the Eastern Michigan asylum, for the quarter ending March 31. Twenty-one patients were registered from this county during that time.—Register.

Some people think there's nothing in a name, but in politics the name of Howlett seems to be peculiarly fortunate, at least. Thomas Howlett was elected supervisor of Unadilla, James Howlett, clerk of Lyndon, and Fred A. Howlett, president of the council at the recent election.—Register.

How? Let see! This fall it will be before the people again.

**They Will Judge—Are You In?**

The following is a list of jurors recently drawn, which will hear cases during the next term of court. Jurors are expected to be on hand May 6th:

Ann Arbor city—Zachariah Roath, Fred Lutz, Richard Burns, Geo. Miller, Martin Seabolt, E. C. Sedgwick.

Ann Arbor town—C. C. Orcutt.

Augusta—Martin Breining.

Bridgewater—Columbus Auls.

Dexter—C. E. Hindelong.

Lima—George Taylor.

Lodi—George Guenther.

Lyndon—Frank Boyce.

Manchester—C. B. Carr.

Northfield—Peter Hill, jr.

Pittsfield—Fred Hutzel.

Salem—S. E. Sober.

Saline—Robert Eslick.

Scio—Edward F. Buss.

Sharon—Wm. B. Osborn.

Superior—J. J. Straug.

Sylvan—M. J. Noyes.

Webster—Henry Simms.

York—A. B. Smith, John Goldsmith.

Ypsilanti city—J. W. Kimes, Matt Rosers.

Ypsilanti town—M. R. Crane, Benjamin L. Kelly.

**Lima Luminations.**

Party at F. Wedemeyer's to-night.

Mr. J. R. Hammond has gone to Banister.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Guerin have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. A. Holden, of Sharon.

About ten couples of the young people spent a very agreeable evening at J. Steinbach's last Wednesday evening.

Rev. Mr. Jocelyn, the presiding elder, Rev. Mr. McIntosh, of Chelsea, and the Rev. Mr. Cope, of Dexter, took part in the services here last Sunday afternoon.

Geo. Mitchell received a dispatch Saturday stating that his sister, Mrs. Hannah VanVleet, was very sick. He left on the evening train for Chicago.

A dispatch was received Sunday stating that Mrs. VanVleet died Saturday night.

**Trailing Arbutus in March.**

"What! Trailing arbutus the 4th of March!" exclaimed Mrs. Blaine when a little colored boy held several branches of the pretty pink blossoms up towards her as she alighted from her landau.

"Ten cents a bunch, lady," said the ebony youngster, not knowing who his customer was.

"Dat was big bizness," said he, as he went off flowerless but turning a silver dollar over and over in his yellow palm.

"I'm gwine get more dose 'butuses an' hang 'roun' dat corner."

The fragrant little spring flower grows abundantly along the Potomac hills, and the colored people know its pretty hiding places well. To them mistletoe, sassafras, holly, arbutus are like raspberries and blackberries in their season, and they earn many an honest dollar gathering them. But they never found the arbutus so early before.—Washington Letter.

**The Author of "Lorna Doone."**

R. D. Blackmore, known the world over as the author of "Lorna Doone," continues to write with all his old time assiduity and with much of his old time force. He is a brisk old gentleman, and as a sort of avocation or amusement he cultivates grapes and fruits in his large gardens in one of the suburbs of London.

Some time ago he discovered that one of his gardeners had pilfered and sold \$35 worth of pears, and the old gentleman has been in a condition of great mental perturbation ever since. "Lorna Doone" has reached its eighteenth edition. And everybody who reads it wonders whether it were possible for any man to be strong enough to pull the muscle out of another man's arm. Blackmore has received thousands of letters on this subject.—Eugene Field's London Letter.

**A Bogus Floater.**

Here is an item from several exchanges which is somewhat peculiar viewed in the light of the fact that The St. Louis Republic did not exist in 1880: A corked bottle that evidently had floated about 2,000 miles was picked up in the river near Pointe Coupee, La., last week. It was opened and the contents found to be a slip of paper bearing these words: "Thrown over at St. Paul, Minn., 15th of April, 1880, by R. C. Libby. Finder please advertise where it was found and what date and name oblige yours truly. Send this paper to The St. Louis Republic to advertise." The paper was dry and well preserved and the characters not in the least defaced.—Chicago Herald.

**Big Advance in the Price of Land.**

Governor Buckner, of Kentucky, has sold the Ashland block, a portion of his Chicago property, to A. J. Alexander, of Woodford county, Ky., for \$600,000.

More than half a century ago Maj. Kingsbury bought the ground occupied by the block for \$800. It was inherited by his daughter, who was the first wife of Governor Buckner. Mrs. Buckner died many years ago, but Governor Buckner remarried a short time ago, his second wife being a Richmond (Va.) belle.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

**Can't Get Their Dresses.**

The ladies of Calcutta are in despair over an outbreak of smallpox just at the height of the social season in the part of the city inhabited by the Darzi caste, who do all the tailor work for the English residents. Every person in the costume of that caste who ventures out of his own section of the city is turned back at once by the police, and the ladies can neither get their gowns that are being made nor send new ones to be made. Tailor made gowns are all the rage, too.—New York Sun.

**Portable Essence of Light.**

Coal gas corn, pressed into 8 per cent. of its bulk, and reduced to a buttery character—except flavor—is the recent invention of an ingenious gentleman. It can be evaporated by turning a stop cock. This portable essence of light will be very useful, independent of its application to army ballooning, in a hundred different ways—on board the steam launch, at picnics, in the country house, in the northern wilds of Scotland and so on.—Court Journal.

**Searle's Immense Funeral.**

All Sydney was in mourning on the day of the funeral of Searle, the famous young sculler. The actual interment took place at Grafton, to which place the body was conveyed by water. But there was a procession through the streets of the capital to the cathedral, where the canon conducted a funeral service. In the procession were Mr. Dibbs, the leader of the opposition in the New South Wales parliament, the speaker of the assembly, the mayor of the city, and a number of members of parliament. It was estimated that the crowds who stood in the streets with uncovered heads numbered from 175,000 to 200,000.—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 UNDE WEAR.**

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**

**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 Piccadilly Puzzle.

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

By F. W. HUME

### CHAPTER IX. THE MISSING LINK.

Flip, having a wonderfully tenacious memory, did not forget the conversation he had overheard between Myles and Miss Penfold; so, going to his patron's office, he repeated it in due course to Dowker. The result was that the detective became much exercised in his mind over the whole affair. He could not understand Desmond's refusal to tell the name of the woman he saw on the night of the murder. True, Desmond denied it was Lena Sarschne, but then his denial went for nothing, as he would do so to save himself from suspicion. Mrs. Poy said Lena Sarschne had been there between 11 and 12, and it was unlikely she would be wrong, seeing how well acquainted she was with the appearance of the dead woman. But then, judging from the drift of Desmond's remarks, his refusal to speak was dictated by a desire to screen the honor of a woman.

"You see this?" asked Dowker, showing Flip the dagger, he had abstracted from Cleopatra Villa.

Flip intimated by a vigorous nod of his head that he did.

"I've got an idea," explained Dowker, smoothly, "that a dagger very similar to this is to be found in the possession of Mr. Myles Desmond, the gentleman you saw to-day, and I want you by some means to get into his rooms and find out if it's there."

Flip screwed his face into a look of profound thought and then smiled in a satisfied manner.

"I'll do it, guv'nor," he said, sagaciously.

"How?" asked Dowker, curious to learn how this juvenile detective proposed to deal with the problem.

"I'll do so on his doorstep to-night," said Flip, "and when he comes 'ome do a 'perish'-you knows—in an explanatory tone—say 'I'm dyin' for victuals—I'll take me inside, and when I gits there you leave me alone, guv'nor, I'm dyin'.'"

"Well, you can manage it as you please," said Dowker, "but don't you prick yourself with it, as it's poisoned, and Flip, if you bring me that dagger without him knowing about it, I'll give you half a sov'."

"Done, guv'nor," said Flip, joyfully, and, bidding adieu to his patron, went off to get something to eat and prepare his plan of action.

It was now about six o'clock and very dark, the sky being overcast with clouds. Soon it began to rain steadily and the streets became sloppy and dismal. Flip drew his rags round him, shivered a little in a professional manner, and then going off to a cook-shop he patronized in Drury Lane, had a hunch of bread and a steaming cup of coffee for a small sum.

Being thus prepared for his work Flip wiped his mouth, and, sallying forth into the dirty lane, took his way up to Bloomsbury, combining business with pleasure by begging on the road.

Turning into Primrose Crescent he soon found the house he wanted, and, curling himself on the doorstep, waited patiently for chance to deliver Myles into his designing hands.

The rain continued to pour down steadily, and as it was now dark Flip could see the windows all along the street being lighted up. The gas-lamps also shone brightly through the rain, and were reflected in dull, blurred splashes on the pavements. Occasionally a gentleman would hurry past with his umbrella up, and a ragged tramp would slouch along singing a dismal ditty. It was dreary waiting, but Flip was used to such times, and sat quite contented, thinking how he could lay out his promised half sovereign to the best advantage, till his quick ear caught the sound of footsteps inside.

This was his cue, so he immediately lay down on the wet stones and commenced to moan dismally. Myles opened the door and would have stumbled over him, for he was right in front of the entrance after the fashion of the clown in the pantomime, only he caught sight of him in time.

"Hullo," said Myles, crossly, "what the deuce is the matter?"

Flip made no reply to this, but groaned with renewed vigor, upon which Desmond, who was a kind-hearted man, bent down and touched the ragged little figure.

"Are you ill?" he asked, gently.

"Oh, Lor'—awful—my insides," groaned Flip, pressing his dirty hands on his stomach. "Ain't had a bit for days."

Myles was doubtful as to the genuineness of this case, as he knew how deceptive tramps are, but as the poor lad did seem in pain and it was raining heavily he determined to give him the benefit of the doubt.

"Can you rise?" he asked, sharply. "If so, get up and come inside. I'll give you something to do you good."

With many groans and asseverations of extreme pain Flip struggled to his feet, and aided by Myles went inside, up the stairs and was at last safely deposited on the hearthrug in front of the fire, where he lay and groaned with great dramatic effect.

"I'll give you some hot port wine," said Myles, going to the sideboard and taking out a glass and a bottle, "so I'll have to go downstairs and get some hot water—you wait here."

Flip groaned again and gyrated on the floor like a young eel; but when the door had closed behind his benefactor, he sprang to his feet and took a survey of the room.

It was a large and lofty apartment, with a pair of folding-doors on one side, which being half open showed Flip that the other room was a bedroom.

There was a sideboard in the sitting-room, and near this a writing-table, toward which Flip darted and commenced to turn over the papers rapidly with the

idea of finding the dagger hidden underneath.

Nothing, however, rewarded his efforts, and though he looked into the sideboard, examined the bookcase and lifted up the covers of the chairs, he found no sign of the weapon.

"Must be in the bedroom," thought Flip, scratching his head in perplexity and wondering how he could get in, when suddenly it occurred to him that he had not examined the mantel-piece.

There was not a moment to be lost, as Myles might return at any moment, so in a second Flip scrambled up on a chair, and was eagerly looking among the ornaments on the mantel-piece.

There was a mirror framed in tarnished gold, and in front of this a tawdry French clock under a glass shade, two Dresden china figures simpering at one another, and two tall green vases at each end. Flip saw nothing of what he wanted till he peered into one of these vases, where he saw something looking like steel, and drew forth a slender shining blade with no handle.

"Wonder if this is what the guv'nor wants?" he said to himself, turning it over gingerly; "taint got no 'andle."

He thought for a moment, and then, as he had been so lucky with one vase looked into the other, and found a cross handle. He joined the two and they fitted perfectly. Being certain this was what Dowker wanted, he was thinking how he could take it, when he heard Myles ascending the stairs. Jumping down he hid the broken blade and the handle securely among his rags, being very careful not to prick himself as he remembered Dowker's warning about the poison, then he lay down upon the hearth-rug again, and was groaning painfully when Myles entered with the hot water.

"Feeling bad?" asked Myles, sympathetically, pouring out some port wine.

"Awful!" groaned Flip, with a feeling of compunction at the treacherous part he was playing. "It's cold, I think—weak with 'unger."

"Here, drink this," said Desmond, sitting down beside him, and giving him the steaming tumbler. "It will do you good."

"Thanks, guv'nor," said Flip, gratefully, feeling if the broken blade was all safe, "it'll warm me up."

Desmond lighted his pipe and sat watching the ragged little Arab drinking the hot wine, never thinking for a moment that he was nourishing a viper—a viper that would turn and sting him. Honest himself, he never suspected wrong-doing in others, and while succoring this outcast he did not know he was doing an evil thing for himself.

After Flip had finished the wine, he declared he felt better, and, with many asseverations of gratitude, took leave of his benefactor.

"Poor little devil!" said Desmond, as he closed the door, and saw the ragged little urchin scudding away in the darkness, "he seemed very bad—well, I've done one good action, so perhaps it will bring me a reward."

It did, and the reward was that next morning Myles Desmond, of Bloomsbury, journalist, was arrested for the murder of Lena Sarschne.

### CHAPTER X. ANOTHER COMPLICATION.

Though he had arrested Myles Desmond, Dowker was by no means certain that he had got a hold of the right man. Judging from the conversation reported by Flip, Desmond himself appeared to have strong suspicions about Calliston, and Dowker in his own mind became convinced that there was some connection between the elopement of Lady Balscombe and the murder of Lena Sarschne.

He wanted to find out the name of the woman who visited Lady Balscombe on the night of the murder, for a sudden thought had presented itself that this unknown visitor might have been Lena Sarschne. But the idea seemed absurd, for a woman of such a character could hardly have the audacity to visit Lady Balscombe.

"And yet," pondered Dowker, "I don't know—these two women both loved the same man, and a free-lance like Lena Sarschne would not hesitate for a moment in slanging any woman who took her man away—but why did not Lady Balscombe kick up a row and order her to leave the house? I'm hanged if I can get to the bottom of this."

At length Dowker decided that the best thing to be done would be to find out from some servant of the Balscombe household all that took place subsequent to Lady Balscombe's departure. First, however, he decided on seeing Lydia Fenny and finding out if Lena Sarschne had left any hint of calling on her rival.

Lydia Fenny received the detective eagerly, as she evidently loved her mistress and wanted to do all in her power to further the ends of justice. As there was no time to be lost, Dowker plunged at once into the subject matter of his visit.

"Did Miss Sarschne state, on the night of her murder, where she was going?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Lydia; "as I told you before, she said she was going to Lord Calliston's rooms."

"Nowhere else?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Humph! she did not make any remark that would lead you to believe she was going to Lady Balscombe's?"

"Lady Balscombe's!" echoed Lydia in astonishment; "why, what would she want to do there?"

"I don't know, but I think she was there on that night." And Dowker detailed to Lydia the conversation overheard by Flip, at the conclusion of which she said:

"I suppose you want to find out from the servants if Miss Sarschne was there?"

"Yes; do you know any of the servants?"

"One—Lady Balscombe's maid—Annie Lifford."

"Oh!" said Dowker, in a satisfied tone. "Can you ask her to come along here and see me? I can find out all I want to know from her."

"I daresay I can get her to come here to-day, as her mistress being away she can not be busy."

"Good!" replied the detective. "Send for her at once. I will wait here."

"Very well," said Lydia, and was leaving the room when Dowker called her back.

"Could you let me see your mistress's private desk?" he asked.

Lydia looked at him doubtfully. "I don't know if I ought to let you see her private papers."

Dowker laughed in a subdued manner. "Why not?" he said lightly; "she is dead, and we want to find out who killed her; looking at her papers can not do any harm and may save the life of an innocent man."

Lydia Fenny hesitated no longer, but leading the detective to the end of the drawing-room showed him a recess where in was placed a very handsome desk of the ordinary office character. Dowker tried some of the drawers.

"Locked," he said quietly. "Have you the keys?"

"No, she had them with her."

Dowker made up his mind to commit a burglary.

"Bring me a chisel."

"At once," replied Lydia Fenny, going: "and I'll also send for Annie Lifford."

She left the room, and Dowker, sitting down in front of the desk, examined it carefully. It was one of those table desks with a knee-hole in the center and a row of drawers on each side. At the back were a number of pigeon-holes containing papers, and these Dowker examined, but found nothing more than bills and blank sheets of paper.

"Whatever private papers she's had," said Dowker, on discovering this, "are in these drawers."

Lydia Fenny arrived with a chisel and a small hammer, both of which she handed to Dowker, telling him at the same time she had sent for Annie Lifford. Dowker nodded carelessly and began to force open the drawers.

After half an hour's hard work this was the result of his labors:

First, a bundle of old letters addressed to "Miss Helena Dicksfall, Post Office, Folkestone," signed F. Carrill.

Second, a photograph of a handsome, white-haired old man, on the back of which was written, "Your loving father, Michael Dicksfall."

Third, a photograph of Lena Sarschne, taken in a white dress, with a tawdry racket in her hand.

Dowker examined the photographs carefully and then coolly read all the letters, of which there were about ten. After doing this he turned to Lydia Fenny, who had been watching him all the time, and said:

"I can read a whole story in this. The name of your mistress was not Lena Sarschne, but Helena Dicksfall. She lived at Folkestone with her father, Captain Michael Dicksfall, and a lady she calls Amelia, whom I take to be her sister. Lord Calliston went down to Folkestone, saw her, and fell in love. All these letters show how he conducted his intrigue, which he did under the name of Frank Carrill. He loved Miss Dicksfall, but did not wish to marry her. At last he persuaded her to run away with him, and at last she did so. Ashamed of her position, she changed her name to Lena Sarschne, so as to conceal her identity. The portrait of the old gentleman is that of her father, Michael Dicksfall, and this one is herself."

Lydia Fenny listened in silent amazement to the way in which he had pieced the story together, and then taking the portraits in her hand she looked at them long and earnestly.

"Ye," she said at length, laying down the photographs with a sigh. "It is Miss Sarschne, but it must have been taken some time ago, for I never saw her in that dress, and I have been with her for about a year."

Dowker was about to make a reply, when the door opened and a woman entered. Tall, thin, with a pale face, dark hair, and an aggressive manner, dressed in a green dress, and a bonnet to match.

"Oh!" observed Lydia on seeing her, "is this you, Annie?"

Dowker looked sharply at the newcomer, whom he now knew to be Lady Balscombe's maid, and she returned his gaze with a look of suspicion.

"Well, sir," she said at length, in a rather harsh voice, "I hope you'll know me again."

Dowker laughed, and Lydia hastened to introduce him to Miss Lifford, who, being an extremely self-possessed young person, took the introduction very calmly, though she manifested some surprise when she heard Mr. Dowker's calling.

"This gentleman," said Lydia, who they were all seated, "wants to ask you a few questions."

"And for what?" asked Miss Lifford, indignantly. "My character I hope being above policemen's prying."

"I'm not a policeman," explained Dowker, smoothly, "but a detective, and I want to know all that took place on the night your mistress eloped."

"Are you employed by Sir Rupert?" asked Annie, grandly; "because, though I know they fought bitter, yet wild bulls won't drag anything out of me against my mistress, she being a good one to me."

"I don't want you to say anything against your mistress," replied Dowker, mildly; "but I am investigating this case of murder."

"Murder!" echoed Miss Lifford, in a scared tone. "Who is murdered—not Lady Balscombe?"

"No," said Lydia, bursting into tears, "but my poor mistress, Miss Sarschne."

"A person of no repute," sniffed Annie, coldly.

"Leave her alone," said Lydia passionately. "She's dead, poor soul, and, over if she was not married, she was better than Lady Balscombe, carrying on with Lord Calliston."

"Oh, indeed, miss!" said Annie, rising indignantly. "This is a plot, is it, to mix up Lady Balscombe with your mistress? I won't have anything to do with it."

Dowker caught her wrist as she arose and forced her back into her chair.

"You'll answer what I want to know," he said sternly; "or it will be the worse for yourself."

Upon this Miss Lifford began to weep, and demanded if she was a slave or a British female, to be thus badgered and assaulted by a policeman. At last, after some difficulty, Dowker succeeded in making her understand that what he wanted to know was not detrimental to her mistress, upon which she said she would tell him what he required. So Dowker produced his note-book and prepared to take down Miss Lifford's evidence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Good and Bad Luck.

Born on Monday, fair in the face;  
Born on Tuesday, full of good grace;  
Born on Wednesday, the best to be had;  
Born on Thursday, merry and glad;  
Born on Friday, worthily given;  
Born on Saturday, work hard for a living;  
Born on Sunday, shall never know want.

### STRANGE LUCK IN THE DIGGINGS.

Instances of Sudden Ups and Downs in the Fortunes of Miners.

It is impossible for any one at all familiar with mining adventures in the Rockies from 1860 to 1870 to deny the existence of that mysterious and capricious influence on men's lives and fortunes known as luck, and it seemed to attach itself mainly to those who knew he least and were accepted as the fools of the camp, thus illustrating the old proverb, "a fool's luck." Old and experienced miners quit locations in disgust after months of labor, and these were afterward taken by men who scarcely knew the difference between a shaft and a level. After a week's scrambling work the latter become rich men. One instance I can give:

A man named Relf, a forty-niner, opened a prospect hole on Goose Creek, within a mile of the Idaho border. It seemed to pan out well at first, and he spent \$6,000—all he had in the world—in development; but the vein began to pinch out, and Relf gave it up. Another man took it with the same result. Then one of the best miners in the Territory put in \$3,000, and after months of hard work shot himself in despair at his ill-fortune. The location was thereafter dubbed the "Last Chance" by the neighbors. It lay a year, when a man named Gadsden came to Silver City. He was looked on as a harmless and decidedly weak-minded fellow, and he annoyed Col. James Fisher, a well-known mine owner, by constantly asking his advice about locating, until Fisher told him to try the "Last Chance," adding: "You're just fool enough to have nigger luck."

Gadsden started off to get a team and supplies, and amid the jeers of the camp left for "Last Chance." Four days afterward his team was seen coming into camp on a dead run, and it topped at Col. Fisher's office. Gadsden, with a bag on his back, entered, and, drawing a chunk of rock, laid it before Fisher, who examined it and said: "Well, Gadsden, you have the proverbial fool's luck. That will assay 3,000 a ton. You've struck it rich this time." An examination of his mine showed that only a foot of rock lay between the last owner and unmeasured wealth, and this Gadsden broke through the first day.

A syndicate was formed and Gadsden sold out for \$55,000. The new owners took out \$25,000 in three weeks and then struck a mass of porphyry rock that it would have taken all the money in San Francisco to remove. No trace of the lost treasure was ever found, and he "Last Chance" was permanently abandoned. Gadsden's good luck followed him. He left the mountains, bought a home in Missouri, and saved his money.

The history of the firm of Bowers & White is one of the romances of the mining camps. Sandy Bowers came out to the Washo district about 1860. He cooked for a party of freighters, and his wife, a tall, bony woman, told fortunes, sold lucky numbers, and interpreted dreams for the credulous miners. With some of the money made in this way her husband took up a claim and made money, and for the next ten years had continued good fortune. He was grossly illiterate, and no business man, but still he prospered. He broke all the gamblers in the Territory, and no one cared to play with him.

His partner, Lorenzo D. White, was a different kind of a man. He neither drank or gambled, but was mad as a hatter on the subject of religion, believing himself to be John the Baptist. In business matters, however, he was shrewd and enterprising, and his luck was phenomenal. Whatever he touched turned into gold. It was noted that whatever Bowers sold turned out well or his customers, while it was reversed in White's dealings, although he was believed to be an honest man. The mystery was as to what he did with his gains. He depleted his bank account very now and then, drawing out large sums in coin and then disappearing for a time. It was believed that he buried his wealth in the mountains, and he was followed and dogged by the camp ruffians, who would have taken his life or a dollar, but it was part of his good fortune to escape.

The end came at last. Sandy Bowers got involved with a party of Eastern adventurers and lost \$300,000. After his he went down hill rapidly. He had at one time half a million in the bank of California, but this all went. He became a drunkard, and one day got together a few dollars to buy an outfit. With a borrowed mule he started for Nevada, and was, no doubt, killed by the Ute Indians, as he was never heard of again.

White was not known to have any serious losses, but he, too, disappeared. He was supposed to have gone back to Maine, his native State. Inside of a year he came into the little mining town of Mercedes, on the Rio Grande River, Colorado, in rags and exhausted from hunger and fatigue. He was followed by a shaggy Mexican burro, about as big as a Newfoundland dog. This carried his miner's outfit—a pick, pan and shovel. He was at once recognized and relieved. He went to an assayer and showed a large mass that looked like burned limestone, but which evidently contained gold. The assay astonished the expert, and he declared that the specimen showed 80 per cent. of gold.

In an hour's time the camp was wild with excitement, and this was the beginning of the craze known as "White's Cement Mine." At first the old man refused to tell the location, and some of the ruder spirits, advocated hanging, but, after much persuasion, he agreed to pilot a party to the spot. The next day Mercedes was deserted. Every-

body joined the procession. After eight days' rugged travel they reached Green River Valley, in Utah. While ascending a narrow ravine a volley of rifle balls, fired from the chapparal, killed three of the foremost of the gold hunters and stampeded all the animals. The Ute Indians had been awaiting them. In the confusion White escaped and the party broke up. From time to time White would reappear in mining camps with a fresh supply of his gold-bearing cement, but his mind was clearly gone and he could give no information that was of the slightest use.

About 1870 a party of prospectors on their way through the Colorado River Valley, in Southern Utah, found in the wildest part of the mountains the body of an old man with a beard reaching to his waist. Around him were a number of specimens of his gold cement and a quantity of gold coin. He had evidently died of starvation, as there were no indications of food to be seen. By means of a large diary on his person he was identified as the once millionaire, Lorenzo D. White. This diary contained numerous directions to find landmarks, but these were unintelligible to the readers, and his mine and buried gold may still reward some fortunate seeker.

Mr. James Titus, of Sacramento, Cal., who is now head of one of the great hydraulic mining companies in that State, owes his fortune to the following circumstances: In 1864 he was working at his trade as a stone mason in St. Paul, Minn., when a man named Eldridge failed, owing him \$175 in wages. This debtor left the city, and a year after Mr. Titus went to Carson City, Nev., where he met Eldridge, who told him that he had not prospered and had no money, but could get some mining stock for money due him, and this he would give Titus in satisfaction of the debt.

Mr. Titus took 100 shares of Comstock mine, valued at about a dollar a share. It was original stock, and in a few months the great deposit of silver that was to make the fortune of Flood, O'Brien, Fair, and John Mackay was discovered. The stock began to go up and Mr. Titus sold out for \$3,000 per share. In two years he was a millionaire by fortunate investments in Crown Point.

But success of this kind was demoralizing to most of the pioneers. Johnny Skeg died as Sandy Bowers did, a broken-down prospector, after rioting away five millions, and Comstock, the original discoverer of the Virginia City Eldorado, died a poor man. If we are ever to produce a distinct and national school of fiction, the inspiration can be best found in the wonder-working history of the Western mining camps of twenty years back.—Philadelphia Times.

### The Wandering Jews.

It is remarkable that Emin Pasha should be a Jew by birth, and one of his rescuers—Vita Hassen—a Jew by profession, says the *Jewish Chronicle*. But the presence of these Jews in equatorial Africa does not stand alone. From the time of Abraham downward the migratory instinct has been dominant in the race. Mesopotamia, Canaan, Egypt, Canaan once more, Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, Canaan a third time, and then the world at large—such are the successive stages of Israel's national migration. The Jews, indeed, have ever been the "tribe of the wandering foot." In an age when movement from one country to another was a rare and hazardous proceeding—in the twelfth century, to wit, Benjamin of Tudela and Petachia of Ratisbon traveled through a great part of Europe, Asia, and Africa, and were thereby able to make considerable additions to the world's knowledge. The second Benjamin and Halevy, who explored the Falashas, may also be mentioned. The existence of Jews in out-of-the-way corners of the globe, the Falashas and Beni-Israel and the Cochins Jews has only been made possible by the migratory tendency of the race. The four young men who kept last Yom Kippur in so queer, yet touching, a fashion in the wilds of South Africa, are among the latest illustrations of the tendency. No doubt the wandering instinct has been strengthened by persecutions, but now that peace and quietness are in his greater measure, the Jew still retains his predilection for travel.

### Sevens Fitted Her.

Yesterday a lady entered a shoe store.

"I want a pair of shoes," she said.

"What size, madam?"

"Fours."

The clerk dubiously regarded her feet and then brought out a pair of No. 6 shoes.

"These are a little tight," observed the lady. "Haven't you an easier pair of fours?"

The clerk brought out a pair of sevens.

"Those are just right," said the lady. "You are satisfied that those fit you, madam?"

"Oh, yes. You may send them to my address. Kindly see that I get them this afternoon."

"Very well, madam."

The next day the lady appeared with an ominous look upon her face.

"I received the shoes," she began.

"And were you satisfied with them, madam?"

"No, sir; I was not."

"But you said they fitted you, madam?"

The lady pressed her lips together.

"Yes."

"But I do not understand—"

"Well, sir, you did not tell me the shoes were number sevens! I do not wear that number! Kindly send a once for the shoes. Good-day, sir."



STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO,  
COUNTY OF Lucas.  
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the  
senior partner in the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co.,  
doing business in the City of Toledo, County  
and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay  
the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each  
and every case of CATARRH that cannot be  
cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.  
FRANK J. CHENEY.  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my  
presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., '90.  
A. W. GLEASON,  
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and  
acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces  
of the system. Send for testimonials, free.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

**Dimond Cut Diamond.**  
Wife (cutting)—You ought to be  
proud of the opinion folks entertain of  
you. Johnny's teacher to-day remarked  
to him that he must have a fool for a  
father.  
Husband—Oh! I don't mind a little  
thing like that. The poor man has met  
you somewhere, my dear, and naturally  
inferred that the man who married you  
was an idiot.—*New York Press.*

**The Only Guaranteed Cure**  
for all blood taints and humors, pimples,  
blotches, eruptions and skin diseases of  
every name and nature is Dr. Pierce's  
Golden Medical Discovery. A certificate of  
guarantee from a responsible business  
house warrants it to benefit or cure, or  
money refunded.

CHRONIC Nasal Catarrh positively cured  
by Dr. Sage's Remedy. 50 cents, by drug-  
gists.

At the sale of the late Abraham Hay-  
ward's famous collection of autographs in  
London recently, the original draft, with  
autographic corrections, of General Lee's  
last address to the Confederate army was  
knocked down for \$65.

The public debt of France is estimat-  
ed at \$6,200,000,000, making it the heav-  
iest of any country in Europe.

**ST. JACOBS OIL**  
SURE CURE.  
CURES PERMANENTLY  
**RHEUMATISM.**  
The Cripple. Lowell, Mass., July 3, 1897.  
The boy Orrin Robinson, a poor cripple on  
crutches, who was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of  
rheumatism in 1881, is well, the cure has re-  
mained permanent. He is now at work every  
day at manual labor. GEO. C. OSGOOD, M. D.  
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.  
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.



**ONE ENJOYS**  
Both the method and results when  
Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant  
and refreshing to the taste, and acts  
gently yet promptly on the Kidneys,  
Liver and Bowels, cleanses the sys-  
tem effectually, dispels colds, head-  
aches and fevers and cures habitual  
constipation. Syrup of Figs is the  
only remedy of its kind ever pro-  
duced, pleasing to the taste and ac-  
ceptable to the stomach, prompt in  
its action and truly beneficial in its  
effects, prepared only from the most  
healthy and agreeable substances,  
its many excellent qualities com-  
mend it to all and have made it  
the most popular remedy known.  
Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c  
and \$1 bottles by all leading drug-  
gists. Any reliable druggist who  
may not have it on hand will pro-  
cure it promptly for any one who  
wishes to try it. Do not accept  
any substitute.  
**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

**For Fifty Years**  
the  
Standard  
Blood-purifier  
and  
Tonic,  
**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**  
has no equal  
as a  
Spring  
Medicine.  
Prepared by  
**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,**  
Lowell, Mass.

**PENSIONS PATENTS, CLAIMS.**  
PATRICK O'FARRELL, Atty. at Law, Washington, D.C.  
**MOTHERS' FRIEND**  
MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY  
IF USED BEFORE CONFINEMENT.  
BOOK TO "MOTHERS' FRIEND"  
BRADFORD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.  
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

**The Cost of Tying Shoestrings.**  
One of the managers of a big Eastern  
knitting mill has made a calculation that  
the shoestrings of a working girl will  
come untied on the average three times  
per diem, and that a girl will lose about  
fifty seconds every time she stoops to  
retie them. Most of the employees have  
two feet, so this entails a loss of 300 sec-  
onds every day for each girl. There are  
about 400 girls employed in this factory,  
and therefore the gentleman finds that  
43,800,000 seconds is wasted in the  
course of a year, which time, at the av-  
erage rate of wages, is worth \$943,174.  
Orders have accordingly been issued that  
girls must wear only buttoned shoes or  
Congress gaiters under penalty of dis-  
charge.—*Detroit Tribune.*

**Every Meal Is a Trial**  
To the dyspeptic. Flatulence, heartburn, op-  
pressive fullness of the stomach are the in-  
evitable sequences of his use of the knife and fork.  
To say of him that he gratifies the cravings of  
appetite would be genuine satire. He only ap-  
peases them. Is relief attainable? Certainly  
and by the use of a pleasant as well as thorough  
remedy, Hostetter's Stomach-Bitters. Will it  
cure immediately? Certainly not; it does not  
effect miracles. But it does give prompt and  
unspeakable relief, and will, if persisted in,  
produce an ultimate cure. Not only does it im-  
part relish to the food but promotes its con-  
version by the stomach to rich, health and  
strength sustaining blood. Super-sensitiveness  
of the nerves, mental depression, and angu-  
ishful slumber, produced by interruption of the di-  
gestive functions, are also remedied by it. It is  
the finest preventive and curative of malarial  
disorders, and relieves a constipation, rheum-  
atism, kidney and bladder ailments, and liver  
complaint.

**A New Style of Vehicle.**  
"Is Mr. Bradley in?" asked the visitor.  
"He is not, sir," responded the Irish  
servitor; "sure, he won't be back till  
even."  
"Where is he gone?"  
"He's gone to take a ride in his interim."  
"In his—what?"  
"In his interim," so he said. "Sorra a  
wan of me knows what it means, but it's a  
fashionable name for a buggy. I'm  
thinking, half an hour ago he says to  
me, 'Michael, I'm expectin' Mr. Gaffick's  
here this mornin', but it's likely he won't  
be along for a while yet, so I'll just go  
down town in the interim,' sez he, and  
with that he drove off in the buggy. They  
do be havin' new high-toned names for  
everything these times."

**Entirely Helpless to Health.**  
The above statement made by Mrs. S. H.  
Ford, wife of Gen. Ford, can be vouch-  
ered for by nearly the entire population of Cor-  
unna, Mich., her home for years. She was  
for two years a terrible sufferer from rheu-  
matism, being confined to her bed most of  
the time, her feet and limbs being so badly  
swollen she could scarcely move. She was  
induced to try a bottle of Hibbard's Rheu-  
matic Syrup. It helped her, and two ad-  
ditional bottles entirely cured her. To-day  
she is a well woman.  
First ask your druggist; should he not  
keep it, we will send on receipt of price, \$1  
per bottle or six for \$5.  
RHEUMATIC SYRUP CO.,  
Jackson, Mich.

THE latest thing in canes is very huge  
in thickness and has a natural wood-  
grained knob-head. The ferule is now  
the most decorative feature of the walk-  
ing-stick, and mayhap this is the reason  
that certain idiots are to be met in prom-  
enade carrying these club-like staffs end  
upward and holding them rigidly at an  
angle of forty-five degrees.

**A Family Gathering.**  
Have you a father? Have you a mother?  
Have you a son or daughter, sister or a  
brother who has not yet taken Kemp's Bal-  
sam for the Throat and Lungs, the guaran-  
teed remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds,  
Asthma, Croup and all Throat and Lung  
troubles? If so, why, when a sample bottle  
is gladly given to you free by any druggist,  
and the large size costs only 50c and \$1.00?

DURING a foot-ball game at Peeble-  
shire, Scotland, a short time since, two  
of the players collided with such force  
that one of them, a youth of twenty  
named William Ferrier, who was struck  
in the stomach, dropped insensible and  
died a few hours later from concussion of  
the brain.

**Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.**  
These Pills are scientifically compounded,  
uniform in action. No gripping pain so com-  
monly 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, Con-  
stipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and as  
an appetizer, they excel any other prepara-  
tion.

A YOUNG man writes to inquire, "Does  
a college education pay?" No, it makes  
the old man pay.

Six Novels Free, will be sent by Cragin &  
Co., Philadelphia, Pa., to any one in the U. S. or  
Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25  
Dobbin's Electric Soap wrappers. See list  
of novels on circulars around each bar.  
Soap for sale by all grocers.

SOME English officers have made the  
interesting experiment of jumping a tor-  
pedo boat over a boom, thus proving that  
a single line of spars is sufficient to de-  
fend a harbor from torpedo attacks. The  
boom was twenty feet long by six feet  
wide, and was surmounted by spikes cal-  
culated to hold the boat fast. The boat  
dashed at the obstacle at the rate of about  
twenty knots. Her stem was lifted out of  
the water almost as high as the boom it-  
self, which was forced to sink, while the  
boat passed completely over it. Neither  
outwater, propeller nor plates of the boat  
were injured.

"PUPIL farming" has received a tremen-  
dous shock in England on account of the  
disclosures in the Birchall case. Judging  
from the inquiries that these pupil farmers  
make of their agents, they need a great deal of teaching. One young  
man recently wrote to inquire if cotton  
was grown in a certain locality in Canada,  
and the sapient agent answered that it  
was not, but that so important an indus-  
try could not long escape attention.

THE bill giving married women ab-  
solute control of their wages has passed  
both houses of the Kentucky Legislature,  
and the Governor has signified his in-  
tention of signing it.

It was the man who couldn't button  
his coat who hadn't clothes enough to go  
round.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are wide-  
ly known as an admirable remedy for Bron-  
chitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, and Throat  
troubles. Sold only in boxes.

What is better than a promising man?  
A paying one.

[From the St. Louis Bulletin.]  
ST. LOUIS, Mo., Feb. 26, 1897.  
Dr. A. Owen is the most successful in-  
ventor and manufacturer in the country of  
electrical appliances for the cure of acute,  
chronic, and nervous diseases. They have  
received the unqualified endorsement of  
physicians of high standing, as well as  
thousands of sufferers who have been cured  
by them. The following endorsement, for  
instance, is absolutely convincing, and the  
writer is professor of the theory and prac-  
tice of medicine in the American College of  
St. Louis:

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 10, 1895.  
I take pleasure in stating that I have ex-  
amined and tested Dr. Owen's Electro-  
Galvanic Belt and Appliance, and do not  
hesitate to say that it is the most practical  
and efficient of all the galvanic belts I have  
used in my practice. It is a very useful  
device, and whenever electric belts or  
shields can be of any benefit, this will more  
than take the place of anything of the kind  
I have ever seen.

GEORGE C. FITZGER, M. D.,  
Professor of the Theory and Practice of  
Medicine in the American College, St.  
Louis; Clinical Lecturer at the City Hos-  
pital, St. Louis; Editor of the *American  
Medical Journal*; Author of "Electricity  
in Medicine and Surgery," and Author of  
"Direct Medication." See their advt. in  
this paper.

AN exceedingly cheeky thief made his  
appearance in Boston one day last week.  
He was dressed in overalls. He went into  
the office of a life insurance company, and  
while whistling one of the latest  
tunes, began to unscrew from the walls of  
a toilet-room on the fourth floor a mirror  
valued at about \$20. Fully twenty  
occupants of the building saw the man at  
work, and everybody thought he had been  
hired either to repair the glass or clean  
it. They did not suspect anything was  
wrong until he left. Then it was learned  
he was a thief.

**Cheap Excursions to Atlanta, Alabama.**  
The Monon route will, on April 26, 27,  
and 29, sell tickets at reduced rates to At-  
lanta, Ala., and return, for the great  
sale April 28, 29, and 30, tickets good May  
10, with privilege of stopping at  
Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, re-  
siding, Don't miss the opportunity to  
the New South.

Express trains daily to Cincinnati, day.  
Meeting with the Queen and Crescent  
at Atlanta is the natural eastern gateway to  
the great future iron manufacturing dis-  
trict of North Alabama, in the center of the  
soil and brown ore belt, with coal  
line stone in easy reach, has four (4) moving  
roads, fine water power, three (3) furna-  
ce works, cotton compress, oil well  
planting mills.

But three years ago a village of 40,  
a thriving city of 2,000. The sale is active and friends.  
the auspices of the Atlanta Iron and  
Company, and consists of choice man-  
ufacturing business, and residence lots with  
the corporation limits of the city and  
joining the vast coal and iron fields.  
Davis this week.

**Free Homes.** rs. J. H. Osborne, of Bloom, Ill.,  
Last chance for the agricultural laborer with her parents  
free. The great Sioux Reservation of 11,  
000,000 acres now open for settlement, lying  
in the Missouri valley, is equal to any State  
in the Union for fertility and productiveness.  
Pierre is the key to this land, and the  
coming large city of South Dakota.  
For full information, free of charge, write  
to the Alliance Committee, Pierre, South  
Dakota.

BRONCHITIS is cured by frequent small  
doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.  
If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac  
Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it, 25c.

Ask your dealer for "Tansill's Punch."



**A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.**  
"You certainly are mistaken," said one young man to another at an  
evening party, "but that cannot be the young lady I met last winter,  
though the name is the same. Judge for yourself. This girl has a glori-  
ous complexion, while the other young lady—Good heavens, what a skin  
she had! Covered with blotches and red-headed pimples; it was like  
a nutmeg grater. Oh no, this cannot be the young lady." But it was,  
though, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery had worked the  
miracle. As a remedy for pimples, blotches, eruptions and all Skin and  
Scalp diseases, it is the most wonderful medicine extant. Of all the  
many blood-purifiers and remedies for skin diseases, "Golden Medical  
Discovery" is the only one guaranteed to do all that's claimed for it, or  
money promptly refunded! Especially has it manifested its potency in  
curing Salt-rheum, Tetters, Erysipelas, Eczema, Boils, and Carbuncles.  
In all Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, "Fever-sores," "Hip-joint Dis-  
ease" and all impurities of the blood, no matter from whatever cause  
arising, it effects the most marvelous cures. WORLD'S DISPENSARY  
MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Manufacturers, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

**\$500 OFFERED** for an incurable case of  
Catarrh in the Head by  
the proprietors of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.  
SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges  
falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid; at others, thick,  
tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid and offensive; eyes weak, ring-  
ing, in ears, deafness; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and gen-  
eral debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once.  
Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

**Peculiar to Itself**  
That Hood's Sarsaparilla does possess curative  
power Peculiar to Itself is conclusively shown by  
the wonderful cures it has effected, unsurpassed  
in the history of medicine. This absolute merit it  
possesses by reason of the fact that it is prepared by  
a Combination, Proportion and Process Peculiar  
to Hood's Sarsaparilla, known to no other medi-  
cine, and by which the full medicinal power of all  
the ingredients is retained. Hood's Sarsapa-  
rilla is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla,  
Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Juniper Berries and  
other well known vegetable remedies. It has won

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
The Spring  
Medicine  
thing without it hurting me; my dyspepsia and  
biliousness have gone. I never felt better in my  
life, am at work again and consider myself a well  
man. Those two bottles were worth \$100 to me."  
W. V. EULOWS, Lincoln, Ill.  
"Hood's Sarsaparilla purified my blood, gave me  
strength, and overcame the headache and dizziness,  
so that now I am able to work again." LUTHER  
NARSON, 33 Church St., Lowell, Mass.  
N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only  
by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.  
**100 Doses One Dollar**

**CATARRH**  
PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use.  
Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For  
Cold in the Head it has no equal.

**OPIUM**  
Habit. The only certain  
and easy cure. Dr. J. L.  
Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.  
MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN ORDERING.  
CAPTAIN JOHN W. MORRIS,  
Washington, D. C.  
Successfully Prosecuted Claims.  
Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau.  
3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicated claims, atty since.

**KIDDER'S PASTILLES**  
Sure relief  
Price 50c. ASTHMA,  
Hay Fever, Croup, Whooping Cough, Stomach  
and Bowel Complaints, etc. Sold by Druggists and  
by mail, Stowell & Co., 27 West 4th St., New York, N. Y.

**PENSIONS**  
If you want your  
pension without  
delay, put your  
claim in the hands  
of JOSEPH H. HUNTER, Attorney,  
Washington, D. C.

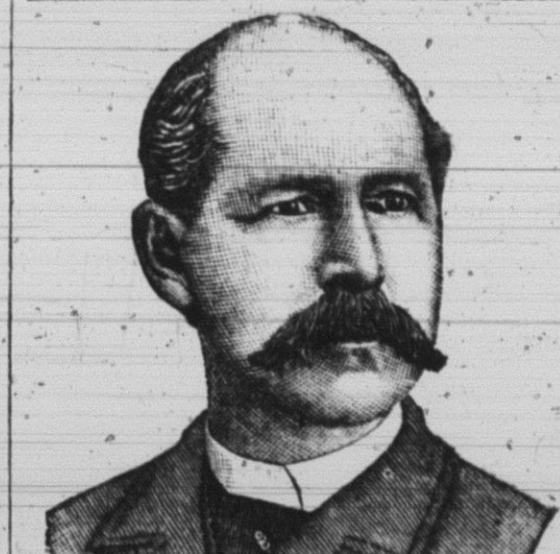
**FAT FOLKS**  
Using "Anti-Corpuscle Pills" lose 10 lbs.  
weight. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and need  
no diet. Sold by druggists everywhere or sent by mail. Partic-  
ulars (small) 5c. Dr. Wilcox's Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

**Burlington Route**  
HALF RATES  
TO THE  
**FARMING REGIONS**  
WEST, 'SOUTHWEST, NORTHWEST.  
For particulars call on your Ticket Agent or address  
P. S. ELSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agt., C. & N. W. R.R., Chicago.

**DR. OWEN'S**  
**ELECTRIC BELT**  
AND SUSPENSORY.  
PATENTED AUG. 16, 1887, IMPROVED JULY 30, 1889.  
DR. OWEN'S ELECTRO-  
GALVANIC BODY BELT  
AND SUSPENSORY will  
cure All Rheumatic Com-  
plaints, Lumbago, General  
and Nervous Debility,  
Constipation, Kidney  
Diseases, Nervousness,  
Trembling, Sexual Ex-  
haustion, Wasting of  
Body, Dis- cases caused by Indiscreet  
Youth, Age, Weak, Married or Single Life.  
TRY A PAIR OF  
DR. OWEN'S ELECTRIC INSOLES  
Also an Electric Truss and Belt Com-  
plete. Send for price list and book 25c. page.  
It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that  
a constitution may be gradually built up until strong  
enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hun-  
dreds of subtle maldies are floating around us ready  
to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may  
escape many a fatal shaft by keeping our alive well  
fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished  
frame."  
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold  
only in half round tins by Grocers, labeled thus:  
JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists,  
London, England.

**GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.**  
**EPPS'S COCOA**  
BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the Natural Law  
which governs the operations of digestion and nutri-  
tion, and by a careful application of the fine prop-  
erties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided  
our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured bev-  
erage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills.  
It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that  
a constitution may be gradually built up until strong  
enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hun-  
dreds of subtle maldies are floating around us ready  
to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may  
escape many a fatal shaft by keeping our alive well  
fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished  
frame."  
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold  
only in half round tins by Grocers, labeled thus:  
JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists,  
London, England.



**W. L. DOUGLAS**  
**\$3 SHOE** FOR  
GENTLEMEN.  
BEST IN THE WORLD.  
OTHER SPECIALTIES FOR GENTLEMEN,  
LADIES, MISSES and BOYS.  
None genuine unless name and price are  
stamped on bottom. Sold everywhere.  
Send address on postal for valuable  
information.  
W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

**W. L. DOUGLAS**  
I prescribe and fully en-  
dorse Big G as the only  
specific for the certain cure  
of this disease.  
G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D.,  
New York, N. Y.  
We have sold Big G for  
many years, and it has  
given the best of satis-  
faction.  
D. B. DYCHE & CO.,  
Chicago, Ill.  
Trade Mark \$1.00. Sold by Druggists.  
C. N. U. No. 17-290

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



CHelsea STANDARD.  
BY  
WM. EMMERT.  
OFFICIAL VILLAGE PAPER.

FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1890.

The Century Club.

No other club in New York is as all like the Century. It is not swell or fashionable; it is not famous for its cuisine, its furniture or its entertainments; but it is delightful by reason of the artistic and literary atmosphere that pervades the place. Half the excellent pictures on the walls were painted by members of the club, half the books in the library were written by members. The rooms are all large, and most of them a little dark. Open wood fires make the place cosy. The dining room has one great table, where all who come dine and chat.

The man next you may be a literary personage, a professor from Yale, or an artist with white hair and a reputation. Richard Henry Stoddard comes in and speaks in a voice that no other man dare use in the club house. At the luncheon there is a brazier at command, and the members may, if they will, and as they often do, concoct what dish they choose. There is no show, no fuss, no array of servants. Scores of members are almost in rebellion at the prospect of leaving the old house. Some have threatened in angry moments to organize a new club and stay, but nothing of the sort will happen, and the quiet dignity of the Century will be transferred to the splendour of an uptown club house.—New York Letter.

Streets and Sidewalks in Berlin.

The smoothness of the pavements in Berlin affords immense relief in diminishing the confusing noise and jar of the streets. Waking early in the morning at a hotel in the center of the business section, one perceives no rattling of wagons, only the clatter of the horses' hoofs, so that it seems as if cavalry regiments were continually passing. The smooth streets have also made cycling very popular, and tricycles are extensively used for business purposes. The broad sidewalks are laid with flagging in the center, and between that and the curbstones are paved with small, mosaic like stones that form a smooth surface, and are easily removed and replaced. Beneath this space are laid the gas pipes, telegraph and electric light wires, pneumatic tubes, etc., so that in laying or repairing these the street pavement is not disturbed. The wires of the arc lights, as well as of the incandescent, all are carried underground, and in Berlin there are not to be seen the unsightly poles that so disfigure the streets in Mexican cities.—Cor. Mexican Financier.

A Lesson from the Baby.

Man, as he comes into the world, presents a condition it would be well for him to follow in all his after life. The sweetest minstrel ever sent out of paradise cannot sing a newborn child to sleep on an empty stomach. We have known reckless nurses to give the little ones a dose of pargoric or soothing syrup in place of its cup of milk, when was too much trouble to get the latter, but this is the one alternative. The little stomach of the sleeping child, as it becomes gradually empty, folds on itself in plaits; two of these make it restless; three will upon its eyes, but by careful soothing these may be closed again; four plaits and the charm is broken; there is no more sleep in that household until that child has been fed. It seems to us so strange that with this example before their eyes full grown men are so slow to learn the lesson.—American Analyst.

The Literary Standard in America.

We say in all seriousness, that in this new country, drunk with prosperity and besotted as it is with material ideals, the literary standard is as high as ever it was in the world; and that the literary performance is of an excellence which is only not conspicuous because it is so general. If any one doubts it, let him compare an average piece of fiction in The Atlantic Monthly, or The Century, or Scribner's, or Harper's with an average piece of fiction in Blackwood's or Fraser's, or Tinsely's of fifty years ago; or an average essay in one of our periodicals with an average essay of the best English time; or an average poem of our day with an average poem of the "splendid and unsurpassed literature of the past"; or an average review in the Sunday papers with the "really capable criticism" of the heyday of English reviewing.—W. D. Howells in Harper's.

Mark Twain Not a Ladies' Man.

On one occasion Clemens was standing against a lamp post and holding a cigar box under his arm. Mrs. Capt. Edward Poole, a very beautiful woman, and as bright and as witty as beautiful, came along and stopped and held out her hand, saying: "Why, Mark, where are you going in such a hurry?" "I'm m-o-o-v-i-n-g," drawled Mark, at the same time opening the cigar box, disclosing a pair of blue socks, a pipe and two paper collars.

He had never cared for the ladies, was, in fact, a fish out of water when he happened to be near them. While employed on the daily Alta, having secured employment there after leaving The Call, he called at a dressmaker's establishment and for ten minutes addressed a wax figure of a lady before discovering his mistake.—Boston Transcript.

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 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 Romeyn 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 Harriet E. Chase, Hiram E. Pierce and Romeyn P. Chase as executors 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 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. G. Dory, Probate Register.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss: Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, made on the 21st day of April, A. D. 1890, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Lucy Ann Clark, 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 21st day of October next, and that such claims will be heard before said court on Monday, the 21st day of July, A. D. 1890, and the 21st day of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days.

Dated, Ann Arbor, April 21st, A. D. 1890.

J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.

Wm. G. Dory, Probate Register.

compunction at the treacherous part was playing. "It's cold, I think,"

leak with "unger."

"Here, drink this," said Desmond, sitting down beside him, and giving him a steaming tumbler. "It will do you good."

"Thanks, gov'nor," said Flip, gratefully, feeling if the broken blade was all safe, "I'll warm me up."

Desmond lighted his pipe and sat watching the ragged little Arab drinking his hot wine, never thinking for a moment that he was nourishing a viper—a per that would turn and sting him.

onest himself, he never suspected long-dong in others, and while succoring this outcast, he did not know he was doing an evil thing for himself.

After Flip had finished the wine, he declared he felt better, and, with many assurances of gratitude, took leave of his benefactor.

"Poor little devil!" said Desmond, as he

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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. Dory, Probate Register.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF

Washtenaw, ss: Notice is hereby

taken, 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 al-

lowed for creditors to present their

claims against the estate of Mary L.

ha 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 Of-

fice in the City of Ann Arbor, for ex-

amination and allowance, on or before

Monday, 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.

la

sb

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF

Washtenaw, ss: Take notice

that on the 15th 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

on the same 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 ordi-

nance No. 11 of the village of Chelsea aforesaid,

approved April 9, 1888, viz: Land bounded

north by south line of block 14, east of lands

owned by Joana Cummings and W. 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

\$53.11.

Dated April 12, 1890.

THEO. E. WOOD,

Treasurer of the village of Chelsea.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Whereas default has been made in the con-

dition of certain mortgage dated the fifteenth

day of November, A. D. 1888, made and execut-

ed by Isaac M. Whitaker and Elvira Whitaker,

his wife, of the township of Sylvan, County of

Washtenaw, State of Michigan, to Chelsea Sav-

ings Bank of the village of Chelsea, county and

state aforesaid, a bank organized and doing bus-

iness under the general banking law, and re-

corded in the office of the Register of Deeds of

said county of Washtenaw in said state of Michi-

gan, on the 15th day of November, A. D. 1888,

in liber 72 of Mortgage on page 38, by which

the said mortgage has become operative, and

whereas there is now claimed to be

due the sum of thirteen hundred and seven-

teen and 34-100 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 eighth-east quarter of section 23, and the

west half of the southeast quarter of section

fourteen (14), Town two (2), south

range four (4), east.

Dated at Chelsea, Michigan, April 1st, 1890.

CHELSEA SAVINGS BANK.

Mortgagee.

TURNBULL & WILKINSON,

Attorneys for mortgagee.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the conditions

of a mortgage executed by William Warner to

Luther James bearing date, the 1st day of April

A. D. 1879 and recorded in the office of the Re-

gister of deeds, for the county of Washtenaw,

in the state of Michigan, on the 16th day of April,

A. D. 1879, in said mortgage on page 475

by which default the power of sale contained in

said mortgage has become operative, and the sum

of twenty-two hundred and twenty-six

dollars and thirty dollars as an attorney fee as

provided in said mortgage and the state in

such case made and provided, and no proceed-

ing at law or in Chancery, having been instituted

to recover the debt so secured by said mort-

gage or any part thereof.

Notice is therefore hereby given that by vir-

tue of the power of sale contained in said mort-

gage of the statute in such case made and pro-

vided; said mortgage will be foreclosed on

Monday, the 28th 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, where the

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

premises described in said mortgage which

mortgage as follows, viz: All that certain piece

or parcel of land situate in the township of

Lima, county of Washtenaw and state of Michi-

gan, and described as follows to wit: Being the

West half of the Southeast quarter 24 of sec-

tion number four (4), township number two (2)

South of range number four (4), East according

to the original survey, containing eighty acres

of land more or less.

Dated Chelsea, Mich., January 28th, 1890.

JAMES L. BARCOCK

and

THOMAS S. SEARS,

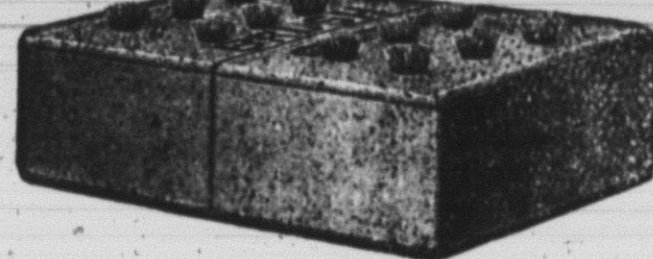
Executors of the last will and testament of

Luther James, deceased.

TURNBULL & WILKINSON,

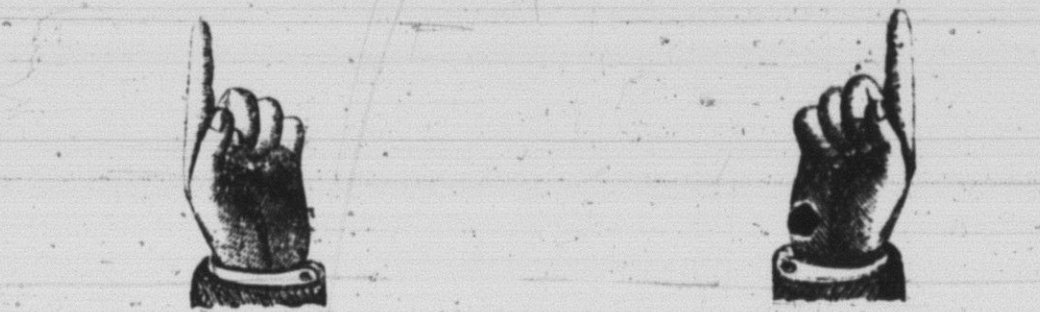
Attorneys for Executors.

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 appre-  
ciated. 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 dis-  
eases 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 an-  
noyances 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



# CHelsea STANDARD.

FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1890.

## CLOSING OF MAIL:

EAST.—9:45 A. M. 3:47 and 8:00 P. M.

WEST.—10:35 A. M. 5:35 and 8:00 P. M.

## TRAINS LEAVE:

EAST.—5:27, 7:10, 10:15 A. M. 4:17 P. M.

WEST.—10:58 A. M. 6:00 and 9:57 P. M.

## LOCAL, NEWSY ITEMS.

**Picked up While Roaming Around This Most Beautiful Village.**

Council proceedings in this issue.

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

Go to L. Babcock's new store May 1, 2 and 3 and see the museum of curiosities.

Dandelions were in blossom Tuesday last. How's that for spring, gentle Annie?

Read W. J. Knapp's new advertisement. Mr. Knapp wants your trade and will do you good.

Go to L. Babcock's store to see a nice collection of house and bedding plants, May 1, 2 and 3.

A thirteen pound girl made its appearance in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Barth, last Tuesday.

May 1, 2 and 3 at L. Babcock's is the time and place to buy your house and bedding plants for 1890.

Five new legal notices appear in this issue. If you have any work in this line, send or bring it to us.

A new baptismal font has been placed in St. Mary's church, the gift of one of the members of the society.

Found! A purse containing a small amount of money. Prove property and pay for this notice, at this office.

A Baptist social was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. Wight, Wednesday evening, quite a company being there.

While entering the hall of the House of Representatives last Monday, Capt. E. P. Allen slipped and fell on the marble floor, sustaining a painful scalp wound.

Died, in Chicago, April 19, 1890, of pneumonia, Hannah M. VanVleet, wife of A. VanVleet, and eldest sister of Geo. H. Mitchell, aged 50 years. A more extended notice will appear in our next issue.

Tommy Speer, who for several months held a case in the *Herald* office, Saturday last left for Detroit, where he has a good position again in a furniture store. Tommy is a fine boy and wide awake fellow.

The P. of I. have a lodge in the Lehman district of fifty-six members; in the Vermont district of thirty-five members, and in the Savage district one of twenty-five members. The whole county is to be organized.

The STANDARD is pleased to chronicle the return of Hon. and Mrs. A. T. Gorton, from California. Mr. Gorton expresses himself as well pleased with that state, but as Mrs. Gorton does not feel at home there, they thought it best to return home.

Saloon bonds have been placed at \$4,000 this year. As a bondsman is equally liable as the principal, they ought to be scarce. The council can not be too careful in accepting bondsmen, as accidents from intoxicated persons may render the bondsmen of saloon keepers liable for damages.

Mr. C. Heselshwerdt, whose illness was mentioned in these columns a few weeks ago, died Wednesday evening about 10 o'clock, aged 70. Mr. H. was one of Chelsea's best known men, having conducted a restaurant here for many years. He was known as an honest, hard working man, always having a pleasant word for those with whom he came in contact. The funeral was held this afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. Thomas Holmes, D. D., officiating.

Frank Bumann, a resident and business man of Tecumseh for thirteen years, and the past five years in Florida, arrived in this village last Friday, and is now engaged in the egg business with A. Steger. The firm will put in pickling vats, which will hold from 20,000 to 40,000 dozen eggs, the building heretofore occupied by A. Steger, being utilized for that purpose. As both gentlemen are hustlers, our village will be the gainer by this enterprise.

Hair, nail and tooth brushes at the Standard Drug and Grocery House.

Council meetings the first and third Wednesdays of each month this year.

Go to Mrs. Staffin's for millinery of every description—hats, bonnets, infants caps, gignons, etc.

The first ice cream of the season for sale at L. Babcock's new store May 1, 2 and 3 during the Flower Festival.

Lost! A black silk hand bag containing several articles and a purse with \$3 in it. Please leave at this office.

Coffees are still advancing, but the Standard Drug and Grocery House is still selling a fine coffee at 25 cents. Try one pound and you will want more.

Dall Wooster was last Sunday elected superintendent of the Baptist Sunday school in place of U. Gates, resigned. Stanley Thomas was elected secretary in place of Mr. Wooster, called up higher. Two good selections.

We have so far lost four subscribers on account of the Glazier-Herald combination, but have taken many new ones in the same time. The STANDARD is here to stay, and the publisher appreciates the support given it by its large number of subscribers.

Several lodges of P. of I. have been organized in this vicinity within the past week, but the STANDARD is unable to give the names of officers elected. The main object of the organization is to educate the farmers to pay cash for goods, look to his interests and combine for better prices. Just what effect the organization will have on trade remains to be seen.

The annual Flower Festival of the Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. church will be held on May 1, 2 and 3 at L. Babcock's new store. Come one! come all! that wish plants for the house or bedding purposes, as we intend having a nice collection. A museum of curiosities will be on exhibition during the festival. Music, ice cream and other attractions.

Michigan is highly honored in this session of congress, by the selection of Capt. Allen, of Ypsilanti, congressman from the second district, for chairman pro tem. of that body. He is known as "Foghorn Allen" on account of his strong, healthy voice, but it never yet trembled in fighting for the right and denouncing the wrong, and there is not a more honest Christian or strictly temperance man in congress than he.—*Eaton Rapids Herald*, (O'Donnell's district.)

Sunday afternoon last, Mrs. Ruth Young, residing at Sylvan, who is now over 92 years of age, broke her left hip in a peculiar manner. She was alone in the room (her son taking a bath at the time), when she happened to think that she had a mouse trap set. She at once went to see if a mouse might be in it, and found one. She took the trap and threw the mouse out, but it went near the house, so she stepped outside, and in so doing, fell, sustaining the injuries as above stated. Dr. Palmer was called and made the sufferer as comfortable as possible, and at the present writing, she is doing nicely.

June 10th next, it will be 27 years that W. F. Hatch has been express agent at this place. How's that for continuous service?—Chelsea STANDARD. That's not long. On October 1, 1855, A. W. Ames was appointed agent of the American Express Co., in this place, and his service has been continuous since that date. What is more, in the nearly 35 years of his employment his days of vacation added together would not exceed two months. Mr. Ames enjoys the distinction of being the oldest continuous employee of the company in Michigan.—*Register*.

Mrs. John R. Moore, who was injured in the runaway last week Tuesday, died Sunday morning last at the home of Wm. Pottinger, where she was taken immediately after the accident. Mrs. Moore was a sister of M. J. Noyes, and about 55 years of age at the time of her death. She leaves three children and a husband, and a large circle of friends, who sincerely mourn her death. Funeral services were held from the Moore residence last Tuesday at 2 o'clock, attended by a large concourse of sympathizing friends and acquaintances. At this writing Mr. Moore is improving, and will, do doubt, again enjoy perfect health.

The Graham Earle Co. which has had a good run at Milan, Saline and Manchester, has engaged the town hall, for the week beginning May 5. The company comes highly recommended.

In our last issue we stated that Ed. Gorman's team ran into John R. Moore's vehicle, but we now learn that it was J. S. Gorman's. The report was and is being circulated that Mr. Gorman was intoxicated at the time, but no proof has been adduced to this effect, and we cannot believe it. If he was, the bondsmen of the several saloon keepers may be called upon to foot the bills for actual and exemplary damages.

The testimony of all the thinking men of our day who have ever heard him is that Dr. Joseph Cook, of Boston, is one of the greatest as well as most pleasing speakers of our time. He has delivered more lectures and been listened to by more large audiences, in all parts of the world, during the past five years than any other man on the lecture platform of to-day. He will deliver one of his greatest and latest lectures, "Leaders and Misleaders of Our Day," in the university hall, Ann Arbor, Tuesday evening, April 29th. It is one of the greatest men, with a great subject, and it will doubtless prove one of the most valuable lectures of the year, and one that every one who misses it will surely have cause to regret.

A few days of the past week the agent for H. H. Warner & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., the largest proprietary medicine house in the world, has been in town advertising relative to the firm's preparations, Warner's Safe Remedies, Warner's Safe Yeast, and Warner's Log Cabin Remedies. Each of these preparations has a large sale which is deserved. The Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co. know, and so does the reader, that they put out only articles of merit, but they do not forget the value of printers' ink, having contracts with over 10,000 papers in the United States, to say nothing of Great Britain, Austria, Germany, India, Australia, and New Zealand. It pays to be liberal with the printer and none know this better than Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co.

**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.

**COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.**

CHELSEA, March 20, 1890.

Board met in council room.

Meeting called to order by president.

Roll call by clerk.

Present—W. J. Knapp, president; Trustees—H. S. Holmes, H. Lighthall, G. J. Crowell, W. F. Riemenschneider, G. H. Kempf.

Absent—W. Bacon.

Minutes of previous meetings read and approved.

The president explained to the new board the condition of affairs of the village, and urged upon them to enforce the ordinances, and appointed the following standing com. for the ensuing year.

Finance—H. S. Holmes, G. H. Kempf, G. J. Crowell.

Streets—H. Lighthall, W. F. Riemenschneider, W. Bacon.

Side and cross walks—W. Bacon, G. H. Kempf, H. S. Holmes.

Ordinance—G. J. Crowell, W. F. Riemenschneider, H. Lighthall.

Wm. Emmert sent in a bid for printing for the ensuing year at \$20.00 also A. Allison at \$25.00. Moved and supported to let the printing to Wm. Emmert as being the lowest bidder.

Yes, H. S. Holmes, H. Lighthall, G. J. Crowell, W. F. Riemenschneider, G. H. Kempf. Nays. None. Carried.

Absent W. Bacon.

Motion was made and carried that the assessor be instructed to take the assessment at once.

Motion made and carried that we adjourn.

FRED VOGEL, Clerk.

**YOUR FOLKS AND OURS.**

A. M. Freer went to Grass Lake on Monday.

Wm. F. Hunt, of Sylvan, now gets a pension.

Wm. Gray now gets his mail at Sylvan.

C. E. Letts, of Detroit, was in town last week.

Dall Wooster is on the sick list—measles, 'tis said.

Geo. Kempf spent Saturday with Fred Freer at Detroit.

Miss Alice Gorman spends this week among Detroit friends.

P. J. Lehman spent last Monday with friends in Jackson.

Miss Carrie Vogel spent Tuesday with Ann Arbor friends.

Aaron Burkhardt went to Lansing on business last week Friday.

Mrs. Curtiss visited Detroit on millinery business this week.

Nellie Lowry entertained a number of her friends last Friday evening.

M. J. Cavanaugh, of Ann Arbor, was seen on our streets this week.

Ed. Schumacher, with Eberbach & Son, at Ann Arbor, was in town Sunday.

Geo. Schumacher, of Waterloo, was a welcome caller at the STANDARD office, Tuesday.

Some fifty-six of Chelsea's citizens attended the excursion to Detroit Tuesday.

Geo. Webster, tailor, who has been quite ill for the past week, is slowly improving.

Miss Minnie Davis went to Detroit last Monday to spend the week with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Rust and daughter, of New York, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Davis this week.

Mrs. J. H. Osborne, of Bloom, Ill., is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Noyes, this week.

The Misses Annie McCarron and Rosa Hammel, of Detroit, were entertained by Mrs. E. E. Shaver, Wednesday.

Mrs. Wunder has exchanged her house and lot on West Middle street for the M. Schwikrath house on South Main street.

Mrs. Sam Guerin and daughter returned home to Ann Arbor last Tuesday after spending a few days here with relative.

Miss Marion Wellman left this place last Tuesday for Los Angeles, Cal., where she intends remaining some two or three years.

David Rockwell is now permanently located in the produce business in Ann Arbor, but he will still conduct his farm near here.

Luke Hagan went to Battle Creek last Monday to spend a few days. Later, Luke has concluded to remain there for a time.

Mort McLain, who has been a conductor on the M. C. for some time, now has a train in the west, where money seems to pour in on him more freely.

**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

**Markets by Telegraph**

DETROIT, Apr. 25, 1890.

BUTTER.—Market quiet at 10@14c for best dairy. 8c for fair grades.

EGGS.—Market easy at 11c per doz for fresh receipts.

POTATOES.—Market quiet at 45c per bu for store lots.

WHEAT.—No 2 red spot, 5 cars at 91c 4 cars at 90c; May 6,000 at 91c No. 1 white 2 car at 89c.

CORN.—No. 2 spot, 37c.

OATS.—No. 2, white, spot 30c.

**Home Markets.**

BUTTER.—In demand at 10@12c.

**CANT SLEEP NIGHTS**

Is the complaint of thousands suffering from asthma, consumption, coughs, etc.

Did you ever try Dr. Ackers 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. Ackers Blood Elixer, for it has been fully demonstrated to the people of this country 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.

**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. Ackers 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.

**Cook's Cotton Root Compound**

Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal—a recent discovery by an old physician. Is successfully used monthly—Safe, Effective. 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 LILY 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 replanned and tested.

C. E. LETTS, Agent.

**THE GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES**

The World's Best

Is now fully settled for business AND BARGAINS are being offered in all lines of Hardware. We invite farmers to call and examine our line of PLOWS this spring before purchasing elsewhere. We are making FARMING TOOLS a specialty, our stock is complete. GALE PLOWS in wood and steel beams, chilled and steel. The "Burch Plow" formerly called "North Fairfield," a great favorite with the farmers. Also BIG INJUN Sulky Plow, King of the Field. HOUSE-KEEPERS will find this the place to supply their wants. Try our tin ware all hand made. If you are cleaning house, call and get 5 lbs of ALABASTINE or DIAMOND WALL FINISH for 25 cents. Remember the place, The New Store, on Main street, two doors south of the Corner Hardware, the old stand.

**W. J. KNAPP,**



# THE CHELSEA STANDARD.

WM. EMMERT, Publisher.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN

At a wedding at Lancaster, Pa., the groom was presented with a cemetery lot by his father.

JACOB KIMMEL, a farmer of Orwigsburg, Pa., has had a piece of wood an inch long and half an inch wide taken from his arm. It was a splinter from his gun which exploded in his hands thirty-two years ago.

It was claimed in the meetings attending the celebration of the forty-second anniversary of modern spiritualism recently that there are 80,000 spiritualists in Boston alone, many of whom are scattered among the various churches.

THE officials have decided upon the removal of a large number of snowsheds along the line of the Central Pacific. The company will depend upon the use of a large number of rotary and cyclone snowploughs for protection against blockades.

MARK TWAIN allow himself 300 cigars a month. At the age of 34 he stopped smoking for a year and a half. When he started to write "Roughing It," he was three weeks in writing three chapters. Then he resumed smoking and completed the book in three months.

PLEASANTVILLE, N. J., has a citizen with 25 fingers and toes. Some of them had to be cut off because they restricted his freedom of action. The freak in this case appears to be a family one, his father and his brothers and sisters having had seven toes each on the left foot.

LAKE CHELAN, in eastern Washington, never freezes, although in latitude 48 degrees north. The reason given is that it is so deep and the warm water always rises from the bottom to supplant the cold, which goes down to warm itself. The Indians fish in the lake at all seasons and use salmon eggs for bait.

JOHN C. FREMONT, when in New York, is down town every day, visits some of his acquaintances, and although no longer a worker, he is deeply interested in all that is going on. He looks to be very frail; he certainly doesn't weigh over 120 pounds, but his eye is clear, the grasp of the hand firm, and there is no tremor in his voice.

THE widow of a merchant and her daughter arrived at the Russian town of Orel, and put up at a hotel, registering as follows: "Merchant widow from Dmitrowsk, accompanied by her unmarried daughter, Jasha, nineteen years of age, 10,000 rubles dowry, of fair complexion, with light hair and blue eyes, turned-up nose, dimpled cheeks. No other bodily defects or special marks."

THE Okefinokee swamp in Georgia has been sold to a party of capitalists for 204 cents per acre, which was the highest bid received. The area is upward of 250,000 acres. The buyers say that the timber is worth much more than was paid for the property, and the soil is remarkably fertile. The swamp can be drained for \$250,000, and the engineer who has surveyed it says that the parties who have undertaken the enterprise will become millionaires.

UPON the announcement to Queen Christina recently that the name of Alfonso had been registered for the 1,000th time as having been conferred upon a Spanish child in baptism she sent the thousandth child, the son of a clerk, a complete lavette, a silver cup, a case with knife, fork and spoon, and a savings box containing, besides a handsome nest egg, a paper on which was written with her own hand, "To the thousandth Alfonso, from a woman which two Alfonsos have made happy."

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know "which country owns the most land, Great Britain or Russia?" Russia does. She owns one-seventh of the globe that shows above the sea, or 8,634,000 English square miles. Great Britain's possessions in square miles are as follows: United Kingdom, 125,832; North America, 3,470,257; Africa, 234,786; Ceylon, 25,364; India, 1,064,720; Australia and other Pacific colonies, 3,076,688; total, 7,992,627. Bermuda, Jamaica, and other small island possessions will swell the above area to a round 8,000,000 square miles. This leaves the Czar ruler of more land by at least 600,000 square miles than any other monarch; and it is all in one stretch of country at that.

BISMARCK is suspected of having fought over thirty duels, and that he fought four is certain—one of them with an Englishman; but not one was discovered by the authorities. In the

official list of punishment his name figures four times, but only twice for serious offenses. The first is a sentence of ten days' imprisonment for officiating as a second in a duel. Assassins have twice paid Bismarck the compliment of attempting to "remove him." The first attempt occurred in 1866, when Julius Cohen, better known as Blind, an adopted son of Karl Blind, shot at him in Berlin. Bismarck clutched his aggressor by the arm and held him till the police arrested him. Blind, or Cohen, committed suicide in prison. The second attempt took place in 1874 at Kissingen, where a young mechanic named Kullman, who professed to have been impelled by hatred of the Chancellor's ecclesiastical policy, slightly wounded him in the arm with a pistol-shot.

SOME years ago two long freight trains met at a siding on the Illinois prairie. The siding was not long enough to allow the trains to pass. The assistant manager happened to be on one of the trains, and he was at his wits' end to know what to do. There stepped up a young brakeman who said he could manage the trains so as to enable them to pass. The engineer laughed at him, but the manager asked him to explain. With a stick he traced in the ground his plan, and it was so simple that every one at once comprehended it. In fifteen minutes the two trains had moved by, and the operation is now universally adopted on sidings that are too short. It is called sawing. The young fellow, while riding on his car across the dreary prairies, had studied out and solved the problem, and when the opportunity came he was ready for it. He is now general superintendent of the great Northwestern system.

THE long-talked-of scheme to utilize Niagara Falls as a water power is at last taking definite shape. The Niagara River Hydraulic Tunnel Power and Power Company is now in working order, and the fact that such men as the Vanderbilts, Chauncey Depew, Drexel, Morgan & Co., and other well-known capitalists compose the syndicate gives the assurance that the enterprise will not languish for lack of funds. To harness and control the mighty energy that has for countless years spent itself in a fury of foam and noise has long been a favored dream of engineers. The idea ought to be practical. Certainly greater things have been accomplished. The enterprise has also been seriously considered from an aesthetic standpoint, and there seems to be no tenable objections to it on that ground. A tunnel will be constructed from above the falls, and along this the manufactories will be built. But a visitor to Niagara Falls has no opportunity anyway to give himself up to the grandeur of the scene. He is so beset and harassed by hackmen and other sharks, and has so many toll-gates to go through, that he finds himself in anything but a sublime mood when he arrives in sight of the tumultuous waters. On the whole, the scheme seems to be a good one, and their is no reason why the manufactories should not be started and the savage waters of Niagara be tamed.

MR. SANG, a Chinese gentleman who is making a visit to this country thinks that America is a very funny country, because here we do things exactly opposite to the best form in civilized China. We shake hands with each other; the Chinaman shakes hands with himself. We uncover the head as a mark of respect; the Chinese gallants not only keep their hats on, but when wishing to be very polite, remove their shoes. We shave our faces; they their heads and eyebrows. We cut our finger nails; they consider it aristocratic to let them grow from five inches to a foot in length. The Chinaman whitens his shoes, buries his head on the surface of the earth, and demands that his wine be scalding hot when served. With us black clothing is a sign of mourning; in China, white garments indicate the loss of friends. In the Celestial Empire, not children, but old men fly kites, walk on stilts, play marbles, shoot firecrackers, and, in doing this, use their feet as much as possible instead of the hands. In China the men are milliners, dress-makers and "washerwomen." We live, cook and eat usually on the first floor, sleeping up stairs; but the Chinaman reverses this order. In dating letters we write the year last; they place it first. In speaking of the compass they always say it points South. We pay our doctors when we are ill; they pay as long as they remain well, but as soon as they get sick the pay stops. Here men kill their enemies. A Chinaman gets revenge by killing himself. They launch ships sideways, ring bells from the outside, and turn screws from right to left. Mr. Sang mournfully observed: "America may be a great country, but it is truly the queerest of places."

## DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

### HOUSEHOLD AND AGRICULTURAL TOPICS DISCUSSED.

A Budget of Useful Information Relating to the Farm, Orchard, Stable, Parlor, and Kitchen.

#### THE FARM.

##### A Less Area.

In order to realize a profit when prices are low the cost must be reduced. In many cases this can be done by reducing the area. Plant a less acreage, but receive a larger yield. This is one very important item in reducing the cost with quite a number of crops. In attempting to farm or work too large an area the work of preparing the land, planting, seeding and cultivating the crop is not done in a thorough manner or in good season, and in consequence the yield is light and the profit small. As a general rule a light yield indicates a higher cost than a good crop. It is possible, of course, to go to the other extreme and increase the cost to such an extent that the profit is reduced. But in the majority of cases there is less risk of giving too much work than not enough.

With cultivated crops, especially, a little more work in thoroughly preparing the soil before planting the seed, and a more thorough cultivation afterwards will pay well. Often two more cultivations would have added materially to the growth and yield if given in good season, and it would have added but a small amount to the cost. In cultivating more land than can be managed well, there is often less opportunity for doing thorough work than when everything is crowded, and it is often the case that ten acres given good treatment from the start will yield a larger profit than fifteen poorly treated. It is easy to attempt too much, and any one who has been accustomed to skimming over will be hard to convince that more profit can be derived from a less acreage.

In addition to the lessened profit in attempting to cultivate too much ground is the wearing out of the fertility. Better seed to grass and let grow up in weeds and plow under a portion of the farm than to attempt to farm more thorough work cannot be done. The available plant food in the soil, at least, will not be wasted, but if a green crop of any kind can be plowed under it will add to the fertility and aid to secure larger yields next year.

##### Farm Cleanings.

PLENTY of straw should be used in stables to absorb the liquid manure, which is the most valuable.

MAPLE syrup is more profitable than maple sugar, commanding a higher relative price, and being produced by less labor.

PROFESSOR HENRY concludes that there is a saving of 40 per cent. in cutting up coarse, large corn stalks for cattle.

A MACHINE for aerating milk has been tested and improved by New York dairymen. Cheese made from aerated milk is said to be of extra quality.

THE Chinese are the greatest fowl raisers in the world. In fact nearly all Asiatic peoples give much attention to poultry, and the finest breeds of America and Europe originated in the Orient.

THE total corn crop of this country in 1889 is estimated to be 2,200,000,000 bushels—over 180 bushels for every family of five persons in the United States. No wonder there is a surplus, and prices are low at points distant from markets.

AN experienced sheep raiser says one bushel of corn will produce a pound of wool. That is better than selling corn for less than 20 cents. The same man says one acre of corn, yielding 40 bushels, cut and fed to a flock of sheep is worth \$20. If that estimate is correct, the man who raises corn to ship abroad at the average price of recent years is very unwise.

WE have received a sample of sugar made from beets at the Medicine Lodge Sugar Works, forwarded by Secretary Hinman. He says: "We planted 4.4 acres of beets and it produced 60.80 tons, from which we manufactured a little over 10,000 pounds of sugar, like sample this day mailed. In regard to beet culture we feel some like exclaiming 'Eureka,' and feel perfectly confident that it, with sorghum sugar, will make Southern Kansas in the near future a very great sugar producing country."—Kansas Farmer.

#### THE POULTRY YARD.

##### Black Minorcas.

This breed is an old and favorite variety in England, and was introduced into this country about three years ago. They are a Spanish breed, having large, bright scarlet single combs, long pendulous wattles, red face, white ear lobes, lustrous black plumage, a majestic carriage, close compact body low on the legs and of a stout square build. They are quite a large breed, cocks weighing seven to eight pounds, hens five to six pounds. It is claimed by both American and English breeders that no fowl will surpass them in egg production, both as to quantity and size of the eggs. They lay from 180 to 225 eggs per annum; which are white, and those from adult fowls generally weigh two pounds to the dozen. This breed stands confinement well, but will make good foragers when given a range. The Minorca is a hardy breed, easily raised, and quiet in disposition. Being a non-setter, the hens seldom become broody. The pullets begin to lay at an early age, from four to four and a half months, when hatched quite early in the spring. Their table qualities are fair, but not as good as those of the Asiatic breeds. Black Minorcas are highly thought of wherever known, and are worthy a trial by poultry keepers.

##### Poultry Notes.

THE Java is a good egg producer as well as a very handsome fowl. The black and also mottled varieties are favorites with many. As a farm fowl they are considered good. It is wisdom to encourage rapid growth among young chicks. It means economy in feed and profit before hot weather comes. This is the way to come out ahead. If you look to this it will repay you.

WILD BILL, Colorado, writes: "Would

like to ask if any of your readers can tell me what will kill mites on chickens. They are not lice but much smaller—small and red color; hens will often die while sitting on the nest." Here is a remedy given by C. W. Woodruff, Colorado. Every morning as soon as the fowls were off the roosts, I would take kerosene and pour it on the roosts, and set it on fire. As soon as the oil was done burning I would extinguish the flame. Then I would put coal tar on all knots and roosting places for the lice. I sprinkled the fowls with sulphur, and burned it in the roosts.

#### THE APARY.

##### Starting an Apiary.

"That veteran apiarist, A. B. Mason, gives in the National Stockman the following suggestions to those who are not keeping bees that are very fond of honey, and would like to keep a few colonies so as to have what honey might be wanted for use in the family: It will be the part of wisdom to start right. To do this it will be a good plan to visit some intelligent and successful apiarist and learn all he is willing to tell you. Bee-keepers, as a rule, are willing to aid those who are desirous of learning. It is a fascinating pursuit, and if you are one of those who want to know the 'why' and the 'wherefore' of everything, if you are not careful you will become so enamored of it as to make a sort of 'hobby' of the business, and neglect other things for the purpose of caring for the bees, and so, financially, be a loser by it; so if possible avoid making a hobby of it. A farmer who makes his land to 'flow with milk and honey' must certainly be prosperous, for the stock will consume the grasses and grain, and the bees will gather the nectar from the flowers and store it away for future use on his table.

About the first thing to be decided upon will be what kind of a hive to use. Put it down as an axiom that it is not necessary or advisable to invest in any patent hive or any other patent things to be used in the apiary. The most desirable hives are not patented. At any rate use a movable frame hive if you wish to be able at all times to examine the condition of the inside of the hive.

I believe the bees will winter on the summer stands quite as well as a rule in a box hive or a log 'gum' as in a frame hive, and if properly handled, perhaps yield as much surplus honey; but it will not be as conveniently done. Whatever style is used, by all means have but one kind.

From one to three or four colonies are better to begin with than a larger number, and these should be procured as near home as possible, so that you may know just what you are getting. And if possible deal with a responsible and reliable party, and there are plenty of such.

In purchasing bees it is well to take into account the most desirable qualities of the different races. For quietness of disposition and active, wide-awake business qualities, the Italians are not excelled. It is claimed that the Carniolians are equally as quiet in disposition as the Italians, and superior as builders of white comb; but as their color is so near the same as that of the blacks only an experienced bee-keeper is able to tell the difference, and but few such can do it. As the bee-keeper's golden rule is "keep all colonies strong," of course it is not economy to purchase any but strong colonies.

As I have said before, a locality that will not furnish a fair amount of surplus honey for a few colonies, must be a very poor one indeed. A locality plentifully supplied with clover and basswood (Linden) is a paradise for a bee-keeper and his bees.

#### THE DAIRY.

##### Temperature of Cream.

One of the most, if not the most, important conditions of churning is the temperature of the cream, for on that, at least that is my experience, says W. H. O. in National Stockman and Farmer depends in a great measure the quality of the butter. As a rule the warmer the cream the sooner the butter comes and the poorer the quality of the butter; and if the cream is too cold the butter will take an extra long time to come and will again be poor in quality. Now the happy medium cannot be given definitely, but must be determined by experience. For thick sour cream churned in a warm room, or in summer, about 60 degrees to 62 degrees Fahr. and from there to 66 degrees in winter, or possibly a little higher, according to the degree to which the cream is ripened or soured, bearing in mind the temperature of the room in which the churning is done, is about right.

Just why a high temperature in churning will injure the quality of the butter we do not know, but nevertheless it does, and just here we find one cause of the so-much-complained-of white specks in butter, namely, churning thick, sour, unstirred cream at a high temperature. Of course, the temperature must be ascertained by means of a thermometer. A dairy thermometer costing fifty cents will pay for itself about as quickly as any implement that can be bought. A neighbor of ours not long ago had his hired man churning for a half day, for which time he paid him sixty-two and a half cents, to say nothing of the injured quality of the butter, and all this because his cream was not the right temperature.

##### Dairy Notes.

SYSTEM is the soul of success in the dairy.

WHITEWASH in the cow stable makes things look cheerful and tends to cleanliness.

YOU go through your barn-yard gate twice a day, carrying milk. What kind of a fastening have you on that gate? It is of no more use to feed cows on poor feed than it is to put poor wheat into a good mill; the machinery in both cases will turn out poor and unprofitable product.

WHEN you have milked two teats until it is necessary to strip them don't do it until you have milked the other two, then strip the first pair milked and finally the last pair. But when you have done be done, and go and sit down beside the next cow.

M. M. ROGERS says: "I am always interested in anything pertaining to butter, especially that that will make it better. Have tried the 'salting in the grain' method. When dry salted can-

not get the salt in evenly with out working, when saturated brine is used can not taste the salt after it is drained. Wherein do I fail? Can you give me precise methods of the experts?" You can tell you how it is done by one expert whose butter is sold on yearly contracts at big prices to private families. What the butter is in the granular state—as near like fish eggs in looks as anything we can think of—it is taken from the churn and laid in layers upon the butter table or worker. We say in layers for a portion is spread out thin the salt sprinkled evenly upon this, the more butter granules, then salt and on until all the butter is out of the churn. This mass is set away until the salt dissolved, it is then worked over, enough to only take the water out and packed once in boxes or pails. The amount of salt used is governed by the taste of the customers.

#### THE HOUSEHOLD.

##### Uncomfortable Days.

There are so many things occurring in the household of a family of any size to ruffle the feelings of the housewife that it is not a very easy matter for her to be agreeable at all times. They are usually little things, too trivial to be hardly noticed by most people, no would they be by the housewife at other times, but when she is in a hurry or tired and exhausted, it is the little things that chafe and fret her. There are some days when every little thing appears to vex her. She arises in the morning with a general out-of-sort feeling with everybody and everything around her. She feels that day is going to be a hard one and it always is. Everything goes wrong. Everything seems determined to annoy her. Her head aches; the baby is crosser than usual; everything she tries to cook burns; the fire is either too hot or it won't burn at all. In fact, the whole household has an air of topsy-turviness and the housekeeper's nerves are in the same state. When speaking to the children she does so in a quick, nervous, impatient way, and the little ones know instantly mother is not well, and they try and be as still as they can coming in and out, but let them be as careful as they will, there is always some thoughtless thing they will do, that at another time she would not notice, but on a day such as this calls from her a sharp reproof. At the end of the day she is sick and discouraged. It is at the close of a day such as this you will hear her say: "Oh, dear! I am heartily discouraged, I have worked all day long and it doesn't seem as though I have done anything. I'm tired to death of it all. I wish I could go away where I would never see a bit of housework again." It wouldn't be well for any one to suggest her living at the Fiji Islands, nor would it be really fair, for if left alone, after a good night's rest, she will wake up bright and be her old self again.

In the lives of all housekeepers occur such days, though less frequently in some than in others. It is too bad that there should ever be days such as this, where the comfort and peace of mind of both mother and family are spoiled. The mother really feels worse over the mistakes and impatient words uttered than any of the family, and her conscience is sore on their account, yet she excuses herself by saying: "I couldn't help it; my nerves were all out of order." There must have been some cause for the nerves being out of order, and this is usually found in the day preceding. On this day she arose feeling fresh and bright to begin her day's labors. She felt just like working and went about it willingly and cheerfully. When the afternoon came she felt tired enough to stop, and that is what she should have done. But no; she kept right on because there was something she wanted to finish, and at the end of the day she was too tired to eat any supper, and went to bed exhausted in body and mind, to arise next morning with nerves unstrung, to spend a miserable day herself and make the rest of the family uncomfortable.

When a woman feels like working, why, to be sure, if she is able, that is what she ought to do, but when she feels tired enough to sit down, it is time she changed her dress and took a little recreation. To be sure there are some things that once begun cannot be conveniently dropped until finished, and the housewife cannot help being exhausted when they are done. In a case such as this, and, in fact, any case when she arises with her nerves out of order, and a distaste for the housework, the best remedy is to get through the day's labor as easily as possible. No matter if she does neglect something that she thinks ought to be done. She should take all the rest she possibly could, for that will be what she needs most. By doing this she will save herself and family a great deal of annoyance and discomfort.

#### THE KITCHEN.

##### Cold Meat Potting.

Rub half a pound of beef-dripping into one and a half pounds of meat, with a little salt. Moisten the paste with water and roll it out half an inch thick. Mince any kind of cold meat; season it and add a few spoonfuls of gravy. Spread the minced meat on the paste and roll it up. Tie it up in a cloth buttered and floured and boil for an hour and a half.

##### Beef for Roasting.

If your beef for roasting does not seem as tender as it ought to be, it may be improved in this way: Put the meat in a tureen, mix salt, pepper, two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, four sliced onions, the juice of half a lemon, two bay-leaves and four tablespoonfuls of sweet oil; put half of the mixture under the meat and half over it. Cover the tureen and let the meat remain in it for two days in winter and eighteen hours in summer.

##### To Preserve Raspberries Without Boiling.

The fruit should be gathered in the middle of a very warm day in dry weather. Strip it from the stems immediately; weigh and turn it into a pan; bruise it gently and mix with an equal weight of fine, dry, sifted sugar, and put at once into wide-necked bottles. Cork these firmly without delay, and tie bladders over the tops. Keep in a cool place or it will ferment. The mixture should be stirred only enough to blend the sugar with the fruit. The bladders should be perfectly dry and the bladders moistened with a little brandy on the side next the cork.







# CHelsea STANDARD.

BY  
WM. EMMERT.

OFFICIAL VILLAGE PAPER.

FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1890.

## Mr. Meeson's Will.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### MR. TOMBEY GOES FORWARD.

From that day forward the voyage on the Kangaroo was, until the last dread catastrophe, a very happy one for Augusta. Lord and Lady Holmhurst made much of her, and all the rest of the first class passengers followed suit, and soon she found herself the most popular character on board. As the story of Mr. Meeson's conduct to her got about, the little society of the ship—which was, after all, a very fair example of all society in miniature—fell away from this publishing prince, and not even the jingling of his money bags could lure it back. He, the great, the practically omnipotent, the owner of two millions, and the hard master of hundreds upon whose toll he barreled, was practically cut—Even the clerk, who was going out on a chance of getting a place in a New Zealand bank, would have nothing to say to him. And what is more, he felt it more even than an ordinary individual would have done. He, the "printer devil," as poor little Jeanie used to call him, he to be slighted and flouted by a peck of people whom he could buy up three times over, and all on account of a wretched author's—an author's, if you please! It made Mr. Meeson very wild—a state of affairs which was brought to a climax when, one morning, Lord Holmhurst, who had for several days been showing a growing dislike to his society, actually almost cut him dead, that is, he did not notice his outstretched hand, and passed him with a slight bow.

"Never mind, my lord—never mind!" muttered Mr. Meeson after that somewhat pompous but in all things a man's retreating form. "We'll see if I can't come square with you. I'll get you to pull a string or two in the English press. I am! Those who have the money, and have got a hold of the people, so that they must write what they feel them, ain't people to be defied by any ordinary governor, my lord!" and this he said as he fairly shook his fist at the messenger.

"Seen to be a little out of the way," Mr. Meeson said a voice at his elbow, the owner of which was a lady young and with hard but kindly features, and a mustache. "What has the matter been doing to you?"

"Doing, Mr. Tombey, I have been cutting me, that's all, me—Meeson—cutting me as dead as offal, or something like it, held out my hand and he looked right over it, and marched by."

"Ah!" said Mr. Tombey, who was a wealthy New Zealand land exporter, and now, why do you suppose he did that?"

"Why? I'll tell you why. It's all about that girl."

"Miss Smithers, do you mean?" said Tombey, the big, with a curious flash of his deep set eyes.

"Yes, Miss Smithers. She wrote a book, and I bought the book for £50, and stuck a clause in that she should give me the right to publish anything she wrote for five years at a price—a common sort of thing enough in one way and another, when you are dealing with some idiot who don't know any better. Well, as it happened, this book sold like wildfire, and, in time, the young lady comes to me and wants more money, wants to get out of the hanging clause in the agreement, wants everything, like a female Oliver Twist, and when I say, 'No, you don't, loses her temper and makes a scene. And it turns out that what she wanted the money for was to take a sick sister, or cousin, or some one, out of England, and when she could not do it, and the relation died, then she emigrates, and goes and tells the people on board ship that it is all my fault."

"And I suppose that, that is a conclusion that you do not feel drawn to, Mr. Meeson?"

"No, Tombey, I don't. Business is business, and if I happen to have got to windward of the young woman, why, so much the better for me. She's getting her experience, that's all, and she ain't the first and won't be the last. But if she goes saying much more about me I go for her for slander, that's sure."

"On the legal ground that the greater truth the greater the libel, I presume?"

"Confound her!" went on Meeson, with out noticing his remark, and contracting his heavy eyebrows, "there's no end to the trouble she has brought on me. I quarreled with my nephew about her, and now she's dragging my name through the dirt here, and I'll bet the story will go all over New Zealand and Australia."

"Yes," said Mr. Tombey, "I fancy you will find it will take a lot of choking, and now, Mr. Meeson, with your permission I will say a word and try and throw a new light upon a very perplexing matter. It never seems to have occurred to you what an out and out blackguard you are, so I may as well put it to you plainly. If you are not a thief, you are, at least, a very well colored imitation. You take a girl's book and make hundreds, upon hundreds, out of it and give her fifty. You tie her down so as to provide for successful swindling of the same sort during future years, and then, when she comes to beg a few pounds of you, you show her the door. And now you wonder, Mr. Meeson, that respectable people will have nothing to do with you! Well, now, I tell you my opinion is that the only society to which you would be really suited is that of a cowhide. Good morning!" and the large young man walked off, his very mustaches curling with wrath and contempt. Thus, for a second time, did the great Mr. Meeson hear the truth from the lips of babes and sucklings, and the worst of it was that he could not distinguish

Now this will strike the reader as being very warm advocacy on the part of Mr. Tombey, who, being called in to console and bless, cursed with such extraordinary vigor. It may even strike the discerning reader—and all readers, or at least nearly all readers, are of course discerning; far too much so, indeed—that there must have been a reason for it, and the discerning reader will be right. Augusta's gray eyes had been too much for Mr. Tombey, as they had been too much for Eustace Meeson before him. His passion had sprang up and ripened in that peculiarly rapid and vigorous fashion that passions do on board ship. A passenger steamer is Cupid's own hot-bed, and in this way differs from a sailing ship. On the sailing ship, indeed, the preliminary stages are the same. The seed roots more strongly, and grows and flowers with equal vigor; but here comes the melancholy part—it withers and decays with equal rapidity. The voyage is too long. Too much is mutually revealed. The matrimonial iron cannot be struck while it is hot, and long before the weary ninety days are over it is once more cold and black, or at the best glows with but a feeble heat. But on the steamship there is no time for this, as any traveler knows. Myself—I, the historian—have, with my own eyes, seen a couple meet for the first time at Madeira, get married at the Cape, and go on as man and wife in the same vessel to Natal. And, therefore, it came to pass that, that very evening a touching, and, on the whole, melancholy, little scene was enacted near the smoke stack of the Kangaroo.

Mr. Tombey and Miss Augusta Smithers were leaning together over the balustrade and watching the phosphorescent foam go flashing past. Mr. Tombey was nervous and ill at ease. Miss Smithers very much at ease, and reflecting that her companion's mustaches would very well become a villain in a novel.

Mr. Tombey looked at the star spangled sky, on which the Southern Cross hung low, and he looked at the phosphorescent sea; but from neither did inspiration come. Inspiration is from within, and not from without. At last, however, he made a gallant and desperate effort.

"Miss Smithers," he said, in a voice trembling with agitation,

"Yes, Mr. Tombey," answered Augusta, quietly.

"That is it," he went on—"Miss Augusta, I don't know what you will think of me, but I must tell you, I can't keep it in any longer. I love you!"

Augusta fairly jumped. Mr. Tombey had been very, even markedly, polite, and she, not being a fool, had seen that he admired her; but she had never expected this, and the suddenness with which the shot was fired was somewhat bewildering.

"Why, Mr. Tombey," she said, in a surprised voice, "you have only known me for a little more than a fortnight."

"I fell in love with you when I had only known you for an hour," he answered with evident sincerity. "Please listen to me. I know I am not worthy of you, but I do love you so very dearly, and I would make you a good husband; indeed I would. I am well off, though, of course, that is nothing; and if you don't like New Zealand I would give it up and go to live in England. Do you think that you can take me? If you only know how deeply I love you I am sure you would."

Augusta collected her wits as well as she could. The man evidently did love her; there was no doubting the sincerity of his words, and she liked him, and he was a gentleman. If she married him there would be an end of all her worries and troubles, and she could rest contentedly on his strong arm. Woman, even gifted woman, is not made to fight the world with her own hand, and the prospect had allurements. But while she thought Eustace Meeson's bonny face rose before her eyes, and as it did so a faint feeling of repulsion to the man who was pleading with her took form and color in her breast. Eustace Meeson, of course, was nothing to her; no word, or sign of affection had passed between them, and the probability was that she would never set her eyes upon him again. And yet that face rose up between her and this man who was pleading at her side. Many women, likely enough, have seen some such vision from the past and have disregarded it, only to find too late that that which is thrust aside is not necessarily hidden; for alas! those faces of our departed youth have an uncanny trick of rising from the tomb of our forgetfulness.

But Augusta was not of the great order of opportunists. Because a thing might be convenient, it did not according to the dictates of her moral sense follow that it was lawful. Therefore, she was a woman to be respected. For a woman who, except under most exceptional circumstances, gives her instincts the lie in order to pander to her convenience or her desire for wealth and social ease, is not altogether a woman to be respected.

In a very few seconds she had made up her mind.

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Tombey," she said; "you have done me a great honor, the greatest honor a man can do to a woman; but I cannot marry you."

"Are you sure?" gasped the unfortunate Tombey, for his hopes had been high. "Is there no hope for me? Perhaps there is somebody else?"

"There is nobody else," Mr. Tombey; and, I am sorry to say, you don't know how much it pains me to say it, I cannot hold out any prospect that I shall change my mind."

He dropped his head upon his hands for a minute, and then lifted it again.

"Very well," he said, slowly; "it can't be helped. I never loved any woman before, and I never shall again. It is a pity—with a hard, little laugh—"that so much first class affection should be wasted. But, there you are; it is all part and parcel of the pleasant experiences which make up our lives. Good-by, Miss Smithers; at least good-by as a friend!"

"We can still be friends," she faltered.

"Oh, no," he answered, with another laugh; "that is an expanded notion. Friendship of that nature is not very safe under any circumstances. Certainly not under these. The relationship is antagonistic to the facts of life, and they, or one or other of them, will drift either into indifference and dislike, or something warmer. You are a novelist, Miss Smithers; perhaps some day you will write a book to explain why people fall in love

serfs. And now, once more, good-by!" and he lifted her hand to his lips and gently kissed it, and then with a bow he turned and went.

From all of which it will be clearly seen that Mr. Tombey was decidedly a young man above the average, and one who took punishment very well. Augusta looked after him, sighed deeply, and even wiped away a tear. The ship turned and walked aft, to where Lady Holmhurst was sitting enjoying the balmy southern air, through which the great ship was rushing with outspread sails like some huge white bird, and chatting to the captain. As she came up, the captain made his bow and departed, saying that he had something to see to, and for a minute Lady Holmhurst and Augusta were left alone.

"Well, Augusta!" said Lady Holmhurst, for she called her "Augusta" now.

"Well, Lady Holmhurst!" said Augusta.

"And what have you done with that young man, Mr. Tombey—that very nice young man?" she asked, with emphasis.

"I think that Mr. Tombey went forward," said Augusta.

The two women looked at each other, and, woman like, each understood what the other meant. Lady Holmhurst had not been altogether innocent in the Tombey affair.

"Lady Holmhurst," said Augusta, taking the bull by the horns, "Mr. Tombey has been speaking to me and has—"

"Proposed to you," suggested Lady Holmhurst, admiring the Southern Cross through her eyeglasses. "You said he went forward, you know."

"Has proposed to me," answered Augusta, ignoring the little joke. "I regret," she went on hurriedly, "that I have not been able to fall in with Mr. Tombey's plans."

"Ah!" said Lady Holmhurst, "I am sorry for some things. Mr. Tombey is such a very nice young man and so very gentlemanlike. I thought that perhaps it might suit your views, and it would have simplified your arrangements. But as to that, of course, while you are in New Zealand, I shall be able to see to that. By the way, it is understood that you come to stay with us for a few months at Governor's house before you hunt up your cousin."

"You are very good to me, Lady Holmhurst," said Augusta, with something like a sob.

"Suppose, my dear," answered the great lady, laying her little hand upon Augusta's beautiful hair, "that you were to drop the 'Lady Holmhurst' and call me 'Essie'! It sounds so much more so-called, you know, and, besides, it is shorter and does not waste so much breath."

Then Augusta sobbed outright, for her nerves were shaken. "You don't know what your kindness means to me," she said. "I have never had a friend, and since my darling died I have been so very lonely."

### MELEAGRIS GALLOPAVO.

Which is the "Botanical Name" of the Patriotic Thanksgiving Bird.

If the fathers of the republic had been granted the right and power to create a truly patriotic and native American bird specially for Thanksgiving, and exactly suited for it, they could not possibly have done better than nature had already done. The turkey fills the bill. He is toothsome, he is gamey, he is wholesome, nourishing and does not cloy. He is born at the right season, "comes in" just at the right time, is better by nature than by cultivation, and he is exclusively American. No other land has such a fowl. He is not only American, he is pan-American—that is, pan-North American. From the woods of the upper Saguenay to the forests of Florida, to speak scientifically, meleagris gallopavo is indigenous—in other words, the wild turkey was found native to the woods.

His intellect also is peculiarly American. He is a wily bird and does not give himself away without sufficient cause. He is ardent in love and savage in war, like other Americans. Like them, too, his ardor has often been the death of him; for it is only by "calling"—that is, imitating the voice of his mate—that the hunter can lure the wild turkey towards him. The practice was condemned by true sportsmen, for it was only practicable during the season when the turkey is not at his best. It is a curious fact, and known to but few in these wild turkeyless times, that the bird himself furnished the bone which served to "call" him to destruction. A single bone, about as long as one's forefinger, in each male turkey is hollow and of just the right shape for piping. With a little practice any one with an average ear can eject the breath through it in a way to make an exact imitation of the female turkey's love notes. At any rate, it is exact enough to deceive the male.

Dr. Franklin may have been joking when he suggested the turkey as the emblem of the United States instead of the eagle, but his suggestion had much to support it. The bird, as aforesaid, is native, exclusively American, wily and warlike. He is also in his native state a traveler and explorer. To the ordinary rivers the wild turkey paid little heed. The St. Lawrence and the Mississippi often baffled him, for it is rare, indeed, for a wild turkey to fly a mile. Even at his best estate he relies more on running than flying. From marked and tagged specimens turned loose after capture it has been shown that the turkey travels far. The great plains of the west barred his progress, however, as he insists on an abundance of clean running water.

Meleagris gallopavo is gone, practically extinct in most of the country, but he is tolerably well represented by Meleagris Americana—the common farmyard fowl—and in Europe the descendants of those turkeys which William Strickland, lieutenant to Sebastian Cabot, carried to England, are numbered by millions and are classified in several species and varieties. From the cradle to the grave the domestic turkey is interesting. First are the delicately tinted and lovely

speckled eggs, and in caring for them the female almost resumes her wild nature. She conceals her nest with rare talent, rarely approaches it twice by the same route, and always makes a wide circuit in leaving it for the barnyard, coming in from some other direction with an innocent air that is amusing. The young are almost as tender as babies; it is in August that the growing bird begins to show what is in him. As the fruitful autumn advances he takes on the high and glossy shades of adult life, and in November is in just the right stage to be sacrificed, and most generally is. Peace to his ashes!

### A Small Boy's Reasoning.

In a small city in western Wisconsin there is a small boy who lives with his parents. One day not long ago he and his mother were walking quietly down a street when the little fellow noticed a number of young cattle grazing along the edge of the sidewalk. Said he: "Mamma, I wish Mr. So-and-So would keep his 'halfers' off the street." His mother, thinking to correct his pronunciation, said: "Halfers, Paul, not 'halfers.'" The boy looked at her a moment and replied: "No, mamma; I think I'm right in this matter. Ain't they half a cow and half a calf? I guess they are, and according to that they are 'halfers,'" said the boy, triumphantly.—Chicago Herald.

### Bachelors' Night Robes.

One of the most effective is of white silk, with tiny mauve dots on it. It reaches to the ground and is beautifully hemstitched; the collar is a broad one cut in sailor fashion and thrown back far enough to expose the neck very well. The sleeves are full and have deep cuffs, and on the left side is a pocket in which is stuck a white silk handkerchief with a monogram in mauve on it. The cuffs are of mauve silk caught with white sleeve links, and the collar is also of the colored silk. A soft white silk tie is knotted in front in sailor fashion. The haberdasher announces that this is perfumed so thoroughly with violet that even two or three visits to the cleaner's will not dispel the odor. A more feminine looking robe de nuit is of pale rose silk, with its collar and cuffs edged with lace, and a cravat of lawn and lace, such as the gentlemen of the court of Louis Quatorze wore. The height of folly, or harmony, as you may choose to call it, was reached by a—a—a something—I should hate to call it a man—for a mourning deeply, in a material sense, for an uncle who left him a pile of money. His sleeping robes were of white silk, with cuffs, collar and pocket of black crape, while a black bordered handkerchief was the other adjunct.—New York Letter in Philadelphia Times.

### Authors and Poor Writing.

I wonder if authors have any idea of the decided advantage it is to a manuscript to have it clearly written or by the typewriter? Again and again have I had a manuscript lying on my table for a month or two, putting off its reading from day to day because of the poor writing. If authors had any conception of the value of clean manuscript to editors, they would be far more careful how they send their wares to the editorial office than they are.

Take this manuscript, for example; the author's name is a guarantee that there is something good in it. Yet, look at that chirography. I dread taking it up. It is positive torture. I am patient with her, because I feel a personal interest in her literary welfare. Yet I know of two positive instances where her manuscripts have been returned by editors who acknowledged to me afterward that they had not read them. Now, that woman is inflicting injury upon herself. I tell you, there is nothing which makes me more prejudiced against a manuscript than illegible writing.—Interview in New York Commercial Advertiser.

### Delicacy of Pianos.

The other day I saw a piano that had been returned from a city nearly 800 miles away because "something rattled in it," and the dealer, who had spent three days in trying to find the cause of the difficulty—finally attributing it to a defect in the sounding board—returned it. Now there was nothing wrong about the sounding board, and the piano was in good condition, but had been hurriedly shipped, and a screw in the swing desk attachment was not firmly imbedded. This caused the rattle.

Now it is just this kind of a trivial oversight that causes more than 50 per cent. of the trouble known as rattling. I remember about two months ago in a place in Baltimore an upright piano had to be taken back and taken apart and a day spent over it to stop such a disturbance, which was caused by nothing more than a small piece of shaving about a quarter of an inch long that got in under the pressure bar. It could not be seen and to find it cost a lot of money.—Musical Courier.

### Unlucky Thirteen.

From the fact of Christ's betrayal by Judas the latter is supposed to have been the original of the unlucky thirteenth which brings disaster upon a feast. This superstition is very general, and so strong has it been in France in particular that in Paris there existed, years ago, and may very possibly now, a class of professional diners out called Quatorziemes, whose business it was to be always prepared with a dress suit handy for summons to take the place of some recreant guests, and thus prevent an assemblage of the unlucky thirteen. In regard to the or-

ganization of "Thirteen Clubs" it may be observed that this superstition has never been considered to hold good except when the number thirteen has occurred accidentally. The absurdity, therefore, of the formation of special clubs to meet on the 13th, to dine at 13 tables or to do anything else with 13 in it, becomes at once obvious. Such institutions do not fill the bill.—New York Herald.

### Flowers in Cairo.

The famous bouquetiers (women bouquet makers) of Paris begin their training in the florists' shops by the arrangement of bridal bouquets, and after they learn the mingling of colors. Paris claims to be the home of flowers. The grow in the gardens of its surrounding countryside—the orchids at Chatillon, the roses at Montrouge or Fontenay, the acanthus at Boulogne and lilacs at Neuilly. The mimosa, the tea rose and some of the commoner flowers come from the south in quantities. The costlier flowers are reared in Paris and its environs and as a rule, are bought and worn there. The Parisienne must have flowers in her box at the theatre, in her drawing room on the muff, in her hair, in the bodice of her dress and in her attic window.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### A Remedy for Burns.

The celebrated German remedy for burns consists of 15 ounces of the best white glue broken into small pieces, 2 pints of water and allowed to become soft. Then dissolve it by means of a water bath and add 2 ounces of glycerin and 6 drachms of carbolic acid; continue the heat until thoroughly dissolved. On cooling this hardens to an elastic mass covered with a shining, parchment like skin, and may be kept for any length of time. When required for use it is placed for a few minutes in a water bath until sufficiently liquid and applied by means of a broad brush. It forms in about two minutes a shining, smooth, flexible and nearly transparent skin.—New Orleans Picayune.

### Quick Witted Birds.

Some birds are gifted with a sense of observation approaching to something very like reasoning faculties, as the following anecdote proves: At a gentleman's house in Staffordshire the pheasants are fed out of one of those boxes the lid of which rises with the pressure of the pheasant standing on the rail in front of the box. A water hen, observing this, went and stood upon the rail as soon as the pheasant had quitted it; but the weight of the bird being insufficient to raise the lid of the box, so as to enable it to get at the corn, the water hen kept jumping on the rail to give additional impetus to its weight. This partially succeeded, but not to the satisfaction of the sagacious bird, which, therefore, went off; and, soon returning with a bird of its own species, the united weight of the two had the desired effect, and the successful pair enjoyed the benefit of their ingenuity.—Month.

### Useless Knowledge.

Cookery School Projector.—I have called, Mrs. Slimdiet, to ask if you would not like to join our cookery class, just forming.

Mrs. Slimdiet (boarding house keeper)—Oh, I don't care to spend money learning how to get up a lot of Frenchified dishes.

"Ah, but you do not understand. Our lessons are devoted to the preparation of all sorts of nice and palatable dishes just from things left over, you know."

"No use to me. We never have any thing left over."—New York Weekly.

### "His Nibs de Eiffel Tower."

One of three giants (brothers) who have exhibited their seven feet two human architecture in dime museum for the past three or four years was passing the office at the time when seven newsboys were marching away with their papers. One of them espied him paused, dropped his papers on the sidewalk, and after gazing at him for a moment, cried:

"Hi! Jimmy! get on to his nibs de Eiffel tower!"

Then walking up to the giant, he asked: "Say, mister, ain't you afraid o' ketting de 'grippe' up there?"—New York Herald.

### Bees Swarming in February.

While a young man named Flint, son of the bailiff to Mr. E. Foster, of Woodbury, Tempford, Bedfordshire, was engaged in the fields one day in February he suddenly heard the humming of bees and on looking round he was astonished to see a splendid swarm of bees which had alighted on a shrub. The youth, father is an amateur bee farmer, and being himself quite an expert, he soon obtained a hive and secured the whole swarm, which is said to be a fine one. It was subsequently presented to a laboring man residing in the neighborhood.—London Times.

An elliptical shaped gray stone, probably two feet in length and about six inches in diameter, was received at the White House a day or two ago, accompanied by a letter from Governor Prince of New Mexico. He stated that the stone was of the idol age, anterior to the arrival of the Spaniards in the western continent, and it was known to be over 300 years old. Among the Pueblo Indians the stone was venerated as a household god, and examination showed that with some rude tools an attempt had been made to deplete eyes, nose and mouth on the upper flat portion, which in the center crossed hands are easily discernible.