

CHELSEA STANDARD.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
W. M. EMMERT.
OFFICE IN
Standard Drug and Grocery Store,
Corner Main and Park Sts.

\$1.00 PER YEAR STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES. FOR DISPLAY ADVERTISEMENTS.

| | 1 Mo. | 3 Mos. | 6 Mos. | 1 Year. |
|----------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1 Col. | \$12.00 | \$24.00 | \$42.00 | \$72.00 |
| 1/2 Col. | 9.00 | 14.40 | 24.00 | 42.00 |
| 1/4 Col. | 6.00 | 9.60 | 14.40 | 24.00 |
| 1 Inch | 2.40 | 3.60 | 4.80 | 6.00 |

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

MISS MARY FOSTER & CO

Fashionable Milliner.
Hats, Laces, Flowers 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 MOON
THE LADIES' FAVORITE
THE LIGHT RUNNING
THE FINEST WOODWORK
THE BEST ATTACHMENTS
CHICAGO, 28 UNION SQUARE, N. Y. CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO
ST. LOUIS, MO. FOR SALE BY DALLASTEX
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

PEERLESS DYES ARE THE BEST
For BLACK STOCKINGS.
Made in 40 Colors that neither
smear, 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 Called, Clipped, Cured.
Softly Served Subscribers.
See what W. J. Knapp has to say about paints.
Ann Arbor sustained \$9,000 losses by fire the past year.
All of Ann Arbor's old officials have been re-appointed by Mayor Manley.
Capt. Manley is drilling the "Carnival girls" at Ann Arbor. They number forty-five.

\$1,031 were collected in fines in this county the past year, and will be distributed for school library purposes.

The returns from the Auditor General's office at Lansing show the unpaid taxes of Washtenaw county to be \$1,148.25.

Drunkenness is so rife in Dexter on Sunday, it isn't safe to be out, and the *Leader* calls on the board to have a Sunday marshal.

Glazier advertises to beat the county on prices, giving 15 1/2 pounds of sugar for \$1.00, but Croakin, of Dexter, goes him one better, giving 16 1/2 pounds for one dollar. Let the fun go on.

Some persons, devoid of moral training, greatly disturbed the meeting at the Congregational church last Sunday evening, by loud talking on the outside. Marshal Moore may be after you another evening.

The Adrain Press never spoils a good story just because it is lacking in truth as is shown by the following: A sixteen year old chicken was lately smothered to death, under a straw stack in Isabella county. Seventeen Ann Arbor boarding house keepers have held an indignation meeting to denounce the farmer for not notifying them that he had a fowl of that age.—*Register*.

When Chelsea residents come to Dexter to buy groceries, as some of them do, but one conclusion can be arrived at—they do it to save money.—*Dexter Leader*.—We're in the business, but when a man can get 16 1/2 pounds of sugar for a dollar, we don't blame him for buying. Can't buy eggs there though, for they are paying 12 1/2 cents. See!

That there is something wrong in our prison system, no one who gives the subject the thought it deserves, can doubt. Last week, two men were sentenced to the Jackson prison for life, one a Mr. Wright, head of a large lumber firm; the other, "Buck" Murray. The former, in illegally defending his property, shot two men, but has always borne a good character, and was consequently as good a man, as are ninety-nine out of a hundred as citizens average. The other, Murray, killed policeman Schumacher, of Detroit, and is probably as toughened a criminal as the prison contains. Now for the comparison. Both men are sentenced for life—one a good man, but a law breaker—the other a criminal by intention and nature—yet both are in the same prison and may work side by side, the former now working on the same job that Latimer is.—Is this right? True, both men are sentenced for life; but, should not the life of the good man be given a chance to improve, rather than to be degraded by being thrown into the society of men who are as low in vice as they get? The same is true of those who are sentenced for the first time. It does seem as if there should be a separate prisons for such persons.

Lima Luminations.

There will be no services at the church next Sunday.

The young people are having lots of sport hanging May baskets.

Annie Steinbach has been teaching school for Hattie McCarter.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Freer visited relatives at Plymouth last week.

Mr. T. McKewon organized an association of the P. of I. here Monday evening, and will also speak here again Thursday night.

Monday morning as Mrs. McCarter was bringing Hattie down to school, the horse became frightened at a cow and turned around tipping the buggy over. Mrs. McCarter had her collar bone broken and was badly bruised. Hattie was slightly injured. Mable Fletcher was with them and escaped uninjured. They were taken to O. B. Guerin's where Dr. Palmer & Wright attended them, and at this writing they are doing as well as can be expected.

Spring Song.

The swift is wheeling and gleaming,
The brook is brown in its bed,
Rain from the clouds is streaming;
And the bow bends overhead,
The charm of the winter is broken!
The last of the spell is said!

The eel in the pond is quickening,
The grayling leaps in the stream;
What if the clouds are thickening?
See how the meadows gleam!
The spell of the winter is shaken!
The world awakes from a dream!

The fir puts out green fingers,
The pear tree softly blows,
The rose in her dark bower lingers,
But her curtains will soon uncloze;
The lilac will shake her ringlets
Over the blush of the rose.

The swift is wheeling and gleaming,
The woods are beginning to ring,
Rain from the cloud is streaming;
There, where the bow doth cling,
Summer is smiling afar off,
Over the shoulder of spring!
—Robert Buchanan.

Some Londoners Are Sensitive.

Some of the London newspapers have been inconsiderate enough to harrow the feelings of polite society by publishing the tale of an East End tragedy whereby a dock laborer died of starvation. Mark Valle was the victim's name, and his neighbors report him to be a temperate, steady man, who made every effort to obtain sufficient work to support his family, consisting of a wife and five small children. He had a little money due him on Thursday, and dropped dead at the paymaster's feet as he received it. The doctor who made the post mortem said death was due to starvation, and the man's stomach was entirely empty. The eldest boy told the coroner that their father had eaten nothing since the previous Saturday, though the children had had a little stew twice since then. Their father ate nothing in order that there should be more for his little ones.

The West End was quite shocked when *The Pall Mall Gazette* published this story, and more than one good citizen stopped the paper in order that his wife and children might not be annoyed by the perusal of such vulgar atrocities.—*Cor. New York Sun*.

Recent Developments of Yale Culture.

A novel fad has recently taken possession of the Yale juniors, and is causing much amusement about the college. Every afternoon and evening the members of the three upper classes gather round their respective portions of the new fence in front of Durfee and as a new man strolls up to join a group of classmates he is suddenly pounced upon, his vest is unbuttoned, and in spite of his struggles the tab on the bottom of his shirt bosom is cut off. This trophy is then tacked up on an elm, where are some fifty or more similar ones. The custom is peculiarly a junior one, and the members of the other classes look on and cheer while the struggle is in progress. As many of the tabs so taken have the owner's initials embroidered upon them they are easily recognized as they hang upon the elm, and among them can be seen the tabs once belonging to the best known men in the class.—*New York Sun*.

An Acoustic Tale.

A special to The New York World from Helena, Ark., dated April 24, says: John R. McGuire, of Modoc Landing, says that during the high water he has been compelled to fell trees in order that his cows might sustain life by browsing on the green leaves. The animals were always hungry and he had great trouble in driving them away to keep the oaks from falling on them. Two days ago there was a thunder storm and before it began to rain there was a clap of thunder that sounded exactly like a tree falling. Mr. McGuire's entire herd of cows rushed frantically towards the spot where it seemed the tree had fallen. Another and another clap followed in rapid succession and all of the cattle put to the hill country, where they supposed trees were being cut down. Not one of them has been seen since.

The Louvre is about to become the possessor of Millet's "Glaneuses," which has been bequeathed to it by Mme. Pomery, who died recently at Rheims. The "Glaneuses" was painted two years before the "Angelus," and was first exhibited at the Salon of 1857. It is a much more important work than the more widely known canvas, and is by many connoisseurs considered to be greatly superior to it.

The bashaw of Tangier, the same who jeered at our war ship *Enterprise*, has become so corpulent that he is unable to walk abroad. He is only 5 feet 2 inches in height and must be about the same in breadth, as he weighs over 400 pounds. He has been advised by his thirty-two physicians to fast for a month.

A recent patent applies to a machine for dusting poisonous powders on growing plants, such as cotton or potatoes, to rid them of insects.

H. S. HOLMES & CO.

We are now showing a very complete line of Ladies' and Girls' Hosiery, Underwear and Gloves. We shall offer as a STARTER, a Jersey Vest as low as 10 cents a piece. A child's gauze vest in 16 inches, at 5 cents each. We are offering goods in all departments as low as any house in Washtenaw county. Come and see.

H. S. HOLMES & CO.

NEW * SLIPPERS

—AND—
WALKING SHOES
In Lace, Button and Ties. Tan Patent Leather-tipped, Ooze Calf and Tan foxed.

These shoes are made very neat and stylish.
I will be pleased to have you call and see them.

B. PARKER.
SHOE DEALER.

CHELSEA ROLLER MILLS

* MARKET REPORT. *

Corrected Weekly by Cooper & Wood

| | |
|--|-------------|
| Roller Patent, per hundred,..... | \$2.80 |
| Housekeeper's Delight, per hundred,..... | 2.50 |
| Superior, per hundred,..... | 1.50 |
| Corn Meal, bolted, per hundred,..... | 1.40 |
| Corn Meal, coarse, per hundred,..... | .90 |
| Feed, corn and oats, per ton..... | 17.00 |
| Dran, per ton..... | 15.00 |
| Special Feed (Rye, Oats and Corn)..... | 75c per 100 |

No short weights.

TRY THE STANDARD COFFEE

25 CTS.

THE CHELSEA STANDARD.

WM. EMMERT, Publisher.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN

CHINAMEN use the skin taken from the belly of a sturgeon by tanning it into leather for shoes.

AUSTIN, Texas, has decided to erect the greatest dam in the United States over the Colorado River. It will cost \$1,500,000 and afford 14,000 horse-power.

IN making soundings for the new railroad bridge at Astor, Pa., the engineers struck an artesian flow of sulphur water in mid stream. It comes from a depth of fifty feet and is quite a curiosity.

A CEDAR stump stands on W. S. Clay's farm, near Shohomish City, Oregon, that measures twenty feet in diameter. A photograph was taken of it, with twenty men and five horses standing abreast.

DR. McDOW, the murderer of Capt. Dawson, of Charleston, is still practicing medicine in that city, having an office in the very house where the crime was committed, and next door to Capt. Dawson's home, now occupied by his widow.

THE Boston man who cut his wife's throat the other day in order to prevent her from drinking employed rather too violent means. The authorities will probably hang him in order to prevent him carrying his temperance reform measures into general use.

A CONFERENCE held in Berlin has decided that in Germany children shall not be employed under twelve years of age, and then only for six hours a day up to fourteen. Women and children not to be employed in mines; and working Saturday is to be prohibited for women and children.

UNDULY exacting wives will sympathize with the woman who is seeking a divorce on the grounds that her husband refused to pass her the bread at the supper table, yet run over to a neighbor's and helped put out a fire, thus showing that he loved others better than his own wife.

NEW YORK pickpockets have invented a new scheme for robbing people. It is to pour kerosene or alcohol over the back of a man's coat and touch a match thereto. Then, while helping to extinguish the flames, they "lift" the victim's watch and whatever money or valuables he may have.

THE time required for a journey around the earth by a man walking day and night, without resting, would be 428 days; an express train, 40 days; sound at a medium temperature, 321 hours; a cannon ball, 211 hours; light, a little more than one-tenth of a second; and electricity, passing over a copper wire, a little less than one-tenth of a second.

A WEALTHY citizen of Dover, Me., was mortified the other day. He had just been making a clean breast of his deplorable financial condition to the assessors, and going to a grocery store soon after he was appalled to find that the assessor had taken his statement so literally as to order a barrel of flour, a codfish and some other things sent to him at the town's expense.

E. COWLES, of Eaton Rapids, Mich., lived in southern Ohio in 1862, and when Morgan made his raid Cowles, with several hundred other patriots rushed to the defense of Cincinnati. He served three consecutive days and then returned to his plow. He had almost forgotten the circumstance until one day recently when he received a formal discharge from the War Department.

THE old old story of Richard III. of England having been born with teeth has been revived by the recent birth of a child to parents of German origin in Quitman, Ga., which possesses a complete set. They are well formed, milk white teeth, but show signs of softening already and early decay, and are so closely crowded together as to make the child's mouth almost a deformity and only to be shut with difficulty.

A NEW HAVEN man, after putting rice into everything he could think of belonging to a bridal party, put some in the bride's traveling ink well. Of course the rice, swelled when thoroughly soaked in the writing fluid, and then the little vessel was forced open and the ink ruined exquisitely embroidered handkerchiefs and other dainty articles a bride usually carries in her reticule.

THE German *Handelsmuseum* estimates that the steam engines of the world come to 10,000,000 horse-power; that these use about 12,000 tons of coal per hour at the average; that gas light-

ing consumes 10,000 an hour; gas engines, 4,500 tons; iron smelting, 5,000 tons, and domestic heating, 10,000 tons an hour. On the other hand, the whole output is 550,000,000 to 600,000,000 tons per annum, or about 65,000 tons per hour.

DURING the reign of Peter the First, Czar of Russia, it was the custom of that tyrant to punish the nobles who offended him by an imperial order that they should become fools, from which moment the unfortunate victim, however endowed with intellect, instantly became the laughing-stock of the whole court; he had the privilege of saying anything he chose, at the peril, however, of being kicked or horsewhipped, without daring to offer any sort of retaliation; everything he did was ridiculed, his complaints treated as jests, and his sarcasms sneered at and commented on as marvellous proofs of understanding in a fool.

THE area of the United States, including Alaska, is 3,692,990 square miles, that of British North America, so called, which includes the present Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland, is 3,510,592 square miles. The whole area of the States and Territories, including water surface of lakes and tributaries, is nearly equal to 4,000,000 square miles. The water surface of the Dominion of Canada is included in the area given above. British North America is larger than the United States without Alaska. Alaska has an area of 577,390 square miles.

THE rapid increase in the wealth, business and prosperity of the United States during the last ten years is simply marvelous. The total wealth of the country is now \$71,459,000,000, equal nearly to \$1,000 per head. This is an increase in ten years of \$18,000,000,000 or 42 per cent. England's wealth in 1885 is given as \$53,000,000,000, giving an average in wealth per head of \$1,545. The average in Scotland is \$1,215 per head, and in Ireland, \$565. The total wealth of France is estimated at \$33,000,000,000. England exacts in taxes \$20 per head of the population, while each individual in the United States pays but \$12.50. America will produce 9,000,000 tons of iron this year while England's greatest production is 8,600,000 tons.

THERE is a lawyer who does a great deal of real estate conveying, one of the chief of whose grievances in life is the scant respect that women show toward their names. If a girl baby is christened Elizabeth she will sign herself when called upon to put her name to a deed after she is grown, Lizzie, Lisa, Lisbet or Lisbeth, according to which diminutive happens to be her favorite for the year, and will omit her middle name, give it in full or by initial, or sign instead of her own her husband's name, according to her sweet liking. The task of the lawyer who has to trace up half a dozen of these signatures to make sure that they all refer to the same person is not calculated to make easy the task of his wife who has to sooth his ruffled temper with a good dinner. That the married woman should in every case retain her own family name, preceding it by her given name and following it with her husband's family name is the lawyer's plea if he is to be saved from insanity.

MONEY undoubtedly regulates the literature of to-day. This may be putting the fact in a bare and hard manner, but it is, nevertheless, true. Only recently I heard a famous author bargaining with an editor: "I can give you," he said, "a good, short story for \$150, but not the best. If you really want one of my best tales, I shall have to ask you \$200, and may increase this \$25 if the story develops unusually strong under my pen." Take some of the most prominent authors of the time, and we find their best work published through channels which years ago they would have laughed at as markets for their goods. Why do they now recognize these outlets? Because these very channels offer the authors the highest prices for their work. You and I do not like to see the works of our favorite authors published in the mediums which of late too often present them. But authors are recognizing the commercial tendency of the times, and they are simply drifting with the current. Stories, novels and books by famous writers are now bid for in open market as if they were commodities of trade—and they are. Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new novel was sold to the highest bidder, and so, likewise, was Henry M. Stanley's book on his African experiences.

"Why is it that the good are not always happy?" was the question which a Sunday school teacher in an uptown church put to her class of boys last Sunday. There was a dead silence for a moment, and then a little fellow piped out, "Because they're thinkin' of the fun they 'aint havin'."—*Springfield Union*.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

Some Valuable Information for the Plowman, Stockman, Poulterer, Nurseryman, and Everybody Connected with the Farm.

THE FARM.

Heating of Cut Cornstalks.

Most farmers know that cornstalks, though apparently dry, will heat when cut and stowed away in large heaps. As this is usually done in cold weather the heating does no injury, and it is rather a benefit to the coarser portions, making them softer and more readily eaten. In such a winter as the present the heating may go too far and form mould, unless the heap is frequently turned over with a barn-shovel or dung-fork with close tines, such as is used for shovelling soil. Taking the cut stalks out warm from the pile, cows will eat them heartily, especially if a little meal is added as an appetizer. It is better than ensilage for cold weather.

Apple Wood for Fuel.

In most old orchards there are some trees that have become stunted, and except with extraordinary attention will never pay their way. The better plan is to dig them out root and branch and use them for fuel. The extra care concentrated on the remaining trees will bring far larger returns. Most orchards are planted much too closely for the best results. Where the tree was dug out fill in with rich dirt from the roadside, and the trees on all corners from the old one will show in their increased products how much they appreciate the wider range given their roots. Apple tree wood makes excellent summer fuel, and is especially rich in potash.

Cleaning Horses by Steam Power.

The brush and currycomb are indispensable little tools for cleaning horses; but they involve the expenditure of so much elbow grease that a substitute worked by steam is sure of favor. In the Palmer House livery stables in Chicago are steam brushes, cylinders in form, and revolving on a stick which may be held in the hand. With this the operator passes rapidly over the horse, making dust and hair fly at a rate that keeps the air thick. Two men work at one horse, one on each side, and they will go over an animal in forty seconds. A repetition of the cleaning leaves so little dust that a white handkerchief may be passed over the coat without soiling it. This horse-cleaner is often operated by steam. Sometime probably the storing of electric power will be so perfect that surplus power collected from wind-mills or waterfalls may be kept convenient to houses and barns to furnish power for any small force that may be desired, cleaning horses or turning grindstone in barns, or churning, washing, or running the sewing-machine in the house.

Feeding Horses.

An English veterinary surgeon recommends that those who have charge of horses, especially farm horses, should be taught that the stomach of a horse is not like the rumen of a cow, a mere receptacle for food, but an essential organ of digestion of limited capacity, which does not need to be crammed in order to perform its proper functions, and that it cannot be so treated without danger to the animal; that the teeth of the horse are provided for the purpose of masticating the food, and that the food which does not require mastication should be sparingly, if ever, used. He further recommends that no horse be put to work immediately after a full meal, and where a horse has done a heavy day's work it should be allowed to stand in the stable until it is cool and comfortable before being fed. A little water may be given, and if a little good hay be put into the rack it will occupy his attention, and besides requiring proper mastication will further have the effect to slightly stimulate the stomach to secretion, and prepare it for the reception of the feed which is to follow. Should a horse require more food than usual to supply the extra waste of tissues caused by hard work, give it by all means, but let it be in excess in its albuminoids, and let the horse be fed oftener and not in increased quantities at a time.

THE STOCK RANCH.

Elements of a Successful Horseman.

To be successful in any undertaking there must be two conditions—first, proper judgment, nerve and tact centered in the man; second, these must be so applied as to bring the business in hand to its highest point of usefulness or remuneration.

In applying these conditions to the horseman, an eminent fitness is observable. In a contest between mind and matter the mind may devise its own ways and means for the accomplishment of its object. But with intelligence against intelligence there must be a nicety of adaptation of ways and means that will prevent any unnecessary friction and sacrifice no good quality in either. Good judgment is the foundation for all good results, whether it be in handling horses or any other business.

In handling a young horse good judgment is essential in determining for what purpose he is best fitted, all things considered. To make a poor draught horse of a good roadster, or a poor roadster of a good draught horse, would not be the mark of a successful horseman, even though the training was as well done as circumstance would admit. In the second place, upon the nerve a man has, depends the energy and firmness with which he will carry out any plans he may devise. A wholesale application of this principle, however, would be a fatal mistake. If a man is subject to nervous excitability, for instance, he never will make a successful horseman; his patience would give out just when it was most needed. Quiet and patient repetition will do more to overcome fear or vindictiveness than any amount of whipping or inflicting of pain in any way, and a quiet and steady nerve is indispensable to carry it out. Put a nervous man and horse together and there is sure to be trouble. When a man gets excited and mad it is time for the exercise to close. Above and beyond all is tact, that indispensible thing that adapts

itself to all circumstances and emergencies, and does the right thing at the right time.

Rules almost without number have been laid down for handling horses and providing for the care of all manner of evil ways that horses fall into; but unless a man has the right tact in carrying them out they will be a failure. In most cases if the right tact had been used in the first place, no set rules would have been needed. An intimate and practical knowledge of horses can only be had by coming in contact with them. And whether a man has any special adaptation for handling them or not will soon be manifest. It can be truly said, that horsemen, like poets, are born, not made. However, education is not to be ignored. And it is necessary for a great many men to handle and drive horses who have no special liking for it, they can do much to smooth the way by making a careful study of their animals, and getting the right idea of how to go to work with them. The greatest trouble is with men who imagine that they are great horsemen, and work on the principle that it is a mere question of mind against matter; if it was not for this class of men a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals would scarcely be needed.

If those who have young horses to train would be careful to put them in the hands of men who do not make excessive use of the whip, much abuse of them through their lifetime would be avoided. A horse is naturally a very excitable animal, and the more quiet he is kept, the better he can be controlled, and his attention and desire to please be retained. The whip is sometimes needed for correction, but one stroke will do more good than a dozen. A bully may delight in making his horse dance and prance and "show off," but the successful and worthy horseman will be best pleased with a steady, quiet gait that will show the natural spirit and intelligence of his animal. In so doing he will win the approbation of all lovers of horses and be worthy the patronage of all horse owners.—*C. L. Beach*.

THE POULTRY YARD.

The Loss of Chicks.

There are but few farmers that know how many chicks they lose in a year. They set every hen that desires to hatch, a large number of chicks come out and they are carefully attended to; but later in the season when the farmer begins to inform himself regarding the number on hand, he is surprised to find a large majority missing. Gone—the hawks, rats, crows, snakes and family cat have decimated them to a very few. Chicks should be raised on business principles. They should be so managed that the farmer knows how many are hatched, and if a single one is missing, he should at once investigate the cause and endeavor to avoid further loss from that source. If this was done there would be more profit, and poultry would pay.

Poultry Notes.

If one don't understand the markets he had better not go too extensively into poultry until he does. There are only two markets or avenues for sale, the one for fancy fowls for breeding purposes, and the other the market for food supply. In the one big prices are paid for really fancy fowls, in the other ordinary price are paid for fowls in good condition for table use.

SWELLED heads and eyes, hoarse breathing and discharge from the nostrils, are all signs of roup. It is very difficult to cure and is caused by exposure to cold winds, damp weather and currents of air in the poultry-house. The remedy that is best is to keep the birds in a dry, warm place. Once a day anoint the face with a mixture of one part spirits of turpentine and three parts glycerine, and inject one or two drops in each nostril and ten drops down the throat.

ORANGE or lemon boxes are suggested as convenient for nests. They can be purchased for a mere trifle, and each box will make two nests. Put them on a shelf under the roosts, lay them down on the open side, with a lath, or anything, to keep the straw in; then, when they need cleaning, take them outside, build a fire and hold the box over the fire for a short time, which will destroy nits, lice, or anything else that should not be there. When they get too filthy, burn the box, lice and all.

In either raising poultry for market or for their eggs, or for fancy purposes, good health is the great consideration, for unless your fowls show good health, your success in the poultry-business can only be a failure. A dozen real healthy chickens are preferable to any number only indifferently so. In rearing healthy birds there are three important considerations: Proper houses, with good runs, proper food and pure water; and proper breeding with a male cross. By proper houses is not necessarily meant expensive ones. One built of common lumber, large and roomy, with good water-tight roof, well built so as to exclude all draft and moisture, with roomy nests and smooth roost will answer every requirement. When your birds are fully established in their new home, be careful and keep it scrupulously clean from all droppings and vermin. The run should be large enough to enable twelve fowls to circulate about freely.

THE APIARY.

How to Manage and Control Increase.

H. Sawyer, of Burlington, Iowa, says in the *American Bee Journal*:

I feel sure that by boring a two-inch hole in a hive that is full of bees, and put a piece of queen-excluding metal on the inside of the hive, and then put an empty hive close beside it, with a corresponding hole also covered with queen-excluding metal, the bees will go through, and be in the empty hive, and when they do, put in a comb of brood and one or more empty combs, or frames filled with foundation, next to it; and in a day or two after, put in a queen-cell, well started or capped, or nearly ready to hatch. In a few days there will be another swarm of bees, and where a person is anxious for increase, by using small hives, say of about three frames, there can be a great number of colonies made from one in a short time.

It probably would be well to transfer them into full-sized hives, in September, to grow up into full-sized colonies for the next season's regular work; and by putting small supers on top of these small hives, perhaps they would store a

considerable surplus of honey besides.

In hives with telescope caps, bore the holes just the same, and put a block with a corresponding hole in; to fill the space between the two hives with queen-excluding metal on both sides of the block, would be just the thing. Bore the holes all of one size, and have barrel bungs turned to stop the holes, when the hives are separated.

It appears to me that here is a plan to solve a great deal of trouble, in watching bees at the swarming season; and it appears to me, that very likely there may be secured by this means some of those great yields of honey that we sometimes hear of, where bees are put into a room in a house.

The question is, how to use this plan where a person has all the bees they want, and cannot sell the increase that will naturally arise. From the foregoing course of procedure, I see no way but by uniting (probably the best time would be in the spring,) to reduce the number, and then each colony would start in storing, to do rapid work both in surplus honey and filling up the empty hives.

Will some practical bee-keeper give his views on this departure from the usual methods of managing increase?

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Using the Teeth.

The law of deterioration from disuse obtains with the teeth, as well as with other things. The constant and regular use of them in masticating hard food tends to make them continually grow harder and stronger, and better able to resist the influences that make for decay, while, on the other hand, living on soft food and neglect of mastication makes them tender, softens the enamel, and renders them easily susceptible to corroding effects. This is sometimes especially shown in the case of people after a long illness, who find their teeth tender and sore when they begin to return to a diet of solid hard food. A dentist, speaking on this subject, says: "Some men have healthy teeth all their lives because they were given good, hard food during infancy. That is the period to begin to save the teeth. Mothers and nurses give children soft food, utterly ignorant in many cases of the result. Crusts and hard stuffs should be given to children as soon as they can eat them. In this way the teeth begin to grow healthy, and gradually harden with time and use. The chewing-gum girl gives her molars plenty of wholesome and unwholesome exercise. But chewing gum is not especially healthy, because only part of the teeth are used. It is jaw exercise more than anything else. But in eating hard, wholesome food all the teeth come in contact with the substance. Tobacco chewing is not healthy for the teeth, because the tobacco is generally placed in one location, like chewing gum, and there remains until thrown out. The Southern negroes have better teeth than most any race, because they use them from childhood up in masticating hard food.—*Good Housekeeping*.

Items on Housework.

Good housekeeping consists in continual care for small things, which in themselves are nothing, but in the total make up the comfort of home life. It is a simple matter to see that all the house stores are on hand, that each match-box about the premises is filled, that every room has a convenient receptacle for matches. Yet the neglect of so doing may cause some one, hunting in the dark for a match, an enormous amount of annoyance. A good supply of nice brown papers laid away carefully, and a bag or box containing different kinds of twine, cost a house-keeper nothing, as they may be saved from parcels; yet such a habit will find ready appreciation when some one is in need of paper and string to tie up a parcel. There is nothing so unsightly as an old newspaper for such a purpose. There are so many good uses that old newspapers can be put to, that brown paper should be always kept on hand to wrap up parcels. There is nothing better than old newspapers under a carpet to soften the tread and keep the hard floor from wearing out the carpet. There seems to be some ingredient in the printer's ink that drives away moths, and for that reason newspapers are better than anything else to wrap up furs and woollens during the summer. They should never be destroyed after they are read unless used for kindling, but should be kept in a straight pile. It is a wise precaution to keep a roll of old linen, one of old cotton and needles and thread in the kitchen drawer, where it can be readily found in case of a burn or cut. A step-ladder on hand to reach to high places saves a great deal of trouble. A step-ladder table, which may be covered when not in use, or a wooden-seated chair, should be on every floor except the kitchen floor, where the ceilings are usually so low that any high place can be reached by standing on the kitchen chairs, which are always, or should be, made with wooden seats that may be scrubbed and washed. All these matters are small, but a series of petty vexations are more liable to irritate the temper than genuine trials.—*New York Tribune*.

THE KITCHEN.

Flizz'nd Beef. Cut some beef into shavings, as much as will fill a small teacup. Put a pint of milk, thickened with a little flour, in a frying-pan; when it is warm drop in the beef, and let it simmer for a few minutes, taking care that it does not curdle. Pour into a dish, season with pepper and salt, and a small piece of butter on the top.

Stewed Tripe.

Take the thickest and whitest tripe, cut it into thin slices and put them into a stewpan with a little white gravy, a spoonful of vinegar, a little lemon juice and grated lemon peel; add the yolk of an egg well beaten, with a little cream and chopped parsley; shake together over a slow fire, until the gravy is as thick as cream, but do not let it boil. Serve with sippets of toasted bread.

Baked Pineapple.

Cut some slices of bread very thin, place them in a buttered baking dish and cover each slice of bread with a slice of pineapple. Put a bit of butter the size of a large bean on the center of each; place in a slow oven and bake. When done, dish, turn the syrup over and serve warm. If liked, the slices of pineapple may be soaked in kirchwasser for twenty-four hours before baking.

BLOODY BATTLE-FIELDS

ENTERTAINING REMINISCENCES OF THE REBELLION.

Graphic Accounts of the Stirring Scenes Witnessed in the Battle-Field and in Camp—Old Comrades Recite Experiences of a Thrilling Nature.

Stone River.

BY H. W. HUBBELL.

Glide on, oh, glide on, Thou dark, sultry river, That flows by the banks in old Tennessee; But the souls of fallen souls, That went up to the Giver, Will rally no more, boys, with you or with me.

They lay like the grain When his reaper by the mower, And glory has garnered that harvest of death; For the victory was theirs, And the grave has no power, Save to crown their grand deeds with the laurel's bright wreath.

We met on thy banks In the hot blood of battle, The fierce, dauntless Southron in deadly array; But the cannon's madd'ning thunders And the musket's dread rattle, The tide of the past has long since borne away.

Speed on, then, oh, stream, While the plow of the reaper Now peacefully glides near the mounds of the dead; For we clasp the warm hand Of the bravest of foemen On the soil where our country and freedom were won.

Alone on a Signal Station.

BY DAVID LOWRY.



ASSISTANT Signal Officers as a rule were not exposed to great danger while in service. Their signal posts, as a rule, were a considerable distance from the main body of the army, and communication was maintained very often without the enemy being any the wiser. There were many instances, however, where the assistant signal officers presented fair targets for both rifles and heavy ordnance, and those zealous officers who carried out fully the instructions they received from Major Meyers, in Washington, to scout and report what they observed to the generals upon whose staffs they were placed ran risk of capture, or worse. The experiences were varied. One of the most novel incidents that was commented upon by assistant signal officers in the Army of the Ohio—was that of an officer whom I shall call L.

Shortly after the advance of the Army of the Ohio reached a point three or four miles below the town of Jasper, Tenn., Lieutenant L. who was at home under treatment for a disease that interfered seriously with the discharge of his duties, rejoined his command. He was one of two signal officers assigned to Gen. Alex. McCook. His messmate, Lieutenant Johnson, and certain assistants—flagmen—attached to headquarters, informed him that it had been found necessary to establish a post about three miles from camp, on a mountain spur, beyond a station where a signal officer was captured by the Confederates a day or two after the advance camped at Battle Creek.

Lieutenant L. was in far from robust health, but when he found that his messmate, Lieutenant Johnson, had been doing double duty on the mountain-top in his absence, he resolved to remain on the mountain station long enough to give his messmate opportunity to satisfy his social cravings. In other words, L. proposed to remain in the mountain station a week or more. I will allow L. to relate his experience and sensations in his own words: "I had a dread of capture—very natural at that time, not because I apprehended harsh treatment, or sickness in prison, but solely because of the ridicule that attended one or two captures that were discussed throughout the army at that time. It was pretty plainly intimated, moreover, in an order issued from Washington, that any officer who was captured by reason of negligence or cowardice would be cashiered. I regarded the order as timely, and did not desire to be published throughout the country as one inviting deserved ridicule.

"I found, however, that while the first station, a mile and a half from our picket lines, was guarded for a time by a large number of men, my messmate had concluded that a guard of fifteen men was sufficient for the new station a mile and a half farther from the lines. The fact that the guard had been greatly diminished was not made known to General McCook, a fact that did not lessen my apprehension.

"When I reached the mountain station, about ten o'clock on a sultry summer day, my flagmen and the men detailed to relieve the guard on the mountain were almost parched with thirst. It was then that I realized the value of Lieutenant Johnson's advice concerning the necessity of making ample provision for water. There was a tiny spring upon the summit of the spur, which by careful 'nursing' could be made to supply sufficient water for one person. This spring was reserved for the officer on duty at the mountain station. The guard was on duty twenty-four hours. The relief had special

instructions to provide themselves with water that would suffice them for twenty-four hours. Spite of this, on several occasions they did not husband their water supply, and in one instance, through failure to receive the necessary instructions, the relief one morning came to the station with such scant allowance of water as to excite my sympathy. They reported with a canteen each instead of two or three. My first impulse was to order them back to camp, but when I learned they were not wholly at fault, I concluded it would not be fair to subject them to strictures they did not deserve. They pledged themselves to husband their slender stock, but by noon their importunities were so great that I shared a portion of the water gathered in the little spring with them. Long before evening the fifteen men and Sergeant complained of thirst. There was but one thing to do.

"About five o'clock I decided upon my course. I told the Sergeant of the guard (divided into three reliefs) that he could take the men into camp at six. I also informed my four assistants that they could return to camp that evening. When the guards were called in they were gleeful. My assistants were also glad of the opportunity to go down and see 'the boys' again. My assistants were among the first to leave the station. The greater portion of the guard had scrambled down the mountain slope, when the Sergeant of the guard said to me:

"Lieutenant, where is your sword and pistols?" "I am not going to camp," I answered.

"The Sergeant looked at me round-eyed. He did not think I was in earnest. "I reminded him that I had experienced pain coming up, although I rode half way up on my horse, which was taken back to camp. He reminded me of the fact that there were wild-cats and other varmints on those mountains. The Sergeant was vehement in his protests. He volunteered to remain with me, but I ordered him to follow his men. His surprise did not find full expression until he discovered that my sole weapon of defense was an ax.

"The Government gave all signal officers and flagmen Sharps' rifles and a pair of revolvers, but my sword, revolvers and rifle were lying in my tent, in camp. The Sergeant withdrew very reluctantly. It was not until I found the silence of the mountain oppressive that I regretted my action. I said to myself that all the catannants in the Tennessee mountains were less to be feared than a short paragraph going the rounds of the press to the effect that 'Assistant Signal Officer L. was cashiered for allowing himself to be captured by the enemy, he having stupidly relied upon an ax for his defense, carefully leaving his guns in his tent instead of taking them with him.'

"My flagmen had made me a rude arbor placed against a large tree trunk. I laid down under this, placed the ax beside me, and, trusting to luck, fell asleep shortly after the lights in our camp below me were extinguished. How long I slept I do not know. My sleep was dreamless. I woke suddenly, as a person does sometimes, to find some one hovering or touched them. On the instant my eyes fell upon a man wearing a broad-brimmed slouch black hat that concealed all but his heavy beard. He was in his shirt sleeves. His arms were folded negligently. He was leaning on a gun.

"The figure was as boldly defined as any object human eye ever observed. I raised my head, straining my eyeballs looking at the motionless figure. It required a powerful exertion of the will to sit up, but I resolved to meet my fate squarely. I turned to see his fellows. Then it occurred to me that nothing could be more absurd than that a man should guard a sleeping captive.

"These sensations and thoughts possibly occupied a second—the time seemed minutes. I clutched the ax, as I experienced a crawling sensation all over my scalp, rose and walked straight to the man with a heavy beard. The stars shone clear upon a tree I had passed and repassed fifty times—a tree with a portion of its trunk blackened by fire, and from which several great strips of bark had been torn. This was the terrible Confederate.

Death of a Hero.

BY A. J. CUSHING.



AMONG the residents of New Orleans, at the commencement of the war, was a loyal young man from New Hampshire who had been attracted thither by business engagements. Supposing that the threats to dissolve the Union would be settled as the nullification of 1832 had been, or by compromise as in 1850, this young man neglected to go North when he could, and when he learned his mistake escape was impossible. The draft was enforced and ere long he found himself drafted into the Con-

federate army, serving in the ranks, with gun in hand, against friends to whom he was bound by ties of blood, and against the flag he loved. This service being wearisome to the flesh and uncongenial to the spirit, he deserted at the first opportunity, reached the Union lines, and enlisted in the Union army.

He had not served long before he was taken prisoner, and fell into the clutches of General Pemberton, who at that time was engaged in the defense of Vicksburg. He was recognized, tried as a deserter, and sentenced to be shot. He hoped and prayed that Grant would capture Vicksburg before the dawn of that fatal day, when sentence of death was to be executed. But these hopes were vain. This was not to be. The dread hour came and he was led forth to die.

Pemberton's army of 30,000 men was drawn up, forming a hollow square, to witness the execution. His coffin had been prepared, and the grave was ready to receive its victim. With a brave heart and unflinching look our young friend viewed these preparations for his death and burial.

When all was ready he stepped upon his coffin, and thus addressed his murderers: "You are about to kill me for the love I bear the dear old flag, and before I die I have one request to make: I want to give three cheers for the stars and stripes!"

Taking off his cap, he swung it above his head as he gave three loud hurrahs for the flag; then, stepping down from his coffin, he faced the file of men that had been drawn up to shoot him. In another moment he fell dead. The moral effect of his death was lost upon Pemberton's army. They could but admire the cool courage and intrepid valor of this young hero, who gave his life for his country and his last thoughts to the dear old flag. BOYVILLE, Wis.

Routing a Squad of Cavalry.

BY A. VILLERAN.



PERSONS who are posted in the history of the late war will remember that the battle of Corinth, Miss., was fought on the 2d and 4th of October, 1862. The old Fighting Fourth (General S. A. Hurlbut's) Division, to which our regiment (Twenty-eighth Illinois) belonged, was then at Bolivar, Tenn.

The command had orders to march from Bolivar on the morning of Oct. 4, at 4 o'clock, to re-enforce our army at Corinth. We made a forced march of about thirty miles on that day, and camped for the night about five miles from Hatchie River. On Sunday morning, the 5th, we were ready for the march by daylight, the First Brigade leading the way. Our advance guard met the enemy's advance about 6 o'clock a. m. and drove them slowly back until they joined their main body at Hatchie River. Our brigade (the Second) was put through on the double-quick for about five miles, and as the weather was very warm for that time of the year, the road was strewn with blankets, knapsacks, overcoats, canteens, etc., for the last two miles.

Our brigade went into action about 2 o'clock, and for about an hour and a half there was quite an interesting tussle in that neck of woods. Although our division of 3,500 men were pitted against four times our number, we had the satisfaction to see them skedaddle in a hurry. "Old Pap" Price did not stand upon the order of going, but urged his driver (the role in a carriage) to get away from the "Yanks" as fast as possible. We captured about 500 prisoners, and after our return to Bolivar our regiment was detailed to escort the prisoners to a point below Lagrange, Tenn., and turn them over to the Confederate authorities, they having been paroled. Captain Adams, of the Confederate cavalry, with his company, was waiting to receive us. When we arrived we were ordered to stack arms, while our Colonel, A. K. Johnson, and the Confederate Captain went to a house close at hand to make the necessary arrangements concerning our prisoners. The Confederate cavalrymen were all dismounted, and number fours were holding four horses each, the rest of the boys being scattered around among our boys, having a good time.

All were enjoying themselves hugely, when Colonel Johnson sent orders to the drum major of the regiment to beat the assembly. At the first roll of the drum the cavalry horses got on their mettle, and as it was impossible for one man to manage four frightened horses, that squad of cavalry was put to rout in a very short time. Some of them, when we saw them last, were two miles from the starting point.

Colonel Johnson and Captain Adams stood on the porch watching the fun. Captain Adams remarked to the Colonel: "That d-d Yankee drummer was harder on his company than a whole regiment of Yankee infantry." Right there the Captain made a mistake, for in less than a month the gallant Captain and his company were taken in by Colonel Johnson with a much less force than a regiment and with small loss on either side. MIDDLETOWN, Ill.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY AND ABLY CONSIDERED.

A Scholarly Exposition of the Lesson—Thoughts Worthy of Calm Reflection—Half an Hour's Study of the Scriptures—Time Well Spent.

The lesson for Sunday, May 11, may be found in Luke 9: 10-17.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

And the apostles. Whose first expedition is described in the opening verses of the chapter.—Returned. They went forth like a little band making a momentary sally from the central citadel.—Told him. The word for a full and orderly narrative of facts. They made a complete return of occurrences.—They had done. Miracles and works of power.—He took them. To take to one's self in close intimacy. The same word used in Col. 2: 6: "As ye have therefore received (paralabon) Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him."—Went aside privately. For more quiet and sympathetic converse.—Into a desert place. Not in Tischendorf, and indeed scarcely consistent with what follows.—Bethsaida. Perhaps to the privacy of Philip's house. John 1: 44; 12: 21, or its vicinity.

People. Or multitude (okloi). It was probably some throng on their way to the Passover, one of the great festivals of the Jewish church.—When they knew it. Acrostic particle, coming to know it. Jesus had but a brief respite with his disciples.—Followed him. Like sheep after a shepherd.—Received them. Or welcome! See Variations.—Spoke unto them. To talk. The word for familiar and protracted discourse.—Concerning the kingdom of God. Of which the people are ever ready to hear.—Need. The ground of Christ's beneficence.—Healing. It is from the Greek of this word that our term therapist comes.

Wear away. Or incline. Poetic for the approach of sunset.—Came the twelve. With kindly intent, according to human reckoning.—Send the multitude away. Originally, to loose or set free. As if the people were held enthralled by his words; and were they not?—Into the towns and villages. According to the custom of the pilgrimage.—Lodge. Literally, to loose or unbind, referring to the packs usually carried by travelers.—Victuals. Provisions. Used by Xenophon of foraging.—Desert place. Uninhabited, probably, on the outskirts of the town.

Give ye them to eat. The verb is emphatic, in form and position. Literally: give them to eat, your selves.—We have no more. That is, their available supplies.—All this people. With a tone of helplessness, and perhaps a hint at the simple absurdity of it, humanly speaking. Were all filled. The verb is used of eating to satiation. In Rev. 19: 21, it refers to birds of prey.—Fragments. Pieces, broken off. Not necessarily refuse—portions of the feast but food suitable for others.—That remained. Rather, that were more than enough.—Twelve baskets: usually carried by the pilgrims.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

Told him all that they had done. How inexpressibly sweet their privilege. Like home returning after days of weary toil, like the mother's bosom after the child's perplexing tasks. It was more. They were coming back to the center and source of their power; coming back for new equipment and encouragement. But is not that our privilege to-day? ours even more to the deeply spiritual understanding than it could be for us. They must gather about him after their toils, but Peter's elbow, perhaps, struck against that of James or Andrew, and much as they could get from him, and near as they could draw, they could not have him, each one of them, as do we, all to him-elf. "For we have not an high priest, which cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities." He is in touch with our weakness. Let us, therefore, "come boldly."

And he took them and went aside. How tender he was! How considerate! That word took—received—has a wealth of love and sympathy in it. Have you seen two ardent friends meet after an ordeal on the part of one of them? Have you not seen the deep, voiceless emotion of the moment as the one draws the other aside, where, unblinded by the throng, they can look into each other's faces, and verify into each other's hearts. "Come," said Christ, as they returned, perhaps trembling with the tumultuousness of their new emotions. "Come aside," and he drew them with him. What he said and did in that time of separateness we are not told. But what he has done for us when hot and bewildered we have gone aside to him in life's throng and press—of that we are well aware.

The people when they knew it followed him. Knew what? Simply that Jesus was there. When the people knew where to find the Son of man they went out to him. Knowing as much to-day they will still follow him. There is no coldness between Christ and the multitude. Let them but see him and they will flock to him. Let him but speak to them and they will acknowledge him. Suppose we tell the people of Jesus. Make him known as high at hand ready to greet them and help them, and perhaps as of old we shall need to take pains to secure privacy rather than to be perpetually planning to bring out the multitude. The multitude will come of itself, if only Christ be made manifest. Be that the burden and prayer of every teacher and preacher, to have audiences with Christ. Audiences with men will speedily and blessedly follow.

Give ye them to eat. It is the Savior's command. "But we have so little," is the answer; "but five loaves and two fishes." Never fear; it is the Savior's command, and all good things are his. "And they are so many. How can we buy food for all these people?" Be still and know that it is God who speaks, with whom is all power. See he takes our littles and under his hand how amazing the increase! All are fed and more is left than when we began. Ah, this is our God. One who can prevail by many or few, one who can satisfy by much or little. Bring what you have to him. Bring it in faith and he will make it great. Yea, is it not so every Sunday in school and congregation? We make the people to sit down by fifties, more or less, in a company, and when we look at what we have to give them, what is it more than five loaves and two fishes? Yet let Christ be present to bless and O, the feast that his bounteous grace to-day makes! Next lesson—"The Transfiguration."—Luke 9: 28-36.

NAUTICAL HUMOR.

Some Bon Mots Which Are Told of the Crack Oarsmen.

As a class, professional oarsmen are the most "amusing critters" in the sporting line. Of a list of some twenty-five professional "seat sliders" at least twenty are "characters." Of the latter number a majority are looked upon as born wits. Jack Largan, the English sculler, who beat Pearce and a half dozen other cracks of the British Isles, and who is now living in Harlem, is considered one of the funniest men in the business. His jokes are known to every amateur on the Harlem, and the dry way with which he makes light of a serious question has repeatedly placed him in hot water.

One of the best stories about Largan not generally known was told to a reporter the other day. It seems that Largan saved a number of persons from drowning in the Thames at various times before he won a championship at the sculls. Some of his friends encouraged him in seeking a medal from the Humane Society. He made application, but because he lacked the necessary influence his claims were not recognized. After that he turned very sour on the "Humane crowd," as he put it. One Saturday afternoon Largan was out on the Thames in a boat much like our American or Whitehall boat. A rowboat containing three men which was near him capsized, and before Largan reached the scene one of the men was drowned. Largan saved the other two and hauled them into his boat. When the rescued found courage to talk, one of them said to Largan that he was a brave Briton and ought to be given a medal by the Humane Society.

"It's no go," said Largan, "They can't try any of their flabbergast on me. I've been and tried 'em." "Nonsense, man," replied one of the survivors, "you'll get a reward sure. Why, just see what you have done!" And the speaker went into a glowing account of the brave rescue. Largan sat silent throughout, his bubble of importance getting larger each second as the speaker progressed, until finally he began to think that perhaps he had won a clear right to the medal. The speaker concluded: "Yes, you are bound to get that medal. The man who was lost was our boatman; this gentleman here is a 'hobby,' and I'm the Secretary of the Humane Society."

The speaker had hardly finished than Largan dropped the oars with which he was rowing, jumped to his feet, swore two or three times, and finally said: "So I've saved a 'hobby' and one of these Humane people, eh? The Lord forgive me; what have I done—what have I done?"

Another yarn about Largan tells how he once attended a "spread" at one of the London club houses. There was a little old Scotch woman in charge of the viands. She was selfish as a 6-months-old infant. There was a fine piece of roast-beef on the table, and she started in to carve it for Largan and a few others. She cut it in tissue-paper fashion, so thin that one could almost read a newspaper through each slice. Largan kept his eye on her for a time, and after she had cut three or four tissue pieces he said: "Look out, ma'm, look out, the window behind you is open, and some of that beef may blow into my plate."

"The honest Scotch woman failed to understand why everybody within ear-shot of Largan's remark laughed. When he saw that his ration was not to be increased Largan shouted again at the little woman: "May something divine give your arm strength, missus, to cut a decent piece of beef for a workin' man."

Ned Hanlan, too, is a funny man! The night of the day that he first defeated Trickett in England he was invited to a club dinner. Champagne flowed like water, and as the Canadian had pulled off the good thing he felt justified in going in for a little pleasure. He became muddled in due time, and while in that state was called on by the 400 or 500 club men present for a speech. Now, Hanlan had never addressed an audience before in his life, and he objected, but it was no use there, and half a dozen of his admirers hazled him to his feet. He stood up, dazed and confused, with the champagne rushing to his very brain, glanced at the small army of faces that met his eyes, tried to stand erect and finally blurted out as his maiden speech: "You gentlemen know your business. I also know mine. Good night."—New York Mail and Express.

Glimpse of a Famous Woman.

This woman who sweeps by in the gay crowd on Broadway was a famous beauty in her day. She is still good looking. Her face is a trifle stouter, and there are wrinkles on her brow and crow's feet in her cheeks, but it is still a face that would be noticed in a crowd. It is Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague. This once famous beauty, who wielded more power in American politics perhaps than any other American woman has ever done, is going down the hill of life in a quiet, easy way. She comes to New York occasionally to visit friends, but her home is in Washington. She is no longer the gay butterfly of fashion, and her dresses, while fashionable and well made, have not the dash that made her so much talked about in antebellum days. Her life in the national capital is a simple one. There is none of the luxury at Edgewood that characterized her life during her father's career. But she is happy, nevertheless, for her children are growing up around her; her old friends are still true to her and she looks on calmly at the progress of events with a smiling face.—New York letter.

CHELSEA STANDARD.

BY
WM. EMMERT.

OFFICIAL VILLAGE PAPER.

FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1890.

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

The STANDARD job department has just completed a sixty-page pamphlet containing the charter and ordinances of Chelsea. If you want to know what the ordinances are which are in force, call at this office and get one. Price, twenty-cents.

I desire to express my thanks to one and all of the friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted me in my late affliction in the death of my dear wife, also to those who furnished the music and flowers.

THOS. JENSON.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

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

THAT TERRIBLE COUGH.

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

Cotton Over Twenty-five Years of Age.

A sample of cotton with a history has just been exhibited in Nashville, Tenn. It came from a bale raised near West Point, Miss., in 1863. The man who raised the cotton was offered forty-two cents per pound for it in 1864, but refused to take it. He has since been holding for a rise that never came, and on March 19 last he sold it for ten cents per pound. Estimating the bale to weigh 500 pounds, and counting simple interest on the money at 6 per cent., the planter lost \$487.60 by not disposing of it twenty-six years ago. The cotton is perfectly sound, and as good as when taken from the field.—Exchange.

An Unfortunate Man.

Luther Waring, of Plainfield, N. J., has had a particularly unfortunate career. Some time ago he lost an eye from a gunshot wound; later he was compelled to undergo a severe surgical operation. The other day he caught a trouser leg in the spokes of his bicycle and was hurled headlong to the pavement, striking on the back of his head. He was senseless several hours and is in a critical condition.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Knoxville barber shaved a man recently who resides in the Smoky mountains and whose beard has been growing since the battle of Chickamauga. The man, whose name is Harmer, was in the Confederate army and shaved the day before the battle and had not shaved since. He said he had got tired of wearing so much hair and wanted it removed.

A whale whose sands of life have all run out is stranded on the beach opposite the mouth of the Banana river, near Melbourne, Fla. His length over all is 42 feet 2 inches; beam, about 10 feet; breadth of tail, 10 feet 8 inches; length of jaw, 9 feet 6 inches. The immense carcass is the center of attraction.

The Navy Yard's New Dock.

The mammoth new dry dock at the Brooklyn navy yard is to be tested this month in the presence of Secretary Tracy. It is said to be one of the largest dry docks in the world. It cost something like \$600,000, and is over 500 feet long, 134 feet 4 inches wide at the top, 50 feet wide at the bottom and 82 feet 8 inches deep. Underneath the entire dock, length and breadth, there is a solid foundation of concrete, six feet in thickness, and beneath this a supporting floor of piling. The keel track is built on oak timbers 3 1/2 feet long and 22 inches wide, at a distance of four feet apart. Between each two timbers there is a pit two feet in depth, which will allow a workman to work on the under part of the keel. This dock will take up any vessel that our navy is ever likely to build.

No Man Is a Hero to a Coroner's Jury.

Died from injuries received through his own neglect. Such was the strange verdict returned by a coroner's jury in the case of Wilson Seal, the brave Pennsylvania railroad engineer who met his death by being caught between engine and tender in the accident near the Columbia avenue bridge.

"What was his neglect?" asked the coroner. "He stayed on the engine until he was killed," answered the foreman. "All right," was the comment of the coroner, in utter disgust.—Philadelphia Record.

A Dog on Trial for His Life.

A dog on trial for his life—a sight impossible outside the jurisdiction of Massachusetts' curious laws—was the event that filled the municipal court in Boston, April 18, to overflowing with spectators. Judge Curtis presided. The defendant, Towser, a handsome setter, belonging to one Nathan Simmons, was charged with having a vicious and savage disposition; "dangerous to the peace and bodily weal of the good citizens of this commonwealth."

To prove this one Hilmoth Hess swore that the dog had bitten him without provocation, and he wanted the handsome animal killed. Towser's owner demurred, and the court summoned Towser to prove his good character, and he was forthwith brought into court and installed in the pen.

His master retained able counsel for him, and amid the titter of the audience and the smiles of Judge Curtis, the trial began. The plaintiff told how he was bitten, but acknowledged that he had provoked Towser by teasing him. Others came forward, and, after expatiating on Towser's good qualities, the prisoner himself was brought forward in his own behalf.

At various commands he played dead, walked on his hind legs about the room, stood on his head, shouldered arms, whined dizzily in imitation of a song, and wound up by marching up the steps to the judge's desk on his hind legs and shaking paws with his honor.

The latter was greatly tickled, and, without hesitating, said, amid cheers, "Towser, you are a peaceable and orderly canine. I give you judgment in your behalf and dismiss you, the plaintiff paying the costs."

Leaving the room the dog received an ovation.—Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Straw Hats for Summer Wear.

There has always been a demand for straw hats, but within the last two years they have been worn very much more than they ever were before. Whether or not this change came as a result of the greatly increased number of fancy flannel shirts worn it is evident that men now are more considerate of their comfort than used to be their habit.

"Yes," said the traveling salesman of a leading house, "we expect that the sale of straw hats will be a very large one this summer. Indeed, it certainly will be if the dealers can foretell their customers' wishes at all. The yachting shape, with its stiff brim, will be the leader, and that worn by those who care for their appearance as well as their comfort. The white will be the favorite and the best. The band will be rather wide, and black mainly. The white or colored bands have been quite in vogue in the past, but I do not think they will be as much worn hereafter."—New York Herald.

An Incident of the Southern Foods.

Another ducky bought a bull for \$2.50, worth \$50, as he was standing on a piece of land about the size of a saddle blanket. He probably paid full value. He shot him seven times with a forty-four Winchester rifle before he fell, showing that the vital spark was deeply implanted. Not finding sufficient dry space on which to skin him, he tied his tail to the rear of a skiff and dragged him to a railroad platform, one and one-half miles distant, there to butcher him. The next morning he sent several large steaks. They looked more like rubber dog mats than edibles for a human being, so I tendered them to an overflow sufferer, who accepted them smilingly.—Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.

To Aid the Pitcher.

A new rubber article, for which the inventor claims much, is something to aid a baseball pitcher in getting the "curve." It consists of a flat strip of rubber with a ring at one end and a flat corrugation at the other. The ring is slipped over the middle finger and the corrugation rests against the ball. It is claimed that when the ball is pitched the rubber clings to it and sets it whirling, thus giving it more of a curve than the finger tips can.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A strange battle of frogs is reported to have taken place in a stream which runs through the grounds of a temple at Tokio, in Japan. Some hundreds of bullfrogs gathered on either bank. Then a terrific battle ensued, lasting from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m., and it is stated that when the combat finished the brook was blocked to such an extent with the bodies of the slain that the course of the water was almost totally impeded.

E. Cowles, of Eaton Rapids, Mich., lived in southern Ohio in 1862, and when Morgan made his raid Cowles, with several hundred other patriots, rushed to the defense of Cincinnati. He served three consecutive days and then returned to his plow. He had almost forgotten the circumstance until this week, when he received a formal discharge from the war department.

Mrs. Anna O'Brien, known as the "German giantess," and Fred A. Shields, who belongs to a family of giants, were married in Cincinnati a week or two ago. They are about the same height—between seven and eight feet. The bride was the widow of Patrick O'Brien, who too was a giant.

A new museum will soon be started in Paris, to be known as the Museum of the French Army, and to comprise ancient uniforms, equipments, arms and everything relating to the history of French regiments. An enormous amount of material has already been secured.

LEGAL NOTICES.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss:

At a session of the Probate Court, for the county of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Tuesday, the 15th day of April, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety.

Present J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate.

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

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

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

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

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, S. S.

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

TAX SALES, VILLAGE OF CHELSEA.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, Village of Chelsea, ss. Take notice that on the 15th day of May, A. D. 1890, at ten 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 ordinance No. 11 of the village of Chelsea, as approved April 9, 1888, viz: Land bounded north by south line of of block 14, east of lands owned by Joanna 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 2, 1890.

THOS. E. WOOD, Treasurer of the Village of Chelsea.

CHANCERY NOTICE.

In pursuance and in virtue of a final order and decree of the circuit court for the county of Washtenaw, in chancery, in the state of Michigan, made, dated and entered on the twentieth day of January, A. D. 1890, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein James L. Babcock, Lewis W. James and Thomas S. Sears, executors of the last will and testament of Luther James, deceased, are complainants, and Edward Cahill, Kate Cahill and Patrick Sheehy are defendants. Notice is hereby given that I shall sell at public auction or vendue, to the highest bidder, at the east main entrance to the court house, in the city of Ann Arbor, county of Washtenaw and state of Michigan, said court house being the place for holding the circuit court for said county, on Monday the ninth day of June, A. D. 1890, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to raise the amount due to said complainants for principal, interest and costs in this cause, all of the following described piece or parcel of land mentioned and set forth in said decree, to-wit: All that certain piece or parcel of land situated in the township of Sylvan in the county of Washtenaw and state of Michigan, and described as follows, to-wit: The southeast two (2) of Penn's addition to the village of Chelsea, excepting and reserving the north half (1/2) of the west half (1/2) of said lot and a strip one-half rod wide on the west side of the same, it being three and one-half (3 1/2) rods front running three-fourths the length of said lot from the front on the east side, to the village of Chelsea, Washtenaw county, Mich.

SARAH E. FENN, Guardian.

CHANCERY NOTICE.

In pursuance and in virtue of a final order and decree of the circuit court for the county of Washtenaw, in chancery, in the state of Michigan, made, dated and entered on the twentieth day of January, A. D. 1890, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein James L. Babcock, Lewis W. James and Thomas S. Sears, executors of the last will and testament of Luther James, deceased, are complainants, and Michael Keek, Jacob Fred Keek, Michael Keek, Jun. Christiana Keek and John Martin Keek are defendants. Notice is hereby given that I shall sell at public auction, or vendue to the highest bidder, at the east main entrance to the court house in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county of Washtenaw, and state of Michigan, said court house being the place for holding the circuit court for said county, on Monday, the ninth day of June, A. D. 1890, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to raise the amount due to said complainants for principal, interest and costs in this cause, all of the following described pieces or parcels of land mentioned and set forth in said decree, to-wit: All those pieces or parcels of land situated in the township of Selo, in the county of Washtenaw, and state of Michigan, and described as follows, viz: The west half of the east half of the southwest quarter, and the west half of the southeast quarter of the northwest two (2) of section thirty-three in township two (2) south range five east in Washtenaw county.

Dated, Ann Arbor, Michigan, April 23d, 1890.

PATRICK MCKERNAN, Circuit Court Commissioner, Washtenaw County, Mich.

TURNBULL & WILKINSON, Solicitors for complainants.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, S. S.

At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Wednesday, the thirtieth 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 Ruth Young, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of George W. Turnbull, praying that a certain instrument now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, may be admitted to probate, and that administration of said estate may be granted to himself as executor or some other suitable person.

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

J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.
[A TRUE COPY.]
WM. DOTY, Probate Register.

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

CURLETT'S Thrush, Pinworm Heave Remedy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHANCERY NOTICE.

In pursuance and in virtue of a final order and decree of the circuit court for the county of Washtenaw, in chancery, in the state of Michigan, made, dated and entered on the twentieth day of January, A. D. 1890, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein Samuel H. Warner, Harriet A. Warner and Aaron T. Gordon are defendants, notice is hereby given that I shall sell at public auction or vendue to the highest bidder, at the east main entrance to the court house in the city of Ann Arbor, county of Washtenaw and state of Michigan, said court house being the place for holding the circuit court for said county, on Monday, the ninth day of June, A. D. 1890, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to raise the amount due to the said complainant for principal, interest and costs in this cause, all of the following described parcel of land mentioned and set forth in said decree, to-wit: All that certain piece or parcel of land situated in the township of Sylvan in the county of Washtenaw and state of Michigan, and described as follows, to-wit: The southeast two (2) of Penn's addition to the village of Chelsea, excepting and reserving the north half (1/2) of the west half (1/2) of said lot and a strip one-half rod wide on the west side of the same, it being three and one-half (3 1/2) rods front running three-fourths the length of said lot from the front on the east side, to the village of Chelsea, Washtenaw county, Mich.

Dated, Ann Arbor, Michigan, April 23d, 1890.

PATRICK MCKERNAN, Circuit Court Commissioner, Washtenaw County, Mich.

TURNBULL & WILKINSON, Solicitors for complainant.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF LIVINGSTON, S. S.

In the matter of the estate of Clarence O. Fenn and Geo. E. Fenn, minors. Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned guardian of the estate of said minors by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the county of Livingston, on the 19th day of April, A. D. 1890, there will be sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at premises in Chelsea, in the county of Washtenaw in said state, on Saturday, the seventh day of June, A. D. 1890, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, subject to all encumbrances by mortgage or otherwise existing at the time of said sale, and also subject to the right of dower and the homestead rights of the widow of said deceased therein the following described real estate, to-wit: The undivided one-fifth (1/5) interest in and to lot number five (5) in block two (2) of Penn's addition to the village of Chelsea, excepting and reserving the north half (1/2) of the west half (1/2) of said lot and a strip one-half rod wide on the west side of the same, it being three and one-half (3 1/2) rods front running three-fourths the length of said lot from the front on the east side, to the village of Chelsea, Washtenaw county, Mich.

SARAH E. FENN, Guardian.

CHANCERY NOTICE.

In pursuance and in virtue of a final order and decree of the circuit court for the county of Washtenaw, in chancery, in the state of Michigan, made, dated and entered on the twentieth day of January, A. D. 1890, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein James L. Babcock, Lewis W. James and Thomas S. Sears, executors of the last will and testament of Luther James, deceased, are complainants, and Michael Keek, Jacob Fred Keek, Michael Keek, Jun. Christiana Keek and John Martin Keek are defendants. Notice is hereby given that I shall sell at public auction, or vendue to the highest bidder, at the east main entrance to the court house in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county of Washtenaw, and state of Michigan, said court house being the place for holding the circuit court for said county, on Monday, the ninth day of June, A. D. 1890, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to raise the amount due to said complainants for principal, interest and costs in this cause, all of the following described pieces or parcels of land mentioned and set forth in said decree, to-wit: All those pieces or parcels of land situated in the township of Selo, in the county of Washtenaw, and state of Michigan, and described as follows, viz: The west half of the east half of the southwest quarter, and the west half of the southeast quarter of the northwest two (2) of section thirty-three in township two (2) south range five east in Washtenaw county.

Dated, Ann Arbor, Michigan, April 23d, 1890.

PATRICK MCKERNAN, Circuit Court Commissioner, Washtenaw County, Mich.

TURNBULL & WILKINSON, Solicitors for complainants.

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, and on Tuesday 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.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, S. S.

At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Tuesday, the sixth day of May, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety. Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Jacob Wurster deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Eva Maria Fahrner, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to herself or some other suitable person.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the second day of June 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 weeks previous to said day of hearing.

J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.
[A TRUE COPY.]
WM. DOTY, Probate Register.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Whereas default has been made in the condition of a certain mortgage dated the fifteenth day of November, A. D. 1888, made and executed by Isaac M. Whitaker and Elvira Whitaker, his wife, of the township of Sylvan, County of Washtenaw, State of Michigan, to Chelsea Savings Bank of the village of Chelsea, county and state aforesaid, a bank organized and doing business under the general banking law and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of said county of Washtenaw in said state of Michigan, on the 15th day of November, A. D. 1888, in liber 72 of Mortgage on page 398, by which the power of sale in said mortgage has become operative and whereas there is now claimed to be due the sum of thirteen hundred and seventy and 3/4 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 in virtue of said power of sale and the laws of this state on Saturday, the 28th day of June, 1890, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the east front door of the court house, in the city of Ann Arbor, County of Washtenaw, state of Michigan (that being the place where the circuit court for said county of Washtenaw is held), it will sell at public vendue to the highest bidder, the lands and premises described in said mortgage or so much thereof as shall be necessary to satisfy the amount due, interests, costs and expenses of said sale, said premises being situated in the township of Lima, County of Washtenaw, State of Michigan and described as follows to-wit: The north-east quarter of section (23) and the south-west quarter of the south-east quarter of range four (4) east, Town two (2), south section fourteen (14) Town two (2), south

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

TURNBULL & WILKINSON, Attorneys for mortgagee.

AT THE PLAY.

BY WM. W. LONG.

The music from the corner. Across the grand hall swept. And silence fell upon the throng. As each sweet note its measure kept.

Across the room from where you sat. I caught a look from your grand eyes. That made my blood run swift and hot. And all my soul to rapture rapt.

The mimic play upon the stage. The beauties in their silks and lace. Unheeded passed before my sight— I only saw your perfect face.

The curtain fell, the play was done. Of merriment and glee. But my life's play has just begun. To end, perchance, in tragedy.

FRONT ROYAL, Va.

The Piccadilly Puzzle.

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

By F. W. HUME.

CHAPTER XII.

MYLES DESMOND FINDS FRIENDS.

MYLES DESMOND was not a particularly good young man, but good enough as young men of the present generation go. He was a healthy, cheery, enough-for-the-day-is-the-evil-therof sort of a fellow, and considered himself decidedly hardly treated at being arrested on such a serious charge as that of the murder of Lena Sarschine. According to the cynical creed prevailing now-a-days, all his friends should have turned their backs on him now he was in trouble, but there is a wonderful lot of undiscovered good even in friends, and none of them did.

And he sadly needed help, poor fellow, for his position was a very critical one, the evidence against him being as follows:

1. He had last seen Lena Sarschine alive on the night of the murder. 2. He had been met in St. James street by Ellersby not far from the scene of the crime.

2. He had in his possession the dagger with which the crime was, to all appearances, committed. Myles answered these accusation as follows:

1. He had not seen Lena Sarschine on that night, but another lady whose name he refused to divulge. 2. His presence in St. James street on the night in question was purely accidental.

3. And the dagger he had found in the vase was one he had taken from Lena Sarschine on the afternoon of the day she had called to see Calliston about the elopement.

"I'll tell you about that dagger," explained Myles to Norwood, his solicitor. "I was at Calliston's rooms on the Monday afternoon looking over his papers, when Lena Sarschine came in like a mad-woman to see Calliston. I tried to quiet her, but she refused to be pacified, and pulling out the dagger said she would kill Calliston first and Lady Balscombe afterward. I tried to take it from her and she flung it away—neither of us knew it was poisoned, or I don't think we would have been so reckless over it. In falling the dagger rested slantwise from the door to the tender, and in springing to get it I put my foot on it and broke the handle off. In case she should get it again, I put the pieces in my pocket and took them home—I left them on a side table, so if they were found in the ornaments some one must have placed them there—and Lena Sarschine went away on that day, and since then I have seen nothing of her."

"Then who was the lady, you saw on that night?" asked his solicitor. "I cannot tell you," replied the young man, doggedly. "I gave my word to the lady I would not say she had been there till I had permission, and till I get it I cannot."

"When will you get it?" "When Calliston returns in his yacht." "Why, in that case," said Norwood, "you must mean Lady Balscombe?" "I have not said so."

"No," replied Norwood, quickly, "but you say your permission to speak must come from a lady, and the only lady on board the yacht is Lady Balscombe, as she ran away with Lord Calliston. Come, tell me, was it Lady Balscombe you saw that night?"

"I won't answer you." "All that Norwood could do could not get any other answer from the obstinate young man, so in despair the lawyer left him."

"It's impossible to perform miracles," he muttered to himself, as he went back to his office, "and if this young fool won't tell me the whole truth I cannot see what I can do."

On arriving at his office he found a lady waiting to see him, and on glancing carelessly at the card handed to him by his clerk, started violently.

"Miss Penfold," he said. "By Jove! she was engaged to Lord Calliston. Now, I wonder what she wants?"

"The young lady made her appearance, and the door being closed, soon enlightened him on that point. "You are Mr. Desmond's lawyer?" she asked.

"Yes, I have that honor," replied Norwood, rather puzzled to know what she had come about.

"I take a great interest in Mr. Desmond," said the girl, hesitating, "in fact, I'm engaged to him."

"But I thought Lord Calliston— "Lord Calliston is nothing to me," she broke in, impatiently. "I never did like him, though my guardian wished me to

marry him, and I love Myles Desmond. If I did not I would not be here." "Well, of course I feel sure he is innocent."

"Innocent! I never had any doubt on the subject, but I want to know what chances there are of proving his innocence."

"It will be a difficult matter," said Norwood, thoughtfully, "as I can get him to tell me nothing."

"What is it he refuses to tell you?" asked Miss Penfold.

"The name of the lady whom he saw at Lord Calliston's chambers on the night of the murder. I believe myself it was Lady Balscombe."

"Lady Balscombe!" cried May, in astonishment, "why what would take her there?"

"Perhaps she went to meet Lord Calliston. The reason why I think it's she is that Mr. Desmond says he promised the lady he saw that he would not speak without her permission, and then he tells me he cannot speak till Lord Calliston's yacht comes back, and as Lady Balscombe is the only lady on board it must be her."

"But why should he refuse to tell you it was her?" Norwood shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, it's hardly the thing for a lady to visit chambers at that hour of the night—her reputation—"

"Her reputation!" repeated May Penfold, contemptuously; "he need not try to save it now, considering she's thrown it away by eloping with Lord Calliston; but what else is there in his favor?"

"The principal thing is the dagger," said Norwood; "he told me he took it from Lena Sarschine and brought it home—so if his landlady or any one else put it away, they must have seen it—and so it will show the truth of his story."

"Then in order to find out it will be best to see his landlady."

"Certainly—but I don't know where she lives."

"I do—Primrose Crescent, Bloomsbury. You go there and find out what you can."

"I may as well try," said Norwood, thoughtfully, "but I'm afraid it's a forlorn hope."

"Forlorn hopes generally succeed," replied May, with a confident smile. "So you go to his lodgings, and then let me know the result of your inquiries."

Norwood agreed to this, and after Miss Penfold had departed, called a cab and drove to the address of Myles Desmond, Rondalina, more wan and ghost-like than ever, opened the door and informed the lawyer that Mrs. Malgy had gone out.

"That's a pity," said Norwood, in a disappointed tone. "Are you the servant?"

"Yes, sir," replied Rondalina, dropping a courtesy.

"And you attend to all the lodgers?" "Yes, sir."

"Oh! then perhaps you can tell me what I want to know," said Norwood, cheerfully. "Take me up to Mr. Desmond's room."

Rondalina, being a London girl, was very sharp, and looked keenly at Mr. Norwood to see if he had any design of burglary. The scrutiny proving satisfactory, she led him upstairs, and showed him Desmond's sitting-room.

"Now, then," said Norwood, taking a seat. "I want you to answer me a few questions."

Rondalina looked frightened, and said, "First, sir, in a mechanical manner."

"First," asked Norwood, "do you dust this room and put things straight?" "I do, sir."

"Do you remember seeing a broken dagger about the place—a blade and a handle?"

Rondalina twisted her apron up into a knot and touched her forehead, and then intimated she had seen it.

"Oh!—and when did you see it?" "About a week or so ago, sir," replied Rondalina. "Mr. Desmond, sir, he comes in at 5 o'clock when I was a-layin' of the cloth for dinner, and sees he, 'I ain't acoin' to stay in for dinner, 'cause I'm a-goin' home,' then he takes the knife from his pocket, being broken in two, and throws the bits on the table and goes out to put his clothes on. I takes the dinner things downstairs, and when I comes up he were gone, so I sets to work an' tidies up the room."

"Was the dagger still on the table?" "The knife, sir," corrected Rondalina, "Yes, sir, it were, and I puts the bits in the ornaments so as to keep 'em out of the way of the children, an' I open 'em weren't wrong, sir."

"No, not at all," replied Norwood, "but tell me, did Mr. Desmond come back on that night?"

"Yes, sir—but not till late, sir—3 o'clock in the morning. He 'adn't his latch-key, so I 'ad to get 'up and let him in."

"Was he sober?" "Quite, sir, only he seemed upset like, and goes up to his room without saying a word."

This was all the information obtainable from Rondalina, so Norwood departed from the house very much satisfied with what he had discovered. He drove straight to Park lane and told May Penfold all Rondalina had said.

"You see," he said, in conclusion, "this evidence will prove one thing, that Desmond could not have committed the crime with that dagger."

"Then I suppose they'll say he did it with another," said May, bitterly.

"If they do so they will damage their own case," replied Norwood, coolly, "for Dowker swears the crime was committed by this special dagger, and if Desmond did not use it—as can be proved by the evidence of the servant—no one else could have done so; by the way, you say Sir Rupert was down at Berkshire on that night."

"He was," replied May, "but he came up by a late train and then went to his club shortly before twelve."

"Is he in?" asked the lawyer.

"No; but you will be able to see him about 5 o'clock," said Miss Penfold. "He has been shut up in his library since the elopement of his wife, but had to go out to-day on business."

"I'll call then." "What do you want to see him about?" "I am anxious to ascertain if he knew of his wife's movements on that night, and whether she left the house."

thing is made plain I'm certain Myles Desmond won't be the man to suffer for this crime."

CHAPTER XIII.

MY LADY'S HUSBAND.

Many people thought Calliston's visits were to his ward, but in reality she was merely used as a stalking-horse to conceal the designs of the young man on Lady Balscombe. When the blow came and the lady eloped, no one was surprised except the unsuspecting husband, who having raised his wife from an obscure position to a brilliant one, and given her all she could wish for, never dreamt for a moment she would reward him in so base a manner.

Sir Rupert, however, had no idea of playing the complacent husband in this case, and at once proceeded to take steps for a divorce. The difficulty was to serve the guilty pair with citations, for as the yacht had gone to the Azores there was no chance of doing so until she returned to England, or until she touched at some civilized port easy to be reached by the long arm of the law.

The baronet sat in his library reading a letter from his lawyers, which informed him that Calliston's yacht, the Seaweed, had put into port for repairs, as she had been disabled in a storm, and that they had sent over a clerk to serve the citations at once.

Just then Miss Penfold entered, followed by Norwood, at the sight of whom Sir Rupert seemed surprised, but said nothing.

"This gentleman wishes to speak with you, Sir Rupert," said May, advancing toward the baronet. "He is—"

"A lawyer, I know," replied Sir Rupert, coldly pushing a chair toward his ward. "I've seen him in court—and what is the object of your visit, sir?" he said, turning to Norwood.

"I've called to see you about this arrest of Myles Desmond for the murder of Lena Sarschine," says Norwood, placing his hat on the table.

"I know nothing about him," replied the baronet, looking angry at May. "Why do you come to me for information?"

"Because we want to save Mr. Desmond's life," said May, boldly. "His life—a murderer?"

"He is no murderer," said the young girl, quickly. "Appearances are against him, but he is innocent."

"I believe you love this fellow still," said Balscombe, contemptuously.

"So much that I'm going to marry him," she replied.

"And what's all this got to do with me," asked Balscombe, haughtily. "Simply this, that I have reason to believe Lady Balscombe had something to do with the case."

"Lady Balscombe!" echoed Sir Rupert, turning pale with fury. "Take care, sir, take care. My affairs have nothing to do with you, and Lady Balscombe's folly is quite apart from this—this murder."

"I think not," answered Norwood, quietly, "for in my opinion Lady Balscombe left this house and went to Lord Calliston's chambers on the night of the murder and saw Mr. Desmond."

"Did Mr. Desmond tell you this?" said Balscombe, in a nervous voice.

"No; Mr. Desmond refuses to tell anything," rejoined Norwood, "but I am certain it was Lady Balscombe, and as you came up from Berkshire on that night I thought you might tell me at what hour Lady Balscombe went out."

"I am no spy on my wife's movements," retorted the baronet, haughtily. "I came up from Berkshire, it is true, and made good terms with my servants that my wife was in her room. As we were not on good terms I did not see her, but went straight to my club. From there I did not return till about 3 in the morning. I then went to bed and did not know of Lady Balscombe's flight till next morning, when it was too late to stop her. So, you see, I can tell you nothing."

Norwood was about to reply when a knock came to the door and the servant, entering, gave a card to Sir Rupert, which he glanced at and then handed to Norwood.

"Here is the detective who has the case in hand," he said, quietly. "Perhaps, if you question him, you may find out what you want to know. Show the gentleman in."

"Dowker's a clever man," said Norwood, when the servant had retired; "the arrested Desmond, so I presume he has come here to get evidence against him. Now, Miss Penfold, we must put our wits against his."

"Yes, and between the two stools poor Desmond will fall to the ground," replied the baronet, with a cold smile. "Here is your detective."

Mr. Dowker, being announced by the servant, entered the room quietly, and bowed first to Miss Penfold and then to Sir Rupert.

"How do you do, Mr. Norwood?" he said, calmly. "I did not think to meet you here, but I suppose we're on the same errand."

"Not quite," replied Norwood. "You want to destroy Myles Desmond. I wish to save him."

"There you are wrong," said Dowker, placing his hat beside a chair and taking his seat. "I want to save him also."

"Save him?" cried May, starting up. "Yes, because I believe him to be innocent."

"Then why arrest him?" asked Norwood.

Dowker shrugged his shoulders. "The evidence against him was too strong to permit him being at large, but from what I have learned lately I have reason to believe he is not the guilty man."

This remark, coming from such a source, produced the profoundest impression in the mind of May Penfold, and Norwood himself seemed relieved, while the baronet stood on the hearthrug and looked stolidly on.

"Then we can work together?" said the lawyer.

"Yes, to prove the innocence of Mr. Desmond," replied Dowker. "And in doing so we will discover the real criminal."

"And now," observed Balscombe in a cold voice, "having settled this little matter about helping Mr. Desmond, whom I sincerely trust will be proven innocent of this charge, perhaps, Mr. Dowker, you will inform me the reason of your visit?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Dowker, deliberately. "I want to ask you a few questions about Lady Balscombe."

Two of his listeners, looked at him in surprise, struck by the singularity of the coincidence that he should have called on exactly the same errand as they did.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Sisterhood.

It was a warm afternoon in early May, and as the north-bound train drew up at a small station, and then quietly permitted itself to be side-tracked, with the prospect of a half-hour's wait, many faces expressed weariness and dissatisfaction; but two young girls in the forward car appeared to be unconscious of the stop, so earnestly were they talking.

"You don't understand, Alma; you can't understand!" one was saying impatiently. "I have thought of it and dreamed over it ever since I was a child. I want to give myself up wholly, to how, by the beautifully simple uniform which the Sisters of St. Elizabeth's wear, that I have renounced the world, and become a servant of God and His poor. I can't see why mamma will not permit it. With three daughters, she surely might spare one to God."

"But you know you are the oldest, Jo," replied the other, gently, "and Alma needs your help."

"A servant could do all that I do," replied "Jo," impatiently, "and I wish you'd stop calling me that ridiculous name; we're not babies any longer."

"I keep forgetting," apologized Alma; but she said no more, for her cousin had drawn a small book from her pocket, and evidently meant to be absorbed in it. Alma looked intently from the window for a moment, and then rose and left the car. A tired-looking woman, in a washed-out calico, was at the ticket window, and on the shelf stood an earthenware jug, with a tin cup beside it.

"Is that water, and may I have some?" asked the young girl, pleasantly; and then, somehow, in a few minutes the two were chatting easily together, and the woman was pouring out her troubles.

"He" was "down with chills," and if she did not come every day to open the station at train time, "he" would lose his place; and their money was almost gone, and there'd be a doctor's bill a mile long—and I've just about given up."

"You mustn't do that ever!" said Alma, resolutely. "See here! Why can't you make a batch of doughnuts like that lovely one you've just given me, and cookies, and gingerbread, and sandwiches—just a few at first, till you see how it works, you know—and sell them to these poor switched people every day? Oh! and lemonade—and buttermilk."

"Will you try?" she went on, eagerly, "and will you just take this, to buy the first sugar and things? I'm so sorry it's not more, but it's all I can spare just now."

She slipped a dollar into the thin hand, closing her own warm, plump fingers over it as she did so. The woman looked up, her face full of the light of hope.

"I declare!" she exclaimed, "I'm dumb as a beetle or I'd have thought of myself! For sure I will; and I won't let myself think no more that God don't take care of folks. It seems kind of foolish just to say thank you—"

She stopped abruptly, with a choking sound in her throat, and at that moment came a long whistle from the downtown. Alma sprang up, hesitated a moment, and then as the woman joined her in the outer room, kissed the pale, plain face and was gone.

She never heard the sequel to the career of a life-story which she had helped to make. She "passed that way but once."

Only a few of us are so free from the usual ties of life that we can with justice ignore them; to these few be all honor for their lives of self-denial. But he who has "made of one blood all nations of men" knows how we are dealing in our daily lives, with His children, our brothers and sisters.—*Youth's Companion.*

Ladies Smoke at a Pink Dinner.

"If women only smoked," cried a well-known New York dinner giver, "how easily we could arrange it. They would simply sit still until the end of the dinner, and that terrible half hour or more of ennui in the drawing-room, minus men, would be obviated."

"But woman do smoke," is the reply to this lady's proposition.

Unfortunately they must do their smoking in private. The odor of their dainty cigarettes must not be permitted to reach the nostrils of fathers, brothers, husbands or sweethearts.

One of the leaders of New York society lately gave one of the popular pink dinners. The artistic effect was carried out to the smallest detail; from pink roses to pink table service, pink napkins, pink soup, pink sorbet, pink ices, pink candles and candelabras, etc. When the coffee was reached and had been served in delicate pink cups the ladies present made haste to swallow theirs, and then turned more or less nervous glances toward the hostess in the expectation of a signal to retire to the drawing-room. But none came. After enjoying the situation for a few moments, a glance from my lady at the head of the table brought a waiter into the room, carrying an exquisite pink tray, covered with a handsomely embroidered pink tray cloth, upon which lay a little box in pink enamel, containing a dozen or so of tiny cigarettes in pink paper and no tobacco. One was presented to each lady, and a second waiter followed with a lighted pink taper, at which each fair guest in the most matter of fact and nonchalant way, lighted the tiny cigarette and began smoking. The gentlemen present, with the perfect self-control so indicative of high breeding, did not draw a muscle, exchange a glance or betray in the slightest manner any surprise at this little innovation. The ladies remained at the table, and the guests returned to the drawing-room in the same order in

which they had left it. The color had saved the day! Had the cigarettes been white there is no telling what might not have happened. Now that the ice is broken, who can say that the cigarette, in colors to match, has not a future?—*Boston Herald.*

The Cobra Stone.

There is a curious story current throughout India to the effect that some cobras, perhaps one in twenty, are in possession of a precious stone which shines in the dark. This stone, according to the natives, the snake is in the habit of carrying about in its mouth, regarding it as a treasure, and defending it with its life. At night the cobra deposits the stone in the grass and watches it, as if fascinated, for hours, but woe to him who then approaches, for the cobra is never more dangerous than when occupied in this manner.

Finding that some of my Ceylon friends credited this superstition, as I then regarded it, writes Prof. H. Hensoldt, in *Harper's Magazine*, I determined, if possible, to solve the mystery.

I offered five rupees to any coolie on the estate, who would bring me one of these cobra stones, and one evening a Tamil came in hastily, to say that he would show me the snake and its stone if I would follow him.

Without delay I went with him to a little waterfall, distant over a mile from the house. Close to the water's edge stood an immense tamarind tree, and within fifty yards of it the coolie halted, and mysteriously pointed to the root of the tree. There the naja was to be found, but my guide refused to go an inch farther. As I could see nothing from where I stood, I slowly and cautiously approached the tree, until, at about fifteen yards' distance from it, I stood as if rooted to the spot.

A foot from the trunk, I observed in the grass a greenish light, apparently proceeding from a single point. After a time I could see the cobra coiled near the foot of the tree, slowly swaying its head to and fro in front of the shining object. Save that this shining light was steady and not intermittent, I might at first have thought it due to the female of the well-known firefly, for the air was swarming with these insects.

Unfortunately, I had no gun, and my guide, who seemed to feel that he was responsible for my safety, entreated me so earnestly to let the snake alone, that I acceded. Moreover, he promised to bring me this stone within three days, for he said that the cobra, if not molested, would return to the same spot night after night.

The coolie kept his word, for the second morning afterward he brought me the stone. He had climbed the tamarind tree before dark, and after the snake had taken up its position he had emptied a bag of ashes upon the stone. The frightened reptile, after chasing about for a while trying to find its treasure, had gone off. The coolie remained in his safe position, until daylight, when he descended the tree, dug the stone out of the ashes, and here it was in my hand.

The cobra stone was a semi-transparent, water-worn pebble of yellowish color about the size of a large pea, which in the dark, when previously warmed, emitted a greenish, phosphorescent light. I found it to be chlorophane, a rare variety of fluor-spar.

The mystery is not difficult to explain. Cobras feed on insects, and seem to have a special liking for fireflies. I have often for hours watched the snake in the grass catching the fireflies, darting about here and there, a process which requires considerable exertion. Only the male fireflies fly about, and a close observer will notice that a constant swarm of the male insects will fly near the females, which sit on the ground and emit the intermittent glowing light.

The cobra uses his phosphorescent stone as a decoy for the fireflies. No doubt the snake made this discovery by accident, night after night, perhaps, noticing how the fireflies gathered about the shining pebble. Several snakes gathered, and it would require no great reasoning powers for the cobra to learn that the position of advantage was that nearest the pebble. Competition would lead to the snake's seizing and carrying off the treasure, and habit has become hereditary.

He Was One of Them.

A tall, slender man with sunken cheeks, deep-set glittering eyes, a stubby mustache and a dark suit that had seen better days, bearing an old valise in his hand, entered the Girard House, and grabbing up a pen wrote in a quick, nervous hand on the register, "Abraham Davis, Tyrone, Penn."

"Will you have breakfast, sir?" inquired Mr. Carmack, the head clerk.

"No, sir." "Dinner?" "No, sir." "Supper?" "No, sir." "Stay all night?" "No, sir."

"Well, what do you want?" "I want to put my name on the register. I heard all prominent people write their name on that air book. I'm prominent. God damn it, I'm all there. Whoop!"

An officer showed him the way out. As the tall figure was lost to sight behind the west end folding doors Mr. Carmack stroked his heavy black mustache and with a sigh exclaimed: "When will the hotel cranks cease to be?"—*Philadelphia North American.*

BANK cashiers lead a checkered career in their business, and their condition isn't much improved when they graduate at Sing Sing.

A Michigan Central Railroad Employee Wins His Case, After Seven Years' Contest.

While employed as agent of the Michigan Central Railroad Company, at Augusta, Mich., my kidneys became diseased and from an impoverished health was entirely unable to perform my duties. I consulted the leading physician of this city and Ann Arbor and all advised me to take Bright's disease. In October last I began taking Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and am to-day a well man. It made me pleasure to render suffering humanity any good that I can, and I wish to say that I think it the greatest blood, kidney and liver medicine in the world.

Agent M. C. R. R. Albion, Mich. Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by The Charles Wright Medicine Company, Detroit, Mich.

DURING last year Emperor William conferred 5,108 decorations and medals, and 5,361 were given away in 1888, as compared with 4,208 in 1887, 3,776 in 1886, and 3,475 in 1885. The red eagle was given last year to no fewer than 2,086 individuals, the crown order to 1,199, and the Hohenzollern order to 254; but only fourteen new knights of the black eagle were created, fifteen of the female order of Louise, and one of the famous order pour le merite.

Miss LARKINS was bilious and feeble and sick. And it seemed as if nothing would ever relieve her. Her liver was clogged with impurities thick. And her stomach was constantly burning with fever. Of the great G. M. D. she bought a supply. And directions for taking pursued to the letter. 'Twas the best thing on earth she could possibly try. And soon, very soon, Miss Larkins was better. The G. M. D. which she took was Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the great remedy for bronchial, throat, and lung diseases, sick headache, serofolia, dyspepsia, and all diseases that have origin in impure blood and a disordered liver.

The cleansing, antiseptic and healing qualities of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are unequaled.

A MORMON, with two wives and fourteen children, was recently found living in a hut with one room at Puro, Utah.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT
REMEDY FOR PAIN
For Stablers and Stockmen
CURES
Cuts, Swellings, Bruises, Sprains, Cuts, Strains, Lameness, Stiffness, Cracked Heels, Scalds, Scalds, Contusions, Flesh Wounds, Strains, Sore Throat, Stomach, Colic, Whooping Cough, Erysipelas, Tumors, Splinters, Ringworms and Spavin in their early stages. Directions with each bottle.



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 system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable 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 commend 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 druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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"Oh, So Tired!"
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Health and Vigor.
It Makes
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Ely's Cream Balm
WILL CURE
CATARRH
Price 50 Cents.
Apply Balm into each nostril.
ELY DRUGS, 26 Warren St., N. Y.

Threads of Thought.

Life is too short to spare even the stormy days. The true birds of the air always fly with their own wings. A shadow is always darker and larger than the figure that makes it. Flattery is but the condoning of our failures rather than a true estimate of our merits.

In accordance with the ancient proverb, he who would accumulate must spend also. We might take lessons from childhood in that enviable art of being easily made happy. If it be true that "truth is stranger than fiction," how exceedingly queer it must be sometimes. Force may compel compliance for the time being, but gentleness and affection endure and reign continually.

The one deserving the greatest commendation is that one whose thoughts and endeavors are given to others. One who has wronged another with malice prepense seems to find it difficult ever to show him a due regard again.—*Louise Shaw, in Utica Observer.*

The Clangor of an Alarm Bell Close by, in the stillness of the night, could scarcely startle the ordinary individual more than do trifling noises the nervous night. But once the nerves are braced and the system invigorated with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, this abnormal sensitiveness is speedily by a tranquillity not to be disturbed by trivial causes. Impaired digestion is a fertile cause of nerve weakness and unamiable mental gloom, and a vigorous renewal of the action of the stomach is one of the surest means of invigorating and quieting the nerves. Insomnia or sleeplessness, a form of nervous disease, is unquestionably benefited by relatives, when it is prolonged, or of frequent occurrence, but its permanent removal is more effectually achieved with the Bitters. This medicine is also signally efficacious for malaria, rheumatism, constipation, liver complaint, and torpidity of the kidneys and bladder.

Good Reason to Be Happy.
It was bed-time, and Willie was leaving the nursery.
"Come and kiss me good-night."
"Yes, dearest."
"Have you all the beautiful story books you want?"
"Yes, dearest."
"And are you happy?"
"Yes, dearest."
"And what makes Willie happy?"
"Well, you see, I've torn the seat out of my red velvet trousers, and the goat has eaten my sash, and Jakey Ogheimer has thrown mud all over my fancy waist, and, altogether, dearest, I've got a pretty dog-gone good right to feel comfortable."

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., Proprs. of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer \$100 reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, etc.

How Names Grow.
How names grow receives an odd illustration in the Congo country. White people are known in the upper Congo districts as Batende. Fendele was as near as the Congo nature could get to the pronunciation of Stanley, "ba" being the common prefix for people. Batendele is the Congo for white people. In a somewhat similar way the Indians of the Northwest coast bestowed the title of Boston men on all white people, as ships from Boston were those most frequently seen by them in the old days when the Oregon coast was a howling wilderness.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Excitement Not Over.
The rush on the druggists still continues, and daily scores of people call for a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption. Kemp's Balsam, the standard family remedy, is sold on a guarantee and never fails to give entire satisfaction. Price 50c and \$1. Trial size free.

He Didn't See Her.
Singleton (who has been away for two years)—I haven't seen you with Miss Blank since my return. Do you see much of her now?
I enquired sorrowfully—No, I don't see her very often.
Singleton—I thought you and she were engaged. Did she break it off?
Benedict—No. We were married.—*Lawrence American.*

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

Bill Climbing.
"I saw two girls with their escorts walking up Corey Hill, yesterday," says an observer of girls. "one of them went up like a rubber ball, bouncing and bounding at every step, chattering briskly to her companion as she went and stopping now and then to pant a little and take a fresh start both with her bounding way of walking and with her chatter. Presently her friend came quietly along. She was letting the young man beside her do the talking, and she was mounting the long hill with short, melastic steps. She used her heels as well as her toes in going up hill." It is a good rule for bill-climbing and one to be remembered in pointing up stairs. Women doctors say, and many up-stairs. Women doctors say, that by going women prove it in practice, that by going up stairs slowly, with the foot—heel and toe—put firmly on each stair, one may arrive at the top of four flights of stairs ready rested, instead of gasping for breath as when one runs up stairs. Going up stairs is a good form of exercise if one goes at it in the right way to get its benefits.—*Boston Transcript.*

LIEUTENANT JOHN P. FINLEY, of the signal service, has compiled a statement of the number of tornadoes in this country for the last seventeen years. While in 1870 there were only nine, the number has increased annually, the year 1880 having been credited with 280. But since that time there has been a gradual decrease in the number, only forty-two having been recorded in 1889.

Says the Southern Medical World: "Mother's Friend" is growing in favor throughout the South and is highly recommended by physicians. We consider it indispensable to those who know they must pass through the ordeal of childbirth. Write Bradford Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by all druggists.

11,000,000 Acres Free.

The Government has recently purchased from the Sioux Indians the rich agricultural and grazing lands bounded by the Missouri River on the east, the Black Hills on the west, the Cheyenne River on the north, and the White River on the south. They lie in Central South Dakota, and are reached by the Chicago and North-western Railway. Pierre, the capital of South Dakota, is the gateway to the coded lands. The Homesteaders' Union of Pierre, will furnish full information free how to get this Government land. Write to-day.

AN official stenographer of the German Imperial Parliament has calculated the exact rapidity of speech of some of the most celebrated German statesmen. Kickert, a leader of the free trade independents, says, talks in a minute 153 words; Count Herber, Bismarck, 144; Singer, the socialist, 121; Bernberger, the best-known bimetalist among the independents, 129; Stumm, the coal baron, 148.

EDISON'S latest invention is a loud-talking machine, but it is no improvement on the original one that was exhibited some years ago in the garden of Eden.—*Texas Siftings.*

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 Dubuins' Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

MANY a man confesses in the prayer meeting that he is full of sin, who would be very sorry to have his customers admit that he is right.

SUFFERERS FROM COUGHS, SORE THROAT, etc., should try "Brown's Bronchial, Tracheal," a simple but sure remedy. Sold only in boxes. Price, 25 cents.

NEWSPAPER men naturally get the first ink-ling of the news.



A LOVELY WOMAN
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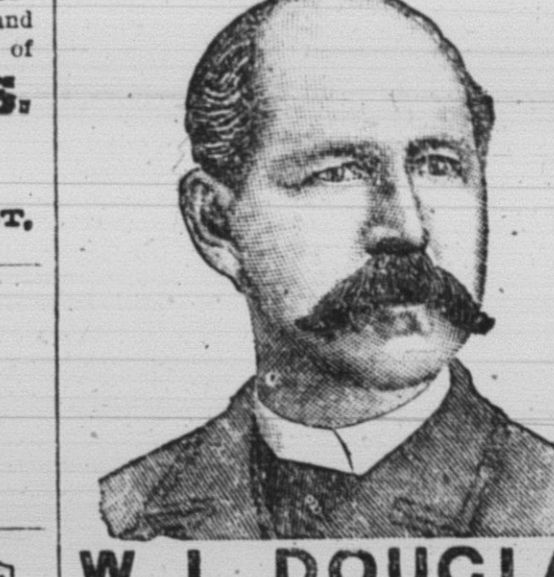
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Mr. Meeson's Will.
By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER VIII.
KERGUELEN LAND.

As soon as Mr. Meeson, saved from drowning by her intervention, lay gasping at the bottom of the boat, Augusta, overcome by a momentary faintness, let her head fall forward on to the bundle of blankets in which she had wrapped up the child she had rescued, and who, too terrified to speak or cry, stared about him with wide opened and frightened eyes. When she lifted it a few seconds later, a ray from the rising sun had pierced the mist, and striking full on the sinking ship, as her stern well out of the water and her bow well under it, she rolled sullenly to and fro in the trough of the heavy sea, seemed to wrap her from hull to track in wild and stormy light.

"She's going—by heaven, she's going!" said the seaman Johnnie, and as he said it, the mighty ship slowly reared herself up on end. Slowly—very slowly, amid the hideous and despairing shrieks of the doomed wretches on board of her, she lifted her stern higher and higher, and plunged her bows deeper and deeper. They shrieked, they cried to heaven for help, but heaven heeded them not, for man's agony cannot avert man's doom. Now, for a space, she was standing almost upright upon the water, out of which about a hundred feet of her vast length towered like some monstrous ocean growth, while men fell from her in showers, like flies benumbed by frost, down into the churning foam beneath.

Then suddenly, with a swift and awful rush, with a rending sound of breaking spars, a loud explosion of her boilers, and a smothered boom of bursting bulkheads, she plunged down into the measureless deeps, and was seen no more forever.

The water closed in over where she had been, boiling and foaming and sucking down all things in the wake of her last journey, while the steam and prisoned air came up in huge hissing jets and bubbles that exploded into spray on the surface.

The men groined, the child stared stupefied, and Augusta cried out: "Oh! oh!" like one in pain.

"Row back!" she gasped, "row back and see if we cannot pick some of them up."

"No! no!" shouted Meeson, "they will sink the boat!"

"Taint much use any way," said Johnnie. "I doubt that precious few of them will come up again. They have gone too deep!"

However, they got the boat's head round again—slowly enough, Augusta thought—and as they did so they heard a feeble cry or two. But by the time that they had reached the spot where the Kangaroo went down there was no living creature to be seen; nothing but the wash of the great waves, over which the mist once more closed thick and heavy as a pall. Mr. Meeson, and once they heard a faint answer, and rowed toward it; but when they got to the spot whence the sound seemed to proceed, they could see nothing except some wreckage. They were all dead, their agony was done, their cries no more ascended to the pitiless heavens; and wind, and sky, and sea were just as they had been.

"Oh, my God! my God!" wailed Augusta, clinging to the thwart of the tossing boat.

"One boat got away—where is it?" asked Mr. Meeson, who, a wet and wretched figure, was huddled up in the stern sheets, as he rolled his wild eyes round striving to pierce the curtain of the mist.

"There's something," said Johnnie, pointing through a fog dog in the mist, that seemed to grow denser rather than otherwise as the light increased, at a round boat like object that had suddenly appeared to the starboard of them.

They rowed up to it; it was a boat, but empty and floating bottom upward. Closer examination showed that it was the cutter, which, when full of women and children, had been fastened to the vessel and dragged down with her as she sunk. At a certain depth the pressure of the water had been too great and had torn the ring in the bow bodily out of her, so that she returned to the surface. But those in her did not return—at least, not yet. Once more, two or three days hence, they would arise from the watery depths and look upon the skies with eyes that could not see, and then vanish forever.

Turning from this awful and most moving sight, they rowed slowly through quantities of floating wreckage—barrels, hen coops (in one of these they found two drowned fowls, which they secured), and many other articles, such as oars and wicker deck chairs—and began to shout vigorously in the hope of attracting the attention of the survivors in the other boat, which they imagined would not be far off. Their efforts, however, proved fruitless, owing to the thickness of the fog; and in the considerable sea which was running it was impossible to see more than twenty yards or so. Also, what between the wind and the wash and turmoil of the water, the sound of their voices did not travel far. The ocean is a large place, and a rowboat is easily lost sight of upon its furrowed surface; therefore it is not wonderful that, although the two boats were at that moment within half a mile of each other, they never met, and each took its separate course in the hope of escaping the fate of the vessel. The boat in which were Lady Holmhurst and some twenty other passengers, together with the second officer and a crew of six men, after seeing the Kangaroo sink and picking up one survivor, shaped a course for Kerguelen Land, believing that they, and they alone, remained to tell the tale

of that awful shipwreck. And here it may be convenient to state that before nightfall they were picked up by a sealing whaler that sailed with them to Albany, on the coast of Australia. Thence an account of the disaster, which, as the reader will remember, created a deep impression, was telegraphed home, and thence, in due course, the widowed Lady Holmhurst and most of the other women who escaped were taken back to England. To return to our heroine and Mr. Meeson.

The occupants of the little boat sat looking at each other with white, scared faces, till at last the man called Johnnie, who, by the way, was not a far of a very amiable cast of countenance, possibly owing to the fact that his nose was knocked almost flat against the side of his face, swore violently and said, "It was no good stopping there all the etereated day." Thereupon Bill, who was a more jovial-looking man, remarked "that he, Johnnie, was etereated well right, so they had better hoist the foresail."

At this point Augusta interposed, and told them that the captain, just as the vessel came into collision, had informed her that he was making Kerguelen Land, which was not more than sixty or seventy miles away. They had a compass in the boat, and they knew the course the Kangaroo was steering when she sunk. Accordingly, without wasting further time, they got as much sail up as the little boat could carry in the stiff breeze, and ran nearly due east before the steady westerly wind. All day long they ran across the misty ocean, the little boat behaving splendidly, without sighting any living thing, till, at last, the night closed in again. There was, fortunately, a bag of biscuits in the boat, and a breaker of water; also there was, unfortunately, a breaker of rum, from which the two sailors, Bill and Johnnie, were already taking quite as much as was good for them. Consequently, though they were cold and wet with spray, they had not to face the added horrors of starvation and thirst. At sundown they shortened sail considerably, only leaving enough canvas up to keep the boat ahead of the sea.

Somewhat the long night wore away, Augusta scarcely closed her eyes; but little Dick slept like a top upon her bosom, sheltered by her arms and the blanket from the cold and penetrating spray. In the bottom of the boat lay Mr. Meeson, to whom Augusta, pitying his condition—for he was shivering dreadfully—had given the other blanket, keeping nothing for herself except the woolen shawl.

At last, however, there came a faint glow in the east and the daylight began to break over the stormy sea. Augusta turned her head and stared through the mist.

"What is that?" she said, in a voice trembling with excitement, to the sailor Bill, who was taking his turn at the tiller; and she pointed to a dark mass that loomed up almost over them.

The man looked, and then looked again, and then hallooed out joyfully:

"Land—land ahead!"

Up struggled Mr. Meeson on to his knees—his legs were so stiff that he could not stand—and began to stare wildly about him.

"Thank God!" he cried. "Where is it? Is it New Zealand? If ever I get there I'll stop there. I'll never get on a ship again!"

"New Zealand!" growled the sailor. "Are you a fool? It's Kerguelen Land, that's what it is, where it rains all day, and nobody lives—not even a nigger. It's like enough that you'll stop there, though, for I don't reckon that anybody will come to take you off in a hurry."

Mr. Meeson collapsed with a groan, and a few minutes afterward the sun rose, while the mist grew less and less, till at last it almost disappeared, revealing a grand panorama to the occupants of the boat. For before them was line upon line of jagged and lofty peaks, stretching as far as the eye could reach, gradually melting in the distance into the cold white gleam of snow. Bill slightly altered the boat's course to the southward, and, sailing round a point, she came into comparatively calm water. Then, due north of them, running into the land, they saw the mouth of a great fjord, bounded on each side by towering mountain banks, so steep as to be almost precipitous, around whose lofty sides thousands of sea fowl wheeled, awaking the echoes with their clamor. Right into this beautiful fjord they sailed, past a line of flat rocks on which sat huge fantastic monsters that the sailors said were sea lions, along the line of beetling cliff, till they came to a spot where the shore, on which grew a rank, sodden looking grass, shelved gently up from the water's edge to the frowning and precipitous background! And here, to their huge delight, they discovered two huts, roughly built of old ship's timbers, placed within a score of yards of each other, and at a distance of some fifty paces from the water's edge.

"Well, there's a house, any way," said the flat nosed Johnnie, "though it don't look as though it had paid rates and taxes lately."

"Let us land and get out of this horrible boat," said Mr. Meeson, feebly; a proposition that Augusta seconded heartily enough. Accordingly, the sail was lowered, and, getting out the oars, the two sailors rowed the boat into a little natural harbor that opened out of the main creek, and in ten minutes her occupants were once more stretching their legs upon dry land; that is, if any land in Kerguelen Island, that region of perpetual wet, could be said to be dry.

Their first care was to go up to the huts and examine them, with a result that could scarcely be called encouraging. The huts had been built some years—whether by the expedition which, in 1874, came thither to observe the transit of Venus, or by former parties of shipwrecked mariners, they never discovered—and were now in a state of ruin. Mosses and lichens grew plentifully upon the beams, and even on the floor, while great holes in the roof let in the wet, which lay in little slimy puddles beneath. Still, with all drawbacks, they were decidedly better than the open beach; a very short experience of which, in that inclement climate, would certainly have killed them; and they thankfully decided to make the best of them. Accordingly, the smaller of the two huts was given up to Augusta and the boy Dick, while Mr.

Meeson and the sailors took possession of the large one. Their next task was to move up their scanty belongings (the boat having first been carefully beached), and to clean out the huts and make them as habitable as possible by stretching the sails of the boat over the damp floors and covering up the holes in the roof as best they could with stones and bits of board from the bottom of the boat. The weather was, fortunately, dry, and as they all (with the exception of Mr. Meeson, who seemed to be quite prostrated) worked with a will, not excepting Master Dick—who toddled backward and forward after Augusta in high glee at finding himself on terra firma—and by midday everything that could be done was done. Then they made a fire of some driftwood—for, fortunately, they had a few matches—and Augusta cooked the two fowls they had got out of the floating hencoop as well as circumstances would allow—which, as a matter of fact, was not very well—and they had dinner, of which they all stood sadly in need.

After dinner they reckoned up their resources. Of water there was an ample supply, for not far from the huts a stream ran down into the fjord. For food they had the best part of a bag of biscuits weighing about a hundred pounds. Also there was the cask of rum, which the men had moved into their own hut. But that was not all, for there were plenty of shell fish about if they could find means to cook them, while the rocks around were covered with hundreds of penguins, including specimens of the great "king penguin," which only required to be knocked on the head. There was, therefore, little fear of their perishing of starvation, as sometimes happens to shipwrecked people. Indeed, immediately after dinner, the two sailors went out and returned with as many birds' eggs—mostly penguin—as they could carry in their hats. Scarcely had they got in, however, when the rain, which is the prevailing characteristic of these latitudes, set in; in the most pitiless fashion; and soon the great mountains with which they were surrounded, and these before them, were wrapped in dense veils of feeble vapor. Hour after hour the rain fell without ceasing, penetrating through their miserable roof, and falling—drop, drip, drop—upon the sodden floor. Augusta sat by herself in the smaller hut, doing what she could to amuse little Dick by telling him stories.

And meanwhile it grew darker, and colder, and damper by hour, till at last the light went out and left her with nothing to keep her company but the moaning wind, the falling rain, and the wild cries of the sea birds when something disturbed them from their rest. The child was asleep at last, wrapped up in a blanket and one of the smaller sails; and Augusta, feeling quite worn out with solitude and the pressure of heavy thoughts, laid her head against the biscuit bag, and at last sank into blissful oblivion; for to the young sleep is a constant friend. Once or twice she woke, but only to drop off again; and when she finally opened her eyes it was quite light and the rain had ceased.

Her first care was for little Dick, who had slept soundly throughout the night and appeared to be none the worse. She took him outside the hut and washed his face and hands in the stream, and then sat him down to a breakfast of biscuit.

As she returned she met the two sailors, who, although they were now fairly sober, bore upon their faces the marks of a fearful debauch. Evidently they had been drinking heavily. She drew herself up and looked at them, and they slunk past her in silence.

Then she returned to the hut. Mr. Meeson was sitting up when she entered, and the bright light from the open door fell full upon his face. His appearance fairly shocked her. The heavy cheeks had fallen in, there were great purple rings round the hollow eyes, and his whole aspect was one of a man in the last stage of illness.

"I have had such a night!" he said. "Oh, Heaven! such a night! I don't believe that I shall live through another."

"Nonsense!" said Augusta; "eat some biscuit and you will feel better."

He took a piece of the biscuit which she gave him and attempted to swallow it, but could not.

"It is no use," he said; "I am a dying man. Sitting in these wet clothes in the boat has finished me."

And Augusta, looking at his face, could not but believe him.

Death or Insanity There.

It is said that in 1841 a Spanish bark dropped anchor opposite the present town site of Columbia City, and near the farm now owned by Hez Copley. There was a large amount of treasure aboard the vessel and the crew conspired to obtain possession of it. They mutinied, assassinated the captain and buried the gold and silver somewhere on the Copley farm. Some say that the treasure was buried before the captain was killed, and that the man who buried it mysteriously disappeared immediately afterward. Others claim that it was buried after the mutiny, and that the men were frightened away by a band of red skins. At any rate the mutineers failed to find the treasure when they returned. Others who became acquainted with the fact that a great fortune had been buried on or near Copley's farm made unsuccessful effort to find it, but always with serious consequences to one or more of the searching parties.

At a spiritualistic meeting in this city, some five or six years ago, a Spiritualist claimed to have a revelation as to the identical spot where the Spaniards had covered up their ill gotten wealth. Several Spiritualists, reposing confidence in the revelation, visited Copley's farm, and after searching several days discovered a large deposit of small rocks at a depth of a foot, and supposed the money to be buried beneath it. While they were at work removing the rocks one of the men dropped dead. This created such consternation among the rest that the party abandoned their labors.

No further efforts to secure the hidden treasure were put forth until last week, when another party went on this wild goose chase. Among them was William Matthews, who succeeded in locating the rock deposit. While delving underneath

it he struck a mass of human bones. During the few moments consumed in examining them Matthews was transformed into a raving maniac. After that his associates also abandoned the work. Matthews was brought to this city on the steamer Alarm, and is now under the care of friends, who will cause his removal to the insane asylum should he not soon recover his reason.—Portland (Ore.) Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Five Thousand Lepers.

The Paris Dix-Neuvieme Siecle publishes information received by private letters from New Caledonia, which is calculated to cause some anxiety. It appears that leprosy is spreading in New Caledonia in a most alarming manner. Of 40,000 Kanakas no fewer than 5,000 are described as suffering from the terrible disease. Till quite recently the public authorities had taken no measures to prevent it from spreading; but now two subordinate colonies have been created—one on Goat Island, in Dumbea bay, and the other in Canala, at a spot known as the Pie des Morts. Every inhabitant recognized as a leper by the medical commission is to be confined in one of these leper colonies. The correspondent of The Dix-Neuvieme Siecle declares that this measure has been delayed too long to prove of any great use, and that it is not applied properly. Three Europeans have already been attacked by this incurable disease.

Brakeman Wilson Strangely Hurt.

Charles Wilson, a brakeman on the Louisville and Nashville road, was brought to the city suffering from severe injuries to the chin and right hand. Wilson left here about 12 o'clock on the southbound freight train, which met the northbound mail and passenger train at Veneta, about nine miles below the city. The mail train does not stop, but instead the apparatus attached to the side of the car is swung out and clutches the mail bag. Wilson was in the act of climbing the ladder on the rear end of the freight caboose when the mail train came by and the mail catcher caught him and pulled him off the ladder. His chin was badly cut by the fall, and in trying to hold on to the ladder his right thumb was severely crushed, almost severing an artery.—Mobile Register.

Contradicted by a Cyclone.

It is seldom that a man gets contradicted by a cyclone. Something very like it occurred in a lofty building in Pittsburg. Two gentlemen were standing near the window looking out at the clouds, ominously fluffy and gray, which the wind was driving across the sky.

"I wish," said one, "that I was out of this building—looks like a cyclone coming."

"Nonsense," said the other; "you're much safer up here than in the street," and as he spoke a furious gust of wind tore the iron shutter from its fastening and hurled it against the window, sending the glass in big splinters all over the room.—New York Press.

Novel House Building.

Franz Kasner is going to build a colossal ten-story apartment on Orange avenue, in Newark, N. J. In order to construct it he bought a number of small houses that occupied the land. He tore them all down, except one leased by Frederick Theurer. Theurer refused to move until his lease expires, a year hence, so the brewer is preparing to build his house over the small one for a height of ten stories, with the smaller house entirely enveloped like a nut in its shell. There will be a small passage-way in front, by which Theurer and his family can reach the street. Theurer doesn't mind it in the least.—Exchange.

Bruce's Fatal Meal.

Upton Bruce, colored, living with the Rev. Mr. Curtiss, near Groome, Prince Georges county, died recently. His death resulted from his appetite for supper. The meal consisted of two and a half pounds of cheese, a quart of boiled navy beans, three pounds of cakes and the same of crackers, washed down with a half gallon of sweet cider. He failed to digest the cheese, and although a doctor was called in he was beyond medical skill.—Baltimore American.

The Duke of Connaught, who visits Canada this month, will spend only two weeks in the Dominion and return to England without seeing the United States.

To Destroy Rabbits.

It having been alleged that the Australian government had refused to allow M. Pasteur the reward of £20,000 offered to the person who should suggest the best plan for the destruction of the rabbits that infest the antipodean colonies, the savant has been interrogated on the matter. He says that he has not been refused the reward, for the simple reason that he never sought it, and that owing to circumstances over which he had no control he could not claim such a reward.

When he read in the newspapers that the Australians desired to get rid of their rabbits he immediately thought of his method. Experiments of a necessarily restricted character enabled him to arrive at the conclusion that rabbit virus was most violent, and that, by inoculating a few animals with it, it could be rapidly communicated to any number of them. He accordingly sent M. Loir, his nephew, and another of his assistants to Australia in order to try the experiments which he had made in his laboratory on a more extended scale.

The assistants returned to France after a few months, discouraged. According to M. Pasteur, they were not allowed by

the commission appointed by the Australian government to effect any important experiments. This commission permitted the assistants to inoculate a few rabbits, and the experiments were successful enough to warrant a further extension of the authorization; but all sorts of delays and adjournments were caused until the assistants abandoned all hope of being able to carry out the purpose for which they had undertaken the voyage to Australia. Such is M. Pasteur's almost verbatim version of the affair of the antipodean rabbits.—Chicago Herald.

Destroying a Magnificent Elm.

Thursday morning, after most of the citizens of West Medford had started to pursue their usual avocations in Boston, a gang of laborers, acting under instructions of the road commissioners, began an act of vandalism which has aroused the greatest indignation among the people of the beautiful village. A most magnificent elm, estimated to be about 225 years old, over 100 feet high and thirteen feet in girth ten feet from the ground, has stood on the side of the highway, the admiration of every lover of the beautiful. Its graceful limbs spread entirely across the street, and every tiny twig that marked its slender tracing against the sky was bursting into bloom, and the tree was never in a more flourishing condition, but because its trunk encroached upon the street a trifle the commissioners resolved secretly upon its destruction, and it now lies beside the road, majestic even in its fall. Several times before has this tree been threatened, but the almost unanimous protest of citizens has saved it. But this time no notice was given, no hearing was allowed, and the destroyer has done its perfect work.—Boston Post.

A Palace Car Cathedral.

Think of a Pullman palace car cathedral. It is both a paradox, and is to be a fact, Bishop Walker, of North Dakota, having decided to have a Pullman car so constructed as to afford seats in it for eighty or more people, and to contain a font, an altar, a lectern and a cabinet organ and whatever might be necessary for conducting worship and performing the rites and sacraments of the church. Notice will be sent in advance to the people of a certain town announcing the date of the bishop's visit there. On the appointed day the car will be drawn to the village and switched off on a side track. At the proper hour the religious services will be held in the room of the car. Next day the car will be moved on and the services repeated elsewhere.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Singular Affliction.

At the Vienna general hospital the medical officers are at present watching a man about 34 years of age, who was a navy up till last year, when he hurt the forefinger of his left hand. The finger had to be amputated. Since then the left hand has always been in motion, and now the nervous affection has spread over the whole body, and the patient is obliged always to turn to the left side. When lying in bed he gives sudden jumps into the air like a fish lying on dry ground. A similar case attracted recently the attention of medical men at Paris, who called the disease clownism, on account of the movements of the patient.—New York Telegram.

Israel's Fate and Germany's.

History repeats itself. The German youth who is now emperor would do well to ponder over the following episode in the record of King Rehoboam: "But he forsook the counsel of the old men which they had given him, and consulted with the young men that were grown up with him.

"So Israel rebelled against the house of David until this day. * * * There was none that followed the house of David but the tribe of Judah only."

For Rehoboam read William, for David read Hohenzollern, for Israel read Germany, and for Judah read Prussia.—London Truth.

Victoria as Godmother.

The queen does not shrink from incurring spiritual responsibility. She is, at her own wish, to be godmother to the infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Portland. It would be interesting to have a list of the children on whose behalf the sovereign has stood sponsor, and who, in consequence, are fitly named Victoria. It is said that in this case the desire was signified because of the report which was current at the time of the duke's marriage that he was not in favor at court.—London Figaro.

Edison, when in Paris, laid great stress upon the fact that it was dangerous to be sending side by side with gas conduits through subterranean Paris electrical currents by wires charged with high tension currents, and predicted that explosions would be the result. Many explosions from this cause are now occurring in Paris, and the newspapers of that city are reverting to Edison's warning.

To Bid the State of Insect Pests.

State Entomologist John B. Smith, of New Jersey, is sending out circular letters asking the co-operation of farmers in getting rid of insect pests. He wants grangers who are bothered with wire worms and root lice on corn, borers in melons and squashes, leaf lice on the same plants, rosebugs on the grape, and maggots on cabbage and onions, to write to him at New Brunswick and he will send samples of insecticides that will be used in a series of experiments this season with special reference to these pests.—Philadelphia Ledger.