



CHELSEA STANDARD.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
W. M. EMMERT.
OFFICE IN
STANDARD GROCERY HOUSE.
Corner Main and Park Sts.

\$1.00 PER YEAR STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES.
FOR DISPLAY ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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

MISS MARY FOSTER & CO

Fashionable Milliner.
Hats, Laces, 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.



PEERLESS DYES ARE THE BEST FOR BLACK STOCKINGS.
Made in 20 Colors that neither smut, wash out nor fade.
Sold by Druggists. Also
Peerless Bronze Paints—6 colors.
Peerless Ink Powders—7 colors.
Peerless Shoe & Harness Dressing.
Peerless Egg Dyes—8 colors.

COUNTY CIRCUMSTANCES.

Carefully Called, Clipped, Cured—
Softly served subscribers.

Bishop Foley confirmed a class of thirty at Dexter, last week.

The Eastern Michigan Agricultural society will hold its fair at Ypsilanti, September 16-19, next.

A sneak thief (known) stole a wrench and hoe from the barn of the editor of the Dexter Leader. The tools will probably be returned.

Ann Arbor will have a curtain fixture factory in the near future.

Mr and Mrs. John Josenhans, of York, last week celebrated their golden wedding.

Stockbridge's park has been ornamented by an addition of one hundred evergreen trees.

Eugene E. Deal, Ann Arbor's new postmaster, is a graduate of the Dexter High School. This fact will not reflect upon this year's graduate.

Rev. H. E. Lutjen, of Greenwood, Mich., has been appointed pastor of the German Lutheran church in Ypsilanti, and is expected to begin his regular services there in June.

B. F. Underhill and H. Whiting have arrived with their engine preparatory to beginning work at their brickyard. Their clay crusher will be here within a short time.—Sun.

Mrs. A. H. Goodrich, of Saline, started for Washington, D. C., last week, taking her pet cat with her. Evidently, Mrs. Goodrich thinks there are too many "rats" in the capitol city.

Last week's *Observer* was made up of cemetery items, as Saline voted last Monday whether or not, to make an addition to its cemetery. The *Observer* was in favor of an annex, rather than two distinct cemeteries.

Geo. H. Mitchell, of Lima, has just put in operation, a 1000-egg incubator, purchased of the Michigan Poultry Farm, of Saline for the purpose of raising ducks. We trust Mr. Mitchell will be decidedly successful in his undertaking.

Emanuel Hawley, of Waterloo, has a sheep that beats all the records of sheepishness. She presented Mr. H. with four lambs recently, while a hog belonging to Will Artz of this town, not wishing to be outdone by a sheep, lit (literally) filled the barnyard. Mr. Artz counted twenty pigs and thinks none got away.—*Leslie Local.*

The *Sun* frequently receives inquiry as to the size of Gregory and Munith, and in answer we are compelled to say each has a population of less than 200, and each is about five miles from Stockbridge and both will continue to have a separate existence until Stockbridge reaches out her progressive arms and gathers them in as suburbs, Chicago like.—*Stockbridge Sun.*

CENSUS ENUMERATORS.

The following persons have been designated by district supervisor of the census, John C. Sharp, of Jackson, for this county. They will call on you next month and ask you all sorts of questions:

Ann Arbor Township—Frederick B. Braun.

Ann Arbor City, first ward—Asher A. Terry.

Second ward—John C. Schmid.

Third ward—Edwin O. Conn.

Fourth ward—Henry B. Dodsley.

Fifth ward—John Donovan.

Sixth ward—John M. Bennett.

Augusta—Charles H. Greenman.

Bridgewater—Flavius J. Knight.

Dexter—John Hall.

Freedom—Emil Zincki.

Lima—John J. Wood.

Lodi—Arthur A. Wood.

Lyndon—Edward Gorman.

Manchester—Thomas J. Thorne.

Northfield—Emory E. Leland.

Pittsfield—James H. Webb.

Salem—Fred C. Wheeler.

Saline—Wm. H. Smith.

Seio—John L. Smith.

Sharon—Bert E. Smith.

Superior—Arthur H.

Sylvan—Thomas Holmes.

Webster—Wm. E. Boyden.

York—James Norton Lawrence.

Ypsilanti—Albert R. Graves.

Ypsilanti City, first ward—Wm. Carpenter.

Second ward—Francis Moriarty.

Third ward—Walter Cady.

Fourth ward—Degrave W. Shipman.

Fifth ward—Winifred J. Wallace.

A MYSTERY.

That sunless day no living shadow swept
Across the hills, fleet shadow chasing light,
Twin of the sailing cloud; but mists, wool
white,
Slow stealing mists, on those heaved shoulders
dropt,
And wrought about the strong hills while they
slept
In wifely-wise, and rapt their forms from
sight.
Dreame were they—less than dream, the no-
blest height
And farthest; and the chilly woodland wept.
A sunless day and sad; yet all the while
Within the grave-green twilight of the wood,
Inscrutable, immutable, apart,
Hearkening the brook, whose song she under-
stood,
The secret birch tree kept her silver smile,
Strange as the fence that gleams at sorrow's
heart.
—Helen Gray Cone in Century.

Failed to Work Somehow.

Mr. Billus has a theory that his wife is too indulgent to tramps and beggars. With a dimly defined purpose of teaching her a lesson he disguised himself the other day as an abandoned vagabond, boldly rang the bell at his own front door and inquired for Mrs. Billus.

"Have you any old clothes to give a poor man, ma'am?" he asked in a loud, aggressive, but carefully disguised voice when the lady presented herself.

Mrs. Billus looked at the soiled, grimy, disreputable looking object before her with some interest. Whether or not she suspected the genuineness of the mendicant is not certainly known, but she answered:

"None that would fit you, my good man. My husband is a much smaller man than you are."

She shut the door in his face, and Mr. Billus made his way back to his office down town.

"Darn it all!" he ejaculated, as he sneaked through a back alley. "I must have looked a thundering sight bigger than I feel just now!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Case of Telepathy.

A story with a little romance in it is that of S. R. W., of Bridgeport, Conn., who was returning from England on an ocean steamer. One night he dreamed that his wife, who was then in Bridgeport, opened the door of his stateroom, looked hesitatingly in and then came forward and kissed him. When he awoke in the morning the man who occupied the upper berth in his stateroom looked down and said: "You're a pretty fellow to let a woman come in here in the night and kiss you." Pressed for an explanation, he described the scene which he had experienced.

Arrived at home, he was asked by his wife: "Did you receive a visit from me on such a night? I made you one. I was worried because of the reported storm that night. I dreamed I went out on the ocean and came upon a great, black steamship. I went up the side and along the corridor and opened your door. I saw a strange man looking at me from an upper berth. I was afraid at first, but finally I stepped in and kissed you."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A Case of Ice Fever.

The worst case of "ice fever" that has been experienced to date appears to be that of a Pemaquid (Me.) citizen. He had a big load of eighteen cakes, and got about half way down to the wharf, when his cart tongue came out. Not noticing anything wrong he kept on driving his oxen, and just before he reached the wharf met a team in rather a bad place. He told the driver of the team that he didn't know as he could get by him with his big load, but on being told that he would have no trouble naturally looked back at his load to see what the fellow meant. His surprise can be imagined.—*Chicago Herald.*

An Every Day Game.

"Say, there is a feller playing a game on Woodward avenue this afternoon," he said through the telephone, after calling up police headquarters.

"What sort of a game?"

"The sweat box."

"Where?"

"On car No. 240."

"What sort of a looking man is he?"

"He's the conductor, and has just gone up with seventy passengers on a car made to carry thirty!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Requirements of the Russian Language.

A gentleman who recently traveled on the continent said he was at dinner one day in Paris, and while telling a story was attacked with a sudden and continued fit of sneezing. When he ceased a Russian gentleman at another table named Plitcheke turned about and complimented him on his excellent and correct pronunciation of the Russian language.—*London Tit-Bit.*

A 17-year-old lad who climbed to the dome of the state house at Topeka, the other day managed to fall to the basement, a distance of eighty feet, without breaking a bone.

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

WALKING SHOES

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

These shoes are made very neat and stylish.

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

B. PARKER.

SHOE DEALER.

CHELSEA ROLLER MILLS

MARKET REPORT.

Corrected Weekly by Cooper & Wood

Roller Patent, per hundred,.....	\$2.80
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
Bran, per ton.....	15.00
Special Feed (Rye, Oats and Corn).....	75c per 100
No short weights.	

TRY THE STANDARD COFFEE

25 CTS.

The Piccadilly Puzzle.

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

By F. W. HUME.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"I wish to know," said Dowker, "if you are aware that your wife called at Lord Calliston's chambers on the night of the murder?"

"Who says so?" asked Balscombe, harshly.

"No one," replied the detective, "but did she?"

"I cannot tell you," said Sir Rupert; and he gave the same account of his movements on the night in question as he had done to Norwood.

"Oh," said Dowker, stroking his chin; "so you were in town after all on that night?"

Sir Rupert looked uncomfortable under the steady gaze of the detective, and blurted out, somewhat confusedly, that he was.

"And you," questioned Dowker, turning to Norwood, "think it was Lady Balscombe that Desmond saw?"

"Yes; because he said he could not get permission to speak except from the lady on board the Seaweed, and the lady we know is Sir Rupert's wife."

"But Lady Balscombe did not leave this house till after 12 o'clock, and as the woman saw Mr. Desmond before that time it could not have possibly been Lady Balscombe."

"How do you know my wife did not leave till after 12?" demanded Balscombe.

"From the evidence of her maid, Anne Lifford."

"Yes, she told me the same thing," interposed May, "and if that is so, well—she looked at the other three in helpless confusion."

"As Mr. Desmond refuses to give us any information," said Dowker, the only thing to be done is to wait and find out the truth from Lady Balscombe herself."

"What could she know about this woman's death?" asked Sir Rupert.

"She might not know much," replied Dowker, significantly, "but enough to show in what way her sister met her death."

"Her sister!" echoed the others in surprise.

"Yes, I have ascertained Lena Sarschine to have been the sister of Lady Balscombe."

"Are you mad?" said the baronet, angrily. "Do you know who my wife was?"

"I do. The daughter of Captain Michael Dickfall, of Folkestone—she had two daughters, twins; one, Miss Helena Dickfall, ran away with Lord Calliston three years ago and became Lena Sarschine, the other, Miss Amelia Dickfall, married Sir Rupert Balscombe."

The baronet sank into his seat looking pale and haggard.

"My God," he muttered, "this is worse and worse. I knew Amelia had a twin sister, but understood she was dead."

"Dead as Helen Dickfall, not as Lena Sarschine."

At this moment a servant entered with a telegram which he handed to Sir Rupert. Tearing it open the baronet glanced hastily over it and then sprang to his feet.

"Now we will know the truth," he said, triumphantly.

"What do you mean?" asked May, trembling in every limb.

"Simply this," said her guardian, crushing up the telegram in his hand, "the Seaweed is on her way to England."

CHAPTER XIV.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

Mylos had no warmer discovery among all his friends than Spencer Ellersby. The young man appeared to be genuinely sorry that his evidence about meeting Desmond in St. James street should be used against him.

"Hang it!" he said to Marton, as they were seated at their club, "if I had only known how it would have been twisted I'd not have said a word, but that detective fellow got it out of me somehow—brute of a fellow—killed my dog, you know, Pickles."

"Well, I hear they'll not be able to prove the dagger in Desmond's possession was 'the one used,'" said Marton, "good for poor old Mylos—he!"

"I think it's rubbish, the whole thing," retorted Ellersby, hotly, "what the deuce should Mylos kill this woman for? She was nothing to him; more likely Calliston knows more about it."

While this interesting conversation was going on, Sir Rupert, Dowker, and Norwood were all in a first-class carriage on their way to Brighton. As Marton had informed Ellersby, the Seaweed had returned to England the previous day, and now the trio were going down to see if Lady Balscombe could give them any information likely to solve the mystery of the murder of Lena Sarschine.

On the way down Norwood told Dowker the discovery he had made about the dagger, at which the detective was much astonished.

"If, as you say," he remarked, "the lodging-house servant can prove the broken dagger was in the house all the time, it certainly cannot have been the weapon used, and yet it corresponds in every particular with the other weapon I took from Cleopatra Villa. I can quite understand Miss Sarschine taking it and the manner in which it came into Desmond's possession, but if this was not the weapon used, where is the weapon that was?"

"There are plenty of these daggers," suggested Norwood.

"Certainly—but the coincidence in this case is that the dagger found in Mr. Desmond's rooms, which came from the house of the murdered woman, was poisoned, and Lena Sarschine was killed by a poisoned instrument."

"There were no other daggers taken from the house, I suppose?" asked Norwood.

"Not that I know of," replied the detective, "but I am convinced that the whole secret of this crime lies in the conversation between Mr. Desmond and Lady Balscombe."

"You do not say my wife is guilty of this murder?" said Sir Rupert, angrily.

"I say nothing," replied Dowker, evasively, "till I see Lady Balscombe."

When the trio arrived at Brighton it was growing late, so they went to the Ship Hotel and had something to eat. Finding out from the waiter that the Seaweed was lying a short distance from the pier they went down, and hiring a boat rowed to the yacht. When they climbed up on to the deck they were accosted by one of the officers, who wanted to know their business.

"We want to see Lord Calliston," said Balscombe quietly.

"I'm afraid that's impossible," replied the officer, "as he went up to town to-day on business."

"Is there not a lady on board?" asked Norwood.

"Yes—you mean—"

"Never mind telling us her name," said Balscombe shortly, feeling a horror at hearing his wife's name mentioned. "Can we see her?"

"I will ask," answered the officer; and he went down-stairs to the cabin, from which he soon reascended with the news that they could go down.

Dowker went first, followed by Norwood and Sir Rupert, all feeling in a strange state of excitement at the prospect of the coming interview.

The cabin was small, but luxuriously fitted-up in pale-blue silk, and the walls paneled in oak, with small medallions of seascapes around. A lamp hanging from the ceiling shed a soft, mellow light over all, and on the table below was a work-basket and some embroidery.

"She has been working, I see," whispered Balscombe with a sneer, as they entered into the cabin. No one was present, but suddenly they heard the rustle of a dress, and a curtain at the end of the cabin parted, admitting a woman—a tall, fair-faced woman, with shining golden hair.

At this sight, Norwood and Dowker turned to look on Sir Rupert, to watch the effect of the sight of his wife on him, when they saw he was pale as death and had made a step forward.

"You wish to see me?" asked the lady, advancing toward the group.

"You—you—" cried Sir Rupert in a choking voice. "You are not Lady Balscombe."

"I'm in surprise. No—I am not Lady Balscombe."

Dowker and Norwood turned suddenly.

"Who are you?"

"Lena Sarschine."

CHAPTER XV.

MORE REVELATIONS.

If there were ever three men taken aback, those three were certainly in the cabin of the Seaweed. As for Miss Sarschine, she stood looking calmly at them with an expression of surprise.

"Will you kindly tell me what you want?" she asked quietly. "Is it to see Lord Calliston?"

"No," replied Dowker, who had somewhat recovered himself, "we wanted to see you."

"To see me?" she said with surprise.

"Or, at least, Lady Balscombe."

Miss Sarschine smiled contemptuously.

"I understand what you mean," she said, coolly. "You thought that Lord Calliston had eloped with Lady Balscombe—so he intended to have done, but I changed his plans and eloped instead."

"And where did you leave Lady Balscombe on the night you visited her?" asked Norwood.

"I do not answer that question till I know who you are," she said boldly, frowning at him.

"I will tell you," said Sir Rupert, who had hitherto kept silent. "This gentleman is Mr. Norwood, a solicitor; this Mr. Dowker, of Scotland Yard; and I am Sir Rupert Balscombe."

"You—you Sir Rupert Balscombe?" she said quickly.

"Your sister's husband."

"How do you know Lady Balscombe was my sister?"

"I found it out," interposed Dowker, "from your father, Captain Dickfall."

"My father," she murmured, turning pale. "You have seen him?"

"Yes."

"Well," she said coldly, "now you have found out my relationship with Lady Balscombe, what do you want to see me about?"

"Her murder," said Dowker, in a deep voice.

She sprang forward with a sudden cry.

"Her murder—her—what do you mean?"

"I mean that the victim of the Jermyn street murder, whom we thought to be you, turns out to be Lady Balscombe."

"My wife?" said Sir Rupert, with a groan, burying his face in his hands.

"God!—it's too horrible," cried Lena, and sank down into a chair. "Amelia dead—murdered—by whom?"

"That's what we want to find out," said Norwood, coldly.

"What enemies had she?" muttered Miss Sarschine half to herself. "None that would desire her death. I cannot understand—I cannot." Then suddenly struck by a thought she asked, "Why did you think that the dead woman was me?"

"Because she was dressed in your clothes."

"Yes! yes!" she said, feverishly. "I can understand now—I can understand."

"Where did you see her last?" asked Norwood.

"At her own house in Park Lane."

"Did you leave her there?"

"No! she left me."

"Oh!" cried Dowker, a light breaking in on him, "now I understand—you changed clothes there, and she left the house first."

"She did—to go to Calliston's rooms."

"I thought so," said Norwood, with a cry of triumph; "it was Lady Balscombe Desmond saw."

"Desmond! Desmond!" she echoed.

"What has he to do with this?"

"Simply this—he is now in prison on a charge of murdering Lena Sarschine."

"I see you mistook my sister for me—but murder—I can't understand—I can't understand." And she pressed her hand across her forehead.

Sir Rupert looked up.

"Listen to me," he said, sternly; "a man's life hangs on your evidence, so tell us all that happened between you and my wife on that night."

There was a carafe of water on the table, and filling a glass from it Lena drank it up quickly, and then turned with a pale face to the three men, who sat cold and silent before her.

"I will tell you all," she said, in a shaky voice, "and you can form your own conclusions."

The three settled themselves to listen, and she began to speak in a trembling voice, which gradually became steadier, the following story:

"I need not tell you my early history, as you already know it. When I left Folkestone I went abroad with Lord Calliston, and when we returned he took the house for me in St. John's Wood. I stayed with him because I loved him, and he promised to marry me—a promise he has since fulfilled. When my sister became known in London as Lady Balscombe, I soon found it out from Calliston, and then implored him to make me his wife. He laughed, and said he would. Then my sister fell in love with him—not he with her, I swear, for he loves no one but me—and in the end she persuaded him to elope with her. I discovered the fact from my maid, Anne Lifford, and in despair I went to see Calliston and implored him to give up the mad idea. Blinded with rage and despair, I took a dagger from the wall of my drawing-room, intending to kill Calliston if he did not agree to give up my sister. Sounds melodramatic, I know, but look what I had at stake! Calliston was not in, and I only saw Mr. Desmond, who tried to persuade me to go home again. He tried to get the dagger from me, and I flung it across the room. By accident he put his foot on it and broke it. So, seeing it was useless, I made no further attempt to get it, and he put the pieces in his pocket. Then I went home in despair, but could not rest. I went out by the intention of catching an early train to Shoreham, concealing myself on board the yacht, and then confront my sister when she arrived."

"Then I thought I would call and implore her to give up my lover. She had gone to a ball, but I waited for her, and when she came into the room revealed myself. We had a stormy scene—she refused to give Calliston up, and, at length, the only thing I could obtain from her was this, that she would go to Calliston's chambers, ask him if his love was for her or me, and when she got his answer return to me at Park Lane. I agreed to this, but proposed, as she would compromise herself in going to the night, that she should put on my clothes, and, as we were very like one another, she could pass herself off for me in the event of discovery. We changed clothes, and she went away while I remained and locked myself in her room. I waited nearly all night for her return, but as she did not come I left the house about 4 o'clock in the morning, and went to London Bridge station, where I caught the 5.45 train to Shoreham. I was dressed in Lady Balscombe's clothes, and went straight on board the yacht without awaking suspicion, as they were expecting my sister. I went into my cabin and fell asleep, worn out with the events of the night. When I woke, about 10 o'clock, I found we were on our way, and that Lord Calliston was on board. Being told that Lady Balscombe was on board asleep, he did not trouble himself to see me, or else he would have discovered the truth, but said I was not to be disturbed, and gave orders for the yacht to start. When he did see me I need hardly tell you his surprise. I told him all, and we had a terrible battle over things. He wanted to go back again to England, but I swore I'd throw myself overboard if he did, so he yielded, and in the end we made it up. We started for the Azores, but the yacht became disabled in a storm, and put in to a French port, where we were married by the English Consul. Then we started back for England, and arrived yesterday. Lord Calliston went up to town on business, and I remained here; so that is all I know of the affair."

"Then you are now Lady Calliston?" said Sir Rupert.

"Yes, he has done me that justice at last."

"Then I hope you'll have a happier life and end than your sister," said the baronet, bitterly; "but even what you have told us does not solve the mystery of her death."

"It solves a good many things, however," said Dowker, cheerfully; "it proves the truth of Mr. Desmond's statement about the dagger, and shows us how it was Lady Balscombe went to Lord Calliston's chambers, instead of Miss Sarschine—I be parron, Lady Calliston—but tell me, madame, did your husband know of the murder before he left England?"

"No, how could he?" she said, in surprise. "He came down to Shoreham by an early train and the yacht left at once."

"But he would be sure to see about it in the morning papers?" suggested Norwood.

"He would only see the announcement, but no details," said Dowker, "and thinking Lady Balscombe was on board the yacht and Miss Sarschine at home he would never think one of them was the victim."

"Well, gentlemen," said Sir Rupert, turning his haggard face toward them, "now we have discovered the dead woman to have been my wife, what is the next thing to be done?"

"See Lord Calliston," answered Dowker, promptly. "I want to know all his movements on that night."

"You don't suspect him?" said Lena, turning on him like a tiger.

"I never said I did," he replied, quietly. "I merely want to find out his movements, and I daresay he'll have no hesitation in giving an account of them."

"Of course he won't," she replied, wearily. "And now, as I've told you all, you'll permit me to retire. I'm quite worn out."

She bowed to the three men, then left the cabin slowly. When she disappeared, Dowker shook himself briskly.

"Well, gentlemen, we must go back to town at once and see Lord Calliston. I want an account of all his movements on that night, and I already know where he was at 9 o'clock."

"Where?" asked Norwood, curiously.

"At the 'Pink Un.' Soho, to see a boxing match; afterward I don't know where he went, but I must have a satisfactory explanation."

"But you don't think he murdered Lady Balscombe?" said the baronet.

Dowker looked wise.

"No," he replied, significantly. "I don't think he murdered Lady Balscombe, but he might have murdered Lena Sarschine."

"You mean he might have mistook my wife for her?"

"Exactly."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wanted to Be Great.

An old fellow was lying on the gravel near the creek, groaning piteously. A man came along and, seeing the sufferer, approached and asked what ailed him.

"Nothin', only I'm a blame fool," he answered, writhing in pain.

"Well, but simply being a fool should not cause you to suffer so much. I have seen a great many fools, and they rather appeared to enjoy themselves."

"That must be, but they want sich big fools as I am."

"But say, your leg seems to be broken. How did that come?"

"See that bunch of corn-stalks and trash up yander in that tree?" the old fellow replied, pointing to a tall sycamore.

"Yes."

"That was the cause. I come along here this mornin' and said to myself after studyin' awhile: 'Milton B. Joyner,' said I, 'you are gittin' along in life and you ain't never made folks open their eyes yit, so it is high time, for I have noticed that a man that don't do somethin' outen the usual never makes no noise in the world nor never causes folks to talk about him. Now, I tell you what you do. You have heard folks talk about high water and have heard a good deal of lyin' fust and last, so now if you want to take the breath outen all the liars, jest tote a lot of corn-stalks and trash way up in that tree and fix the stuff jest like the water had left it thar. Then folks in general and liars in particular will come after they have heard about it, and of all the wonderment you ever heard in your life you will hear it then, and not a man nor liar among them will dare to say that they have ever knowed the water to be any higher, and then, old man,' says I, 'still talkin' to myself, 'you can go on away a-knowin' that you have made folks open their eyes.' Wall, I gathered up the trash and corn-stalks and toted them up to the top of the tree, and fixed them all nice and started down, but, my foot slipped and the last thing I know'd I was layin' here with a broken leg and a-knowin' that I was the biggest fool in the whole country. Now you know."

"You were indeed foolish."

"The biggest fool in the country, I tell you."

"Can I do anything for you?"

"Nothin', only if you feel kind toward me you may jest break this other leg, for sich a man as I am oughter have no legs at tall."

"Oh, I couldn't do that."

"Then go on away and let me alone."

"But I don't want to leave you here to suffer alone."

"That's all right, poder. I won't be alone long. Old Jim Pitts will come along after while and knock me in the head. Good-bye."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Got His Own Spoons.

The amount of shopping for wedding gifts that is going on is something tremendous, and the man who at the club the other day remarked that he had concluded to be married, so that he could shift to the shoulders of his wife the responsibility of making dinner calls and of buying wedding gifts, was answered by a groan of sympathy from all the bachelors present, says the Boston correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*.

And the mention of wedding gifts recalls one of the bits of light but somewhat amusing gossip floating here.

"The tale tells," as William Morris says in beginning his new volume, "that in times" not "long past" there was a wealthy and artistic bachelor in Boston who sent to an acquaintance as a wedding gift a set of berry spoons of a fashion peculiar and unique. They pleased him much, but they did not please the bride at all, and she, therefore, quietly took them back to the house where they were bought and exchanged them. In the course of the winter the gentleman went to the same jeweler to procure a wedding gift for another friend, saw and recognized the spoons, bought them and presented them to the second bride.

She liked them no better than did her friend; and, like her friend, she took them back to the silver-smith. But in the fullness of time the original donor of the spoons took unto himself a wife, and then one of his friends who had not heard of the first repurchase went to the jeweler and said to him:

"You know what Mr. J. would like. Tell me what to give him as a wedding present."

"I think," answered the jeweler with a smile, "that he would like these spoons pretty well, for he has bought them twice."

"Then he shall have them," was the reply; "but I really think it will be well to have them marked this time, so that they shall not come back again."

And so it came about that the unique and most artistically ugly spoons came into the possession of Mr. J., who declares that they are the handsomest berry spoons that he ever saw.

A Philosophic Italian.

I happened to witness a street scene the other day which I endeavored to lay to heart as a lesson in patience. An old Italian rag-picker was slowly making his way along the sidewalk with a huge bundle on his back—a bundle so big in fact that scarcely anything was visible beneath it except a pair of snuff-colored, shabby trousers, moving forward with a simultaneous lateral motion. Just as the old man lunged around a corner a heavy wagon came, and the hub of one wheel struck the bundle with such force that the bearer was thrown violently to the ground. He got up, with some assistance, in a dazed manner, the blood streaming down his face from a cut in his forehead. But now comes the strange part of the affair. Instead of swearing and cursing, or at least bemoaning his fate, the old fellow smiled.

a gentle, well-bred smile, quietly wiped his face, reshouldered his load, being helped by the teamster, who was duly apologetic, and went on his way with the philosophic air of a man who had simply encountered one of those inevitable annoyances which human life entails. Would any Anglo-Saxon person have behaved so well under similar circumstances?—*Boston Post.*

The Dog Took a Part.

One of the most exciting adventures that an actor ever had was experienced by Neil Burgess a number of years ago in Omaha, Neb.

"We were playing the 'Widow Be-dot,' to a pretty big house, and among the audience, if I may speak of him as though he were a human being, was a monster St. Bernard dog. He was a beauty, and no mistake, and as he walked up and down the aisle of the theater before the performance began and even during the first act, occasionally stopping to rub his nose against his master's shaggy hide. Well, the play progressed until it came to that part where I, as the widow, believing that the Elder had made a proposal of marriage to me, throw my arms about his neck and hug him with all my might. Usually this scene provokes a roar of laughter."

"I had no time to wait for laughter on the occasion I refer to. Before I knew where I was the St. Bernard had jumped right over the orchestra, and flew at my throat, knocking both myself and the Elder down. I was never so frightened before in my life. I knew if I made the slightest resistance, the dog would chew my throat up as he would a bone, and so I lay like a statue with the dog on top of me still holding on to my throat. The entire audience had risen as one man, but did not know what to do, and it was not until the owner of the dog had followed the animal over the footlights and called it away that I ventured to get up. He made the most profuse apologies and said that he had never known the dog to do anything of the kind before. It was evident that it believed that the Elder was about to be assaulted and instinctively went to the aid of the party attacked. It was a narrow escape for me; and when the curtain was rung down for the night, with the dog off the stage, I breathed much easier."

The Countryman's Education.

Sir John Lubbock, speaking at Bromley, Kent, lately, said: The existence of a townsman is one often of much monotony. The savage has a far more varied existence. He must watch the habits of the game which he hunts, their migrations and feeding grounds.

He must know where and how to fish; every month bring him some change of occupation and food. He must prepare his weapons and often see to his own clothes. Even the lighting of a fire, so easy now, is to him a matter of labor and knack.

The agricultural laborer turns his hand to many things: He plows and sows, and mows and reaps. He plants at one season, and uses the bill-hook and the ax at another. He looks after the sheep and pigs and cows. To lay a fence or tie up a sheaf is by no means so easy as it looks.

It is said of Wordsworth that, a stranger having on one occasion asked to see his study, the maid said, "This is master's room, but he studies in the fields."

The agricultural laborer learns a great deal in fields, and is far more learned than we give him credit for being; only it is field learning, not book learning—and none the worse for that.

This is a fact that townspeople do not always bear in mind. It is too often the habit to "look down" upon the countryman because he is ignorant of things with which they are well acquainted; but they forget that there are many branches of knowledge in which he is better informed than they.

Book knowledge is all very well, and it is not my purpose to decry it, but it is not everything, after all.

Giving Him a Show.

He was a good man—a man whose word nobody doubted—whose integrity and veracity were as good as a bond. And a friend said to him:

"I saw you speeding your horse the other day."

"Yes."

"He's a fine mover."

"Yes."

"Got lots of speed."

"Yes."

"As near as I could catch him that day he was making a 2:40 clip."

"Yes, I think so."

And that horse could not go a mile in five minutes, and the owner knew it, and the other man knew it, and he was simply baiting a hook to tempt the good man to lie. And he caught him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Needed Legislation.

She had gone away and left her chewing gum stuck on the back of the sofa, and it was perhaps unfortunate that her little brother saw it. It was certainly grotesque of him to dig out its inside, fill up the cavity with red pepper, carefully plug up the hole and put the gum back in its place. It was little short of calamitous that her beau should call just at that moment in the evening when she had put the gum back in her mouth again. He could not understand her demeanor. He does not even yet comprehend why she danced and shrieked and finally ran out of the room. There is no question that the proposed bill providing for the killing of all boys between the ages of eight and thirteen should become a law.—*Merchant Traveler.*

The Great Spring Medicine.
It will be gratifying to all who realize the vital necessity of purifying the blood to know that Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup can be relied upon as a blood medicine. Mr. B. C. Robinson, of Marshall, Mich., says:
GENTLEMEN—I have suffered intensely from biliousness and rheumatism for over three years, and had tried so many remedies that I had lost all faith. Hearing of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, I bought a bottle and found it helped me. I have now used four bottles, and it has restored my liver and kidneys to healthy action, and done more to purify my blood than anything I have ever taken. I am pleased to recommend it as a wonderful blood medicine. Very truly yours,
B. C. ROBINSON, Marshall, Mich.
Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by The Charles Wright Medicine Company, Detroit, Mich.

Know Good Victuals.
A schoolma'am tells the following rich incident: She was teaching a small school in an adjoining town and "boarded round." On visiting a "new place" one Monday noon she seated herself with the family around a small pine table and made a meal of brown bread, fat fried pork, and roasted potatoes. Just before pushing back from the table a youngster of ten years exclaimed:
"I know what good victuals is. Yes, ma'am, I know what 'tis."
"Do you, indeed?" asked the embarrassed lady, not knowing exactly what to say, and ashamed to say nothing.
"Yes, ma'am. I knows what good victuals is. I seen a boy from home several times, and eaten lots on 'em."

DR. L. L. GORSUCH, Toledo, O., says: "I have practiced medicine for forty years; have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with so much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

DURING one of the snowstorms of the past winter in the Rocky Mountains nineteen engines were required for one train, which was made up as follows: First a snow plow, with nine engines behind it, then a train of nine cars with another five engines, and behind this five engines with a gang of men to dig the train out should it get stuck.

ST. JACOBS OIL

CURES PERMANENTLY
SPRAINS and STRAINS.

Athletes Praise it Highly.
636 Minna St., San Francisco, Cal., May 3, 1887.
Some time ago, while a member of the Olympic Athletic Club, I sprained my knee severely and suffered agony, but was speedily and completely cured by St. Jacobs Oil.
JOHN GARBUTT.

Jumped from Engine.
609 S. 17th St., Omaha, Neb., Sept. 22, 1888.
I jumped from an engine in collision, and strained my ankle very badly. I used canes for weeks. St. Jacobs Oil completely cured me.
G. ROEDER.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Ely's Cream Balm
Is the best remedy for children suffering from
COLD IN HEAD
OR
CATARRH.
Apply Balm into each nostril.
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

Who Value a Refined Complexion Must Use
POZZONI'S
MEDICATED
COMPLEXION
POWDER.
For Sale by Druggists & Fancy Goods Dealers Everywhere.

Bermuda Bottled.
"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, if that is impossible, try
SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF PURE NORWEGIAN
COD LIVER OIL.
I sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of
CONSUMPTION,
Bronchitis, Cough
or Severe Cold
I have CURED with it; and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggist's but see you get the original SCOTT'S EMULSION."

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE GREAT CONQUEROR OF PAIN.

For Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pain in the Chest or Sides, Headache, Toothache, or any other external pain, a few applications rubbed on by hand set like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.
For Congestions, Colds, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, more thorough and repeated applications are necessary.
All Internal Pains, Diarrhea, Colic, Spasms, Nausea, Fainting Spells, Nervousness, Sleeplessness are relieved instantly, and quickly cured by taking inwardly 20 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water. 50c. a bottle. All Druggists.

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

Froze Him Out.
Tomson—I don't believe that bore of a Smith will come to see me again.
Jimson—You gave him a cool reception on his last visit, I presume?
Tomson—I should say I did. I actually froze him out. You see I knew the night he was coming, and I took care to have no fire in my room, and have the room as cold as possible. He didn't stay long. I've got a dreadful cold myself.
Jimson—Where did you get it?
Tomson—That same night I froze out Smith. Oh, it was fun to see him shiver. Say, Jimson, what's good for a cold?
Yankee Blade.

A Woman Two Hundred Years Old.
A case is on record of a woman who lived to this advanced age, but it is scarcely necessary to state that it was in "the golden time." Nowadays too many women do not live half their allotted years. The mortality due to functional derangements in the weaker sex is simply frightful to say nothing of the indescribable suffering which makes life scarcely worth the living to so many women. But for these sufferers there is a certain relief, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will positively cure leucorrhea, painful menstruation, prolapsus, pain in the ovaries, weak back, in short, all those complaints to which so many women are martyrs. It is the only guaranteed cure, see guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

CLEANSE the liver, stomach, bowels, and whole system by using Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

Transpositions of Speech.
In the course of his sermon a preacher began a sentence, "Biddy diddy," and stopped. What could it be? He made a second attempt—"Diddy biddy," and again halted. Strange. Lubricating his lips, he made a third attempt, and succeeded—"Did he bid adieu," etc. A clergyman in Ohio once said, "For now we see through a dark glass," and the same man spoke of some one going "headlessly" to destruction. A Providence minister one time said, "Turned his eyesightballs up to heaven." Turning to more homely instances of this amusing form of blunder, we recall a worthy lady who confessed to a weakness for "jusberry ram," another who admired "buffle-eyes"—meaning butterflies; and every one has heard of the man who said "tot and jittle," and then blushing corrected himself to "tit and jittle."

When on the High Seas.
On the rail, on a steamboat, aboard a fishing smack, or yachting on the coast, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will be found a reliable means of averting and relieving ailments to which travelers, mariners, and emigrants are peculiarly subject. Sea captains, ship doctors, voyagers, or sojourners in the tropics, and all about to encounter, unaccustomed, an unaccustomed, or dangerous climate, should not neglect to avail themselves of this safeguard of well-ascertained and long-tried merit. Constipation, biliousness, malarial fever, indigestion, rheumatism, and affections of the bladder and kidneys are among the ailments which it eradicates, and it may be resorted to not only with confidence in its medicinal efficacy, but also in a perfect freedom from every objectionable ingredient, since it is derived from the purest and most salutary sources. It counteracts the effects of unwholesome food and water.

A Veteran Now a Tramp.
The queerest pair of tramps that Philadelphia people ever looked upon stood at the corner of Ninth and Walnut streets yesterday afternoon and begged alms from the passing throng. Both men supported themselves on crutches. One had only a stump of a leg, and the other mendicant's right limb was minus the foot and ankle. Their clothes were desperately shabby, and they seemed so utterly woe-begone that the Italian boot-black offered them a dime, which was promptly accepted. Little else money came their way until the closing of the matinee at the Walnut Street Theater.
Presently there came along a tall and well-dressed man, who put a silver quarter into the palm of one whose leg was closely shorn off. He laid hardly made the gift before he wheeled around and looked the recipient of it squarely in the face. "I ought to know you, my man," he said.
"And I know you, Colonel," was the answer.
"Were you not wounded at the battle of Charles City Cross Roads?"
"I was shot there, but I fought it through and got my serious wound under your command on the morning that Gen. Lee surrendered."
The Colonel plunged his hand into his pocket and drew out a pile of silver and some paper money. Selecting from the lot a \$5 note, he pressed it into the hand of the veteran, who had turned mendicant, and wended his way up Walnut street.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Shrinkage of Hay.
It is a common belief among farmers that hay loses much in weight during the months which follow the cutting and housing of the crop, and that hay drawn from the barn in winter should command a much higher price than the same hay drawn from the meadow as soon as cured. The experiments made at the Kansas Experiment Station lead to a different conclusion. Thirteen samples of several different kinds of hay were secured for this purpose and placed in very thin muslin bags. They were weighed, and then buried in a mow of hay. Most of them remained six months, and were weighed again in December, several precautions having been taken to prevent error. In most cases the loss by drying was trifling, not over 3 or 4 per cent. In two instances there was a positive gain. There one case there was a material control the result—a wet or dry summer and the degree of drying in the field to which the hay is subjected. Some farmers draw in their hay obviously before it is quite dry. Those who sell and buy hay should understand this matter, and it would be easy for them to make careful trials. The degree of moisture which may be left in hay as it is drawn from the meadow should be better understood. There is no question that it is often subjected needlessly to drying.—Auburn Advertiser.

NATHAN HARVEY, of Topeka, Kan., has in his possession his wedding suit, which was made at Richmond, Ind., in 1832, in a shop in which Schuyler Colfax, General Burnside and ex-Congressman Shryock were journeymen. The suit consists of white duck trousers, a buff vest with brass buttons and blue swallow-tail coat, also trimmed with brass buttons. The cloth for these garments cost \$4, and the making \$8. Mr. Harvey also has a hat, purchased for the same occasion, which was made by Oliver P. Morton.

Syrup of Figs.
Produced from the laxative and nutritious juice of California figs, combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds and headaches, and curing habitual constipation.

What He Dreamed About.
"John, John, wake up! You've got the nightmare. What are you dreaming about?"
"Oh, it was all a dream! I thought I had been left a fortune, Maria."
"You were puffing at a terrible rate. What were you dreaming about?"
"I thought it was a bank holiday, and I had lassoed an iceberg, pulled it into the harbor, and was selling it at the rate of 10 shillings a ton, and I was selling a ton a minute."
"Oh, I wish I could dream of such luck, John!"
"You can, Maria—you can if you will put your cold feet against your own back like you have them against mine."—London Tid-Bits.

The Handsomest Lady in Town.
Remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when other cough remedies had no effect whatever. So to prove this and convince you of its merit, any druggist will give you a Sample Bottle Free. Large size, 50c and \$1.

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 Sunday is to be prohibited for women and children.

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

A simple ratification: "Well, papa has ratified our engagement, Josephus, dear." "Good! but what did he say?" "He simply said 'Rats!'"—Puck.

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

A matter of color: Is the blush a deep red? No; it varies on what is called the pink of propriety.—Chatter.



GORMANDIZING,

or overeating, or the partaking of too rich and indigestible food, is a common cause of discomfort and suffering. To relieve the stomach and bowels from such overloading, a full dose of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets is the best remedy. They operate gently, yet thoroughly and without griping, nausea, or other unpleasant effects.

If the too free indulgence in such intemperate eating has deranged digestion, causing dyspepsia and biliousness, attended with a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, coated tongue, bitter or bad taste in mouth in morning, or arising, drowsiness after meals, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity and hypochondria—then you need to follow up the use of the Pellets with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, to tone up the stomach, invigorate the liver, and set all the processes of digestion at work. While curing indigestion, it purifies the blood, cleansing the system from all humors and blood-poisons—no matter of what name or nature, or from what cause arising. Unlike other blood-purifiers, it operates equally well at any season of the year. It contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to ferment in the stomach and derange digestion. On the contrary, it retards fermentation and promotes all the digestive and assimilative processes. It is as wonderful and peculiar in curative results as in its chemical composition. There is nothing similar to it in composition or approaching it in results. Therefore, don't be duped and induced to take some substitute, said to be "just as good," that the dealer may make a larger profit.

Manufactured by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

Rocking Beds in a Storm.
Lieutenant Beale, of the Signal Service, says that if parties who are disturbed by what are called "rocking beds" in times of storms will open the windows of their houses on what sailors term the "leeward side"—that is to say, on the side opposite to that whence the storm comes, they will not be troubled with it. "The rocking is the result," he explains, "of a difference between the air indoors and that on the outside."
When a bigger puff comes the bed, forced by the air within, which seeks to join that outdoors, moves in one direction and is forced back when the puff becomes lighter. Relieve the pressure by opening the windows, and this so-called rocking ceases. Many a house that has been blown down in a tornado would have been spared its owner had this fact been known. The proof of what I say as to this pressure is shown in the fact that houses after great storms are frequently found with the leeward wall only blown out and the other three remaining intact.

PETITION sheets are being circulated through the country, designed for ultimate presentation to the Czar of Russia, with the hope of calling his attention to the reformation of the Siberian exile system. The central bureau is in Philadelphia.

In 1850 "Broken's Bronchial Troches" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

ADVICE to an immoderate drinker—"Shake" the bottle before taking.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

A BOX safety matches free to smokers of "Tansil's Punch" 5c. Cigar.

Your Blood

Needs a good cleansing this spring, in order to overcome the impurities which have accumulated during the winter, or which may be hereditary, and cause you much suffering. We confidently recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as the very best spring medicine. By its use the blood is purified, enriched and vitalized, that tired feeling is entirely overcome, and the whole body given strength and vigor. The appetite is restored and sharpened, the digestive organs are toned, and the kidneys and liver invigorated.

"I was feeling very much worn out, and found nothing to benefit me till I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have now taken several bottles and it has made me feel perfectly well. I was also troubled with some breaking out in my mouth, but since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla have had no further trouble from them. I have recommended it to others, who have been very much benefited by using it." Mrs. MARY ADDERLY, 67 North Water Street, Decatur, Ill.

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

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



To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy, SMITH'S

BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL SIZE (40 little beans to the bottle). They are the most convenient; suit all ages. Price of either size, 25 cents per bottle.

KISSING at 7, 17, 70: Photo-gravure, panel size of this picture for 4 cents (coppers or stamps).

Makers of "Bile Beans," St. Louis, Mo.

PENSIONS PATENTS and Government claims of all Attorney at Law, Washington, D. C. and Fremont, O.

YOUNG MEN wanted to learn telegraphy. Situations furnished on railroads. Address: Valentines' School, Joliet, Ill.

OPIUM Habit. The only certain and easy cure. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio. MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

TELEGRAPHY We guarantee a good, living position to every graduate. American School of Telegraphy, Madison, Wis. MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

PATENTS F. A. LEHMANN, Washington, D. C. Send for circular. MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

PATENTS-PENSIONS—How to get a pension quick. Send for digest of Pension and Bounty Laws. Send for Inventors' Guide or How to Get a Patent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Attorney at Law, Washington, D. C.

Sure relief. **KIDDER'S PASTILLES.** Price 50c. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio. MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

SOLDIERS and Widows write for new Pension Laws. Sent free. Describers relieved. Success or no fee. A. W. McCormick & Sons, Washington, D. C., & Cincinnati, O.

\$75.00 to \$250.00 a month working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va.

PENSIONS! 25 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. Apply to MILBURN STEVENS & CO., Att'ys, 1419 F St., Washington, D.C. Branch offices, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago.

NORTHERN PACIFIC LOW PRICE RAILROAD LANDS & FREE Government LANDS. MILLIONS of Acres in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. SEND FOR BEST Agricultural, Grazing and Timber Lands now open to settlers. SENT FREE. Address CHAS. B. LAMBORN, Land Commissioner, ST. PAUL, MINN.

The "Little Beauty" A \$5.00 Scale for \$1.00. Capacity 1 lb. to 4 lbs. Steel Springs, Brass Scales and Beam. For Housekeepers, Offices or Stores. Weight and price of scales by mail. A \$25.00 Sewing Machine \$15.00. A \$50.00 Sewing Machine \$30.00. A \$75.00 Sewing Machine \$45.00. A \$100.00 Sewing Machine \$60.00. A \$125.00 Sewing Machine \$75.00. A \$150.00 Sewing Machine \$90.00. A \$175.00 Sewing Machine \$105.00. A \$200.00 Sewing Machine \$120.00. A \$225.00 Sewing Machine \$135.00. A \$250.00 Sewing Machine \$150.00. A \$275.00 Sewing Machine \$165.00. A \$300.00 Sewing Machine \$180.00. A \$325.00 Sewing Machine \$195.00. A \$350.00 Sewing Machine \$210.00. A \$375.00 Sewing Machine \$225.00. A \$400.00 Sewing Machine \$240.00. A \$425.00 Sewing Machine \$255.00. A \$450.00 Sewing Machine \$270.00. A \$475.00 Sewing Machine \$285.00. A \$500.00 Sewing Machine \$300.00. A \$525.00 Sewing Machine \$315.00. A \$550.00 Sewing Machine \$330.00. A \$575.00 Sewing Machine \$345.00. A \$600.00 Sewing Machine \$360.00. A \$625.00 Sewing Machine \$375.00. A \$650.00 Sewing Machine \$390.00. A \$675.00 Sewing Machine \$405.00. A \$700.00 Sewing Machine \$420.00. A \$725.00 Sewing Machine \$435.00. A \$750.00 Sewing Machine \$450.00. A \$775.00 Sewing Machine \$465.00. A \$800.00 Sewing Machine \$480.00. A \$825.00 Sewing Machine \$495.00. A \$850.00 Sewing Machine \$510.00. A \$875.00 Sewing Machine \$525.00. A \$900.00 Sewing Machine \$540.00. A \$925.00 Sewing Machine \$555.00. A \$950.00 Sewing Machine \$570.00. A \$975.00 Sewing Machine \$585.00. A \$1000.00 Sewing Machine \$600.00. A \$1025.00 Sewing Machine \$615.00. A \$1050.00 Sewing Machine \$630.00. A \$1075.00 Sewing Machine \$645.00. A \$1100.00 Sewing Machine \$660.00. A \$1125.00 Sewing Machine \$675.00. A \$1150.00 Sewing Machine \$690.00. A \$1175.00 Sewing Machine \$705.00. A \$1200.00 Sewing Machine \$720.00. A \$1225.00 Sewing Machine \$735.00. A \$1250.00 Sewing Machine \$750.00. A \$1275.00 Sewing Machine \$765.00. A \$1300.00 Sewing Machine \$780.00. A \$1325.00 Sewing Machine \$795.00. A \$1350.00 Sewing Machine \$810.00. A \$1375.00 Sewing Machine \$825.00. A \$1400.00 Sewing Machine \$840.00. A \$1425.00 Sewing Machine \$855.00. A \$1450.00 Sewing Machine \$870.00. A \$1475.00 Sewing Machine \$885.00. A \$1500.00 Sewing Machine \$900.00. A \$1525.00 Sewing Machine \$915.00. A \$1550.00 Sewing Machine \$930.00. A \$1575.00 Sewing Machine \$945.00. A \$1600.00 Sewing Machine \$960.00. A \$1625.00 Sewing Machine \$975.00. A \$1650.00 Sewing Machine \$990.00. A \$1675.00 Sewing Machine \$1005.00. A \$1700.00 Sewing Machine \$1020.00. A \$1725.00 Sewing Machine \$1035.00. A \$1750.00 Sewing Machine \$1050.00. A \$1775.00 Sewing Machine \$1065.00. A \$1800.00 Sewing Machine \$1080.00. A \$1825.00 Sewing Machine \$1095.00. A \$1850.00 Sewing Machine \$1110.00. A \$1875.00 Sewing Machine \$1125.00. A \$1900.00 Sewing Machine \$1140.00. A \$1925.00 Sewing Machine \$1155.00. A \$1950.00 Sewing Machine \$1170.00. A \$1975.00 Sewing Machine \$1185.00. A \$2000.00 Sewing Machine \$1200.00. A \$2025.00 Sewing Machine \$1215.00. A \$2050.00 Sewing Machine \$1230.00. A \$2075.00 Sewing Machine \$1245.00. A \$2100.00 Sewing Machine \$1260.00. A \$2125.00 Sewing Machine \$1275.00. A \$2150.00 Sewing Machine \$1290.00. A \$2175.00 Sewing Machine \$1305.00. A \$2200.00 Sewing Machine \$1320.00. A \$2225.00 Sewing Machine \$1335.00. A \$2250.00 Sewing Machine \$1350.00. A \$2275.00 Sewing Machine \$1365.00. A \$2300.00 Sewing Machine \$1380.00. A \$2325.00 Sewing Machine \$1395.00. A \$2350.00 Sewing Machine \$1410.00. A \$2375.00 Sewing Machine \$1425.00. A \$2400.00 Sewing Machine \$1440.00. A \$2425.00 Sewing Machine \$1455.00. A \$2450.00 Sewing Machine \$1470.00. A \$2475.00 Sewing Machine \$1485.00. A \$2500.00 Sewing Machine \$1500.00. A \$2525.00 Sewing Machine \$1515.00. A \$2550.00 Sewing Machine \$1530.00. A \$2575.00 Sewing Machine \$1545.00. A \$2600.00 Sewing Machine \$1560.00. A \$2625.00 Sewing Machine \$1575.00. A \$2650.00 Sewing Machine \$1590.00. A \$2675.00 Sewing Machine \$1605.00. A \$2700.00 Sewing Machine \$1620.00. A \$2725.00 Sewing Machine \$1635.00. A \$2750.00 Sewing Machine \$1650.00. A \$2775.00 Sewing Machine \$1665.00. A \$2800.00 Sewing Machine \$1680.00. A \$2825.00 Sewing Machine \$1695.00. A \$2850.00 Sewing Machine \$1710.00. A \$2875.00 Sewing Machine \$1725.00. A \$2900.00 Sewing Machine \$1740.00. A \$2925.00 Sewing Machine \$1755.00. A \$2950.00 Sewing Machine \$1770.00. A \$2975.00 Sewing Machine \$1785.00. A \$3000.00 Sewing Machine \$1800.00. A \$3025.00 Sewing Machine \$1815.00. A \$3050.00 Sewing Machine \$1830.00. A \$3075.00 Sewing Machine \$1845.00. A \$3100.00 Sewing Machine \$1860.00. A \$3125.00 Sewing Machine \$1875.00. A \$3150.00 Sewing Machine \$1890.00. A \$3175.00 Sewing Machine \$1905.00. A \$3200.00 Sewing Machine \$1920.00. A \$3225.00 Sewing Machine \$1935.00. A \$3250.00 Sewing Machine \$1950.00. A \$3275.00 Sewing Machine \$1965.00. A \$3300.00 Sewing Machine \$1980.00. A \$3325.00 Sewing Machine \$1995.00. A \$3350.00 Sewing Machine \$2010.00. A \$3375.00 Sewing Machine \$2025.00. A \$3400.00 Sewing Machine \$2040.00. A \$3425.00 Sewing Machine \$2055.00. A \$3450.00 Sewing Machine \$2070.00. A \$3475.00 Sewing Machine \$2085.00. A \$3500.00 Sewing Machine \$2100.00. A \$3525.00 Sewing Machine \$2115.00. A \$3550.00 Sewing Machine \$2130.00. A \$3575.00 Sewing Machine \$2145.00. A \$3600.00 Sewing Machine \$2160.00. A \$3625.00 Sewing Machine \$2175.00. A \$3650.00 Sewing Machine \$2190.00. A \$3675.00 Sewing Machine \$2205.00. A \$3700.00 Sewing Machine \$2220.00. A \$3725.00 Sewing Machine \$2235.00. A \$3750.00 Sewing Machine \$2250.00. A \$3775.00 Sewing Machine \$2265.00. A \$3800.00 Sewing Machine \$2280.00. A \$3825.00 Sewing Machine \$2295.00. A \$3850.00 Sewing Machine \$2310.00. A \$3875.00 Sewing Machine \$2325.00. A \$3900.00 Sewing Machine \$2340.00. A \$3925.00 Sewing Machine \$2355.00. A \$3950.00 Sewing Machine \$2370.00. A \$3975.00 Sewing Machine \$2385.00. A \$4000.00 Sewing Machine \$2400.00. A \$4025.00 Sewing Machine \$2415.00. A \$4050.00 Sewing Machine \$2430.00. A \$4075.00 Sewing Machine \$2445.00. A \$4100.00 Sewing Machine \$2460.00. A \$4125.00 Sewing Machine \$2475.00. A \$4150.00 Sewing Machine \$2490.00. A \$4175.00 Sewing Machine \$2505.00. A \$4200.00 Sewing Machine \$2520.00. A \$4225.00 Sewing Machine \$2535.00. A \$4250.00 Sewing Machine \$2550.00. A \$4275.00 Sewing Machine \$2565.00. A \$4300.00 Sewing Machine \$2580.00. A \$4325.00 Sewing Machine \$2595.00. A \$4350.00 Sewing Machine \$2610.00. A \$4375.00 Sewing Machine \$2625.00. A \$4400.00 Sewing Machine \$2640.00. A \$4425.00 Sewing Machine \$2655.00. A \$4450.00 Sewing Machine \$2670.00. A \$4475.00 Sewing Machine \$2685.00. A \$4500.00 Sewing Machine \$2700.00. A \$4525.00 Sewing Machine \$2715.00. A \$4550.00 Sewing Machine \$2730.00. A \$4575.00 Sewing Machine \$2745.00. A \$4600.00 Sewing Machine \$2760.00. A \$4625.00 Sewing Machine \$2775.00. A \$4650.00 Sewing Machine \$2790.00. A \$4675.00 Sewing Machine \$2805.00. A \$4700.00 Sewing Machine \$2820.00. A \$4725.00 Sewing Machine \$2835.00. A \$4750.00 Sewing Machine \$2850.00. A \$4775.00 Sewing Machine \$2865.00. A \$4800.00 Sewing Machine \$2880.00. A \$4825.00 Sewing Machine \$2895.00. A \$4850.00 Sewing Machine \$2910.00. A \$4875.00 Sewing Machine \$2925.00. A \$4900.00 Sewing Machine \$2940.00. A \$4925.00 Sewing Machine \$2955.00. A \$4950.00 Sewing Machine \$2970.00. A \$4975.00 Sewing Machine \$2985.00. A \$5000.00 Sewing Machine \$3000.00. A \$5025.00 Sewing Machine \$3015.00. A \$5050.00 Sewing Machine \$3030.00. A \$5075.00 Sewing Machine \$3045.00. A \$5100.00 Sewing Machine \$3060.00. A \$5125.00 Sewing Machine \$3075.00. A \$5150.00 Sewing Machine \$3090.00. A \$5175.00 Sewing Machine \$3105.00. A \$5200.00 Sewing Machine \$3120.00. A \$5225.00 Sewing Machine \$3135.00. A \$5250.00 Sewing Machine \$3150.00. A \$5275.00 Sewing Machine \$3165.00. A \$5300.00 Sewing Machine \$3180.00. A \$5325.00 Sewing Machine \$3195.00. A \$5350.00 Sewing Machine \$3210.00. A \$5375.00 Sewing Machine \$3225.00. A \$5400.00 Sewing Machine \$3240.00. A \$5425.00 Sewing Machine \$3255.00. A \$5450.00 Sewing Machine \$3270.00. A \$5475.00 Sewing Machine \$3285.00. A \$5500.00 Sewing Machine \$3300.00. A \$5525.00 Sewing Machine \$3315.00. A \$5550.00 Sewing Machine \$3330.00. A \$5575.00 Sewing Machine \$3345.00. A \$5600.00 Sewing Machine \$3360.00. A \$5625.00 Sewing Machine \$3375.00. A \$5650.00 Sewing Machine \$3390.00. A \$5675.00 Sewing Machine \$3405.00. A \$5700.00 Sewing Machine \$3420.00. A \$5725.00 Sewing Machine \$3435.00. A \$5750.00 Sewing Machine \$3450.00. A \$5775.00 Sewing Machine \$3465.00. A \$5800.00 Sewing Machine \$3480.00. A \$5825.00 Sewing Machine \$3495.00. A \$5850.00 Sewing Machine \$3510.00. A \$5875.00 Sewing Machine \$3525.00. A \$5900.00 Sewing Machine \$3540.00. A \$5925.00 Sewing Machine \$3555.00. A \$5950.00 Sewing Machine \$3570.00. A \$5975.00 Sewing Machine \$3585.00. A \$6000.00 Sewing Machine \$3600.00. A \$6025.00 Sewing Machine \$3615.

ed up White
 Most B
 large farm
 abull & Wil
 Kempf &
 vault, the
 remember
 all village
 1st.
 Mrs. J. P. F.
 ook. Pay
 prove prop
 two new fa
 road next S
 k being use
 to Mrs. S
 y descript
 caps, ribb
 Wednesday
 its appear
 and Mrs.
 Yesterday,
 ved by the
 attending
 Why would
 out more w
 e of the roa
 ?
 taxes this y
 ast. If yo
 are it up.
 ney.
 Lane's mo
 reference t
 "usted" at
 y etc."
 The fire al
 ening, cau
 ick's shoe
 e resulted.
 Frank Sha
 orting for s
 aded to go
 ttle Creek.
 Mabel, eld
 man, is ve
 e lungs, an
 ur at any
 The bicycl
 ided on the
 g. Sever
 dered and
 Wednesday
 o lots, loc
 mapp's, to
 robably bu
 ill.
 Tuesday la
 ic bell aim
 asidly, of t
 ars. The
 ary's toda
 During the
 g at Satur
 e hundred
 e recorded
 ow's that
 Since Rev
 arge of the
 irty perso
 urch, twe
 ith. A g
 George D
 ess man
 rday to
 air to pres
 ighed the a
 an answer
 ounted nam
 the man w
 has Noe
 On Sun
 . H. W
 rom his so
 earing the
 is wife on
 husband,
 of Mrs. J
 ains to 1
 3th, amid
 est of flo
 in her last
 emetry.
 er of the
 roit, and
 erson, co
 a vor
 namer.

HELSEA STANDARD.

FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1890.

CLOSING OF MAIL:

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

LOCAL, NEWSY ITEMS.

Up While Roaming Around This Most Beautiful Village.

Large farm to rent, inquire of Bull & Wilkinson.

Kemp & Bro. are pushing their vault, the cage having arrived.

Remember 4 per cent. will be charged on village taxes not paid before the 1st.

Mrs. J. P. Foster has found a pocket book. Pay 15 cents for this notice to prove property.

Two new fast trains will be put on road next Sunday, the new double track being used then.

Go to Mrs. Staffan's for millinery of every description—hats, bonnets, in caps, ribbons, etc.

Wednesday last, a plump little boy made his appearance at the house of Mr. and Mrs. C. Haag.

Yesterday, Ascension Day was observed by the Catholics, a large number attending the services.

Why wouldn't it be a good idea to cut more willow trees on the north side of the road leading to the cemetery?

Taxes this year are about the same last. If you know your assessment, pay it up. Pay now and save later.

Lucy's modern minstrels (this has reference to the "late" legislature) "tested" at Saline last week. "The boys etc."

The fire alarm was sounded Tuesday evening, caused by burning oil in Dick's shoe shop. No material damage resulted.

Frank Shaver, who has been prospecting for some time, has about concluded to go into the barber trade at Battle Creek.

Mabel, eldest daughter of Mrs. Buchanan, is very low with congestion of the lungs, and asthma. Her death may occur at any minute.

The bicyclists, six in number, passed on their wheels Wednesday evening. Several more wheels have been ordered and may arrive at any time.

Wednesday last, Geo. Mast sold his lots, located between Steger's and Mapp's, to L. D. Loomis, who will probably build thereon. Hope he will.

Tuesday last, the ringing of the Catholic bell announced the death of John Cassidy, of this township, aged over 80 years. The funeral was held from St. Mary's today.

During the twenty-seven hours ending at Saturday, two and thirty-five hundredths inches of rain fell here, as recorded by Signal Agent VanRiper. Now's that for moisture?

Since Rev. J. Edward Reilly took charge of the church at Dundee, Ill., thirty persons have united with the church, twenty-eight on profession of faith. A good record.

George D. Noe, an enterprising business man of Ovid, was married yesterday to Miss Emma Soule. It is fair to presume that when the lover asked the all important question, Emma answered "Noe," and the wedding was completed naturally. —Detroit Journal.

The man who got off that pun evidently has Noe Soule.

On Sunday afternoon, May 11th, H. Wines received a dispatch from his son, C. S. Wines, of Chicago, bearing the sad news of the death of his wife on Saturday. On Monday the husband, mother, and little daughter of Mrs. Wines, accompanied the remains to Detroit. On Tuesday, May 13th, amidst saddest of tears and love, flowers, her friends placed her in her last resting place in Woodmere cemetery. She had long been a member of the First Baptist church in Detroit, and its present pastor, Dr. Henderson, conducted the funeral service in a very beautiful and impressive manner.

Mrs. VanHusen, whose illness was mentioned in our last issue, died very suddenly last Sunday evening. She was feeling about as usual, when she changed her position. Upon doing so, she expired without a struggle. The funeral was held from the M. E. church Tuesday, the pastor officiating.

Owing to the rain last Friday evening, the donation that was to have been held at the Sylvan Center church, was postponed until next Wednesday evening May 21st. Refreshments will be served by the ladies. The matter of repairing the church building will also be then considered, and a committee appointed for the purpose. All are invited.

The M. E. ladies of Saline, recently had a flower festival etc., which was a most decided success. They did not "dead head" their advertising, but walked up and planked down money for a three-column advertisement, and felt well repaid for so doing. Most everything in this village is done on the miser's plan—get all you can and keep all you get. There are a few exceptions we are glad to say, however, and these firms are the most successful.

Mrs. Jane Brigstock, of Dexter village has filed a bill in the circuit court asking for a divorce from her husband, William Brigstock, on the ground of desertion. She was married to him in England in 1841. The bill sets up that Brigstock came into the house in Dexter, where he had lived with his wife for over twenty-five years, April 29, 1888, and informed her that she must take care of herself, and that she had had the last cent of his money that she would ever have, and that he had kept his word. —Argus.

The portrait of City Attorney Dutton, on exhibition at Wiseman's book store, is attracting a good deal of attention from such of our citizens as enjoy inspecting superior works of art. The portrait is the work of Mrs. Whitaker, and if you haven't seen it yet, and wish to see something nice in the portrait line, you better go that way home, even if it takes you a little longer to get there. —Big Rapids Pioneer.

Our readers will readily comprehend that the lady above referred to is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Conklin, of this place.

Monday last, Dr. R. S. Armstrong made several deals whereby he became proprietor of two drug stocks, having purchased the stock and fixtures of Lewis Winans, and the drugs, medicines, etc., of the Standard Drug and Grocery House, conducting the business in the Winans store, where the Winans' will also continue the jewelry business. The writer sold not because he was obliged to, but because he got his price. Everything we have, except our wife and boy are for sale, if we get our price. During the time we have had medicines, we have saved the people in this vicinity several hundred dollars, as we were the one to cut the price, the others following as a natural consequence. The price of medicines will remain at the present cut prices. Do you thank us for it? Do you appreciate us? We doubt it. Our aim now will be to keep a more complete and larger stock of groceries, fruits, etc., and we desire your trade. Bring us your eggs and get the highest price. To those who bought their medicines of us while we had them, we want to extend our thanks for their support.

WEATHER REPORT FOR APRIL.

The following report furnished the Saline Observer regularly by Mr. L. Silsbury, of York, shows the comparative temperature, at sunrise, for each day of April '89 and '90.

Day '90	'89	Day '90	'89	Day '90	'89
1	23 30	11	30 40	21	29 54
2	35 38	12	53 50	22	40 30
3	38 48	13	58 31	23	50 32
4	50 33	14	40 26	24	40 53
5	28 30	15	36 33	25	30 42
6	36 27	16	30 34	26	40 36
7	50 25	17	30 36	27	41 37
8	48 32	18	35 45	28	34 44
9	51 19	19	24 58	29	52 45
10	32 20	20	28 50	31	38 33

WE CAN AND DO

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

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

Chelsea, April 29th, 1890.
Board met in council room.
Meeting called to order by president.
Roll call by clerk.
Present. W. J. Knapp, President, Trustees, H. S. Holmes, W. Bacon, H. Lighthall, G. J. Crowell, G. H. Kempf, W. F. Riemenschneider.

Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

The committee on side and cross walks made the following report:

Your committee of side and cross walks would submit the following report.

WALKS TO BE REPAIRED.

Mrs. James Harrington, Sr
Theodore Swartout W E Wessel
Henry Steinbach Wm Graham
B F Tuttle Geo. Irwin
Ben Winans Ch. Tichenor
Mrs. Ed Monroe Ph. Keusch
Henry Gilbert W J Knapp
Mrs. Fredrick Bush Theo. Wood
Jay Everett Perry Barber
Jabez Bacon L Babcock
Mrs. F Hooker A A Allison
Mrs. Conklin Dell Baldwin
Fred Vogel Mrs. Dr. Ackley
F P Glazier, store Mrs J C Winans
Durand & Hatch Tim. McKune store

NEW WALKS.

Theo Swartout Ch. Carpenter
Mrs Barrus Henry Gilbert
Mrs. Geo Wackenhut Robert Boyce
Jacob Mast Mrs. B. Billings
Geo W Palmer Ch. Guerin
Rose and Kate Conaty
William Bacon, Geo. H. Kempf, H. S. Holmes, Com.

On motion the reports of the side and cross walk committee were accepted and adopted.

On motion the following bills were allowed and orders to be drawn on the treasurer for the same.

Bern Steinbach, 21 loads of gravel \$10 00
H Lighthall, work on street. 16 00
Jas. Geddes Jr " " 3 00
Milo Hunter " " 2 25

On motion the bond of Edward Moore, Marshal, L. Babcock and J. A. Palmer sureties were accepted and approved.

On motion the following drug bonds were accepted and approved.

F. P. Glazier, principal G. P. Glazier and W. P. Schenk sureties.
Lewis Winans principal, James Taylor and M. J. Noyes, sureties.

On motion the following liquor bonds were accepted and approved.

Christ. Klien, principal, Martin Mantz and James Taylor sureties.
Maria Frey, principal, John Bagge, Godfrey Grau sureties.

Thos. McNamara principal, M. J. Noyes and James McLaren, sureties.

On motion the liquor bond of Conrad Spinnagel principal was rejected, sureties not being sufficient.

On motion the board adjourned.

FRED VOGEL, Clerk.

Lima Luminations.

Otto Lewick is sick with the mumps.

Hattie McCarter's school closes Saturday.

Mrs. McCarter went home the fore part of the week.

Mrs. G. Lewick is visiting relatives near Battle Creek.

There will be a dance at the town hall Saturday evening.

Mrs. Snyder, from Delhi, has been visiting Mrs. Frank Fisk.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Freer visited relatives in Sharon last Sunday.

A traveling lunatic held a gospel meeting here last Wednesday night. The audience got disgusted and all left the house.

The P. of I. association organized here with twenty-seven members.

President, J. Merchant; secretary, Jay Easton; treasurer, Thos. Fletcher.

Miss Hattie McCarter wishes to tender sincere thanks to the people of Lima for help given and kindness shown to my mother during her late accident.

I would especially desire to recognize the kindness of Mr. O. B. Guerin and family, who opened their house for her accommodation during her stay at Lima.

THE FIRST SYMPTOMS OF DEATH

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

YOUR FOLKS AND OURS.

Andrew Howes was in Jackson last Monday.

Mrs. Thos. Holmes spent Wednesday in Ann Arbor.

Rev. Bailey is again enjoying a visit from his mother.

A. L. Collins, of Francisco, was in town last Tuesday.

Ed. Negus went to Jackson on business last Tuesday.

Wm. Judson went to Detroit yesterday with a load of stock.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Guerin were in Ann Arbor last Tuesday.

Gilbert Gay and wife drove over Sunday, Mrs. Gay remaining.

Mrs. Buckley, of Manistee, is visiting her son, Dr. F. S. Buckley.

Thomas McKune made a business trip to Ann Arbor last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Everett went to Battle Creek last Friday to visit friends and relatives.

Emma Wines gave a pleasant party to a number of her little friends one day last week.

Mrs. Wall, of Cadillac, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Jacob Hepfer, the past week.

Mrs. Cushman went to Grand Rapids on Thursday to remain with relatives and friends.

Miss Addie Snyder went to Fosters last evening to spend a few weeks with her Grandparents.

Mrs. Raftrey, of Minneapolis, spent a few days of last week in this place with Mrs. John Raftrey.

The many friends of Miss May Judson are pleased to learn that she is recovering from a severe illness.

Mrs. Hincley was suddenly called to Parma last Monday evening on account of the severe illness of her mother.

Mr. Martin Speer, of North Adams, Mich. visited his brother, Mr. Henry Speer, on Orchard street last Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. Snow and daughter who have been visiting relatives in town for some months past returned to St Ignace last Monday morning.

Elmer Hammond spent a part of last week with his parents at this place and will now be found engaged in Express business at Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Ed. Chandler and mother have gone east, where they will remain several months. Ed. will cut meat for Boyd as heretofore.

I. O. G. T. OFFICERS.

The following persons have been elected as officers of Chelsea Lodge, No. 4, I. O. G. T., for the quarter beginning May 1st, 1890.

Chief Templar—James Harrington.
Past Chief Templar—W. H. Woods.

Vice Templar—Lucy E. Lowe.
Chaplain—Wm. Pottinger.

Secretary—Mrs. David Taylor.
Assistant Secretary—Ida B. Hadley.

Financial Secretary—Mrs. A. J. Congdon.

Treasurer—C. M. Bowen.
Marshal—James Pottinger.

Deputy Marshal—Dora Harrington.
Sentinel—G. V. Clark.

Guard—Cora Taylor.
Sup't of Juvenile Templar—Mrs. F. Cooper.

Good time to set out shade trees.

Samuel J. Brown, now a pension attorney in Philadelphia, entered the Union army when he was only 12 years old. He was with the Army of the Potomac in 1861. As a boy he beat the drum, but as a boy soldier he beats the record.

Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography, is a hoary haired man with a scholarly stoop, and still presides over the Phonetic institute, Bath, England. He is rising 78, yet he supervises a correspondence of 30,000 letters a year, besides editing The Phonetic Journal and compiling the numerous books which he annually publishes.

Julian Hawthorne has in his house at Scotch Plains, N. J., the little oak table upon which Mary, Queen of Scots, wrote letters the morning of her execution. It is also said to have been used by Nathaniel Hawthorne, father of the present owner, when writing his famous "Scarlet Letter."

A singular case of "mind blindness" has occurred, the subject being a man of 80, who had complained for a month of inability to find his way about, to tell his own position in a room, and to recognize objects, although his perception of light was scarcely impaired.

Markets by Telegraph

Detroit, May 16, 1890.

BUTTER.—Market quiet at 10@12c for best dairy. 8c for fair grades.

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

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

WHEAT.—No 2 red spot, 20 cars at 94c 1 cars at 94c; May 15,000 at 93c No. 1 white 2 car at 93c.

CORN.—No. 2 spot, 32c.
OATS.—No. 2, white, spot 35c.

Home Markets.

BUTTER.—In demand at 8@10c.
BARLEY.—Is dull at 60@85c 100

EGGS.—11c 7 doz.
LARD.—Country wanted at 6@7

OATS.—Remain steady at 22@24
POTATOES.—Stronger at 30c

WHEAT.—Is in good demand at 86c for red and 86c for No. 1 white.
CORN.—Quiet at 30c 7 bu.

Dr. Kelly's Caputine.

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

For sale by R. S. Armstrong.

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

Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND

Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal—a recent discovery by an old physician. Is successfully used for monthly—Safe, Effective. Price \$1, by mail, sealed. Ladies, ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound and take no substitute, or inclose 2 stamps for sealed particulars. Address FOND LILY COMPANY, No. 3 Fisher Block, 121 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

Sold by Glazier, the Druggist, Chelsea

HOMESTEAD FERTILIZER.

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

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

C. E. LETTS, Agent.

FREE! OUR NEW FREE!
Solid Gold Watch
Worth \$100.00. See it
watch in the world! Perfect
timekeeper. Warranted heavy,
solid gold hunting case.
Both ladies and gent's sizes,
with works and cases of
equal value. One reason is
each locality can secure one
free, together with our large
and valuable line of Household
Samples. These samples, as well
as the watch, are free. All the work you
need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your
friends and neighbors and those about you—that always results
in valuable trade for us, which holds for years when once started,
and thus we are repaid. We pay all express, freight, etc. After
you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can
earn from \$25 to \$50 per week and upwards. Address,
Winson & Co., Box 512, Portland, Maine.



SPECIAL

Low Prices!

On several lines of specialties at the

NEW STORE.

Get one of our

GASOLINE

STOVES!

This season. Best in the market.

W. J. KNAPP

THE CHELSEA STANDARD.

WM. EMMERT, Publisher.
CHELSEA, MICHIGAN

A VANDAL who inscribed his name and that of a young lady on the battlements of Guy's Tower, at Warwick Castle, was prosecuted and fined \$20 for the foolish act.

A USURER at Aschersleben, Germany, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment, 2,000 marks fine and five years' police surveillance for charging an army officer 180 per cent. interest on money loaned.

ANDREA HOFER, a girl of twenty, is editor of the McGregor (Iowa) News. She carries on the paper herself, doing all the editorial and nearly half the mechanical work. She has worked in the office since she was 10 years old, and has graduated out of every department.

In the investigation in New York as to electrical matters an expert declared that the number of volts which could be used without danger to life varied greatly. A honey-handed man would be able to take perhaps two thousand volts, while another could not take five hundred.

AMONG some paper rags in the Plainwell, Mich., paper-mill there has been found an order allowing one Stephen Stillwell to carry cloth and trimmings for a suit of clothes from New York to Brooklyn. The order is signed by the "Superintendent," and dated "New York, Oct. 7, 1782," about thirty days before the British evacuated New York.

A NEW scheme among the lumbermen is to cut down trees by means of a wire so charged with electricity as to be maintained at a white heat. The companies which furnish the plant will probably be quite ready to guarantee that the wire will cut down the trees and at the same time will go on the stand and solemnly aver that it cannot kill a live man or an inoffensive customer.

In the Treasury Department at Washington about 15,000 towels are used every month. A part of the treasury work is dirty work, and each room has a new towel every day. The washing of these towels is done by women, who are paid thirty cents a dozen, and who are charged with every towel they take away. If any are lost they have to pay for them. Uncle Sam watches the corners mightily close in all of his business.

THE only unutilized copy of the Century that gets into Russia is the one the czar personally reads every month. In all others Kennan's articles are smeared over by the Russian postal authorities with some black stuff of a very penetrating nature which it is quite impossible to remove, even through a chemical process, without destroying the printing. Even where only Kennan's name appears the same smearing tactics are applied.

A NEWSPAPER museum exists at Aix-la-Chapelle, Germany, containing a copy of nearly every journal published throughout the globe. The largest newspaper is the Illuminated Quadruple Constellation, brought out in 1859 at New York, and intended to appear only once in the century. This colossal journal consists of eight pages, eight feet and a half long and six feet wide, with handsome illustrations. In contrast, the smallest paper in the world is El Telegrama, published in Guadalajara, Mexico.

PERSONS having old postage stamps sometimes think they are rendered worthless by the issue of new ones. This is not so. The only obsolete stamps are those of the issues of 1847 and 1851, very few of which are now in existence in the North, and these are generally worth more than their face value for collectors. The issues of 1861, 1869, and 1870 are as good in the payment of postage as the new issues. The reason the issues of 1847 and 1851 are not accepted is because large amounts of them were outstanding in the South at the time of the rebellion, and the present holders of them probably secured them without rendering an equivalent to Uncle Sam.

OUT in the wild West a mail bag was emptied of its contents by parties unknown, and filled with stones. The loss was not discovered until the bag reached its destination, and no one had any notion where the theft was committed within 1,000 miles of the journey. But a petrologist was shown the rocks, and he said at once that there was only one place in the United States where such were to be found. He told where the place was, and a detective going there— it was 450 miles away— found two Chinamen at work in an iso-

lated spot, where, it was subsequently remembered, the robbed train had stopped for water. He promptly charged them with the crime, and they were so taken by surprise that they confessed it.

ONCE a man has entered the wilds of Africa, says the Boston Traveler, civilization seems to have lost its attractiveness for him. Livingstone, the missionary and explorer, buried himself alive in the heart of Africa and could not be induced to leave it, and died there while pursuing his work. Gen. Gordon, with a pertinacity amounting to fanaticism, held his ground at Khartoum, defying the Arab rebels and utterly refusing to seek safety until he fell a victim to treachery and overwhelming numbers. In former years officers of the United States Army, after a life in the then distant West, in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains, found it difficult to break away and return to civilization, and numbers actually resigned to remain there.

SOME remarkable statements are made by Prof. Rein, a scientist, who has been investigating the material resources of Japan. They reveal a national frugality and economy of a marvelous type. The area of Japan is less than that of California. Its cultivated land is less than one-tenth of its total acreage, yet it produces support about thirty-eight million people. In Japan, 2,560 persons subsist from each square mile of tilled land. A people existing in such circumstances must from necessity of preservation be provident, painstaking, hard-working, ingenious, and frugal. The Japs appear to observe all these adjectives. Agriculture with them is literally market gardening, because the soil is required to produce more than any other place in the world.

A WRITER, in answer to the question, "Are more shoes worn out in wet than in dry weather?" says there are more actually worn out, particularly at the bottoms, when the walking is fine; but the destruction of shoes is at least 25 per cent. greater during wet spells. In the former case the shoes have not the protection of the rubber, and they grind out rapidly; but then, again, in stormy seasons hundreds of pairs of shoes are caught in drenching rains without over-shoes, and they are more injured than they would be in a month of walking in dry weather. A long walk in a thoroughly soaked shoe causes it irreparable damage. The straining motions of the foot in this soft mass wreak damage that could never be possible in the same shoe when dry. Even the souls of shoes worn much in the wet, especially those of the poorer grades, have their term of usefulness considerably curtailed.

THIS useful little construction was known for two centuries prior to the Christian era, and a pretty legend ascribes its invention to the wife of the celebrated carpenter Lou Pan, who conceived the idea of making one, and whilst so engaged this addressed her husband: "You very cleverly construct houses for men, but it is impossible to render the shelter afforded by them movable, whilst the object I have in my hand may be borne for thousands of miles." Certain it is that the little portable shelter has proved an estimable boon to all who have become familiar with its use; and who, it may be asked, is not so in this year of grace 1890? In all parts we have umbrellas and parasols galore, from the dainty lace confection, almost too fragile and transparent to fulfill the purpose for which it is designed, to the substantial gingham, familiar to us as the prerogative of the genus Gamp, or elderly females in trade near sheltering city archway or doorstep.

ROGER BACON was an English monk, who through the force of his genius, raised himself far above his age, and made wonderful discoveries in several sciences. He invented the magnifying glass, and presented new and ingenious views in optics, and on other subjects. He was familiar with several languages, and published several important works, which, however, were not appreciated in his lifetime. In one of these works, written about 1264, is the following forecast of a coming age, which might be called his dream, but which really anticipated some of the great discoveries of the present age. He says of the days to come: There shall be rowing without oars, and sailing without sails; carriages which shall roll along with, unimagined speed, with no cattle to drag them; instruments to fly with which a man shall, by a spring, move artificial means beating the air like the wings of a bird; a little mechanism, three fingers long, which shall rise or lower enormous weights; a machine to enable a man to walk on the bottom of the sea and over the surface of the waves without danger; and bridges over rivers, which shall rest neither on piles nor columns.

RURAL TOPICS.

INFORMATION FOR THE HUSBAND-MAN AND HOUSEWIFE.

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

THE FARM.

The New Agriculture.

From the beginning of the settlement of this country up to the present time, shallow plowing and indifferent cultivation have been practiced with the result of depleted, run-out soils from one end of the country to the other. A yield of six bushels of wheat to the acre and twenty-six bushels of corn was reported as the average from 1870 to 1880 by the United States census. Deep plowing and occasional subsoil plowing with thorough and frequent cultivation will not only prevent depletion of the soil but will increase its fertility and increase the yield of crops each season. Improvement of soil and improvement in the yield and quality of crops is suggested and demonstrated by improvement and advance in all other lines. Why is it true that grain crops invariably exhaust the soil, while the vast growth of timber forests invariably increase fertility? If we can learn an important lesson here we may be able to turn to good account the lesson taught. It is a universally known truth that after each growth of timber has been removed the land is capable of producing good crops. Newly "cleared" lands are always relied upon to produce large-paying crops of all kinds; but such lands are as surely run down by a few seasons of continuous crop production. Now why is this true? The answer is the shade of the timber protects the soil from drying out and the roots penetrating the earth preserve mellowness of the soil and these conditions—mellowness and moisture—form the attraction to the surface; plant food and moisture are drawn from great depths in the earth below the surface soil, and in this way only is such immense growth of timber produced and sustained without exhaustion of soil. This same principle is active in the production of grass crops, which invariably increase fertility. The grass prevents drying out of the surface soil, and moisture and mellowness being preserved, plant food and moisture are attracted to the surface to promote growth and to prevent exhaustion of the surface soil. But when grain crops are grown by shallow plowing and poor culture, the surface soon becomes dry and hard, and plant food and moisture from great depths in the earth are made available for the sustenance of growth. The surface soil in such cases is made to sustain growth, and the attendant depletion is in this way accounted for.

If the cultivation is deep and frequent and thorough, so as to preserve mellowness and moisture of the surface soil, the most favorable conditions will exist for the attraction of plant food and moisture from great depths in the earth and from "that great reservoir of fertility, the air," and in this way plant growth is sustained to the fullest possible extent, and a constantly increasing fertility of the soil, with increased and increasing yield of crops, with a proportionate decrease in labor required, is secured, and a consequent diminished "cost of production" results. This is the improved agriculture, which is also new, and this is in full accord with the accomplishments of this age of advancement and progress.

The original design in sending forth men to "till the ground" was that the enemies of tillage, the "thorns and thistles," should all be subdued; but are weeds fewer than they were fifty or 100 years ago? If not, then the ground has not been properly tilled. If the soil has not been improved by tillage, then the tillage has not been sufficient. It is manifestly evident that the soil taken in the natural state is capable of being improved by proper tillage; the surface soil is to a very great extent formed by the action of the elements upon the surface. If then a greater depth than the shallow surface soil is broken up and opposed to the action of the elements by deep plowing, a greater depth of fertile soil will be secured, which will increase its capacity for producing crops with less liability of exhaustion. If the "thorns and thistles," the representatives figuratively of all noxious weeds, are to be subdued, then the tillage must be such as to prevent their growth, not merely to cut them down or uproot them after growth, for as the soil must of necessity be raised by tillage to a higher plane than that which produces the growth of weeds, so the growth of weeds prevents the soil from attaining that condition or state best calculated to produce the growth of plants which sustain human life. To prevent the growth of weeds and to improve the soil seem to be the objects of tilling the soil; if these objects are secured by proper tillage, then there is nothing left that man may or can do but so await with hope for the earth to "yield her increase."—T. S. Teagarden, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THE DAIRY.

Repeated Truths.

Mr. Joseph E. Miller, President of the Southern Illinois Dairy Association, has given some words in the Dairy column that are full of truth. He says: When one goes through the country stores and sees the piles and boxes of poor, greasy-looking butter, off in taste, off in looks, and nearly all, especially at this time of the year, as white as the paper on which this is written, and considers to what extent the finest gifts of nature are annually wasted, amounting yearly to many millions of dollars, we must certainly admit that there is an immense field ripe for missionary work, and as long as so large a proportion of the butter made in this country comes from the farm and the private dairy, the great necessity of dairy literature of a kind that will enter these homes must be apparent. I claim nothing new for what I am about to say, but for reasons given, I consider that there is plenty of room for the advice to be given. Now would not the above mentioned butter, look better, and perhaps by a little help from

the imagination, taste better, with a little harmless butter color? Are not those rolls of a fine straw color picked out first? and the coloring matter will cost but a mere trifle to the amount of butter colored. Why then not cater to the wants of your customers when it can be so easily and so cheaply done?

Another cause of the poor appearance of a large percentage of farm butter is the greasy look imparted to it by handling and working it with the naked hands. This is never done by good butter makers. For small quantities use a wooden butter bowl and a wooden paddle, for large quantities one of the many kinds of butter workers in use will prove a good help and a great convenience. But we cannot hold a discriminating trade alone with appearances. The article we supply must have real merit, and one of the most grievous causes for not having this in so much of our country butter, is the want of proper attention to temperature and the absence of the thermometer in the farm dairy. Nothing is of more importance in the dairy, not even cleanliness, than a proper observation of temperature, commencing with that of the stable, and from the time the milk leaves the cow, until the butter appears upon the table. O, what an amount of muscle can sometimes be saved by the use of a little brain.

Another cause of poor butter is that of keeping the cream too long, or until it is too old and sour. This often happens where but few cows are kept, hence the cream is kept too long waiting for a sufficient quantity to accumulate, and to this, new cream is often added just before churning. This may not make butter any worse, but there will be loss from the inability to extract all the butter from the new and un-ripened cream.

Another mistake much in vogue is that of salting with common barrel salt. Some of this salt looks very nice and clean, but nearly all contains impurities so that it should not be used in butter. The difference in cost of the small amount used between that and the best and purest dairy salt is but a trifle, and the latter will impart to the butter a sweet and agreeable taste, so pleasant to the refined taste. Use a scale and weigh both salt and butter. Do nothing by guess, have the butter at proper temperature for working, and give the salt time to dissolve before working it into the butter or trying to do so by the application of sufficient muscular power to damage the texture, and injure its appearance and keeping qualities. And always be sure to pay strict attention to the wants of your customers.

THE STOCK RANCH.

The Breeding Boar.

"The sire is half of the herd." I believe that I have seen that remark before—somewhere; whether it be new or old it is a true statement of facts, says F. D. Beck in *Swine Breeders' Journal*. And it is of so much importance to the breeder that, however often it may be repeated, no one will yell—chestnuts. "Like begets like" is also true, and nothing will so readily prove this truism as breeding a good sow to a poor, inferior boar, of no known breeding, but, unfortunately, the "like" will all be upon the side of the sire, while the closest scrutiny will fail to reveal any of the good points possessed by the sow, thus proving that "the sire is half of the herd" is only part of the truth, as he is more. If our farmer friends could be prevailed upon to see this matter in its true light it would be but a few years until our annual hog crop would be increased in value many thousands of dollars, and they (the farmers) would be correspondingly richer, and, in addition, they would derive greater pleasure in caring for their well-formed herd. While we do not advocate, in general, the breeding from any but the best specimens to be found, we know if our farmers would visit a neighbor breeder, and get one of his boar pigs that he intends to castrate, not being of sufficient individual merit to ship to a distant customer, he would greatly improve his herd. A pig of this description can usually be obtained at but a slight advance over market prices. True, it would be "money in his pocket" should he invest \$25 or more in a first-class pig, but the worst pig raised from pure-bred parents will make a better breeder than a finer looking animal that does not know "who is his father." By all means breed to a pure-bred boar, and gauge the quality only by your ability to pay for him.

Live-Stock Notes.

The cheapest food may not be the most healthful to feed.

Good to nail to the barn door: "Who enters here leaves pipe behind."

Have your hogs a good dry bed or a mud hole to sleep in these days?

Did you ever see a hog that did not relish good sweet slop? Why then feed sour swill?

Don't keep matches lying round the barn loose, better have them in an iron tin box.

Some people think a farm animal is like a postage-stamp—no good until licked. They are sadly mistaken.

It does not pay to have colts come before the rough weather of spring is over, and then not take care of them.

The transfer of Holstein-Friesian cattle for the week ending April 19, 1890, as reported to T. B. Wales, Secretary, included forty bulls and seventy-six cows.

BREEDERS of trotting horses have been breeding earlier and earlier each year, until the crop begins to appear on most farms soon after the first of January.

A FRENCH farmer states that white mustard fed green to old horses communicates to the latter quite a youthful energy, while removing from them all difficulty of respiration.

The premium boar with age loses his attractiveness, but this does not in any manner detract from his usefulness, and he should never be discarded or given an out-of-the-way lot, with careless feeding, on this account.

PROMINENT gentlemen of Crook County, Oregon, have recently expressed the opinion that hornless cattle were better able to endure severe cold than those having horns. They base this opinion upon the experience of the past winter.

SANTA CRUZ, Cal., has a horse that is

53 years old. He came to the State 1848 with William Handley, and called an old horse then. For years Jerry worked in a brewery, but turned out to rest last year.

MICHAEL J. LEIB, Wayne County, says: "I have a cow that had tripled all three heifers. They were born 15, 1887, and I have the mother and triplets yet. Last week they were fresh, and each of them had a very calf."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Shaved Ice.

A saucerful of shaved ice may be served for twenty-four hours with thermometer in the room at 90 deg. F., if the following precautions are served: Put the saucer containing ice in a soup plate and cover with other. Place the soup plate thus ranged on a good heavy pillow, cover it with another pillow, press the pillow so that the plates are completely imbedded in them. An old plane set deep is a most excellent with which to shave ice. It should be turned bottom upward, and the shaved backward and forward over cutter.—Medical Times.

A Plate of Stale Bread.

When you make a bread pudding your stale crusts, my dear young housewife, you fancy you have done an economical thing, although half the pudding is thrown away, because "Jody" doesn't like plain pudding. It would be better economy to throw the bread away instead of wasting your time making something no one wishes to eat.

Now, although no one need throw away a plateful of stale bread, it sometimes the most economical thing to do with it, especially in hot weather when it is apt to mold. At other times cut off any brown crusts, break in small pieces, and dry, not toast, it in the oven when the fire is low. Then pound roll it rather fine, and put it in a paper bag, which should be hung in a dry corner of your pantry. You will find it very convenient to use in preparing scalloped oysters, meat, eggs, or meats for bread sauce, and many other things.

The bread may be used in various ways. If the slices are not broken too thick, they make delicious brown sandwiches. Spread each slice of bread with chopped meat, cover with a slice of bread, and press together. Proceed in this manner till all the meat and bread are used, and cut each sandwich in halves. Place them on a plate and pour the milk and egg over them until it is absorbed. Put a heaping teaspoonful of butter on a large frying-pan, and when it begins to brown place the sandwiches carefully upon it. When nicely browned add a little more butter and turn them, letting them brown quickly on the other side. Serve as soon as possible. This makes a delicious breakfast dish, and may be used to advantage to "help out" a scanty dinner.

The stale slices of bread are often used without the meat, just soaking them in the egg and milk and browning nicely. Indeed, a plate of stale bread is a perfect mine of culinary surprises.

Hints to Housekeepers.

GRAHAM bread is more apt to sour than white bread.

HALF a teaspoonful of common salt dissolved in a little cold water and drunk will instantly relieve heartburn.

If you use powder of any kind on the face never go to bed without washing it off. Sanitary reasons as well as cleanliness require this.

TO PERFUME your apparel, put a few drops on small pieces of pumice stone and place in drawers and boxes and among dresses in wardrobes.

FOR mending small holes in plastering, take one part of plaster of Paris and three parts fine sand, mix with cold water and apply with a case-knife.

In preparing food for the sick the first essential is fresh and suitable material, next strenuous cleanliness, thorough cooking and daintiness of serving.

A FRENCH remedy for burns is to allow the contents of a siphon of seltzer-water to flow slowly over the affected parts. It quiets the pain speedily and expedites the final cure.

A WRITER on hygiene says that the common use of soda to correct acidity in the stomach is an error. A counter acid is a safer corrective than an alkali. A little lemon or lime juice, properly used, will remedy the trouble as often as anything. In some cases a very little sugar occasionally, alternated with cold water, is found effective. Sometimes nothing is so good as external warmth applied over the stomach. Lemon juice before meals will be very advantageous as a preventive to heartburn. Acids, as a rule, decrease the acid secretion of the body and increase the alkaline. When acid is given for the relief of dyspepsia, it should be taken before eating.

THE KITCHEN.

Measures for Housekeepers.

One quart of wheat flour, soft butter or sugar makes one pound; Indian meal and brown sugar, one pound two ounces; ten eggs, one pound; sixteen tablespoonsful, one pint; a common-sized tumbler holds half a pint; sixty drops, one teaspoonful.

Beef Pudding.

Chop fine some nice, tender cold beef and arrange a thick layer of it over a layer of macaroni which has previously been boiled for twenty minutes in salted water. Have ready some fresh or canned tomato which has been thoroughly stewed with butter, a bit of onion, a sprig of parsley and a clove or two. Pour this tomato over the beef, sprinkle with bread crumbs and bits of butter, and bake in oven till brown.

Cheese and Onions.

Half a pound of good cheese, four ounces of onions and half an ounce of butter. Peel and chop some Portuguese onions; melt the butter in a dish; put in the onions, with a little pepper and salt; cover, and set them in the oven to stew. When tender, but not soft, spread on a flat dish, and cover them with good toasted cheese, cut in thin slices without crust; toast it quickly and serve immediately. If the common onions be used, they should be cut in two and boiled a few minutes.

THE BOOMING CANNON.

DETAILS OF STIRRING INCIDENTS
IN CAMP AND IN BATTLE.

Victims of the Rebellion Relate Amusing and Startling Incidents of Weary Marches, Camp Life, Foraging Expeditions, and Battle Scenes.

Unknown.
BY MRS. NAPOLEON B. MORANGE.

THE following verses are dedicated to the memory of Private John A. Morange, a brave and generous-hearted Federal, who was engaged in several of the fiercest conflicts of the civil war. His heart was always open to the wounded, friend or foe, and the dying command. He never desired fame, and his name was granted. He numbered one of the many "Unknown," to each and all of whom this poem is also dedicated.

He was not unknown when the cannon's wrath
Shot forth from the brilliant height,
Then he bravely stood in the bullets' path,
Nor seemed to flinch or right.

He was not unknown when the hurrying shell
Dashed his shining crest of cheer;
He was at his post when it bursted fell,
And round him were heaped the dead.

He was not unknown when command was given
To the ranks to dare,
He stood, though the ranks were torn and
As staunch as the bravest there.

He was not unknown when the volunteer
Through all of war's dark night,
This last record of him is clear,
He fell in a gallant fight.

He was not unknown with his frowning guns,
Mastered the testing plain—
He was the Army's chosen squire,
And now nor came back again.

And now he sleeps in the South's warm breast,
Near where he, fighting fell;
He lies at rest in his last rest,
His side from shot and shell.

He slumbers well in the foeman's land,
Where the green palm-trees wave;
For Nature there has a generous hand,
And the wild flowers love his grave.

He was not unknown when the cannon's wrath
Shot forth from the brilliant height,
Then he bravely stood in the bullets' path,
Nor seemed to flinch or right.

He was not unknown when the hurrying shell
Dashed his shining crest of cheer;
He was at his post when it bursted fell,
And round him were heaped the dead.

He was not unknown when command was given
To the ranks to dare,
He stood, though the ranks were torn and
As staunch as the bravest there.

He was not unknown when the volunteer
Through all of war's dark night,
This last record of him is clear,
He fell in a gallant fight.

He was not unknown with his frowning guns,
Mastered the testing plain—
He was the Army's chosen squire,
And now nor came back again.

And now he sleeps in the South's warm breast,
Near where he, fighting fell;
He lies at rest in his last rest,
His side from shot and shell.

He slumbers well in the foeman's land,
Where the green palm-trees wave;
For Nature there has a generous hand,
And the wild flowers love his grave.

He was not unknown when the cannon's wrath
Shot forth from the brilliant height,
Then he bravely stood in the bullets' path,
Nor seemed to flinch or right.

He was not unknown when the hurrying shell
Dashed his shining crest of cheer;
He was at his post when it bursted fell,
And round him were heaped the dead.

He was not unknown when command was given
To the ranks to dare,
He stood, though the ranks were torn and
As staunch as the bravest there.

He was not unknown when the volunteer
Through all of war's dark night,
This last record of him is clear,
He fell in a gallant fight.

He was not unknown with his frowning guns,
Mastered the testing plain—
He was the Army's chosen squire,
And now nor came back again.

And now he sleeps in the South's warm breast,
Near where he, fighting fell;
He lies at rest in his last rest,
His side from shot and shell.

He slumbers well in the foeman's land,
Where the green palm-trees wave;
For Nature there has a generous hand,
And the wild flowers love his grave.

He was not unknown when the cannon's wrath
Shot forth from the brilliant height,
Then he bravely stood in the bullets' path,
Nor seemed to flinch or right.

He was not unknown when the hurrying shell
Dashed his shining crest of cheer;
He was at his post when it bursted fell,
And round him were heaped the dead.

He was not unknown when command was given
To the ranks to dare,
He stood, though the ranks were torn and
As staunch as the bravest there.

He was not unknown when the volunteer
Through all of war's dark night,
This last record of him is clear,
He fell in a gallant fight.

He was not unknown with his frowning guns,
Mastered the testing plain—
He was the Army's chosen squire,
And now nor came back again.

And now he sleeps in the South's warm breast,
Near where he, fighting fell;
He lies at rest in his last rest,
His side from shot and shell.

He slumbers well in the foeman's land,
Where the green palm-trees wave;
For Nature there has a generous hand,
And the wild flowers love his grave.

He was not unknown when the cannon's wrath
Shot forth from the brilliant height,
Then he bravely stood in the bullets' path,
Nor seemed to flinch or right.

He was not unknown when the hurrying shell
Dashed his shining crest of cheer;
He was at his post when it bursted fell,
And round him were heaped the dead.

He was not unknown when command was given
To the ranks to dare,
He stood, though the ranks were torn and
As staunch as the bravest there.

He was not unknown when the volunteer
Through all of war's dark night,
This last record of him is clear,
He fell in a gallant fight.

He was not unknown with his frowning guns,
Mastered the testing plain—
He was the Army's chosen squire,
And now nor came back again.

And now he sleeps in the South's warm breast,
Near where he, fighting fell;
He lies at rest in his last rest,
His side from shot and shell.

He slumbers well in the foeman's land,
Where the green palm-trees wave;
For Nature there has a generous hand,
And the wild flowers love his grave.

He was not unknown when the cannon's wrath
Shot forth from the brilliant height,
Then he bravely stood in the bullets' path,
Nor seemed to flinch or right.

He was not unknown when the hurrying shell
Dashed his shining crest of cheer;
He was at his post when it bursted fell,
And round him were heaped the dead.

He was not unknown when command was given
To the ranks to dare,
He stood, though the ranks were torn and
As staunch as the bravest there.

He was not unknown when the volunteer
Through all of war's dark night,
This last record of him is clear,
He fell in a gallant fight.

near our camp, which were shot by some of the boys, and they proved a most satisfactory addition to our regular rations.

As wood and water were somewhat scarce for a long continuance, in case we were snowed in, scouts were sent out to look up a better camping place. A favorable site was found some ten miles down the creek. It ceased snowing at night, and it was decided to start for our new camp in the morning. Day broke fair and clear, and early in the morning a strong pioneer corps was sent out ahead to break a way through the snow, after which the command and the wagon train followed. All day long we toiled on through the snow, helping horses and wagons out of the deep drifts in the hollows where they had broken through.

With all the push we were capable of exerting, it was far in the night when we arrived at the new camping ground. Our camp was situated in a grove of young spruce and hackberry, surrounded with a growth of large timber. A high hill extended around us on three sides, while on the other was a good stream of water. The place was well located for defensive purposes, should we be attacked by the Indians, which was liable to occur at any moment, and we prepared to give them a warm reception.

As this was to be base of operations for several days, we proceeded to build shelters from the storm out of the fir trees that grow in abundance around us.

While waiting for the snow to settle we employed ourselves chiefly in hunting, in which we were very successful. After several days of warm sunshine, the snow settled sufficiently for us to proceed on our way, and after a few days' march, into which a great variety of adventures were crowded, we arrived safely at Camp Supply.

COVILVILLE, Wilson County, Kan.

His Last Resource.

BY W. S. STENNETT.

URING the march to Meridian, in Sherman's Mississippi campaign, we came to a small place called Harlan, which our forces set on fire. There was one tavern in the town, and the proprietor thought he would save his household furniture. So he began rolling it out on a wheelbarrow. The boys would wait until he got a good-sized pile, then they would set it on fire. He would come with another wheelbarrow full and pile it in another place, and they would set this on fire also. Finally, he came with just one trunk on the barrow. The boys took it, thanked him, and asked if there were any charges on it. As he turned to go away, I said to him, "Old man, I don't think you're gaining on the boys, much?" He stepped up to me and whispered: "Confound them, I hope Polk's men will kill every one of 'em."

Harlan was situated between Champion Hills and Jackson. So, after reducing this place to ashes, we marched on to Jackson, which we captured without any trouble. When we entered the city our regiment was the first infantry in. This was the second raid we had made at this place, and while the boys were plundering around town a woman came to me, saying: "Some of your regiment has stolen a calico dress-pattern worth one hundred dollars, for which I paid in Confederate money day before yesterday, asking me also if the Eighty-fifth Indiana was with us. She said she was acquainted with some of its members, and she would bet that the Eighty-fifth would make us give it up!"

I told her if that was the only resource she had, her dress was lost, because Indiana had no regiment that could whip us. Captain Rogers, of Company E of my regiment, came up at this time, and she told him about it and what I had said. Rogers replied: "That's so; we have a good fighting regiment, with only one coward in it, and he's the man that stole your dress!"

MACKDONIA, Iowa.

A Long-Lost Sword Found.

THE New York Tribune of a recent date printed the following interesting story: Frederick Mather, Superintendent of the New York State Fishery Commission at Cold Spring Harbor, has recently had a peculiar and interesting experience. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted in the One Hundred and Thirtieth New York Regiment, which was shortly afterward converted into twelve batteries of heavy or garrison artillery. These batteries were instructed in gun-drill at Washington, but when it became certain that there was little danger of the Confederates attacking the Capital, the regiment was ordered into the field as infantry. They, however, clung to their title of the Seventh New York Heavy Artillery, a designation

they had received on being transformed into gunners.

On June 16, 1864, Lieutenant Mather was in command of L Company, which was the color company of the regiment, and belonged to the First Division of the Second Corps, commanded by General Hancock. The command was moving on the enemy's works at Petersburg, Va. On the right was the Irish Legion and the two bodies diverged. The Confederate forces rushed through the gap, and the right of the One Hundred and Thirtieth or Seventh New York Heavy Artillery were taken prisoners. To save the colors, Lieutenant Mather determined to bury them. This he did, and he was in the act of burying his sword, a presentation from Battery I, on which his name was engraved, when a Southerner stepped up and said:

"Look here, Yankee, just drop that," and ordered him to move inside the enemy's trenches.

"I obeyed the order," says Captain Mather, "and was carrying my sword in my scabbard and belt in my hand, when a man in plain clothes demanded it of me. I saw he was a civilian, who had only come out to have a shot at us, and I resisted. During our struggle, and just as the man was about to strike me with his fist, an officer came up and indignantly asked if he was about to strike a prisoner. The man fell back, and I handed my sword to the officer, who, thinking I was wounded, offered me hospitality, and I wrote his name and address on a New York Tribune that I had in my pocket. Nothing could have been kinder than the behavior of my captor. I was subsequently confined in prisons at Macon, Ga., Charleston and Columbia, S. C., and lost the memoranda with the name of the man who had my sword. I had some idea he was a Georgian man, and in my travels in connection with fish-culture in the Southern States have always been trying to find some trace of him."

A few years ago, Captain L. Brewster, who had served in A Company, Tenth Alabama Regiment, during the war, died. A Southern paper published that among his property was a sword belonging to Lieutenant Mather. The item was copied into the National Tribune, and I saw it. I communicated with Captain Brewster's representatives, and on the first of the month the old sword, scabbard, and belt once more came into my possession. The scabbard has an indentation where a ball struck it in the battle. They are relics of a by-gone feud, but I prize them very dearly."

A Hasty Retreat.

BY JAMES POULSON.

T he battle of Snicker's Gap, and while the elephant was bawling the loudest, we were ordered to retreat and started on the double-quick for the Monocacy River. I was no swimmer, but jumped down off the bank, and had no sooner reached the water than I felt a heavy hand laid on my shoulder, and expected to hear the cry of "surrender!" To my surprise it was one of my comrades. He blurted out that we would be captured and might be killed. Being a small man and having a heavy load I told my comrade to take his hand off my shoulders, that I was not going to be captured. He blurted like a calf, but started for the other shore like a man, which we reached in a short time.

General Crook's Modesty.

AS. H. MICKER, the veteran theatrical manager, in a talk with a Chicago newspaper man about General Crook, said: One evening I received an invitation to attend a lecture by General Crook at the Academy of Arts and Sciences on Indian warfare. I went down to hear him. But instead of finding him lecturing, as I expected, he was talking on the subject in a conversational way, the people asking him questions, which he had requested them to do. He had none of the airs of a platform lecturer. A lady in the audience asked:

"General Crook, do you think there will be any more Indian wars?"

"My dear madam," he replied, "Indians are human. If they are treated right there will be no more Indian wars. If they are not, being humans, what else can you expect?"

I saw Mrs. Crook after the death of her husband. She is a remarkable woman and one of great fortitude. In reply to some condolences she said:

"Some years ago I met the widow of a great soldier. Her husband had just died. She was inconsolable. She asked, weeping: 'How can I bear it?'

I said to her: 'Bear it as a brave soldier's wife ought.' How often she came to me after that and repeated the words to me; and now those same words come back to me."

I think Congress will certainly do something speedily for Mrs. Crook. She is not only in need of it but she is entitled to it. Crook was a soldier simply. He had no political affiliations, and hence there are no political friends to do for Mrs. Crook what has been done for the widows of others who were politicians as well as brave soldiers.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON CONSIDERED.

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

The lesson for Sunday, May 18, may be found in Luke 9: 28-35.

INTRODUCTORY.

We are taken up in this lesson unto the blessed mount of transfiguration. It is well for us to mark the settling of this incident. There were two things that seem to have given occasion for it. One coming before the other. Just a few days prior to the vision Christ had been telling his disciples of the death he was to die on Calvary. It startled them, almost numbed them. Then came the wonderful scene on the mountain's brow to invigorate their faith and to lead them to the stimulus and confidence as they went along the way toward Jerusalem. And then, just beyond the mount, at the foot of the hill of beauty, was there the young lad waiting to be healed. The painter has put the two scenes together. In order to prepare for the labors and burdens that lay beyond Christ must needs give his disciples, along with himself, this glimpse of the powers that wrought for them and with them. For comfort after sorrow, for endurance before toil. We need like diligence to-day.

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

As he prayed or was praying. Greek, present infinitive, in the to pray or in the praying.—The fashion of his countenance, appearance, or look. It is this same word that is used at Luke 3: 22 of the "bodily shape" of the Holy Spirit.—Changed, or simply different from usual (petros).—Far more justly notes that Luke, writing for Greek readers, avoids the with them hazardous word metamorphose, used by the other evangelists (Mark 9: 2; Matt. 17: 2).—White and glistening. Literally, whiteness gleaming to the eye.

Behold. Noting something extraordinary.—There talked with him. More accurately and graphically. Were talking with him. (Imperfect tense).—Which were. The Greek student will notice a loose use of the Greek pronoun here (ol-tines.) frequent in New Testament Greek. (Cf. Luke 2: 4.)—Moses and Elias. One representing the law, the other the prophets, both peculiar in their departure from this life. (Deut. 34: 6; 2 Kings 2: 1, 11.)

Appeared in glory. Referring to their glorified manifestation.—Spoke. Were speaking (imperfect tense).—His decease. Rather, departure. Literally exodus. The same word used by Peter of his own death, referring to this same divulgence. (2 Peter 11: 15.)—Should accomplish. Rather was about to accomplish or fulfill. See Variations. The cross was itself the fulfillment of long stretches of prophetic history.

Peter. The prominent member of the trio.—They that were with him. James and John.—Heavy with sleep. Or burdened. The same word is at 2 Cor. 5: 4. "We that are in the tabernacle do groan, as being burdened." It was probably right, as at Luke 6: 12.—When they were awake. Or waking up. Principal form. The verb ordinarily means to keep awake, but as used here, in the Aorist tense, probably signifies to become awake. (Diaw, to the verb.)

His glory. His glorious appearance.—The two men. Along with Christ's glorious form his heavenly visitants.—As they departed. More literally, while they were parting from him.—Master. The proper word for a teacher or Lord. Generally used by Luke 5: 5; 8: 24, 45, etc.—Three tabernacles. Rather tents or booths, such as could be readily constructed.

Not knowing what he said. Dazed by the wondrous sight which burst upon them, as they waked. Peter said the first thing that came to him, and naturally it was a word of hospitable intent.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

As he prayed. This mercy's hour; rather, may we say, it is the moment of glory. It was while Paul was upon his knees that the hour of his gracious visitation struck.—"Behold he prayeth." It was while Moses prayed on the mount that God's glory passed by, it was while Stephen was looking devoutly and steadfastly up into heaven that he "saw the glory of God and Jesus standing on the right hand of God." Yes, it was after this, while our Savior prayed in deep distress, that there "appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him." Let any one look back along the path of Christian experience he has trodden. Where and when was it that he received his new views of God, new gifts, new liberty of utterance, new power to do and dare. These three words mark every spot. It was "as he prayed."

When they were awake, they saw his glory. Truly our physical weakness keeps us from much of spiritual apprehension. It was so in the Garden of Gethsemane; it is so here. Take it in its broader application, our mortal heaviness of eye and sluggishness of spirit withhold from us the greater part of the high, celestial privileges of the soul. We do not know much of that glory on the mountain the disciples missed while they slept. Once in a while our own earth-bound spirits wake, and O, what a blessed time we have upon the mount. But it is only for a time. Presently we are back in the old somnolence again. Too many of us are content to sleep through this life—soul-sleepers here, indeed—expecting only to be awakened when Christ comes in the glory of the father and with the holy angels. There is some occasion, then, that transformation of the old being, dear to us still, which we have somewhere read:

There is a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith do we see it afar.
For the Father awaits o'er the way.
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

Master, it is good for us to be here. Peter was right. It was a good place to be. Heaven could be scarcely better. This was a very paradise on earth. Where Jesus is manifest in his power and blessedness, there is peace and joy. Let us often seek these mountain tops of clear and ennobling apprehension. Let us get away with Jesus and the holy men of old in his word, till we seem as if we were caught up into a new and celestial atmosphere. Rather let us so constantly abide in his presence that every day we may get sweet glimpses of his face and blessed draughts of heaven's air. This our prayer, for this life, as well as for that which is to come: "Thou wilt show me the path of life; in thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore."

This is my beloved Son, hear him. Listen for no other voice. Not Moses or Elias. They were speechless here on the mount, speechless because they had already spoken. Dives asked that Lazarus be sent again to earth and received for an answer: "They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them." Not angels. "Are they not all ministering spirits? Yes, but they ever minister the things of Christ, themselves unseen, unknown of men. Not even the Holy Spirit himself lets us hear his voice or behold his separate presence. It is always the things of Christ that he brings to our remembrance, and the token of his coming is a new beholding of Christ, anew audience with Christ. Jesus himself is our day's man. Listen. Moses himself is speaking—and mark you, it was Peter himself who later quoted thus the great prophet and lawgiver (Acts 3: 22): 'A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren, like unto me; him shall ye hear in all things whatsoever he shall say unto you.' No one else. 'This is my beloved Son, hear him.'"

Next Lesson.—The Mission of the Son of Man.—Luke 10: 1-16.

HORSEFLESH FOR DOGS.

How a Pittsburgh Man Keeps His Kennel in Good Condition.

Had Solomon lived in Pittsburgh he doubtless have refrained from saying that "there is nothing new under the sun." The latest novel practice indulged in here is that of feeding dogs on horseflesh. Mr. Adolph Stuckey, of No. 1220 Carson street, South Side, has one of the most valuable kennels in the State. It could not be replaced for less than \$2,000 to \$2,500, and it only consists of eight animals.

During the winter season Mr. Stuckey feeds his dogs almost entirely on horseflesh. He buys his stock at the Red Lion Horse Market at from \$2 to \$5 a head.

The horses are taken to the Twenty-second Ward, where the dogs are kept on the farm of William Vannessen. They are killed and dressed like beef. The meat is packed away in salt and fed to the dogs in its raw state.

Horseflesh is held by Mr. Stuckey to be healthier than other meat, and is much cheaper.

Although Mr. Stuckey is alone in the use of horseflesh for dog food, he seems to have profited by adopting it, as nowhere can be found a finer lot of canines that he possesses. His kennel includes St. Bernards, Irish terriers, blooded pugs and black-and-tan terriers. He visited the recent bench show at Chicago and brought home three prizes.

Mr. Stuckey was seen last night. In regard to the care of dogs and the food best adapted for use in a kennel he said: "It takes great care to raise dogs properly. They require nearly as much attention as a child. Puppies should be fed on bread and milk the first week. This is an expensive diet, but it is the proper food to give them. I always feed them four meals a day until they are about four weeks old, and then drop down to three. Then I begin the use of dog biscuits. When they are a little older I give them a little meat. They need a great deal of exercise, also. They want an absolute freedom. Vegetables make a good food, as they have a tendency to purify the blood."

"The dog belongs to the family of carnivora, or flesh-eaters, and raw meat is the best food a dog can get. Sometimes there is a question as to whether it should be cooked or raw. Both have advantages. The essential is fresh wholesome meat, varied from the raw by cooking, with additions of other articles of food to add to the flavor and tempt the appetite, together with a constant supply of fresh, pure and clear water."

Mr. Stuckey says he knows of no precedent where horseflesh was used as food, except in England, where he once read of it being used a short time. He is the only person on record among the kennel owners in America who use it. A call was made on Alex. Montgomery at the Red Lion Stables yesterday. He said he sold a great many old horses, but he never heard of the animals being put to that use. Mr. Stuckey is a member of the American and St. Bernard Kennel Clubs, of New York, and he attends all the important bench shows in the country. He has spent many years in raising dogs, and is well posted on all breeds of animals.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

An Intelligent Dog.

A small fox terrier, white as milk, with the proper golden-brown spots on his head, having a pedigree longer than Queen Victoria's and a temper sweeter than Griselda's, full of fun, and adoring babies, made his debut when he was only a week old in a "littery" family. He was christened with great pomp "Charles Chum," but later on these short syllables were not considered sufficient for his dignity, and he was re-christened "William Billykins," known to his intimates as "Billy."

After he was taught that it was not polite to snatch at things, that his mistress was perfectly satisfied with being kissed once a day, and that fruit cake was not a suitable diet for small puppies he was educated, by means of a whip trimmed with yellow ribbons, not to tear up a bit of paper. The chief and original sin in a fox terrier is the liking for tearing up anything, but especially paper, so that this young gentleman was taken through what the darkies called a "course of sprouts" before he realized fully that anything in the shape of an envelope or bit of paper of any kind must be let alone.

One night his mistress counted out a roll of bills and put them in her purse. Then she went to bed. Billy stood by during the performance, but was not noticed. The next morning some money was wanted, the purse was gotten, the bills unfolded and a five dollar note was missing. The owner of it had never been out of the room since the night before. The maid had seen her put the money away and then left the room. Where had it gone? It was talked over, it was looked for, still no five dollars. During the discussion Billy stood by staring his mistress in the face, as if he were trying hard to understand what it was about. Suddenly he made a rush, dived under the desk where he kept his favorite bones, and came out with a five-dollar bill in his mouth. He had picked it up where it had dropped on the floor, knew he must not tear it, and yet hid it away among his belongings.

I ask no one to believe this; I know it is true myself, and William Billykins to-day is adorned with a collar on which hang two silver bells as a reward of merit for being a good dog.

NEVER touch a vine that has three-fingered leaves—that is, leaves divided into three parts. Vines that show five-fingered leaves may be handled with safety. Poison ivy has three fingers.

THE BOOMING CANNON.

DETAILS OF STIRRING INCIDENTS
IN CAMP AND IN BATTLE.

Victims of the Rebellion Relate Amusing and Startling Incidents of Weary Marches, Camp Life, Foraging Expeditions, and Battle Scenes.

Unknown.
BY MRS. NAPOLEON B. MORANGE.

THE following verses are dedicated to the memory of Private John A. Morange, a brave and generous-hearted Federal, who was engaged in several of the fiercest conflicts of the civil war. His heart was always open to the wounded, friend or foe, and the dying command. He never desired fame, and his name was granted. He numbered one of the many "Unknown," to each and all of whom this poem is also dedicated.

He was not unknown when the cannon's wrath
Shot forth from the brilliant height,
Then he bravely stood in the bullets' path,
Nor seemed to flinch or right.

He was not unknown when the hurrying shell
Dashed his shining crest of cheer;
He was at his post when it bursted fell,
And round him were heaped the dead.

He was not unknown when command was given
To the ranks to dare,
He stood, though the ranks were torn and
As staunch as the bravest there.

He was not unknown when the volunteer
Through all of war's dark night,
This last record of him is clear,
He fell in a gallant fight.

He was not unknown with his frowning guns,
Mastered the testing plain—
He was the Army's chosen squire,
And now nor came back again.

And now he sleeps in the South's warm breast,
Near where he, fighting fell;
He lies at rest in his last rest,
His side from shot and shell.

He slumbers well in the foeman's land,
Where the green palm-trees wave;
For Nature there has a generous hand,
And the wild flowers love his grave.

He was not unknown when the cannon's wrath
Shot forth from the brilliant height,
Then he bravely stood in the bullets' path,
Nor seemed to flinch or right.

He was not unknown when the hurrying shell
Dashed his shining crest of cheer;
He was at his post when it bursted fell,
And round him were heaped the dead.

He was not unknown when command was given
To the ranks to dare,
He stood, though the ranks were torn and
As staunch as the bravest there.

He was not unknown when the volunteer
Through all of war's dark night,
This last record of him is clear,
He fell in a gallant fight.

He was not unknown with his frowning guns,
Mastered the testing plain—
He was the Army's chosen squire,
And now nor came back again.

And now he sleeps in the South's warm breast,
Near where he, fighting fell;
He lies at rest in his last rest,
His side from shot and shell.

He slumbers well in the foeman's land,
Where the green palm-trees wave;
For Nature there has a generous hand,
And the wild flowers love his grave.

He was not unknown when the cannon's wrath
Shot forth from the brilliant height,
Then he bravely stood in the bullets' path,
Nor seemed to flinch or right.

He was not unknown when the hurrying shell
Dashed his shining crest of cheer;
He was at his post when it bursted fell,
And round him were heaped the dead.

He was not unknown when command was given
To the ranks to dare,
He stood, though the ranks were torn and
As staunch as the bravest there.

He was not unknown when the volunteer
Through all of war's dark night,
This last record of him is clear,
He fell in a gallant fight.

He was not unknown with his frowning guns,
Mastered the testing plain—
He was the Army's chosen squire,
And now nor came back again.

And now he sleeps in the South's warm breast,
Near where he, fighting fell;
He lies at rest in his last rest,
His side from shot and shell.

He slumbers well in the foeman's land,
Where the green palm-trees wave;
For Nature there has a generous hand,
And the wild flowers love his grave.

He was not unknown when the cannon's wrath
Shot forth from the brilliant height,
Then he bravely stood in the bullets' path,
Nor seemed to flinch or right.

He was not unknown when the hurrying shell
Dashed his shining crest of cheer;
He was at his post when it bursted fell,
And round him were heaped the dead.

He was not unknown when command was given
To the ranks to dare,
He stood, though the ranks were torn and
As staunch as the bravest there.

He was not unknown when the volunteer
Through all of war's dark night,
This last record of him is clear,
He fell in a gallant fight.

Mr. Meeson's Will.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER IX.

AUGUSTA TO THE RESCUE.

After breakfast—that is, after Augusta had eaten some biscuit and a wing that remained from the chickens she had managed to cook upon the previous day—Bill and Johnnie, the two sailors, set to work at her suggestion to fix up a long fragment of drift wood on a point of rock and to bind on to it a flag that they happened to find in the locker of the boat. There was not much chance of its being seen by anybody in that mist laden atmosphere, even if anybody came there to see it, of which there was still less chance; still, they did it as a matter of duty. By the time this task was finished it was mid day, and for a wonder there was little wind and the sun shone out brightly. On returning to the huts Augusta got the blankets out to dry and set the two sailors to roast some of the eggs they had found on the previous day. This they did willingly enough, for they were now quite sober and very much ashamed of themselves. Then, after giving Dick some more biscuit and four roasted eggs, which he took to wonderfully, she went to Mr. Meeson, who was lying groaning in the hut, and persuaded him to come and sit out in the warmth.

By this time the wretched man's condition was pitiable, for though his strength was still whole in him, he was persuaded that he was going to die, and could touch nothing but some rum and water. "Miss Smithers," he said, as he sat shivering upon the rocks, "I am going to die in this horrible place, and I am not fit to die. To think of me, I went on with a sudden burst of my old fire, 'to think of my dying like a starved dog in the field, when I have two millions of money waiting to be spent here in England.' And I would give them all—yes, every farthing of them—to have myself safe at home again! By Jove! I would change places with any poor devil of a writer in the Hutes! Yes, I would turn author on twenty pounds a month!—that will give you some idea of my condition, Miss Smithers! To think that I should ever live to say that I would care to be a beggarly author, who could not make a thousand a year if he wrote till his fingers fell off—oh! oh!" and he fairly sobbed at the horror and degradation of the thought.

Augusta looked at the poor wretch and then thought her of the prod creature she had known, raging terribly through the obsequious ranks of clerks, and carrying desolation to the Hutes and the many headed editorial department. She looked and was filled with reflections on the mutability of human affairs.

Alas! how changed that Meeson! "Yes," he went on, recovering himself a little, "I am going to die in this horrible place, and all my money will not even give me a decent burial. Addison and Roscoe will get it—confound them!—as though they had not got enough already. It makes me mad when I think of those Addison girls spending my money or bribing peers to marry them with it, or something of that sort. I disinherited my own nephew, Eustace, and kicked him out to sink or swim, and now I can't undo it, and I would give anything to alter it! We quarreled about you, Miss Smithers, because I would not give you any more money for that look of yours. I wish I had given it to you—anything you wanted. I didn't treat you well; but, Miss Smithers, a bargain is a bargain. It would never have done to give way, on principle. You must understand that, Miss Smithers. Don't revenge yourself on me about it, now that I am helpless, because, you see, it was a matter of principle."

"I am not in the habit of revenging myself, Mr. Meeson," answered Augusta, with dignity; "but I think that you have done a very wicked thing to disinherit your nephew in that fashion, and I don't wonder that you feel uncomfortable about it."

The expression of this vigorous opinion served to disturb Mr. Meeson's conscience all the more, and he burst out into lament and regrets.

"Well," said Augusta at last, "if you don't like your will you had better alter it. There are enough of us here to witness a will, and if anything happens to you it will override the other—will it not?" This was a new idea, and the dying man jumped at it.

"Of course, of course," he said; "I never thought of that before. I will do it at once, and cut Addison and Roscoe out altogether. Eustace shall have every farthing. I never thought of that before. Come, give me your hand; I'll get up and see about it."

"Stop a minute," said Augusta. "How are you going to write a will without pen or pencil, or paper or ink?"

Mr. Meeson sunk back with a groan. This difficulty had not occurred to him.

"Are you sure nobody has got a pencil and a bit of paper?" he asked. "It would do, so long as the writing remained legible."

"I don't think so," said Augusta, "but I will inquire." Accordingly she went and asked Bill and Johnnie, but neither of them had a pencil or a single scrap of paper, and she returned sadly to communicate the news.

"I have got it, I have got it," said Mr. Meeson, as she approached the spot where he lay upon the rock. "If there is no paper or pen, we must write it in blood upon some linen. We can make a pen from the feathers of a bird. I read somewhere in a book of somebody who did that. It will do as well as anything else."

Here was an idea, indeed, and one that Augusta jumped at. But in another moment her enthusiasm received a check. Where was there any linen to write on?

"Yes," she said, "if you can find some linen. You have got on a flannel shirt, so have the two sailors, and little Dick is dressed in flannel too."

It was a fact. As it happened, not one of the party had a scrap of linen on them, or anything that would answer the purpose. Indeed, they had only one pocket handkerchief between them, and it was a red rag full of holes. Augusta had had one, but it had blown overboard when they were in the boat. What would they not have given for that pocket handkerchief now?

"Yes," said Mr. Meeson, "it seems we have none. I haven't even got a bank note or I might have written in blood upon that, though I have got a hundred sovereigns in gold—I grabbed them up before I botted from the cabin. But I say—excuse me, Miss Smithers, but—un—ah—oh! hang modesty, haven't you got some linen on, somewhere or other, that you could spare a bit off? You shan't lose by giving it to me. There, I promise that I will tear up the agreement if I ever get out of this—which I shan't—which I shan't—and I will write on the linen that it is to be torn up. Yes, and that you are to have £5,000 legacy, too, Miss Smithers. Surely you can spare me a little bit—just off the skirt, or somewhere, you know, Miss Smithers? It never will be missed, and it is so very important."

Augusta blushed, and no wonder. "I am sorry to say I have nothing of the sort about me, Mr. Meeson—nothing except flannel," she said. "I got up in the middle of the night before the collision, and there was no light in the cabin, and I put on whatever came first, meaning to come back and dress afterward when it got light."

"Stays," said Mr. Meeson, desperately. "Forgive me for mentioning them, but surely you put on your stays? One could write on them, you know."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Meeson," she answered; "but I did not put any on."

"Not a cuff or a collar?" he said, catching at a last straw of hope.

Augusta shook her head sadly. "Then there is an end of it!" groaned Mr. Meeson. "Eustace must lose the money. Poor little poor! I have been having very badly to him."

Augusta stood still, racking her brain for some expedient, for she was determined that Eustace Meeson should not lose the chance of that colossal fortune if she could help it. It was but a poor chance at the best, for Mr. Meeson might not be dying, after all. And if he did die it was probable that his fate would be their fate also, and no record would remain of them or of Mr. Meeson's testamentary wishes. As things looked at present, there was every prospect of their all perishing miserably on that desolate shore.

Just then the sailor Bill, who had been up to the flagstaff on the rock on the chance of catching sight of some passing vessel, came walking past. His flannel shirt sleeves were rolled up to the elbows of his brawny arms, and as he stopped to speak to Augusta she noticed something that made her start and gave her an idea.

"There ain't nothing to be seen," said the man, roughly; "and it's my belief that there won't be, neither. Here we are, and here we stops till we dies and rots."

"Ah, I hope not," said Augusta. "By the way, Mr. Bill, will you let me look at the tattoo on your arm?"

"Certainly, miss," said Bill, with alacrity, holding his great arm within an inch of her nose. It was covered with various tattoos; flags, ships, and what not, in the middle of which, written in small letters along the side of the forearm, was the sailor's name—Bill Jones.

"Who did it, Mr. Bill?" asked Augusta. "Who did it? Why, I did it myself. A chap made me a bet that I could not tattoo my own name on my own arm, so I showed him, and a poor sort of hand I should have been at tattooing if I could not."

Augusta said no more till Bill had gone on, then she spoke.

"Now, Mr. Meeson, do you see how you can make your will?" she said quietly.

"See? No," he answered, "I don't."

"Well, I do, you can tattoo it—or, rather, get the sailor to tattoo it. It need not be very long."

"Tattoo it? What on, and what with?" he asked astonished.

"You can have it tattooed on the back of the other sailor, Johnnie, if he will allow you; and as for material, you have some revolver cartridges; if the gunpowder is mixed with water it would do, I should think."

"Pen my word," said Mr. Meeson, "you are a wonderful woman! Whoever would have thought of such a thing except a woman? Go and ask the man Johnnie, there's a good girl, if he would mind my will being tattooed upon his back."

"Well," said Augusta, "it's a queer sort of message, but I'll try." Accordingly, taking little Dick by the hand, she went across to where the two sailors were sitting outside their hut, and putting on her sweetest smile, first of all asked Mr. Bill if he would mind doing a little tattooing for her. To this Mr. Bill, finding time hang heavy upon his hands, and wishing to be kept out of the temptation of the rum cask, graciously assented, saying that he had seen some sharp fish bones lying about which would be the very thing, though he shook his head at the idea of using gunpowder as the medium. He said it would not do at all well, and then, as though suddenly seized by an inspiration, started off down to the shore.

Then Augusta, as gently and nicely as she could, approached the question with Johnnie, who was sitting with his back against the hut, his battered countenance wearing a peculiarly ill favored expression, probably owing to the fact that he was suffering from severe pain in his head, as a result of the debauch of the previous night.

Slowly and with great difficulty, for his understanding was none of the clearest, she explained to him what was required; and that it was suggested that he should provide the necessary corpus vile upon which it was proposed that the experiment should be made. When at last he understood what it was asked he should do, Johnnie's countenance was a sight to see, and his language was more striking than correct. The upshot of it was, however, that he would see Mr. Meeson collectively, and Mr. Meeson's various members separately, especially his eyes, d—d

first. Augusta retreated till his wrath had spent itself, and then once more returned to the charge.

She was sure, she said, that Mr. Johnnie would not mind witnessing the document, if anybody else could be found to submit to the pain of tattooing. All that would be necessary would be for him to touch the hand of the operator while his (Johnnie's) name was tattooed as witness to the will. "Well," he said, "I don't know how as 'mind doing that, since it's you as asked me, miss, and not that d—d old hulk of a Meeson. I would not lift a finger to save him from 'ell, miss, and that's a fact!'"

"Then that is a promise, Mr. Johnnie?" said Augusta, sweetly ignoring the garrulousness with which the promise was adorned; and on Mr. Johnnie stating that he looked at it in that light, she returned to Mr. Meeson. On her way she met Bill, carrying in his hands a leathome looking fish, with long feelers and a head like a parrot, in short a cuttle fish.

"Now, here's luck, miss," said Bill exultingly; "I saw this gentleman lying down on the beach there this morning. He's a cuttle, that's what he is; and I'll have his ink bag out of him in a brace of shakes; just the ticket for tattooing, miss; as good as the best India ink—gunpowder is a fool to it."

By this time they had reached Mr. Meeson, and here the whole matter, including Johnnie's obstinate refusal to be tattooed, was explained to Bill.

"Well," said Augusta at length, "it seems that's the only thing to be done, but the question is, how to do it. I can only suggest, Mr. Meeson, that the will should be tattooed on you."

"Oh!" said Mr. Meeson, feebly, "on me! Me tattooed like a savage—tattooed with my own will!"

It wouldn't be much use, either, governor, begging your pardon," said Bill, "that is, if you are going to croak, as you says; 'cause where would the will be then? We might skin you with a sharp stone, perhaps, after you've done the trick, you know," he added, reflectively. "But then we have no salt, so I doubt if you'd keep; and if we set your hide in the sun, I reckon the writing would shrivel up so that all the courts of law in London could not make head nor tail of it."

Mr. Meeson groaned loudly, as well he might. These frank remarks would have been trying to any man; much more were they so to this opulent merchant prince, who had always set the highest value on what Bill rudely called his "hide."

"There's the infant," went on Bill, meditatively. "He's young and white, and I fancy his top crust would work wonderful easy; but you'd have to hold him, for I expect that he'd yell proper."

"Yes," said Mr. Meeson; "let the will be tattooed on the child. He'd be some use that way."

"Yes," said Bill; "and there'd allus be something left to remind him of a very queer time, provided he lives to get out of it, which is doubtful. Cuttle ink won't rub out, I'll warrant."

"I won't have Dick touched," said Augusta, indignantly. "It would frighten the child into fits; and, besides, nobody has a right to mark him for life in that way."

"Well, then, there's about an end of the question," said Bill; "and this gentleman's money must go wherever it is he don't want it to."

"No," said Augusta, with a sudden flush, "there is not. Mr. Eustace Meeson was once very kind to me, and rather than he should lose the chance of getting what he ought to have, I—I will be tattooed."

"Well, bust me!" said Bill, with enthusiasm. "Bust me! if you ain't a good plucked one for a female woman! and if I was that there young man I should make bold to tell you so."

"Yes," said Mr. Meeson, "that is an excellent idea. Your skin is very white, quite as white and soft as the child's, and you are young and strong, and as there is lots of food here, I dare say that you will take a long time to die. You might even live for some months. Let us begin at once. I feel dreadfully weak. I don't think that I can live through the night, and if I know that I have done all I can to make sure that Eustace gets his own, perhaps dying will be a little easier!"

Sweet Revenge.

"When much younger than I am now," said an old newspaper man, "I sold sewing machines. You may rest assured I was a trifle fresh, and suffered therefor, as the following adventure will show: Near the close of a hot August day I was driving through the village of G— to the town where I made my headquarters. Suddenly a big black cloud appeared in the sky, and when my played out horse had covered half a mile the rain came dancing down. I had two machines on and no blanket. To save myself and machines from getting drenched I drove for the only house within a radius of a mile.

"I was a sorry sight when I reached that old country mansion half hidden by tall maples. Jumping out, I knocked at the door and explained that I would like to leave my machines temporarily, in order to save them from the storm. Before I made the request I discovered that the young lady who responded to my knock was one with whom, much against her will, I had left a machine on trial a month or two before, and had only taken it back after repeated protestations on her part that she did not want it. You understand, we used to get a machine into a house by representing that we would leave it on trial.

"But once we got into the house we insisted on its being bought, and used every persuasive art to accomplish that result. Frequently this was very embarrassing to the lady of the house, and she never forgave us for the annoyance of leaving the machine for weeks and asking her every other day if she wouldn't buy, when she had emphatically declared she would not. Now was the turn of the young lady in the old fashioned house to get square. And although the rain had nearly washed the machines out of the wagon, she slammed the door in my face and then sat by the window enjoy-

ing my discomfort to her heart's content. As I prepared to drive away I turned my head and beheld her pretty face bubbling over with smiles. When I reached N—I was a sight to behold. But the experience cured my freshness."—Boston Globe.

Looking for His \$10.

He was sitting in Franklin square with a soiled newspaper in his hand and with a look of profound thought shining through the earthworks on his unwashed face. The policeman eyed him suspiciously as he came by.

"Good morning," he said.

"Ugh!" grunted the policeman.

"I was thinking," he continued, not observing the slight to his salutation, "that this is a good place for me."

"There might be worse," said the officer.

"I have been reading in this paper, which recently inclosed my breakfast, that there are seven hundred million of dollars in circulation in this country—a little upwards of \$10 per head, you will observe, for each man, woman and child of the population."

"Well?" queried the policeman, as the reader appeared to sink into an abstracted condition.

"Well," he resumed, "I was wondering which of the persons I have seen walk by here this morning had my \$10, and whether I had better attempt to secure it by diplomacy, or brave results and go after it with a club. Possibly you could throw some light on the subject; or possibly, you are the one who has it, and would be willing to save trouble by advancing ten cents on it. Say will you do that?"

But the policeman was not to be thus beguiled and arrested him as a vag.—Washington Star.

Exact Copies.

The Chinese are essentially imitative. If they once learn to do a piece of work, they are sure to perform it again in exactly the same manner, even if that manner could be vastly improved. A teacher in a Chinese Sunday school owns to being equally amused and provoked at the patient exactitude with which her grown up "boys" follow her instructions.

One day, when a faithful but backward pupil had some difficulty in reading the sentence, "He laughed aloud," she said, somewhat impatiently, pointing to the verb, "Now listen to me—laughed."

Once more the docile scholar attempted the difficult task of pronunciation, and this time he read, with ill concealed pride in his success, "He now listen to me laughed aloud."

On another occasion the same pupil came to a word which he could not pronounce, and as the teacher was busy at the moment, she said, "Spell it!"

He was so slow in doing it, however, that she looked over his shoulder, and said, encouragingly, "Man."

That was enough for the imitative Chinaman, and he slowly read aloud the whole phrase, "A great and spell it man."—Youth's Companion.

Crime Is Scientific.

There is one thing which business men may as well understand. As fast as science invents appliances for the safety of money or valuables, just as fast does crime invent schemes to circumvent. Crime is more of a science today than it ever was. You may remember the burglar proof safe that was put in at Salem, Ill. It was the latest. The inventors not only claimed for it that it could not be opened in the usual way, but they claimed that it was so constructed as to withstand any explosive which might be piled up about it and torched off. This claim seemed to invite test by the scientific cracksmen, for one morning pieces of this safe were found all around the building. It had been blown into atoms. Safe burglary—"safe cracking"—is going on the same as ever. Crime is scientific.—W. A. Pinkerton in Chicago Tribune.

In some regions of France an old eastern custom was that of scattering a hundred eggs on a level place covered by sand. Then a lad and a lass, hand in hand, would execute the dance of the country. If they succeeded without breaking an egg, they were considered affianced.

Centennial of the "Stovepipe Hat."

Just 100 years have elapsed since the inauguration in Europe of the high silk hat—ye old "stovepipe"—and the centennial anniversary thereof has been celebrated during the last week by the hatters of the Old World with all the solemnity warranted by the occasion. According to the traditions of the "tiling" fraternity it was the Quaker headgear of Benjamin Franklin which first gave the Paris hatters the idea of the "stovepipe," and that led to its adoption. During the early part of the century it was regarded as denoting liberal and even republican views on the part of the wearer.

But towards 1840 a change took place, and it became an emblem of conservatism, while the soft felt hat succeeded it as a feature of the revolutionary equipment. Even to this day the wearing of a soft felt hat by a politician in Europe is sufficient to denote his radical proclivities, and in the British house of commons Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. William O'Brien are almost the only members who affect that particular form of headgear. Everybody else makes use of the high silk hat, which, notwithstanding the fact that it is universally decried as both awkward and monstrously ugly, has maintained its supremacy for just 100 years.—New York Tribune.

Serious Defect of Smokeless Powder.

A great deal has been written about the smokeless powder, which has been adopted for the French, German and Austrian armies. The French have a powder of their own, and for all that has been reported of the experiments made with it, it is a very good powder. So is the German and Austrian powder, but it has a serious defect, which the military authorities of the two countries have been making uneasy endeavors to conceal. The powder has too great a force of expansion, and cracks the seven millimeter Mannlicher barrel after twenty shots. After long deliberation it was decided, at Berlin and Vienna, that the powder must be adopted notwithstanding; but it was also resolved that the Mannlichers must have new barrels. These are being manufactured with as much expedition and secrecy as possible; but to let the cat out of the bag, it must be stated that the rearmament of the Austrian and German forces cannot be effected within less than two years.—London Times.

Threw Away Their Fortune.

Valentine Setting and wife, of St. Louis, went out driving recently. Mr. Setting is a jeweler, and by hard work and rigid economy had succeeded in accumulating \$4,665 in hard cash, which was kept in the house. On starting for the drive, being afraid to leave the money in the house during their absence, Mrs. Setting put the money in her stockings. It felt uncomfortable there. She took the package out and placed it at the bottom of a paper bag containing oranges, and which she carried in her hands. During the drive through the park the couple ate the oranges, and when the last one was gone threw the bag away, losing sight of the fact that it contained all the money they had in the world. They did not discover their loss until late in the evening, and all attempts to find the package proved unavailing.—Cor. Chicago Tribune.

A Hospitable Church.

"A curious and somewhat significant incident took place during the Easter evening service in Grace church," said a woman who was present. "The congregation was not large, but in nearly every pew on the south aisle at least one person was seated. Two young ladies, apparently strangers, came in late, and presumably applied to the usher for places, as he was observed motioning them to go up the aisle. He did not accompany them. They went on slowly, looking from right to left, and evidently hesitating about the propriety of entering, uninvited, a pew that already had an occupant. Heads were turned to gaze at them as they went on up to the last slip in front of the chancel. There they turned and came back down the aisle. Their cheeks were flushed with embarrassment, and one young girl had tears in her eyes as they hurriedly left the hospitable portals of the sanctuary."—New York World.

Preserved Music.

According to The New Orleans Picayune the workmen pulling down the Saengerfest building, where the wonderful feats of music were given, by placing their ears to the planks which formed part of the building, particularly the thin planks, can hear faint sounds of music. Scientific gentlemen who have examined the matter express the opinion that the phenomenon is due to the fact that unseasoned wood used in constructing the building subsequently contracted very rapidly, and while in process of contraction the woolly fiber was impressed by the great musical vibrations, and now that the planks are exposed to the freedom of expansion the musical sounds are developed.

The Evening Star.

A brilliant star shines in the glowing west as the month of April draws to a close. It is the planet Venus, the earth's twin sister, the most beautiful object in the heavens after the sun and moon. She commenced her course as evening star on Feb. 18, but has been so near the sun that she has been invisible until nearly the present time.

She will shine with increasing splendor through the rest of the spring, the entire summer and a part of the autumn, and will complete her course as evening star early in December.—Youth's Companion.

Walt Whitman's Condition.

Walt Whitman, the poet, is in very poor condition at his cottage in Camden. His paralysis has made him almost helpless and his physical condition is so weak that his physicians have insisted that he shall not talk with any one for more than a few words at a time. He is poor, but not neglected, as friends in Philadelphia constantly supply his wants and are even now preparing to remember him on his birthday with substantial favors.—New York Press.

The three locomotives that went over a sixty foot bank near Cape Horn mills, on the Central Pacific road, some weeks ago, have not been recovered. Car loads of coal cinders are being brought up from the shops at Sacramento to be used as bedding to support the necessary apparatus for handling the engines, as the ground is so full of water that no other material can be obtained that will serve the purpose so well.

The recent persecution of the Jews in Vienna became so dangerous to all shopkeepers that the city recently appeared covered with such signs as "I am a Christian Tradesman," "Christian Cheese-monger," "Christian Old Clothes Shop,"