



CHELSEA STANDARD.

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OFFICE IN

STANDARD GROCERY HOUSE.

Corner Main and Park Sts.

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FOR DISPLAY ADVERTISEMENTS.

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1/2 Col.	9.00	14.40	24.00	42.00
1/4 Col.	6.00	9.60	14.40	24.00
1 Inch	2.40	3.60	4.80	6.00

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MISS MARY FOSTER & CO

Fashionable Milliner.

Hats, Laces, Flowers and Novelties.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

OFFICE OVER GLAZIER'S DRUGSTORE

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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

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

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CASPARY'S BAKERY,

OPPOSITE

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PEERLESS DYES ARE THE BEST FOR BLACK STOCKINGS.
Made in 49 Colors that neither Smut, Wash Out, Nor Fade.
Sold by Druggists. Also Peerless Bronze Paints—6 colors. Peerless Laundry Bluing. Peerless Ink Powder—7 colors. Peerless Shoe & Harness Dressing. Peerless Egg Dyes—6 colors.

FREE
One of the best telescopes in the world. Our facilities are unequalled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send free to each locality a copy of our catalogue. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it related to about the fifth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will show you how you can make from \$25 to \$10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address: H. HALLOTT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

THE ROSE AND THE FERN.

Lady, life's sweetest lesson wouldst thou learn,
Come thou with me to love's enchanted bower;
High o'er the arched trellised-rose bower,
Beneath thy feet behind the feathery fern—
A leaf without a flower.

What though the rose leaves fall? They still are sweet,
And have been lovely in their beguiling prime,
While the bare boughs seem ever to repeat,
"For us no bud, no blossom, wakes to greet
The joyous flowering time!"

Heed thou the lesson. Life has leaves to tread
And flowers to cherish; summer round them
Wait not till autumn's fading robes are shed,
But while its petals still are burning red
Gather life's full blown rose!
—Oliver Wendell Holmes in Atlantic.

Cost of Electric Lights.

From the list of cities in which lights are supplied by private companies we take the following statement of the number of lamps and annual charge per lamp, where the lighting continues all night and the lamps are of (nominal) 2,000 candle power: Alliance, O., 8 lights at \$144; Chattanooga, Tenn., 30 lights at \$121.06; Fall River, 50 lights at \$180; Portsmouth, N. H., 60 lights at \$100; Petersburg, Va., 82 lights at \$96; Binghamton, 99 lights at \$140; Indianapolis, 100 at \$80; Atlanta, Ga., 100 at \$120; Boston, 105 at \$180; Milwaukee, 130 at \$150; Reading, 156 at \$146.75; Dayton, O., 200 at \$150; Poughkeepsie, 212 at \$123; Harrisburg, 270 at \$90; Philadelphia, 300 at \$177; New Orleans, 11,010 at \$130; New York city, 1,357 at \$90.

In some of these cities the contract has been made with two or three different companies, but in no such case is there any difference in the charge—in other words, competition does not give lower rates. Let us now give the figures obtained from those cities which own their own electric lighting plants. Huntington has 50 lights, \$38.64; Decatur, Ill., 52 at \$60; Dunkirk, N. Y., 55 at \$36.50; Madison, Ind., 85 at \$48; Lewiston, Me., 96 at \$42; Hannibal, Mo., 96 at \$52; Chicago, 292 at \$65. Taking an average of the whole of the two tables, from which we have only quoted a portion, we find that the average price paid to private companies is \$105.13, and that the same article furnished by the city itself costs \$52.12 1/2 per light per year.—Engineering and Building Record.

Praise of the French Peasant.

The common notion of the French peasant as a narrow minded, penurious and not too moral person receives no support from Mr. Frederic Harrison, whose personal study of French rural life has nevertheless been very considerable. The indomitable endurance of the French race has, he reminds us, enabled France to surmount crushing disasters, losses and disappointments under which another race would have sunk. She bears with ease a national debt, the annual charge of which is more than double that of wealthy England, and a taxation nearly double that of England, with almost the same population—a permanent taxation that exceeds 100 francs per head, and is greater than has ever before been borne by any other people. She lost over one war a sum not much short of the whole national debt of England, and she has written off without a murmur a loss of 448,000,000, thrown into the Panama canal. If France is thus strong, the backbone of her strength is, in Mr. Harrison's opinion, found in the marvelous industry and thrift of her peasantry.—London News.

He Was Ready to Be Baptized.

"When I first arrived in New Zealand," said an Anglican bishop, "a Maori chief came to me and said that he wished to be baptized. I knew that he had two wives, so I told him that he must first persuade one of them to return to her family. He said he feared that would be difficult; but that he would see what could be done and come back to me in two months. When he returned he exclaimed: 'Now, missionary, you may baptize me, for I have only one wife.' I asked: 'What have you done with your dear sister, your first wife?' He replied, smacking his lips: 'I have eaten her.'—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Merciful Man.

Mrs. Simkins has just heard that her husband has been drawn to serve on a jury.

"John Simkins on the criminal jury!" exclaimed Mrs. Simkins. "Well, all I can say is that I congratulate the criminals."

"Why, Mrs. Simkins? Is your husband a very merciful man?"

"Merciful? Why, John Simkins wouldn't hang a picture, much less a door, unless he was jest made to!"—Montreal Star.

The construction of the pillars and foundations of the great Forth bridge consumed 21,000 tons of cement and 707,000 cubic feet of granite. The total amount of resulting masonry is 117,000 cubic yards. The weight of the steel in the bridge proper is 52,000 tons.

VICTIMS OF ABSENT MINDEDNESS.

He Was Married, but He Forgot That He Was to Take a Wedding Trip.

"Never was absent minded in my life," said the little man, who tugged nervously at his bristling mustache. "But my father had one of the worst cases I ever heard of. He was a man who used the good old fashioned birch generously. To add to the good effect of the punishment he used to send us out to cut the switch. If it was not a good one he sent us back for another. Once he sent me on one of these melancholy errands, and as my offense had been playing 'hooky' from school for three days, I was in no hurry to return for my punishment. When I came to the room he was pacing thoughtfully up and down the room.

"James," he said, "I am glad you have come. I wanted you for something, but it has slipped my mind. I will recall it in a moment." And I discreetly backed out of the room with my birch behind me, and tossed it over the fence. That was the last I heard of that switching."

"Case of suspended judgment," said some one, softly.

"My brother," continued the first speaker, "was as bad as my father. He lives in a New England town and he went to Boston once to transact some business which would occupy two days. At the end of four days he had not returned. His wife's anxiety was relieved on that day by a telegram, which read: 'What did I come to Boston for? Have been trying to remember for three days.'

"Real estate," telegraphed his wife.

"Of course," came back the answer.

"That reminds me," said one of the party, "of a friend of mine. He was a lawyer in a small town, and frequently after working late at night at his office would sleep on a comfortable lounge which he had in a back room. When he was married there was a wedding breakfast at the bride's home and the couple were to start on an evening train for a wedding trip. H— had to run around to his office for a few moments, having forgotten some little thing which had to be attended to. The hours went on and H— failed to return to his bride. When train time came and no bridegroom appeared every one was thrown into a panic.

"The bride fainted, and the news spread like wildfire in the little town that H— had abandoned his bride and fled the town. The only one who seemed not to suspect him was the bride. She, however, only shed tears, refusing to listen to any condemnation of her missing husband, but declining to offer any suggestions. Finally she could stand the strain no longer, and posted her father to H—'s office. H— had gotten deep into his work and was just on the point of going to sleep, on his lounge. He was so 'broken up' over his cruel blunder that he was ashamed to face any one but his wife, and extended his two months' wedding trip over a year. They made one of the happiest couples in the world, but to this day his wife has to find his hat for him and remind him what he wants to do when he leaves the house."—New York Tribune.

Spontaneous Combustion of Man.

Dickens has been very much criticised for his apparent acceptance of the fact of human spontaneous combustion, but the late Sir William Gull testified to a surprising case before the committee of the house of lords on intemperance during the summer of 1886. A large, bloated man, who was suffering from difficulty of breathing and great distension of the venous system, died at Guy's hospital. At the post mortem of the following day there was no sign of decomposition, but the body was distended with what was thought to be gas. "When punctures were made into the skin," said Sir William, "and a lighted match applied, the gas which escaped burned with the blue flame of carburated hydrogen. As many as a dozen of these little flames were burning at one time."—St. Louis Republic.

London Doctors' Incomes.

The fact that the will of the late Sir William Gull has been proved, showing property to the amount of \$1,750,000, has created much talk of late. It is beyond a doubt that for the last few years, since physicians have doubled their fees, and since both branches of the profession are constantly in receipt of very large sums for expeditions by rail, the earnings of members of the healing art have very largely increased. There are possibly a dozen medical men in London who at their death will be found to have amassed \$500,000, but there is probably not one who has put by anything like the fortune left by Sir William Gull.—Chicago Herald.

A prominent English electrician affirms the value of lightning conductors, although they are not always reliable. He said that there is almost as much danger of being hanged for murder as being struck by lightning.

H. S. Holmes & Co.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

We are offering our entire stock of

Men's Suits.

Youth's Suits.

Boys Suits.

Men's Pants, Overalls, Flannel

Shirts, Summer Underwear,

Straw Hats, etc., at reduced

prices. We have too many

goods, and propose to turn

them into cash, if prices will

do it. COME AND SEE.

Respectfully.

H. S. HOLMES & CO.

NEW * SLIPPERS

—AND—

WALKING SHOES

In Lace, Button and Ties. Tan Patent

Leather-tipped, Ooze Calf

and Tan foxed.

These shoes are made very neat and stylish.

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

Yours,

B. PARKER.

SHOE DEALER.

CHELSEA ROLLER MILLS MARKET REPORT.

Corrected Weekly by Cooper & Wood

Roller Patent, per hundred.....	\$3.00
Housekeeper's Delight, per hundred.....	2.75
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 CHELSEA STANDARD.

WM. EMMERT, Publisher.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN

GERMANY'S army is still inferior to that of France by 40,000 men. Germany possesses 2,184 field guns, whereas France has 3,880 ready for war.

THERE are 2,700 courts in the United States engaged in granting divorces, and one marriage in every twenty-eight is thus annulled.

THREE years ago David Roys bought a section of land near Salt Lake City for \$64,000. Last week he refused an offer of \$448,000 cash for it.

A GERMAN has invented an apparatus for forcing seawater into the front of fast-going ships by means of steam jets from a nozzle under the water at the bow.

A MAN recently went to the city hospital at Hamilton, Ont., suffering from a diseased kidney, the other being perfectly sound. The doctor in attendance removed the sound kidney by mistake, and the man died shortly after.

A LADY in Americus, Ga., is using a lamp chimney she has had and used daily for the past eight years, and she expects to use it for many years yet. She says that she boiled it in salt and water when it was bought in 1882, and no matter how large a flame runs through it, it won't break.

ANY law firm in New York with a really profitable business expends from \$10,000 to \$25,000 a year for rent, light, fuel, stenography and the like. Some of the older lawyers still refuse to employ typewriters, and William Albert Butler astonished some of his younger brethren at Albany the other day by presenting a voluminous brief written out in his own hand.

THERE is said to be a plant in Arabia with flowers of bright yellow and with seeds which are like black beans, and these dried and powdered and taken in small doses, cause a person to dance about and behave like a lunatic, till he becomes exhausted and falls asleep. When he awakes he has not the smallest remembrance of his ridiculous behavior. The plant is called a "laughing plant."

At Durham, N. C., since the city has had electric illumination, the ravages of the tobacco worm have been greatly reduced, the insects having been killed by the lights. It is suggested that a powerful electric light in the center of one of the sea islands growing the famous long staple cotton might save all the plantations surrounding it from the destruction so frequently wrought by the cotton army-worm.

JUDGE WILLIS SWEET, in the District Court of Mount Idaho, Idaho, has decided that Chinese have no right whatever on mining lands in the United States, and that a lease of mining ground to them is invalid, and amounts to an abandonment of a claim. Measures will now be taken, if an appeal is not allowed, to oust all Chinese miners in the territory. The decision is far-reaching, and will lead to the abandonment of much ground by the Chinese.

THE horses in Norway have a very sensible way of taking their food. They have a bucket of water put down beside their allowance of hay. It is interesting to see with what relish they take a sip of one and a mouthful of the other alternately, sometimes only moistening their mouths, just as a rational being would do while eating a dinner of such dry food. A broken-winded horse is scarcely ever seen in Norway, and the question is if the mode of feeding has not something to do with the preservation of the animal's respiratory organs.

CHINESE doctors are very particular about the distinction being very strictly kept up between physicians and surgeons, and would not trespass on one another's ground for the world; but this delicacy of feeling has a rather disastrous effect on the patient's pocket sometimes. A Chinese gentleman was struck by an arrow, which remained fast in his body. A surgeon was sent for, and, modestly requesting his fee should be paid in advance, he broke off the protruding bit of arrow, leaving the point imbedded in the wretched man's body. He refused to extract it, because, he said, medical etiquette forbids it; the case is clearly one for a physician, since the arrow is inside the body!

No more unfortunate man ever lived than Jonas Trambie, who committed suicide last Christmas at Wichita, Kan. Mr. Trambie killed himself to escape a breach of promise suit brought against him by a lady to whom he had been paying court. His death did not

arrest the legal process, and the fair plaintiff has just been awarded the damages for which she prayed. Hereafter breach of promise cases will be counted among the things that can lay hold of one after death. The outlook for festive love-making batchelors and widowers is anything but promising.

THE Countess Walderssee was a Miss Lea, of New York, and she has a number of relatives in Kentucky. She is now the first lady at the German court. Her husband is nearly related to the reigning Emperor, and he and his young wife are devoted to her. She lives like a queen in the palace adjoining Von Moltke's. Though everything about her is royal she herself follows the most severe simplicity. From her fine forehead her soft silver hair is brushed smoothly back. Her complexion is fresh as a girl's, her face, with its beautifully chiseled features, is full of expression, and her figure and carriage are regal. At home she wears dark cashmeres of finest quality, but made absolutely without trimming, while the necks and sleeves have plain linen collars and cuffs.

GEN. SHERMAN, it is said, has taken for his special quarters the front basement of his new house. In the wall he has built a great fire-proof safe, in which he has stored every document of value connected with his long and brilliant career in the army—his commissions, orders from the War Department, diaries, correspondence, every note he has jotted down, everything that has a value as part of the record of his soldiering. On the walls of the room hang maps of the fields of battle whereon he led his men from victory to victory. On the floor are his camp-chests—stored as they ever have been with his uniforms and the clothes he wore beneath them, with his swords and belts and all the accoutrements of a general's trappings and camp outfit. His private secretary is kept constantly busy replying to letters of inquiry from all parts of the world.

CORPORAL TANNER relates this in his lecture: One day as he was tossing feverishly about in his cot in the army hospital, a lady of uncertain age entered the ward with a basket and a bundle. Old soldiers will understand with what avidity the wounded men eyed that basket, and, as she stopped at the bedside of Tanner, his mouth watered in anticipation of the delicious treat. "Young man," said the woman, solemnly, "are you ready for the great change awaiting you?" He hoped he was. "Well, young man," continued she in that same sepulchral tone, "take this, and when you get well, if you ever do, it may do you good." And she took from the bundle a tract, and laid it tenderly on the bed. "Thank you, madam, thank you," said Tanner, with sudden vigor, as he noticed the title. "On the evils of Dancing," and calling back the old maid, he swore a solemn oath never to dance as long as he lived. The gallant corporal had just had both legs amputated.

ATLAS, of Libya, is said to have discovered the use of globes, and Greek and Roman writers made several allusions to them. The celestial preceded the terrestrial globe by many centuries. The oldest globe in existence, dating from 1070, is now at Florence, and, though less than eight inches in diameter, gives 1,015 stars. Five metallic globes made by the Arabian astronomers in the thirteenth century are still preserved, one belonging to the British Royal Astronomical Society. The terrestrial globe appears to date from 1492. The first map on which America appears was found among the papers of Leonardo de Vinci at Windsor castle, and, as it is drawn in eight gores, it seems to have been intended as a globe. The new terrestrial globe of interest was that completed by Mercator in 1541, having a diameter of sixteen inches. Various others succeeded, until in 1692 Mo'lyneux constructed several enlarged and improved globes twenty-six inches in diameter, differing little from modern globes except in geography. One of these still remains in the library of the Middle temple, London. About the time Mo'lyneux's work was done, Hues' "Treatise on the Globes" was published, in Latin, and quickly went through many editions and translations. It has been reprinted in English.

What Tommy Wanted to See. Mamma was ill that day, and when little Tommy declared that he should not go to school, but should stay with her, she was deeply touched by this proof of his tenderness and sympathy.

"It is very kind for you to stay with poor sick mamma," she said. "You want to help me bear the pain, don't you, darling?" "Oh, no," Tommy responded, with the most engaging frankness. "I want to see you double up and holler, mamma."

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

DESTRUCTIVE SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

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

THE FARM.

Will Sheep Raising Pay? Captain Forrest, of Keokuk County, Iowa, gave answer to the above at a recent agricultural institute, summing up his experience as follows: "Sheep raising has been more profitable than cattle in the last six years. Six years ago last spring we bought \$465 worth, and in the latter part of the winter five years ago we bought \$1,000 worth, making a total of \$865. In that time we have sold over \$1,000 worth of wool and mutton, have about \$1,500 on hand, leaving a gain of about \$5,000. We calculate that if we have \$1,000 in the fall that in the year, in two installments, we will get our money out, leaving us the next fall with as many sheep to start in again. You should always cut out the old and fatter ones and sell for mutton, leaving the young and most desirable ones. I know a man who keeps about 100 sheep, who says he has experimented by paying \$15 for a steer calf and \$15 for ewes, and when the steer matured and was ready for market he had cash enough from sale of wool and mutton to buy the steer and his \$15 worth of sheep left as clear gain. It took no more feed or grass for the sheep than for the steer."

J. W. Pollock, an Ohio sheep-raiser, argues the following propositions:

1. That more wool ought to be grown and more mutton produced by the farmers of the United States; and 2, that more of the farmers ought to engage in these legitimate and profitable industries. If the first is proved the second will naturally follow. In support of these propositions I submit three reasons: 1. More farmers should keep sheep because it would be profitable; it would pay. 2. It is a duty we owe each other. 3. It is a duty we owe our country; it would be patriotic in the highest sense for the farmers of this country to grow a sufficient amount of wool to clothe ourselves. It is estimated that about 9,000,000 of our people are engaged in agricultural pursuits, and that there are about 1,600,000 farms in the United States, and perhaps almost as many farmers or land owners. Statistics tell us that not more than 1,020,000, or less than one-fourth of all the farmers in the United States, are engaged in the wool-growing industry, and that of the nearly 5,000,000 farms only about one-fourth have sheep kept on them. If sheep were kept in small flocks on every farm the wool growers would number 5,000,000 instead of 1,000,000 voters. Instead of flocks being scattered all over the country they ought to be consolidated all over the country. My proposition is that we have more flocks and not more sheep—more flocks that we may produce more wool and mutton, and that we may grow better wool and mutton. The highest grades of wool and the best quality of mutton in the world are the products of the small flocks in the United States. As a nation we boast of our ability to feed 60,000,000 of people and have a surplus for the foreign trade. Why not clothe our own people as well as feed them? The farmers of this country ought by all means to grow a sufficient amount of wool to supply our own mills, and thus encourage the home manufacture of our American wool.

THE ORCHARD.

What Trees to Plant. Among the many new fruits that are now offered to the public there are no doubt many good things, but to sift out the good from the worthless much time and patience is required.

The desire for something new is so great that there are persons ready to supply the demand with articles that may or may not prove valuable, and often times the innocent purchaser will be sadly disappointed after years of testing his highly-prized novelty. I would, therefore, raise the cautionary signal to go slow in the purchase of new and untried fruits, especially if fabulous prices are asked for them, for this is one of the allurements held out to lead men to buy.

If a high price is asked, the conclusion is that the article must be of great value, and so men risk their money on something that may be of no value whatever.

In the list of fruits here given we do not wish to be understood as recommending them for general cultivation. While some of them may do well over a wide area of country, others will succeed only in certain localities. Apples for the district south of the forty-first parallel: Babbit, a seedling from the Baldwin, produced in Illinois. Pearson, a seedling from Washington County, Iowa. Arkansas Black, a promising long keeper. Mammoth Black Twig, resembles the Wine Sap, but larger and better; a good keeper. Loy, origin, Missouri; resembles Willow Twig; quality of the best. York Imperial, an old variety, yet new in the West, where it has come to the front as one of the most valuable orchard varieties. For a more northern climate we mention as follows: Peerless, Patten's Greening, Wilcox, Windsor Chief, all new, and as yet with but a limited trial.

Pears—The Idaho is before the public as a pear of great value, but it has been tried only in the locality where it originated. Lincoln, a seedling production of Illinois, very promising. The original tree is now 54 years old and said to be healthy and producing abundant crops of fine fruits.

Plums—Hawkeye, Cheeny, Pottawatamie, Rockford, Wyant, and Wagnoketa. These are all native plums, belonging to the Chickasaw family, and are largely as far north as Minnesota. The Rockford is, without doubt, the best in quality, but not as large as the Hawkeye or Cheeny.

Grapes—The Meyer and Green Mountain grapes are very promising varieties for certain localities; the former a seed grape similar to Delaware, the latter a white grape.

The Eaton will be likely to succeed over a wider extent of country than either of the others, as it belongs to the Labrusca family, the same as the Concord. It is a very large grape. Among the small fruits there is none, perhaps, that comes to us so highly recommended for a market fruit as the Rusk strawberry, now offered for the first time for sale. Of raspberries the Ada Palmer, Nemana, and Muskingham are among the many candidates for public favor.—G. B. Brackett.

THE DAIRY.

Making Cows Good Feeders.

The cow for the dairy, no less than animals intended for making beef, needs to be a hearty feeder. In fact, there is greater necessity, since the production of a large yield of milk demands stronger digestive powers than are required to lay on fat. If a calf is constitutionally a poor feeder, do not try to make a cow of it, for it will be a disappointment. But make sure before turning the calf over to the butcher that the fault is its rather than your own. Poor feeding, either by irregularity or disproportionate rations, weakens the digestive organs. The most common mistake in feeding calves with other than milk is in giving too rich food, and that containing too little material for making growth. Oat meal is excellent, especially if the coarse parts are removed, and it is then cooked. But after the calf is three or four months old it should be given as great a variety as possible. If early accustomed to eat anything [set before it, the habit will last through life, and a cow thus reared will be invaluable for families keeping only one animal, to which all the eatable refuse from the kitchen, including the warm dishwater and skimmed milk, may be given. If a cow is thus trained to eat anything she will improve her dairy qualities, and transmit these characteristics to her young.

THE STOCK-RANCH.

Experiments in Swine Feeding.

In the sixth annual report of the Wisconsin Experiment Station, Professor Henry makes the following deductions from the results of experiments to determine the effects of various foods upon hogs:

1. For the market price or cost of production, Indian corn is beyond all comparison the cheapest single-food article for hogs. 2. Hogs will live a long time and make a fair gain upon an exclusive corn ration. 3. When kept upon such a ration they grow quite fat, but when yet small, have the form and appearance of mature hogs, being dwarfed in size. 4. When kept upon corn ration, with or without ashes, if kept in the pen, hogs seem satisfied; after eating they lie down in apparent comfort to await the next meal. 5. The carcass of the hog on corn ration contains more fat and less water than does the carcass of the hog on mixed ration. 6. The carcass of the hog on corn ration may contain a quarter less muscle or lean meat than that on mixed ration. 7. Hogs on corn ration have less blood in their bodies than those on mixed ration. 8. The liver of hogs on corn ration weighs less than that of the hogs on mixed ration. 9. The kidneys of hogs on corn ration are smaller than those of hogs on mixed ration. 10. The skeleton of the hog on corn ration is lighter than that of the hog on mixed ration. 11. The hide of the hog on corn ration weighs less than that of the hog on mixed ration. 12. The hair of the hog on corn ration may be less than that of the hog on mixed ration. 13. The bones of the hog on corn ration have much less strength than those of the hog on mixed ration. 14. Hogs living on corn meal, water and salt, did not seem to have their bones strengthened by feeding well water, instead of rain water. 15. Hogs living on corn meal, salt and rain water, had their bones doubled in strength by feeding hard wood ashes, and still further strengthened by feeding ground bone. 16. Hogs fed on ground bone or hard wood ashes had the ash material of their bones about double in amount, ground bones giving better results than wood ashes. 17. Hogs living on corn meal, salt, and water, when fed ground bone or ashes, drank more water, consumed more food, and made much heavier gains than those not getting bone or ashes. 18. There was no increase of muscle with the hogs on corn ration getting ground bone or hard wood ashes, over those on the same feed getting no ground bone or ashes. 19. While the body of the hog, perfect or imperfect, is the result of inheritance, it can be greatly modified by the food given.

THE POULTRY-YARD.

Care in Raising Poultry.

J. M. Rice, of Christian County, Mo., contributes the following to the Practical Farmer: Most farmers read the poultry journals or articles on poultry in our farm papers with a great many mental reservations, especially when the question of profit is treated. As a general rule the conditions as to market are not so favorable on the farm as it is to those who constitute the majority of our poultry writers. They are generally breeders of thoroughbred stock and live close to the best markets, devote their whole time to the business and have the "inside" as to both quality and prices. But aside from these we judge the difference in profits is accounted for principally in the question of care. We often hear it said "if we only got the prices" of some supposed favored locality "then we could make it pay largely." But they forget that generally where large prices are received, large expenses in raising are found. Now the most pertinent points in care at this season of the year are the care in setting the hens and of the chicks until they are at least a month old. The common faults are setting hens where they are constantly disturbed by the laying ones; not examining the eggs to see if they are fertile, resulting in a comparatively small hatch and many of these killed in the nest. The little chicks receive the vermin from the mother, weakening if not destroying many of them; they are trailed about in the dew, caught out in many showers, in fact the disasters to the young chicks are legion in numbers. Now first, the nest boxes should be so arranged that they can be slipped from the laying room through the partition into a quiet apartment, where nothing

but the other setting hens and the attendant enters. Here feed and water with other necessities are kept, and only an occasional outing is ever necessary, and but little attention otherwise is needed until the chicks are twenty-four hours old. Fanciers have much to say as to their food, but we take it that there is no special secret here. If the mother is lousy, as is apt to be the case, if care in a very special manner has not been given to house and fowls, put as much kerosene, or it and lard mixed, on the heads of the chicks as will adhere to the forefinger in two or three dippings, as you take them from the nest to the coop. Without the mother is a very careful one, it is better to keep them confined in a coop in a dry place, frequently moving it, and in all cases they should be cooped during the mornings, nights, and in wet and cold weather. By giving them at least this much care, the per cent. of loss may be reduced very much. It would be profitable as causing thought on this subject of per cent. of loss to keep a record of eggs set, chicks hatched, and chicks raised. We judge you would be surprised and begin to plan for a more careful management.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Useful Suggestions.

Good cider vinegar is recommended for diarrhoea, two ounces for an adult and one teaspoonful, moderately diluted, for a child of one year. An excellent remedy for hicough for young an old is granulated sugar moistened with pure vinegar. For an infant we give a few grains to a teaspoonful. Bear in mind that lemons are the most useful fruit in domestic economy. The juice of half a lemon in a teacup of strong black coffee, without sugar, will oftentimes cure headache. Lemon juice and salt will remove ordinary iron rust. If the hands are stained there is nothing that will remove the stains so well as lemon. Cut a lemon in half and apply the cut surface as if it were soap. Lemon juice is also a remedy for rheumatism and for the so-called biliousness of spring. In the latter case, take the juice of a lemon before breakfast; the pulp may also be eaten, avoiding every particle of skin. Lemon juice with sugar mixed very thick, and taken at intervals, relieves coughs. It must be very acid as well as sweet.

Croup.

I copy the following from Good Housekeeping. It may save the life of some mother's darling child:

"An old nurse, who was considered wise in her day, told me that an unfailing relief for croup was to place the child's feet in hot water, apply hot flannels to the chest and give the following mixture until vomiting was produced: One tablespoon of powdered alum, dissolved in half a teacup of hot water and sweetened well with molasses. In membranous croup, put kettles of water on the stove, producing all the steam possible, by inserting a funnel in the nose of the teakettle and removing the cover. Put the feet in hot water, giving ipecac syrup or the above mixture, and hastening vomiting by placing hot tobacco leaves on the stomach, being careful not to leave them on too long. I will give another tried remedy for croup: Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth, adding a tablespoon of powdered alum, a tablespoon of sulphur and a tablespoon of honey. Mix thoroughly, put in a thin bag and suspend over a teacup to drip. Give a half teaspoon of the drops for a dose, and repeat often until relieved. Placing a greasecloth sprinkled with snuff over the chest will assist vomiting."

Hints to Housekeepers.

OIL cloth may be brightened by rubbing with kerosene. ALL soiled spots found around door-knobs, on light-painted doors, may be removed by kerosene on flannel cloth, with no injury to the paint. ALL linings should be carefully basted on goods before the pieces of skirts or waists are put together. Long stitches in basting skirts—or any part except the waist—give better satisfaction than short ones.

A DARK flannel skirt should be worn every day for winter, and a moresone one of some neutral tint for summer, so that white skirts need not be washed and ironed every week, or worn out by frequent laundering.

WHEN the glass globes of chandeliers have become smoked and grimy, soak them in hot water to which a little soda has been added. Then put some ammonia into hot water, enter the globes and scrub briskly with a stiff brush. Rinse thoroughly and wipe dry.

PATTI'S anti-fluensa, also her beauty recipe, has just been made public, and for this, as well as many other useful things, she has earned the world's thanks. Patti says: "Now be sure and take plenty of exercise. Take it in the open air; take it alone and breathe with the mouth closed. Keep regular hours for work, meals, rest and recreation, and never under any circumstances indulge in the fashionable habit of eating late suppers. If you want to preserve the beauty of the face, and the priceless beauty of youth, keep well, keep clean, keep erect, and keep cool."

THE KITCHEN.

Circles Cake.

One egg, one cup of sugar, two cups of flour, one-third cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda; flavor with lemon.

Raisin Pie.

One lemon, juice and rind, one cupful of raisins, one cupful of water, one cupful of rolled crackers, stone the raisins and boil until soft; grate the lemon rind, mix well together, and bake with two crusts.

Pannikins.

Warm minced meat or poultry in a cream sauce, and pile in the center of a platter. Break each egg in a hot, buttered cup, and bake until the egg is firm; turn them out, and arrange around the meat.

Buckwheat Muffins.

Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda (not heating) in two cups or one pint of buttermilk; add a tablespoonful of molasses and a little salt, and stir in one cup of sifted flour and one and a half cups of buckwheat. Bake in gem pans or muffin rings.

The Piccadilly Puzzle.

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

By F. W. HUMPHREYS.

CHAPTER XIX. THE END OF IT ALL.

Spencer Ellersby, well dressed, nonchalant and languid, entered the room with a smile on his face, which faded quickly when he found there was no one present to receive him.

"I thought you said Miss Penfold was here," he observed sharply, turning to the footman who was showing him in.

"So she was, sir," stammered the servant in some confusion, "and two gentlemen."

"Gentlemen!" muttered Ellersby to himself, taking a chair; "some of those cap-t-headed men about town, I suppose."

"I think Miss Penfold must have gone up to the drawing-room, sir," said the servant, turning toward the door. "Will I take your name up, sir?"

"No," replied Ellersby, with a yawn. "I want to see Sir Rupert, just now; so I'll wait here till he comes in, and go up-stairs afterward."

"Very good, sir," said the footman, and was just retiring when Sir Rupert, looking jaded and worried, entered the room, upon which Ellersby rose to his feet, and the footman, going out, closed the door behind him.

"Ah, Sir Rupert," he said, carelessly. "I am so glad to see you, as I thought I'd have to wait for some time. I must apologize for coming into this room, but your servant said Miss Penfold was there."

"Have you seen her?" said Sir Rupert, moodily, taking his seat in front of the desk and swinging round the seat so as to face his visitor.

"No, he made a mistake. She is up in the drawing-room, so I am going to see her later on."

"Meanwhile?" demanded the baronet.

"I am going to see you," finished Ellersby, smoothly, resuming his seat.

Balscombe raised his eyebrows.

"What about?"

"A very important subject—marriage."

"Whose marriage?"

"My own."

"What have I to do with your marriage?"

"A great deal," replied Ellersby, calmly, "because I want to marry Miss Penfold."

"Impossible," said Balscombe, pointedly. "Quite impossible."

"How so?" asked the other, coolly. "I have a good position, plenty of money, and my character is good."

"Your moral character?" sneering.

"Oh, that, with a laugh, "is no better nor worse than other young men, so I would like your answer. Will you favor my suit?"

"No."

"I think you will," said Ellersby, coldly. "For the very good and sufficient reason that I can force you to."

"How so?"

"You know well enough," sneered the other. "If the police ask me who committed the Jermyn street murder, I can tell them who did it—Rupert Balscombe."

"You scoundrel!—do you mean to say I killed my wife?"

"I can swear it—and I will, too, if you don't give me your word."

"It's a cursed lie!" cried the baronet, white with fury; "where are your proofs?"

"Open that hiding place, and you'll find them."

Sir Rupert gave a stifled cry, and staggered back against the desk, while Ellersby looked at him with a smile of triumph. The three listeners in the other room were standing close to the door, with greedy ears drinking in every word of this strange conversation.

The baronet, with an effort, recovered himself, and, turning to the desk, touched the secret spring and took down the carrying. There lay the locket, the chain, and the fatal arrow.

"There is the locket you wrenched off your wife's neck on that night," said Ellersby, pitilessly, "and there is the poisoned arrow-head with which you committed the crime!"

Balscombe took out the objects and looked at them vacantly.

"What devilry is this?" he said, fiercely. "This is the locket I know—the locket that contains your hair and your picture, curse you! But the arrow-head—I know nothing of that."

"Bah! Who would believe you?" replied the other, mockingly. "It is in your secret drawer."

"How did you know this hiding place?" demanded Balscombe.

"I never said I knew it."

"No; but you said your evidence was in there, so you must have seen these things before. I believe you put the arrow-head there yourself."

"Did I, indeed?" said Ellersby, with a sneer. "Where would I get the arrow-head? Don't blame me for a crime you committed yourself."

"I did not commit it!" shouted Balscombe in a frenzy. "I am a knowledge I knew of my wife's intended elopement, and came up from Berkshire to prevent it. I was too late, and went to Calliston's room to see him. I missed the door in the fog, and when I found it, the first thing I saw was my guilty wife leaving the house. I followed her and caught up to her—she shrieked, and I gave way to my just anger. I knew she had this locket, and thought it contained Calliston's portrait, not yours, so wrenched it off her neck to make sure. She ran away across the street and I lost her in the fog. I swear I saw no more of her on that night till I read of her death."

"You knew it was your wife that was dead?"

"I was not certain. I heard the Seamus had sailed with Lady Balscombe on board, and thought that the dead woman was some wretched street-walker with whom my wife had changed clothes; but I was not certain. I saw she was dead till I saw Lena Sarschine on board the Seamus, when I knew my wife was the victim of

the Jermyn street tragedy; but I saw did not kill her."

Ellersby laughed scornfully.

"Of course it is to your interest to that; but who will believe you with strong evidence against you?"

"Then I suppose you mean to denounce me?" said the baronet, coldly.

"Not if you agree to give me the half of May Penfold."

"I cannot force her inclinations."

"No; but you are her guardian and influence her."

"If I refuse?"

"You do so at your own risk."

"And that risk?"

"Means hanging to you!" said Ellersby brutally.

The two men stood looking fixedly one another, and for a few moments there was a dead silence, while the listeners waited with beating hearts the end of the conversation, which seemed to promise the solution of the extraordinary mystery.

Balscombe remained for a time in thought, and then looked up with a look of determination in his eyes.

"I decline to accede to your demand," he said, firmly.

"Then you must take the consequences. I am prepared to do so."

Ellersby paused for a minute.

"Will you tell me the reason for your decision?"

"First, because I am innocent of the crime you accuse me of; and second, believe you place this poisoned arrow-head here in order to implicate me in the murder."

"I can speak openly to you," said Ellersby, coolly, "because you are in a head here, in order to secure evidence against you!"

"Then it was you killed my wife!" cried Balscombe, stepping toward him with the arrow-head in his hand.

"I never said I did," retorted Ellersby, audaciously; "but I can tell you this—I met your wife on that night after you left her, and I asked her for those letters, as they compromised both her and myself. She told me where they were, and described the hiding-place to me. Last time I was here I searched and discovered the secret, but the letters were not there."

"No. They were removed by me."

"So I see—but if I did not find the letters I found something better, the locket with your portrait which you took from your wife's neck on that night—so, as I wanted to marry Miss Penfold, and wanted you to help me, I placed there the arrow-head so as to force you for your own safety to help me. I have succeeded, and you must do what I order or swing for it."

"You devil!" cried Balscombe, madly. "It was you who murdered my unhappy wife. Do not deny it! I can see it in your cowardly face. I will accuse you before the world and hang you for your crime."

"Bah! Who will believe your word against mine? There is no evidence against me!"

"Your own confession!"

"Does not include a confession of murder. What I have said to you in private I will deny in public; you have no witnesses."

"You lie—here are three!"

The two men turned round with a cry, and there on the threshold of the room stood May Penfold, with a look of triumph in her eyes—and behind, Dowker and Norwood. Ellersby saw he was lost, and with a harsh shriek made a bound for the door of the library, but before he could reach it Balscombe threw himself on him and bore him to the ground. The two men rolled on the floor fighting desperately, and then Dowker joined in to assist in securing Ellersby, when suddenly his struggles ceased and he became quite passive.

"It's all over," he said quietly, with a livid face, as Balscombe arose to his feet. "I will escape you yet."

"You will not escape the gallows," cried Balscombe, panting.

"Yes, I will," sneered Ellersby, with a ghastly smile, "and by your own act. You forgot you had the poisoned arrow-head in your hand; and you have wounded me. See."

He held up his right hand and there they saw a long ragged wound where the weapon had torn him.

"In ten minutes I will be a dead man," he said quietly. "Not all the science in the world can save me now."

"Curse it!" cried Dowker, in a rage, while the other three remained silent with horror.

"Ah! You are angry at my escaping from you," said Ellersby, with his usual cynicism. "Console yourself, my astute thief-catcher; my capture would have not rounded to your credit, as you were, quite on the wrong scent. You suspected Desmond, Lena Sarschine, and Balscombe; every one but the right one. I have fooled you to the end, and now I am caught, will yet escape your clutches."

May Penfold stepped toward him.

"As you have sinned so deeply," she said, in a low tone, "you had better make reparation while you may, and confess all, so as to release Myles from prison. Meanwhile, I will go for a doctor."

He signed her feebly to remain.

"No doctor can do me any good," he said, faintly, "but I will tell all. Mr. Dowker will, perhaps, write it down; and, if I'm not too far gone, I'll—sign it."

"I will write your confession," said Norwood, and, sitting down at the desk, he took up a pen and waited.

It was a strange scene. Ellersby lying on the floor with his eyes half closed, Balscombe leaning against the desk, with his clothes all torn, and a white, haggard face, and May Penfold, standing beside Dowker, looking with pitying eyes at the dying man at her feet.

As he knew he had not long to live, Ellersby commenced at once.

"I am, as you know, the son of a West Indian, and came to England to be educated. I was brought up, in early childhood, by a negro nurse, and before I left Barbadoes she gave me an arrow-head, which, she told me, was steeped in poison, and that one scratch would kill. Something to do with their Obi business, I suppose. She told me to use it on my enemies, but I was not so savage as she was, though I have got negro blood in my veins, and I did not bother much about it. I finished my education and went into society. One time, while down at Folkstone, I met Amelia Dicksfall, and loved her—you do not know how I loved her—with all the mad passion of a Creole. She led me on till I was her slave, and then refused to marry me for at last two

Hand Bibles for teachers, at the book auction.

A complete line of millinery goods can be found at Mary Foster & Co's.

Pictorial Parallel Bible at the book auction. Klen building.

Choice bananas, oranges, lemons, prunes, etc., at the Standard Grocery House.

Farmers should bear in mind that they can buy Sisal Binder twine at 13 cents at the new store.

The summer term at the State Agricultural College, commenced last Monday with a large attendance.

Dictionaries, histories and biographies at the book auction, Klein building for a short time only.

Ann Arbor's fire department now has two matched teams, each costing \$400. They are matched to a nicety.

Water in the cellar is what is troubling Howell people just now. It is an abhorrent liquid to some people sure enough—*Sun*. Yes, Chelsea has a few persons who dislike water—judging by the number of visits they make to the "places of iniquity" located here.

The STANDARD is pleased to learn that Supt. A. A. Hall has been engaged by the Standard, and she told me where they were. I said I would get them, and then Sir Rupert would never know with whom she had gone away. She agreed to go with me, and went as far as Jermyn street; then she refused to go further, saying she loved Calliston and hated me. She insisted on going down to St. Peter's in the morning, and taunted me so that I got mad with anger and determined to kill her. So I apparently agreed to what she said and asked her to kiss me for the last time. She did so, and when I was embracing her I wounded her in the neck with the poisoned arrow-head. She thought it was only a pin pricking her, but when she was dying I told her what I had done, and said that I told her she could never be any other man's mistress or wife. She died shortly afterward, and then I thought about saving myself, so went along to the Countess of Kerstone's ball, in order to prove an alibi should it be necessary. In coming back I went up the steps where I had left her to see if she was still there, thinking the body might have been discovered. It was still lying there, however, so I called the policeman. The rest you know. As to the arrow-head, I placed it in there in looking for the letters, in order to throw the blame on Balscombe, because I knew all his movements on that night were in favor of the presumption of his having committed the crime."

He paused at this point, for his eyes were becoming glazed and his voice was faint and weak. Norwood had written out the words that had fallen from his lips, and now brought the paper and a pen in order for him to sign it. The dying man raised himself on his elbow with an effort and signed his name with difficulty in the place indicated by the lawyer. When this was done Balscombe and Norwood affixed their signatures as witnesses; then the latter placed the confession in an envelope.

The action of the poison being very rapid, Ellersby was now in a half-comatose condition, his eyes being closed and his breathing stertorous. He began to speak again in a drowsy voice, which sounded as if he was far away.

"It's the irony of Fate * * * brought me here * * * to my death. I came to conquer and remain to die. * * * The old Greeks were right. * * * Man * * * sport of Fate * * * Nemesis * * * wins hands down * * * if there is * * * a world beyond * * * I * * * I * * * find * * *"

His slow, monotonous voice stopped here and his head fell back; to all appearances he was asleep, but the onlookers knew it was his last earthly sleep, and when he awoke it would be in another world.

The calm, placid light of evening stole softly through the windows and shone on the still face of the dead man, and on the awe-struck spectators.

Epilogue.

The Piccadilly puzzle being now solved, nothing remained but to settle all matters in connection therewith, which was speedily done. The publication of the whole story caused a great deal of excitement, and of course all the newspapers quoted the well-known proverb that "truth is stranger than fiction."

Myles Desmond was released from prison, and became a kind of hero owing to the fortitude with which he had sustained his unpleasant position. Sir Rupert gave his consent to May Penfold's marriage with him, and it took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, with great splendor, and the happy pair departed to the Continent for their honeymoon. On their return, Myles published a novel he had written, which was a great success, and being in an independent position, owing to his wife's fortune, he had the peculiar satisfaction of writing to please himself and not the public.

Lord Calliston did not remain in London long, as the part he had played in the terrible drama was not by any means an enviable one; so as soon as Lena Sarschine, now Lady Calliston, recovered from her illness they went away to the South Seas in the Seamus, where among the gorgeous scenery of the islands they soon forgot the one tragic episode of their lives.

Sir Rupert did not marry again, but left London for his place in the country, where he shut himself up like a hermit, and steadily refused to see any one. His faith in work, and was gone, and not having any heirs, a distant cousin is now eagerly waiting for his demise, as he is anxious to enjoy the Balscombe estates and the large income appertaining thereto.

[THE END.]

PROF. G. FREDERICK WRIGHT, the learned archaeologist, has explored the Trenton gravel, and has determined the presence of man on this continent at the time when the glaciers were creeping down across its surface.

Literary Clubs.

All over the far West there is a truly remarkable literary movement. It is shown by the great number of libraries, literary clubs, Shakespeare societies, Browning societies, historical societies, that are coming into existence, not merely in the more central States, such as Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, Minnesota and Wisconsin, but in Oregon, Washington, Dakota, California, Texas and Missouri. This movement was powerfully accelerated by the Chautauqua system, but has now acquired strength enough in many States to advance without external aid.

The smaller country colleges have been constantly widening the range of their enlightening influence. There are many such in Ohio, Indiana and elsewhere, which go along in their quiet, unnoticed way, helping young men to an education by simply being near where they live. Many a farmer's son can go to college if the institution is within half a day's ride of his father's house, who could not enjoy this advantage if he had to make long and expensive journeys every year, and live where he could not earn any part of his expenses. The vacations, spent in the paternal fields at home, may go some way toward making the college education a possibility.

But, besides this, each of these institutions is likely to have among its corps of instructors persons of genuine culture and nobility of mind. Around them the more liberal minds naturally gather, and all kinds of good influences are exerted. Clubs are formed, imitated, multiplied, and thus the benign modern spirit is fostered and diffused. Finally, too, societies are formed which unite persons who desire knowledge as well as literature, and societies that modestly discuss the living questions of the time.

Suppose the ladies of Indianapolis do style their literary club "The Indianapolis Propylaeum." What was Athens when Pericles caused that magnificent portal to be placed at the entrance to the Acropolis? A city containing a smaller population than that of Indianapolis, and not a tenth part as large as Chicago's mighty mass of human beings. Its public revenue was trifling indeed compared with that of a fourth-rate city of to-day.

Yet of all the cities that ever existed within the borders of Europe, Athens is the dearest to the civilized man, and it holds that place in the affection and pride of our race because a few men once lived there who loved that very culture which is now spreading through the Western States. They packed no beef; they had no elevators; they made no corners; they were not enterprising. They loved wisdom, mental culture and beauty.—*Youth's Companion*.

The Consumption of Tobacco.

The amount of tobacco annually consumed in the United States is estimated by an apparent competent authority at 310,000,000 pounds. Seventy million pounds are utilized in the production of domestic cigars; 222,000,000 pounds of chewing and smoking tobacco are consumed, 8,000,000 pounds are used in the manufacture of snuff; 6,000,000 pounds are required in the production of cigarettes; and 4,000,000 pounds of cigars are imported. This would make an average annual consumption of five pounds for every person in the country. —at as not more than one-fifth of our population use tobacco, it follows that those who do consume, on an average, 25 pounds each per annum. Opinions differ as to whether this article should be designated a luxury or a necessity. In speaking of the cost of the tobacco habit, an exchange says:

If the tobacco users of the United States would abstain for a period of two years from the chewing, smoking and snuff-taking habit, and place the money they would spend for tobacco in that period in a common fund, there would be enough money in the fund to almost wipe out the entire national debt, and five years abstaining would give the head of each family in the United States enough money to invest in an 80-acre homestead farm in the far Western States and Territories; or it would give us a navy of 50 first-class war vessels, fully equipped, and create a fund that would man and maintain them, and the Navy Department for a period of at least 25 years.

Paid for the Peanuts.

One morning recently a gentleman who has for years bought his morning paper at a Woodward avenue "news depot" entered the store, says the *Detroit Tribune*. The proprietor, besides selling papers and books, has a candy and peanut counter.

"Good morning, Mr. B."

"Good morning, Mr. L."

The paper was handed to him, and he was about to depart when the proprietor remarked:

"By the way, Mr. L, I have a little bill against you."

"A bill against me? That must be a mistake."

"I think not."

"Let me see it."

The bill was handed him.

"For peanuts, \$2.15," it read.

"How is this?" blustered the gentleman.

"Well, sir, every morning for the last four years you have taken two peanuts when you left the store. That would be twelve peanuts a week, not counting in Sunday, when your paper is delivered at the house; 624 peanuts in a year and 2,496 peanuts in four years. I have figured there are fifty-seven peanuts in a pint. Fifty-seven into 2,496 goes about forty-three times. Multiplying by 5 cents, the price of peanuts per pint, I make the total \$2.15. Are my figures correct?"

The gentleman was so dazed that he paid the bill without a word.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY AND ABLY CONSIDERED.

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

The lesson for Sunday, June 1, may be found in Luke 10: 25-37.

INTRODUCTION.

There stands out before us in the present lesson the figure of Christ himself, coming to seek and to save that which was lost. The lesson of it all is to be found in one word—compassion. Christ comes near to men. Christ takes hold of men and lifts them up. Christ takes the burden or care of men upon himself. And wherever you find successful Christian work being done it is always in such a spirit and at such a cost; ease and comfort laid aside, well-formed plans broken or at least modified; a pause on the way, a hand put out, a shoulder put underneath, property and purse made subject to spiritual demand—that is what it takes to save souls. God has given you some such precious trophies in your work of late, Christian brother. Is there one of the saved who has not been on some one's heart a veritable burden; for whom good-Samaritan work has not been done?

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

A certain lawyer. One learned in the law. Mark calls him one of the scribes. (Mark 12:28.) But a distinction seems to be made at Luke 11:44-46. The term lawyer seems to be more general than that of scribe.—Tempted him. Or tested. Our expression "to sound" would come near the meaning. The lawyer aimed to make trial of him to see what he would say. The same word is used at Luke 4:12. "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." I. e., put to unfruitful test. Cf. Deut. 6:16; Ex. 17:7.—Do. The emphasis seems to be on this word. By doing what shall I inherit eternal life?—Inherit. By right of meritorious labor. It was a query of work-righteousness.

In the law. The book which laid down expressly the rules of a right-ous life.—How. This appears to be a reflection from the preceding question. How obtain eternal life?—Leadest thou. A sort of argumentum ad hominem. The lawyer was a professional reader of the law.

Thou shalt love. This is of manifested love (agapao).—With all thy heart. Literally and expressively, out of all thy heart. So also in the particulars that follow. It refers to an enlistment of all the energies of life.—Heart. In New Testament Greek generally, we should say, the seat of the intellect rather than with us of the feelings. See Matt. 13: 15. So here.—Soul. The life principle (psyche). With all the power of one's personality.—Strength. Up to the measure of one's moral force.—Mind. Reflective power (dianoia; to turn over in the mind).—"Heart" would thus refer to apprehension; "mind" to comprehension.—Thy neighbor. Literally, the near one.—As thyself. As you love yourself, i. e., with a proper love.

Right. The answer of the tongue better than the answer of the life.—This do. He had asked what to do. Christ lets him answer his own query.—Live. To do just what the law requires would be essentially eternal life. The law and the gospel are not at variance. The one tells what to do, the other how alone to do it.

Willing to justify or wishing to vindicate. He sees himself defeated and his weapon turned against himself.—Who is my neighbor? An article but ineffectual evasion. He would excuse his conduct by narrowing his obligations.

Answering. More accurately, taking him up (thupo-lamban). The same word used of Simon the Pharisee. (I suppose (I would venture). Luke 7: 43. Cf. Acts 2: 15.—A certain man. His insignificance is a part of the argument. Never mind who.—Went down. More accurately was going down (imperfect)—Jerusalem to Jericho. A down hill road; twenty miles.—Thieves. Who could easily hide in the rocky fastnesses of the way.—Stripped. Suggesting the barbarous spoiliations of the day. The dress would be a part of the booty. So with Christ on the cross (Luke 23: 34).—Wounded him. Literally inflicted blows. Intimating their brutality and heartlessness.

Showed mercy. Literally, did mercy. Do thou likewise. Duty enforcing doctrine.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

What shall I do? This is not like the "what must I do?" of Acts 16: 30. Nor the "what wilt thou have me to do?" of Acts 9: 4. The emphasis is different; the whole spirit is other. It is not the appeal of a patient, the agonized cry of one anxious to know the way of escape. Rather is it the sured query of one who desired to confuse or entrap. He was taken according to his intent, and in the trap he set for another he himself presently found himself caught.

How readest thou? Be careful how you read. The matter and amount of this lawyer's reading was beyond reproach. It was the manner and temper of his reading that was at fault. There is a great deal of good reading in the world—a great deal and a very little. A large number of people are reading good books; there are not so many bad readers. What a multitude of Bible readers to-day and how few find therein what every man ought at once to discover—eternal life! Here in this school to-day many have the book open; few have opened the heart's door. A pertinent question to us all, "How readest thou?"

Who is my neighbor? The lawyer was worried in his first approach. Starting out on the aggressive, he has suddenly turned to be on the defensive. That is what the expression, "willing to justify himself," means. He is trying to vindicate himself, excuse his conduct, just now proven inconsistent and vain. And who is my neighbor? he retorts. Christ tells him just what he asks. His real neighbor, his companion in lack-love and unsympathy is the callous priest and heartless Levite. He has no neighborly feeling for the Samaritan. None whatever, so far as deeds go, for the man who fell among thieves. He has really no neighbor other than himself.

He passed by on the other side. Not exactly. The simple Greek is he passed and by. Usually we think of the priest and Levite as coming near and then boldly and basely turning aside out of the way—their sort of outbreking and insolent neglect. But not so. They did nothing more than pass by. They were game and looked and then went right on their way without stopping or swerving. So we have to do an opportunity to do good. We have looked at it a moment, and then—why then we passed on. And that moment we committed the sin of the Levite. To fail of charityableness or of Christliness we need not go out of our way at all. It was only the Good Samaritan who went out of his way.

Go and do. The lawyer wanted to know two things: First, what to do? and, second, where to do it? Christ answers both questions here. What? Why go, do just what the law you profess to study says. Where, to whom? Wherever and with whomsoever the opportunity offers. "Which now of these three," Christ had just asked, "showed himself neighborly?" The lawyer answered, promptly, "He that showed for rather, did mercy." Quick comes the response, "Go and do thou." The application is personal enough.

Next Lesson—"Teaching to Pray."—Luke 11: 1-13.

CHELSEA STANDARD.

BY WM. EMMERT.

OFFICIAL VILLAGE PAPER.

FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1890.

Lima Luminations.

Bertha Lewie spent part of last week in Chelsea. Miss Estella Guerin is laid up with a sprained ankle. O. B. Guerin spent Tuesday and Wednesday at Jackson. Theodore Covert and wife, of Mt. Pleasant, are visiting S. Covert and family. The young people have some queer adventures while out hanging May baskets. The P. of I. meet at the town hall on Thursday nights. They now have over fifty members. Miss Ora Perry has been confined to her bed for several days with inflammatory rheumatism.

Waterloo Warblings.

Yeast cakes, all kinds at the Standard Grocery House. Thirteen cents per dozen for eggs at the Standard Grocery House. The Patrons of Industry in this village intend to purchase an organ for the use of the society, so as to add music to business. Mr. Jacob Hindelang of this place, having lived a widower for several years, and tiring of the same, last week took to himself a wife to cheer him on his way through life. About one-half of the farmers in this locality have purchased spraying pump for the purpose of spraying their fruit trees as recommended by Prof. A. J. Cook of the Agricultural College. John Waltz has gone to Jackson to clerk in the store of John J. Tuomey. If John will only mind his failings, there is no doubt but he will make as good a clerk as Mr. Tuomey ever had. Dillon Rowe started for Denver, Col., last week where he expects to remain several weeks after which time, if he does not find any thing that suits him any better than staying in Michigan, he will return. As we have been passing through the country, we have taken particular notice of the different flocks of sheep and have never seen them looking as well and with a fairer prospect of a nice clip of wool then at the present time. The much warm rains that we have been having has greatly improved the appearance of the wheat, oats, barley, grass and in fact every kind of vegetation though freshly plowed fields have been damaged on the hills by much washing and on low flat ground by too much water. We have never seen as many wild flowers in bloom at any one time as may now be seen in the woods and fields.

LEADING CENSUS QUESTIONS.

The census enumerators will visit each house, factory, workshop, saloon, store, market and other places in their respective districts and propound to the inmates these thirty questions. 1. Give Christian name in full, and initial of middle name, surname. 2. Whether soldier, sailor marine during the civil war (union or confederate) or widow of such person. 3. Relationship to head of family. 4. Whether white or black, mulatto, quadroon, octoroon, Chinese, Japanese or Indian. 5. Sex. 6. Age at nearest birthday. If under one year give age in months. 7. Whether single, married, widowed or divorced. 8. Whether married during the census year (June 1, 1889 to May 1, 1890.) 9. Mother of how many children, and number of these children living. 10. Place of birth. 11. Place of birth of father. 12. Place of birth of mother. 13. Number years in United States. 14. Whether naturalized. 15. Whether naturalization papers have been taken out. 16. Profession, trade or occupation. 17. Months unemployed during the year (June 1, 1889 to May 31, 1890.)

18. Attendance at school in months during the year, (June 1, 1889 to May 31, 1890.) 19. Able to read. 20. Able to write. 21. Able to speak English. If not, the language or dialect spoken. 22. Whether suffering from an acute or chronic disease, with name of disease and length of time afflicted. 23. Whether defective in mind, sight, hearing or speech, or whether crippled, maimed or deformed name of defect. 24. Whether a prisoner, convict, homeless, child or pauper. 25 and 26. Is the home you live in hired, or is it owned by the head or a member of the family. 27. If owned by the head or a member of the family, is the house free from mortgage incumbrance. 28. If the head of the family is a farmer, is the farm which he cultivates hired or is it owned by him or a member of the family. 29. If owned by head or member of family, is the farm free from mortgage incumbrance? 30. If the home or farm is owned by head or member of the family and mortgaged, give the post office address of owner.

STATE BOUNTY.

Attorney General Huston gives the opinion that the following Michigan soldiers are entitled to \$100 bounty under the recent decision of the Supreme court. First, all persons enlisting in the volunteer service after Feb. 5, 1864, who were not residents of the state, and were credited on the 200,000, or any subsequent call during the war of the rebellion, are entitled to \$100 state bounty. Second, all persons enlisting after February 5, 1864, in said service who were residents of the state, and were credited to any sub district, township, or ward where they were enrolled at the time of the enlistment on the 200,000 call, or any subsequent call, are entitled to \$100 state bounty. Third, all persons who were residents of the state and enlisted after the above date and were not enrolled but were credited to township or ward where they actually resided, and on the 200,000 call or any subsequent call, are entitled to \$100. Under this ruling about 100 veterans are entitled to bounties. The auditor general desires to state that it is useless to employ attorneys or claim agents. All claims sent in by mail will receive careful attention.

Goods bought at the Standard Grocery House delivered to any part of the city free of charge. The Standard Grocery House has just received a fine line of canned goods, including plums, white cherries, pine apple, pumpkin, corn, beans, peas, peaches etc., etc. If you want something nice call on us.

LEGAL NOTICES.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. At a session of the probate court for the county of Washtenaw, holden at the probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Wednesday, the 28th day of May, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety. Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of John Young, deceased. On reading and filing the petition duly verified, of Charity E. Drake praying that administration de bonis non, with the will annexed, of said estate may be granted to Samuel Guthrie or some other suitable person. Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 23rd day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court then to be holden at the probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Chelsea STANDARD a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing. J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate. [A true copy.] Wm. Doty, Probate Register.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

INSTRUCTIVE SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

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

THE FARM.

Will Sheep Raising Pay? Captain Forrest, of Keokuk County, wa, gave answer to the above at a recent agricultural institute, summing up his experience as follows: "Sheep raising has been more profitable than cattle the last six years. Six years ago last year we bought \$405 worth, and in the first part of the winter five years ago bought \$4,000 worth, making a total \$865. In that time we have sold over 1000 worth of wool and mutton, have put \$1,500 on hand, leaving a gain of over \$5,000. We calculate that if we were \$1,000 in the fall that in the year, two installments, we will get our money out, leaving us the next fall with many sheep to start in again. You could always cut out the old and fatter ones and sell for mutton, leaving the young and most desirable ones. I know a man who keeps about 100 sheep, who has been experimenting by paying \$15 a steer call and \$15 for ewes, and on the steer matured and was ready market he had cash enough from the sale of wool and mutton to buy the steer for his \$15 worth of sheep left as clear profit. It took no more feed or grass for sheep than for the steer."

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of Probate Court for the county of Washtenaw, made on the ninth day of May, A. D. 1890, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Stephen J. Chase, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the tenth day of November next, and that such claims will be heard, before said court, on Saturday, the ninth day of August and on Monday, the tenth day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days. Dated, Ann Arbor, May 9, A. D. 1890. J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said county, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Jane S. White, late of said county, deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed by order of said Probate Court for creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the office of Turnbull & Wilkinson in the village of Chelsea in said county on Tuesday the 22nd day of July and on Monday the 22nd day of October next at ten o'clock A. M. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims. Dated April 22nd, 1890. GEORGE J. CROWELL, Com. R. S. ARMSTRONG, Sol.

Chancery Notice. In pursuance and by virtue of a final order and decree of the circuit court for the county of Washtenaw, in chancery, in the state of Michigan, made, dated and entered on the twentieth day of January, A. D. 1890, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein Samuel G. Lewis is complainant, and Davis A. Warner, Harriet A. Warner and Aaron T. Gorton are defendants, notice is hereby given that I shall sell at public auction or vendue to the highest bidder, at the east main entrance to the court house in the city of Ann Arbor, county of Washtenaw and state of Michigan, said court house being the place for holding the circuit court for said county, on Monday, the ninth day of June, A. D. 1890, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to raise the amount due to the said complainant for principal, interest and costs in this cause, all of the following described parcel of land mentioned and set forth in said decree, to-wit: All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Sylvan in the county of Washtenaw and state of Michigan, and described as follows, to-wit: The southwest one-fourth of the southwest one-fourth of section twenty-eight in town two south of range three east, except ten acres of the north side of said land heretofore deeded to W. Darwin Warner. Dated, Ann Arbor, Michigan, April 23d, 1890. PATRICK MCKERMAN, Circuit Court Commissioner, Washtenaw county, Mich. TURNBULL & WILKINSON, Solicitors for complainant.

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

Chancery Notice. In pursuance and by virtue of a final order and decree of the circuit court for the county of Washtenaw, in chancery, in the state of Michigan, made, dated and entered on the twentieth day of January, A. D. 1890, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein James L. Babcock, Lewis W. James and Thomas S. Sears, executors of the last will and testament of Luther J. James, deceased, are complainants, and Michael Keck, Jacob Fred Keck, Michael Keck, Jun. Christiana Keck, and John Martin Keck are defendants. Notice is hereby given that I shall sell at public auction, or vendue to the highest bidder, at the east main entrance to the court house in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county of Washtenaw, and state of Michigan, said court house being the place for holding the circuit court for said county, on Monday, the ninth day of June, A. D. 1890, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to raise the amount due to said complainants, all of the following described pieces or parcels of land mentioned and set forth in said decree, to-wit: All those pieces or parcels of land situated in the township of Seio, in the county of Washtenaw, and state of Michigan, and described as follows, viz: The west half of the east half of the southwest quarter, and the west quarter of section thirty-three in township two (2) south range five east in Washtenaw county. Dated, Ann Arbor, Michigan, April 23d, 1890. PATRICK MCKERMAN, Circuit Court Commissioner, Washtenaw County, Mich. TURNBULL & WILKINSON, Solicitors for complainants.

THE HIGHEST PRICES PAID AT THE

STANDARD GROCERY HOUSE FOR FRESH EGGS.

CURLETT'S Thrush, Pinworm Heave Remedy.

Curlett's Thrush Remedy is a sure cure for Thrush and rotting away diseases of the feet of stock. Curlett's Pinworm Remedy (for man or beast) a compound that effectually removes those troublesome parasites, as which are such a great source of annoyance to stock. Curlett's Heave Remedy is a sure cure for Heaves in the earlier stages, and warranted to relieve in advanced stages, if not producing a cure. John Steele, miller, Seio, Mich., says: "Horse distemper left my horse with a heavy cough, which I think would have produced heaves but for the use of Curlett's Heave Remedy, which cured the cough in a short time and left the horse in a good healthy condition." Valentine Bro., successful horse and sheep dealers, of Webster, (P. O. Dexter), says: "We have always used Curlett's Spavin Remedy with the best results for killing spavins; also found it good for taking off puffs and splints. Have tried Curlett's Thrush Remedy, with complete cure as a result." McQuillan Bro's, of Dexter, say: "Epizootic on two different years left two different horses with a very heavy cough, which would probably have produced heaves but for the use of Curlett's Heave Remedy, which cured the coughs in a short time, and left the horse in a healthy condition." W. A. Lyons, of Lyons & Brownell, liveymen, at Stockbridge, Mich., says: "We had a very bad case of Thrush in a valuable mare, and could not seem to

cure it, after trying for a year. After trying one bottle of Curlett's Thrush Remedy, the mare got over her lameness, and has as good a foot as any horse on earth, and to-day is cured." John Helber, highway commissioner, Seio, Mich., says: "I have used Curlett's Pinworm Remedy several years with the best of success. The first dose that I gave a horse brought a ball of Pinworms as big as my fist. Always worked horses while giving Curlett's Pinworm Remedy, which toned the constitution and made them have a soft glossy coat, and my horses always increased in good sound flesh after its use. H. (Tip) Ball, the postmaster at Dexter, who doctors the greater part of the horses in and around there, and one of the firm of Phelps & Ball, liveymen, horse dealers, and owners of the handsome trotting stallion, Regalia, says: "I have used Curlett's Thrush Remedy a great deal, and have never known it to fail in procuring a permanent cure of Thrush when used as directed. I consider it a positive cure for the disease." J. C. Crawley, horse and cow doctor, Seio, Mich., noted for successfully removing placentas from cows, says: "I cured my pony of a very bad case of Thrush with Curlett's Thrush Remedy, which I have also used for bruises, wounds and sores caused by feet coming in contact with hard substances. I have used it with success in all cases of Thrush which I have been called upon to doctor."

For sale by F. P. Glazier and R. S. Armstrong.

Chancery Notice. In pursuance and by virtue of a final order and decree of the circuit court for the county of Washtenaw, in chancery, in the state of Michigan, made, dated and entered on the twentieth day of January, A. D. 1890, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein Samuel G. Lewis is complainant, and Davis A. Warner, Harriet A. Warner and Aaron T. Gorton are defendants, notice is hereby given that I shall sell at public auction or vendue to the highest bidder, at the east main entrance to the court house in the city of Ann Arbor, county of Washtenaw and state of Michigan, said court house being the place for holding the circuit court for said county, on Monday, the ninth day of June, A. D. 1890, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to raise the amount due to the said complainant for principal, interest and costs in this cause, all of the following described parcel of land mentioned and set forth in said decree, to-wit: All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Sylvan in the county of Washtenaw and state of Michigan, and described as follows, to-wit: The southwest one-fourth of the southwest one-fourth of section twenty-eight in town two south of range three east, except ten acres of the north side of said land heretofore deeded to W. Darwin Warner. Dated, Ann Arbor, Michigan, April 23d, 1890. PATRICK MCKERMAN, Circuit Court Commissioner, Washtenaw county, Mich. TURNBULL & WILKINSON, Solicitors for complainant.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the probate court for the county of Washtenaw, made on the 21st day of April, A. D. 1890, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Lucy Ann Clark, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said probate court, at the probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the 21st day of October next, and that such claims will be heard, before said court, on Monday, the 21st day of July, and on Monday the 21st day of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days. Dated, Ann Arbor, April 21st, A. D. 1890. J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Tuesday, the sixth day of May in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety. Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Jacob Wurster deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Eva Maria Fahrner, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to herself or some other suitable person. Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the second day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this Order to be published in the Chelsea STANDARD a newspaper printed and circulated in said county three weeks previous to said day of hearing. J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate. [A true copy.] Wm. Doty, Probate Register.

MORTGAGE SALE. Whereas default has been made in the condition of a certain mortgage dated the fifteenth day of November, A. D. 1888; made and executed by Isaac M. Whitaker and Elvira Whitaker, his wife, of the township of Sylvan, County of Washtenaw, State of Michigan, to Chelsea Savings Bank of Chelsea, in Chelsea, county and state aforesaid, a bank organized and doing business under the general banking law, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of said county of Washtenaw in said state of Michigan, on the 13th day of November, A. D. 1888, in liber 72 of Mortgage on page 396, by which the power of sale in said mortgage has become operative and whereas there is now claimed to be due the sum of thirteen hundred seventeen and 34/100 dollars for principal and interest and thirty dollars as an attorney fee as provided by law and whereas no suit or proceeding at law or in equity has been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of said power of sale and the laws of this state on Saturday, the 28th day of June, 1890, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the east front door of the court house, in the city of Ann Arbor, County of Washtenaw, state of Michigan (that being the place where the circuit court for said county of Washtenaw is held), it will sell at public vendue to the highest bidder, The lands and premises described in said mortgage or so much thereof as shall be necessary to satisfy the amount due, interests, costs and expenses of said sale, said premises being situated in the township of Lima, County of Washtenaw, State of Michigan, and described as follows to-wit: The northeast quarter of section on (2) and the north-west quarter of the south-east quarter of section fourteen (14) Town two (2), south range four (4), east. Dated at Chelsea, Michigan, April 1st, 1890. CHELSEA SAVINGS BANK, Mortgagee. TURNBULL & WILKINSON, Attorneys for mortgagee.

TRAINS LEAVE;

EAST.—5:43, 7:07, A. M. 4:02 P. M. WEST.—11:13 A. M. 7:48 P. M.

LOCAL, NEWSY ITEMS.

Picked up White Roaming Around This Most Beautiful Village.

The sink-hole, mentioned last week, is a sink-hole no more.

Snyder's meat market progress slowly on account of scarcity of help.

See the handsome jugs of lemon extract at 20 cents at the Standard Grocery House.

Dr. H. L. Williams, of Ann Arbor will continue Dr. Buckley's dentistry practice here.

A car load of crocks arrived in town Tuesday for our merchants. Someone must buy butter soon.

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

The board of review met Monday and Tuesday last, making but few changes in Supervisor Gilbert's assessment.

Mr. Bury of Pleasant Hill Farm, has left with us an egg measuring 8x6 1/2 inches and weighing 4.3-4 ounces. It's a large one.

Frank Shaver, who for years conducted a barber shop here, has opened a nice shop in Battle Creek. Frank is a good workman.

Mr. Joe T. Jacob's commission has arrived and after a close inspection, it has been declared by those who know(?) to be properly signed!

The frame for Heman Woods new house on Middle street west, is up. When completed, it will be one of the finest residences in the village.

Revival meetings are being held in the Dexter Baptist church. Perhaps that accounts for the vast quantity of water which has fallen, lately.

A committee of leading citizens of Sylvan Center was appointed last Friday evening to take the necessary steps to repair the church of that place.

H. S. Holmes & Co. now use the Lamson improved store service in their store, their first lease having expired. The new service is very neat and convenient.

Don't miss the entertainment at the Congregational church next Wednesday, as it will be the finest thing seen here in some time. The admission is very reasonable.

E. S. Prudden is doing good work in the well business. New wells made and repaired promptly done. Satisfaction guaranteed. See E. S. Prudden, Chelsea.

In this issue, H. S. Holmes & Co. speak to you of bargains in the clothing line; they will also give you money by calling and looking over their line of dry goods, shoes, etc.

Through the efforts of several citizens, the railroad company has delivered here twenty car loads of gravel, which will be used in making the roads around the warehouse much better. Farmers should rejoice.

The only medicine that the Chelsea STANDARD man will hereafter sell will be news. He has disposed of his drugs by wholesale.—Sun. Yes, and if you are a betting man, you can bet that that is bitter enough for some.

Rev. Thomas Holmes, will, beginning Monday next, take the census of this village and Sylvan township. While some of the questions he may seem out of place, yet, under a heavy penalty, he must do so. The best way is to answer them at once.

The greatest wheat day Chelsea has known for a long time, was Tuesday last, when over sixty loads came to town averaging over forty bushels per load. Among this lot, was wheat which had been kept for several years, Mr. Glover selling some six years old.

The ladies' missionary society of the Jackson conference of the Congregational church, held its annual meeting in this place, Wednesday, nearly forty delegates being present. The visitors were right royally entertained by the ladies of the society here. Chelsea ladies can't be beat on entertaining, anyhow.

Chamber's and other encyclopedias at the book auction.

Snow storms took place in this vicinity May 21 and 22, in 1883.

Twelve of Ann Arbor's young ladies are to be married during June.

E. E. Shaver is building an addition to his house for kitchen purposes.

Several car loads of lumber arrived here last week for Wm. Paul's new barn in Lima.

E. G. Hoag has purchased that desirable lot, next to B. Wight, of Clarence Maroney.

Superdoubtful imported photo albums in leather and plush at the book auction in Klein building.

Eugene Evans points with pride to an Albino (or white) chicken, being offspring of two jet black Langshan fowls.

The Standard Oil house has been moved back ten feet to give room for the side track. Ed. Negus did the moving.

The premium list of the Stockbridge fair is being printed now at the Sun office. The fair will be held Sept. 30, Oct. 1 and 2.

In the suit of John Kalmbach vs. the M. C. railroad, plaintiff was awarded \$1500 in court last week, the jury being out six hours.

Mary Foster & Co. have added a cutting and fitting department to their millinery store, and will be pleased to have the ladies call on them.

The I. O. G. T. social, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. P. Wood, last Friday evening, was a brilliant success, and largely attended.

Graduating exercises will be held this year on Friday, June 26th, probably at the Town Hall, preparations for which are now in progress.

The works of Lord Lytton, Chas. Lever, Thackeray, Dickens, Scott, Carlton and other standard authors at your own prices at the book auction, Klein building.

Hon. Wm. G. Doty, known to nearly every Washtenaw man, has been elected Grand Commander of Knight Templars of this state, an honor which he richly deserves.

The boiler iron cage, which will contain the burglar proof chest in the new bank of R. Kempf & Bro., was riveted together by Detroit mechanics, last Monday and Tuesday. Work will go ahead as fast as workmen can do it.

Buy a pound of baking powder at the Standard Grocery House and get a large handsome pitcher, or a full set of glassware—a spoon holder, sugar bowl, butter dish and cream pitcher. We guarantee the quality of the powder equal to any.

If you are in arrears on subscription, or have not paid for this year's paper, you may receive a statement from us, as we have a large payment to meet. If you can hand us a dollar, we shall certainly appreciate the favor, and thank you heartily.

Mayor Manley, of Ann Arbor, in a message to the council, request that body to spend considerable money for public parks. That's right; why not assist nature by giving children and older person a place where they can spend an hour whenever they feel so inclined? Chelsea should have at least one park. Why don't we?

In another column will be found a question propounded by Mr. John A. Palmer, in regard to one of our citizens, who has been supposed to be the next postmaster here. The G. A. R. men here and other points claim that every soldier who made an application for census enumerator, was "knocked out" by Mr. Judson by misrepresenting the character and ability of the applicant, to Supervisor Sharp. What the facts in the case are, we know not yet, but it is evident that some dirty work has been done by some one. The claim is made that Mr. Judson wanted to control the delegates to the next congressional convention, and therefore secured the appointment of such men as would be his "tools" in case he was appointed postmaster here. True, his (if his) calculations, miscarried, in several instances, but true it is also, that no soldiers will do the enumerating in this vicinity. Capt. E. L. Negus is now looming up as a candidate for postmaster, and has the support, of not only leading men here but also some of the first men of the state and nation. The result will be anxiously awaited.

Hand Bibles for teachers, at the book auction.

A complete line of millinery goods can be found at Mary Foster & Co's.

Pictorial Paralell Bible at the book auction. Klein building.

Choice bananas, oranges, lemons, prunes, etc., at the Standard Grocery House.

Farmers should bear in mind that they can buy Sisal Binder twine at 13 cents at the new store.

The summer term at the State Agricultural College, commenced last Monday with a large attendance.

Dictionaries, histories and biographies at the book auction, Klein building for a short time only.

Ann Arbor's fire department now has two matched teams, each costing \$400. They are matched to a nicety.

Water in the cellar is what is troubling Howell people just now. It is an abhorrent liquid to some people sure enough.—Sun. Yes, Chelsea has a few persons who dislike water—judging by the number of visits they make to the "places of iniquity" located here.

The STANDARD is pleased to learn that Supt. A. A. Hall has been engaged another year at an advanced salary, it being placed at \$850. Mr. Hall has, the past year, been a worker, doing all in his power to advance the standing of Chelsea's schools and richly merits the advance in salary. We trust the board will be liberal with him next year in supplies, thus giving the pupils in school additional advantages.

Memorial exercises at the Town Hall last Sunday afternoon, were very largely attended, the hall being comfortably filled. The singing by Messrs. Davis, Yocum, Ward and Cooper was excellent, while the address by Rev. F. E. Arnold should have been heard by every one. He forcibly illustrated the power the G. A. R. might exert if united against corruption, the saloon and other evils of the present day. The roll call showed that sixty-seven soldiers who went from here now lie buried in the different cemeteries of this country.

There are people who cannot see that a newspaper is worth anything, while there are others who make money—by taking many papers. Last Saturday, one of our farmers got his Michigan Farmer and looking over the wheat market, decided that it was a good time to sell. Consequently, he came here early Monday morning and sold a two years' crop of 750 bushels at 90 cents per bushel. Monday afternoon the market dropped, and Tuesday only 87 cents was offered, while Wednesday it was lower yet. It pays to take papers—it pays still better to read them.

Superintendent of the census, Porter, has issued an order to the several district supervisors, telling them to instruct enumerators in cases where persons refuse to answer the questions on the population schedule, relating to physical and mental disabilities (22 and 23) or to the questions relating to farms, homes and mortgages (26 to 30 inclusive,) to enter into the proper column, the words "refused to answer." No further steps will be necessary on the part of the supervisor or enumerator, and all legal proceedings will be instituted by the Washington office through the department of Justice.

A special to the Detroit Free Press, from Stockbridge last Monday, says: Yesterday about 5 p. m. a fire started in the Coulson building, occupied by Wm. Laurence, baker and boarding house. The fire spread to the Stoll House, Brownwell's store, lately occupied by E. V. Johnson, merchant, Coulson House, in which was a bakery and boarding house, and Mrs. J. Hopkins' millinery store, private dwelling occupied by Lewis Morgan and family and Clark's meat market, and all were burned to the ground. The loss estimated at about \$8,000; insured for about \$3,000. Stockbridge has no fire protection, but all worked well and much furniture and goods were saved. At one time it looked as though the whole west side of Stockbridge would have to go.

Chelsea, May 28, 1890.

Will Mr. Wm. Judson explain how it happened that all of the Grand Army men endorsed by Post 41, G. A. R., for enumerators were "knocked out" by ward politicians and caucus packers? J. A. PALMER.

YOUR FOLKS AND OURS.

Lew Freeman went to Pinckney Wednesday.

Adam Geiger, of Jackson spent last Sunday in town.

George Webster visited friends in Detroit this week.

Miss Myra Kempf went to Ann Arbor last evening.

Miss Aggie McKune visited friends in Dexter over Sunday.

Mrs. F. M. Hooker went to Jackson last Friday on business.

Prof. Hall made a business trip to Ann Arbor last Saturday.

Messrs. Reuben and George Kempf are in the south this week.

Prof. Loomis, medic, spent Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. Palmer in this place.

The father of Rev. O. C. Bailey was in the village a few days of the past week.

Miss Effie Armstrong entertained about thirty-five of her young friends at her home last evening.

Crawford, the barber, is happier on account of a girl baby, which put in its appearance last Friday.

Mrs. Smiley has arrived from her home in Canada, to spend the summer with her aunt, Mrs. Wm. Bury.

Mrs. Sam Guerin of Ann Arbor, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter on Middle street, this week.

Judge of Probate, Babbitt, was on the sick list last week. In several cases Judge Kinne acted as Probate Judge.

The Misses Lucy and Francis Wallace, of Jackson, are spending the week with parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Wallace.

Messrs. Mark Lowry and John E. Durand left for the west Wednesday evening, intending to be absent some time.

Mr. W. Y. Teetzel, wife and daughter, of Wichita, Kansas, arrived last Sunday to visit an aunt, Mrs. Wm. Bury.

Miss Hattie Purchase, who has been visiting at Denver, Col., and Marquette, Mich., has returned to this place.

Miss Mary Alber, of Sharon, is very ill, with but slight hopes of recovery. She took cold while sick with measles.

Mr. J. M. Murray, with the cable road at Denver, Col., made his sister Miss Anna, at this place, a pleasant call, Wednesday.

Fin Hammond is among those who attended the memorial exercises at Cleveland today, having gone with the Jackson S. of V's. He will return some time next week.

Dr. F. S. Buckley and family leave Saturday for Berlin, Germany, where the doctor will practice dentistry. Mr. Buckley is a young man of excellent ability, and a gentleman it is a pleasure to meet. Success attend him.

The finest cheese in the state, (no exception) can be found at the Standard Grocery House. It may cost a little more, but it will please you. Try some when in want of a first-class article.

There is a vague rumor afloat that the Common Council have passed some kind of an ordinance prohibiting the shooting of air guns within the corporate limits of the village. That is right, the air gun is not a safe weapon for boys to handle in a village; but would it not be a good thing for the same dignitaries to do what they can toward suppressing the illegal bottle gun which is being shot so often. What do you say? Is it just the right thing to pitch on to the boys and their little air toy, and let the men with their dangerous weapons go. A little consistency, gentlemen, would be justice.—Sun.

A member of the Grass Lake council kicks because some one tells him he does not do his duty in regard to saloons as a councilman, and says: "If those parties who are aggrieved by reason of liquor being sold to boys under age, would do their duty in this matter and enter complaint as is necessary in all criminal cases, instead of abusing others for not doing what they themselves have not the courage to do, they would display true manhood." The councilman evidently forgets that he took an oath that he would support and execute the state laws. That's the difference between a citizen and an office holder.

Markets by Telegraph

DETROIT, May 30, 1890.

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

EGGS.—Market easy at 13c per doz for fresh receipts.

POTATOES.—Market quiet at 40c per bu for store lots.

WHEAT.—No 2 red spot, 5 cars at 93c 1 car at 93c; June 3,000 at 93c No. 1 white 10 car at 93c.

CORN.—No. 2 spot, 36c.

OATS.—No. 2, white, spot 34c.

Home Markets.

BARLEY.—Is dull at 60@85c 100

EGGS.—11c 7 doz.

LARD.—Country wanted at 6@7

OATS.—Remain steady at 22@24

POTATOES.—Slow sale at 25c.

BUTTER.—Weak at 8@10c.

WHEAT.—Is in good demand at 85c for red and 85c for No. 1 white.

CORN.—Quiet at 30c 7 bn.

Dr. Kelly's Germifuge.

The best family medicine ever put up. Cures Catarrh, Diphtheria and all throat troubles; cures Dyspepsia and all stomach, liver and kidney troubles. The best thing in the world when any of the children or ladies of the family are sick. Relieves pain and illness long before a physician can be reached. Is scientifically prepared; is perfectly safe; leaves no injurious effects.

For sale by R. S. Armstrong.

Wash tubs, 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 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. 2 Fisher Block, 121 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

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

FREE. OUR NEW FREE. Gold Watch. Worth \$100.00. See us 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 person in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of House hold 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 \$30 to \$40 per week and upwards. Address, Sisson & Co., Box 513, Portland, Maine.

GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES. THE WORLD'S BEST. BARGAINS IN HARDWARE AT THE NEW STORE. An all steel shovel . . . 50c Best Sisal binder twine . . . 13c Best Jute binder twine . . 10c Pure Paris Green and London purple for spraying trees, at lowest prices. Sheep shears, warranted, at lowest prices. Call at the New Store when in need of anything in our line, we will do you good. W. J. KNAPP.

IN MEMORIAM.

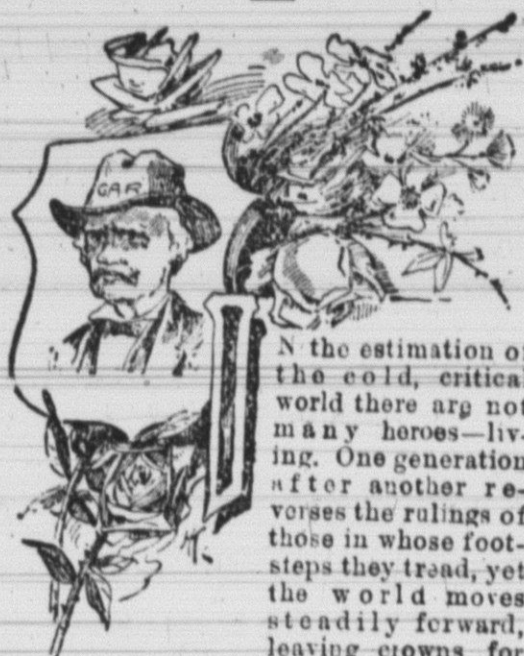
BY SAM T. CLOVER.

Bath and worn out of step,
In column of two they amble past,
Over the hills to the graves beyond,

MEMORIAL-DAY MUSINGS

Looking Backward—and Forward

BY COL. ALEX. DUKE BAILIE.



The estimation of the cold, critical world there are not many heroes—living. One generation after another re-views the rulings of those in whose footsteps they tread, yet the world moves steadily forward, leaving crowns for the dead, unmindful of the crosses borne by the living.

This may seem hard, but in strict justice it is right. With the quarter of a century that has passed since the surrender by Lee of his gallant army, since these years have disappeared in the misty horizon once so near—with these have gone the tears and the mystery, and in the clear atmosphere of the afternoon we see that the critical world is right. The fame of the dead is secure. That of the living is not, and the prudent world requires ample security for its indorsement.

This is a practical age of a most practical world, and men of action, not theory, or those capable of combining the first with the latter, alone can become leaders and rulers. Sentiment is reserved for the few quiet moments, and hard sense only is called into play during the many busy working hours. The men who died in the glorious struggle for the perpetuation of our nation as a whole; the men who led the heroes in that strife; who planned and gained our victories; who lived through the storms of battle to die amid the peace of a united country—these men took no sentimental view of the revolutionizing of a world in which they were engaged during the years of war, nor did they fail to understand, to predict and to advise the material benefits that would result from the then lavish outpouring of blood and treasure which made all nations of the earth to look on with amazement at the seemingly reckless, useless outpouring.

Fourteen years after the close of the civil war, General Grant, in friendly conversation, gave expression to views which are to-day upon the pages of his personal history as grand testimonials to his patriotism and which should be held as a legacy of wise counsel to the people of this nation, especially those of the South. It was while on his homeward trip after making the tour of Cuba and Mexico in 1880. The man to whom he spoke was a native of the South, though a steadfast "Union man" always. After a brief review of his political record, touching here and there upon incidents and results of the war, he unbosomed himself and gave expression concerning the part he took in the war, and his ideas regarding its uses, as he was seldom known to do before or to the day of his death.

The conversation turned upon the battles of Fort Donelson, Shiloh, and Vicksburg, when some personal reminiscences were mutually recalled. "In those battles," said General Grant, "as in all conflicts of the war, I felt that I was performing a duty for humanity as well as for the nation. I was not the enemy of the South. I felt no exultation at the slaughter of her people. I never felt in any battle as though I was fighting against the South or fighting for the North. I felt that I was fighting for the South, and for the North, and for the whole nation, and fighting only against a great wrong. It would have been a great misfortune to the Southern people had they been successful in arms and enabled to establish a separate government. It would not have been a government fashioned after that under the Constitution of the United States. It would not have been a republic. It would have been an oligarchy of the aristocrats, and the young men of the South would have been reduced to competition with the slaves in the struggle for existence. More than that, the poor man of the South would to-day occupy a position socially but little above the negro, and he would be equally at the mercy of the rich planter and slave owner. Now, you can see for yourself the different states of affairs. We have suppressed the rebellion and reconstructed the Southern States.

"You see the poor of the South in possession of the country and rebuilding fortunes on the ruins of war; and you see the young men of the South going out into all parts of the United States engaging in the professions and the commerce of the country, building for themselves reputations and wealth and helping to enrich their people at home. You see peace in the North, peace in the South, plenty everywhere and an equal opportunity given the people of all sections to better their condition in the pursuit of wealth and happiness."

The result of the war as General Grant pictured it fourteen years after the strife was ended is the condition that should exist throughout the United States at this day. If it be not so, then the peace which has been declared is not complete and the country is not reunited. The blood of the dead heroes whom we glorify on each thirtieth day of May; the labors, sufferings and years of periling of the comrades who on Memorial Day strew the graves of their fallen brethren with flowers, all these have failed to work out the grand practical results for which each thinking soldier,

from lowest to highest in rank, braved the dangers of those terrible years of war. We are brought face to face with the fact that two classes of citizens of the republic have arrayed themselves against each other, not in the sanguinary conflict of arms, but in a dispute over a question of civil and political rights, which threatens internecine strife.

This disquietude and contention is an outgrowth, even after these many years, of the war. It is an anomalous social condition arising out of a peace that was established by the abatement of arms. It is a repudiation of the conditions of a peace which was accepted as the only alternative.

Suppose the present disensions, as they sometimes seem to threaten, should become so widespread and of so serious a nature as to demand Federal interference? When a revolt occurs against the laws which are necessary for the maintenance of peace, it becomes the duty of the power creating such law to arrest the hand of violence and to perpetuate order. Conserving the best interests of the republican government, it is the first duty of local authorities to execute the law; if they should be negligent, the duty then devolves upon the authorities of the State, and should the State fail to act, it is within the power of the General Government to insure a settlement of all internal strife.

Who can determine what means should be applied to remedy the evil? Appeals have been made to the colored man, urging him to arm for defense. Appeals have been made for protection by the General Government. The armed resistance of the negro in the South would be nothing less than a most terrible insurrection, followed by a war of extermination. The armed interposition of Federal authority would be a menace to the Southern people, resurrecting all the buried animosities of the late civil war. Conflict would be inevitable, and whatever the result, it would not solve the problem, but on the contrary, intensify hatred and strife between the races.

How are these two antagonistic forces to be reconciled? This is a question for to-day; it is a question to be thought out, patiently and soberly.

It is not a matter to be discussed over the graves of our departed heroes, or introduced by the orators whose special duty on Memorial Day it is to enliven the soldiers of the Union, dead or living. But it is fitting that on a day set aside and held sacred to the memories of the past, to recalling the time of trial in which such terrible sacrifice was made to preserve a common country for dwelling within its limits, it is proper that the vital questions of the hour should occupy the minds of men even though their thoughts find no public utterance, and that each veteran of the war "for the Union," and every descendant of such, should over the dust of those they honor for laying down of life through patriotism, resolve to unceasingly, unselfishly labor to restore harmony, suggest means, and work to accomplish ends that will result in actually and entirely bringing about a "union of States, a union of hearts, and a union of hands" that no social, political, race, creed, business or sectional questions can ever sever.

There is work—great work, for heroes and patriots to-day—work as grand and noble for the young men of the present generation as for the veterans of the past to perform, as was ever comprised in the bloody tasks set before the men who now lie under flower and flag decorated sods. The sentimental side is well enough; it is eminently proper that one day in each year should be devoted to the honoring of those who died that the nation might live; no pages of history, though they grow into millions, can do more than justice to their noble deeds. But realities of the present must not be forgotten or neglected in contemplation of the romance of the past. The duty of every man to his country is as actual to-day as it was twenty-five years ago, and that duty is to preserve the peace won by the blood and wounds of the men of '61-'65.

Too practical in one way are we—in blind devotion to business, in continual seeking, all-else-forgetting, striving after wealth. We give twenty-four hours each year to the sentimentality of Memorial Day, and the remaining three hundred and sixty-four we live for self. As the men we honor by speeches and flags and flowers died for others, it is the duty of those who survive them to live for others.

The formula used by Cain—type, as he was, of selfishness and cruelty—"Am I my brother's keeper?"—has been pronounced by mortal men from his day to our own. He voiced the universal inquiry. The answer to this question has the same force now it had then, and an added force which has come with added knowledge. Precepts have not the force of example, we know, but he who was the perfect result of all the good which the hearts and lives of men ever contained, and our captain, who uttered the words, "Let us have peace"—they are perpetual examples for all people. They thought and worked, unselfishly and continually, for the good of all.

It is such musings that prompt these lines from one who through all the civil strife did what he could to aid his comrades honored on Memorial Day, and who can still see that, while peace is not yet secured to the land for which so many died, for which such hosts still bear the agony of wounds, also recognizes the fact that our young men are cold or dead to the influences that again threaten to disrupt our country. There is no man living in this age but knows his duty. How many are there who do it? To know what duty demands is a great stride forward. And the responsibility attaching to such a condition makes condemnation far greater when there is a failure to live up to that knowledge. In all human relations, including domestic and social unity, and thence widening out into broader relations of political, patriotic interests, the idea of duty to country, with the light of God shining through it, brings to bear on every transaction of life an imperative obligation of loyalty to our land and our fellow men. As we do our duty toward our country and our fellow men, we do it toward our God and ourselves. No political party or leader should receive blind obedience; if a man would be free he must think and act for himself and others—for all. If the men of to-day would not wear faces of shame when they meet—if ever they do—the heroes they glory on Memorial Day, they must study the questions of the hour—must act without passion and all forgetful of self to harmonize the distracting elements now disturbing the land. They

must insist upon justice to all, firmly; but with reason and kindness they must insist upon this, they must awaken to the fact that they are their "brothers' keepers," and that if they would truly honor those in memory of whom May 30 is held as a new "All Saints' Day," they must fight as bravely and long, and suffer as patiently and severely, as those who for the Union bled or died.

WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

The Story of a Self-Expatiated Exile.

BY CHARLES S. BLACKBURN.



Could he utilize free labor as he had slave labor? He did not believe it possible, to himself or any other man.

The walnut trees that shaded the family burying-ground were in half-leaf when he got home. He stood with his mother beside his father's grave.

"My son," she said, "you must give the old home a fair trial. It's bad, I know; but I can't leave here."

"I will not leave you, mother," he replied. Another spring saw a new grave there. It was his mother's. "I have nothing now," he said, "to bind me here. I love Alice, but she is too good for me. I have no country. I will go to Brazil and die there."

He sold the property and went into exile. He prospered. But as the murderer cannot escape his conscience, so could not Linthicum escape the irresistible longings of his own heart. His dreams were of the graves at the old homestead. That spot, once carefully tended, was now grown up in weeds, every sprig of which pointed the finger of contempt at him. The walnuts wrung their limbs as if in painful wrath. A sweet pale face at the village postoffice gazed paler when the answer came, "No, nothin' ter-day, Miss Alice." He had written her only once. But why should he look backward? The past was dead to him; he was another man in another land.

One day he received a letter. It contained a miniature American flag—noting a line. Two weeks afterward he was a passenger on a steamer bound for New York. When his foot touched the soil of



"ALICE!" HE SPOKE.

the Empire State he took his hat from his head and, kneeling, kissed the earth. "Degorra, the bloke's crazy," said an Irishman who witnessed the performance.

Walking toward the country town, a mile beyond which was the home he owned, he stopped to drink at a branch that ran along the valley between the pine hills. On the slope, a few yards distant, was the grave of a Federal soldier—a prisoner who had died on his way to the stockade. Looking in that direction, he saw a white object. "A ghost," he thought. But it moved about with a quiet briskness not peculiar to the ghost family. "I'll see what it is," he muttered. Approaching, he noted a neat railing around the grave. The ghost was a woman placing flowers on it. "It must be a ghost," he thought; "his sister's, maybe." She softly placed a cross of bright-colored blossoms, which finished the kindly task. She looked up and saw him.

"Alice!" he spoke. She leaned against the railing. He thought it her ghost, so pale she was. "I love, why did you come away so long? You promised to come back soon, and you never wrote but one letter."

He cowered before this arraignment, and evadingly answered: "What does this mean, Alice?" "To-day is Decoration Day. It's something new to you. This grave was someone, and I have made it cheerful. Am I wrong?"

"God have mercy on me for leaving you," he gasped. "Can you forgive me? I am going to the old home; you know what for. Will you walk with me?" "Yonner come Miss Alice!" cried half a dozen pickaninnies, as the two entered the gate.

"Bress yer sweet soul, whar's yer bin all day?" asked the old negro woman, who took her bonnet. "I'd gan for git er little anxious erbout yer. But—" "This is Mr. Linthicum, Aunt Lucy. I expect he's hungry. I am."

"Whut! Am dat Mr. Toke Lithercum whut went ter Brayzill? He's mighty browned an' sicker gray, but now I look et 'im, dem whiskers kant hide his popper's eyes, an' his mudder's smile. I'll fix sump'n scrumpshus fur him to eat, sho!"

"Alice—" he began. "The 'old Linthicum property' is mine, Toke. Papa bought it. When he died, I turned farmer. Had I been a man, I might have gone to Brazil."

"Alice, had I nothing more than myself to bring back I would not be here. But I have money too. I tried to stay away;

but you—and this"—taking the little flag from his pocket and holding it out to her—"are responsible for my return. You sent it?"

"Dinner's ready, Miss Alice," called a voice from the front stoop of the house.

The walnut trees were in full leaf. The graves beneath them were bright



"DINNER'S READY, MISS ALICE."

with hyacinths and buttercups. The lovers sat on a bench near by.

"I was wrong," he said, "to say I have no country. I felt it sadly during all the years of my expatriation. But I partly atoned the folly by kneeling down, uncovered, and kissing the ground when I arrived at New York. I will continue the atonement by making the United States my home again, and will seal the vow by kissing—"

"The American flag," she said, holding the miniature against her lips. He kissed the flag, and as he did so he gently drew it away.

Concerning Crowns.

Many years ago it was the correct thing for a monarch to wear the identical crown worn by his predecessors. A king never was formally crowned on the day when he succeeded to the throne, but the ceremony was always postponed for a week or two in order to have the crown thoroughly renovated. In the days when the French had kings the monarch was so liable to be upset by a revolution that he was unwilling to delay the ceremony of coronation, and it often happened that a new French king would send out the prime minister with the crown within twenty minutes after the previous king's decease with orders to have it blocked for two and one-half francs while he waited. But there is no doubt that the custom of handing down the same crown from generation to generation had its disadvantages.

In the first place, it rarely happens that two kings have heads of precisely the same size, and as a rule the crown which fitted the original king for whom it was made never fitted any of his successors, but was always either too large or too small. Nothing looks more absurd than a very small crown cocked on the head of a very large king, except, perhaps, a crown which is much too large for the wearer and continually falls over his ears. There was, it is true, a certain reverence for antiquity and inherited rights shown by this custom of wearing an ancient ancestral crown, but it need not be supposed that any monarch really liked it.

No matter how carefully a king might have his father's crown secured and repaired he always felt that he was wearing another man's clothes, so to speak. As for Queen Victoria, it is well known that she ordered an entire set of new crowns when she came to the throne, remarking, as she gave the order, that she had as much affection for some of her relatives as anybody need have, but as for wearing anything that had been on the head of that 'orrid King William, she would go to her grave bareheaded first.—Exchange.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

Advice iz like kaster, ile—eazy enuff to give, but dredful uneasy tew take. A good conscience iz a foretaste ov heaven.

There iz few, if enny, more suggestive sights tew a philosopher than tew lean against the side ov a wall and peruse a clean, phatt, and well-disciplined baby, spread out on the floor, tricing tew smash a hammer awl tew pieces with a looking-glass.

Evry man kan boast ov one admirer. If yu would be successful in corecting the iniquity ov the people, fire at vices, not at the people. The tew way tew abuse a drunkard iz tew brake hiz jug.

Life iz a punctuated paragraph; diseases are the commas, sickness the semicolons, and death the full stop. No man iz ritch who wants enny more than whut he haz got.

Don't giv outward appearances awl the credit; the spirit ov a handsum boot is the little fut that is in it.

A Near-Sighted Citizen.

Citizen—Why don't yu clean out that gang of loafers in front of that saloon?

Policeman (pitilyng)—Guess yu mus' be near-sighted. Them's city officials.—New York Weekly.

In 1520, Magellan, a Portuguese in the employ of Spain, sailed through the straits which bear his name, and so into the Pacific. It was not then known one could pass around Cape Horn. Magellan lost his life in the Philippine Islands, but one of his smallest ships succeeded in making the circuit of the earth, the first that ever accomplished the feat.

THERE is nothing little to the really great in spirit.

THE LAST OF NAPOLEON'S "GRAND ARMY."

The Oldest Living Relic on His Journey through Italy.

The Italian papers report the recent arrival at the railroad station of Baretto, near Reggio, central Italy, of a strange-looking personage that was the object of considerable curiosity. He was a tall and noble-looking old man with a long white beard, who presented to the mayor a feuille de route, signed by Baron Marocchetti, the Italian Ambassador at St. Petersburg, inviting the Italian authorities to take good care of the bearer, Michael Linovich of Orenburg, Russia.

In reality this mysterious old man was an Italian named Lino, born at Barretto 105 years ago, and perhaps the last living relic of the Grande Armee of 1812. Belonging to a family of farmers, Lino formed part of the conscription of Italy in 1805, and was enrolled in the Imperial Guard. With his regiment he went through the campaign of 1806-7 in Prussia, and fought at Jena and at Friedland. Later on he was sent with his battalion to Dalmatia, and thence to Spain with the division of Gen. Lecchi, where he passed two years of continual fighting. Wounded in an assault, he returned to his native country, where he remained two years, working on his father's farm.

On the outbreak of the terrible storm which was destined to carry off to Russia the flower of the Franco-Italian youth, Napoleon called under his victorious eagles his old soldiers. Lino rejoined the service as a sergeant of the Grenadier Guards, and with the rest of the old Alpine army under the command of Eugene Beauharnais, formed part of the Grande Armee. Lino fought against the Russians at Smolensk and at Muskova, where he lifted from the field of battle the mortally wounded Gen. Plangoune. After that he entered Moscow with Napoleon, and finally in the bloody battle of the 24th of October, while fighting under the orders of Gen. Pino, he was taken prisoner after having been severely wounded by the cossacks of Piotov. Transported with a large convey of French prisoners to Orenburg he was sent with a few of his comrades to a distant village situated at the foot of the Caucasus, where, although kindly treated by the Russians, he had to suffer cruel privations during ten years. Tired at last of such a miserable existence, he asked and obtained permission to join the Russian army as a private soldier. In this capacity he passed through the campaign of the Caucasus in 1829.

At the close of the war he obtained as the reward for his services a little piece of ground which he cultivated. When he was forty-five years old he married a young Polish girl named Nerawska, who died in 1855. The three sons that he had by this woman also died, leaving the old soldier alone in the world. Then Lino returned to Orenburg, where the people Russianized his name into Linovich. He lived there in comparative comfort for many years. Gifted with an extraordinary energy of mind and body, he was still strong enough to catch nostalgia. When more than a hundred years old, the old veteran at last became homesick, after seventy-eight years of exile. He resolved at all hazards to return to his native land and there pass the remainder of his eventful career. Through the influence of the Italian ambassador at St. Petersburg he was sent home to Italy at the expense of the Italian Government. Lino is now in an asylum at Reggio, where he is cared for with particular attention. As he was born in 1785, he is now 105 years old, the glorious survivor of a hundred battles, and probably the last of the heroes who fought at Jena, Friedland, and Borodino.

Fishing for Flounders.

It is cold work rowing across the stormy waves on a sharp morning like this, and we are glad we have reached our destination. Muddy flats, shallow near the shore, and gradually deepening until they form a channel about twelve feet deep at mean low water, the bottom of black mud and sand, with broken shells well mingled with it, is the kind of a place where flounders should be found.

We anchor, not in the middle of the channel, but on the edge and proceed to throw over a few shells to bait the ground, with the pions hope that they will attract the objects of our quest, and not the ubiquitous and spring hackle-head, or the beautiful and sylph-like skate. Now joint your rod. It should be fairly limber, but stiff enough to hold a considerable weight of lead. Alas for us who love light, airy tackle! For the flounder we must use heavy sinkers and fish on bottom. The most successful angler in the western end of Jamaica Bay, who rarely comes ashore with less than fifty and always with at least twenty-five to thirty, uses fourteen-ounce weights. Weep, Izaak! But while we do not advocate crazy matters to such extremes, we urge the necessity of as heavy leads as possible. The reasons for this are twofold. Firstly, the fish we seek is a bottom fish and seeks his food there, and the baits must consequently be there also. Secondly, the heavy weight sinks into the mud, and when it is moved gently, as it should be from time to time, the sediment is stirred up, and this attracts the flounder, who has, mayhap, up to this time been quietly bedded not a foot away from your line. Seeing the stirred-up mud, he usually suspects either a more than usually tempting prey or fears that some rival has hunted out a bait, which he thereupon desires, and slides towards the scene, to be (if luck favors the fool at the other end of the line) promptly hooked and gathered to his forefathers.—Forest and Stream.

Mr. Meeson's Will.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER XII.
SOUTHAMPTON QUAY.

Three months have passed—three long months of tossing waters and ever present winds. The Harpoon shaping her course for Norfolk, in the United States, had made but a poor passage of it. She got into the southeast trades, and all went well till they made St. Paul's Rocks, where they were detained by the doldrums and variable winds. Afterward she passed into the northeast trades, and then, further north, met a series of westerly gales, that ultimately drove her to the Azores, just as her crew were getting very short of water and provisions. And here Augusta bid farewell to her friend the Yankee skipper; for the whaler that had saved her life and Dick's, after refitting once more, set sail upon its almost endless voyage.

She had had quite enough of the Harpoon, and yet she was loath to say farewell to her; for her days on board had in many respects been restful and happy ones; they had given her space and time to brace herself up before she plunged once more into the struggle of active life. Besides, she had throughout been treated with that unvarying kindness and consideration for which the American people are justly noted in their dealings with all persons in misfortune.

But Augusta was not the only person who with sorrow watched the departure of the Harpoon. First, there was little Dick, who had acquired a fine Yankee drawl, and grown quite half an inch on board of her, and who fairly howled when his particular friend, a remarkably fierce and grimly looking boatswain, brought him as a parting offering a large whale's tooth, patiently carved by himself with a spirited picture of their rescue on Kerguelen Land. Then there was Mrs. Thomas herself. When they finally reached the island of St. Michael, in the Azores, Augusta had offered to pay fifty pounds, being half of the hundred sovereigns given to her by Mr. Meeson, to Capt. Thomas as a passage fee, knowing that he was by no means overburdened with the goods of this world. But he stoutly declined to touch a farthing, saying that it would be unlucky to take money from a castaway. Augusta as stoutly insisted; and, finally, a compromise was come to. Mrs. Thomas was anxious, being seized with that acute species of homesickness from which Suffolk people are no more exempt than other folk, to visit the land where she was born and the people midst whom she was bred up. But this she could not well afford to do. Therefore Augusta's proffered £50 was appropriated to this purpose, and Mrs. Thomas stopped with Augusta at Ponta Delgada, waiting for the London and West India Line packet to take them to Southampton.

So it came to pass that they stood together on the Ponta Delgada breakwater, and together saw the Harpoon sail off toward the setting sun. Then came a soft, dreamy fortnight in the fair island of St. Michael. The English consul there most hospitably entertained them—with much more personal enthusiasm, indeed, than he generally considered it necessary to show toward shipwrecked voyagers—a class of people of whom consular representatives abroad must get rather tired with their eternal misfortunes and their perennial want of clothes. Indeed, the only drawback to Augusta's enjoyment was that the consul, a gallant ex-naval officer with red hair, equally charmed by her adventures, her literary fame and her person, showed a decided disposition to fall in love with her, and a red haired, and therefore ardent naval officer is, under those circumstances, a somewhat alarming personage. But the time went on without anything serious happening; and, at last, one morning after breakfast a man came, running up with the information that the mail was in sight.

And so Augusta took an affectionate farewell of the golden haired consul, who gazed at her through his eyeglass and sighed when he thought of what might have been in the sweet by and by; and the ship's bell rang and the screw began to turn, leaving the consul still sighing on the horizon, and in due course Augusta and Mrs. Thomas found themselves standing on the quay at Southampton, the center of an admiring and enthusiastic crowd.

The captain had told the extraordinary tale to the port officials when they boarded the vessel, and on getting ashore the port officials had made haste to tell every living soul they met the wonderful news that two survivors of the ill fated Kangaroo—the history of whose tragic end had sent a thrill of horror through the English speaking world—were safe and sound on board the West India boat. Thus, by the time that Augusta, Mrs. Thomas and Dick were safe on shore, their story, or rather sundry distorted versions of it, was flashing up the wires to the various press agencies, and running through Southampton like wildfire. Scarcely were their feet set upon the quay, when, with a rush and a bound, wild men, with note books in their hands, sprung upon them, and beat them down with a rain of questions. Augusta found it impossible to answer them all at once, so contented herself with saying "Yes," "Yes," "Yes" to everything, out of which motes of light she afterward found to her surprise these fierce and active pressmen contrived to make up a sufficiently moving tale.

However, at last they found themselves in a first class carriage, ready to start, or rather starting. The interviewing gentlemen, two of whom had their heads

jammed through the window, were forcibly torn away—still asking questions—by the officials of the company.

Augusta sank back with a sigh of relief. On the seat opposite to her somebody had thoughtfully placed a number of the day's papers. She took up the first that came to hand and glanced at it idly with the idea of trying to pick up the thread of events. Her eyes fell instantly upon the reports of the probate divorce and admiralty division of the high court. The first report ran thus:

BEFORE THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE PRESIDENT, IN THE MATTER OF MEESSON, DECEASED.

"This was application arising out of the loss of the R. M. S. Kangaroo on the 18th of December last. It will be remembered that out of about a thousand souls on board that vessel the occupants of one boat only—twenty-five people in all—were saved. Among the drowned was Mr. Meeson, the head of the well known Birmingham publishing company of Meeson, Addison, Roscoe & Co. (limited), who was at the time on a visit to New Zealand and Australia in connection with the business of the company.

Mr. Fiddlestick, Q. C., who with Mr. Pearl appeared for the applicants (and who was somewhat imperfectly heard), stated that the facts connected with the sinking of the Kangaroo would probably still be so fresh in his lordship's mind that it would not be necessary for him to detail them, although he had them upon affidavit before him. His lordship would remember that but one boat load of people had survived from this, perhaps the most terrible shipwreck of the generation. Among the drowned was Mr. Meeson; and this application was on behalf of the executors of his will for leave to presume his death. The property which passed under the will was very large indeed; amounting in all, Mr. Fiddlestick understood, to about two millions sterling, which, perhaps, might incline his lordship to proceed very carefully in allowing probate to issue.

The President—Well, the amount of the property has got nothing to do with the principles on which the court acts with regard to the presumption of death. Mr. Fiddlestick.

Quite so, my lord, and I think that in this case your lordship will be satisfied that there is no reason why probate should not issue. It is, humanely speaking, impossible that Mr. Meeson can have escaped the general destruction.

The President—Have you any affidavit from anybody who saw Mr. Meeson in the water?

No, my lord; I have an affidavit from a sailor named Okers, the only man who was picked up in the water after the Kangaroo foundered, which states that he believes that he saw Mr. Meeson spring from the ship into the water, but the affidavit does not carry the matter further. He cannot swear that it was Mr. Meeson.

The President—Well, I think that that will do. The court is necessarily adverse to allowing the presumption of death except on evidence of the most satisfactory nature. Still, considering that nearly four months have now passed since the foundering of the Kangaroo under circumstances which make it exceedingly improbable that there were any other survivors, I think that it may fairly presume that Mr. Meeson shared the fate of the other passengers.

Mr. Fiddlestick—The death to be presumed on the 18th of December?

The President—Yes, from the 18th.

Mr. Fiddlestick—If your lordship please.

Augusta put down the paper with a gasp. There was she, safe and sound, with the true last will of Mr. Meeson tattooed upon her own shoulders; and "probate had issued"—whatever that mysterious formula might mean—to another will, not the real last will. It meant (as she in her ignorance supposed) that her will was no good; that she had endured that abominable tattooing to no purpose, and was to no purpose scarred for life.

It was too much; and, in a fit of vexation, she flung The Times out of the window and cast herself back on the cushions, felling very much inclined to cry.

CHAPTER XIII.

EUSTACE DUTS A PAPER.

In due course the train that bore Augusta and her fortunes, timed to reach Waterloo at 5:04 p. m., rolled into the station. The train was a fast one, but the telegraph had been faster. All the evening papers had come out with accounts, more or less accurate, of their escape, and most of them had added that the two survivors would reach Waterloo by the 5:04 train. The consequence was, that when the train drew up at the platform Augusta, on looking out, was horrified to see a dense mass of human beings being kept in check by a line of policemen.

However, the guard was holding the door open, so there was nothing for it but to get out, which she did, taking Dick by the hand, a proceeding that necessarily put her identity beyond a doubt. The moment she got her foot on to the platform the crowd saw her, and there arose such a tremendous shout of welcome that she very nearly took refuge again in the carriage. For a moment she stood hesitating, and the crowd, seeing how sweet and beautiful she was (for the three months of sea air had made her stouter and even more lovely), cheered again with peculiar enthusiasm which a discerning public always shows for a pretty face, but even while she stood bewildered on the platform she heard a loud "Make way—make way there!" and saw the multitude being divided by a little knot of officials, who were escorting somebody dressed in widow's weeds.

In another second there was a cry of joy, and a sweet, palefaced little lady had run at the child Dick and was hugging him against her heart, and sobbing and laughing both at once.

"Oh! my boy! my boy!" cried Lady Holmhurst, for it was she, "I thought you were dead—long ago dead!" And then she turned, and, before all the people there, clung about Augusta's neck and kissed her and blessed her, because she had saved her only child, and half removed the dead weight of her desolation. Whereat the crowd cheered, and wept, and yelled, and swore with excitement, and blessed their stars that they were there to see.

And then, in a haze of noise and excitement, they were led through the cheering

mob to where a carriage and pair were standing and were helped into it, Mrs. Thomas being placed on the front seat and Lady Holmhurst and Augusta on the back, the former with the gasping Dick upon her knee.

And now little Dick is out of the story. Then another event occurred, which we must go back a little way to explain.

When Eustace Meeson had come to town, after being formally disinherited, he had managed to get a billet as Latin, French and old English reader in a publishing house of repute. As it happened, on this very afternoon he was strolling down the Strand, having finished a rather stiff day's work, and with a mind filled

with those idle and somewhat confused odds and ends of speculation with which most brain workers will be acquainted. He looked older and paler than when we last met him, for sorrow and misfortune had laid their heavy hands upon him. When Augusta had departed he had discovered that he was head over heels in love with her in that unfortunate way—for ninety-nine times out of a hundred it is unfortunate—in which many men of susceptibility do occasionally fall in love in their youth—a way that brands the heart for life in a fashion that can no more be effaced than the stamp of a hot iron can be effaced from the physical body.

Eustace had never seen Augusta but twice in his life; but then passion does not necessarily depend upon constant previous intercourse with its object. Love at first sight is common enough, and in this instance Eustace was not altogether dependent upon the spoken words of his loved, or on his recollection of her very palpable beauty, for he had her books.

Thus it seemed to Eustace, who knew "Jemima's Vow," and also her previous abortive work, almost by heart, that he was very intimately acquainted with Augusta, and as he was walking home that May evening he was reflecting sadly enough of all that he had lost through that great shipwreck. He had lost Augusta, and, what was more, he had lost his uncle and his uncle's vast fortune. For he, too, had seen the report of the application re Meeson in The Times, and though he knew that he was disinherited, it was a little crushing. He had lost the fortune for Augusta's sake, and now he had lost Augusta also; and he reflected, not without dismay, on the long, dreary existence that stretched away before him, filled up as it were with prospective piles of Latin proofs. With a sigh he halted at the Wellington street crossing in the Strand, which, owing to the constant stream of traffic at this point, is one of the worst in London. There was a block at the moment, as there generally is, and he stood for some minutes watching the frantic dashes of an old woman, who always tried to cross at the wrong time, not without some amusement. Presently, however, a boy with a bundle of unfolded Globes under his arm came rushing along, making the place hideous with his howls.

"Wonderful escape of a lady and her infant!" he roared. "Account of the survivors of the Kangaroo—wonderful escape—desert island—arrival of the Magnolia with the criminals."

Eustace jumped, and instantly bought a copy of the paper, stepping into the doorway of a shop where they sold Masonic jewels of every size and hue in order to read it. The very first thing that his eye fell on was an editorial paragraph. "I another column," ran the paragraph, "will be found a short account, telegraphed to us from Southampton just as we are going to press, of the most remarkable tale of the sea that we are acquainted with. The escape of Miss Augusta Smithers and of the little Lord Holmhurst—as we suppose that we must now call him—from the ill fated Kangaroo, and their subsequent rescue, on Kerguelen Land, by the American whaler, will certainly take rank as the most romantic incident of its kind in the recent annals of shipwreck. Miss Smithers, who will be better known to the public as the authoress of that charming book, 'Jemima's Vow,' which took the town by storm about a year ago, will arrive at Waterloo station by the 5:04 train, and we shall then—"

Eustace read no more. Sick and faint with an extraordinary revulsion of feeling, he leaned against the door of the Masonic shop, which promptly opened in the most hospitable manner, depositing him upon his back on the floor of the establishment. In a second he was up, and had bounded out of the shop with such energy that the shopman was on the point of hallooing "Stop thief!" It was exactly 5 o'clock, and he was not more than a quarter of a mile or so from Waterloo station. A hansom was sauntering along in front of him; he sprang into it. "Waterloo, main line," he shouted, "as hard as you can go," and in another moment he was rolling across the bridge. Five or six minutes' drive brought him to the station, to which an enormous number of people were hurrying, collected together partly by a rumor of what was going on and partly by that magnetic contagion of excitement which runs through a London mob like fire through dry grass.

He dismissed the hansom, throwing the driver half a crown, which, considering that half crowns were none too plentiful with him, was a rash thing to do, and vigorously shouldered his way through the crush till he reached the spot where the carriage and pair were standing. The carriage was just beginning to move on. "Stop!" he shouted at the top of his voice to the coachman, who pulled up again. In another moment he was alongside, and there, sweeter and more beautiful than ever, he once more saw his love. She started, at his voice, which she seemed to know, and their eyes met. Their eyes met and a great light of happiness shot into her sweet face and shone there till it was covered up and lost in the warm blush that followed.

He tried to speak, but could not. Twice he tried and twice he failed, and meanwhile the mob shouted like anything. At last, however, he got it out: "Thank God!" he stammered, "thank God, you are safe!"

For answer she stretched out her hand and gave him one sweet look. He took it, and once more the carriage began to move on.

"Where are you to be found?" he had the presence of mind to ask. "At Lady Holmhurst's. Come to-morrow morning; I have something to tell you," she answered, and in another minute the carriage was gone, leaving him standing

there in a confusion of mind which really "can be better imagined than described."

FIJIAN BREAD.

How the Natives Manipulate the Fruit of the Breadfruit Tree.

The first mention of the breadfruit recalls the mutiny of the Bounty, whose mission was to transplant this tree from Otaheite, as the early navigators called it to Jamaica. In his dangerous voyage in an open boat Bligh sailed athwart the Fijian group with a gale raging at his back. He passed a canoe filled with warriors, and as he hurried by the natives stood up and pointed to the loom of land to the southward and shouted "My-wollah," but what in the world this may mean the man does not live who can tell. Baked or boiled, the fruit is a starchy, somewhat sticky vegetable, with no earthly resemblance to bread. It differs from the yam in that it may not be preserved for future use, but in its natural state must be eaten at once. Yet, preserved, it is, after a peculiar distressing fashion, not at all pleasant to the civilized taste.

The ripe fruit is stripped of its sticky rind and is grated on blocks of coral, and when reduced to a shapeless mass is vigorously pounded with a pestle in a mortar. While some are thus preparing the pulp others are engaged digging pits on the pebbly beach about half tide level, each pit of about a bushel capacity and lined with banana leaves. Each of these pits is then filled with the pulped breadfruit packed hard, the stones are thrown back upon it, and a little heap marks the spot where the dainty is preserved. Twice every day the tides come in and salty saturate the buried food, twice every day for at least four months, for short of the expiration of that time the preserve is not considered at its best, the limit in the other direction being certainly not less than a year.

As need for the food arises the pits are opened, and then the reek of rotteness spreads down the wind. The process of preserving is but that of decay aided by the sea water, and it naturally results that the preserve smells to the skies when its repose is disturbed. Little do the Fijians care for this smell, on which they have been nourished, though to the last man their gorge would rise at caviare or high cheese such as is in favor with us. The fruit that went into the pit as a pulp comes out as thick custard, and is molded into little cakes of the size of a man's hand and each wrapped in banana leaves, is put into a pot and steamed. After cooking the distinctive odor appears to be redoubled, but the cake is sweet and extremely pleasant to the taste if only the nose can be coerced into giving over its lively repugnance to that which goes beneath it to the mouth. This is the madra ni viti, the Fijian bread, which is everywhere eaten and relished.—Montreal Star.

A Primitive Timekeeper.

Now and then the explorer among primitive people happens upon a "find" which strikingly illustrates that necessity is not only the mother of invention, but that there is a strong family likeness among the inventions. An English naturalist, while visiting Great Sangr, one of those islands of the Indian ocean known as the Celebes, or Spice Islands, lodged at the house of a rajah.

In front of the house was a veranda, in the corner of which stood a sentry, whose business it was to keep the time for the village, by the aid of a primitive sandglass.

Two bottles were firmly lashed together mouth to mouth, and fixed in a wooden frame, made to stand upright in reversible positions. A quantity of black sand ran from one bottle into the other in just half an hour, and when the upper bottle was empty the frame was reversed.

Twelve short sticks, marked with notches from one to twelve, were hung upon a string. A hook was placed between the stick bearing the number of notches corresponding to the hour last struck and the one to be struck next. The sentry announced the time by striking the hours on a large gong.—Montreal Star.

Revised Version.

Little Kate was one of those children who furnish their parents with interesting and amusing anecdotes. One Sunday afternoon she came to her mother and begged for a Bible story. Her mother was reading, but Katie begged hard, and at last said: "If you will tell me a Bible story first, mamma, then I will tell you a real good one, too."

Her mother related the story of Samson and the lion, and of the bees which came and stored their honey in the lion's carcass. "And now what is the Bible story you are going to tell me?" she asked.

With perfect gravity Katie began at the beginning and repeated the story which had just been told to her, using almost the same words. Her mother let her go through it, and then said:

"But that is the very story I told you. Do you think that is fair?"

"O, mamma!" the child answered quickly, "this isn't the same story at all, for my bees were bumble bees."—Youth's Companion.

Nature's City.

A curious group of rocks near Milan has recently been described by a member of the Paris Academy of Sciences. It is known as Montpelier-le-Vieux. An irregular mass of rocks, some 200 feet high, resembles the towers of a citadel in a striking manner. The citadel is surrounded by five depressions 300 or 400 feet deep, of which one appears like an amphitheatre, a second a necropolis, a

third a parade and the fourth a road laid out city quarter, with public buildings, gates, straight streets and sections suggesting at once such places as Pompeii, Carnac and Persepolis. The whole "city," covering an extent of 300 acres, is surrounded by a wall 300 to 400 feet high. It is a wonderful freak of nature.—St. Republic.

All for Love.

"Does she love him?" "I should say so! Why, she gave \$500 per month position to marry and he's only earning \$40."—New Press.

Southerners Like New York.

Southerners take to New York more than to any other city north of the and Dixon's line. They are at home whether as visitors or residents. The close of the war found thousands of southern men penniless, and without method of earning a living in the devastated south, many of them came to New York.

At every considerable social gathering in New York one is almost sure to see several distinguished ex-Confederates. The southerner in New York is much of the provincialism and classiness with which he is created, in spite of this he is adaptable, more so, probably, than the New Englander. His lucky temper fits in well with the restlessness of the city and his suave manner vastly smoothes the roughness of business life. It is noticeable, that the southerner seldom falls into the social vice of snobbishness.—Cor. New York Post.

In Ye Olden Tyme.

We remember the time when a Spanish silver coin did service all the United States as a 12½-cent piece, one-half the size as a 6½-cent piece, both were abundant and more popular than the dimes and half dimes. There were the days of small things, fractions of cents being carefully calculated. The method which was aided by the number of half cents in circulation. Merchants' ledgers showed many entries for 6½, 12½ and 18½ cents, and from up to 87½ cents. It was a common practice for merchants when they were in half cents for change to give a row of pins in the place of one. Cigar boxes sold everywhere four for a cent and many a time have we seen one or three cigars handed over the counter for fractional change.—Goshen Courier.

A Negro's Love for His Dog.

It is astonishing what desperate chances a negro will take to save a dog. It appears to be more solicitous about them than the balance of their possessions. The other day a negro came very much excited. I thought some was drowning. He said the railroad form (platform) had floated off, with dog on it, over half a mile distant, and wanted to borrow my skill to rescue it. While I appreciated the value of dog's life to the community, I respectfully declined, as I was unwilling to separate from my boat. The negro, undaunted, got into a cracker box, something a little larger, and heroic carried out his resolution.—Cor. Louisiana Courier-Journal.

A New Light.

An Italian journal describes a pharol light, which is said to be as powerful as the electric light, and the efficiency of which is not impaired by fog as is the case of the latter. A clockwork arrangement pours every thirty seconds ten tigrams of powdered magnesium into the flame of a round wick lamp, producing an extremely brilliant flash of light. The weight of the apparatus being only one and a half pounds, it can readily be used for signaling purposes at sea.—New Orleans Picayune.

Very Appropriate.

A certain Young Men's Christian association recently invited a gentleman to deliver an address. He did so, and flattered himself that he made a good impression on the audience, but was somewhat taken aback when the chairman the close of his address gave out the hymn: "Art thou weary, art thou laden, art thou sore oppressed?"—New York Tribune.

Wisdom teeth, the most variable of in size, shape and general character, are said to show hereditary characteristics more strongly than any of the other teeth.

A rope maker in Allegheny, Jacob Bopp, has made the nooses with which no less than 88 murderers have been hanged during the past thirty years.

There is a guinea rooster at New Martinsville, W. Va., that objects to being headed people who look at him, and fiercely attacks all red headed children who come near him.

How music spreads among the masses can be imagined from the estimate that in Sheffield there are about 600 artists who play the violin.

Don't Toy with Your Eyes.

Many people are troubled with itching eyes and try all sorts of washes. The eye is one of the most valuable organs of the body. Unfortunately for careless humanity, it is also one of the most delicate. It does not pay to trifle with it. The best way to treat itching is to use cool, weak salt water wash every few hours. If this does no good, go to a physician who makes a specialty of eye diseases.—New York Journal.