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## CHELSEA STANDARD.

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

\$1.00 PER YEAR STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

### ADVERTISING RATES

| FOR DISPLAY ADVERTISEMENTS. |         |         |         |
|-----------------------------|---------|---------|---------|
|                             | 1 Mo.   | 3 Mos.  | 6 Mos.  |
| 1 Col.                      | \$12.00 | \$24.00 | \$42.00 |
| 2 Col.                      | 9.00    | 14.40   | 24.00   |
| 3 Col.                      | 6.00    | 9.60    | 14.40   |
| 4 Col.                      | 2.40    | 3.60    | 4.80    |

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

**DR. PALMER,**  
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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—6 colors. Peerless Shoe & Harness Dressing. Peerless Egg Dye—8 colors.



**Jay Gould's Physician.**  
Dr. John P. Munn, who is engaged to look after the health of Jay Gould and his family, is a fortunate physician. Mr. Gould is a great man for consulting a doctor on the slightest provocation, and some of his friends wonder that he is alive, because he takes so much medicine. A gentleman who saw a check from Mr. Gould to his physician said it was for \$10,000, and it was drawn shortly after the death of Mrs. Gould. —Cor. Kansas City Journal.

**Wonders of English.**  
It is one of the peculiarities of the English language that it often acts like an oarsman, looking one way and going another. A paragraph in one of the papers says that Sultan Abdul Hamid lives in constant fear of his life. That is good English, but it really means that the sultan is in constant fear of his death. Is it any wonder foreigners make occasional mistakes? —Chicago News.

### BENT OF MAN'S INVENTIVE GENIUS.

**It Runs Toward Storage Batteries and Car Couplings at Present.**

"Which way does man's inventive genius seem to tend at present?" asked a reporter of a well known patent lawyer. "Toward cheap inventions," answered he. "This is essentially an age of utility, and the cheaper any practical invented device can be made all the better."

"Electric motors are probably claiming the attention of as many inventors as any other one thing. Storage batteries are the desideratum. They are placed on cars, under the seat, and furnish motive power enough to propel a car the course of an ordinary round trip, when one battery is taken out and another substituted, and so on, thus avoiding the use of all the machinery now necessary. Many of these storage batteries are good, too. Electric lights have a good following, too, among electrical inventors. The tendency is to produce something good and cheap."

"Fire escapes and smoke consumers claim the attention of many practical inventors. Some excellent devices have been recently patented. One invention is a kind of ladder which can be placed instantaneously outside of a building. It is a decided novelty and beats anything yet out. It will probably be placed on one of the new structures which are in course of construction in this city now."

"Car brakes of all kinds are always being invented. In fact, the attempts to secure cheap and rapid transit by means of some mechanical device are perhaps as numerous as anything else. Everything pertaining to cars, engines, railroad tracks or motor power in any way has thousands of devotees who are laboring to invent something more practical than anything in present use. Take car couplings, for instance. There have already been granted 33,000 patents on inventions of that class. Many other things pertaining to the safety of men who are employed on railroad trains are patented nearly as often. But car couplings probably lead."

"Cash machines, cash registers, penny slot machines, and such contrivances are popular, too, with many inventors. Another practical device which claims the attention of inventors is the ice machine. Some wonderful improvements have been made with those machines during the past year. The telephone formerly had its followers, but of late years they have decreased. The invention seems to have reached its perfection, at least for a while. The same is true of the graphophone. These devices once created a craze among a certain class of inventors who, seeking to follow Edison, thought that they could easily immortalize themselves by inventing something in this line. It takes a man with brains to attempt anything in which sound or the science of acoustics plays such an important part."

"Steam boilers, railway signals, fire-arms, especially heavy artillery, and other such things, are also popular just now. Car heaters are being greatly improved, too."

"Do women invent many things?" "A great many household devices and domestic labor saving machines are invented by women. For instance, churns, cradles, sewing machine devices, and the like. Corsets and all such improvements are generally the inventions of ladies. Many other practical things are the result of woman's genius. An inventive woman has a great deal of persistency, and will hold on as long as there is a ghost of a show in securing a patent."

"Is it generally difficult to secure a patent?" "That depends very much. In devices of the same class it requires a complete change of combination in order to secure a patent. A slight change of some part or parts is not sufficient. A great many things must be borne in mind when seeking a patent. There are always thousands of applications being considered, and the time of the patent commissioners is pretty well taken up most of the time." —Cincinnati Times-Star.

**The Friendly Sparrow.**  
A lady had a canary who was a great favorite, but the loudness of his note obliged her often to put him outside the window among some trees which were trained up in front of her house. One morning while the cage was thus placed a sparrow was observed to fly round and round it, to stand on the top and to twitter to the bird within as if desirous of forming a friendship. After a few moments he flew away, but returned in a short time bearing a worm in his bill, which he dropped into the cage. Day after day the sparrow continued his friendly acts, and at length the two birds became so intimate that the canary very often received the food thus brought into his own bill from that of the sparrow. Some of the neighbors, desirous to see how far the sparrow's generosity would go, hung out their canaries also, when he likewise brought them worms, but his first and longest visit was always paid to his earliest acquaintance.

### Compressed Air in Photography.

The production of cold by the compression of air is ingeniously made to subserve the photographer's art. Air, when thus compressed and forced into a reservoir, becomes, as is well known, heated; but when cooled down again, before it is suffered to escape, its expansion is attended by great cold. If when compressed it is allowed to cool down to the ordinary temperature and then escape, it will be cooled below that temperature just as much as it was heated by compression; thus, if in being compressed it had been heated 100 deg., say from 60 to 160, and then allowed to cool to 60, it will, on escaping, be cooled 100 deg. below 60, or to 40 deg. below zero, which is the temperature at which mercury freezes, this, in fact, being the simple principle of the cold air chambers now so extensively employed on ship-board for the transport of frozen provisions from Australia and New Zealand.

The ingenious photographer, who dreads the preparation of gelatine plates in hot weather, has been able to discover in these facts and processes the means for enabling him to conveniently keep his coating room at the desirable temperature of 50 or 60 degs. during the most sultry weather of the summer months, aided by a small gas or petroleum engine; indeed, what is pronounced a most perfect means of effecting this result has been devised, by the use of manual power if desired, and that only applied at occasional intervals, thus rendering the operations of the artist far less onerous during the hot season and the quality of his work more satisfactory. —New York Telegram.

### Set a Detective on Himself.

A curious story is told concerning a prominent merchant of our sister city, Troy. This gentleman was blessed with as good a stock of this world's goods as could be desired, but he was a kleptomaniac. Webster defines kleptomania as "a morbid desire or impulse to steal." Try as hard as he could, this unfortunate man found it impossible to restrain himself from purloining knickknacks here and there. If he went into a lady's house and she stepped out of the room for a moment, as sure as fate an oddity in the shape of a paper knife, a paper weight, or in fact almost any trifle that came to his eye went into his pocket.

He knew he was stealing. He did not need to do so. He did not wish to, but he could not help it. He is now cured. How? He finally hit upon a splendid plan. He hired a companion to attend his every footstep, a shadow, as it were, and a substantial and preventive shadow. This shadow was none other than a private detective. Where his substance would endeavor to make away with things which he saw the shadow would quietly and easily prevent him. For nearly two years this treatment was followed. And his friends never suspected? It is said, no. —Albany Argus.

### Music of Our Mother Tongue.

Rev. J. H. Hartman, in order to make a point clear, occasionally tells a story. He was addressing the Baptist ministers' meeting upon the advisability of establishing German Baptist churches, and was explaining that people are always glad to hear their own language in a land where their language is not generally used. He said he had felt that way himself some years ago when traveling in Europe. Wherever he went he heard foreign languages that he could not understand and he longed to hear English once more. One day when sitting in a grand cathedral he put his handsome new hat on a chair near by and was admiring the beautiful features of the cathedral when a very large woman walked to the chair and sat down on the hat.

"Why, my friend, you might have known that you could not get in that hat," exclaimed the reverend gentleman.

"My dear sir, I beg your pardon," was the reply.

### No Red Cloth.

Alluding to the Prince of Wales' desire to be treated now and then like an ordinary person, the London correspondent of The Liverpool Mercury writes: "No red cloth," is his favorite expression. When he was going to look at some pictures one day under strict rules of privacy he grew very angry when he discovered that there was a crowd around the door. "What does this mean?" he exclaimed. "I told you there was to be no 'red cloth.'" "There isn't any," replied the showman of the moment, "but we had to tell the people that they could not come in to see the pictures because the Prince of Wales was coming; and then they stayed to see your royal highness pass in." The prince good naturedly accepted the excuse, but he was careful to explain that when he said "no red cloth" he meant "no crowd."

## 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.



# JANET LEE

OR—

## In the Shadow of the Gallows.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

### CHAPTER II. THE MURDER.

The sailor was awakened by a draught on his hand. The draught came from the opening in the window. He was, as many of his class are, a light sleeper. He lay quietly listening. The storm had expended its fury, but the wind was still high. Above the sound of the storm he heard a peculiar sound against the side of the house.

The sailor sat bolt upright in bed. The noise continued. The sailor slipped softly out of the bed, walked across the room, and felt in his pocket for the weapon he relied upon. Then he donned his clothes. As he was doing this a gust blew in the room. Stopping, the sailor was just able to discern a figure at the window. The intruder was feeling his way cautiously. The distance between the window and the bed was not more than three feet. The man was well in the room; he was feeling the side of the bed when the sailor's hand clutched his throat.

There was a smothered sound as the sailor pressed the intruder back on the bed silently. At first the sailor was resolved to throttle the robber. Then as he relaxed his grasp, the intruder said, in husky tones, "For God's sake let me breathe."

"Who are you?"  
"Take your hands from my throat."  
"I'd serve you right to end your life here. Stealing in upon a traveler to murder him."

"I am no thief. I am the landlord's son."  
"A likely story. I'll call your father up, and you can tell him how you came in on me."

"For God's sake, listen. I am powerless. See—I bear no arms. I am a sailor—an honest sailor."  
"God save the mark!"

"I tell you I have just escaped shipwreck. I am just come from Marblehead on account of a foolish fight, but I'm no more to blame—"

"What! So you were on the—"  
"Eliza. And wrecked before. Now the officers are hunting me. I can prove I am not in the wrong; but if my father knows I am here, he will almost kill me. I've cost him trouble—and money. I thought to steal in this is my own bed and room—sleep a while, and be off early before any one woke."

"Stop—let me feel your hand. 'Tis true. This is no base liar after all."  
"I tell you I've been away from home four months—four years it seems."

"Come—let's have a look at you."  
The sailor held a tinder box in his hand. A flame illuminated the room, and in the brief period the light fell upon the intruder's face the sailor scanned him from head to foot.

"I know you—you were among the first to state in the casks of rum. Here, lie down, and in the morning go like a man to your father—"

"I dare not."  
"Well, lie down, and go to sleep."  
The landlord's son cast himself, just as he was, on the bed. The sailor disrobed once more and laid down beside him and fell asleep the second time.

He was awakened later—he had no idea what time it was—by creaking stairs. He removed the cover, stepped noiselessly out of bed, and, as he donned his clothes a second time, listened intently. A life of danger had sharpened senses naturally acute. Yes, there could be no doubt about it. Somebody was ascending the stairs stealthily. The sailor felt his weapon, and moved back to the bench. The door was opened slowly; then in the darkness the sailor thought a man's figure was dimly outlined.

The stature was that of the landlord. Now another step was heard on the stairs. In the darkness the sailor was unable to perceive the movements of the figure until suddenly he became sensible of the presence of some one near at hand. Then the sailor realized that he was unable to prevent a terrible, a monstrous crime. The figure hovering between him and the bed stooped. At a venture the sailor aimed his pistol at the figure, fired, and then bounding past the man he fired at, he sprang across the bed, darted through the window, and falling on a plank placed against the house placed there by the landlord's son, slid to the ground and disappeared in the darkness.

When the report of the pistol was heard, Grizzle Meade was approaching the door with a light. The sudden fright caused Grizzle to drop the light, which was extinguished. When the landlord, who had been hung headlong to the door by the sailor, regained his feet, he cursed his wife for letting the light fall, stumbled against her in the dark, then hastened down stairs for a fresh light, and speedily returned to the bedroom.

Grizzle Meade was wringing her hands in terror, and crying, "We are undone—we are undone, Daniel!"

"Peace—be quiet, her husband commanded, as he approached the bed and held the light over it. Grizzle's eyes were on his every movement. Suddenly he put a hand over his face and staggered back. Grizzle seized the light from his trembling hand and looked at the man on the bed. As she looked her frame seemed to be rigid, the blood receded from her lips; her face grew ashen-gray as she stared stonily down on the face now veiled forever with the awful shadow of death. She opened her mouth, but no sound issued from her lips. Then she turned slowly, her body seeming as rigid as stone—turned, with horror dilating her eyes, and stared awe-stricken at her husband, cowering, groveling on the floor, with the knife in his hand.

Then, with a cry that sounded like that of a wild animal, Grizzle Meade fell in a heap beside her husband.

### CHAPTER III. IN EVIL DAYS.

The early dawn saw Grizzle Meade moving briskly about the house. The landlord of Globe Inn was gulping a

glass of liquor, when the glass was wrenched from his hand.

"What! Do you want to put the ropes round our necks that you must fly to the liquor? Must I find wits for both? If you had not been so cowardly you would have made sure."

"Have done, Grizzle. It is the hand of God. How could we know he was there—how came he back?"

"You'll drink no more till all is over, or we will hang. Hang! Do you hear that, Daniel Meade? Will we help matters by babbling? I have washed and dressed him. No hand shall touch him."

Her husband shook his head.

"Fool! I see our way clear. Listen! We will say it was the bullet. The boy came home, and we put him to bed. Are you listening, Daniel Meade? Then the drunken sailor fought him in the night, shot him, and fled."

The landlord looked at his wife with lack luster eyes.

"Rouse, man, and leave liquor alone, unless you want to hang."

"I promise, but we might as well be done with it."

"You would think differently an' the rope were about your neck. It is not above understanding. The wound in his head will satisfy all. Now, then, away—speed ye, and tell how our boy's been murdered. We must alarm our neighbors and the authorities. Away now."

Daniel Meade repeated the story his wife put in his mouth reluctantly. As he repeated it he regained something like the assurance that characterized his dealings with the world.

The announcement of the murder created a profound sensation. The elements of a great mystery—a mystery that seemed impenetrable—were recognized by the intelligent, while the uneducated regarded the event as additional proof that supernatural agencies were daily demonstrated in the affairs of mankind.

The authorities, on the other hand, calmly noted: first, that the poor boy who had twice escaped death at sea in a miraculous manner, came home to be murdered by a drunken, quarrelsome sailor; second, that the murderer effected his escape easily and in a manner that would have suggested itself to the dullest comprehension; third, that the authorities owed it to themselves to capture, convict, and hang the murderer speedily.

The news spread fast and far. Great crowds thronged the Globe Inn to view the remains. The marshal of Salem was notified by William Ayers, Daniel Meade's creditor, to postpone the collection of his debt for the present. Such a proceeding at that time would have made Mr. Ayers very unpopular, and he was looking forward to political preferment.

The authorities viewed the remains, made due note of the testimony submitted by the grief-stricken parents, Marshal Hobbs, Giles Ellis, and Ezra Easty, and accorded due prominence to the statements made by the marshal and Ellis in the record. Scarcely any note was made of the sworn statement Ezra Easty made. Ezra was only an apprentice to John Lee.

Thus the remains of the innkeeper's son were committed to their last resting place with much ceremony and public manifestations of concern.

Contrary to the expectations of the landlord, the notoriety given Globe Inn was the means of re-establishing the custom the inn enjoyed in its best days. William Ayers, Meade's creditor, was paid promptly a week after the funeral. Principal and interest on the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds was paid on the nail. There were many who expressed surprise at the ability of Daniel Meade to meet this and other obligations, but as the custom grew, and Globe Inn flourished, the thoughtful held their peace, and rejoiced in the prosperity of a man sorely tried.

On the morning the murder was made known, Ezra Easty, apprentice to John Lee, one of the most respectable citizens of Salem, overheard portions of a conversation between his master and mistress and their daughter that made a profound impression upon him. Ezra was not where he should have been when he heard the conversation. His master thought he was in the shop—indeed, had sent him there. The shop was a considerable distance from the house, but Ezra, whose curiosity always easily aroused, was then alone; made an excuse to return to the house, and hearing loud words in the best room, glided his ear to the door, holding the outer door in the narrow passage leading to the shop conveniently open.

As soon as he could contrive it he made an excuse to leave the shop shortly after his master entered it. John Lee's manner as he looked at his apprentice that morning was peculiar, or perhaps the apprentice felt guilty.

Ezra's purpose was to speak to the maid servant, Ann Bigger, who seemed equally anxious to place a distance between herself and the house. They encountered each other at the end of the shop opposite the house.

"Oh, Ezra! You heard them, too?"  
"I could not help hearing. If people talk so loud one might hear them half way across the lot."

"Such sharp things as Master Lee said."

"But did not his own daughter answer him promptly?"

"Aye, and so did the mistress speak out boldly. I did not think it was in her."

"Who, think you, Ezra, is all this quarreling over? I was setting the milk, and was fearful the mistress would come on me every minute, so I dare not remain longer."

"That is plain. Heard ye no name?"

"I have told you I was fearful of the mistress."

"I heard plenty—more than master or mistress would like me to know. John Lee had best not make such an ado as a man stops a few hours late with his friends."

"What did you hear? I have my own suspicions, but first tell me what you know."

"Well, then," Ezra answered with a backward glance, "it is plain to me all this talk is about Martin Lee; John Lee's brother, who must have done some dreadful thing."

"Aye, that is clear, else Janet would not defend him so warmly. She was ever talking of her uncle, and when he comes home how it will be this way or that way. 'Tis likely she remembers him when she was a child; all the presents she places store by after Uncle Martin's death. But what terrible thing has this brother done to set his own flesh and blood against him?"

"That is plain, too," said Ezra. Then he coined a lie solely to make the maid servant think he was much wiser than he really was. "Master is, as you know, proud of his good name."

"And so is mistress, for that matter—aye, and Janet thinks she is as good as lives."

"So it is not much wonder John Lee is angry because of the disgrace his brother may bring on the Lees. I heard enough. I make bold that this brother is in trouble, and has written or sent to his brother to help him. Janet was hot to help her uncle in his strait, and I heard—"

here Ezra Easty looked around him and whispered, "Ann, I heard John Lee say his brother should never darken his door until the matter was cleared up. But it is best we say nothing for the present. Mayhap this will prove something. There are strange rumors going."

"Yes, and we must take heed, Ezra."

"What! Art not afraid?"

"I am—and so are you. There's none living are not afraid of witches. Why, an' a witch were to come now." Ezra started, then blushed.

"Ann, it is not well to invite them."

"Pooh! I but did it to try you."

"Why, what can a man do more than a woman if the witches are at hand. There! I must be going—master will miss me."

"Say not a word of this, Ezra—we will speak of it again," said Ann Bigger, as she hastened into the house.

When they separated Ann Bigger could scarcely restrain the inclination to run to her sister, who lived nearby, to inform her of the mysterious quarrel she had overheard. It was later in the day when she availed herself of the first opportunity to visit her married sister, and related all, and much more than she had heard.

The air of New England at that time was full of strange rumors. The evil one, it was said, was lying in wait in every imaginable shape, ready to pounce upon weak humanity. When Ann Bigger's sister listened to the story Ann related, she instantly assumed Martin Lee had incurred the ill-will and fear of his brother by making a compact with the devil.

"It is all plain to me, Ann. This Martin Lee we have heard of has come back with the devil's art, and has cast a spell on Dorothea and her daughter. John Lee will see his brother burned for the good of his fellows rather than bear him near."

"I never thought it could be like that. An' that be so—why, I'll not tarry in the house longer lest I be bewitched like my mistress."

"Tush! Have you no fear. Say your prayers three times a day. If you eat a crust when you get up, or before you go out."

"A crust! I'll eat half a loaf if it will keep the evil one off."

"There are many ways of spitting witches besides having a clear conscience, else there'd be none free from them. But you are sure Martin Lee has returned?"

"As good as sure—Ezra Easty agrees with me. He heard all, and he says—"

"Then come to me to-morrow, and keep your ears and eyes open. We'll see what is at the bottom of this."

When Ann Bigger's sister was alone she did not permit much time to elapse before she shared her secret with a neighbor.

And this was the way the trouble began that imperiled the lives of the Lees.

### CHAPTER IV. A WILD LOVE.

"And so," Giles Ellis said, musingly, "Martin Lee has returned. Art quite sure this is true?" he asked his cousin. Now this cousin was the neighbor with whom Ann Bigger's sister shared her secret before the day was over. It was now evening, and Giles had called to see his cousin's husband upon a business matter. "Strange," continued Giles, "that John Lee has not made his brother's return known. He is not a man to keep secrets."

"They may have good reason to be silent. I have always heard Martin Lee was of a headstrong nature."

"And so is John Lee, as all well know. He was never known to turn, once his foot was well set on the road. But your meaning—"

"Ought to be plain to a man as keen-witted as Giles Ellis."

"Do you think Martin Lee is not a well-known visitor—that it is as well he keeps indoors? Is that not it?"

"God preserve us!" his cousin exclaimed. "You take the words out of my mouth."

"There is no mistake—Martin Lee you are sure has returned?"

"Nay, I said not so."

And then Giles Ellis' cousin told him how the news came to her—if she added to it she was, as most people are, unconscious of it. Upon hearing this Giles Ellis smiled, but it was not the smile which made people think they wronged him when they suspected a man with such keen black eyes, so closely set in his head; for his was, at best, a sinister face.

"This is worth pondering over," he said to himself when he was alone.

He was walking toward John Lee's house rapidly, when a sound attracted his attention. He had a quick ear and eye. There was light enough to see the lamb that was crossing a field near him. Giles Ellis looked savagely at the lamb, then, casting a swift glance around him, ran toward it. As he ran he produced a keen-bladed knife. The lamb avoided him—it ran into a corner, but Giles grasped it and drew it toward him, saying between his set teeth:

"Now, then, John Winslow, this, too, will show thee what I can do to repay the man who bars witness against me."

Ellis' teeth gleamed. The smile on Giles' face was sardonic as he turned the lamb's face up to him, roughly and held its neck over his left knee while he slashed its throat.

Giles Ellis rose, and, looking down at the dying animal, said: "And had I a score here I would serve them the same way as I did thy fine horse, Master Winslow. Blame that, too, on the witches," he added, scornfully, as he thrust the knife-blade into the soft earth repeatedly. Then wiping it carefully on the grass, he replaced it in his pocket and returned to the path. He was walking away from the field where the lamb lay, when he paused suddenly, stood still, and listened. Then he vented a terrible oath, darted to a clump of undergrowth, and there, in a depression in the earth, beheld a man crouching.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### HIGHWAY ROBBERY IN CHINA.

Celestial Footpads Who Are Driven to their Vocation by Poverty.

The writer of the series of papers on "Chinese Characteristics" in the *North China Herald* of Shanghai refers to the propensity of the people in certain districts to highway robbery. The excessive poverty of the mass of the people and the density of the population make, he says, the presence of a large number of bad characters in any particular place a matter of certainty. The restraints of the local government are not sufficiently rigorous in most regions to keep these bad characters in anything more than a general state of subordination. If any event happens which makes it peculiarly safe for them to plunder with more than usual impunity they are sure to take advantage of the fact.

The autumn harvest is such an event. The whole surface of Northern China is dotted here and there with dense growths of sorghum (kaoliang), a plant which nature has apparently devised for the express purpose of meeting the wants of that region, just as the palm and bamboo are adapted to tropics. The sorghum plant grows to a great height, often eight or ten feet. By the middle of July it has attained such a growth that it is hard to see over it, and from that time until the harvest is gathered it is a constant occurrence for the natives of the villages to become confused, even in going short distances from one town to another. If, by any accident, a wrong turning is taken, the traveler is as much lost as in a tropical forest, with the disadvantages that he cannot climb a tree to see his way out.

Of this state of things the bad characters are not slow to take advantage. Traveling "across country" becomes at such times difficult and dangerous, not so much because it is hard to find the way as because there is great liability to be robbed, and a great probability that if one is so attacked one will not be able to obtain assistance. The small bands of unkempt soldiers, the only provision for keeping order in any particular region—have some resemblance to electricity, not in the rapidity or decision of their movements, but in the circumstance that they are altogether irresistible force. They are never on hand when wanted, and are often non-existent. But when the kaoliang crop comes up to its full height these troops are at the maximum of their uselessness. They cannot see far ahead of them on account of the dense forests of kaoliang; and if they came upon a large band of thieves in full course of gathering their plunder, and if they decided to attempt to stop the proceedings—a wild and improbable supposition—it would be wholly out of the question to do so, as the thieves could retreat into these kaoliang jungles, where no mounted soldier could follow for two rods. The result of this state of things is that in some districts the kaoliang time is one of fear and trembling for those who are obliged to go abroad.

The arrival of a stranger at this season is the signal for a plot to stop him and strip him of any superfluous baggage, and often of the most of his clothing. This plunder of travelers is a well-recognized industry of some districts, and is at its maximum during the comparatively idle interval when the crops have been hoed for the last time and are not yet ripe. There are certain prefectures where the population seems to take kindly to this occupation at almost any season of the year. In these regions the farmer in the field who sees a stranger coming along the road will sally forth to rob him, armed with his hoe, and when he has plundered his victim go quietly back to his work as if nothing had happened.

### A Fiend in Human Form.

"It was raining like sin," said Horace McVicker to a group of half a dozen people, "and I was just about ready to start home to dinner, when a man who lives in my part of town and rides on the same cars occasionally, came along and grabbed me as I stood under the awning in front of the theater."

"Goin' home?" says he.

"Yes," says I.

"Come on an' get a cigar first," says he.

"Don't want a cigar," says I.

(Here everybody looked at each other and smiled sceptically.)

"Yes, you do," says he, "come on, and he dragged me after him."

"I haven't an umbrella," said I, still protesting.

"Nuther have I," said he, "come on."

"Well, I thought he was only going a couple of doors east, so I started on a trot with him. He grabbed hold of my arm, and when we got to the cigar store I tried to dodge in, but he dragged me on down the street."

"Where are you going?" said I, trying to break away from him.

"Just around the corner," said he, and pushed along.

"I saw I was in for it, so I submitted and galloped along with him. When we reached State street, he charged straight across it, and, having reached the other side, he headed east toward Wabash avenue. I made another effort to escape, but he hustled me on, and we reached Wabash avenue. There we turned south and my captor lightened his grip on my arm. I was nearly out of breath and my clothes were soaked but still we staggered along. We reached Monroe street and crossed it, and I began to think that this fiend was bent on running me all the way to Thirty-fifth street, when he dodged into a place where they sell cigars and things, and hauled me in after him."

"I was five minutes in getting my breath, during which time the man had bought some cigars and forced one on me. I was too mad to say anything. I

was afraid if I got started I'd do murder; so I sat on the neck of my wrath, as it were, and made a break for a car as it passed. The man who wanted a smoke so bad followed, and stuck close to me. After I had paid our fares I felt I could trust myself, so I turned to him and said:

"What in the name of a 'prop' idol, did you do that for?"

"Do what?" says he.

"Chase me half a mile in the rain," says I, savagely. I felt as though I'd like to run up and down his form with those spikes on like folks climb telegraph poles with.

"I'll tell you," said he, not in the slightest abashed by the baleful glare in my eyes. "I had to go to that place for cigars, because—well, because I know the man and can stand him off."

"You didn't have to take me with you," says I, shivering in my clammy clothes.

"Yes I did," says he. "I know that if I bought cigars, you'd pay fare when we got on the car, and that's what I wanted. I'm flat broke."

"I just looked at this low-down villain, and tried to overmaster my rising rage. But he saw that it wasn't going to be a success, and that I was gathering myself for a spring at his throat, so he edged away to the other end of the car, placing several corpulent gentlemen between himself and me."

"I let him go, though I ought to have chopped his measly head off. He dragged me three blocks in a drenching rain in order to confidence me into paying his car-fare, and there I was, wet to the skin, with a ride to Thirty-fifth street before me. I've been looking for that man ever since, but I guess he's moved to some other town."—*Chicago Mail.*

### A Snail's Mouth.

Snails are such unpleasant creatures to handle that the amateur naturalist usually passes them by in disgusted silence, but they are interesting as well as harmless, and will repay close observation.

In one particular alone the snail is a wonderful animal, and that is his mouth. It is fortunate for mankind that no large wild animal is similarly constructed.

The mouth of the snail is armed with a very formidable instrument in the shape of a remarkable saw-like tongue. Probably you have, at some time or another, noticed how cleanly-cut are the edges of a leaf upon which a snail has been regaling himself. It is difficult to imagine how such a soft and flabby-looking animal can have made such clean incisions. But with an examination of the cutting instrument concealed in his mouth, wonder on this score vanishes.

It resembles a long, narrow ribbon, coiled in such a manner that only a small portion of it is called into use at once. Thickly distributed over the entire surface of this ribbon are an immense number of excessively sharp little teeth, designated in a manner which admirably adapts them to the purpose for which they are intended.

The quantity of these teeth is incredible—one species, for instance, has been indisputably proved to possess as many as 30,000 of them. The reason for their disposition on a coiled, ribbon-like surface lies in the fact that by use they become worn away.

As this happens, the ribbon is uncoiled, and the teeth, which before were wrapped up in it, at the back of the snail's mouth, come forward to take the place of those which have served their turn. The upper part of the mouth consists of a horny surface against which the sharp-toothed tongue works.

A leaf which is to be operated upon is caught between the two, and subjected to a regular file-like rasping on the part of the tongue. So effective an instrument does this form that the tough leaves of the lily may often be found to be entirely rasped off by it.

### The Seven Bibles.

The seven bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Tri Pitikes, of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zendavesta and the Scripture of the Christians.

The Koran is the most recent of the five, dating from about the Seventh century after Christ. It is a compound of quotations from both the Old and New Testaments and from the Talmud.

The Tri Pitikes contain sublime morals and pure aspirations. Their author lived and died in the Sixth century before Christ.

The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, the word "Kings" meaning web or cloth. From this it is presumed that they were originally written on five rolls of cloth. They contain wise sayings from the sages on the duties of life, but they cannot be traced further back than the Eleventh century before our era.

The Vedas are the most ancient books in the language of the Hindoos, but they do not, according to late commentators, antedate the Twelfth century before the Christian era.

The Zendavesta of the Persians, next to our Bible, is reckoned among scholars as being the greatest and most learned of the sacred writings. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, lived and worked in the Twelfth century before Christ; Moses lived and wrote the Pentateuch 1,500 years before the birth of Christ; therefore that portion of our Bible is at least 300 years older than the most ancient of other sacred writings.

The Eddas, a semi-sacred work of the Scandinavians, was first given to the world in the Fourteenth century.—*Philadelphia Dispatch.*

PERFECT valor consists in doing without witnesses all we should be capable of doing before the world.







CHelsea STANDARD.  
BY  
WM. EMMERT.

OFFICIAL VILLAGE PAPER.

FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1890.

SIXTH ANNUAL REUNION.

Held Last Saturday by the Boynton, Rockwell, Killam and Storms Families.

As stated in our last issue, the sixth annual reunion of the Boynton, Rockwell, Killam and Storms families was held at the Lima town hall, Saturday last, June 7th, over one hundred persons being present.

The dinner hour arrived before much could be done, and then the company sat down to partake of chicken, cold meats, pumpkin and lemon pies, coffee, lemonade etc., which would tempt the appetite of any person.

After dinner, an address was delivered by Rev. F. E. Arnold, which was an excellent effort, and much appreciated by all. After this, the following program was carried out:

PROGRAM.

Music.....  
Scripture Reading and Prayer.....  
Exercises by the Children.....

Music.....

Essay..... Nettie Storms.

Recitation..... Frank Storms

Music.....

Recitation..... Myrtle Spaulding

Report of Committee on Memoirs.....

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:

President—Geo. W. Boynton.

Vice Pres.—Wm. Davidson.

Secretary—Eddie Spaulding.

Treasurer—Wilbur Killam.

The body resolved to meet again, one year hence, when it is hoped all may be present.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

Chelsea, May 21, 1890.

Board met in council room.

Meeting called to order by president.

Roll call by clerk.

Present, W. J. Knapp, president,

Trustees, H. S. Holmes, W. Bacon, H.

Lighthall, G. J. Crowell.

Absent, G. H. Kempf, W. F. Riemenschneider.

Minutes of meeting May 9th read and approved.

On motion the communication of the fire department were accepted, and the election of J. A. Palmer as chief of the Department. Confirmed.

On motion to accept and adopt the lists of new sidewalk ordered by side and cross walk com.

Yes, H. S. Holmes, W. Bacon, H. Lighthall, G. J. Crowell.

Nays, none.

Absent, G. H. Kempf, W. F. Riemenschneider. Carried.

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

B. Steinbach, 22 loads gravel, \$11.00

Wm. Emmert, printing 1,000

tax receipts..... 3.50

M. A. Shaver, draying..... 9.00

Simon Hirth, repair..... 2.18

Thomas Leach, 22 loads of gravel 11.00

Dennis Leach, jr. 25 " " 12.50

Robert Leach 20 " " 10.00

T. Wilkinson 26 " " 13.00

H. Lighthall 50 " " 25.00

John Geddes 60 " " 25.00

H. Lighthall, crates on 2 boxes. 1.40

Ben Hawley, 19-10 days' work

on street..... 2.60

The bill of P. J. Lehman (assessor)

to the amount of \$50.00, \$45.00 for

assessment and \$5.00 on board of re-

view, was referred to the finance

committee.

On motion the board adjourned.

FRED VOGEL, Clerk.

List of all the property liable under

the charter of the village of Chelsea,

for the expense of making the improve-

ments required under special ordinance

No. 13. A special ordinance for the

construction of sidewalks on the west

side of Main street, on the East side of

Main street, on the north side of Sum-

mit street, on the south side of Wash-

ington street, on the north side of

Middle street, on the south side of

Middle street, on the north side of

Railroad street, in the village of Chel-

sea.

Showing the names of the owners

of such property, a description of the

property owned by each said persons

therein named, the number of front thereof and the total length of such improvements as required by Ordinance No. 1 of the ordinances of said village. Said Ordinance No. 1, entitled An ordinance relative to the construction of sidewalks in the village of Chelsea, approved July 6, A. D. 1881. This list made by Edward Moore, marshal, of said village of Chelsea, within the time, and in the manner provided for by said ordinance No. 1.

Dated May 15th, 1890.

EDWARD MOORE, Marshal.

Mary C. Barrus, Land situated in said village of Chelsea, bounded on the north by Wm. Remnant's land, on the east by Francis Westfall's land, on the south by James C. Harrington's land and on the west by Main street. 153 feet front, fronting on the east side of Main street. Total length of side walk ordered 89 feet.

Robert Boyd, Lot 5, block 16 E. Congdon 3d addition.

66 feet front fronting on the north side of Summit street. Total length of side walk ordered 66 feet.

Charles Carpenter, Land 3 rods wide bounded on the north by Anna Ferris' land, on the South by Theodore Swartout's land, west by Martin McKone's land, east by Main street.

50 feet fronting on west side of Main street. Total length of side walk ordered 42 feet.

Rose and Kate Conaty, Lots 8 and 9 block 1, original plat of said village.

159 1/2 feet front, fronting on north side of Railroad street. Total length of side walk ordered 106 feet.

Charles Guerin, Lots 6 and 7, blocks 2, Penn's addition to said village.

132 feet fronting on south side of Orchard street. Total length of side walk ordered 116 feet.

George W. Palmer, Lots 20, 21, 36, 37, in block 3, original plat of said village.

66 feet front, fronting on south side of Middle street. Total length of side walk 66 feet.

Theodore Swartout, Land bounded on the north by C. Carpenter's land, east by Main street, South by Mary Allyn's land, west by Martin McKone's land.

50 feet front, fronting on west side of Main street. Total length of side walk ordered 12 feet.

Mrs. George Wackenhut, Lot bounded on the west and north by C. T. Conklin's land, east by Main street by G. E. BeGole.

50 feet front, fronting on the west side of Main street. Total length of sidewalk ordered 50 feet.

State of Michigan, } ss. Village of Chelsea.

I, Fredrick Vogel, clerk of the village of Chelsea, hereby certify, that the within is the assessment list upon the streets hereinafter named, viz:

Main street, Summit street, Wash-

ington street, Middle street, Orchard street, and Railroad street, where sidewalks

are ordered to be constructed and laid down under special ordinance No. 13,

being a special ordinance entitled

A special ordinance for the con-

struction of sidewalks on the west side

of Main street, on the east side of

Main street, on the north side of Sum-

mit street, on the south side of Wash-

ington street, on the north side of

Middle street, on the south side of

Middle street, on the north side of

Orchard street, on the north side of

Railroad street, in the Village of

Chelsea.

Approved May 7th, A. D., 1890.

Dated May 21, 1890.

FREDRICK VOGEL,

Clerk of the Village of Chelsea.

I hereby certify that the above as-

sesment list was received by me from

Edward Moore, marshal of said village

of Chelsea on said day.

State of Michigan, } ss. County of Washtenaw, } Village of Chelsea.

I hereby further certify that the above

assessment list was received by me and

recorded in the record book of the vil-

lage of Chelsea on page 440, 441, 442,

443, on the 21 day of May, A. D. 1890.

FRED VOGEL,

Clerk of the Village of Chelsea.

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 pow-

der equal to any.

Sharon Sittings.

Sheep shearing is the principal work at present.

Miss Mary Alber, who has been sick for some time, is improving.

Miss Gertrude Rhoades attended teacher's examination at Ann Arbor last Friday.

Miss Mabel Cook and Miss Mamie Fletcher entertained company from Grass Lake, last Sunday.

Mrs. Hadley and family, of Shelbyville, Ill., who has been visiting friends east for some time past, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Servis.

The North Sharon Sunday school held children's day services at the Lutheran church, the use of which was very kindly offered them by the Lutheran society here.

Lima Luminations.

Chas. Guerin spent Sunday in Ypsilanti.

Warren Whipple was up north last week on business.

A party from here were camping at North Lake last week.

Mrs. A. Stedman, of Ann Arbor spent part of Friday Saturday here.

Between sixty and seventy attended the reunion at the hall last Saturday.

Miss Nettie Storms came up from Ann Arbor Friday and stayed over Sunday.

W. H. Guerin and family drove up from Ypsilanti Sunday morning and returned Monday.

Mrs. O. B. Guerin and Estella are visiting relatives in Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti this week.

Yeast cakes, all kinds at the Standard Grocery House.

Thirteen cents per dozen for eggs at the Standard Grocery House.

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

Goods bought at the Standard Grocery House delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

Rose jars, (filled with mustard now) only 20 cents at the Standard Grocery House. Just what every lady wants.

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

LEGAL NOTICES.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW. 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 Ruth Young, 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 ninth day of September, and Tuesday, the ninth day of December, next, at ten o'clock a. m. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated, June 9, 1890.

SAMUEL GUTHRIE, Com.

GEO. E. DAVIS.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW. 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, THE CIRCUIT COURT for the County of Washtenaw.

Mary Riggs, complainant.

vs. Clara H. Riggs, Chauncey W. Riggs, Rowena Riggs, Defendants.

Suit pending in the circuit court for the county of Washtenaw in chancery. At Ann Arbor on the 10th day of June, 1890, it is satisfactorily appearing to this court by affidavit on file that the defendant, Rowena Riggs, is a nonresident of this state and a resident of the state of Ohio, and that the last known place of residence of defendants Clara H. Riggs, and Chauncey W. Riggs, was in this state, but that their present place of residence cannot be ascertained. On motion of David B. Taylor of counsel for complainant, it is ordered that the said defendants Rowena Riggs, Clara H. Riggs and Chauncey W. Riggs, cause their appearance in this cause to be entered within five months from the date of this order and that in case of their appearance they cause their answers to the complainant's bill of complaint to be filed and copies thereof to be served on said complainant's solicitor within forty days after service on them of a copy of said bill and a notice of this order, and that in default thereof said bill be taken as confessed by said nonresident defendants, and it is further ordered that within twenty days from the date hereof the said complainant cause a notice of this order to be published in the Chelsea Standard, a newspaper printed and published in said county of Washtenaw, and that the said publication be continued in said paper at least once in each week for six weeks in succession.

EDWARD D. KINNE, Circuit Judge.

A true copy.

FRANK A. HOWLETT, Register.

D. B. TAYLOR, Solicitor for Complainant.

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, which are such a great source of annoyances to stock.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

J. C. Crawley, horse and cow doctor, Scio, Mich., noted for successfully removing placenta 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.

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. Dory, Probate Register.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF Washtenaw, S. S. 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 Elizabeth Newton 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 shop of Alfred Congdon in the village of Chelsea in said county on Saturday the 23rd day of August and on Monday the 23rd day of November next at ten o'clock A. M. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated May 23rd, 1890.

ALFRED CONGDON, Com.

EDWARD WARD.

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.

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 the Chelsea Savings Bank of the village of Chelsea, county and state aforesaid, a bank organized and doing business under the general banking law, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of said county of Washtenaw in said state of Michigan, on the 15th day of November, A. D. 1888, in liber 72 of Mortgage on page 88, 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 40/100 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 terms of this state on Saturday, the 25th day of June, 1890, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the east front door of the court house, in the city of Ann Arbor, County of Washtenaw, state of Michigan (that being the place where the circuit court for said county of Washtenaw is held). It will sell at public vendue to the highest bidder. The lands and premises described in said mortgage or so much thereof as shall be necessary to satisfy the amount due, interests, costs and expenses of said sale, said premises being situated in the township of Lima, County of Washtenaw, State of Michigan and described as follows to wit: The north-east quarter of section 23 and the south-west quarter of the south-east quarter of section fourteen (14) Town two (2), south range four (4), east.

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

CHURCHILL & WILKINSON, Attorneys for mortgagee.

TURNBULL & WILKINSON, Attorneys for mortgagee.

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 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, county of Washtenaw and state of Michigan, said court house being the place for holding the circuit court for said county, on Wednesday, the sixteenth day of July, A. D. 1890, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to raise the amount due to said complainants for principal, interest and costs in this cause, all of the following described piece of land mentioned and set forth in said decree, to wit: all that certain piece of land situated in the township of Lodi, in the county of Washtenaw and state of Michigan, and described as follows, viz: The west half of the north west quarter of section four, in township three (3), south of range five east. Dated, Ann Arbor, Mich., May 30, 1890.

PATRICK MCKERNAN,

Circuit Court Commissioner, Washtenaw County, Mich.

TURNBULL & WILKINSON, Solicitors for Complainants.



FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1890.

TRAINS LEAVE:

East.—5:13, 7:07, A. M. 4:02 P. M.  
West.—11:13 A. M. 7:48 P. M.

LOCAL NEWSY ITEMS.

Looked up White Roaming Around This Most Beautiful Village.

Dexter will in all probability celebrate the Fourth this year.

Everything in the ground is booming, and large crops are anticipated.

The county fair will be held at Ann Arbor, Sept. 30, October 1st and 2.

A slight frost visited this section last Sunday. 'Tis thawed out again!

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

F. L. Anderson has bought a half interest in the Puckney Dispatch of A. D. Bennett.

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

Black & Schmid sold \$25.90 worth of fans at the carnival held in Ann Arbor, recently.

The Stockbridge Sun entered upon its seventh volume, last week with W. B. Gildart at the helm.

The Allmendinger Piano and Organ Company, of Ann Arbor, shipped fifty-five organs and a piano the last day of May.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. will meet at the Chelsea house with Mrs. Hoag on Thursday, June 19, at the usual hour.

It is estimated that the Louisiana Lottery Co. makes \$15,000,000 per month. How much do you pay for its support?

During the month of May, the Ann Arbor post office sold \$1,876.53 worth of postage stamps, \$64.42 being newspaper postage.

Pay us one year's subscription, \$1.00 and 25 cents for the Free Press four months, and get the \$1,600 prize story "The Captain of Co. K."

Stockbridgeites have decided to organize a fire department. That village, it will be remembered, sustained a loss of \$5,000, recently, by fire, hence the organization.

The STANDARD one year and the Detroit Free Press four months for \$1.25. Pay your subscription now and get the opening chapters of the Free Press \$1.60 prize story "The Captain of Co. K."

"Money in politics and legislature" was the subject of a talk by Mr. H. D. Platt before the grangers at Ypsilanti last Saturday. If he handled the subject without gloves, there were some plain truths told. Did he?

We will give a handsome cook book to the lady guessing the nearest, the correct number of Chelsea's population, guesses to be received by us not later than June 30th, and not obtained from the enumerator or any other direct source. Send your guesses on a postal card to this office.

A Chicago correspondent writes the Register that Mrs. Harrington, of Dexter, is one of the heirs to an estate in California which is valued at \$2,000,000 dollars. This is good luck, surely.

The many friends of Mrs. Harrington in Chelsea, will be much pleased if the report is true.

The Congregational church of this city was assessed \$7.56 as its share of the expenses of the Jackson Association book up a special envelope collection to raise the amount two or three weeks ago. When the last envelope was opened and counted, the amounts footed up exactly \$7.56. —Ypsilantian.

A man (?) recently removed from Manchester to Waterloo, and when near the latter place, he fell out of the buggy, and when found he laid with his head just out of the wheel track with a bottle partly full of whiskey on one side of him and a revolver on the other side. You see if he had emptied part of the contents of the revolver into his mouth instead of the whiskey it would have been a clear case of suicide but you see people will make such mistakes and so the miserable fellow is yet here to curse the community with his low drunkenness. —Cor. to Sun.

Miss Smith is the guest of the Misses Jessie and Irene Everett this week. The Kempf & Bacon warehouse is being erected for wool and other products.

Boyd is headquarters for gasoline. Promptly delivered to any part of the village.

Sunday, June 22, Thomas Holmes, D. D., will deliver the Baccalaureate address at the M. E. church at the usual hour of service.

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!

Ladies who want summer millinery, hats, bonnets, etc., for children will find a nice assortment at Mrs. Stalla's. You are invited to call.

Sunday last, the Baptists raised \$190, which, with the amount on hand more than covers the recent expenses connected with the repairing of the church.

While working about a fence Saturday last, David Taylor had the misfortune to have a nail thrust through his thumb. Liniment aided in warding off serious results.

Agents report the sale of farm machinery rather slow this season, which is as it should be. When farmers buy for cash, and cash only, then and not till then, will they prosper.

The Baltimore & Ohio railroad has given notice to its employees that they must not visit saloons or be intoxicated while off or on duty. They evidently want their passengers to feel safe.

Burt Sparks, who is now in Omaha Neb., writes the writer that the lots offered to be given away at Akron, Col., are no good, being nearly two miles in the country. Burt is well pleased with his position (in a real estate office) and thinks the west is the place for young men.

Luther Fabner had a narrow escape from a fatal injury on Thursday of last week. A piece of wood flew from a rapidly revolving saw and struck him across the left eye badly bruising his forehead and face. Had the stick struck him with the end it would have penetrated the skull and caused a terrible death. —Dexter Leader.

John Costello, of Dexter has started a slander suit in the circuit court against Michael Reed claiming \$5,000 damages. The declaration sets forth that Reed called him a — thief and accused him of being a very immoral man. The trial will be very sensational if the defendant can justify the latter part of the charge. —Register.

The Schwabische Unterstutzung have elected the following officers: President, Christian Schlenker; vice-president, David Meyer; recording secretary, Wm. E. Vogel; financial secretary, Fred Stab; treasurer, Gottlob H. Wild; color bearer, Ludwig Kurtz; door-keeper, Jacob Michfelder; trustees, G. Wenger, G. Knapp, W. Wenger. —Argus.

Dr. Armstrong, of Chelsea, in again taking up the drug business, publishes a card in which he apologizes for not having been an advocate of cheap patent medicines on the ground of his prejudices against their use, and asks his customers not to request him to select their patent remedies "for every bottle from sarsaparilla to eye water has directions for the same disease." The doctor is the frankest druggist on record. —Argus.

"The Michigan Supreme Court" said a Lansing attorney recently, "has held that the property in front of which a defective sidewalk is situated is liable for any damage ensuing from the defective walk. Now that the U. S. Supreme Court has affirmed this decision it will probably have a beneficial result in spurring up property owners to a realization of the liability for sidewalk damages and in improving the condition of their sidewalk." —Lansing Daily Journal.

Perhaps it is not generally known that all stamped envelopes that are spoiled by mistake in superscribing will be redeemed by the post office department at their stamp value. Postage stamps damaged by sticking together in warm or damp weather, or for other causes before using, may be returned by the purchaser or exchanged for new stamps. Redeemed stamps or envelopes are sent by the postmasters redeeming them to the department and records of the same are kept.

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

Mrs. L. E. Sparks and daughters, May and Emma, of Jackson, were the guests of friends in this place a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Warty and Mrs. Hooker, of Augusta, were guests of J. W. Wallace and wife, and A. Hooker and wife a few days this week.

The ladies of the Lutheran church extend thanks to R. Kempf & Bro. for the use of their building on fair day. The ladies cleared nearly \$20.

Will the person who took a sun umbrella by mistake or otherwise from the Congregational church last Sunday, please leave the same at this office and save trouble.

Children's Day exercises were held in the M. E. and Congregational churches last Sunday evening, both houses being filled. The exercises in both places were excellent.

Life is full of changes. Mrs. Smiley changed her mind and started last Saturday evening, in company with her cousins for Wichita, Kan., then she intends going to her home in Nevada for a time, and then to California.

Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Kalmbach, by Rev. Mr. Kreumling, Miss Mary Kalmbach and Mr. Rudolph Herzog. A large number of invited guests and relatives were present at the ceremony, extending their congratulations to the happy couple, who left yesterday for their future home, Syracuse, N. Y.

Quite a number of our subscribers have been in and paid their next year's subscription, and we trust MANY more will within a few days. We do not ask money of you because we don't want to TRUST you, but because we have a note to pay. A dollar is a small sum for you, but when two hundred or more pay us, it helps us wonderfully. Therefore, if you CAN pay us, it will be a favor to us.

While Mrs. Minnis, aged 75, a daughter of Mrs. Ruth Young, was going to Sid Collins' last Sunday, a horse belonging to Mr. Denman became frightened and ran away, running into the vehicle containing Mrs. Minnis and two sisters, throwing Mrs. Minnis some distance, causing a broken arm and a fractured hip. The lady is quite heavy, and but faint hopes are entertained for her recovery.

Detroit wholesale sugar dealers have written Senator McMillan and Judge Chipman, urging the adoption by the Senate of an amendment to the House tariff bill by which if the sugar duty is removed the dealers can have a rebate of the duty on the thousands of dollars' worth of stock they have on hand. They say that sugars will at once take a heavy drop, and they could sell their existing stocks at great losses which they should not in equity suffer. This might indicate that protection (in this case) was a tax on the people. And so it is.

The fair and festival, spoken of several times, was held on the fair grounds Wednesday last, a small number being present. The main features were 42 young ladies representing the Union, and four goddesses — liberty, cereals, fruits and flowers — the Misses Lillie Hawley, Kittie Crowell, Lucy Lowe and M. Glenn, representing the same; and the speaker of the occasion, Gen. Russell A. Alger, of Detroit. Music was furnished by the Chelsea band. The address of Gen. Alger was a fine one, everybody being well pleased, although his remarks were chiefly directed to G. A. R. men and ex-soldiers. One of the interesting remarks, was the statement made by him that when he was 14 years of age, he earned \$27 per year; at 15, \$36; at 16, \$48; at 17, \$60; at 18, \$72; and the next six months, \$90.

To-day (although he did not say so) he is a millionaire, and knows how to use his thousands of dollars for the good of the whole people. Impromptu speeches were made by Prosecuting Attorney Lehman, Senator Gorman, ex-Mayor Beakes, M. J. Cavanaugh and Dr. Holmes. In this way over an hour was most pleasantly spent. Banner No. 1 was awarded to Grass Lake farmers' club; No. 2, to North Lake and No. 3, to Webster.

YOUR FOLKS AND OURS.

Jno. R. Gates is doing nicely, being able to beg out.

Howard Conk, wife and sister, left a few days ago for the northern part of the state, going with a team.

Mr. Lewis Godfrey, of Ypsilanti, was among numerous old acquaintances here the first of the week.

Jacob Eder and family, arrived from Germany last week. Mr. Eder is a brother of George, the barber.

Messrs. Reuben and Geo. Kempf have returned from their southern trip, and can tell some tall stories.

The genial and talented editor of the Argus, Mr. Beakes, was in the village Wednesday, viewing the "fair."

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Cushman will visit friends at Lansing and Mason a few days, making the trip with a horse and carriage.

Mr. D. M. Joslin, one of the earliest to settle in this vicinity, now residing at Unadilla, was a Chelsea visitor this week, and made us a pleasant call.

Chas. Burch and May Congdon, both of Sylvan, were united in marriage last Saturday, at the home of John R. Gates, by Rev. F. E. Arnold.

John R. Clark, the once noted temperance lecturer, is the guest of Mr. Curran White and Mr. and Mrs. Negus. Mr. Clark is now with the Redpath Lyceum Lecture Bureau, lecturing with such men as Rev. Talmage, W. H. Carlton, Bob Burdette and others of national fame. He is not talking temperance now, however.

Married, in Chelsea, June 12, 1890, at the residence of Jay Everett, Mr. Romaine C. Fenner, of Lansing, and Miss Irene Everett, by Rev. F. E. Arnold, assisted by Rev. George H. Fenner, of Marlette. Mr. Fenner is secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Lansing, where the home of the young couple is to be. To that home and, for life, they will carry the sincerest regard and most heartfelt kind wishes from this Mrs. Fenner's childhood home.

HE WAS NOT A PREACHER.

The many friends of Col. N. B. Eldridge, of Adrian, will be pleased to learn of his greatly improved health. The following is one of the good stories told about him:

"During a certain hot campaign Col. Eldridge arrived in a village where a Methodist quarterly conference was to be held the next day. As he stepped from the train a preacher saluted him and asked: 'Brother, have you been assigned?' 'I can't say that I have,' the Col. replied. 'Well,' said his questioner, 'there are three brethren whose houses are at your disposal. All are famed for their hospitality and they are all within easy access of the place where the meeting is to be held.' 'You don't say so,' exclaimed Col. Eldridge. 'Well I'm delighted. It's the first piece of luck I've had since the campaign opened. I hardly know to what good quality I am indebted for these exceedingly kind invitations.' 'Why,' said the gentleman of sanctimonious appearance in a doubtful tone of voice, 'are you not a Methodist Episcopal clergyman?' 'H—l, no!' responded the Colonel. 'I'm a democrat.'"

Waterloo Warblings.

More beans have been planted here this season than at any one year before.

Orson Beeman and John Bayer are the first to have sheep sheared in this neighborhood.

Lynn Gorton has secured the position of electrician at the electric light works at Wyandotte.

The ladies' aid society will meet next week Thursday p. m., at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Drake, of Lyndon.

Geo. Nuoffer and Miss Maggie Burns were united in marriage last week Thursday. They will go to house-keeping in his mother's house in this village.

A two days' meeting will be held this week Saturday and Sunday, in the north Waterloo school house by the Radical faction of the U. B. church. Rev. R. W. Keeney will be present and Rev. B. Hamp is also expected.

Markets by Telegraph

DETROIT, June 13, 1890.  
BUTTER.—Market quiet at 10¢@12¢ for best dairy. 8¢ for fair grades.  
EGGS.—Market easy at 13¢ per doz for fresh receipts.  
POTATOES.—Market quiet at 40¢ per bu for store lots.  
WHEAT.—No 2 red spot, 5 cars at 90¢ 1 cars at 90¢; June 3,000 at 90¢ No. 1 white 10 car at 90¢.  
CORN.—No. 2 spot, 56¢.  
OATS.—No. 2, white, spot 54¢.

Home Markets.

BARLEY.—Is dull at 60¢@50¢ 100  
EGGS.—13¢ P doz.  
LARD.—Country wanted at 6¢@7  
OATS.—Remain steady at 22¢@24  
POTATOES.—Slow sale at 25¢  
BUTTER.—Weak at 8¢@10¢.  
WHEAT.—Is in good demand at 83¢ for red and 83¢ for No. 1 white.  
CORN.—Quiet at 30¢ P bu.

Dr. Kelly's Cermifuge.  
A new discovery, prepared on the true theory now accepted by all advanced physicians, that bacilli or germs are the system are the active cause of many prevalent diseases. Cermifuge removes this cause and will cure Catarrh, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Malaria, Fever and Ague, Female Weaknesses, Nervous Exhaustion, Sleeplessness, Headache, Infantile Fevers and Convulsions, Rheumatism, Syphilitic, Unusual and other blood and germ diseases. A Family Medicine, scientifically prepared, perfectly safe and leaves no injurious effects. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price \$1.00 per bottle. For sale by R. S. Armstrong.

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

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

Garland Stoves and Ranges  
The World's Best  
THE NEW STORE  
is now offering bargains in  
CULTIVATORS!  
and all styles of tools for working corn. Farmers will find it to their interest to call on us before purchasing elsewhere. This, also, is the place to buy  
Screen Doors,  
Window Screens,  
Warranted Sheep Shears, Wool Twine and Paints, Oils, Etc.  
W. J. KNAPP.



# THE CHELSEA STANDARD.

WM. EMMERT, Publisher.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN

Among the employees in the service of Queen Victoria is the "Queen's rat-catcher," who receives the modest remuneration of £75 a year for keeping the palace free of vermin.

The Duke of Northumberland, perhaps the greatest land-owner in England, has just entered his eighty-first year. He owns more than 200,000 acres, with a rent-roll of \$875,000 a year.

Postmaster Sperry, of New Haven, Conn., is the originator of a plan to be introduced at all free delivery offices throughout the country. It consists of having filled out at every house, as a guide to letter-carriers, a card giving the names in full of all persons residing there, including servants and guests.

C. V. Boys, an English scientist, has solved the problem of measuring the moon's heat. By means of a thermopile composed of quartz filaments, which can render sensible the heat of a candle up to a mile and three-quarters, he has been able to demonstrate that the warmth from the moon's reflected light is equal to that given out by a candle twenty-one feet distant.

A BAND of Indiana White Caps got together and decided that William Miller needed regulating. It was a walk of seven miles to his house, but they paced the distance with a feeling that it was for William's good. When they reached his house he was up and awake, and after killing one and wounding two, his visitors hauled off and concluded that they had got hold of the wrong end of the lever.

CHARLES BURNS, a tramp who was arrested in Pickens County, Ga., has been indicted by the grand jury of the Federal Court at Atlanta for counterfeiting. The case is a peculiar one. Burns neither manufactured nor raised money, but reduced genuine \$10 and \$20 gold pieces to the value of silver by applying a chemical. Since there seems to have been anything but an intention to defraud the government the chances are that the case will not hold.

In South America is found a pale gray or particularly disagreeable-looking moth, which may be called a living lantern. Kept inclosed in a box for twenty-four hours, it will be found when the box is opened that the body of the moth is giving forth sufficient light to enable one to read plainly any ordinary type. A number of glass-fronted boxes containing the moths, when placed around the room, afford nearly as much light as so many wax candles.

The accounting officers of the treasury have finished an examination into the business relations existing between General John C. Fremont and the Government. The books were opened at the General's own request. It was alleged that he owed the Government \$1,700, incurred during his career in the army previous to the acquisition of California. The examination shows that Uncle Sam has been owing the General \$1,400 for forty years. That, with compound interest, will help the great explorer out.

It is related of the Czar that when he was staying at Gatchina a man working in the grounds of the castle, every time he saw the Emperor approaching, ran away and hid himself; this occurred so often that the man was taken to task and asked the reason why he did this. He replied: "I am so afraid that the Czar, if he sees me, will take a great dislike to me, when perhaps I should be sent off to Siberia; so I hide myself to keep out of danger." This ingenious answer shows how the Great Father, as he is sometimes styled, is regarded by his subjects.

An interesting story comes from England anent Prince Albert Victor, second son of the Prince of Wales. When he was a lad at school he was, as are most boys, nearly always short of money. He would on particular desperate occasions, write to his august grandmother to help him out of his dilemma. The Queen always answered his appeals for aid with a very kind letter of advice, but no money. On such occasions Albert Victor would go out into the campus and sell the Queen's autograph letter to the highest bidder. A large number of English families are said to have such letters in their possession.

A BERLIN correspondent writes: "A workman sold his lawfully-wedded wife to a small tradesman, or rather left her for two years, at the moderate price of 1 mark. The tradesman, well satisfied with his bargain, lived happily with the woman. At the end of fifteen months

the husband demanded an additional 15 marks, asserting that in handing over his wife he had overlooked the fact that she had an excellent set of teeth. The tradesman, however, would not budge a single penny beyond the original mark until the husband went into court. The wife was then ordered to return to her lord and master, who evidently values her as an Arab values an elephant—for her ivory."

THE Illustrated London News, in its picture of Stanley landing at Dover, has a group of ladies with well-dressed gentlemen in the background, eagerly shaking Stanley the explorer by the hand and showering smiles and flowers upon him. The staff artist of the *Illustrated American*, on the other hand, has depicted Stanley taken from the steamer to the train by two stalwart policemen, who run him through the crowd without a moment's delay, just as if he might be a dangerous criminal whose rescue was imminent. In this instance the English artist either drew a fancy picture of the occasion, or a picture in deference to the sympathies of English readers, while Gribayedoff, the American, thought it more interesting to depict facts.

It is not generally known that by following up rivers and creeks that the two oceans are connected in the United States, for part of the year, yet such is the fact. Following the South Platte, the Big Grizzly, the Little Grizzly, and Chedsey Creek, we find that it starts from a lake on top of the Rocky Mountains, running down into North Park, and from the same lake—called Summit Lake—there flows down on the other side a stream called Fish Creek. Fish Creek flows into the Bear River, near Steamboat Springs, and the Bear flows into the Grand, and the Grand and Green form the Colorado River which flows through the Grand Canon into the Gulf of California, which is connected with the Pacific. On the other side, after going through Chedsey, Little Grizzly and Big Grizzly Creeks, it flows into the Platte, Missouri, and Mississippi Rivers to the Gulf of Mexico.

A SCULPTOR, who believed that the character could be read from the hand, once declined an important commission for a statue solely because he did not trust the hand of the man who gave the order. At the time the artist was considered little less than a crank. But the hand-judgment turned out to be correct after all, for another sculptor, having undertaken the statue, had to carry his case into the courts in order to get payment. Another of these hand-readers fell in love with a young and beautiful girl. He became betrothed to her, although there were some peculiar characteristics in the shape and touch of her fingers which he disliked. The matter weighed on his mind. He was a queer sort of fellow and plain-spoken. "My dear," he said to her one day, "you are a very lovely, estimable girl, and I hold you in the highest affection. But the more I study your hand the less I like it. I am afraid we cannot be happy together. Let us break the engagement." They did. She married another man and eloped with a third in less than four years.

THE six-inch breech-loading rifle cartridges are composed of powder whose grains look like iron nuts, and are made up by piling the grains one on top of the other, so that the hole in the center will be in the same line all the way through, in order to allow the flame to go from the ignited grains at the base all the way through the charge and start the ignition at all points of the cartridge at the same time. The grains are built up on forms—a wire running through the grains keeping them in place. A bag is then drawn over the grains and the wires removed. The bag is strengthened by means of "hercules braid," if it is not the weight would burst the cloth. This bag is enveloped in a copper cylinder and hermetically sealed. The cylinder has a lid on each end and a ball to carry it by. When the cylinder comes on deck from the magazine the lid of the tin-end of the bag is removed and the case inserted in the gun; the other end is then pulled off and a rammer shoves the charge home and out of the cylinder. The weight of the cartridge is 50 pounds and consists of about 600 grains of powder. The grains are of an octagonal form 1 1/2 inches in length and 1 inch in diameter.

Time Is Money.  
Clerk—I would like a small increase in my salary, sir.  
Merchant—I don't see my way clear to that, but I can do the same thing in another way. You know that time is money.  
"Yes, sir."  
"Well, hereafter you can work until six instead of quitting at five."—*Harper's Bazar*.

WHAT a troop of other voices follow in the train of untruthfulness.

## RURAL TOPICS.

### INFORMATION FOR THE HUSBAND-MAN AND HOUSEWIFE.

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

#### THE FARM.

##### Pigs in Clover.

Pigs raised on clover are becoming very profitable, for people are beginning to appreciate the difference between the meat of pigs raised on a diet of corn, and those which are fed clover and grasses. Where the swine are raised upon a large scale for the pork factories, it doesn't matter much what their diet is, so long as they grow rapidly and increase in weight. It is quantity and not quality that takes. The great farms of the West, devoted to raising pork for the market, are largely to blame for bringing pork into disfavor. Many people won't eat pork, for they think it is unclean, and liable to contain the germs of some disease. One cannot wonder that this impression has gone abroad, when slops and dirty dish-water, with corn added, are supposed to be the diet of the pigs, whose time, when not eating this filthy compound, is spent in wallowing in dirt.

In order to raise pigs for profit, it is necessary to feed them food that will improve the quality of the pork, as well as increase the quantity. In the spring of the year the question of raising more swine on the farm comes up anew, and new methods of treatment of them should also enter into consideration. The farmer that gets the name of raising pork of a superior quality, never lacks for customers who are ready to pay good prices for it. There are those who are willing to pay fancy prices for a high grade article. In this age of deception and fraud, city consumers are never certain of what they are eating, unless they buy direct from some farmer. Many prefer to buy their eggs, butter, milk, vegetables, fruits and meat, direct from the producers, for then they know that they are getting a genuine article. Farmers, living close to large cities, can find nothing more profitable than establishing a name for raising nothing but the best, and then charging fair prices for all their products.

It is only recently that a change and reform in pig raising has generally been known by city people. They are beginning to understand now that some of the pork is raised from clover, grains, and clean food. The ordinary swill compound has been superseded by a diet of milk, clover, grasses and grains. Grass fed pigs produce superior pork, and they run less danger of sickness. There would be less mortality among the swine if they were given the range of fields, and allowed to root around in the clean soil. It will not always pay to enclose large pastures for swine, but some good system of soiling—should be adopted. They should have green food in summer, and roots, clover-hay and silage, in winter. Corn is probably the cheapest ration for them, but the pork of such hogs is always fat, and lacking in the flavor that always characterizes the clover-fed hog. The pen and house for the pigs should also receive some consideration from the owner, for the filth of such places has much to do in breeding diseases, during the hot weather, and also in tainting the meat. They should always have a decent pen or house, and plenty of fresh, clean water near them. Those who raise pigs in the best approved ways will inevitably find profit in them, and will find that, in the course of time, as his pork becomes well known, the demand will exceed the supply.—*Cor. Practical Farmer*.

#### Agricultural Items.

Alfalfa grows rapidly and should be cut as soon as the blue flowers appear. It thrives better when cut, and becomes thicker. It is fully the equal of red clover for stock, and contains a larger proportion of nutriment. Farmers should put in an experimental plot as soon as possible, in order to test it in this section.

Study the silo; the process of ensilage; the best crops for it; the great economy of it; and then go to work to make a silo and grow crops to fill it with. It makes one acre produce as much animal food as three acres can do without it, and it solves the problem of how to keep one cow or one steer for every acre of the farm.

The greatest need of agriculture, at the present time, is to grow all crops now produced at one-half the cost. This is the true way to make profit, lessen the cost of products. The tendency is everywhere to the increase of population, which, in the absence of destructive wars and deadly pestilence, is growing as never before. This tends to reduce the value of labor or the proceeds of it, because the production of food increases faster than the supply of labor. Hence it is necessary to increase the value of labor by making it more productive.

#### THE DAIRY.

##### Cottage Cheese.

C. R. M., Tiffin, Ohio, gives the following directions, in the *Dairy World*, for making cottage cheese:

"Creameries that are located near towns and cities, and have more buttermilk than they can dispose of, can realize something for it by the manufacture of cottage cheese. We find quite a demand for it at ten cents a pound. We usually make it twice a week and are governed in quantity made by the orders taken ahead."

When drawing the buttermilk from the churn we fill into transportation cans whatever we may want to set aside until we are through work in the afternoon, when we take a skimming-pail and fill it with buttermilk, which we set in a vat of boiling water (a tank we use for boiling water with which we wash and scald), being careful to have just enough water to come up even with the milk in the pail. Drop a thermometer into the milk and let it set until the milk shows a temperature of from 130 to 140 degrees (Fahrenheit), stirring occasionally to obtain a uniform temperature throughout. When it reaches the desired point we take it out and empty it in muslin sacks (the ones we use are about 16x20 inches and stoutly sewed.)

when it is tied with a string and hung up to drain. The operation is repeated until we have the desired quantity; then we leave it to drain until next morning, when, if properly scalded and drained, the curd will be quite dry. If scalded too much it will be watery. Now comes the mixing. It was this that discouraged us until we had a Keystone Beater, when we cried Eureka! This little machine does the work to perfection. We use a No. 2. Place the mixing vessel about one-half full of curd and pour on a small quantity of cream or rich milk, then stir until it becomes somewhat smooth, put in more curd and more cream or milk, all the while stirring. When you have the vessel two-thirds full, stop putting in the curd, and continue to stir, adding cream as needed to bring to the right consistency, which, as we prepare it, is about the same as good stiff butter, add a very small quantity of salt during the stirring. When whipped nice and smooth we turn into a large earthen bowl from which it is sold by weight.

There is no speculation in this, but when the milk is going to waste, and those in the creamery have the time, it offers an opportunity to add a few honest pennies to the cash account. To the consumer it offers a very wholesome and palatable article of food, which many use to lessen the butter account. I forgot to say that the sacks should be carefully washed as soon as emptied and hung up to dry."

In the home dairy where the butter is sold to private families in cities this cottage cheese may be made to bring in quite an income, as much of it can be disposed of to the families you supply with butter and eggs and can be delivered to them without additional expense of time.

#### THE STOCK-RANCH.

##### Live-Stock Items.

PROVIDE a clover pasture for the pigs; it is equal to milk and corn together.

When a pig is nine or ten months old its work is done; if it is not profitable pork then it never will be, and it might as well be planted under an apple tree, to save further loss in feeding.

With good, wholesome feeding; thorough grooming of the skin; avoiding to give water directly after eating, but always giving it previously to the feeding; no condition powders, medicines, or nostrums will ever be required for your horses.

There is no need for the long hair on the legs of horses. It is not a protection; but directly contrariwise, for the hair prevents the skin from drying, and causes irritation of the skin, cracking of it, and the resulting disease known as grease.

For cuts, wounds, galls, and sores, on animals, there is nothing better than an ointment made in this way: melt four ounces of lard and to ounces of Venice turpentine together, stir into half an ounce of verdigris (acetate of copper) and two ounces of turpentine; and keep stirring until the mixture is cold. This may be applied to the part in the evening, and, if it can be done, a bandage should be wrapped around it.

When any animal drinks water, the water is absorbed into the blood very quickly. We may know how this is ourselves, by nothing how soon the sensation of thirst is relieved after drinking. The sensation disappears in consequence of the absorption of the fluid. Hence water should be given a few minutes before feeding, and never directly after it. If given after feeding it carries the macerated food into the intestines before it has been dissolved by the gastric fluid, and thus produces indigestion.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR, when questioned as to the means whereby he made his large fortune, said: "I stopped all my losses and let my profits run on." This is the true principle, which lies at the bottom of the business of keeping all kinds of farm stock. Learn to distinguish the dead-ends, and take off their heads—somehow. Find out the profitable animals, and make them more profitable.

#### THE APIARY.

##### Honey from the Golden-Rod.

There seems to be a disunion among bee men in regard to golden-rod as a honey plant. Mrs. L. Harrison, of Illinois, says:

In August, of 1881, I was at Bethlehem, in the White Mountains, and the hotels were crowded. As I was hunting a place to lodge, I saw some old-fashioned box-hives, and as there was no fence, I went up to them, and I never saw bees carrying in honey faster—no, not in America or Heidelberg. Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, I looked to see where the honey came from. Every fence corner, side of road, or pile of stones, was decked out with the rich, golden plumes of golden-rod. I did not take it for granted that the honey came from golden-rod, but I went up to it, and I never saw so many bees together gathering honey, before or since. A few days afterwards I was in Burlington, Vt., and I crossed a deep cut in the railroad, and one side was a bed of golden-rod, and there were as many as a score of bees on one clump. The people there seemed to think the feathery plumes of golden-rod ornamental, as large vases of it adorned their pulpits, and I saw a man in New York City selling it.

##### Apiary Notes.

The honey-bee is a regular merchant. It "cells" combs for a living.

BEES, at a public sale near Atlantic, Iowa, sold at \$4 per colony.

MR. HOLTERMAN, of Ontario, has made bee-keeping pay. He has averaged, he says, latterly, \$8 per colony, income. He thinks that everybody can do as well in a fair locality, providing they start with one or two colonies.

No person should keep bees unless he gives them the same attention that he gives to any other pursuit. The person that does not take interest enough in the bees to study their habits, and provide for their wants, is unworthy the trust of their labors.—*Farm, Field and Stockman*.

I BEGAN the year of 1883 with sixteen colonies, and worked fourteen for extracted honey. I increased them to forty, took 2,000 pounds of honey; and they have yet an average of at least twenty-five pounds each. We had a frost in May that killed all the Linden

blooms, and injured other flowers considerably; also a very dry fall, cut the fall crop off short in September, altogether not making more than about two-thirds of a crop.—O. P. Miller.

#### THE HOUSEHOLD.

##### Unnecessary Drudgery.

Closet-room is no more fancy, but the good sense of the term, is as necessary to a housekeeper as a corn-bin is to a farmer or a tool-shed to a mechanic—that she may have somewhere to put things so that they are out of the way when one wants to move, and in the way when one wants to find them. It should be ample and distributed, so that she may not have to be endlessly moving one thing to another. If a farmer had his grain such shape that he had to shovel a bushel of corn—and then put the back again—there would be some saw and hammer in that barn, and an arrangement of things, if there were tree left on his farm and a saw within a hundred miles.

Many labor-saving inventions are possible for the household. There is a machine to wash dishes, and a cooking stove as Mrs. Livermore suggests, to which no woman shall be the knee. They will come, and domestic work shall be held in such honor as to enlist the best mechanical genius of the age in its behalf. So as the kitchen is cried down, like jail, for those to keep out of who and those to endure who must it will likely be little more—inviting the aforesaid jail. Let our women rights advocates only begin at the end—combine all their argument, learning, persuasion, and agitation improved domestic facilities, and can make American manhood do a thing they want done. The women papers in farmers' institutes are now working in this direction, of dwellings and appliances. Why have a Women's Domestic Congress, shall offer handsome premiums for proved implements, plans of dwellings, etc. Say \$1,000 for the best model cooking stove as high as a table, so every culinary operation could be performed without stooping, and as effective as those now in use. By publications and addresses at gatherings, and suitable agencies, house to house, make their improvements known to all their sex.

There is no reason, for instance, any woman should now be lifting all the old, unmerciful, iron kettles weighing some part of a ton, when she have those of agate-iron ware, to move easily by the feeblest arm. An immediate practical resource it is much for a man.

There is a merciless cruelty in many of our rural districts, which miseries might well be sent to correct the name of Christianity and humaneness. The farmer, besides all his costly proved machinery, has his "hired man" for plowing and harrowing, for shearing and mowing and repairing feeding stock, and a solid, unperturbed host to do his threshing, and his has then, too—to cook for, to wash and make beds for, and sweep for. She cannot have one "hired girl" to do all those heavy tasks and pay her much per week as some of those men paid per day. No wonder the men of insanity is remarked among farmers' wives. When we see how things are in some districts, we only wonder that any sane ones left. Church is used to be their one outlet; but with spread of infidelity in many rural districts, this is now often denied almost the year round, and instead ride in the fresh air and a chance least to sit down in the sanctuary have thoughts of rest in Heaven. It is a great company to feed and starve is made the hardest day of the week Home-Maker.

##### Hints to Housekeepers.

WASH out oil stains on clothes in water; ink stains dip in milk.

HAMS can be kept wrapped in paper and packed in a barrel of ashes.

DRESSING cloths must be washed ten or they will carry more dirt into rooms than they take out.

FRESH meats and game should be kept in a dry, cool place, but where milk and butter are kept, latter, being rapid absorbers, will be injured in flavor if allowed to rest in the same small enclosure with a lot of vegetables.

#### THE KITCHEN.

##### Spiced Beef.

Five pounds of the shank boiled hours with celery seed; drain off gelatine and then chop the meat fine, and pepper and salt, to taste, put it into a cloth on a platter, with the cloth and press it.

##### Breakfast Dish.

Peel eight tomatoes and cook them butter, seasoning well. Have a piece of fried bread larger than the tomatoes and put the fried tomatoes on them; then place a hard-boiled egg each tomato and serve very hot.

##### Baked Egg Plant.

Choose a rather large one, cut transversely and make a deep incision with sharp knife, taking care not to break skin. Place flesh slices in dripping pan, skin downward, very close together, pour over them a half a cup of salt water. When baked, lay them on a butter each piece and dust with a little pepper and serve.

##### Cow's Milk for Infants.

One ounce of pearl-barley is to well washed in cold water. Put it in a vessel with half a pint of water and it heat gently and simmer for a minutes over the fire; pour off the water, replace it by a pint and a half water and boil it down to a pint. This water dilute the cow's milk for infants, thereby rendering it far more nutritious than if diluted with water.

##### Cocoanut in Blanc-Mange.

Cocoanut is a great addition to blanc-mange. Soak one ounce of gelatine a quart of milk for two hours; add a small cup of sugar and place over fire; when the sugar and gelatine mixed with the milk and the mixture very hot, flavor to taste, and add a grated fresh cocoanut or a quarter of a pound of desiccated cocoanut, while cooling, and when cool pour in a mould and set on ice. It may be served with or without sauce.



## THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

THE MEN WHO MET UPON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Interesting Stories of the Rebellion—Old Soldiers and Sailors Recite Interesting Incidents of Life in Camp and on the Field.

### The Boys in Blue.

BY THOMAS BURKE.

There have been since the "boys in blue" fought with a southern sky, and we in this land might free of united life and die.

There was a grand, "was a glorious—glorious" but not a day, and the volunteers, "mist tears and cheers, gravely marched away."

There were their friends, yet proud that they loved their country, a call, and to the wars followed stripes and stars, and loved the shell and ball.

There was a mother shed bitter tears, and the children, "mist tears and cheers, gravely marched away."

There was a father, "mist tears and cheers, gravely marched away."

There was a wife, "mist tears and cheers, gravely marched away."

There was a mother, "mist tears and cheers, gravely marched away."

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had met General U. S. Grant! Of course, if they had known it they would not have brushed past me in that "get out of the way" style.

However, the day came to a close, and the boat I was to take back to New York was to leave at 7 o'clock. I paced the deck long after everyone else had retired to their state-rooms, but the boat still remained tied up at the dock. An hour passed, and finally I inquired why she did not start, and then I learned that we were waiting for General Grant and his party to come aboard. This was a pleasant surprise, and I determined to stay on deck and get another look at the lion.

Suddenly it flashed across me that here was an opportunity to obtain his autograph. Capital idea! I stepped into my state-room, and procuring a sheet of paper placed it upon the cabin table with the ink; the pen was in my pocket, a huge old-fashioned pen that slid in and out of a cylindrical-shaped gold case, and there was an amethyst knob at the end of it. I took my seat close to the cabin door and waited. In about an hour the General, accompanied by two gentlemen, came aboard. The boat steamed out, and I sat watching both entrances to the cabin, so as not to miss the General, by chance. John S. Peck was the first to retire, although at that time I did not know who he was. He wore shoulder-straps with two stars, and it occurred to me I would ask him for his autograph, too. He came through the door by which I sat, and, rising, I drew my pen out and asked him if he would be kind enough to write his name on this paper for me. He readily assented, and I thanked him as he passed on. Adam Badan retired next, and I thought I might as well ask him for his

autograph, for he must be somebody with Grant, which he gave willingly and said, "General Grant is on deck; if you ask him, he will give you his autograph, too."

Of course, I smilingly thanked him as he bowed me a "good-night." I returned to my post and waited. It was about 12 o'clock before the General started for bed, and, as he came toward the door where I watched, I stepped from out of the shadows and advanced to meet him.

He stopped, turned, and walked around toward the other entrance. Nothing daunted, and with the assurance of twenty years, I too, crossed over to intercept his way, and at the same time put my hand in my pocket for my pen. The General looked at me, hesitated, and stopped. I wondered what he saw so remarkable about me, but with a bold bearing I advanced toward him, drawing out my glittering pen at the same time. The General drew back, keeping his eyes strangely fixed upon me all the time, and I could not understand why he acted so unaccountably. I bethought me of the autograph, and with some pompousness and unlimited "cheek" I stepped forward, extending my pen. The light gleamed on the bulky gold holder, and the General retreated from me. He was frigidly firm, but uttered no sound. Of why he persisted in this strange manner I was quite unconscious. I stepped forward again, irrepresible, at the same time speaking—asking him if he would favor me by putting his name—his autograph—on this piece of paper. He seemed to recover himself, gave a little sigh, as if of relief. Seeing the pen, he took it from me, and going to the table, wrote his name. I called his attention to the fact that it was Independence Day, and asked him if he would add the date, "July 4," also. He willingly assented, and then bade me "good-night."

Three long hours I lay awake, wondering what was the matter with General Grant, and why I seemed to affect

him so strangely. Gradually I began to comprehend. He was alone; it was midnight. I came from the shadows; my pen clicked when I drew it from its cylinder, like the cocking of a pistol. My persistent advances—I recognized the truth at last. The great

General, who never flinched before the cannon's fire, had backed away before my nineteenth-century cheek and a gold pen—before me—John Van Loan, the supposed assassin.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Poor But Honest.

N Atlanta (Ga.) correspondent relates the following: Bailiff Couch rushed into the Sheriff's office with a gray-haired and grizzled bearded prisoner, and announced:

"Mr. Sheriff, here is an old man who is charged by a negro with stealing a dog last Christmas."

"Can you give bond?" the Sheriff asked the prisoner.

"I can, sir, if I am allowed to see some of my neighbors in De Kalb County."

"Well, we can't fix that now, and I reckon you will have to go to jail for the present."

The old prisoner's eyes began to fill with tears as he dropped wearily into a chair.

Presently somebody spoke to the Sheriff as "Colonel Thomas."

The prisoner sprang to his feet and asked, excitedly:

"Is this Colonel L. P. Thomas?"

"I am," replied the Sheriff.

"Don't you know me, Colonel?" Don't you remember old Newt Nolan, who was in your command during the war?"

An expression of recognition came over the Colonel's face as he held out his hand, and replied:

"Newt, old fellow, how do you do, and where have you been all this time?"

"Colonel, I have been out in De Kalb County working ever since old Company D laid down her arms. Say, Colonel, about this dog-stealing business. All I did was to take up a stray dog, and when the owner called for him I wouldn't give him up until he paid for his board. Colonel, I never stole but one thing in my life. Don't you recollect the night we went out and stole a sheep?"

"Yes; hungry soldiers are excusable for foraging a little."

"Now, Colonel, tell the boys what I did. Tell 'em, Colonel, how honest old Newt is."

"Why, you refused to eat any of the sheep because, as you said, you couldn't eat a mouthful of what didn't belong to you."

"And I was mighty hungry."

"Yes, we were all half starved."

"Now, Colonel, do you think I would steal a negro's dog?"

"Why, bless my heart, old fellow, of course you wouldn't. Here, Mr. Bailiff, I'll put up the amount of that bond. Let my old comrade here go free."

And the war-scarred veteran hugged his old commander and went out into the sunshine proud and happy.

A Determined Woman.

BY W. H. McKENNEY.

THIS little affair happened while doing camp duty at East New York. There was in our company a woman by the name of Margaret McDonald. She was the washwoman for the company. As she had a special pass she could go out or in as she pleased, but she had her failings. She was in the habit of taking something to give nature a jog; so on this particular occasion she had been out to the store to get a little of the ardent and was coming back pretty full, when the Captain of her company, being officer of the day, told the guard to stop her and not let her in. This he tried to do, but she was going in anyhow, so the guard had to call the corporal, and together they held her till the officer of the day came to their relief and told her that she could not go in in her present condition. She replied that she belonged with the company, drew her rations with the company, and that she should go in, whereupon she started. The officer drew his sword, flourished it in the air and told her to stop, whereupon she plunked herself upon the ground, pulled off one of her shoes and a stocking, put a half brick in the latter, and advanced. The boys shouted lustily and the officer was forced to retreat. The Captain being a good fellow, didn't want to hurt her, and she triumphantly passed in. But every time Margaret's name was mentioned, after this episode, the Captain would draw his cigar-case and say: "Let us smoke the pipe of peace."

NORTH ANSON, ME.

General Walter L. Payne.

During the past week the Argus was the honored recipient of a call from General Walter L. Payne, of Fostoria, Ohio, a past Commander-in-Chief of the Order of Sons of Veterans, who was in attendance upon the annual meeting of American Water Works Builders. He is also a comrade of the Grand Army of the Republic, and was the first person to raise the national flag over the Custom House of New Orleans when General Butler entered the city. General Payne, then only twenty-four years old, was Adjutant General of his division. Chicago Argus.

## WHERE COURTESY WAS LACKING.

A Man Picks Up a Fallen Package, but the Owner Refuses to Take It.

There have been a good many letters written to the newspapers recently, and consequently no little discussion, about the "decline of courtesy"—women's neglect to show gratitude for men's little civilities and men's unwillingness to sacrifice themselves for women who are strangers to them. A favorite example has been that of yielding seats in horse-cars and elevated trains. Perhaps some one had just been reading one of these letters. At any rate, the conversation turned toward this subject and each man began to give his views on the subject.

"I don't know how other people feel about it," said the senior of the group, a man about fifty years old, of dignified appearance and courtly demeanor, "but I find that when I am tempted to keep my seat and to see a woman stand I am ashamed of myself. Something makes me feel cheap, so that I haven't the courage to look her or anyone else in the eyes. For my own peace of mind, therefore, I prefer to give up my seat and stand, however tired I am. I imagine that I have seldom met women who failed to recognize this little compliment to their sex by some sign of appreciation, a pleasant nod, a graceful smile or a quiet and conventional 'thank you.' Perhaps this is because I am getting old, but that is neither here nor there."

"I can say, though, with perfect truth that I have had one experience where a well-intended act of courtesy not only did not elicit any word of thanks, but on the contrary, caused the woman evident annoyance. And I could hardly blame her, although I was terribly embarrassed by her curt manner."

"I was in Boston at the time (don't smile, you self-satisfied New-Yorkers,) and went to the Boston Museum to get seats for one of Booth's performances. There was a long line before the box office when I took my place at the end. The one in line before me was a woman, handsomely but quietly dressed. The people moved so slowly and the wait was so wearisome that we kept nodding, but were turned, some one way, some another. In this way I could not fail to notice the woman's wonderful complexion. It was dazzling in its delicate tints of rose and white and one could almost see the roses in her cheek fade and blush by turns. I am afraid that I found her complexion so perfect that I was impolite enough to stare at her a moment when I thought she was not looking my way, for she turned her head and after that I could only see the pink and white of two delicately fashioned ears."

"When she reached the box office and selected her seats and was opening her pocketbook to pay for them a small package slipped from her hands. I saw it and grabbed at it to catch it before it struck the marble of the floor. Of course I missed it and as it fell I heard a slight crash of glass. Picking it up hurriedly, I offered it to her, but she crisply declined to touch it, saying: 'Please let it lie on the floor.'"

"I stood there rather sheepishly, holding it, when I felt a cold, cream-like mixture steal between my fingers. Looking at the package, I saw, to my horror, that the wrapper had been torn enough to show on a bottle's side just two words, 'Face Enamel.' The woman had started for the stairs with a crimson hue in her cheeks that no enamel, no paint, not even the most highly colored brush of nature, could equal. As for me, I dropped the bottle with a crash and fled like a coward, not waiting for my tickets. As I made my escape, I heard several snickers. They were all women's."—New York Tribune.

Properties of Charcoal.

Although charcoal is very combustible, it is in some respects a very unchangeable substance, resisting the action of a great variety of other substances upon it. Hence posts are often charred before being put into the ground. Grain has been found in the excavation at Herculaneum which was charred at the destruction of that city 1,800 years ago, and yet the shape is perfectly preserved, so that you can distinguish between the different kinds of grain. While charcoal is itself so unchangeable, it preserves other substances from change. Hence, meat and vegetables are packed in charcoal for long voyages, and the water is kept in casks which are charred on the inside. Tainted meat can be made sweet by being covered with it. Foul and stagnant water can be deprived of its bad taste by being filtered through it. Charcoal is a great decolorizer. Ale and Porter filtered through it are deprived of their color, and sugar refiners decolorize their brown syrups by means of charcoal, and thus make white sugar. Animal charcoal, or bone black, is the best for such purposes, although only one-tenth of it is really charcoal, the other nine-tenths being the mineral portion of the bone.

Charcoal will absorb, of some gases, from eighty to ninety times its own bulk. As every point of its surface is a point of attraction it is supposed to account for the enormous accumulation of gases in the spaces of charcoal. But this accounts for it only in part. There must be some peculiar power in charcoal to change, in some way, the condition of a gas which it absorbs ninety times its own bulk.

The danger of "trusting" is being illustrated every day. The man who gets away with the biggest pile of money, is always a "trusted" clerk, or a "trusted" teller or a "trusted" book-keeper. To be on the safe side, a cashier or clerk who can't be "trusted" should be employed.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ENTERTAINING DISSERTATION ON SERIOUS SUBJECTS.

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

The lesson for Sunday, June 16, may be found in Luke 12: 13-21.

INTRODUCTORY.

We have here one of a series of open-air sermons. Never before nor since perhaps were such crowds gathered to hear a single man. Peter the hermit had his thousands, Whitefield his five thousands. This one had, as the opening verse of the chapter indicates (see margin to Revelation), his ten thousands. It was a great opportunity for the proclamation of the truth; a time to speak plainly and impressively into the listening ear of the world. What the Prince of heaven says on such an occasion may well engage our reverent attention.

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

One of the company. Literally, one out of the crowd. It was a great throng. The first verse of the chapter says myriads were gathered.—Said to him. The topics of Christ's discourse here seem to have been suggested either by wants made immediately manifest or by questions proposed on the spot. He has just been speaking of hypocrisy, then of the counter spirit of sincerity. Now he takes up cupidity.—Master or teacher. This was not necessarily one of his disciples, though probably one who had come to inquire.—Speak to my brother that he divide. The simple Greek is, tell my brother to divide.—The inheritance, or patrimony. The root of the word means lot. He wished a change in the usages of primogeniture.

Man. There is a shade of rebuke in the language.—Made me, or appointed, in official relations.—A judge. One whose place it is to settle earth's disputes.—Divider, or apportioner. A kind of arbitrator.—Over you. Christ is not in this dispensation a judge or divider over us but in us. Received into loyal hearts he becomes the world's great arbitrator and divider; not from outward force, but inward love.

My soul.—The life principle. (Psyche.)—Much goods, or many good things.—Laid up for many days. As if the things of earth were held by indissoluble links.—Take thine ease. Literally, be at rest.—Be merry. As one might who had nothing to fear.

Thou fool. More accurately, unwise. He had not planned with even ordinary sagacity.—Required of thee. To demand back. As of a thing loaned.—Whose, or for whom.—Provided. Laid by for himself, fallen to others.

Layeth up treasure. Our word, thesaurus, comes from this verb.—For himself. This man was not, as some are doing, laying up for posterity, but for his own earthly appetites, which in a moment were cut off.—Rich toward God, or unto God (eis). Our treasure deposited with God. (Matt. 6: 19-21; James 2: 5.)

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

Master, speak to my brother that he divide. Some men seem to have no higher conception of the privileges and prerogatives of the Christian life. The church, in their notion of it, was formed but to secure them their rights in this world. We used to know a rural pastor who was in a state of perpetual grievance over some slight, some imposition or other. We never heard him say a word regarding the blessings of God upon his life and work. We doubt whether he realized any. He was so taken up with dividing off fancied inheritances. So it is with grasping after earthly things, we miss almost wholly the real inheritance in the skies.

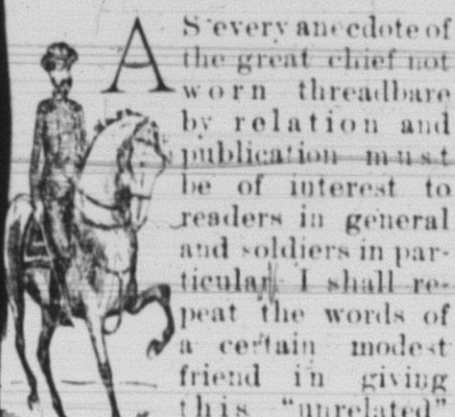
Take heed and beware of covetousness. Let the world hear the warning. Let the church give heed. No sin is more crying to-day than the sin of covetousness. Christ foresaw the evil and he threw forward this word of admonition perhaps for the sake of our nineteenth century. We have come to an age of great accumulations, an age that has its peculiar temptations. Wealth is a good thing, rightly used. Wrongly used, the whole thought concentrated upon it, it is the root of all evil. Beware of it. Be exceedingly careful, for before one knows it the poison has begun its work. See Christ looking at us to-day out of serious though tender eyes and saying, "Beware of covetousness."

Man, who made me a judge or divider over you? The glory which is Christ's is something other, something vastly higher. He could have come and made himself by divine right an arbiter and a dictator. But he had larger, infinitely larger, designs. When we appeal to him on this point he looks at us and says, "He that will save his life shall lose it, and he that will lose his life shall preserve it." That is the way Christ divides. He cuts right between us and the world, severing us from all possessions. And then when we stand there stripped of all things, with nothing—he freely gives us all things. He divides his own inheritance with us.

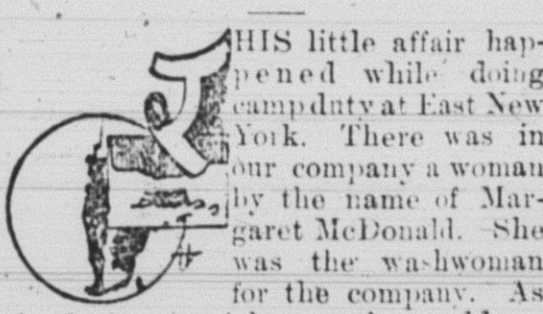
What shall I do? It is a good question. Let our men of men take it under consideration. Only let them be very careful how they answer, what shall we do with the money God has given? How can we best employ it? This man responded to the query in utter selfishness, "I will pull down my barns, and build greater, and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods." Do you see how everything was centered in self? Soul, my soul, take thine ease; eat, drink and be merry. Fool! The human soul is a very small thing, unhelped of God; a very weak thing, unhelped of God. In trust to such a cupboard and you will lose all you have. Put out to heaven's usury, use for soul's good and God will bless. Friend, what are you doing with your talent?

Rich toward God. Who are the wealthy of earth? The truly rich? At the Anniversary meetings Joanna Moore, standing, simply clad and modest, before the vast congregation, but with a bright smile upon her face and a joyous hallelujah in her heart, did not represent large possessions of earth. Likely as not, she had no more than would take her to her distant Louisiana home. (Somehow her little "Hope" account always just balances.) No matter. She was the wealthiest woman on the platform, and there was not a little there represented. She was rich toward God, and those who looked and saw could not but envy such possession.

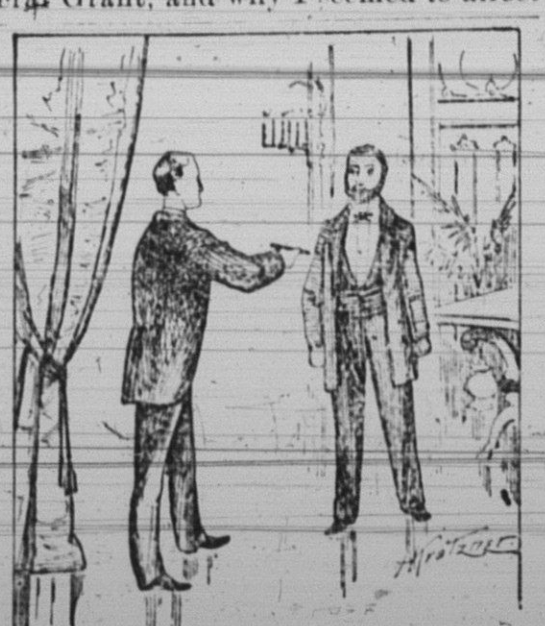
Next lesson.—"Trust in our Heavenly Father." Luke 12: 22-34.



"GEN. GRANT IS ON DECK."



"LET US SMOKE THE PIPE OF PEACE."



"I STEPPED FORWARD, EXTENDING MY PEN."



FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1890.

## Mr. Meeson's Will.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### SHORT ON LEGAL ETIQUETTE.

"Well, Meeson, what is it? Have you come to ask me to lunch?" asked Mr. John Short. "Do you know I actually thought that you might have been a client?"

"Well, by Jove! old fellow, and so I am," answered Eustace. "I have been to your brother and he has sent me on to you, because he says that it is not the etiquette of the profession to see a client unless a solicitor is present, so he has referred me to you."

"Perfectly right; perfectly right of my brother James, Meeson. Considering how small are his opportunities of becoming cognizant with the practice of his profession, it is extraordinary how well he is acquainted with its theory. And now, what is the point?"

"Well, do you know, Short, as the point is rather a long one, and that your brother said he should expect us at 2 precisely, I think that we had better take the bus back to the Temple, when I can tell the yarn to both of you at once."

"Very well. I do not, as a general rule, like leaving my office at this time of day, as it is apt to put clients to inconvenience, especially such of them as come from a distance. But I will make an exception for you, Meeson. William, he went on to the counterpart of the Pump court infant, if any one calls to see me, will you be so good as to tell them that I am engaged in an important conference at the chambers of Mr. Short in Pump court, but that I hope to be back by half past 3."

In due course Eustace and his legal adviser arrived at Pump court, and, oh! how the heart of James, the barrister, swelled with pride when for the first time in his career he saw a real solicitor enter his chambers accompanied by a real client. He would, indeed, have preferred it if the solicitor had not happened to be his twin brother, and the client had been some other than his intimate friend; but still it was a blessed sight—a very blessed sight!

"Will you be seated, gentlemen?" he said, with much dignity.

They obeyed.

"And now, Meeson, I suppose you have explained to my brother the matter on which you require my advice?"

"No, I haven't," said Eustace; "I thought that I might as well explain it to you both together, eh?"

"Hum," said James; "it is not quite regular. According to the etiquette of the profession to which I have the honor to belong, it is not customary that matters should be so dealt with. It is usual that papers should be presented; but that I will overlook, as the point appears to be pressing."

"That's right," said Eustace. "Well, I have come about a will."

"So I understand," said James; "but what will, and where is it?"

"Well, it's a will in my favor, and it is tattooed on a lady's back."

The twins simultaneously rose from their chairs and looked at Eustace with such a ridiculous identity of movement and expression that he fairly burst out laughing.

"Presume, Meeson, that this is not a hoax," said James, severely. "I presume that you know too well what is due to learned counsel to attempt to make one of their body the victim of a practical joke."

"Surely, Meeson," added John, "you have sufficient respect for the dignity of the law not to tamper with it in any such way as my brother has indicated?"

"Oh, certainly not. I assure you it is all square. It is a true bill, or rather a true will."

"Proceed," said James, resuming his seat. "This is evidently a case of an unusual nature."

"You are right there, old boy," said Eustace. "And now, just listen, and he proceeded to unfold his moving tale with much point and emphasis."

When he had finished, John looked at James rather helplessly. The case was beyond him. But James was equal to the occasion. He had mastered that first great axiom which every young barrister should lay to heart: "Never appear to be ignorant."

"This case," he said, as though he were giving judgment, "is doubtless of a remarkable nature, and I cannot at the moment lay my hand upon any authority bearing on the point—*if*, indeed, any such are to be found. But I speak off hand, and must not be held too closely to the obiter dictum of a viva voce opinion. It seems to me that, notwithstanding its peculiar idiosyncrasies, and the various 'crucies' that it presents, it will, upon closer examination, be found to fall within those general laws that govern the legal course of testamentary disposition. If I remember right—I speak off hand—the Act of 1 Vic., cap. 26, specifies that a will shall be in writing, and that a will shall be defined as a *rude variety* of writing. It is, I admit, usual that writing should be done on paper or parchment, but I have no doubt that the young lady's skin, if carefully removed and dried, would make excellent parchment. At present, therefore, it is parchment in its green stage, and perfectly available for writing purposes. To continue. It appears—I am taking Mr. Meeson's statements as being perfectly accurate—that the will was properly and duly executed by the testator, or rather by the person who tattooed in his presence and at his command: a form of signature which is very well covered by the section of the Act of 1 Vic., cap. 26. It seems, too, that the witnesses attested in the presence of

each other and of the testator. It is true that there was no attestation clause; but the supposed necessity for an attestation clause is one of those fallacies of the lay mind which, perhaps, cluster more frequently and with a greater persistence round questions connected with testamentary disposition than those of any other branch of the law. Therefore, we must take the will to have been properly executed in accordance with the spirit of the statute. And now we come to what at present strikes me as the crux. The will is undated. Does that invalidate it? I answer with confidence, no. And mark: evidence—that of Lady Holmhurst—can be produced that this will did not exist upon the back of Miss Augusta Smithers previously to Dec. 19, on which day the Kangaroo sunk; and evidence can also be produced—that of Mrs. Thomas—that it did exist on Christmas day, when Miss Smithers was rescued. It is, therefore, clear that it must have got upon her back between Dec. 19 and Dec. 25."

"Quite so, old fellow," said Eustace, much impressed at this corroboration of legal lore. "Evidently you are the man to tackle the case. But, I say, what is to be done next? You see, I'm afraid it is too late. Probate has issued, whatever that may mean."

"Probate has issued!" echoed the great James, struggling with his rising contempt; "and is the law so helpless that probate which has been allowed to issue under an erroneous apprehension of the facts cannot be recalled? Most certainly not! So soon as the preliminary formalities are concluded, a writ must be issued to revoke the probate, and claiming that the court should pronounce in favor of the later will; or, stay, there is no executor—there is no executor!—a very important point, claiming a grant of letters of administration with the will annexed. I think that will be the better course."

"But how can you annex Miss Smithers to a grant of letters of administration, whatever that may mean?" said Eustace, feebly.

"That reminds me," said James, disregarding the question and addressing his brother, "you must at once file Miss Smithers in the registry, and see to the preparation of the usual affidavits of scripts."

"Certainly, certainly," said John, as though this were the most simple business in the world.

"What?" gasped Eustace, as a vision of Augusta impaled upon an enormous bill guard rose before his eyes. "You can't file a lady; it's impossible."

"Impossible or not, it must be done before any further steps are taken. Let me see; I believe that Dr. Probate is the sitting registrar at Somerset House this sitting. It would be well if you made an appointment for to-morrow."

"Yes," said John.

"Well," went on James, "I think that is all for the present. You will, of course, let me have the instructions and other papers with all possible speed. I suppose that other counsel besides myself will be ultimately retained?"

"Oh! that reminds me," said Eustace, "about money, you know. I don't quite see how I am going to pay for all this game. I have got about fifty pounds spare cash in the world, and that's all; and I know enough to be aware that fifty pounds do not go far in a lawsuit."

Blankly James looked at John and John at James. This was very trying.

"Fifty pounds will go a good way in out of pocket fees," suggested James at length, rubbing his bald head with his handkerchief.

"Possibly, answered John, pettishly; "but how about the remuneration of the plaintiff's legal adviser? Can't you"—addressing Eustace—"manage to get the money from some one?"

"Well," said Eustace, "there's Lady Holmhurst. Perhaps if I offered to share the spoil with her, if there was any."

"Dear me, no," said John; "that would be maintenance."

"Certainly not," chimed in James, holding up his hand in dismay. "Most clearly it would be *champerty*; and did it come to the knowledge of the court nobody can say what might not happen."

"Indeed," answered Eustace, with a sigh, "I don't quite know what you mean, but I seem to have said something very wrong. The odds on a handiicap are child's play to understand beside this law," he added, sadly.

"It is obvious, James," said John, "that, putting aside other matters, this would prove, independent of pecuniary reward, a most interesting case for you to conduct."

"That is so, John," replied James; "but, as you must be well aware, the etiquette of my profession will not allow me to conduct a case for nothing. Upon that point, above all others, etiquette rules us with a rod of iron. The stomach of the bar, collective and individual, is revolted and scandalized at the idea of one of its members doing anything for nothing."

"Yes," put in Eustace, "I have always understood that they were regular rascals."

"Quite so, my dear James; quite so," said John, with a sweet smile. "A fee must be marked upon the brief of learned counsel, and that fee must be paid to him, together with many other smaller fees; for learned counsel is like the cigarette boxes and new fashioned weighing machines at the stations; he does not work unless you drop something down him. But there is nothing to prevent learned counsel from returning the fee, and all the little fees. Indeed, James, you will see that this practice is common among the most eminent of your profession, when, for instance, they require an advertisement or wish to pay a delicate compliment to a constituency. What do they do then? They wait till they find £500 marked upon a brief, and then resign their fee. Why should you not do the same in this case, in your own interest? Of course, if we win the cause the other side or the estate will pay the costs; and if we lose you will at least have had the advantage, the priceless advantage, of a unique advertisement."

"Very well, John; let it be so," said James, with magnanimity. "Your checks for fees will be duly returned; but it must be understood that they are to be presented."

"Not at the bank," said John, hastily. "I have recently had to oblige a client," he added by the way of explanation to Eustace, "and my balance is rather low."

"No," said James; "I quite understand."

I was going to say 'are to be presented to my clerk.' And with this solemn face the conference came to an end.

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### HOW AUGUSTA WAS FILED.

That very afternoon Eustace returned to Lady Holmhurst's house in Hanover square, to tell his dear Augusta that she must attend on the following morning to be filed in the registry at Somerset House. As may be imagined, though willing to go any reasonable length to oblige her new found lover, Augusta not unnaturally resisted this course violently, and was supported in her resistance by her friend Lady Holmhurst, who, however, presently left the room, leaving them to settle it as they liked.

"I do think that is a little hard," said Augusta, with a stamp of her foot, "that, after all that I have gone through, I should be taken off to have my unfortunate back stared at by a doctor some one or other, and then be shut up with a lot of musty old wills in a registry."

"Well, my dearest girl," said Eustace, "either it must be done or else the whole thing must be given up. Mr. John Short declares that it is absolutely necessary that the document should be placed in the custody of the officer of the court."

"But how am I going to live in a cupboard or in an iron safe with a lot of wills?" asked Augusta, feeling very cross.

"I don't know, I am sure," said Eustace; "Mr. John Short says that that is a matter which the learned doctor will have to settle. His own opinion is that the learned doctor—confound him!—will order that you should accompany him about wherever he goes till the trial comes off, for, you see, in that way you would never be out of the custody of an officer of the court. But," went on Eustace, gloomily, "all I can tell him, if he makes that order, is, that if he takes you about with him he will have to take me, too."

"Why?" said Augusta.

"Why? Because I don't trust him—that's why. Oh, yes, I dare say he is old. And besides, just think, this learned gentleman has practiced for twenty years in the divorce court! Now, I ask you what can you expect from a gentleman, however learned, who has practiced for twenty years in the divorce court? I know him," went on Eustace, vindictively—"I know him. He will fall in love with you himself. Why, he would be an old duffer if he didn't."

"Really," said Augusta, bursting out laughing; "you are too ridiculous, Eustace."

"I don't know about being ridiculous, Augusta; but if you think I am going to let you be married about by that learned doctor without my being there to look after you, you are mistaken. Why, of course he would fall in love with you; nobody could be near you for a couple of days without doing so."

"Do you think so?" said Augusta, looking at him so sweetly that a wave of happiness passed through him.

"Yes, I do," he answered, and thus the conversation came to an end and was not resumed till dinner time.

On the following morning at 11 o'clock Eustace, who had managed to get a few days' leave from his employers, arrived with Mr. John Short to take Augusta and Lady Holmhurst—who was going to chaperon her—to Somerset House, whither, notwithstanding her objections of the previous day, she had at last consented to go.

Mr. Short was introduced, and much impressed both the ladies by the extraordinary air of learning and command which was stamped upon his countenance. He wanted to inspect the will at once; but Augusta struck at this, saying that it would be quite enough to have her shoulders stared at once that day. With a sigh and a shake of the head at her unreasonableness Mr. John Short submitted, and then the carriage came round and they were all driven off to Somerset House. Presently they were there, and after threading innumerable chilly passages reached a small room with an almshouse, a dirty deal table and a few chairs in it, wherein were congregated several solicitors' clerks, waiting their turn to appear before the registrar.

Presently, however, somebody poked his head through the door, which he opened just wide enough to admit it, and bawling out—

"Short, re-Meeson," vanished as abruptly as he had come.

"Now, Lady Holmhurst, if you please," said Mr. John Short, "allow me to show the way, if you will kindly follow with the will—this way, please."

In another minute the unfortunate will found herself in a large and lofty room, at the top of which, with his back to the light, sat a most agreeable looking middle aged gentleman, who, as they advanced, rose with a politeness that one does not generally expect from officials on a fixed salary, and, bowing, asked them to be seated.

"Well, what can I do for you?" Mr. Short—ah! Mr. Short—put on his eyeglasses and referred to his notes—"Mr. Short—you wish to file a will, I understand; and there are peculiar circumstances of some sort in the case?"

"Yes, sir; there are," said Mr. John Short, with much meaning. "The will to be filed in the registry is the last true will of Jonathan Meeson of Pompadour Hall, in the county of Warwick, and the property concerned amounts to about two millions. Upon last motion day the death of Jonathan Meeson, who was supposed to have sunk in the Kangaroo, was allowed to be presumed, and probate has been taken out. As a matter of fact, however, the said Jonathan Meeson perished in Kerguelen Land some days after the shipwreck, and before he died he duly executed a fresh will in favor of his nephew, Eustace H. Meeson, the gentleman before you. Miss Augusta Smithers—"

"What!" said the learned registrar, "is this Miss Smithers, whom we have been reading so much about lately—the Kerguelen Land heroine?"

"Yes, I am Miss Smithers," she said, with a little blush, "and this is Lady Holmhurst, whose husband"—and she checked herself.

"It gives me much pleasure to make your acquaintance, Miss Smithers," said the learned doctor, courteously shaking hands, and bowing to Lady Holmhurst—proceedings which Eustace watched with the jaundiced eye of suspicion.

"beginning already, the old viper," said that ardent lover to himself. "I knew how it would be. Trust my Gns into his custody! never. I had rather be committed for contempt."

"The best thing that I can do, sir," went on John Short impatiently, for, to his severe eye, these interruptions were not seemly, "will be to at once offer you inspection of the document, which, I may state, is of an unusual character," and he looked at Augusta, who, poor girl, colored to the eyes.

"Quite so, quite so," said the learned registrar. "Well, has Miss Smithers got the will? Perhaps she will produce it."

"Miss Smithers is the will," said Mr. John Short.

"Oh—I'm afraid that I do not quite understand."

"To be more precise, sir, the will is tattooed on Miss Smithers."

"What?" almost shouted the learned doctor, literally bounding from his chair.

"The will is tattooed upon Miss Smithers' back," continued Mr. John Short, in a perfectly unmoved tone; "and it is now my duty to offer you inspection of the document, and to take your instructions as to how you propose to file it in the registry."

"Inspection of the document—inspection of the document?" gasped the astonished doctor; "good heavens! sir, I am a family man, with a reputation to maintain."

"Reputation," thought Eustace to himself; "after practicing for twenty years in the divorce court he has the impudence to say that he has a reputation! What next, I wonder?"

"I must leave it to you, sir," said Mr. John Short, regarding the learned registrar's shrinking form with contempt not unmixed with pity. "The will is on the lady's back, and I, on behalf of the plaintiff, mean to get a grant with the document annexed."

"I say, Lady Holmhurst," said the doctor, aside to Lady Holmhurst, who was nearest to him, "forgive me for asking such a question, but—*hum*—*ha*—is it very low down?"

"Not very," said Lady Holmhurst, solemnly, though she was, as a matter of fact, almost bursting with laughter, for anything more absurd than this learned gentleman looked, intrenched as he was behind his office chair, with perplexity written on his face, it would be impossible to imagine.

"Well," he said at length, "I suppose that I must come to a decision. It is a painful matter, very, to a person of modest temperament. However, I cannot shrink from my duty, and must face it."

"Old hypocrite," said Eustace to himself, with a snarl.

"Therefore," he went on, with an air of judicial sternness, "therefore, Miss Smithers, I must trouble you to show me your back. There is a cupboard there, and he pointed to the corner of the room, "where you can make—*um*—make the necessary preparations."

"Oh, it isn't quite so bad as that," said Augusta, with a sigh, as she began to remove her jacket.

"Dear me," he said, observing her movement with alarm, "I had better lock the door. I suppose she is hardened," he continued to himself as he did so, "but I dare say that one gets used to this sort of thing upon desert islands."

Meanwhile poor Augusta had got her jacket off. She was dressed in a rather low evening dress, and had a white silk scarf over her shoulders. This she removed as the learned registrar returned.

"Oh," he said, "I see—in evening dress. Well, of course, that is quite a different matter. Ladies need never wear anything to speak of in the evening. And so that is the will—well, I have had some experience, but I never saw or heard of anything like it before. Signed and attested, but not dated. Ah, unless," he added, "the date is lower down."

"No," said Augusta, "there is no date; I could not stand any more tattooing. It was all done at one sitting, and I got faint."

"I don't wonder at it, I am sure. I think it is the bravest thing I ever heard of," and he bowed with much grace.

"Ah," muttered Eustace, "he's beginning to pay compliments now, insidious old ruffian!"

"Well," went on the innocent and eminently respectable object of his suspicions, "of course the absence of a date does not invalidate a will—it is matter for proof, that is all. But there, I am not in position to give any opinion about the case; it is quite beyond me, and besides, that is not my business. But now, Miss Smithers, as you have once put yourself in the custody of the registry in the capacity of a will, might I ask if you have any suggestion to make as to how you are to be dealt with. Obviously, you cannot be locked up with the other wills, and equally obviously it is against the rules to allow a will to go out of the custody of the court, unless by special permission of the court. Also it is clear that I cannot put any restraint upon the liberty of the subject and order you to remain with me. Indeed, I doubt if it would be possible to do so by any means short of an act of parliament. Under these circumstances I am, I confess, a little confused as to what course should be taken with reference to this important will."

"What I have to suggest, sir," said Mr. Short, "is that a certified copy of the will should be filed, and that there should be a special paragraph inserted in the affidavit of scripts detailing the circumstances."

"Ah," said the learned doctor, polishing his eyeglasses, "you have given me an idea. With Miss Smithers' consent we will file something better than a certified copy of the will—we will file a photographic copy. The inconvenience to Miss Smithers will be trifling, and it may prevent questions being raised hereafter."

"Have you any objections to that, my dear?" asked Lady Holmhurst.

"Oh, no, I suppose not," said Augusta, mournfully; "I seem to be public property now."

"Very well, then, excuse me for a moment," said the learned doctor. "There is a photographer close by whom I have had occasion to employ officially. I will write and see if he can come round."

In a few minutes an answer came back from the photographer that he would be happy to wait upon Dr. Probate at 3 o'clock, up to which hour he was engaged.

"Well," said the doctor, "it is clear that I cannot let Miss Smithers out of the custody of the court till the photograph is taken. Let me see—I think that

four was my last appointment this morning. Now, what do you say to the idea of something to eat? We are five minutes' drive from Simpson's, and shall feel delighted if you will make pleasure of a necessity."

Lady Holmhurst, who was getting hungry, said that she should be pleased, and, accordingly, they all—except the exception of Mr. John Short, who parted about some business, saying that he would return at 3 o'clock—drove off to Lady Holmhurst's carriage to the restaurant, where this delightful specimen of the genus registrar stood them a sumptuous champagne lunch, and made himself so agreeable that both the ladies nearly fell in love with him, and Eustace was constrained to admit to himself that good things can come out of the divorce court. Finally the doctor wound up the proceedings, which were of a lively order, and included an account of Augusta's adventures with a toast.

"I hear from Lady Holmhurst," he said, "that you two young people are going to take the preliminary step—*um*—towards possible future appearance in that court with which I had for many years the honor of being connected—that is, the you are going to get married. Now, matrimony is, according to my somewhat extended experience, an undertaking of a venturesome order, though cases occasionally come under one's observation where the results have proved to be every way satisfactory; and I must say that, if I may form an opinion from the facts as they are before me, I never knew an engagement entered into under more promising or more romantic auspices. Here the young gentleman quarrels with his uncle in taking the part of the young lady, and thereby is dishonored of vast wealth. Then the young lady, under the most terrible circumstances, takes steps of a nature that no woman in five hundred would have done to restore to him that wealth. Whether or not those steps will ultimately prove successful I do not know, and, if I did, like Herodotus, I should prefer not to say; but, whether the wealth comes or goes, it is impossible but that a sense of mutual confidence and a mutual respect and admiration—that is, if a more quiet thing, certainly, also a more enduring thing, than mere love—must and will result from them. Mr. Meeson, you are indeed a fortunate man. In Miss Smithers you are going to marry beauty, courage and genius, and if you will allow an oldish man of some experience to drop the official and give you a word of advice, it is this: always try to deserve your good fortune, and remember that a man who, in his youth, finds such a woman, and is enabled by circumstances to marry her, is indeed—"

Smiled on by joy, and cherished of the gods. And now I will end my sermon, and wish you both health and happiness and fullness of days," and he drank off his glass of champagne, and looked so pleasant and kindly that Augusta longed to kiss him on the spot, and as for Eustace, he shook hands with him warmly, and then, and there a friendship began between the two which endures till now.

And then they all went back to the office, and there was the photographer waiting with all his apparatus, and astonished enough he was when he found out what the job was he had to do. However, the task proved an easy one enough, as the light of the room was suitable, and the dark lines of cuttle ink upon Augusta's snowy skin would, the man said, come out perfectly in the photograph. So he took two or three shots at her back and then departed, saying that he would bring a life sized reproduction to be filed in the registry in a couple of days.

And after that the learned registrar also shook hands with them, and said that he need detain them no longer, as he now felt justified in allowing Augusta out of his custody.

And so they departed, glad to have got over the first step so pleasantly.

Fell Into a Den of Snakes.

Prospectors in Winston county had a most exciting encounter with reptiles, the particulars of which have just become known. It is well known that for years a snake den has existed in that county, and travelers have told of the remarkable number of huge snakes to be seen under a certain rock. Climb up to the rock above the den, and, seemingly thousands of snakes appear below, writhing about as if in agony, entwined about each other in an indescribable mass. If a stone is dropped down into this den an odor arises which, it is stated, almost renders these above unconscious.

A party of prospectors visited this noted den and one of them, having heard the story of the sickening odor emitted from these reptiles, concluded to test it and dropped a stone. The odor was more sudden than usual and stronger than ever known before, and the prospector, it appears, being unable to resist its effects, became dizzy and fell into the snake den below. His horrified companions looked over the precipice and saw him fall among the snakes and then supposed that he was killed. But when he struck the shelf of rock which was occupied by the snake, he rolled off and fell, his body striking the branches of a tree, where he lodged. As he fell from the den it was seen that a snake was clinging to his arm, another around his body, and still another around his leg, but in some almost miraculous way these were all knocked off by the branches of the tree which he fell into.

His companions ran at once to the bottom of the mountain, then went back to the tree, which they climbed, and found the unfortunate man alive, but unconscious. They took him to a neighboring cabin, and it was found that, while he was considerably bruised and had a broken arm from the fall, none of the snakes had bitten him in any exposed part of the body, and he was not injured by his thrilling experience except, as stated, from the fall.—Alabama Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Since the invention of smokeless powder the French military authorities are considering the expediency of abolishing brilliant colors, bright buttons, shining weapons, etc.