



CHELSEA STANDARD.

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DR. PALMER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

OFFICE OVER GLAZIER'S DRUGSTORE
OFFICE HOURS:
Dr. Palmer's, 10 to 1, a. m., 4 to 6 p. m.

FOR A

Cup of Fine Coffee

GO TO

CASPARY'S BAKERY,

OPPOSITE

TOWN HALL CHELSEA.

THE LADIES' FAVORITE
THE LIGHT RUNNING
NEW HOME
THE BEST ATTACHMENT
THE FINEST WOODWORK
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINES
28 UNION SQUARE, N.Y.
CHICAGO, ILL. ATLANTA, GA. ST. LOUIS, MO. DALLAS, TEX.
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

PEERLESS DYES ARE THE BEST
For BLACK STOCKINGS.
Made in 40 Colors that neither
smut, Wash Out Nor Fade.
Sold by Druggists. Also
Peerless Bronze Paints—6 colors.
Peerless Laundry Bluing.
Peerless Ink Powders—7 colors.
Peerless Shoe & Harness Dressing.
Peerless Egg Dyes—8 colors.

FREE
One of the BEST Telescopes in the world. Our facilities are unequalled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send FREE TO ONE PERSON in each locality, as above. Only those who write to us make sure of the chance. All you have to do is return to us your goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to size.

RANCHING OUT WEST.

PUPILS ON THE FARM WHO PAY FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF WORKING.

Younger Sons of English Gentlemen Who Come to America to Learn How to Drive a Plow and a Bargain—Winding Up as Hotel Dishwashers.

In some of the northwestern cities like St. Paul, Minneapolis and Winnipeg, it is an every day sight to see a young Britisher land from the train, with one eye-glass screwed into his face (in order that he may not see more than he can comprehend, some one has been unkind enough to say), a corduroy suit of blouse and knickerbockers, bright yellow leather gaiters buttoned up to the knee, a fore and aft cap, two guns, that he may shoot all the buffalo he expects to find just outside the town, a dog and about 500 pounds of baggage. He has come to

learn farming. He is a gentleman's son, accustomed to comparative luxury and ease all his life.

Arrangements have been made for him by some English firm, of whom there are a good many in this business, to do "chores" for his board, and to pay £100 down to "learn farming"—that is, to master the mysteries of harnessing a horse, to milk a cow, to drive a sulky plow, to drive a seeder, to drive a mow, to drive a harvester and, possibly, to drive a bargain. As soon as he has mastered the last accomplishment, he generally sees that he has been duped, leaves his teacher and strikes out for himself.

THEY WANT TO GO HOME.
The coarse food of the farmer's table and the rough society of his hired help, who get good wages, while he gets nothing, generally disgust him, however, long before he reaches the stage of education last mentioned, and the young man starts for the nearest town, hoping to find more congenial employment. He goes to the hotel, and by the time he has discovered that there is no demand for any class of unskilled labor, save on the farm, he is in debt to the landlord, and in a great many cases brings up in the hotel kitchen as a waiter or dishwasher, or even a stable boy.

One of the peculiar things about this class of young fellows is the longing all of them have to go home again and their evident inability to gratify that wish, although most of them receive sums of money from their friends in the old country at regular intervals. The fact seems to be that they are not wanted at home. Their parents seem glad, or at least willing, to have their boys undergo considerable hardship, with dangers to morals and health, rather than to have them meet the inevitable evils of idleness in England. For the prejudice against any form of trade or business, outside the professions, is strong there yet, and many an English gentleman would rather have his boy washing dishes in America than standing behind a counter in England. Of course it is not heralded from the housetops that dear Reginald is washing dishes in America; oh, no, he is "ranching it in the west."

"I remember the case of two young lads," said a Dakota lawyer, "fresh from a famous boys' college in England. What struck me particularly when first I saw them was their cheerfulness and their boots."

"Their boots were amazing. The boys were short for their ages, 15 and 16, but the boots would have reached half way above the knees of the tallest man in the settlement, and were big in the feet in proportion. Walking was difficult in them. The boys almost seemed to take one step up into the toes first, and then pull the rest of the boots along after them at the second stride. In answer to questions about the reason for such roominess, they replied that they had been led to believe that the cold was so intense in the northwest that it was customary for people to wear all the socks they had at the same time.

"Boots" we christened the boys, indiscriminately.

"Then they produced their shoes from their trunks. Splendid shoes they were, but the heels were shod with great plates of iron, and the soles were full of brass pegs with protruding heads as big as pens. The shoes must have weighed five pounds each. 'Extra hob nailed,' the lads called them, and useful they would be no doubt on the stony, flinty English roads and fields, but on the soft loamy prairie lands of the west, where you could not find one stone to throw at a bird in a ten acre lot, they were about as retarding to locomotion as the suction boots of those 'artists' who walk on the ceiling.

"Well, they went out to the 'teacher' who had secured them and I lost sight of them for a while. One day I came across such a thin, sorry, disgusted little chap, sitting on the back steps of a hotel, that I barely recognized him as one of the rosy, smiling boys I had laughed at a few months before.

"What's the matter, old man?" I said, "what are you doing here?"
"Making the beds and washing the dishes," he replied sorrowfully. "I'm 'boots' now with a vengeance," he added, with a flickering smile.

"Didn't they treat you well?" I asked.
"Oh, they did all they agreed to do," he answered; "but it was not what we expected, you know. I wish I had my hundred pounds back."

"Where's your brother, and what's he doing?"
"Cooking for a lot of English fellows that have a camp out at the Forks."

"Has he, too, thrown over his teacher and his 'comfortable home, with plain but substantial fare,'" as the circular said?" I asked.

"Yes," said the lad, "I think he'd like to go back, though, but the farmer will not have him. We broke the contract and left him, and I suppose he can refuse to renew it. He has our money safe, do you see?"

"I saw, but what could I do?"—New York Tribune.

Vanderbilt's Pet Trotter.

"Yes, gentlemen, Small Hopes, Vanderbilt's ten thousand dollar trotter, is now hauling an express wagon in New York, and it's a shame. He was the greatest 'ringer' on the American turf, and made fortunes for more than one man. I ought to know, for I was his 'rubber.'"

There were a number of gentlemen in the reading room of the Leland hotel, and they are all admirers of the trotter. A discussion arose about Vanderbilt's and Bonner's possessions of horseflesh, when the "rubber" or groom of Small Hopes opened their eyes about the horse whose name was on the lips of members of every trotting association in America fourteen years ago. After a successful career of five years the clique who handled him were detected in Boston, and, after considerable trouble had been experienced, the greatest turf scandal of modern times was exposed.

The horse was forever barred at the meeting of the national turf congress, and his driver, Bill McGuigan, was also barred from ever driving a trotting horse for a purse or stake over an Association course. After much litigation the famous horse was sold to Vanderbilt. With Lady Mac he annihilated all team records, and in his old age is compelled to draw an express wagon. He was bought by his present owner for \$94.

"He must be about 19 years old now," said the former groom, who is now in the real estate business, "but when he was 5 years old he trotted many a mile in 2:15. He was the cleanest trotter that ever looked through blinkers; no boots, braces, check reins or any modern trotting paraphernalia for him. And when it came to beats he was the greatest stayer I ever heard of."—Chicago Journal.

Cost of Living in a Big City.

May I be allowed a little space to tell how my wife and I and babe of 10 months live on \$1,000 per year?

We have a nice cottage in Waverly avenue, Brooklyn, of ten rooms and bathroom, fitted up with all modern improvements, with a lawn in front and one in rear, where grow a pear tree and lilac and other bushes. For this house we pay a yearly rent of \$300. Other expenses are as follows:

Washing and ironing	\$25
Coal and wood	50
Gas and oil	30
Ice, during four summer months	8
Provisions	200
House rent	300
Total	\$594

which leaves \$406 per year for charity, clothes, excursions, amusements and sundries. We have no doctor's bills, and always have a well supplied table, with fruit and vegetables in their season.

This is not an exceptional case. Many there are, to my knowledge, who marry and live comfortably and well on a much smaller income. If the fair beloved has but a modicum of the national qualities, independence and grit, \$1,000 will guide the ship of life safely past all shoals and rocks into pleasant waters, where is shade, beauty and peace. This has been my experience.—Cor. New York Sun.

Speed on European Railways.

The nearest approach to the fast trains of English lines is shown in France, where the Northern Railway company has a certain number of trains running at an average speed of 36 miles an hour. The Eastern railway has a few at 34 1-2 miles an hour, and the Orleans railway has twelve trains between Paris and Bordeaux at 35 1-2 miles an hour. The so called express trains of the other French companies are run at an average speed of less than 32 miles an hour, and the express trains of Belgium at precisely the same average speed, while those of Holland very slightly exceed it. On the railways of North Germany there are some forty trains which attain a speed of between 34 and 35 miles an hour, but the remainder, and those which claim the title "express," do not exceed an average speed of 32 miles an hour, while many do not exceed 29 miles.—Exchange.

Maubant's Retirement.

Maubant, who for forty-five years has played the grand tragic role at the Theatre Francais, has retired, and his farewell benefit was a brilliant testimonial to his sterling qualities as an actor and a gentleman. Although 69 years old, Maubant is still capable of rendering good service at the theatre, but tragedy is not in high favor at the Francais, where the modern pieces "draw more money," and besides the younger men were impatient to play the veteran's parts. Still Maubant, who has been called the last of the tragedians, will be sincerely regretted by the Parisians, and not easily replaced in his special line of business.—London World.

"That Jimson is unbearable."
"There's something good about him."
"What, pray?"
"He reads my jokes."—Yankee Blade.

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.

B. PARKER.
SHOE DEALER.

CHELSEA ROLLER MILLS

MARKET REPORT.

Corrected Weekly by Cooper & Wood

Roller Patent, per hundred	\$3.00
Housekeeper's Delight, per hundred	2.75
Superior, per hundred	1.50
Corn Meal, bolted, per hundred	1.40
Corn Meal, coarse, per hundred	.90
Feed, corn and oats, per ton	17.00
Bran, per ton	15.00
Special Feed (Rye, Oats and Corn)	75c per 100

No short weights.

TRY THE STANDARD COFFEE

25 CTS.

THE CHELSEA STANDARD.

WM. EMMERT, Publisher.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN

THERE is one pauper in every thirty-seven inhabitants in England and Wales.

It is officially estimated that no fewer than 170,000 wolves are roaming at large in Russia and that the inhabitants of the Volodga last year killed no fewer than 49,000, and of the Casan district 21,000.

JAMES BERRY, England's public executioner, has written a work entitled, "The Men and Women I have Executed." We wonder if the book will have to take a "drop" like the men and women it portrays.

An Ironwood minister married a couple and baptized a baby, all under the same roof and during the same evening. Just as he left the house he was called to preach a funeral sermon, thus running the gamut of his professional duties.

SO FAR, no other government except that of France, has given an order for the smokeless powder invented some time ago. Military men of the highest standing claim that the smoke of a battle-field saves hundreds of lives, and that smoke is as much to a battle as bugles and drums.

A QUICK-FIRING gun, the invention of Mr. Thronsen, was tested recently at Finspong, in Sweden. The results showed that ten shots can be fired within twenty-five seconds, which is twenty-four shots a minute. All the shots were true, and hit the target within a space of nine inches long by six inches wide.

A GIRL of only twelve was committed as a "confirmed drunkard" to an industrial school in San Francisco a few years ago. Her mother, stated that the girl would steal, beg or do almost anything to get liquor, and that she had been drinking for nearly a year. All attempts either to reform her or prevent her getting liquor has been failures it was stated.

GEORGE T. ANGELL, the Boston humanitarian, suggests drowning as the most painless disposition of kittens. He believes that putting kittens in an ordinary flower pot and then plunging it upside down in a pail or tub of water is about as humane a method as can be found. The air escapes through the hole in the bottom (or rather the top) of the flower pot, and it instantly fills with water.

THREE nails of the true Cross have been found in a very singular place, namely, in the ruins of the theaters at Zurich, Switzerland, which was burned down. They were in a little ivory casket of admirable workmanship, together with a manuscript on parchment, and were bricked up within a little cavity of the structure. It is presumed that these relics were hidden by monks during the reformation.

DURING the American revolution an English magazine published an estimate of the future population of the North American colonies. Placing the population then at 2,000,000, and assuming that it would double itself every twenty-five years, the writer estimated that in the year 1890 the number would have increased to 64,000,000. As a matter of fact, this is near the present estimated population of the United States.

AMONG the Pintes the mother-in-law is appreciated. The married Pinte always welcomes her with his broadest grin. The arrival of the mother-in-law gives him a double team, where before he had only one animal. He hails her appearance with delight, and, piling a jackass-load of wood upon her willing old back, sends her into town with his wife (similarly packed) to peddle out the fuel and bring back to him a supply of money for his favorite game of poker. The Pinte father-in-law is of no use as a wood-packer, nor will he gather grass seeds or pine nuts.

A SHORT time ago the little town of Draut, Mass., granted a liquor license to a dealer named John Lennon. The town adjoins the city of Lowell, and the saloon was the only licensed place in Lowell or vicinity and drew its patronage from that city and seven surrounding towns, all of prohibitory prohibitions. Lennon paid \$8,000 for the license. He did a great business on the opening day, but the thirsty mob, attracted by his saloon, created a reign of terror during the Saturday night he opened and the two days following. Popular sentiment compelled the closing of the saloon, and the selectmen of the town agreed to refund the license

fee, Lennon on his part agreeing to renounce the license. The selectmen found they had no authority to direct the return of the license fee without a vote of the town, and a town meeting was called to act upon the matter. It was held, and the votes, 75 to 10, instructed the selectmen not to return their money. It paid most all their taxes.

A MYSTERIOUS personage called Louis Gaven died recently at Deregayo in Hungary. He is known to have taken a leading part in the Polish war of independence in 1830, and to have gone as a refugee to Hungary, where the late M. Gabrielle Lonyay employed him as a librarian. From this post he quickly rose to that of steward of the Lonyay estates, which are very large, and he became the intimate friend of his employer; but although he lived for half a century at Deregayo, he never revealed his true name nor stated what his former position had been. He was a great bibliophile, and devoted almost the whole of the fortune he had amassed to the forming of a library, which is said to be of great value.

THREE miles across the bay from Setubal, in Portugal, are the partially submerged ruins of a splendid city, which seems to have been destroyed without leaving record of either its origin or fate. Old writings give no account of it, but make only chance references to a place called Cetobriga. The ancient and populous city, accidentally brought to modern notice by a fisherman, stood on a strip of land nine miles long and three miles wide, and the remains of beautiful buildings, columns and statues, with inscriptions, pottery, medals, coins, sepulchral lamps, and other objects, prove that the inhabitants were a prosperous and highly civilized people. The relics indicate that the city was built by the Romans on the site of a town founded by the Phoenicians. The ruins lie in considerable part beneath the placid waters of the bay, but nothing is left to tell the tale of the catastrophe—possibly a mighty sea-wave combined with a terrible earthquake—by which a great populace was swept both from existence and from history.

MR. STANLEY," says the great explorer's secretary, "is a delightful companion. His temper is most equable. It takes a great deal to rouse his anger, but when angry it is best to get out of his way as quickly as possible. Yet he is most generous to all really in need, and never tires of doing anything which he believes will be of benefit to any one. When we were at Cannes a mesenger came one day and told him that Mr. Huntington, the American financier, was lying seriously ill at his residence, and it was feared he was on the point of death, and he had expressed a deep desire to see Stanley. Mr. Stanley, although he had hardly a moment to spare from his book, at once went round to the sick man, and remained talking to him for nearly two hours. While in Paris we were again simply inundated by reporters and would-be interviewers, but Mr. Stanley would see nobody. Oh, and I must tell you of an incident that occurred at Cairo. One morning a gentleman came to the hotel where we were staying, and sent in his card, asking to see Mr. Stanley. The porter sent the card to me. Of course, I had only to obey orders, and I told him Mr. Stanley would see no one. He went away in high dudgeon, and the next morning there appeared in one of the papers three columns of indignation in Italian—one devoted to anathematizing the porter for not taking the card at once to Mr. Stanley, one for me for not allowing the gentleman to intrude upon Mr. Stanley, and the third against Stanley himself for not seeing the gentleman, and for keeping such a porter and such a secretary. And it was all translated into Arabic as well. That will show you how inconsiderate some people are."

THE BEST KIND OF FOOL. Briggs—Tell me confidentially, now, do you kiss your wife every morning before you leave, as you did in your early married life? Bragg—Certainly not. Do you? "Yes." "My wife would think I was a fool if I were to do such a thing."

"Well, a man's wife is bound to think him some kind of a fool anyway, and as long as he is that kind of a fool I think she will overlook a great many of his other fool qualities."—*Terre Haute Press.*

A FARM JOURNAL says a cow can be prevented from kicking by tying her hind legs together. Perhaps so; but a man can't be prevented from kicking by tying his hind legs together. He would "kick" if he had no legs. That's his nature.—*Norristown Herald.*

THERE is nothing better than a good wife, and nothing worse than a bad one.

RURAL TOPICS.

INFORMATION FOR THE HUSBAND-MAN AND HOUSEWIFE.

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

THE FARM.

Hungarian Grass.
In a communication to the *Michigan Farmer* Messrs. Dewey Stewart, of Owego, Mich., give the following in relation to Hungarian grass:
We recommend sowing one bushel per acre between June 6 and 15; cut it as soon as in the milk, sure. If your land is of such a character as to be dusty at the time of cutting, rake up too much dust. Be careful and do this as it contains so much sap when it is cut that if not thoroughly cured it will mold in stack or mow.

We have raised and fed a great deal of Hungarian grass to horses, and if well cured it makes the best hay known to us. We found also that our stock would always leave good timothy or clover to eat this. If fed liberally it is surprising how it will fatten them. With a good land and a favorable season you should get two tons or more per acre. We are inclined to the opinion that it is the cheapest and best hay a farmer can raise for all kinds of stock. Our experience with it has been on sandy, gravelly and loamy rich soils.

Frost kills it easily, and for this reason we sow it right after June 6th, as we sometimes get a little frost the first part of June. Generally it is ready to cut in sixty days after seeding.

Special Value of Clover.

As a subsoiler, says A. B. Barrett in the *American Cultivator*, clover is almost perfect. It keeps the subsoil where it belongs, and the fertility where it should be; works on all kinds of soil, and is good for all kinds of crops. It subsoils the field better than any plow, and gives hay enough to pay for all labor. By opening up the subsoil the clover plants give other crops a better chance to range in search of food and water, a benefit that must be recognized by all. It is the only crop that leaves the soil richer after it has been harvested, and it has taken farmers a long time to appreciate the exact extent to which this goes. Many still believe in turning the green clover under as the only means of benefiting the soil from the crop, but in doing this they are still clinging to old forms. The roots of the clover plants do the soil more good than the green stalks, for the latter when turned under will often supply the soil with such an excessive amount of plant food that succeeding crops can not utilize it. A great deal of this valuable plant food will be washed away by the rain and drains, and entirely lost. Such wasteful practices should not be adopted on any soil where a good catch of clover can be obtained. Exception may be made to such poor soils where only a very scanty clover catch can be obtained. Worn-out soils suffering greatly from lack of plant food can frequently be accommodated all of the green clover that is turned under without washing it.

Farm Notes.

YOUNG animals increase with less food than aged stock.

PIGS raised in clover makes the sweetest meat. They may be finished off on corn.

A PLENTIFUL crop of sweet corn for fodder will greatly increase the flow of milk in August and September.

CALVES being fed sour milk should not have grass; hay is better as long as they are fed on milk of any kind.

DANGEROUS bulls should be "dehorned." And it would do well to take the horns off those that are not dangerous, to be in fashion.

The young farmer who "possesses a good capital of brains and industry will succeed, even if he starts barehanded and without a dollar.

ACCORDING to Edward Atkinson the annual production of eggs in this country equals in money value the country's annual production of iron.

CREAMERY butter is usually better than dairy butter, for the reason that it is made with greater skill and care; but there are dairies that fully equal creameries in the quality of the product.

EXPERIMENTS at the Illinois Station show that air-dried corn contains about 11 per cent of water. Fully eighty pounds in the ear, after husking, were required to make a bushel of shelled corn.

ALSIKE clover will stand wet and succeed better in moist ground than red clover. Its blossoms are much esteemed by honey bees. But it has never succeeded as well for general culture in this country as other varieties.

TRAER (Clippers). Here is an estimate of what corn can be raised for per bushel. It would be well for some farmers to study well these figures, as there is a store of information in them. The estimates are made by various yields per acre. The estimate is as follows: Sixty bushels to the acre, 13 cents; fifty bushels to the acre, 15 cents; forty bushels, 18 cents; thirty-five bushels, 22 cents; thirty bushels, 31 cents.

It is usually estimated that 80 per cent of the manure elements in the food consumed by cows is voided in their excrement. In Dr. Collier's experiments, eighth report, New York, fully 80 per cent of all the fertilizing constituents of the food consumed was voided, and, if properly preserved, may be used to maintain the soil's fertility. He found that, at the usual prices for commercial fertilizers, the amount of plant food in the daily excrement (liquid and solid) of well-fed cows was worth over 10 cents, or over \$60 per year. The daily food of these cows cost 1 1/2 cents per head. Thus nearly three-fourths of the food was got back in the manure.

THE ORCHARD.

The Kieffer Pear.
It was in the year of the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia that the Kieffer pear first secured much notice. It was there awarded a medal as a new

kind of great merit. It has been steadily gaining in popular favor ever since that time, notwithstanding that there is not a year goes by but some one does not condemn it. But the fact that as every spring comes it sees more trees set out, and many of them by men who already have large numbers of them planted, speaks enough in praise of this pear. I have eaten the fruit when it has seemed of the best quality. At other times one bite has been enough for me. It all depends on the season and on the skill of the one who handles it in knowing when to gather it and store it away to ripen. I have had fruit of it from the hands of Mr. Kieffer, who raised it, of splendid flavor. He gathers a week or two ahead of ripening, and sets indoors to ripen. The further north we go the less the pear is valued. On the other hand, the fruit is better in the South than here, as in fact are all those with Chinese blood in them. Aside from its value for eating from hand when well ripened, it has proved a most useful sort for preserving, and large quantities are used for this purpose. I have always had faith in the Kieffer pear, because if the general testimony should be that it is not a good eating kind, there would still be the indisputable fact that it is an enormous and regular bearer of splendid fruit for preserving. Many persons were disappointed with it. As said above, the mode of ripening was not understood. When first sold the trees brought \$5 each, and more than one purchaser dug up and threw his tree away after it had borne a few crops. It has been before the public for over fifteen years, and, as every year sees a great demand for the trees, it is to be presumed that the public values it. I am convinced that an orchard of Kieffer pear trees, near any large city, would be a paying investment to any one accustomed to growing for market.—*Joseph Meahan.*

THE DAIRY.

Setting Milk for Cream.
Cream rises in the milk by force of its higher specific gravity, just as a cork rises in water. This tendency to rise is counteracted by the viscosity or adhesiveness of the milk, due to the casein dissolved in it, as well as a considerable quantity of serum and mucus, the presence of which in milk is discovered by the separation of them by the centrifugal separator, and can hardly be realized until this ocular demonstration has been given. If we put a handful of corks at the bottom of a pail of molasses they will rise very slowly. The difference in the specific gravities is overcome with difficulty because of the adhesiveness of the fluid. If we can overcome this adhesiveness in any way, or change the specific gravities, the tendency of the lighter matters to rise to the surface of the fluid will be increased. And this we can do with milk in more than one way.

One way is by cooling the milk and thus adding to its density or practically its weight. The milk being made heavier, and the butter globules not increased in weight, they become relatively lighter and rise to the surface more quickly. Thus by setting milk in ice water at 45 degrees, the cream rises in 12 hours, and at the end of 24 hours becomes quite thick from the more complete separation of the fat globules. But ice is not always to be had, and the coming summer will be scarce and dear. Hence a cheaper method will be very desirable. This is to reduce the viscosity of the milk by the addition of water, so as to free the fat globules and permit them to rise more easily through the fluid. This may be done by adding one-third the quantity of hot water to the milk as soon as it is taken from the cows and brought into the house. The water should be heated to 130 or 135 degrees and the heat should be tested by the thermometer so as to have the temperature precisely. The hot water is simply poured into the milk after it is strained into the deep pails and the pails are then set in water at a temperature of 60 to 65 degrees. The milk is raised by the hot water to 100 degrees and the cooling of 40 degrees effects the separation of the cream in 24 hours, as in the colder setting at 45 degrees in ice water. The separation of the cream is effected by the sudden reduction of temperature of 40 degrees. This increases the density and weight of the milk, which renders the fat relatively lighter, and the separation is thus made easier as well as by the thinning of the milk. This method will greatly reduce the need for ice in the deep setting of milk and, of course, lessen the cost of raising the cream.—*Correspondent Practical Farmer.*

THE APIARY.

The Bee-Hives.
Success in wintering bees depends largely upon quietness. As Spring approaches there is increased danger from disturbing them. One naturally wants to know as soon as possible how the bees have stood the winter, and he is tempted to look into the hive and inspect it, just when disturbance is the most injurious. If any of the colonies become too uneasy and restless they can be set out some warm day to take a good flight, and then return them to their winter quarters.

In handling bees one should understand the secret of success in this work, and that is the absence of all fear. All animals understand instinctively, as it were, when a man is afraid of them, and they seem to take delight in attacking such a one. Bees likewise appear to possess this instinct, and when one handles them in a nervous way as if he expected to be punished for his temerity, he is very sure to get his reward. This probably is due also to other causes. In his nervousness he works clumsily, jars the hives and topples something over to the annoyance of the little inhabitants of the hives. They become angry, and resent the disturbance.

Angering the bees and exasperating them to such a degree that they will sting one, is after all of more injury to the bees than the one stung. The good apiarist will think more of the loss that follows the excitement of the bees than of the stinging which he may receive. The bees need kind, careful keepers, who will handle them as tenderly as the young calf. The result is, the bees do not become exasperated at his presence, and if he never disturbs their hive, but moves it gently and does his work about it noiselessly, they will seldom attack

him. Make friends with the bees, and no difficulty will be experienced in handling them with all the paraphernalia now invented and recommended for the apiarist. Some colonies are so very troublesome and dangerous that it is almost impossible to handle them without resorting to smoke; but it should be understood that this is only the last resort—in an emergency. Never use it in handling bees if it can be done without.—*Cor. Practical Farmer.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

How to Paint a Floor.
If you have a floor you want painted, and can not get a professional painter to do the work, or find the wherewithal to pay him, just do it yourself. It is not hard work, and you can do the painting well enough if you get good paint and a wide, flat brush to put it on with.

If you use oil paint for a floor, be sure and have some litharge in it. This causes the paint to dry quickly, and also makes the paint harder after it is dry. Oil paint should not be stepped on from three to five days, and if you can spare the room for two or three weeks, it is all the better. This gives the paint time to harden nicely.

I have used specially prepared floor paints. They come in tin cans and pails. It is said they contain natural mineral and hydraulic cement. There is a good gloss to these paints, and they will usually be dry enough to step on in twenty-four hours, if the weather is warm and the air is dry. I think they do not wear so well as oil paints, but they always dry nicely.

For a kitchen floor I prefer glue paint. It dries quicker, lasts longer, and costs less than one-half as much as any other kind of paint; and if your floor is rough, it will make it smoother than any other kind of paint. The materials needed for this paint are: Four ounces of the best sheet glue; three pounds of spruce yellow; a quart of linseed oil. This quantity will cover a large floor with one thick coat of paint. I never put on but one coat at a time of this kind. To prepare the paint: Break the glue in small bits, and soak it over night in a quart of water; in the morning add it three quarts of boiling water, and thoroughly dissolve the glue. Then stir in the spruce yellow. Apply this to the floor while it is hot. You will need to warm it on the stove several times before the entire floor is painted, as the glue will grow jelly-like as it cools, and it must be used in a liquid state.

If you paint the floor early in the morning, you can apply the oil at night. Put this on with a clean, dry brush. The next morning you can walk on the floor, if you wish. I always lay down some paper, and walk on this for a few days; it protects the floor from dirt and dust, and prevents it from getting scratched.

Spruce yellow is a common name for yellow ochre; other colors may be used if you prefer, as any of the dry mineral paints work just as well as the ochre. I have used glue paint on many articles; it is good for out-of-door work, and wears as well as any paint.

When you paint a floor, use a third mat to sit on, or a piece of carpet doubled several times.—*Housekeeper's Weekly.*

Hints to Housekeepers.

FOR raspberry stains a mixture of weak ammonia and water is best.

It is best to buy raisins in small boxes, as they are injured by time.

PEACH stains may be removed by putting the article in boiling water before washing it. Once the suds have touched them the stains are set and cannot be removed.

EQUAL parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing, no matter how dry or hard it may be. Saturate the spot two or three times, then wash out in soap suds.

TO CLEAN bottles, put into them some kernels of corn and a tablespoonful of ashes; half fill them with water and after a vigorous shaking and rinsing you will find the bottles as good as new.

TO CURE warts take an Irish potato and cut a piece off the end and rub of the wart two or three times a day, cutting a slice from the potato each time used. Very often one potato is sufficient for the cure.

TO SET the black in homo-colored, woolen goods so it will not smut, soak the colored goods of wool over night in sweet milk, ring it out and dry; then rinse well through water, and the color will be as fast as it can be.

A NICE accessory to a closet without drawers, suitable for laying in a dress is to make one or more bags to cover over a nice dress, and thus protect it from dust. These bags are made longer than the dress skirt and button up and are hung up by loops.

THE KITCHEN.

Prunes.
Prunes are so often cooked haphazardly that they are not relished. It is well to have a definite recipe for them, as they are necessarily often used for the children's tea when richer preserves are excluded. Put one pound of prunes in a stewpan with water enough to cover them, a large cup of sugar, three cloves and a stick of cinnamon; simmer until the fruit is quite soft.

Roasting a Chicken.

When roasting a chicken or small fowl there is danger of the legs browning or becoming too hard to be eaten. To avoid this, take strips of cloth, dip them into a little melted lard, and wind them around the legs. Remove them in time to allow the chicken to brown delicately.

Marquise Fudding.

Open a two-pound can of preserved pears, drain them from the liquid, cut them small and run them through a sieve; add half a pint of white sugar syrup. Cut up two pineapples into small slices, and then into small dice. Add their weight of sugar and a pint of water; simmer half an hour; set aside to cool. Boil half a pound of dried cherries in half a pint of syrup and cool. Surround the ice-cream freezer with ice, put the pear pulp in it and work it until partly frozen; add while working the pears, with the spatula, the well-beaten whites of four eggs. Drain the cherries and the pineapple from the syrup and add them, and when nearly frozen put the mixture in an ice pail and bring mould. Surround it with ice and salt until wanted.

BLOODY BATTLE-FIELDS

ENTERTAINING REMINISCENCES OF THE REBELLION.

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

The Battle of Galveston.

GENERAL GEO. F. ALFORD furnishes us with the following graphic account of the battle of Galveston and the beautiful poem written soon after by one of its defenders:

The lovely city of Galveston, the maritime capital of Texas,

as the pride of the people, "the gem of the sea," is situated on the east end of Galveston Island, twenty-eight miles in length by an average of a mile and a half

width, two miles from the mainland at Virginia Point, and fifty miles by rail from the city of Houston, the head of navigation on Buffalo Bayou. In 1862

the Federals captured and occupied the city with a large force of infantry and artillery, protected by some fifteen gun-

boats and transports, which lay in fancied security at the wharves. They were a constant menace to the entire coast,

as it was not known at what point a formidable invasion might be attempted. The Confederate commander,

General J. Bankhead Magruder, had his headquarters and maintained a large force at Houston (where all the railroads

in the State then had their termini), in constant readiness to repel any attempted invasion at any point on the Texas coast.

The Confederates held possession of the Galveston Railway bridge, the only avenue of communication with the mainland,

except by small vessels. Most of the citizens of Galveston had fled on the approach of the enemy, becoming exiles in the interior of the State, leaving their

beautiful vine-clad homes vacant and in the possession of the foe. These were

desecrated and in many cases destroyed, some of the most beautiful and costly

being converted into stables for their horses, and barracks for their soldiery,

and the lovely orange and oleander groves were literally extirpated. General

Magruder conceived the bold and hazardous scheme of recapturing the Island City—defended as it was by a strong land

force and a great navy of powerful vessels of war. A half dozen small bayou

steamers had escaped up Buffalo Bayou, and these were converted into cotton-clad

gunboats, amply protected except their hulls below water line by cotton bales.

They were provided with grappling-irons and manned by resolute sharpshooters.

On the night of Dec. 31, 1862, they slowly and cautiously moved on the doomed

city. The Confederate land forces in camp at Virginia Point crossed the muffled

railway bridge and took position in the rear of the city. Just at the dawn of day

on the ever memorable morning of Jan. 1, 1863, at a signal from the cotton-clad

boats, a concerted and vigorous attack was made upon the Federal position, the land

forces and vessels of war all unconscious of impending danger. They made a

most gallant and resolute defense worthy of a better cause, but the impetu-

osity of the Confederate attack was irresistible, and the enemy was finally over-

powered and forced to surrender, the loss being heavy on both sides, but particularly so on the Federal side. The

fruit of this splendid victory was the capture of the entire Federal army and its

vast stores and navy, not one man or vessel escaping, except one war ship which

violated the truce and escaped to sea in the confusion of the hour, and the flag-

ship Westfield, which was blown up by her commander with every soul on board,

in order, as was believed, to escape an ignominious surrender under circum-

stances of the deepest disgrace. The following beautiful poem, referring

to this brilliant achievement, was written in camp on Galveston Island, soon after

its capture, by the gifted soldier-poet Colonel A. M. Hobby. It is truthfully

said that "poets are not made, but born." Colonel Hobby, although during the

war between the States engaged in deeds of daring and valor which linked his name

in imperishable renown with the most illustrious soldiers of modern times, was

notaverse to occasional dittance with the muse, and his poetic contributions rank with the sweetest gems preserved in the English language.

This writer served with him in the Ninth Legislature of Texas, during the stormy session of 1861, where his brilliant intellect and sweet, lovable disposition endeared him to all his colleagues

and associates, where he was conspicuous for his pure and graceful oratory and his devotion to the principles of civil liberty and local self-government, which were then being (as we believed at that time) so fiercely assailed by our Northern brethren. Col. Hobby died at Fort Seldon, New Mexico, Feb. 2, 1881.

DALAS, TEXAS. GEO. F. ALFORD.

THE POEM.

Queen City of the Gulf, and must it be That I shall say farewell to scenes like thine? More lovely still they seem, as all I see

But never gladden more these eyes of mine! But memory will not all these joys resign. But backward turn to lighten coming care— Amid thy gardens lovingly

Inhale the sweetness of the evening air. Mellowed into softness by day's declining glare. There is a mildness in the zephyr's breath

That floats voluptuously, soft and warm; That speaks not to the flowers of chill or death, Nor brilliant skies like thine give birth to storms.

All that can please in climate, or can form Our happiness, by nature's generous hand Bestowed, is native here, the pilgrim saith: The favored cheek by cooling breezes fanned. While swiftly purple health the swelling veins expand.

Here spring through blushing skies first points her flight, Velled in fleecy clouds waved on by golden hours;

Old winter draws space at face so bright, And, successful, breathes a chill along the flowers, Till earth is painted bright, as 'twere the show-ers.

Dropped gaudy bloom, adorning home and vale, While faded buds grow crimson in the light; Spring spreads her garment over hill and dale, And leaves her fragrant breath upon the scent-ed gale.

But thou art changed, bright ocean-girdled queen! And sadly changed, since first I trod thy walks; Where wit and wealth and beauty once were

seen Refrain solitude, or soldier idly stalks. And of thy home-less exiled children talks— Who, fondly dreaming of thy sunlit shore, In joy forget that rivers roll between. And dream that thou art charming as of yore— Ah! when will Time and Peace thy faded bloom restore?

Thy homes are desolate and silence deep Broods undisturbed within thy splendid halls, And spiders spread their nets along thy walls; In whispers soft, or moonings fiercely loud— Through vine-clad lattice midnight revels keep; Thy spires still proudly rise amidst the cloud, Grand symbols of thy people's strength and hopes unbowed.

Nor tuneless do these spires cleave the air, But iron tongues send out their sacred sound, Holy and pure, inviting all to prayer From vast encampments, silent, spread around; Man feels that this is consecrated ground, And yields obedience to his Maker's law, Asks in the blessing of his love some aid, Communing thus, deep consolation draws— As holy men invoke God's blessing on our cause.

And shall thy sons be passed unnoticed here, Whose deeds of valor are a nation's pride? Who marched to meet the can never blight, Yet the first shock of battle came, and died? By side with Texan brothers fought and died? Brave heroes' few, alas! are left us now; But for the dead still flows the incessant tear! Queen City! o'er their honored ashes bow, For they with glorious deeds have wreathed thy beautiful brow.

And fame hath sepulchred the mighty dead! They sleep the long sleep that knows no waking; Wrapt in their glory slumber on their bed, They heed not distant battles thunder breaking. Nor feel the shuddering earth its answer making. Their bodies only sleep, their spirits still Ride on the breeze, where'er our armies tread, Their mystic forms our souls with courage fill, And add new strength to our unconquerable will.

Thy glorious name is proudly linked with those immortal names that the can never blight, For thou wert wreathed from our country's loe— Thy gallant chains struck off by valor's might— A son of splendor rose upon thy night, And with his rise the tyrant's minions fell! "What sound is this that disturbs the night's repose?" The sentry said: "Tis but the ocean's swell, Hymning to dying year a last and long farewell."

Beneath grey-mantled skies the storm of war Is gathering fast, in battle's grand array, Thy sternly form beneath the morning star, And wait those coming shadows on the bay. The white-lipped foe look trembling, "What are they?" Their thunder answers, and their lightning's play. Death's death; the battle rages fierce and wild, Till darkness flows o'er the morning's car— As mother over her lost but new-found child, Alas! the blushing east the new year pleasing smiled.

Old Ocean lays his head upon thy breast; His throbbing pulse denotes the lover's fears, His jealous arms around thee fondly pressed, As on thy bosom sheds his briny tears, The constant lover of a thousand years! Though constant, ever changing in his mood; His passion a billowy strife, and wild unrest; And thou, lost smile to see thyself thus wooed, To feel this great heart-throb then sighing, sink, subdued.

But now farewell to Ocean and his bride! Farewell, bright skies, and birds, and bloom- ing flowers! We'll, where'er to-morrow may betide, Our lives are thine; the memory of these hours Is linked with those who breathe with smiles and flowers. War's front brow, and still his care beguiles; Here noble woman tends at suffering's side, And like an angel o'er the sick couch smiles; Farewell, farewell, farewell and loveliest of all Isles! —Chicago Ledger.

Down in Virginia.

BY ROGER A. PERSKINF

ATE in the fall of 1862 the Eleventh Maine Regiment was in camp in Virginia with other regiments that composed the Tenth Army Corps.

One night an old lark came into camp with the report that some nine or ten miles up the river, in Matthews County, was a large manufactory that furnished salt for the whole Southern army. We thought if we could destroy that the Johnnies would soon give up for want of the all-important article. The next morning we got orders to start for the "job" that would end the war. The most if not all of our regiment (the Eleventh Maine) went along. We boarded a

gunboat, went up the river some five or six miles, landed, marched about three miles, and came to the "great works." There were a few old kettles that showed no signs of having been used for some time. We broke them in pieces, reconnoitered awhile, then started back.

On our way down to the boat we met a young man on horseback, dressed in Confederate uniform. Our orders were to capture any one prisoner that looked like a Confederate, so we took him in. He said he did not have anything to do with the army, but was going to the shoemaker to get his shoes fixed, but it was "no go"; he had to go with us. When we got to where he lived his mother came out and said he was all the support she had, and begged us to let him go, but our officer told her he would have to take him to headquarters and perhaps the General would let him go. She followed us to the boat, but she failed to get him released, and had to go back alone.

On our way my brother, myself and a fellow that messed with us, named Furbush, began to feel that we wanted some fresh meat, so we called at a hen house, and on looking over the fence saw a large rooster that seemed to be in the way there, so we took him into camp.

The next thing on the programme was how to dress him and not be caught, for the owner of the hen-house was sure to be around the next day, and if the thief was found he would pay the penalty in the guard house. After holding a consultation, we concluded to take him to the One Hundredth New York quarters, dress him there, and then go back and cook him. This we did, and the rooster made a nice meal. The next morning up came the farmer to find his rooster. He went to the officers about it; they told him they did not think the soldiers

took him, but he said he knew they did. So he went through our camp, but could not find anything of the stolen chicken. Then he went to another regiment, and did not find it, but when he came to the One Hundredth New York, behold, there were the feathers, and that must be the guilty party, so that Company K, as no single man would own to the theft, had to spend the day in the guard house; but the rooster sat just as well on our stomachs, and my brother preserves to this day, as a relic, the wishbone that came out of that chicken.

If this should come to the eyes of any of that New York company, they will find out they were punished for the sins of three Company K boys. COMPANY K, Eleventh Maine.

Christmas on the Picket Line. BY GEORGE F. WILLIAMS.

HE armies under Lee and Meade occupied the opposing lines of siege work at Petersburg, Va., on Christmas Day of 1864. I had ridden over from General Warren's headquarters to eat my holiday dinner with an old comrade, Will Gilder, who afterward became famous as an Arctic traveler. I found him and General Egan in a bomb-proof near Fort Hell, on the Jerusalem plank road, and enjoyed a hearty meal amid the shriek of shell and loud detonations of artillery.

After dinner and a peaceful pipe Major Gilder and I paid a visit to the outer line of pickets, being obliged to crawl on our hands and knees for two hundred yards to avoid the bullets which were constantly whistling over our heads. Finally we reached the picket-line, having given to a brother officer a portion of the good things we had been discussing. As the Captain finished his dinner there was a perceptible slackening in the artillery and musketry—fire, until a deep silence fell upon the long lines of trenches.

"The Johnnies have hoisted a flag, sir," said a sergeant, as he emerged from a pit near by. "What for?" demanded the Captain. "Well, they say it's Christmas Day, and think we have wasted enough ammunition."

Looking over the edge of our breast-works I saw that the enemy's line was scarcely one hundred yards away, and along its ragged edge were ranged thirty or forty heads of the Confederate soldiers, our own line being also alive owing to the implied truce.

"Say, Yanks," cried a tall, sun-burned Southerner, "what did yer hev for yer Christmas dinner?" "Turkey, apple-sauce, cake and raisins," replied one of the men at my elbow. "That sounds like old times. I didn't know there were any turkeys nowadays. Say, Yanks, hev yer anything left over?"

With one common impulse half a dozen men sprang to the top of the embankment, their hands full of good things to eat. "Come over!" shouted a corporal who stood at the elbow of the entrenchment. "Guess we've got enough left to give some of you a Christmas dinner."

Three men in butternut clambered over their earthworks and met our men as they advanced over the debatable ground between the lines. To our surprise the Federals came back with a good supply of tobacco, which was quickly distributed. "Say, Yanks," said the Confederate who had opened the conversation, "we jus wish you 'uns a Merry Christmas."

"Same to you," we all shouted back, and there was no more shot or shell along that part of the line during the remainder of that last Christmas day of the war.

He Got Tompion and All. BY FREDERICK SARGENT.

IN 1864 our Company I of the 39th Wisconsin regiment was stationed at Fort Union, Montana Territory. One morning, quite early, the guards called, "Turn out!" The Indians were making a dash by the fort to stampede some horses that we had picketed near by. We were somewhat in a hurry to get the first crack at them. A comrade by the name of Charlie Brown in his haste forgot to pull out the tompon in the muzzle of his gun, and taking aim he fired. He saw, after firing, that the muzzle was swelled somewhat. The Indians made a dash by the fort, and we followed them about a mile, when they turned on us and made a stand. After a short skirmish they fled. In looking for the dead and wounded, we found one Indian with the tompon buried in the flesh just below the collar-bone.

PRINCETON, WIS.

Thinks We're Going to the Bow-wows. Away down deep in every man's soul is the firm belief that he knows some things better than any other man that breathes, and one of these is that the country will go to the bow-wows faster than a woman can spend money, if his own political opinions do not become universal.—The Ram's Horn.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY AND ABLY CONSIDERED.

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

The lesson for Sunday, June 22, may be found in Luke 12:22-34.

INTRODUCTORY. The proper, since it is the Scriptural, introduction to this lesson is the lesson of last Sunday. The "therefore" with which our Scripture selection opens connects the two in close relationship. Our Lord has been speaking of the folly of covetousness. On this he founds an appeal for simplicity of life and sincerity of trust. If we have pondered well what has gone before, we are prepared to receive the strong positive declarations of the Scripture under our eye.

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS. Unto his disciples. This is not a lesson that the world can comprehend. Therefore, A strong illative, literally, Through this. Or for this reason.—I say to you, A solemn charge.—Take no thought, See Revision. Be not anxious. The word etymologically means to have a double or divided mind.—Your life. Or soul. (Psyche).—The body. The temporary residence of the soul. More than meat. Of more value or importance than that on which it feeds.—Thou shalt not. Vanity is the reverse of this.

Consider. Or observe. The word is translated "perceived" at Luke 20:23. Ravens. Perhaps some of them were in sight at this moment of open-air discourse.—Sow nor reap. The signs of which toil may also have been about him as he spoke.—Storehouse nor barn. It is a singular thing that these birds, so hungry in the season, should survive the death of winter.—God feedeth them. (reastor and preserver, in both working mercifully and marvelously.—How much more. The argument is from the less to the greater. If God cares for the insignificant, will he not care for that which is greater in his sight, the human soul, i. e., provided it rest in him?

The nations of the world. There should be a difference in this regard between heathenism and Christianity.—Your Father knows. Implying the thorough care of those who trust in him. Seek ye. The supreme object of life a spiritual one.—The kingdom of God. See Variations.—Added unto you. The literal is superadded, or added in addition.

Little flock. Small and weak, but protected.—Your Father's good pleasure. Literally, it will please your Father. See that ye have, i. e., Hold all for the service of the kingdom.—Give alms. Be charitable, benevolent.—Bags, or purses.—Which was not old, Two words in Greek, not growing old—that faileth not. One word, exhaustless.—Treasure. The heaped-up goods.—(The-saurus).

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES. The life is more than the meat. There is a German motto that says, Man ist was er isst; i. e., man is what he eats. Yes, provided you include here that saying of Christ's, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Life is something beyond the mere physical actualizing. So many pounds of meat; so many ounces of bread—does that make up the soul? Some men act as if they thought it did.

O ye of little faith. And yet he was speaking to his disciples. Then it does not take great faith to make a disciple, a learner at the feet of the Master. Lord, we thank thee for the kindly intimation, for sometimes our faith is weak, and we feel that we are illy worthy of the name of Christ's followers. And yet we have but a little faith—enough to touch but the hem of his garment, we are still by his grace accounted disciples. Here bring we our little faith into that presence where trust cannot but grow. Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.

Seek not ye what ye shall eat. It is an anti-epicurean sentiment. Some men live to eat; others eat simply to live, a higher passion shutting out the clamorings of the lesser appetites. A number of the old college men were met the other day to remind each other of student days long since passed. One of the old graduates told of one who afterward became an honored president of the institution, who in his undergraduate days was so enamored of books that he scarce took time for feeding his body, baking his coarse meal-cake day after day upon the top of the box-stove, and eating it with oil or condiment, as he read. Doubtless the neglect of the fleshly demands was here all too excessive, but the incident shames not a little the riotous self-indulgence of later days.

Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. Then we are kings, a flock of king's sons. It pleaseth God to make us such. We need not come asking him for alms. We need scarcely ask him for anything, so only we place ourselves trustingly in his hands. He not only "knoweth that we have need of these things," but it is his "good pleasure," the delight of his heart, to lift us up and set us upon thrones. Be fearful about bread, anxious about raiment? No, indeed; Angel's food is ours, royal purple, we are King's sons.

I'm the child of a King, the child of a King. With Jesus, my Savior, I'm the child of a King. Provide yourselves bags which wax not old. If the treasure were soon to pass, then almost any receptacle would suffice. A sack will do to take the corn to the mill, a basket will be sufficient for the picnic, or the moon-tide repast, a well-knit purse will be all that is needed to hold the weekly wages. But when we take up heavenly riches, our Lord says, get ready vessels that will last, for the blessing bestowed is an everlasting blessing. We sat beside the bedside of our brother in the ministry this morning, one who seems to us not far from death's door, rather let us say Heaven's gate. "Precious, precious Jesus!" he was saying, with faltering breath, "I get such sweet glimpses. But O, but O, to see him as he is." His lips would not tell all he had in his heart to say, but the light in his eye seemed to tell of visits of beauty and joy beyond. Treasure in the Heavens awaits us. Thank God, the heart seems enlarged and quickened to hold that treasure, as earthly strength and earthly possessions fail!

Next lesson: "Quarterly Review."

BUILDING A RUBBER BOOT.

The Various Stages of the Operation Aptly Described.

It is forty years, observes the India-rubber World, since the first rubber boot was made, and a very clumsy specimen of foot-wear it was. Prior to this the old-fashioned rubber shoe was in existence, but not much worn, and it was called galoshe. The styles of boots now made are nearly identical in all of the leading rubber companies, each, however, having some strengthening device of more or less excellence upon which they pride themselves. All boots are made by hand upon wooden "trees," which are prepared of carefully seasoned maple. The seasoning is necessary, else the trees would shrink in vulcanization and become worthless. Iron trees have been used, but are practically "barred out" by their great weight.

A well-arranged boot-room has first a wide center circle running its whole length, through which run car tracks for the easy removal of the finished boots to the "heaters." Running from this main passage way are the "alleys" of the workmen, in front of each of whom is a long table, fitted with a rack capable of holding fifteen pairs of boots. A portion of his table is padded and reserved for the work of making up, the tools for this being simply a small hand roller, stitcher, a knife, and a cement cup and brush.

As the various pieces that are to be joined together to make the perfect boot are brought in "books" to the boot-maker, they are first laid over the table and cemented with a paste made of rubber and benzine. The first step then is the lasting. A tree is put upon the "block" with the foot upward, and the leg-lining, of felt usually, is wrapped round it, and connected at the heel by a bit of "piping." The edges are then lapped one upon the inner sole where they stick fast. The lining is then seamed up the back by drawing the piping edge over the rubber coating. Next the lining is fastened at the top of the tree to make it firm and also to take out any looseness that may be in it.

Then the foot-lining is connected at the instep and lapped over on the inner sole. A rag filler is the next necessity, to fill the space left on the sole between the lower edges of the leg-lining. Over this, and indeed on the whole bottom of the boot, is placed a tough sole made of rubber and fiber, called the "rag sole." This is "skived" all round, and then both rag sole and lining are brushed over with a fine quality of rubber cement and left to dry.

When the benzine has fully evaporated from the cemented surface the process of "trimming" is the next in order. First the holes are cut for the straps and they are placed in position. Then a small "heel-stay" of cloth is added, followed by an "ankle-piece" of rubber cut without "lapping" at the back. A heavy counter of rubber and fiber is put around the heel next, to be followed by a "back-strip" of rubber that runs up the seam in the lining from the heel to the top of the boot. This is succeeded by a toe-strip of piping, a toe-piece of rubber, and side-stays of the same when the boot is ready for the "cover."

All this time the boot has the look of some of these felt boots that car-drivers in Chicago fancy, only this is decorated with cement and trimmings, and the other is plain. The leg cover is rubber and goes over the whole with the exception of the sole and a part of the toe. It is put on with great care, a back seam being run down in the middle of the back strip, a "binding" put around the top, a vamp lining the sides extending over the counter, secured, and the "outlet filler" added to the bottom of the foot.

The third stage, known as "covering," now follows. In this a counter of heavy rubber is put around the heel, the point being in line with the back seam, the edges being carefully "rolled down." Then a vamp of heavy rubber—the "tongue"—exactly covering the vamp lining. The sides of this extend around the counter, and are distinguished by two side seams. These seams are then run over with a "double stitcher," which is similar to a pair of sharp tracing wheels, and which not only help fasten the rubber to the cemented surface beneath, but also make a very neat finish. After this the vamp is cut out around the outliner, and the bottom of the boot receives a coat of cement which is to hold the sole on.

When the boot is dry it is ready for the fourth stage, which is "soling." To digress a little, a sole is in four pieces, and is made up for the boot-maker in the soling-room. These four parts are a fiber and rubber "form," a thin rubber "sole-piece," a "top," and a heel. These are put together and are sent to the boot-room to be covered with the strongest possible rubber cement on the bottom and edges. The sole is attached to the partly finished boot at the toe, brought over to the heel that the latter may sit straight. Then the heel is hammered, the sole rolled, the edges rolled down in the vamp and counter, the last seams are stitches, and the boot passes on to the varnishing-room and then to the vulcanizer.

Johnny's Prayer. Sister Lizzie was to be married in a few months, and she was getting in the interval of leisure by preparing for the ceremony in the way of dress by experimenting on her family in the cooking line. Little John was going to bed, and went through his usual prayers up to the point of saying, "Give us this day our daily bread," when some depressing memory struck him and he added, "But don't let Lizzie bake it." —Philadelphia Times.

CHELSEA STANDARD.
BY
W. M. EMMERT.
OFFICIAL VILLAGE PAPER.

FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1890.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.
Resolutions passed at a special meeting.

The Ladies' Society of the M. E. church feel deeply the loss of one of its charter members, Mrs. J. L. Gilbert. Always a valued member of the society, she had proved herself, at various times, capable and efficient as one of the official board, and reliable and trustworthy in every position of responsibility assigned her.

Interested and ready to help at all times, in anything of benefit to the organization, she had the affectionate esteem of all its members and was justly deemed an ornament of which it might well feel proud.

Our deepest sympathies are with her family and friends. We shall greatly miss her presence and help, and while we cannot do her work we can still emulate her example and, in so doing, make a better record for ourselves.

Com.

BIRTHS AND DEATHS IN THE COUNTY.

The returns as made by the supervisors are as follows: Lyndon, Sharor, Scio and the first district of Ypsilanti not being in.

	Deaths.	Births.
Ann Arbor City.....	96	160
Ann Arbor town.....	5	22
Augusta.....	6	30
Bridgewater.....	11	22
Dexter.....	6	6
Freedom.....	18	32
Lima.....	1	14
Lodi.....	4	22
Manchester.....	27	45
Northfield.....	17	27
Pittsfield.....	6	13
Salem.....	4	2
Saline.....	20	26
Superior.....	5	28
Sylvan.....	18	38
Webster.....	8	13
York.....	27	32
Ypsilanti.....	4	17
Ypsilanti, 2nd district.....	3	8
Total.....	288	558

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

Chelsea, May 27, 1890.
Board met in council room.
Meeting called to order by president.
In the absence of the clerk, it was moved and carried that Trustee, H. S. Holmes act in his stead.
Roll call by the acting clerk.

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

Absent, W. Bacon, G. H. Kempf.
On motion, the following liquor bonds were accepted and approved.

Thomas McNamara, principal, James McLaren and Michael J. Noyes, sureties.

Christ. Klein, principal, Martin Mantz and James Taylor sureties.

Conrad Spinnagel, principal, Catherine Girschach and John Koch sureties.
Maria Frey, principal, Godfrey Grau and John Bagge, sureties.

On motion the following drug bonds were accepted and approved.

Hummel & Fenn principal, R. S. Armstrong and H. M. Woods sureties.

Rolla S. Armstrong principal, Michael J. Noyes and H. M. Woods sureties.

Frank P. Glazier principal, Geo. P. Glazier and William P. Schenk sureties.

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

Thomas Wilkinson, repairs for scraper..... \$ 8 00

DeLand & Co., Fairport, N. Y. soda..... 16 10

The financial committee reported to allow the bill of P. J. Lehman at \$39.

Carried.

On motion the board adjourned.
H. S. HOLMES, Clerk, pro. tem.

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 \$1,600 prize story "The Captain of Co. K."

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, batter dish and cream pitcher. We guarantee the quality of the powder equal to any.

ABOUT CERAMIC COLORS.

A FEW POINTS CONCERNING THEIR ORIGIN AND USE.

Each Shade of Blue Has Its Own Particular Application Among the Potters of China—Green Was That Country's Imperial Color.

The origin of the ceramic colors, their use and significance, are subjects of much interest and well worthy the study of potters as well as professional and amateur decorators. In Chinese ceramics the colors are divided into families, and many are curiously symbolical, owing their origin often to some peculiar or remarkable occurrence of a past age. It is well known by every one that blue has always been a favorite color with the Chinese potter or decorator, but that each shade of blue has its own particular use and significance which give it its name is an unfamiliar fact. The same is true, in a less degree, however, of the greens and other colors.

The brilliancy of the blues invented during the Tsin dynasty, about 265 A. D., is remarkable, and is the first color demonstrating any great success after the celadons. One of these blues, called "blue of the sky after rain," became very popular, and by the command of the emperor was adopted for every article of porcelain used in the palace. The date of its adoption as the royal color is placed at 634, but it is not known exactly how long this particular shade continued in exclusive use in the imperial household. It is assumed, however, that it remained in favor through several generations of emperors.

Again in 1566 blue was adopted for the royal porcelains, the shade being of a deeper hue. Previous to this date a certain rich, deep blue became very famous. The first porcelains brought into Europe were blue and white, the blue being in various shades. The blues of that time are nearly all of Chinese origin, many of which have never been excelled and rarely approached by European chemists. The Chinese blues are also in greater variety than the blues of any other nation; one of them is remarkable for its rarity, appearing quite green when contrasted with other blues, but an unmistakable blue when contrasted with green.

The greens produced by the Chinese about the year 600 were particularly noted, but it is not recorded which one was the special favorite of any dynasty. It is known, however, that green was the exclusive imperial color for over 200 years, and that it was not confined to porcelains, but obtained in everything connected with the court. Some beautiful specimens of porcelains of this period, decorated in the finest greens, are still in existence, and their value is almost beyond price.

The porcelains of each family or individual bore the signs of rank to which it belonged, and colors or shades of color selected by them were kept exclusively for their use. Some of these colors bear names that seem ludicrous, but are nevertheless appropriate. One is red, called the "color of precious stone" (probably the ruby); another red, "color of Japan pear blossom"; a violet, "color of egg plant," "color of a mule's liver," "color of horse's lung," etc.

Owing to the unreliability of gold colors in firing they have been a subject of continual study and experiment with both the chemist and decorator, but after all these centuries of research the color remains as unreliable as ever, meanwhile remaining the most charming and fascinating of all the mineral colors. (The colors designated as the rose family come under the head of gold colors, and include all the rich rose, crimson and violet shades.) The date of the discovery of these colors is not known. Amateurs of the present day are disappointed with failures in the gold colors; they are either dull and lusterless, or quite purple after firing, and, indeed, they never seem to be twice alike.

This is probably why carmine is considered a test color, and the amateur who can successfully use it is said to have conquered the mysteries of mineral colors. The popularity of the gold colors is not confined to the Orient; they have always been prime favorites with all nations. Our rose Pompadour and rose Du Barry prove the estimation in which they were held at Sevres in the time of these two women, from which they derive their names, and evidence of their popularity in all the world is as old as the history of the decoration of ceramics.

Probably the difficulty of procuring satisfactory results with colors of the rose family accounts for the value of old specimens decorated with these colors.

The royal color of China at one time was a brilliant yellow known as egg yellow, which still continues to be the admiration of connoisseurs and the special ambition of amateurs. It is not certain that this color was at any time devoted to the exclusive use of the imperial household, but it is assumed that it was.

The composition of many of the enamel colors, by which is understood all overglaze colors except the matt colors, is a secret carefully guarded and transmitted as an inheritance from father to son, but in a work by M. Julian, an eminent authority on eastern ceramics, many valuable receipts for the manufacture of mineral colors are given, which are of the greatest interest in the light of education. Undoubtedly the Chinese, in the matter of mineral colors and the decoration of porcelains, stand high

above any other nation, and there is good reason for it.
The manufacture of pottery has been one of the most important industries of that country for upward of 2,000 years, and every ruler during that time has given special encouragement to the decoration of pottery, so great that in certain periods such a thing as an uncolored or undecorated piece of pottery was the greatest rarity. The progress and success of Chinese decoration is doubtless the result of royal favor, without which it could never have reached the degree of perfection to which it has attained. Whether any other nation will ever equal China in this regard is doubtful.—Philadelphia Record.

Cincinnati Building Associations.

The building association interest in this vicinity is at this time more than ever before in need of a central exchange. Many of the savings societies in Hamilton county have accumulations of money not invested. These idle accumulations vary in amounts from \$1,000 to \$20,000. Of the 340 building associations in this vicinity probably fifty have at all times idle capital, and a fair average of the amount on hand would be \$2,000 for each one, or \$100,000 in all, which at 6 per cent. per annum would be \$6,000 actual loss annually to the building association fraternity by reason of non-invested funds. If there existed an exchange supported by all the associations in this vicinity then the idle capital of the one could be diverted to excess needs of the other, and the profit on the loan would remain in the building association circle and not go outside to the banks. The cost of supporting such an exchange, including rent, clerk hire, gas, fuel, etc., would not exceed \$2,000 a year, or less than \$10 for each association, and would accomplish the saving of \$4,000 a year for the fraternity. A movement looking forward to the establishment of the central exchange has begun.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Neapolitans Are Not Lazy.

It is declared by a recent traveler that the people of Naples no longer deserve the reputation of being the laziest on earth. "I have spoken," he says, "with architects, engineers and other employers of labor, who all testify to the willingness of the Neapolitan to work. It is, moreover, self evident in the hundred different street industries which supply half the population with a means of livelihood. The Neapolitan laborer and artisan are not only willing, but they work well, with intelligence, being more tractable than the Frenchman and not so slow of understanding as the Germans."—Exchange.

The Largest Englishman.

Thomas Congley, of Dover, England, is said to be the heaviest of her majesty's many subjects. He is an intelligent and respectable citizen, 43 years old, having been born (of parents not above the normal size) in 1848. As a baby he was considered small and not over healthy. His present weight is 40 stone (560 pounds); height, 6 feet 3-4 inch; measurement of waist, 80 inches, and of legs, 25.—St. Louis Republic.

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 the date hereof, to-wit: the 15th day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, of each said date, to receive, examine and adjust said claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the office of Turnbull and 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 in the forenoon, of each said date, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.
Dated, June 9, 1890.
SAMUEL GUTHRIE, Com.
C. E. DAVIS.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, SS. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of Probate Court for the county of Washtenaw, made on the ninth day of May, A. D., 1890, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Stephen J. Chase, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the tenth day of November next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Saturday, the ninth day of August and on Monday the tenth day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each 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 satisfactorily appearing to this court by affidavit on file that the defendant, Rowena Riggs, is a non-resident of this state and a resident of the state of Ohio, and that the last known place of residence of defendant 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 defendant 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 that 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 if default thereof said bill be taken as confessed by said non-resident 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 non-resident of this state and a resident of the 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.
E. B. HOWLETT, Register.
D. B. TAYLOR, Solicitor for Complainant.

THREE BUNCHES OF FIRE-CRACKERS FOR TEN CENTS.

STANDARD GROCERY HOUSE.

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.

TESTIMONIALS.

Jno Stanton, of Webster, says: "I cured a very bad case of thrush with Curlett's Thrush remedy; the cure was permanent."

Henry Doody, of Dexter township, says: "My horse was cured of a very bad case of thrush by using Curlett's Thrush Remedy."

Chas. Goodwin, of Webster township (formerly of Dexter township) Washtenaw county, says: "I cured the worst case of thrush I have ever seen, with Curlett's Thrush remedy, which made a permanent cure."

George H. Conners, of Dexter township, Washtenaw Co., says: "I cured my horse of thrush by the use of Curlett's Thrush Remedy, which I have known others to use and it always produced a cure."

Levi R. Lee, of Webster, Washtenaw Co., says: "I had a very valuable horse which was afflicted with thrush

five or six years and could not cure it until I used Curlett's Thrush Remedy, which made a permanent cure; could not get half what the horse was worth while he was troubled with thrush."

William Conners, of Dexter township, Washtenaw Co., says: "Thrush very nearly ate the entire frog of my horse's foot and I could not get any help for it seemingly, until I got Curlett's Thrush Remedy, which after a second application killed the smell and removed the lameness, curing it in a short time, leaving a good healthy growing frog which in a short time was its natural size."

H. M. Ide, the shoer of Floral Temple, Dexter, and other noted trotters, says: "Have never known Curlett's Thrush Remedy to fail to produce a permanent cure of thrush; after a few applications, smell and lameness is removed."

Jim Smalley, a noted horse jockey, of central Washtenaw county, says: "Curlett's Heave Remedy never fails to give relief, and to all appearances cured the horses I gave it to, and they never show any sign of distress while being worked hard or driven fast."

A. T. Hughes, one of the supervisors of Washtenaw county, says: "Seven years ago I cured a very bad case of thrush with Curlett's Thrush Remedy; the horse has shown no symptoms of the disease since."

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 said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.
Dated May 23rd, 1890.
ALFRED CONGDON, Com.
EDWARD WARD, Com.

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 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 38, 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 24/100 dollars for principal and interest and thirty dollars as an attorney fee as provided by law, and whereas no suit or proceeding at law or in equity has been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of said power of sale and the laws of this state on Saturday, the 28th day of June, 1890, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the east front door of the court house, in the city of Ann Arbor, County of Washtenaw, state of Michigan (that being the place where the circuit court for said county of Washtenaw is held), it will sell at public vendue to the highest bidder, the lands and premises described in said mortgage or so much thereof as shall be necessary to satisfy the amount due, interests, costs and expenses of said sale, said premises being situated in the township of Lima, County of Washtenaw, State of Michigan and described as follows to-wit: The 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.
CHELSEA SAVINGS BANK, Mortgagee.
TERNBULL & 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.
TERNBULL & WILKINSON, Solicitors for Complainants.

TRAINS LEAVE:

5:43, 7:07, A. M. 4:02 P. M. 7:48 P. M.

LOCAL, NEWSY ITEMS.

Up White Roaming Around This Most Beautiful Village. Dexter will celebrate the Fourth in grand style.

Carpenters are now very busy on the pump bank. The brick work on Snyder's market has been finished.

The L. O. G. T. will give a strawberry social next Tuesday evening.

Five persons were baptized by Rev. E. Arnold last Sunday evening.

Three bunches of the best firecrackers for ten cents at the Standard Grocery House.

So far this season, rain has fallen frequently, and crops of all kinds are doing well.

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

Miss Jessie Merrill closes a most successful term of school in Sylvan Center, with a picnic, to-day.

Several farmers report the wheat crop again this season, but no injury to the grain is expected.

Strawberries have been quite plenty this week, selling all the way from four to fourteen cents per quart.

Mary Foster & Co. are now preparing to do cutting and dressmaking in connection with their millinery business.

Rudolph Kruse had the misfortune to fall on a sythe, badly cutting his hand. Dr. Wright dressed the wound.

Harold Sayles, the singing evangelist, who did such efficient work here last winter, is holding meetings at Stockbridge this week.

Seventy-nine persons were admitted to practice law, by Judge Kinne, last Monday. Only a few of them were hitherto citizens.

There were 21 births in the township of Waterloo last year, and 7 deaths. In all of Jackson Co. there were 644 births and 419 deaths.

By 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.'

Stockbridge has got along finely for years without a saloon, but will probably have one now, the bonds being placed at only \$3,000. Too bad.

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

Hillsdale county has twenty-two divorce cases on docket. Those contemplating marriage in that county should adopt the M. E. plan—six months on probation.

The Chelsea band has been engaged for the Fourth at Dexter. This band is well and favorable known, and the Dexter people ought to congratulate themselves in securing it.

It took five men to get the big stump recently dug up in front of the Tappan guild, upon a cart to be taken away.—Democrat. This would indicate that Ann Arbor was not out of the woods yet.

Tuesday evening, Miss Lotis Angell, daughter of President Angell, and Andrew C. McLaughlin, assistant professor of history in the university, were married in the Congregational church at Ann Arbor.

While working on the Geo. Blatch house last Saturday, John P. Foster fell with a ladder, striking on his left foot. When he recovered he found his ankle dislocated, and therefore navigates on crutches, now.

Several of our exchanges have mentioned the name of Mr. Orr Schurtz as a suitable person to be the next Superintendent of Public Instruction.

From personal acquaintance with Mr. Schurtz we know that he is a most estimable gentleman, a man of learning, and a first-class educator and instructor. We sincerely hope to see the name of Orr Schurtz on the republican ticket for this office this fall.

Dr. Palmer is putting down a pavement walk in front of his premises. W. J. Knapp at the New Store, has a few cultivators which will be sold cheap.

The writer is in receipt of a beautiful bouquet from Miss Guerin, of Lima. Thanks.

Mrs. Manz, who recently broke a limb, is doing as nicely as can be expected under the circumstances.

Children's Day exercises will be held at the Baptist church one week from next Sunday evening. A fine program is being practiced.

The Ann Arbor Brick and Tile Works have already turned out over 100,000 brick. The first kiln will contain 150,000, and will be burned next week.

The wool market is a puzzle at present, buyers not being anxious to purchase, except at a low figure, as money has been lost on wool for several years past. Twenty-six cents would probably be an outside figure for the best quality.

Messrs. Mark Lowry and J. E. Durand, who went west a short time ago, arrived home Saturday last, but expect to go to Baker City, Oregon, where they think prospects are fine. Both are very enthusiastic.

A sad case of drowning occurred at Saline Sunday afternoon. John Schleh, of that place, and nephew of George Miller of Ann Arbor, while bathing in the mill race got beyond his depth and being a poor swimmer went to the bottom. The deceased is a young man 17 years of age.—Argus.

John Cole, who has been with W. J. Knapp for eighteen months, has secured a good position with a wholesale house in Detroit, and took his first trip last Saturday. "Jack" is a good salesman and will be a success for his firm. Wm. Riemenschneider takes Mr. Cole's place with Mr. Knapp.

The oldest person who died during the year was Mrs. Hetty Morton, who died at the county house, and is reported as being 110 years of age. There were three others who were 90 years of age or over, William Turner, of Dexter, 90 years; Mrs. Ruckman of Manchester, 90 years; John Kanouse, of Saline, 93 years.

Mrs. Jas. Gilbert, who has been ailing for some months, died at the family home last Tuesday morning, aged 55 years. The funeral was held from the house yesterday at 1:30 o'clock, a large number of people attending the last sad rites. Mrs. Gilbert was a lady of exceptionally fine temperment, and was loved and respected by everybody.

A man wrote the following self-explanatory note to a school teacher the other day: "Mey the 6 18 90 when my Boys are Staing away from School I have Work For them; and when They are dare you Teach them, and when They are home, that is non of your Business you hant renning my Shanty Not by a dem Side, at my home."

This is one of the great family who "can't afford to take a paper."

The slanderous newspapers of Jackson are heralding to the world that there were only 14 births in this township the past year. The base attempt to belittle one of our chief industries, reveals a petty spirit and envy of gizzard to be found nowhere outside the newspaper offices of Grass Lake's big suburb. But nothing will come of it. Our citizens will go ahead as usual and do their duty to society, to their country and their God.—News.

Register:—Sheriff Dwyer recovered a horse at Jackson, Saturday, which was stolen from Phelps & Ball, of Dexter on May 31. The horse was hired by a stranger who failed to return it, but pawned the rig for a few dollars at Jackson. Sheriff Dwyer knows the thief, who lives at Eaton Rapids and has served five years in prison for horse stealing, and unless some other officer gets in ahead of him, the sheriff will probably have him in jail soon.

The county treasurer has received \$22,395 for liquor tax so far this year, receipts having to thirty to sell spirituous and malt beverages, twenty-four to sell malt beverages, and three to manufacture beer. The number of saloonkeepers in the various towns who have paid is as follows: Ann Arbor 30 saloons and two breweries; Manchester 6; Dexter, 5; Chelsea, 4; Ypsilanti, 3 saloons and 1 brewery; Saline, 3; Milan 1; Lodi, 1; Bridgewater, 1.—Register.

Judge Lane, of Adrian, held court in Ann Arbor last week, hearing cases in which Judge Kinne was formerly interested.

The receipts of the county treasurer's office last month amounted to \$26,283.31, and the disbursements were \$9,099.36, the balance of cash on hand June 1st, being \$59,365.20.

During the past year many books and other small articles have been stolen from the High School building at Ann Arbor, and the thief could not be discovered. Recently the authorities found out who stole the articles and they have nearly all been recovered and returned to the owners.

We are pleased to see by the Ypsilantian that Miss Tillie K. Mutschel, who graduated from the Normal this year, has been engaged as preceptress of the Hudson school at a nice salary. The patrons of that school will find Miss Mutschel a scholar and a lady worthy of the position.

Ex-Mayor Joseph Mabley, of Jackson, has experienced so much relief from rheumatism that he says he is happier than he has been for two years past. This is how he got over it: "One day Ephriam VanLorn, of Ives came into the store and said if I would take what he proposed I would be cured. I agreed to the proposition. He said, 'Take some poke root, the green is best, cut 15, 20 or 30 pieces, half an inch long, and quarter of an inch thick; place them in a bottle, then put in as many teaspoons of good whiskey as there are pieces of the root. Cork the bottle and suspend in a pail of hot water for half an hour. After that take a teaspoonful three times a day, (one before each meal) in a half wine glass of water.' This was his remedy, and this I have taken. It has done wonders for me and I wouldn't forget my knowledge of this remedy for half a million."

The closing exercises of the Chelsea Schools will be as follows: Baccalaureate address Sunday evening, June 22, by Thomas Holmes, D. D., at the M. E. church. Thursday afternoon, these promoted from the Grammar school into the High School, will render a well prepared program in the High School room. After these exercises all are invited to inspect the several departments, especially the lower rooms, where will be exhibited some of the pupils' work. Graduating exercises at the Town hall the same evening. Supt. Hall cordially invites all to be present at all the exercises.

SCHOOL MATTERS.

On Wednesday and Thursday of last week a company of some ten or a dozen of our townspeople visited the several departments of the village school. A schedule of time had been kindly furnished by Prof. Hall, by which parents, and others wishing so to do, could attend the review of the work done in the school, during the year in "Philosophy and Hygiene" and more especially the part pertaining to the effect of alcohol and tobacco on the human body. It was well understood that our teachers in compliance with the laws of the state, were giving instructions on this subject, but it was truly delightful to witness the intelligence of the scholars throughout the whole school, in regard to it. It is safe to say that not one in five hundred of the middle aged people of today could tell just how alcohol and tobacco effects persons, as these children and young people can. Work in a few other lines was listened to by the company and incidently the order and the condition of the whole school taken in. The general verdict being that it was much to the credit of the teaching force employed. It is but due to the Intermediate department and the teacher, to say that in no room was the improvement in discipline, which indeed was well begun during the latter part of the preceding year, so marked as there. We were pleased to see that kindergarten work had, to some extent, been introduced into the Primary departments. (Not much work, has as yet, been done in this branch as the material was only secured some week or two since, but it gives promise of much usefulness and benefit to the little ones. Parents having children in school, and especially in these departments, lose much pleasure themselves and profit to their children by not taking a little time, at least once during the school year, to visit their children's rooms.

A PATRON.

YOUR FOLKS AND OURS.

Wesley Burchard was in the village yesterday.

Dr. Shaw, of Ypsilanti was in town Sunday last.

G. W. Turnbull was in Ann Arbor last Wednesday.

E. L. Negus had business in Ypsilanti last Wednesday.

Orrin Hoover is at work in the Observer office at Saline.

Jake Staffan made a business trip to Ann Arbor last Wednesday.

Misses Mary and Lydia Andress, of Bridgewater, visited Mrs. Amelia Glover, Saturday last.

Mrs. Raffrey and children are visiting her parents, at Hillsdale, this week, going from Manchester.

Miss Emma Geiger, of Muncie, Ind., is the guest of her brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Geiger, of this place.

Jacob Kolb and Miss Kate Barthel were united in marriage last Tuesday at St. Mary's church, Rev. Fr. Considine officiating.

Miss Alice Sargent returned from Trumbull on Wednesday last after spending a few days with friends at that place.

Mrs. A. G. Lewis nee Olive Paine, left for Washington, D. C., last Monday to join her husband, who holds a government position there.

Dr. and Mrs. Palmer left last Wednesday evening, for an extended trip around the lakes, and are probably at Mackinac when you read this. It is quite a while since the doctor took a "lay-off."

MARRIED.

On the evening of the 17th of June, at the home of the bride, Dr. Henry W. Schmidt, of this village, to Miss Nellie McMahon, of Manchester, Rev. Geo. H. Wallace officiating.

OBITUARY.

Friend after friend departs: who has not lost a friend?

Departed this "life of single blessedness," of that lingering but fatal disease, Matrimonium, on the evening of the 17th instant, Dr. Henry W. Schmidt, aged twenty-six years.

This terrible event by which the Bachelor Fraternity of Chelsea has lost one of its most honored and worthy members, came upon us like most other calamities, when least expected.

It is true, that for some time past, Dr. Schmidt has exhibited symptoms of slight attacks of the disease, and it was also known that his whole organization, physical and mental, predisposed him to imminent danger from exposure; but with a vigorous constitution, and a moral and physical courage that rendered him equal to any emergency, and more than all, a professional acumen and skill that enable him to successfully battle all the arts of man or woman, his friends had long since ceased to apprehend any danger that the disease would ever terminate fatally.

Besides, having so valiantly withstood all attacks of the little gentleman with wings, his friends had begun to worship him as a saint of their fraternity.

"But alas! how frail are all things here below."

The sad event we are relating, must answer. We have said it was sudden and unexpected. That is true in general terms, but yet some of his most intimate friends had lately discovered or thought they had, symptoms of a violent return of the dreadful malady.

It was observed that he was more than usually sedate, inclined to meditation, and absent-minded; but what appeared most alarming of all was that he was actually known to arise in the morning before 7 o'clock.

But with his usual fortitude he concealed his trouble until the last moment, when he summoned to his aid the Rev. Geo. H. Wallace, of Plymouth Mich.

It was soon apparent that he was beyond the skill of his superiors. It was found on examination that the heart had been seriously affected for several years, that the disease had long since assumed a chronic form, and that that vital organ was nearly consumed! The only alternative was to commend him to the sympathizing clergyman in attendance.

The Rev. Mr. Wallace kindly administered all the consolation in his power suitable to the occasion.

The remains of our bachelor friend were then taken to several points in this state, but are now at his home in this village. Requiescat in pace.

COM.

Yeast cakes, all kinds at the Standard Grocery House.

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

Choice bananas, oranges, lemons, prunes, etc., 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.

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

Markets by Telegraph

DETROIT, June 20, 1890.

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

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

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

WHEAT.—No 2 red spot, 5 cars at 87c 1 cars at 88c; June 3,000 at 88c No. 1 white 10 car at 86c.

CORN.—No. 2 spot, 36c.

OATS.—No. 2, white, spot 34c.

Home Markets.

BARLEY.—Is dull at 60@85¢ 100

EGGS.—11c 7 doz.

LARD.—Country wanted at 6@7

OATS.—Remain steady at 22@24

POTATOES.—Slow sale at 25c.

BUTTER.—Weak at 8@10c.

WHEAT.—Is in good demand at 80c for red and 80c for No. 1 white.

CORN.—Quiet at 30c 7 bu.

Dr. Kelly's Cermifuge.

A new discovery, prepared on the true theory now accepted by all advanced physicians, that the cause of many prevalent diseases, Cermifuge removes this cause and will cure Catarrh, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Malarial Fever and Ague, Female Weaknesses, Nervous Exhaustion, Strepness, Headache, Infantile Fevers and Convulsions, Rheumatism, Syphilitic, Urinal 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 monthly—Safe, Effectual. 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, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

Sold by Glazier, the Druggist, Chelsea



A FEW MORE

Buckeye Cultivators

LEFT

At The New Store

TO BE CLOSED OUT

AT

VERY LOW PRICES.

These tools are the best in the market. Also Machine Oils, Haying tools of all kinds at lowest prices.

Go to the New Store for Hardware.

W. J. KNAPP.

JANET LEE

In the Shadow of the Gallows.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"Rise!" said Giles Ellis, sternly. A figure familiar to the wives and children in Salem stood up. It was an Indian deemed by the people of Salem more fool than knave. His tribe had deserted him. He had just sufficient cunning to know he was as well cared for by the whites as he could have been by his own people. A lame Indian, with a sightless eye, he appealed to the sympathy of the inhabitants of Salem.

"If you ever breathe that you met me here, I will see that you pay the penalty. A word from me will be sufficient."

"I know nothing. Joe sleep by the rock. I hear nothing."

Ellis looked at him searchingly. Then he pointed to his neck. "One Indian less will make no difference to Salem, Joe. If you value your life—"

"Indian eat like white man." Joe was crouching now before him. Giles Ellis waded a hand warningly, and hastened on. In a little while he approached John Lee's shop.

John Lee's shop was as well known as any house in Salem. If a wheel was broken, who could repair it better or quicker than John Lee? If a screw were needed, who could match it, or find a substitute for it, quicker than John Lee? No article of furniture could be repaired more neatly and quickly than John Lee's hand repaired it. He was millwright, cabinet-maker, a cunning workman in iron—a master hand at all odds and ends was John Lee. He had roamed over foreign lands when a young man—a shipwrecked sailor. He had good eyes and deft hands. Besides, had he not served his full term? It was not much wonder, therefore, if he was a cunning artificer in wood.

As Giles Ellis approached John Lee's shop, he saw before him a figure he had observed some time and again with admiring eyes. His black eyes sparkled now as he looked at John Lee's daughter walking quickly from the shop to her father's house.

"Why so fast?" said Giles Ellis, bowing to her.

Janet Lee started, turned, and answered him civilly. "There is much to do, and the sun is down an hour ago."

"Tarry but a minute. I would speak with thee."

Janet Lee paused, but she did not look at him. On the contrary, she looked anxiously toward her father's house.

"I have that to say to thee, Janet, that it is best should be heard by thee alone. I am of good repute. I have ample means. No discredit attaches to my name or kin. I have long desired—"

"Star. It were best unsaid," Janet replied with dignity.

"How? May a man not speak his mind?"

"I say it were better not. It cannot be," said Janet. "Let me pass."

"And why can it not be? Have you no word for me?"

"I never thought of it."

"Aye, to be sure. It is man's place to think and to speak. But I am not easily set aside, Janet Lee. I will speak to your father."

"No, no! It cannot be, Giles Ellis," Janet said. She was almost ready to cry now.

"Strange words these. Can not—must not. Strange words from a girl who should consult her father, and take counsel of her mother."

"No stranger than has been said since world was," Janet replied passionately.

"So?" Giles Ellis drew himself up to his full height. "I have not heard; 'tis news if you are promised to another."

"That is no concern of mine," said Janet with spirit. She drew away from him with flashing eyes and burning cheeks.

"Anger becomes you well. I like a girl of spirit."

"It will profit you little whether I have spirit or am tame. I will bid thee good-night."

"Maybe so. Time will tell. I said I was not easily set aside."

"And I say, Master Ellis, it never can be. I will never marry you."

"Oh, women have said as much and more and lived to think better of it."

"It were wiser to end this now. Good-night."

As she left him his eyes glowed and his countenance grew dark with evil passions. "Since when have I become so ill-favored here?" he asked himself. "Your will is law for the present, Miss Janet." Then as he beheld her disappearing in the house without deigning to look back, he scowled.

"Your high head shall be bowed, my lady. Aye, and the scorn that sits on your lips will be turned to another mood if my will prevails."

Then he passed on.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT RUMORED ON.

Dorothea Lee stood near the dresser with one hand on the back of a chair, lost in thought.

A neat, trim figure, simply clad. She had a beautiful, kindly, and, better than all else, a true face with fine lines in it. A serene face with a sweet expression was Dorothea Lee's to all the world. As she stood there pondering, the involuntary frown possibly added piquancy to a face that men and women contemplated with pleasure. Her finely penciled eyebrows were slightly contracted; her gaze was bent upon the floor when she heard a step approaching, whereupon she busied herself with the things on the dresser. The dresser was wholly her husband's handiwork, and compared in neatness and finish with any piece of furniture in New England.

The step was Janet's. Janet was the counterpart of her mother, with the high color Dorothea Lee possessed when she was in her teens. Mother and daughter were as beautiful as two women could be with the same number of years between them. Janet did not pause in the room, or speak to her mother, but passed across the room and entered a lesser room that served her own needs. Her mother still

stood near the dresser, when a young woman, with sharp features, high cheekbones, and keen eyes entered. Dorothea Lee looked at her servant sharply.

"I find only half the cake I placed here two hours ago, Ann."

"I know naught of the cake," Ann answered, sulkily.

"It matters not. You and Ezra are welcome to all you can eat—"

"Ezra can speak for himself. Here he comes." As Ezra passed the door, Dorothea Lee addressed him in even tones:

"It is nothing. I was but saying you are welcome to all you can eat and drink. I put twice as much cake on the plate as is here."

Then, like Ann Bigger, the apprentice answered sulkily: "Master Lee has the best of my muscles—'tis not the fashion to stint one in meal and milk, mistress."

"That is true, too," said his mistress, gravely. Then she added quickly, and with a note of pride in her rising tones, "So be very careful, both of you, never to say that any one serving John Lee, is stinted in meat or drink."

"If meat or milk disappears," said Ann Bigger, nodding her head in a mysterious manner, "there's ways for them to go without hands touching them. Stranger things are witnessed every hour in the day."

"Cease, Ann," her mistress said, and then the apprentice and maid disappeared.

When these two were alone Ann said: "The mistress's tongue is sharp-set ever since yesterday morning."

"I'll not have it sharpened at my cost," the apprentice answered, shaking his head. Then, catching Ann in his arms, he was on the point of kissing her when she sprang from him.

"There's master's step."

John Lee entered the kitchen, and seeing Ezra laughing with a pair of bullet-molds he said, as he glanced at the maid:

"I marvel Ann permits you to make your bullets inside the house. However, there's poor light out of doors now."

Then he smiled grimly and passed out.

When he was out of sight and hearing the maid and apprentice turned to each other.

"Now, see what you have done, following me here," Ann said.

Whereupon the apprentice slammed the molds down and retorted:

"We are not up to you women. You can put a good face on the worst of things. But why need we care, when, if you only mind your ways, we'll be married some day? You are as good as promised to me."

"There's many a slip between the cup and lip."

"Aye, is there? I'm none so sure you would suit me every way." Then the apprentice walked out and slammed the door after him.

"Poor Ezra—he is so thick-witted," said Ann Bigger, as she pursed her thin lips and smiled. "How I wonder what Mistress Lee means. It is not often I carry cake to Abigail. And she speaks to me again—I'll say it is witches' work."

An hour later John Lee re-entered his house with a grave face and preoccupied manner, and, seeking his wife, immediately broached the matter that was on his mind.

"Dorothea, has our Janet refused Giles Ellis?"

"I do not know, John," Mistress Lee answered, calmly.

"It will not be well to trifle with Giles, now above all times. My brother Martin's folly may prove a serious matter, and Giles could do me a good service. He wants our Janet to wife. He has the favor of men in high places and substantial means."

"There are others equally well-to-do," said Dorothea Lee. "Half a dozen for that matter. I hope there may never be need of his good offices."

"If we count those in favor in high places, there are few can compare with Giles Ellis," John Lee replied. "I passed him within the hour, and there was that in his manner I do not understand. I came straight to ask you if you know aught that has passed between Giles and Janet."

"I know nothing—but I do not like Giles Ellis, nor never did."

"Is he not industrious? Has he not a presentable figure? Is his family not as good as any between Salem and Boston?"

"I have no objection to his people," Dorothea replied.

"Is he not sober, saving, fair-handed in everything?"

His wife was silent.

"What more would you have for our Janet?"

"Then his wife looked up at him and replied: 'I have never opposed your wishes, but there was a time when all these things would not—did not—satisfy me, John, and Janet is very like her mother.'"

"Giles Ellis is nephew to Deputy Governor Danforth no less, and if the worst happens my brother Martin—here John Lee lowered his voice, and, leaning close to his wife, added, with a perceptible tremor in his tones—'Giles Ellis may save Martin from the gallows. This misfortune of John Winslow's preys on me; there are strange reports. I am fearful—'

"Then you are not like yourself, John Lee," Dorothea answered. "'Tis not like you. And 'tis less like you to force our Janet's wishes.'"

"I would not press her—far from it. But surely you may speak to her and see she gives ear to Giles when he comes again."

"Janet must choose for herself," said Dorothea.

"It cannot be"—John Lee paused. "Surely you do not prefer Proctor? Where is Janet? I will speak to her."

"I am here, father." Her parents turned. Janet stood near the door. "I have heard all you said."

Something in her manner told John Lee she had met Giles Ellis.

"You have spoken to Giles Ellis. Did you speak him fair? I see you did not. Yet you knew my wishes."

"I could not help it, father." She looked at him appealingly, but he prevented her from speaking, as with uplifted hand he said:

"Have I not been a good father to you? And a just? I will not be unjust now. We will take time to think—consider well before Giles comes this way again."

"But, father—"

"Peace, child. I say we will consider this matter well, and then we will know our ground."

"Father, I cannot marry Giles Ellis."

"I cannot," echoed John Lee, slowly. "Why not?"

"Because I hate and fear him." She met his look now firmly.

John Lee turned from his wife to his daughter, and from his daughter to his wife, before he could find words to express his amazement.

"What words are these—hate, fear?"

There was silence for a time. Then John Lee, who never did anything without deliberating, said, in the tone of a parent soothing a refractory and spoiled child, very slowly, "Well, well. We will say no more now. There—go to your mother, child." He advanced to the door, turned and looked at her as she bowed beside her mother, and asking himself, "What can possess our Janet?" passed out of the door.

When they were alone, Janet exclaimed, with a burst of tears:

"I will never, never marry Giles Ellis."

"There; what need to waste tears? There's no one pressing thee. If another were to ask, you'd not say nay."

Whereupon Janet suddenly kissed her mother on either cheek.

"'Tis only his mood. He is fearful on account of your uncle. But I am sure Martin Lee will not bring disgrace on any one."

"My uncle is as good, eye, and better than many here," Janet replied, as she stood up, as though prepared to meet her uncle's accusers' face to face.

At that moment Ezra Easty and Ann Bigger entered the house. Ezra's eyes were dilated. Ann Bigger's hands were lifted above her head.

"O, mistress, the most cruel thing. They have found three of John Winslow's sheep lying in the field with their throats cut. 'Tis like the same one that cut the horse's throat killed the poor innocent sheep."

"Who told you this story?" Dorothea Lee looked from one to the other composedly.

"I saw them with my own eyes," Ezra answered, "as any one can. Now we know who makes the cows sick, and—"

"Well?" demanded Dorothea Lee, still looking at the apprentice calmly, "what more do you know?"

Ezra looked abashed, but a glance from Ann caused him to hold his head up again. "I don't know, but Indian Joe knows, and they will make him tell whether the witches or he did it; and he says he didn't—"

But Dorothea Lee did not ask any more questions, and Janet turned slowly and left the room.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIRST WHISPERS.

The misfortune that befell John Winslow happened at a time when the people of Salem were led to believe men, women, and children were in league with the devil. The sermons of a minister who preached what many to-day regard as an arid religion excited the apprehensions of the intelligent, and intensified the prejudices of the ignorant and superstitious. The speculations of the educated, the guarded language of the men of the closet and the bookworms, all proved like the spark that fires the prairie or forest in autumn. The consequences of Cotton Mather's utterances were far-reaching. The craze that swept over the community, influenced by his and others' teachings, was as appalling in a moral sense as the greatest conflagration that ever swept the earth.

Men who had borne arms in defense of their families and their neighbors, who had displayed extraordinary courage in maintaining their love of liberty and religious faith surrendered—bowed craven-like before the storm of prejudice excited against witches. Then was beheld the most pitiable exhibition of cowardice a too credulous people ever presented to the world. Women and babes were imprisoned upon the most flimsy charges. Women, whose lives were pure, whose conduct afforded no ground for suspicion, were torn from their homes, immured in prison, and hanged. Some wretched creature whispered they were guilty of witchcraft; the story was repeated until the authorities were compelled to take cognizance of the circumstances. A trial or hearings followed, which in these days would be termed a farce; those charged with witchcraft were returned to prison, confined there many months, and some were hanged.

The time was ripe for accusations of this nature when the people of Salem learned that John Winslow's horse and sheep were killed in the open field. Instantly the tongue of rumor ascribed this act of unparalleled barbarity to witches. The rumor spread rapidly. A hundred tongues were wagging at the same time.

There were no detectives in those days of simplicity and severe living; no newspaper reporters assisting justice and compiling for the latest news. The assumption that the horse's throat, even if cut by mortal hands, was evidence of the presence of witches, was not openly questioned, and upon this assumption the community rested and based all future action.

The public temper was in this condition when the Marshal of Salem encountered Giles Ellis.

"This is a strange affair of Master Winslow's," said Samuel Hobbs.

"No stranger than many other things," Giles answered. He looked meaningly at the Marshal.

"You speak vaguely. Is there aught I should know in my capacity?"

"No, no, Master Hobbs. I make no charges. Far from it. You will have plenty of work to your hands without any of my adding. But I have strange rumors concerning the Lees."

The Marshal looked grave. "The Lees. Then, I, for one, speaking as a man, say it is time gossip gave their tongues rest. It will be hard to make men believe ill of John Lee. I know no braver, no better citizen or friend than John Lee. Why, was it not his hand saved my life when the Indian had me at his mercy? No, no! You will go far, yet find no man in Massachusetts who thinks ill of John Lee," said the Marshal, warmly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARoons was a name used formerly in Jamaica to designate runaway slaves.

The Maroons of Jamaica fought the British Government from 1655 to 1795, and were finally conquered by the aid of the Cuban bloodhounds, of which the maroons had a well-founded horror. Some were sent to Africa and some to Nova Scotia, where their descendants still remain.

FORTUNE does not change men; it unmasks them.—Mme. Necker.

A BACKWOODS SUNDAY.

As Described by Ohio P. Head in the Arkansas Traveler.

A Sunday in the backwoods of Tennessee, viewed by one whose feet rarely stray from the worn paths of active life, may hold nothing attractive, but to the old men and women—the youth and maiden of the soil—it is a poem that comes once a week to encourage young love with its soft sentiment and soothe old labor with its words of promise.

In the country where the streams are so pure that they look like strips of sunshine, where the trees are so ancient that one almost stands in awe of them, where the moss, so old that it is gray, and hanging from the rocks in the ravine, looks like venerable beards growing on faces that have been hardened by years of trouble—in such a country, even the most slouching clown, walking as though stepping over clods when plowing where the ground breaks up hard, has in his untutored heart a love of poetry. He may not be able to read—may never have heard the name of a son of genius, but in the evening, when he stands on a purple "knob," watching the soul of day sink out of sight in a far-away valley, he is a poet.

When the shadow of Saturday night falls upon a backwoods community in Tennessee, a quiet joy seems to lurk in the atmosphere. The whippoorwill has sung unheeded every night during the week, but to-night his song brings a promise of rest. The tired day sits in the door, and taking off his shoes, strikes them against the log doorstep to knock the dirt out, and the cat that has followed the women when they went to milk the cows, comes and rubs against him. The humming-bird, looking for a late supper, buzzes among the honeysuckle blossoms, and the tree-toad cries in the locust tree. The boy goes to bed, thrilled with an expectation. He muses: "I will see somebody to-morrow."

On the morrow the woods are full of music. The great soul of day rises with a burst of glory, and the streams, bounding over the rocks or dreaming among the ferns, laugh more merrily and seem to be brighter than they were yesterday. Horses neigh near an old church and a swelling hymn is borne away on the blossom-scented air. The plow-boy, sitting near the spring, heeds not the sacred music, but gazes intently down the shady road. He sees some one coming—sees the flutter of a gaudy ribbon and is thrilled. A young woman comes up the road, coyly tapping an old mare with a dogwood switch, and eager lest some one else may perform the endearing office, he hastens to help the young woman to alight. He tries to appear unconcerned as he takes hold of the bridle rein, but he stumbles awkwardly as he leads the animal toward the horse-block. When he has helped her down and has tied the horse it is his blessed privilege to walk with the girl as far as the church door.

"What's Jim a-doin'?" he asked as they walk along, under the embarrassing gaze of a score of men.

"'Tlowed yistidy; ain't doin' nothin' to-day."

"Be here to-day, I reckon," he rejoins.

"No, went to preachin' at Ebenezer."

"What's Tom a-doin'?"

"Went to mill yistidy; ain't doin' nothin' to-day."

"Be here to-day, I reckon."

"He 'lowed he mont, but I don't know whether he will or not."

"What's Alf a-doin'?"

"Cut sprouts an' deadened trees yistidy; ain't doin' nothin' to-day."

"Be here to-day, I reckon."

"Yes, 'lowed he was a comin' with Sue Prior."

"Anybody goin' home with you, Liza?"

"Not that I know of."

"Wall, if nobody else ain't spoke I'd like to go."

"We'll see about it," she answers and then enters the church. He saunters off and sits down under a tree where a number of young men are wallowing on shawls, spread on the grass. The preacher becomes warm in his work and the plow-boy hears him exclaim: "What can a man give in exchange for his own soul; but he is not thinking of souls, or of an existence beyond the horizon of this life; his mind is on the girl with the gaudy ribbon, and he is asking his heart if she loves him. The shadows are now shorter and hungry men cast glances at the sun, but the preacher, shouting in broken accents, appears not to have reached the first mile stone of his text and it is evident that he started out with the intention of going a "Sabbath day's journey." One young fellow places his straw hat over his face and tries to sleep, but some one tickles him with a spear of grass. An old man who has stood it as long as he could in the house, and who has come out and lain down, gets up, stretches himself, brushes a clinging leaf off his gray jeans trousers and declares: "A bite to eat would hit me harder than a sermon writ on a rock. Don't see why a man wants to talk all day."

"Thought you was mighty fond of preachin', Uncle John," some one remarks.

"Am, but I don't want a man to go over an' over what he has already done said. If my folks want in thar I'd mosey off home an' git suthin' to eat."

"Good book says a man don't live by bread alone, Uncle John."

"Yes, but it don't say that he lives by preachin' alone, nuther. Hol' on; they are singin' the doxology now, an' I reckon she will soon be busted."

The plowboy goes home with his divinity—Uncle John's daughter.

"Reckon Jim will be at home?" he asks as they ride along.

"He mont be. Air you awful anxious to see him?"

"Not so powerful. Jest 'lowed I'd ask. I know who's yo' sweetheart," he says after a pause.

"Bet you don't."

"Bet I do."

"Who is it, then, Mr. Smarty?"

"Aleck Jones."

"Who, him? Think I'd have that freckled-face thing?"

"Wa'l, if he ain't I know who is."

"Bet you couldn't think of his name in a hundred years."

"You mont think I can't, but I can."

"Wall, who, then, since you ate as smart?"

"Morg Atcherson."

"Ho, I wouldn't speak to him if I was to meet him in the road."

"But you'd speak to some people if you was to meet them in the road, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, of course I would."

"Who would you speak to?"

"Oh, lots of folks. Did you see that 'd almost hit me?" she suddenly exclaims.

"I reckon he 'lowed you was a flower."

"Oh, he didn't, no such of a thing. You ought to be ashamed of yo'self to make fun of me thater way."

"I wa'n't makin' fun of you. Ho, if I was ter ketch anybody makin' fun of you it wouldn't be good for him."

"What would you do?"

"I'd whale him."

"You air awful brave, ain't you?"

"Never mind what I am; I know that if any man was to make fun of you he'd have me to whup."

A number of people have stopped at Uncle John's house. They sit in the large passageway running between the two sections of the log building, and the men, who have not heard the sermon, discuss it with the women who were compelled to hear it from halting start to excited finish. The sun is blazing out in the fields and the June-bugs are buzzing in the yard. It is indeed a day of rest for the young and old, but is it a restful time for the housewife? Does that woman, with flushed face, coming from the kitchen to the dining-room and then to the spring-house for the crock jar of milk, appear to be resting? Do the young men and women that are lolling in the passage realize that they are making a slave of her? Probably not, for she assures them that it is not a bit of trouble, yet when night comes—when the company is gone—she sinks down, almost afraid to wish that Sunday might never come again, yet knowing that it is the day of her heavy bondage. Old labor has been soothed and young love has been encouraged, but her trials and anxieties have been more than doubled.

It is night and the boy sits in the door, taking off his shoes. To-morrow he must go into the hot field, but he does not think of that. His soul is full of a buoyant love—buoyant for the girl with the gaudy ribbon has promised to be his wife.

An Important Official.

A most important personage in magazine work is called the "reader."

To him is submitted all manuscripts sent for publication, and his opinion of their merits largely influences the editorial decision. The editor may occasionally read some of them, but he has little time for such work; so the manuscript under consideration goes first to one reader, and then to another, and perhaps a third. They do not sit together like a legislative committee, or a jury. They may not be known to each other; but the editor receives from each a written opinion about the article, in which is embodied usually a graphic description of its plot, style, and various qualities, together with an account of its upshot or conclusion. With these documents in hand he can decide whether he wishes to use the article, and decide intelligently without having read himself a paragraph of it. If he has, as it frequently happens, a marked division of opinion to reconcile, he may allot it to a "special" reader, stating or withholding, as he chooses, this fact; or he may think it important enough to dip into it far enough to see for himself why any difference in judgment should exist. But whatever is done, he is himself the court of appeals, and no doubt balances sometimes by a mere ounce of evidence or persuasion the fate of the article. This careful scrutiny is observed mainly when manuscript is submitted by writers unknown to fame. When a story comes from the pen of a well-tried author, the reader's function is merely formal, as the editor has committed himself in advance to use the story ordered, and knows its writer's name alone will make it successful. The reader calls at the office for his bundle of manuscripts to read, or has them sent to him. But he keeps as "shady" as a detective, and makes quite as many discoveries as one of that fraternity does. Many articles sent for inspection have no merit whatever, and are not even shaped to presentable form; for there is a mass of would-be writers always arising who do not consider authorship a profession, and who suppose that ink and paper being given, they can surely prepare what the editor is eagerly waiting for. It is only the writer who does and can get his work printed, who feels any doubt of his article's acceptance.

MAMMA had found it necessary to discipline George for being naughty one day, and the usually forgiving nature of the child was held in check until his father came home, when the little boy ran to him and said: "Papa, I want you to do sumpin' for me; I want you to discharge mamma."

Mr. Meeson's Will.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER XVIII. AUGUSTA FLIES.

Of course, Augusta's story, so far as it was publicly known, had created no small stir, which was considerably emphasized when pictures of her appeared in the illustrated papers, and it was discovered that she was young and charming.

Now, Augusta was a woman of good nerve and resolution; but this sort of thing was too trying, and, accordingly, accompanied by Lady Holmhurst, she went off, that very day, to some rooms in a little riverside hotel on the Thames.

When Eustace, walking down the Strand, found every photograph shop full of accurate pictures of the shoulders of his beloved, he was simply furious; and, rushing to the photographer who had taken the picture in the registry, threatening him with proceedings of every sort and kind. The man admitted outright that he had put the photographs upon the market, saying that he had never stipulated not to do so, and that he could not afford to throw away five or six hundred pounds when a chance of making it came in his way.

Thereon Eustace departed, still vowing vengeance, to consult the legal twins. As a result of this, within a week Mr. James Short made a motion for an injunction against the photographer, restraining the sale of the photographs in question on the ground that such sale, being of copies of a document vital to a cause now pending in the court, those copies having been obtained through the instrumentality of an officer of the court, Dr. Probate, the sale thereof amounted to a contempt, inasmuch as, if for no other reason, the photographer who obtained them became technically, and for that purpose only, an officer of the court, and had, therefore, no right to part with them, or any of them, without the leave of the court. It will be remembered that this motion gave rise to some very delicate questions connected with the powers of the court in such a matter, and also incidentally with the law of photographic copyright. It is also memorable for the unanimous and luminous judgment finally delivered by the lords justices of appeal, whereby the sale of the photographs was stopped, and the photographer was held to have been guilty of a technical contempt. Unfortunately, however, it did not greatly benefit Augusta, the victim of the unlawful dissemination of photographs of her shoulders, inasmuch as the judgment was not delivered till a week after the great case of Meeson vs. Addison and Another had been settled.

About a week after Augusta's adventure in Regent street a motion was made in the court of probate on behalf of the defendants, Messrs. Addison and Roscoe, who were the executors and principal beneficiaries under the former will of November, 1885, demanding that the court should order the plaintiff to file a further and better affidavit of scripts, with the original will set up by him attached, the object, of course, being to compel an inspection of the document. This motion, which first brought the whole case under the notice of the public, was strenuously resisted by Mr. James Short, and resulted in the matter being referred to the learned registrar for his report. On the next motion day this report was presented, and, on its appearing from it that the photograph had taken place in his presence and accurately represented the tattoo marks on the lady's shoulders, the court declined to harass the "will" by ordering her to submit to any further inspection before the trial. It was on this occasion that it transpired that the will was engaged to be married to the plaintiff, a fact at which the court metaphorically opened its eyes. After this the defendants obtained leave to amend their answer to the plaintiff's statement of claim. At first they had only pleaded that the testator had not duly executed the alleged will in accordance with the provisions of 1 Vic., cap. 26, sec. 2, and that he did not know and approve the contents thereof. But now they added a plea to the effect that the said alleged will was obtained by the undue influence of Augusta Smithers, or, as one of the learned counsel for the defendants put it much more clearly at the trial, "that the will had herself procured the will, by an undue projection of her own will upon the unwilling mind of the testator."

And so the time went on. As often as he could, Eustace got away from London, and went down to the little riverside hotel, and was as happy as man can be who has a tremendous lawsuit hanging over him.

Never a day passed but some fresh worry arose. James and John, the legal twins, fought like heroes, and held their own, although their experience was so small—as men of talent almost invariably do when they are put to it. But it was difficult for Eustace to keep them supplied with sufficient money for out-of-pocket expenses, and, of course, as was natural in a case in which such enormous sums were at stake, and in which the defendants were already men of vast wealth, they found the flower of the entire talent and weight of the bar arrayed against them. Naturally Eustace felt, and so did Mr. James Short—who, notwithstanding his pomposity and the technicality of his talk, was both a clever and a sensible man—that more counsel, men of weight and experience, ought to be briefed; but there were absolutely no funds for this purpose, nor was anybody likely to advance any upon the security of a will tattooed upon a young lady's back. This was awkward, because success in law proceedings so very often

leans toward the weightiest purse, and judges, however impartial, being but men after all, are more apt to listen to an argument which is urged upon their attention by an attorney general than on one advanced by an unknown junior.

However, there the fact was, and they had to make the best of it; and a point in their favor was that the case, although of a most remarkable nature, was comparatively simple, and did not involve any great mass of documentary evidence.

CHAPTER XIX.

MEESON VS. ADDISON AND ANOTHER.

The most wearisome times go by at last if only one lives to see the end of them, and so it came to pass that at length on one fine morning about a quarter to 10 of the law courts' clock, that projects its ghastly hideousness upon unoffending Fleet street, Augusta, accompanied by Eustace, Lady Holmhurst and Mrs. Thomas, the wife of Capt. Thomas, who had come up from visiting her relatives in the eastern counties in order to give evidence, found herself standing in the big entrance to the new law courts, feeling as though she would give five years of her life to be anywhere else.

"This way, my dear," said Eustace. "Mr. John Short said that he would meet us by the statue in the hall." Accordingly they passed into the archway by the oak stand where the cause lists are displayed. Augusta glanced at them as she went, and the first thing that her eyes fell on was "Probate and Divorce division, court 1, at 10.30, Meeson vs. Addison and another," and the sight made her feel sick. In another moment they had passed a policeman of gigantic size, "monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens," who watches and wards the folding doors through which so much human learning, wretchedness and worry pass day by day, and were standing by the long but narrow and ill-proportioned hall which appears to have been the best thing that the architectural talent of the Nineteenth century was capable of producing.

To the right of the door on entering is a statue of the architect of a pile of which England has certainly no cause to feel proud, and here, a black bag full of papers in his hand, stood Mr. John Short, wearing that air of excitement upon his countenance which is so commonly to be seen in the law courts.

"Here you are," he said; "I was beginning to be afraid that you would be late. We are first on the list, you know; the judge fixed it specially to suit the convenience of the attorney general. He's on the other side, you know," he added, with a sigh. "I'm sure I don't know how poor James will get on. There are more than twenty counsel against him, for all the legatees under the former will are represented. At any rate, he is well up in his facts, and there does not seem to me to be very much law in the case."

Meanwhile they had been proceeding up the long hall till they came to a poky little staircase which had just been dug out in the wall, the necessity for a staircase at that end of the hall, whereby the court floor could be reached, having, to all appearance, originally escaped the attention of the architect. On getting to the top of the staircase they turned to the left and then to the left again. If they had had any doubt as to which road they should take it would have been speedily decided by the long string of wigs which were streaming away in the direction of divorce court No. 1. Thicker and thicker grew the wigs; it was obvious that the cause celebre of Meeson vs. Addison and Another would not want for hearers. Indeed, Augusta and her friends soon realized the intensity of the public interest in a way that was as impressive as it was disagreeable, for just past the admiralty court the passage was entirely blocked by an enormous mass of barristers; there might have been five hundred or more of them. They were choked up together in their white wigged ranks, waiting for the door of the court to be opened. At present it was guarded by six or eight attendants, who, with the help of a wooden barrier, attempted to keep the surging multitude at bay—while those behind cried, "Forward!" and those in front cried, "Back!"

"How on earth are we going to get through?" asked Augusta, and at that moment Mr. John Short caught hold of an attendant who was struggling about in the skirts of the crowd like a fly in a cup of tea, and asked him the same question, explaining that their presence was necessary to the show.

"I'm bothered if I know, sir; you can't come this way. I suppose I must let you through by the underground passage from the other court. Why," he went on, as he led the way to the admiralty court, "hang me, if I don't believe that we shall all be crushed to death by them there barristers. It would take a regiment of cavalry to keep them back. And they are a hungry lot, they are, and they ain't no work to do, and that's why they comes kicking and tearing and worrying just to see a bit of paining on a young lady's shoulders."

By this time they had passed through the admiralty court, which was not sitting, and then conducted down a sort of well that terminated in the space occupied by the judge's clerks and other officers of the court. In another minute they found themselves emerging in a similar space in the other court.

Before taking the seat that was pointed out to her and the other witnesses in the well of the court, immediately below those reserved for queen's counsel, Augusta glanced round. The body of the court was as yet quite empty, for the seething mob outside had not yet burst in, though their repeated shouts of "Open the door!" could be plainly heard. The jury box was full, not with a jury, for the case was to be tried by the court itself, but of various distinguished individuals, including several ladies, who had obtained orders. The little gallery above was also crowded with smart looking people. As for the seats devoted to counsel in the cause, they were crammed to overflowing with the representatives of the various defendants—so crammed, indeed, that the wretched James Short, sole counsel for the plaintiff, had to establish himself and his papers in the center of the third bench sometimes used by solicitors.

"Heavens!" said Eustace to Augusta, counting the heads; "there are twenty-three counsel against us. What will that unfortunate James do against so many?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Augusta, with a sigh. "It doesn't seem quite fair, does it? But then, you see, there was no money."

Just then John Short came up. He had been to speak to his brother, Augusta being a novelist, and therefore a professional student of human physiognomy, was engaged in studying the legal types before her, which she found resolved themselves into two classes—the sharp, keen faced class and the solid, heavy jawed class.

"Who on earth are they all?" she asked. "Oh," he said, "that's the attorney general. He appears with Fiddlestick, Q. C., Pearl and Bean for the defendant Addison. Next to him is the solicitor general, who, with Playford, Q. C., Middlestone, Blowhard and Ross, is for the other defendant, Roscoe. Next to him is Turphy, Q. C., with the spectacles on; he is supposed to have a great effect on a jury. I don't know the name of his junior, but he looks as though he were going to eat one—doesn't he? He is for one of the legatees. That man behind is Stickon; he is for one of the legatees also. I suppose that he finds probate and divorce an interesting subject, because he is always writing books about them. Next to him is Howles, who, my brother says, is the best comic actor in the court. The short gentleman in the middle is Telly; he reports for The Times. You see, as this is an important case, he has got somebody to help him take it—that long man with a big wig. He, by the way, writes novels, like you do, only not half such good ones. The next—but at this moment Mr. John Short was interrupted by the approach of a rather good looking man who wore an eye-glass continually fixed in his right eye. He was Mr. News, of the great firm of News & News, who were conducting the case on behalf of the defendants.

"Mr. Short, I believe," said Mr. News, contemplating his opponent's youthful form with pity, not unmixed with compunction.

"Yes," said Mr. Short, "I have been consulting with my clients, and—um, the attorney and solicitor general and Mr. Fiddlestick, and we are quite willing to admit that there are circumstances of doubt in this case which would justify us in making an offer of settlement."

"Before I can enter into that, Mr. News," said John, with great dignity, "I must request the presence of my counsel."

"Oh, certainly," said Mr. News, and

"Yes, my lord, I do," answered James, and as he said it every pair of eyes in that crowded assembly fixed themselves upon him, and a sort of audible smile seemed to run round the court. The thing not unreasonably struck the professional mind as ludicrous and without precedent.

"And who appears for the defendant?" "I understand, my lord," said the learned attorney general, "that all my learned friends on these two benches appear, together with myself, for one or other of the defendants, or are watching the case in the interest of legatees."

Here a decided titter interrupted him. "I may add that the interests involved in this case are very large indeed, which accounts for the number of counsel connected in one way or other with the defence."

"Quite so, Mr. Attorney," said the judge; "but, really, the forces seem a little out of proportion. Of course the matter is not one in which the court can interfere."

"If your lordship will allow me," said James, "the only reason that the plaintiff is so poorly represented is that the funds to brief other counsel were, I understand, not forthcoming. I am, however, well versed in the case, and with your lordship's permission, will do my best with it."

"Very well, Mr. Short," said the learned judge, looking at him almost with pity; "state your case."

James, in the midst of a silence that could be felt, unfolded his pleadings, and, as he did so for the first time, a sickening sense of nervousness took hold of him and made him tremble, and, of a sudden, his mind became dark. Most of us have undergone this sensation at one time or another, with less cause than had poor James. There he was, put up almost for the first time in his life, to conduct, single handed, a most important case, upon which, it was scarcely too much to say, the interest of the entire country was concentrated. Nor was this all. Opposed to him were about twenty counsel, all of them men of experience, and including in their ranks some of the most famous leaders in England; and, what was more, the court was densely crowded with scores of men of his own profession, every one of whom was, he felt, regarding him with curiosity not unmixed with pity. Then, there was the tremendous responsibility which literally seemed to crush him, though he had never quite realized it before.

"May it please your lordship," he began; and then, as I have said, his mind became a ghastly blank, in which dim and formless ideas flitted vaguely to and fro. There was a pause—a painful pause.

"Read your pleadings aloud," whispered a barrister who was sitting next him, and realized his plight.

This was an idea. One can read pleadings when one cannot collect one's ideas to speak. It is not usual to do so. The counsel in a cause states the substance of the pleadings, leaving the court to refer to them if he thinks necessary. But still there was nothing absolutely wrong about it; so he snatched at the papers and promptly began.

"I, the plaintiff, the sole and universal legatee under the true last will of Jonathan Meeson, deceased, late of Pompadour Hall, in the county of Warwick, who died on the 23d of December, 1885, the said will being undated, but duly executed on, or subsequent to, the 22d day of December, 1885."

Here the learned judge lifted his eyebrows in remonstrance, and cleared his throat preparatory to interfering; but apparently thought better of it, for he took up a blue pencil and made a note of the date of the will.

"It" went on James. "On the 21st day of May, 1886, probate of an alleged will of the said Jonathan Meeson was granted to the defendants, the said will bearing date the 10th day of November, 1885. The plaintiff claims:

"1. That the court shall revoke probate of the said alleged will of the said Jonathan Meeson, bearing date the 10th day of

November, 1885, granted to the defendants on the 21st day of May, 1886.

"2. A grant of letters of administration to the plaintiff with the will executed on or subsequent to the 22d day of December, 1885, annexed. (Signed)

"JAMES SHORT."

"May it please your lordship," James began, again feeling dimly that he had read enough pleadings, "the defendants have filed an answer pleading that the will of the 22d of December was not duly executed in accordance with the statute, and that the testator did not know and approve its contents, and an amended answer pleading that the said alleged will, if executed, was obtained by the undue influence of Augusta Smithers"—and once more his nervousness overcame him, and he pulled up with a jerk.

Then came another pause even more dreadful than the first.

The judge took another note, as slowly as he could, and cleared his throat; but poor James—could not go on. He could only wish that he might then and there expire, rather than face the hideous humiliation of such a failure. But he would have failed, for his very brain was whirling like that of a drunken man, had it not been for an occurrence that caused him forever after to bless the name of Fiddlestick, Q. C., as the name of an eminent counsel is not often blessed in this ungrateful world. For Fiddlestick, Q. C., who it will be remembered, was one of the leaders for the defendants, had been watching his unfortunate antagonist, till, realizing how sorry was his plight, a sense of pity filled his learned breast. Perhaps he may have remembered some occasion, in the dim and distant corner of the past, when he had suffered from a similar excess of frantic terror, or perhaps he may have been sorry to think that a young man should lose such an unrivaled opportunity of making a name. Anyhow, he did a noble act. As it happened, he was sitting at the right hand corner of the queen's counsel seats, and piled up on the desk before him was a tremendous mass of law reports which his clerk had arranged there, containing cases to which it might become necessary to refer. Now, in the presence of these law reports, Mr. Fiddlestick, in the goodness of his heart, saw an opportunity of creating a diversion, and he created it with a vengeance. For, throwing his weight suddenly forward as though by accident, or in a movement of impatience, he brought his bent arm against the pile with such force that he sent every book, and there must have been more than twenty of them, over the edge of the desk, right on the head and shoulders of his choleric client, Mr. Addison, who was sitting immediately beneath, on the solicitor's bench.

Down went the books with a crash and a bang, and carried away by their weight, down went Mr. Addison on to his nose among them—a contingency that Fiddlestick, Q. C., by the way, had not foreseen, for he had overlooked the fact of his client's vicinity.

The judge made an awful face, and then, realizing the ludicrous nature of the scene, his features relaxed into a smile. He bounded up off the floor, books slipping off his back in every direction, and, holding his nose (which was injured) with one hand, came skipping right at his learned adviser.

"You did it on purpose!" he almost shouted, quite forgetting where he was; "just let me get at him; I'll have his wig off!" And then, without waiting for any more, the entire audience burst out into a roar of laughter, which, however unseemly, was perfectly reasonable, during which Fiddlestick could be seen apologizing in dumb show, with a bland smile upon his countenance, while Mr. News and Mr. Roscoe between them dragged the outraged Addison to his seat and proffered him handkerchiefs to wipe his bleeding nose.

James saw the whole thing, and, forgetting his position, laughed too, and, for some mysterious reason, with the laugh his nervousness passed away.

The usher shouted "Silence!" with tremendous energy, and before the sound had died away James was addressing the court in a clear and vigorous voice, conscious that he was a thorough master of his case and the words to state it in would not fail him. Fiddlestick, Q. C., had saved him!

"May it please your lordship," he began, "the details of this case are of as remarkable an order as any that to my knowledge have been brought before the court. The plaintiff, Eustace Meeson, is the sole next of kin of Jonathan Meeson, Esq., the late head of the well known Birmingham publishing firm of Meeson, Addison & Roscoe. Under a will, bearing date the 8th day of May, 1880, the plaintiff was left sole heir to the great wealth of his uncle—that is, with the exception of some legatees. Under a second will, now relied on by the defendants, and dated the 10th November, 1885, the plaintiff was entirely disinherited, and the present defendants, together with some six or eight legatees, were constituted the sole beneficiaries. On or about the 22d December, 1885, however, the testator executed a third testamentary document, under which the plaintiff takes the entire property, and this is the document now propounded. This testamentary document, or, rather, will—for I submit that it is in every sense a properly executed will—is tattooed upon the shoulders"—[sensation in court]—"is tattooed upon the shoulders of a young lady, Miss Augusta Smithers, who will presently be called before your lordship; and to prevent any misunderstanding I may as well at once state that since this event this lady has become engaged to be married to the plaintiff. [Renewed sensation.]

"Such, my lord, are the main outlines of the case that I have to present for the consideration of the court, which I think your lordship will understand is of so remarkable and unprecedented a nature that I must crave your lordship's indulgence if I proceed to open it at some length, beginning the history at its commencement."

By this time James Short had completely recovered his nerve, and was, indeed, almost oblivious of the fact that there was anybody present in the court, except the learned judge himself. Going back to the beginning, he detailed the early history of the relationship between Eustace Meeson and his uncle, the publisher, with which this record has nothing to do. Thence he passed to the history of Augusta's relation with the firm of Meeson & Co., which

as nearly everybody in the court, not excepting the judge, had read "Jemima's Vow," was very interesting to its auditors. Then he went on to the scene between Augusta and the publisher, and detailed how Eustace had interfered, and how interference had led to a violent quarrel, resulting in the young man's disinheritance. Passing on, he detailed how the publisher and the publisher had taken passage in the same vessel, and the tragic occurrences which followed down to Augusta's final rescue and arrival in England, and finally ended his spirited opening by appealing to the court not to allow the mind to be influenced by the fact that since these events the two chief actors had become engaged to be married, which struck him, he said, as a very fitting climax to so romantic a story.

At last he ceased, and amid a little buzz of applause, for the speech had really been a very fine one, sat down. As he did so he glanced at the clock. He had been on his legs for nearly two hours, and yet it seemed to him but a very little while. In another moment he was up again, and had called his first witness—Eustace Meeson.

Eustace's evidence was of a rather formal order, and was necessarily limited to an account of the relations between his uncle and himself, and between himself and Augusta. Such as it was, however, he gave it very well, and with a complete openness that appeared to produce a favorable impression on the court.

Then Fiddlestick, Q. C., rose to cross-examine, devoting his efforts to trying to make Eustace admit that his behavior had been of a nature to amply justify his uncle's behavior. But there was not very much to be made out of it. Eustace detailed all that had passed freely enough, and it simply amounted to the fact that there had been angry words between the two as regards the treatment that Augusta had met with at the hands of the firm. In short, Fiddlestick could not do anything with him, and, after ten minutes of it, sat down without having advanced his case to any appreciable extent. Then several of the other counsel asked a question or two apiece, after which Eustace was told to stand down, and Lady Holmhurst was called. Lady Holmhurst's evidence was very short, merely amounting to the fact that she had seen Augusta's shoulders on board the Kangaroo, and that there was not then a sign of tattoo marks upon them, and when she saw them again in London they were tattooed. No attempt was made to cross-examine her, and on the termination of her evidence the court adjourned for lunch.

When it reassembled James Short called Augusta, and a murmur of expectation arose from the densely crowded audience, as—feeling very sick at heart, but looking more beautiful than ever—she stepped toward the box.

As she did so the attorney general rose on behalf of the defendants, to this witness being allowed to enter the box.

"Upon what grounds, Mr. Attorney," said his lordship.

"Upon the ground that her mouth is ipso facto closed. If we are to believe the plaintiff's story, this young lady is herself the will of Jonathan Meeson, and being so, is certainly, I submit, not competent to give evidence. There is no precedent for a document giving evidence, and I presume that the witness must be looked upon as a document."

"But, Mr. Attorney," said the judge, "a document is evidence, and evidence of the best sort."

"Undoubtedly, my lord; and we have no objection to the document being exhibited for the court to draw its own conclusion from, but we deny that it is entitled to speak in its own explanation. A document is a thing which speaks by its written characters. It cannot take to itself a tongue and speak by word of mouth also; and in support of this, I may call your lordship's attention to the general principles of law governing the interpretation of written documents."

"I am quite aware of those principles, Mr. Attorney, and I cannot see that they touch this question."

"As your lordship pleases. Then I will fall back upon my main contention, that Miss Smithers is, for the purpose of this case, a document and nothing but a document, and has no more right to open her mouth in support of the plaintiff's case than would any paper will, if it could be miraculously endowed with speech."

"Well," said the judge, "it certainly strikes me as a novel point. What have you to say to it, Mr. Short?"

All eyes were now turned upon James, for it was felt that if the point was decided against him the case was lost.

"The point to which I wish you to address yourself, Mr. Short," went on the learned judge, "is—the personality of Miss Smithers, so totally lost and merged in what, for want of a better term, I must call her documentary capacity, as to take away from her the right to appear before this court like any other sane human being, and give evidence of events connected with its execution?"

"If your lordship pleases," said James, "I maintain that this is not so. I maintain that the document remains the document; and that for all purposes, including the giving of evidence concerning its execution, Miss Smithers still remains Miss Smithers. It would surely be absurd to argue that because a person had a deed executed upon her skin she was, ipso facto, incapacitated from giving evidence concerning it, on the mere ground that she was it. Further, such a decision would be contrary to equity and good policy, for persons could not so lightly be deprived of their natural rights. Also, in this case, the plaintiff's action would be absolutely put an end to by any such decision, seeing that the signature of Jonathan Meeson and the attesting witnesses to the will could not, of course, be recognized in their tattooed form, and there is no other living person who could depose under what circumstances the signature came to be there. I submit that the objection should be overruled."

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