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CHELSEA STANDARD.

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

\$1.00 PER YEAR STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

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

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

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
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Office with Dr. Palmer, over Glazier's Drug Store. Hours: 9-12 A. M., 1-4, P. M.

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GO TO
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OPPOSITE
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NEW HOME
THE LIGHT RUNNING
THE BEST
THE FINEST WOODWORK
THE BEST ATTACHMENTS
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. CHICAGO, ILL.
ST. LOUIS, MO. FOR SALE BY DALLASTON
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

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

FREE
One of the BEST Test
The world. Our facilities are
unequaled, and to introduce our
superior goods we will send FREE
to ONE PERSON in each locality.
to us at once make sure of
the chance. All you have to do is
return it to show our goods to
those who call your neighbors
and those around you. The be-
ginning of this advertisement
shows the small end of the tele-
scope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to
about the fifth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size tele-
scope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you
can make from \$25 to \$100 a day at least, from the start, with
no experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges.
Address: H. HALLETT & CO., Box 888, PORTLAND, MAINE.

SOME OLD FASHIONED STOCKS.

Millionaire Jag Gould Tells About Some of Their Uses Near New York.
It was not till 1796 or 1797 that a church was erected in Harpersfield. It was built from contributions made by the inhabitants, each one furnishing material of some kind, such as hewn timber, boards, shingles, etc., being so very poor at the time that few could furnish any money. The same year a place was built called stocks, and a whipping post prepared by Isaac Pierce for the purpose of inflicting punishment on any who had been charged with crime and found guilty of the same by a jury. A good deal of curiosity was exhibited, espe-

cially among the fair sex, to get a glimpse of the ordeal, and after they were completed Alexander Harper, who was fond of an innocent joke, invited his wife to accompany him and examine the stocks, which were so arranged that by placing the criminal's foot in and making it fast he could not escape. He therefore requested his wife to put her foot in, telling her that "that fool of a Pierce had made them, and they would not hold any one."

She put in her foot and he let down the block, locked the same fast and walked off amid the hearty laugh of the spectators and her own earnest entreaties, but soon returned and released her. It was, however, regarded as a rich joke for many years afterward. But one person was ever whipped at the post, and he soon left the county. It may be remarked in this place that three whipping posts were erected in Delaware county at about the same period—the one already mentioned, in Harpersfield, one on the place now owned by ex-Sheriff Thomas, but then in possession of Silas Knapp, who kept a grocery there for several years, and the other near Col. Dimmick's in Middletown.

There was but one person whipped, as I have been able to learn, at either of the last named whipping posts. This person was one Turner, a carpenter by trade. The charge which was brought against him, and which he finally confessed, was stealing some fifty pounds of flour belonging to Ezra Hart, from Squire Rose's mill. After sentence was passed he was fastened in the stocks, which were constructed of heavy plank, hollowed out above and below sufficiently to contain a man's legs when the planks were shut together. They were secured by a lock. He was left in the stocks for a day, furnishing a good mark for the boys, who showered him with rotten eggs. The next day he was taken out and fastened to the whipping post, when the remainder of his sentence, fifty lashes, was inflicted, when he was allowed to leave the county, which he was not long in doing.—Jay Gould's History of Delaware County.

A Veteran Now a Tramp.
The queerest pair of tramps that Philadelphia people ever looked upon stood at the corner of Ninth and Walnut streets and begged alms from the passing throng. Both men supported themselves on crutches. One had only a stump of a leg, and the other mendicant's right limb was mints the foot and ankle. Their clothes were desperately shabby, and they seemed so utterly woe begone that the Italian bootblack offered them a dime, which was promptly accepted. Little else money came their way until the closing of the matinee at the Walnut street theatre.

Presently there came along a tall and well dressed man, who put a silver quarter into the palm of the one whose leg was closely shorn off. He had hardly made the gift before he wheeled around and looked the recipient of it squarely in the face. "I ought to know you, my man," he said.

"And I know you, colonel," was the answer.
"Were you not wounded at the battle of Charles City Cross Roads?"
"I was shot there, but I fought it through and got my serious wound under your command on the morning that Gen. Lee surrendered."

"Today is the anniversary of the surrender," said the colonel. He plunged his hand into his pocket and drew out a pile of silver and some paper money. Selecting from the lot a \$5 note, he pressed it into the hand of the veteran, who had turned mendicant, and wended his way up Walnut street.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Columbus Novel.
We are about to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the continent by Columbus. Many readers, not aware of the fact, will be glad to know that one of Fenimore Cooper's novels—"Mercedes of Castile"—is a Columbus story. The hero of that romance accompanies Columbus on his venturesome enterprise, and a large part of the narrative consists of an account of the voyage, of the discoveries, and all that occurred. At this juncture readers will find it timely and entertaining. The real experiences of Columbus are interwoven with some romantic adventures of the hero, and there is introduced in the story an Indian girl, Ozema, who is probably the most fascinating of all the savage beauties that figure in fiction.—Appleton's.

Nothing to Steal.
New Father-in-law—Well, sir, the ceremony is over, and now that you are the husband of my daughter I want to give you a little advice. What would you do if you should wake up some night and find burglars in the house?
Groom—I should tell them that my father-in-law forgot to give my wife a wedding dowry, and they'd go away.—New York Weekly.

A Cunning Dog.

A good dog story is always appreciated, because canine sagacity seems inexhaustible in its resources. A Glasgow gentleman owned a very intelligent Newfoundland dog, who accompanied his master wherever he went, and was his inseparable companion in his visits and to church. One evening the gentleman went to visit a neighbor. The dog attended him. It was quite late when the gentleman started for home and, to his surprise, the dog could not be found.

After the family had retired there was a great noise in the kitchen. It was supposed that burglars were robbing the house. Soon there was a crash and a smash like the breaking of a window, and then all was still. The morning revealed the mystery. The dog had fallen asleep under the table. He had realized that his master had gone home, and the noise heard was the attempt of the dog to make his escape. As there was no other way to get out the sagacious animal went through the window, taking the glass and frame with him.

It was a long time before his master visited that house again. When he did, his dog accompanied him, and the animal found his way through the open door of the kitchen to his old hiding place under the table. When the master was about to start for home neither his hat nor cane could be found. After a long search the dog was discovered fast asleep, under the table; one paw was on his master's hat, the other resting on his stick. How the dog obtained possession of those articles no one could tell. He remembered his last visit to the place, and how scurvily he had been treated. The sagacious creature resolved not to be left behind next time. He knew that his master could not go home without the hat and stick, and that he would be awakened when the owner got ready to start. His plans were acutely laid, and if he had been human he could not have done better.—Boston Budget.

Buildings in Berlin.

Speaking of symmetry in the building of cities, the people of Berlin, Germany, are quite logical and successful in their methods. In that city uniformity in building is preserved by a municipal law that dictates the height of edifices according to the width of the street. For instance, on a street sixty feet wide the law provides, I think, that houses over four stories in height shall not be erected thereon. On streets eighty feet wide the height is six stories, and on other streets in proportion, thus giving tall houses to wide streets and less altitudinous buildings to narrow streets. I may not have mentioned the exact dimensions of streets and houses, but that is the general plan of the system. By this means great and, I think, attractive uniformity is secured.

Again in Berlin the people cannot build residences or business houses anywhere they please. The city has been built up solidly and compactly simply because the law compelled buildings to be erected adjoining each other either on the south, north, east or west extensions. A cannot build a tall minaret on some isolated lot away from B, but he must, in order to build at all, secure the land adjoining the last house built, in either direction, and when C comes to build he must follow suit. These two provisions of the Berlin municipality law tend to make it the most uniform city in the world.—H. S. Fairchild in St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The Gabelle.

There is a kind of tin mug called the gabelle, in which the French soldier receives his rations, and which he carries on his knapsack. The form is a little peculiar, so as to distinguish it from other ordinary tin mugs. A simple implement which, carried on the backs of French soldiers, has marched so often to victory, and of late to defeat, has at last received its reward in its glorification. When the young Duke of Orleans came before the court, and exclaimed: "I ask for nothing but a gabelle," meaning nothing but the treatment of a common soldier, the public readily seized upon the emblem.

Scarcely three days had elapsed before a great jeweler of the Rue de la Paix had hundreds of "tin mugs" in silver, gold and jewels as pins and badges, which sold immediately as the "tin mug of Orleans," and were worn all over Paris. A popular florist designed a vase in the shape of the "tin mug," and presented the first specimen to the prince, who sent it to his bride, Margaret de Chartres, filled with roses and lilies of the valley. In the meanwhile all Paris is sporting the soldier's tin mug in the tri-color, and the young duke has left a fashionable ornament to remember him by.—New York Ledger.

Ah, Yes!
"I see no good in his books."
"I read them with considerable profit to myself."
"You did?"
"Yes. I was paid \$25 for correcting the proof sheets."—Harper's.

H. S. Holmes & Co.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

We are offering our entire stock of
Men's Suits.
Youth's Suits.
Boys Suits.
Men's Pants, Overalls, Flannel
Shirts, Summer Underwear,
Straw Hats, etc., at reduced
prices. We have too many
goods, and propose to turn
them into cash, if prices will
do it. COME AND SEE.
Respectfully,
H. S. HOLMES & CO.

NEW * SLIPPERS

—AND—
WALKING SHOES
In Lace, Button and Ties. Tan Patent
Leather-tipped, Ooze Calf
and Tan foxed.
These shoes are made very neat
and stylish.
I will be pleased to have you call
and see them.
Yours,
B. PARKER.
SHOE DEALER.

CHELSEA ROLLER MILLS

MARKET REPORT.

Corrected Weekly by Cooper & Wood

Roller Patent, per hundred,	\$3.00
Housekeeper's Delight, per hundred,	2.75
Superior, per hundred,	1.50
Corn Meal, bolted, per hundred,	1.40
Corn Meal, coarse, per hundred,90
Feed, corn and oats, per ton	17.00
Bran, per ton,	15.00
Special Fee (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 has been discovered in Augusta, Ga., a wonderful spring which cures any kind of nausea and other stomach troubles. Its cures are pronounced immediate and remarkable.

An Australian musician has invented a trombone that is played by steam. It's "God Save the Queen" can be heard a distance of four miles. He had hard luck with it, however, for the people of his own town drove him out as a nuisance.

MRS. HULING, a Rhode Island woman, being thrown into the water by the filling of a boat in which she and two lady friends were rowing, escaped drowning by clinging to her dog, which swam with her to the shore. Her friends were drowned.

SEVERAL years ago a Richmond, Me., man refused to allow the Maine Central Railroad to put a foot on what he supposed was his land. A survey showed that not only the land in dispute, but several rods more, belonged to the road, and when the line fence was built it took of a slice of the citizen's doorstep.

ENGLISH religious papers frequently sneer at this country because a marriage which is lawful in one State may be unlawful in another State. But a similar condition of things exists in Great Britain. In England, for instance, marriage with a deceased wife's sister is illegal, while in the Island of Jersey such a marriage is valid.

EXPERIMENTS recently made in Spain show that sunlight has an important action in maturing wines. Layers of new wine in bottles of colored glass have been exposed to the direct rays of the sun, with the result that both the flavor and quality have been improved. In the South of Europe there has been a practice of ripening cognac by exposing the bottles on the roof for years.

A GENERAL on his return from the wars showed his family a regimental flag, all tattered and torn and riddled with bullets, which he had captured from the enemy with his own hands. On the following morning the trophy was to be presented to the General Commander-in-chief. When he came to look for the flag his industrious housekeeper brought it to him with a smile of proud satisfaction, and said, "What a job I've had, but I managed it; I sat up all night and mended that old flag, and now it looks nearly as good as new."

A PECULIAR style of advertising, which still exists in many towns and rural districts, is "the card of thanks." After a man has passed through some severe tribulation, such as the illness and death of a near relative, he inserts in the local paper a card, formally thanking his friends for their kind attentions. The Houston, Texas, *Tribune* thinks that the business was rather overdone by a man who caused a card to be inserted thanking the undertaker "for the pleasant and satisfactory manner" in which that functionary buried his wife.

An old woman entered a savings bank in Albany a few days ago, and, taking a number of gold and silver coins from her reticule, said she wanted to deposit them. She further remarked: "I want you to keep this money so that I can get the identical pieces whenever I care to. I have the date of each coin here," and she displayed a paper on which was a list of the dates. On being informed that it was impossible, she replied: "Well, all right. If I can't get the same coins back again, I won't deposit 'em," and she went out.

MANY years ago travelers in Africa and Asia brought home marvelous stories of the stimulating effects of the Kola nut and its power of sustaining during fatigue and abstinence from food. Recently these stories were revived, and the world was told of the wonderful things which were to be accomplished with kola. It is classified with tea and coffee, and its active principles are the same as in those stimulants. The nut is in no sense a food, and has no marked power in warding off the sense of hunger or fatigue. Its beneficial properties are merely caffeine and tannin, and medical science gains nothing from the much exploited discovery.

A REMARKABLE result of the unreliability of circumstantial evidence is reported from Chengkiatan, China. While a thief was engaged in robbing a house during the absence of the family, the watchman, hearing a noise, entered, but fail-

ing to discover the intruder, proceeded to enjoy his pipe. He fell asleep and set fire to the building. The frightened thief was caught by the villagers as he essayed to escape, and, as many houses were consumed by the devouring flames they proceeded to lynch him as an incendiary caught in the act. He was bound hand and foot, saturated with oil, hurled into the burning mass and speedily cremated, a victim to the blind fury of a Mongolian mob.

It is stated on good authority that England has purchased the Congo Free State in Africa, from King Leopold, of Belgium, and that Henry M. Stanley will be offered the Governor-Generalship of the new territorial acquisition. All that impedes the publication of the deal is the opposition of the United States to the repeal of the Berlin-Congo treaty of 1884 which stipulates that all merchandise imported into the Free State shall remain free from import or transit dues for the space of twenty years. The sovereignty of the Free State was vested in King Leopold individually and not in Belgium. He had sunk many millions of money in the running of the government and the only way in which he could save himself from insolvency was by exchange. Just what John Bull paid for the territory, with its 1,200,000 square miles and its population of nearly 40,000,000 souls is at present unknown.

An English nobleman invited a gallant French officer to dine with him. Wishing to honor his guest and the cause which he served, that of the French King, the English peer ordered his butcher to bring him a bottle of fine wine—one hundred years old—"a ray of sun shut in crystal." He opened it carefully, and offered a glass to the Marquis, saying: "If you deem it worthy the honor, will you drink in this wine the health of the King?" The Marquis tasted the wine. "How do you like it?" asked the host. "Exquisite," replied the Marquis. "Then," replied Lord Beverly, "finish the glass; only in a full glass can one drink the health of so great and so unfortunate a King." The Marquis did as he was bidden without hesitation; only when the Englishman tasted the wine, did he learn that what he had forced on his guest was castor-oil; and thenceforth he held the politeness of the French toward the English in the highest esteem.

PROMETHEUS, according to the story of Greek mythology, stole fire from Heaven and brought it down to earth. It appears that the performance of a somewhat analogous service is gravely contemplated by the promoters of the Watkin Tower, London, not fire, but pure air, being the useful commodity which it is intended to convey from the lofty height to the lower level for the benefit of mankind. The tower is to be not less than 1,200 feet high—considerably higher than its prototype in Paris. At this atmospheric point, air, even in London, is declared to be absolutely pure; and it is proposed that by means of machinery specially devised for the purpose, a supply of fresh air shall be drawn to the street level, and thence distributed to houses and public buildings, as water and gas now are. The project, to the non-scientific mind at least, may look rather shadowy, albeit the object aimed at is so excellent and worthy, that it is to be hoped that it may not be destined to remain in nubibus.

For six years Greece has been searching for an executioner. The office is looked on with peculiar abhorrence in that country, and the present difficulty is no new development. The last capital execution occurred in 1881, also after a long wait for an individual who was willing to perform it. A man named Messenier, who had killed his wife, offered to serve the State as executioner for a pardon, and he guillotined seventeen murderers, the accumulation of five years' death of an executioner. There are now five murderers awaiting the penalty in Athens and eleven others in the rest of Greece. They all will before long suffer death at the hands of a pardoned assassin named Roukis, the Athenian convict being attended to first, and then the executioner embarking on a man-of-war for a voyage along the coast, stopping here and there for a journey into any interior town needing his services. So uncompromising is the national detestation of an executioner that even on the man-of-war Roukis will be protected from furtive assaults by the crew by being housed in an iron cage.

TWO PRINCES are said to be "contending for the hand of an American heiress in Paris." Take away the fortune, and they will soon drop her hand. —*Norristown Herald.*

The foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing is a vice so mean and low, that every person of sense and character detests and despises it.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

HOUSEHOLD AND AGRICULTURAL TOPICS DISCUSSED.

A Budget of Useful Information Relating to the Farm, Orchard, Stable, Parlor and Kitchen.

THE FARM.

Alfalfa.

This variety of clover has never been appreciated at its full value in this country. It is better adapted to dry climates than most foreign plants. As a soiling crop it has no superior, as it can be cut often during the season, yielding nutritious fodder to the amount of four to six tons per acre. And it is a grand subsoiler, penetrating to the depth of several feet in seasons of drought, where the ground is sufficiently permeable. So it enriches the land as well as its owner.

Country Roads.

In a series of articles in the *Ohio Farmer*, Mr. Humphrey emphatically opposes the piking method of road making, and advocates a smooth, level surface, with all the vegetable matter and woody fiber possible to obtain in the road-bed. The *Farmer* urges that water is the great enemy of good roads, and the first thing to do in making a good road is to secure thorough and rapid drainage, not by surface ditches, but by tile. With this secured, the level road-bed becomes a practical thing, and the destructive washing incident to excessive piking and deep open side ditches, is completely avoided.

A Cheap Insecticide.

Kerosene emulsion is made by adding two parts of kerosene to one part of a solution made by dissolving half a pound of hard soap in one gallon of boiling water, and churning the mixture through a force pump with a rather small nozzle until the whole forms a creamy mass, which will thicken into a jelly-like substance on cooling. The soap solution should be hot when the kerosene is added, but, of course, must not be near a fire. The emulsion thus made is to be diluted, before using, with nine parts cold water. This substance destroys a large number of insects, such as the chinch-bug, cabbage-worm, and white grub, and is a comparatively cheap and effective insecticide. —*American Agriculturist.*

Preparing the Soil.

John M. Stahl of Illinois, in the *American Agriculturist*, says:

Leaving out of consideration the question of plowing soil in the fall, if it is plowed in the spring it is best done as soon as the ground is in good condition. Sod ground can be plowed earlier than fallow, stubble or corn-stalk ground, and the sod will have none too long to partially decompose before the corn is planted.

A good plow for stubble or fallow land is one that moves the furrow-slice with considerable force breaking it up; but such a plow is not a fit one for sod ground, for it will leave parts of the furrow-slice lying with the grass up, and other parts standing on edge. The harrow will then leave many pieces with the grass up to grow again. The best plow for sod is one that turns the furrow-slice completely upside down, and no more, without breaking it. Then the plowed ground can be fined without bringing grass to the surface to grow again.

For the first work on the plowed ground, the Acme, Cutaway, or a disc harrow is the best. With one of these harrows the ground can be better cut up, and with much less labor of man and beast than with the straight-tooth harrow; and on sod ground the smoothing harrow is used only to put on the finishing touches before the corn is planted.

Sod requires more work than stubble to put in good condition for the seed, and the loss from planting on sod not well prepared is greater than on stubble. Unless the ground is thoroughly worked, there will be crevices among and beneath the sods, which will aggravate the effects of both drought and flood. The pieces of sod will constantly interfere with cultivation, and if one of these pieces is beneath a hill, the corn will likely be torn up by the cultivator. Neither will the sod be so well decomposed and feed the crop.

Another reason for careful preparation of the soil is that it is often infested with cutworms and other worms. The more the ground is stirred the more of these will be destroyed; and planting may safely be deferred until the cutworms have passed their voracious period, and will do little damage. Quite frequently sod ground, and especially clover-sod ground, contains so many cutworms that it is not advisable to plant it until quite late. Only a poor stand will remain. Last spring I allowed a forty-acre clover-sod field to lie a month after it was almost ready for the planter. One of my employees became very impatient, and thought I was wrong not to plant at once, as some of my neighbors had done. But much of their corn was cut off by the worms, and they had only a poor stand, with some hills a month behind the others. When I planted I had a most excellent stand, and the field averaged eighty bushels, shelled, per acre. On sod ground thoroughly prepared corn grows so fast that it is safe to defer planting until quite late, and this ground is not so apt to be hardened by rains as is other ground.

THE ORCHARD.

New Orchards.

There are many who think fruit-growing will be "overdone," and to prove their prophecies they point to particular seasons when the markets have been glutted with peaches, apples and other fruits. But they forget that, as a rule, these occasional excesses in over-production, are the direct effects of large previous profits. As soon as a certain line of business turns out enormous profits, everybody starts into the work, and in a short time the matter is overdone. Some leave the business in disgust, imagining that they have been deceived, or they are proverbially "unlucky," while only a few stay at it permanently. The over-inflated bubble bursts, and then it rises again to its normal condition. This is just as true in fruit-growing,

and it may be laid down as a safe proposition that the market will never be greatly overstocked for any length of time with really fine fruit. Many send their fruit to market in such poor condition that only half the regular price is commanded, and hence there is little profit to be realized. If all the fruit growers would convince themselves that it costs nearly as much to grow, ship and sell poor fruit as it does good fruit, there would be better work in orchards, and less poor, inferior fruits on our market stands.

The cost of getting trees or bushes of good growth is a little more than the prices paid for poor ones, but no better cultivation will be demanded for the former than for the latter to produce the same amount of fruit. In fact less work will be demanded. The best trees of the best sorts should then be selected for a young orchard, because it is a clear saving in the end. The second great secret is to plant them upon the right soil. Then cultivation and proper plant food follow logically.

Taking the average kinds of fruit trees, a mixture of peat and ashes is the best general compost. These usually contain all of the essential elements lacking in the soil, and they supplement it in the most approved manner. Peat swamps are very numerous all over the country, and the black, decayed vegetable matter should be carted to every young orchard. When this peat is first taken from its bed it is so saturated with acid that it is almost worthless as a manure; but when mixed with ashes it becomes nearly equal to cow manure, and far more beneficial to the fruit trees, because the compost contains not only vegetable manure, but lime, potash, and phosphates. Every orchard that is planted this spring would be improved by a top-dressing of this mixture, and then each tree treated with a special application. On old orchards it also shows its effect almost immediately, but not so effectively as on young ones. —*Cor. Practical Farmer.*

THE POULTRY-YARD.

Cure for Gapes.

Having seen many inquiries in agricultural papers for a remedy for gapes in chickens, and some remedies consisting of dangerous drugs, that often prove fatal, I will, with your permission, give practical poultry raisers a practical, economical and safe cure.

Gapes are caused by a little red and white worm, some of them an inch long, in the windpipe. I shall not attempt to give them the Latin name or guess how they get there. Our object is to get them out.

In the morning I catch all the gapey chicks. I then take a blue grass straw, strip the seed off, leaving the sprigles about half an inch long, then with the fingers bend them back toward the larger end of the straw to make it enter more readily, and mash the point between the teeth if blunt. Then a boy or girl takes the chick firmly in their left hand, sets it on their knees, and with their right takes it by the top of the head and stretches it well up. The operator then takes a pin and places back of the tongue and draws the windpipe up, placing his left thumb firmly on the pin, he twists the straw well down the windpipe and continues to twist as he draws it out. If he should fail to bring any of the worms, and see the chick sneeze loosely let it go, it will expel them itself as you have loosened their hold.

Any practical man or woman will see the idea at once and soon get to like it and look forward to the time to relieve the little sufferers. Grass should be gathered in the summer and hung up for use in the early spring before it heads out.

This is certainly the correct theory. I never failed to cure one yet, and I have always thought an instrument could be made of steel or silver that would be far better than the straw, and if an enterprising editor or Yankee had it, it would make a nice premium for a paper and the Yankee would make a fortune out of it. It should be about the size of a crochet hook, with small hooks turning a little up and the point a little to the right as it would be twisted to the right. —*Cor. Farm, Field and Stockman.*

THE APIARY.

Bee Notes.

Look out for the leaky roofs on your hives! They are more disastrous and annoying to bees, than a leaky roof would be to you on your own house. A good coat of thick paint run well into the cracks will generally answer the purpose.

The beginner has to commence at the foot of the hill, and learn by experience. True he should have some knowledge of bees and their ways in order to begin. He needs to read some good bee-book, and should take one or more bee-periodicals.

Have a good article, put it up in a neat, clean package, with good weight or measure; and if you are pleasant and accommodating, and try to please your customers, success is certain. But whoever goes to peddling must make up his mind to work as hard or harder than if he were hoeing corn.

Bees that rarely see the bee-keeper or his family, or any other human beings, become vindictive, savage, and troublesome, when, on the contrary, if they see people passing and re-passing frequently every day, and thus have the advantage of human society, they become amiable and docile. This is the condition of things that should exist in all apiaries, and especially those run for extracted honey.

A Yankee, down East, got up a placard for his salable honey, which read like this: "Hot Rolls and Honey Will Draw Human Flies." This he placed up over an attractive display of honey, where it was kept for sale. It was put up in the nicest shape, each package was done up in white tissue paper, and put in "cartons," having nice labels printed in two colors, and little string handles, all ready to be purchased and taken home safely as well as conveniently. It is no wonder that he never had a surplus crop of honey left on his hands! The cry always was for more—no matter how much was produced. —*Farm, Field, and Stockman.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Dangers of Iced Fish.

Ice spoils the freshness, firmness and flavor of fish by rendering it, prior to

putrefaction, insipid, soft and flabby. Experience goes to show that the gravest case of fish poisoning arise more commonly from eating fish which has been kept on ice than from eating fish kept naturally cool. Where fish is preserved on ice it appears that the ice only favors putrefaction by furnishing a constant supply of moisture, carrying with it the putrefactive bacteria derived from the foul and althy surroundings, so that this iced fish remains covered with fresh solutions of filth pregnant with putrefactive bacteria. Thus large quantities of those subtle, complex bodies, the animal alkaloids or ptomaines, are probably elaborated, and give rise to those marked symptoms of poisoning which sometimes occur from eating fish preserved on ice. On the other hand, keeping fish dry and cool can in no way favor putrefaction. And although here cases of poisoning may happen, yet the symptoms are much less marked, and pass off sooner, the toxic effects being usually confined to a passing attack of vomiting and diarrhoea. —*Lancet.*

Home-Made.

It is strange that men, whose business it is to make bread and sell it, produce goods that are a distressing failure, says a writer in *Good Housekeeping*. A carpenter will build a house and do it well, a printer will give the eye a feast, and the mechanic will construct a perfect engine; but when a man becomes a baker, his mission is to afflict every one who cannot have domestic bread.

The slow-minded baker at last put out the sign of "home-made bread," and some Boston bakers now have "home-made cake." The cakes are made by women at home, who prefer this work to sewing and other possible occupations that bring in a little money.

What feelings and remembrances arise as one passes by these "home-made" articles! He wonders if that cooky will taste as his mother's did—the ones that he always found in a certain place on the third shelf from the top. How good they tasted! When he left his game of ball, or an ardent play upon the ice, and turned homeward, what expectations of the moment that should find his hands full of those cookies, and his hungry palate delighted with their taste! No one could make them as his mother did. The neighbors' boys discovered this, and came in for the gift of one, as occasion allowed.

Then the boys from the boarding-school near by, who used to play with him, had some relief from their meagre fare, as they took refuge in his house on a rainy day to make kites, and munched those cookies. There was only one neighbor who rivalled his mother, and her boy, his playmate, always seemed to have the odor of fresh-baked cookies in his clothing.

There is nothing like the "home-made" bread and cake, and bakers may find the words a taking label, but at the best only a counterfeit.

Hints to Housekeepers.

ORDINARY carriage varnish is a good cement for broken china, and if the pieces are joined neatly, the fracture will hardly be perceptible.

If the wall about the stove has been smoked by the stove, cover the black spots with gum-shellac and they will not strike through either paint or enamel.

For cleaning brasses belonging to mahogany furniture, use either powdered whiting or scraped rotten-stone, mixed with sweet oil, and rub on with a chamois skin.

AFTER the dust has been beaten out of carpets, they may be brightened by scattering over them corn meal mixed with salt, in equal proportions, and then sweeping it off.

TO MAKE calicoes wash well, infuse three gills of salt in four quarts of boiling water and put the calicoes in while hot, and leave them till cold. In this way the colors are rendered permanent and will not fade by subsequent washings.

TO REMOVE paint and putty from window-glass, put sufficient saleratus into hot water to make a strong solution, and with this saturate the paint or putty which adheres to the glass. Let it remain until nearly dry, then rub off with a woolen cloth.

NEVER be alarmed if a living insect enters the ear. Pouring warm water into the canal will drown it, when it will generally come to the surface and can be easily removed by the fingers. A few puffs of tobacco smoke blown into the ear will stupefy the insect.

NEVER meddle with the ear if a foreign body, such as a bead, button, or seed, enters it; leave it absolutely alone, but have a physician attend to it. More damage has been done by injudicious attempts at the extraction of a foreign body than could ever come from its presence in the ear.

THE KITCHEN.

Parsnip Balls.

Parboil six large parsnips and let them get quite cold, then peel them and grate them; beat two eggs until very light, and mix with grated parsnip, adding enough flour to give coherence to the mixture; flour your hands and make small, flat balls. Have hot lard in a shallow kettle, and drop the balls gently into it; fry them until they are well browned on both sides. Send to the table very hot.

Potato Pudding.

One pound of mashed potatoes, one-quarter of a pound of butter, and half a pound of sugar stirred to a cream; add the potatoes, the beaten yolks of four eggs and a pint of milk. Beat this mixture until very light; flavor with the grated rind of half a lemon; stir in the whites of the eggs which have been beaten to a stiff froth; put into a buttered pudding dish, and bake half an hour. It may be eaten hot or cold.

To Preserve Meat and Fish by Sugar. To preserve fish by sugar, open them and rub the sugar in, in the same manner as salt, leaving them for a few days. If the fish be intended for long keeping, dry it after this, taking care to expose new surfaces to the air frequently to prevent mouldiness. Fish preserved in this manner, it is said, will be found, when dressed, much superior to what has been cured by salt or smoke. For a salmon of six pounds weight, a tablespoonful of brown sugar is sufficient.

OLD SOLDIERS AT HOME.

THEY TELL SOME AMUSING ANECDOTES AND STORIES.

How the Boys of Both Armies Whittled Away Life in Camp—Foraging Expeditions, Tireless Marches—Thrilling Scenes on the Battlefield.

"Lanky Jim Didn't Skeeer."

BY CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD.

ONG an' lanky, sich was Jim. Greener than a young persimmon, eyes with sort o' sleepy glim, bushy hair 'n' most o' wimmen; joined us at the startin' out. Come in hoespun to be mustered— Just a long, green country lout. Sort o' shy an' easy flustered.

Lord! but how us fellows jeered him. An' the greener slunk away. Like as if our treatment skeered him. But the Colonel swore 'im in. An' in uniform we rigged him. An' with sort o' sneerin' grin, An' his brave appearance twiggid 'im.

I was reckoned as the tough. Of our company, and used ter play some tricks exceedin' rough. On the awkward country rooster— But he never lost his grip. On his temper for a minute— Let each star I'd give 'im slip. Like that was no insult in it.

Thought we'd have a stack o' fun. When we tuk 'im out to drill 'im. Fer o' Sargent Bullington. Hoped they he'd nearly kill 'im; But the rascal larned the moves. In a manner most surprisin'. Seemed to slide along the grooves. O' the manual as slick as pizen.

From the mornin' reveille. Clar till taps, almost incessant. That poor devil heard from me. In a way beyond all reason. Never let the least chance pass. Fur to aggravate the feller. But the green, d'ohoppin' ass. Tak it all without a beller.

When at last the orders come. Fur our regiment's advanced. Sighs o' file and roll o' drum. "Set each soldier's heart a dancin'." On we went towards the South. On the steam-cars jest a kitta. Every feller with his mouth. Doin' lots o' future fightin'.

Wal a few days' travel found. On the regiment a standin'. On the campin' battle ground. Known to fame as Pittsburgh Landin'. We was placed in the advance. Thought we'd never yit smell powder; But that very circumstance. Made us howl fur fight, the louder.

When the shells and bullets come. Round our dodgin' heads a flyin'. And we saw the faces dumb. O' the mangled dead an' dyin'. All the fun o' soldierin'. Let us in a holy minute. An' we very plainly seen. The reality that's in it.

Ofentimes we'd said w' a' fan. It'd be in time o' battle. Fur to see o' Lanky run. When the guns began to rattle. But I want to state right here. To remark it in detail. That the feller didn't skeer. 'Worth a cussot continental.

Skeer? Not much—he was ahead. Every time we charged the cusses. Got an steady, like he led. Meathro' dozens o' such manasses. Held his ground in bull-log way. Caught the General's attention. An' on dress parade next day. Special orders give 'im mention.

Said as how fur bravery. Which the General had noted. And fur gallant conduct, he. To Sargent was promoted. Right over us as thought. Mighty little o' Lanky. An' of course some on us got. Party tolerable cranky.

Thought it was a tarmal shamo. That the General'd shove us. To the rear, an' put his name. In authority above us. I was hot, and you kin see. That I ran 'im more 'n I used ter; But my comrades seemed to get. Sort o' social with the rooster.

Wal I hain't much more to say. Cep't that when the war was ended. An' we got back home one day. And a big reception tended. No one seemed to notice me. Hed the eyes of all beholders. I was Private Tom McGee. Jim had eagles on his shoulders.

A Private in the Cavalry.

SOME of the extracts from the private diary of Max Miller, who served as a private in the Second Iowa Cavalry, are decidedly interesting as being given from the standpoint of one in the ranks. The regiment was commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Edward Hatch, afterwards Major General of Volunteers, and now Colonel of the Ninth United States Cavalry. Brigaded with it was the Second Michigan Cavalry, under Colonel Philip H. Sheridan. (We need not say what, afterward, he was.) The brigade was, at the time of which we write, commanded by Colonel W. L. Elliott, of the Second Iowa, later Major General of Volunteers.

In February, 1862, the Second Iowa was at Bird's Point, Missouri, opposite Cairo. From Bird's Point they made various dashes after General Jeff Thompson's cavalry and had several lively skirmishes, then proceeded to New Madrid, under General John Pope, and took part in one of the most brilliant, but at the same time almost bloodless, campaigns of the war—the capture of New Madrid and Island No. 10.

Lieutenant Schnitzer, of the Second Iowa, afterward its Major, planted the cavalry guidon of his regiment on the landworks of Island No. 10, before the island itself had been taken possession of by the navy.

By this time the battle of Shiloh had been fought, and in collecting the army for the advance on Beauregard at Corinth, General Hallack added that

division to his already large army and proceeded by water from Fort Pillow, Tennessee, up the Mississippi, Ohio and Tennessee Rivers to Hamburg, just above Pittsburg Landing. From that point the Second Iowa were constantly in advance of the left wing, under General Pope, until Beauregard evacuated Corinth.

At Farmington, a small village or crossroads about four miles east of Corinth, on the 9th of May, 1862, this regiment (the Second Iowa) made one of the few brilliant saber-charges of the war. An officer of the highest rank records in the most enthusiastic language the grand delight with which he stood and saw the regiment form, draw saber, and charge; and how it came back in a few moments, shattered and broken up, with riderless horses and horseless riders, and all kinds of wounded men and horses. He says that during the entire war he never witnessed a more gallant and dashing action, and he considers it fully equal to the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava.

This seems, like the charge to which it is compared, to have been ordered by "someone who blundered," and it was probably for that reason so little was said of it or heard of it, reports being suppressed in order not to cause an investigation into the conduct of a general officer who was a favorite of the then commander. No official report is known to have been made to the War Department, although the loss was considerable. The Second Iowa captured about twelve pieces of field artillery, but in doing so charged into the entire division of the enemy present on that part of the field, about ten thousand strong, and were, of course, quickly repulsed.

Closer and closer the lines were drawn about Corinth, and on May 27, 1862, the brigade mentioned above started on what was probably the first cavalry raid of the war.

After a march of two days and three nights the raiders reached Boonville, Miss., into which place they charged with sabers drawn, at daylight, the Second Iowa in advance, and captured about three thousand five hundred prisoners. It was a complete surprise alike to "Johnnies" and "Yanks," and the Union men learned from their prisoners that Beauregard's army was in retreat from Corinth in two divisions, and that they had struck right in between the two.

"We knew nothing of their retreat, and they knew nothing of our whereabouts," says our Private Max Miller. "Among our captures were twenty cars loaded with arms and ammunition, and we soon had them all blazing; and while the heavy shells were bursting, and Beauregard was forming to fight the whole Yankee army, we left our prisoners, after breaking up their guns, and skipped out. All our loss was five men killed in the company to which the writer belonged, wounded and captured from a squad sent out to burn a bridge.

"We made our way back in safety, and thus ended the first successful raid, also the siege of Corinth, which was far from a success—in fact, I have always considered it the most gigantic fraud ever perpetrated upon a brave army. Any private or corporal in the army, after he had gone into Corinth and looked over the situation, knew that during the many weeks while we were lying in the old rebel camps, devoured by their cast-off insects, drinking the filthy surface-water, and dying by thousands, we could have swung enough men around to the right to have taken Corinth any day. Our line of approach was from the east, and when, the next fall, the same men who were in the inside attacked us, they came in from the northwest; and that is where we should have assaulted them."

The Private reasons well. General Grant mentions this same fact in his book, and it is evident that these facts were known during the siege to many officers and men of our army. Before September of 1862, Sheridan and the Second Michigan had left and the Second Iowa was brigaded with the Seventh Kansas Jayhawkers. "On the night of October 2 we were at Jacinto, on the march back to Corinth, and I was on guard with my horse saddled all night, and myself in the saddle most of the time. The next morning my horse had a feed of corn, but from that time until about noon of the 5th he had nothing to eat and only



one drink of water, and I was on his back almost continuously. The cruelty was not the fault of myself, it was from necessity. "On the morning of the 3d we resumed our march toward Corinth from the south, and soon began to hear the sounds of fighting over to the north-west of the town. When we were west of the town—when we were within two or three miles of Corinth and one of our Majors sent me back with

an order to the Regimental Quartermaster. I went almost back to Jacinto before finding him, so it was afternoon when I reached the regiment, where it was 'corraled' in the southeast part of the town. Almost as soon as I joined Company G, we were ordered to report to General Hamilton, and, on doing so, were turned over to the Provost Marshal for patrol duty in returning stragglers to their regiments.

"The first day's fighting was all one way. Our men were forced back on the Chewalla road, to stand at the old line of fortification—mere rifle-pits at that part of the line, and not the heavy fortifications that confronted us on the east during the siege—and after some hard fighting there, they fell back under orders, all except one brigade—McArthur's, I think—which stayed and fought desperately until peremptorily ordered back. The continual falling back caused an unusual number of stragglers, and we were engaged in patrolling all parts within our lines, picking up all men found away from their commands and turning them over to the Provost Marshal for return to their regiments. We were kept busy at this task until nearly 4 o'clock on the morning of the 4th.

"At that time I lay down with some others of the squad I belonged to, on a brick pavement near the Provost's office, and, with my horse tied to my wrist, was asleep in a moment. I could not have slept many minutes, but I awoke with the rain pattering in my face and saw some ladies passing. I have no idea who they were or where they came from, but as became conscious, they were stepping around me, and one of them said: 'Poor boy, just



see him there, sleeping right in the rain, and the voice was so sweet and sympathetic that for a moment I hardly knew but that it was the voice of a 'sure enough' angel.

"Some one thing connected with any great event of our lives often impresses itself upon our minds, and many times it is a trifle. I believe my thoughts have never gone back to the battle of Corinth without that little incident coming to quicken my heart."

—Chicago Ledger.

An Antidote for Cowardice.

JUST before the battle of Antietam five recruits came down for my company, writes an old war veteran. There were no bounty jumpers at that stage of the game, although the courage and patriotism of all the recruits could not be vouched for. One of the batch was named Danforth, a farmer's son, fresh from the cornfields, and as we took up the line of march to head Lee off and bring him to bay Danforth said to me:

"See here, Sergeant, I've made a mistake."

"How?"

"I hain't got no sand. I allus thought I had, but when I come down here and see what war is, I find I hain't got the spunk of a rabbit."

"That's bad."

"So it is. We're going to have a fight purty soon, and I know what'll happen. I'll bolt as sure as shooting."

"Then you'll be called a coward and disgraced forever."

"That's so, and I don't want it. I want you to do me a great favor."

"Well?"

"Well, if I kin git mad I'll be all right and forgit my shaking. Keep your eye on me and as soon as we git within five miles of the rebels kick me good and stout."

After some further talk I promised him. We were in Hooker's Corps and as we moved in against Jackson Danforth obliged alongside and said:

"Sergeant, kick me or I shall bolt. I haven't got sand enough to see a chicken die."

We were moving through the timber, and I stepped behind him and "lifted" him twice as hard as I could kick. He shot aside, and next time I saw him we were at a fence on the edge of a cornfield. The fire was hot and men were falling thick. I had just fired from a rest on the top rail when Danforth came up, faced the other way, and said:

"More kicks, Sergeant! I know I've dropped two of 'em, but my sand is going!"

I kicked him again with a good deal of vigor, and just then we got the order to advance, and he was the first man over the fence. Half an hour later we were driven back, considerably disorganized, and as I reached the fence I came across Danforth again. He had a Confederate Captain by the collar, and was carrying the officer's sword in his hand. As he saw me he called out:

"Sand is all right, Sergeant. No more kicks. As soon as I take this chap to the rear I'm going back and collar old Stonewall himself or 'd he trying!"

The Modern Brakeman.

The modern passenger brakeman is not an evolution, but a new creation. He is an object of admiration, while his predecessor of a quarter of a century since was an object of wonder and awe. The latter was, usually, a collarless, uncouth individual more or less given-to-plug-tobacco-and-profanity.

The badge of his authority was a red handkerchief tied loosely around his throat. Primarily, his occupation was, upon a given signal, to fling himself in fantastic gyrations around the iron break-wheel, and his contortions upon the front platform in the discharge of his duty were at once the wonder and admiration of the station loungers of that period. He was usually distinguished by a tight-fitting cap, with a peaked visor. His hands were big and coarse and calloused. There were invariably grimy circles around his eyes. When he called out the name of a station to the occupants of the front car the people in the rear end of the train could hear his voice, but the nearest passenger could not tell what he said. When he assisted a lady to alight, he helped her down from the high steps as though she were so much baled hay. His regard for baskets containing eggs or crockery amounted to absolute contempt. His business was to help run the train.

The passenger brakeman of the present is a symphony in blue broadcloth and brass buttons. He is at once ornamental and useful. The old iron break-wheel still looms up on the front platform, but he rarely finds it necessary to touch it. He is the object of envy and admiration to the small boy at the Queen Anne station-houses. It is his duty and pleasure to cultivate a graceful carriage, and the sharp swing of an Eastlake coach around a curve, which causes Farmer Wayback and the woman with a green veil on her bonnet to clutch the seat in terror, only provokes a sweet, sad smile of sympathetic commiseration. He is a little less than a modern Beau Brummel in his attention to the ladies and school-girls temporarily entrusted to his care, while maintaining an air of condescending dignity toward the men. When he displays opposite characteristics, it is an evidence that his training has been defective or he has mistaken his occupation.

Long live the passenger brakeman of to-day, the courteous, affable, accommodating young gentleman, who is worthy the newest style in the way of a railroad uniform that the director and their tailor can devise.—Philadelphia Press.

Language of the Hand.

The line sweeping around the base of the thumb from the wrist, called the line of life, is of course the most important in the hand. Long, clear, direct in its course and well colored, it denotes long life, good health, and a good character and disposition. Pale and broad, it indicates ill health, evil instincts, and a weak, envious disposition. Thick and red, it betrays violence and brutality. The ages at which events have happened may be told by the points at which they have marked the line. The shorter the line the shorter the life; and this is rather startling—from the point at which the line terminates in both hands may be accurately predicted the time of death. A break in the line is always an illness; if in both hands, there is always a grave danger of death, especially if the lower branch of the line turns in toward the thumb. Rays across the hand from the basis of the thumb always denote worries, and the age at which they occur is always shown by the point at which the rays terminate. The "line of head," of almost equal importance, extends from between the thumb and forefinger across to the third finger, and should be clear and well closed, without fork, break, or ramification. Pale and broad, it indicates feebleness or lack of intellect; but if it is long and strong, it denotes self-control. The third line is the line of the heart—the line sweeping from the forefinger across the hand. If it goes right across, it indicates excessive affection, resulting in a morbid jealousy. If it is chained, the subject is an inveterate flirt. Very, very thin and bare, is a sign of murder. The fourth great line in the hand is that of fortune, which rises through the whole hand from the wrist to between the second and third fingers. If it starts from the line of life, it shows that one's fortune results from one's own deserts; rising from the wrist, it is always the sign of good luck. Twisted or ragged at the base, it indicates ill-luck in early life.

A Wonderful Process.

In a little five-room log hut in the mountains of West Virginia near Philippi, lives a man who has a process for embalming the dead that outrivals the ancient Egyptians. He is H. W. Haunick. His hut is filled with embalmed bodies of human beings and animals without number. In the veins and arteries of the human bodies the blue and black blood stands out as clear and natural as when these people lived and walked and knew the passions and emotions of beings. The finger and toe nails show the pink flesh of life, and on the cheek of one who died of consumption the scarlet mark of that disease remained clear and distinct. For two years exposed to the air without decay or odor, these bodies have lain in this man's house, just above his bedroom. His process is a discovery of his own, but it is so simple, he says, that a boy of 15 after a single lesson can do the work as effectually as the inventor himself. He can stop decay at any point and cures ulcers of long standing by an external application of this discovery. By the same process he keeps fresh,

without ice, salt, or brine, all his meat, butter and eggs, and does the same for his neighbors. Mr. Haunick has made little or no effort to profit by his process, which learned men pronounce the greatest discovery of the age, far ahead of what the Egyptians knew. Indeed, Haunick seems to regard it rather as a curious experiment than otherwise.

Story of a Coat Tail.

No soft, balmy breeze toyed with the whispering leaves. The uplifting depths of heaven were not flushed gold, nor did the silvery moon let fall her rays like a mantle of beauty o'er the earth. No fairest and loveliest of created things, with drooping lashes and murmuring voice, nestled close to a manly breast, while the aroma of chewing gum permeated everywhere.

Not much.

It was a dreary, black night, with a mournful wind sighing through the naked trees.

An attempt was made to burglarize the dwelling of Policeman Gassaway, who was off on duty, says the Austin (Texas) Statesman.

Mrs. Gassaway heard the house-breaker and scared him off, and the next morning found clinging to the fence a piece of coat tail left behind by the would-be robber as he scaled the fence. The piece of coat tail was sent to the City Hall Museum.

Four or five weeks elapsed and a terrific row occurred on Sixth street.

It startled the neighborhood at a very late hour Wednesday night, and Officer Gibson, wide awake as usual, went down and scooped a coon named James Grant.

He was yanked up before Recorder Hamilton yesterday morning, and while holding gentle conversation with him an officer noticed that a part of Jim's coat tail was missing. He bethought himself of the museum and the relics therein contained, and went and got the piece of coat found on Mrs. Gassaway's fence some four weeks ago.

It matched Jim's coat exactly, and to a dead certainty it had been torn from it.

Jim was then held to answer the charge of attempted burglary, and to his infinite disgust he was turned over to the county officers.

A Series of Consecutive Events.

Mr. Buzzell put some tar in a pail and placed it upon the stove to melt, the other day. In the bottom of the pail was a small hole which had not been noticed. As the tar began to melt it flowed through the hole and soon took fire, making a lively blaze. Mr. Buzzell seized the pail and started to run out of doors with it, in doing which he received some painful burns upon his hands.

In his hurry he did not see the shepherd dog lying on the floor and stumbled over him, spilling a quantity of the burning tar upon the dog's tail which flared up like a torch, began running around the kitchen and dining-room, setting fire to the walls, woodwork, tables, and chairs. Finally, they managed to get the dog out of doors, and the animal extinguished his own fire by rolling.

The aid of about fifty of the men from the tannery was quickly obtained, and by great exertions the fire was finally extinguished, as there was a good supply of water at hand. As it was, damage to the extent of \$300 was done by the fire, the loss being covered by insurance. The dog was very badly burned, and although now alive it is doubtful if he recovers.—Lewiston Journal.

Slow Work.

One of the interesting canal enterprises now on foot is that which is to connect the Corinthian and Saronic gulfs of Greece. This canal across the Isthmus of Corinth, which is to render unnecessary the voyage around the Peloponnesus, will be four miles long—about the length of the Hoosic Tunnel—but it will beat even that famous work in the lapse of time between its inception and completion. It was suggested by Periander, one of the seven wise men of Greece, nearly six hundred years before Christ, again by Demetrius Pelioeretes in 300 B. C., and once more by Julius Caesar in 50 B. C. It was actually begun by Nero, who employed among other laborers, 6,000 Jews whom Vespasian had taken prisoners, and it is to be finished by Gen. Tuerr, a Polish engineer, who was in the Italian service, with Garibaldi, and who hopes to have it ready for use by 1892. He has carried on the work from the point at which Nero left off, following the latter's lines and making use of a double row of thirty-two pits, some of them 130 feet deep, which had remained unchanged for 1,800 years, except that they had become filled with debris. The excavation now reaches from sea to sea, and is in some places 225 feet deep. The canal is to be over 75 feet wide at top and 260 feet in depth at the point where the isthmus is highest.

One Use for Flowers.

The other day, as a royal train of Pennsylvania parlor cars pulled out of the Jersey City depot, a gentlemanly man carrying a huge bunch of lilacs made his way from the rear of the train to the foremost car, the smoker. Pressing almost upon his heels was a rather rough-looking fellow making the same journey. It happened as I raised my eyes I saw behind that bunch of lilacs a pair of shining steel handcuffs connecting the gentlemanly man's wrists. It would be interesting to know whether it was the convict's idea or that of his keeper to put flowers to that strange use. But to my mind there was something very poetic about it.—Chatter.

Mr. Meeson's Will.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Continued From Last Page.

Then his lordship began, and, after giving a masterly summary of the whole case, concluded as follows: "Such are the details of the most remarkable probate cause that I ever remember to have had brought to my notice, either during my career at the bar or on the bench. It will be obvious, as the learned attorney general has said, that the whole case really lies between two points. Is the document on the back of Augusta Smithers a sufficient will to carry the property, and, if so, is the unsupported story of that lady as to the execution of the document to be believed? Now, what does the law understand by the term 'Will'? Surely it understands some writing that expresses the wish or will of a person as to the disposition of his property after his decease. This writing must be executed with certain formalities; but if it is so executed by a person not laboring under any mental or other disability it is indefeasible, except by the subsequent execution of a fresh testamentary document, or by its destruction or attempted destruction, animo revocandi, or by marriage. Subject to these formalities, required by the law, the form of the document—provided that its meaning is clear—is immaterial. Now, do the tattoo marks on the back of this lady constitute such a document, and do they convey the true last will or wish of the testator? This is the first point that I have to decide, and I decide it in the affirmative. It is true that it is not usual for testamentary documents to be tattooed upon the skin of a human being; but, because it is not usual, it does not follow that a tattooed document is not a valid one. The ninth section of the Statute of 1 Vic., cap. 26, specifies that no will shall be valid unless it shall be in writing; but cannot this tattooing be considered as writing within the meaning of the act? I am clearly of opinion that it can, if only on the ground that the material used was ink—a natural ink, it is true, that of the cuttle fish, but still ink; for I may remark that the natural product of the cuttle fish was at one time largely used in this country for that very purpose. Further, in reference to this part of the case, it must be borne in mind that the testator was no eccentric being, who from whim or perversity chose this extraordinary method of signifying his wishes as to the disposal of his property. He was a man placed in about as terrible a position as it is possible to conceive. He was, if we are to believe the story of Miss Smithers, most sincerely anxious to revoke a disposition of his property which he now, standing face to face with the greatest issue of this life, recognized to be unjust, and which was certainly contrary to the promptings of nature, as experienced by most men. And yet in this terrible strait in which he found himself, and notwithstanding the earnest desire which grew more intense as his vital forces ebbed, he could find absolutely no means of carrying out his wish! At length, however, this plan of tattooing his will upon the living flesh of a younger and stronger person is presented to him, and he eagerly avails himself of it; and the tattooing is duly carried out in his presence and at his desire, and as duly signed and witnessed.

Can it be seriously argued that a document so executed does not fulfill the bare requirements of the law? I think that it cannot, and am of opinion that such a document is as much a valid will as though it had been engrossed upon the skin of a sheep, and duly signed and witnessed in the Temple.

"And now I will come to the second point. Is the evidence of Miss Smithers to be believed? First, let us see where it is corroborated. It is clear, from the testimony of Lady Holmhurst, that when on board the ill-fated Kangaroo, Miss Smithers had no tattoo marks upon her shoulders. It is equally clear from the unshaken testimony of Mrs. Thomas, that when she was rescued by the American whaler her back was marked with tattooing, then in the healing stage—with tattooing which could not possibly have been inflicted by herself or by the child, who was her sole living companion. It is also proved that there was seen upon the island by Mrs. Thomas the dead body of a man, which she was informed was that of Mr. Meeson, and which she here in court identified by means of a photograph. Also, this same witness produced a shell which she picked up in one of the huts, said to be the shell used by the sailors to drink the rum that led to their destruction; and she swore that she saw a sailor's hat lying on the shore. Now, all this is corroborative evidence, and of a sort not to be despised. Indeed, as to one point, that of the approximate date of the execution of the tattooing, it is to my mind final. Still, there does remain an enormous amount that must be accepted or not, according to whether or not credence can be placed in the unsupported testimony of Miss Smithers, for we cannot call on a child so young as the present Lord Holmhurst to bear witness in a court of justice. If Miss Smithers, for instance, is not speaking the truth when she declares that the signature of the testator was tattooed upon her back under his immediate direction, or that it was tattooed in the presence of the two sailors, Butt and Jones, whose signatures were also tattooed in the presence of the testator and of each other, no will at all was executed, and the plaintiff's case collapses utterly, since, from the very nature of the facts, evidence as to handwriting would, of course, be useless. Now, I approach the decision of this point

tion. It is not a light thing to set aside a formally executed document such as the will of Nov. 10, upon which the defendants rely, and to entirely alter the devolution of a vast amount of property upon the unsupported testimony of a single witness. It seems to me, however, that there are two tests which the court can more or less set up as standards wherewith to measure the truth of the matter. The first of these is the accepted probability of the action of an individual under any given set of circumstances, as drawn from our common knowledge of human nature; and second, the behavior and tone of the witness, both in the box and in the course of circumstances that led to her appearance there. I will take the last of those two first, and I may as well state, without further delay, that I am convinced of the truth of the story told by Miss Smithers. It would to my mind be impossible for any man, whose intelligence had been trained by years of experience in this and other courts, and whose daily duty it is to discriminate as to the credibility of testimony, to disbelieve the history so circumstantially detailed in the box by Miss Smithers. [Sensation.] "I watched her demeanor both under examination and cross examination very closely indeed, and I am convinced that she has been telling the absolute truth so far as she knew it.

"And now to come to the second point. It has been suggested, as throwing doubt upon Miss Smithers' story, that the existence of an engagement to marry, between her and the plaintiff, may have prompted her to concoct a monstrous fraud for his benefit; and this is suggested, although at the time of the execution of the tattooing no such engagement did, as a matter of fact, exist, or was within measurable distance of the parties. It did not exist, said the attorney general; but the disposing mind existed; in other words, that she was then 'in love'—if, notwithstanding Mr. Attorney's difficulty in defining it, I may use the term—with the plaintiff. This may or may not have been the case. There are some things which it is quite beyond the power of any judge or jury to decide, and one of them certainly is, at what exact period of her acquaintance with a future husband a young lady's regard turns into a warmer feeling. But supposing that the attorney general is right, and that although she at that moment clearly had no prospect of marrying him, since she had left England to seek her fortune at the antipodes, the plaintiff was looked upon by this lady with that kind of regard which is supposed to precede the matrimonial contract, the circumstance, in my mind, tells rather in his favor than against him. For in passing I may remark that this young lady has done a thing which is, in its way, little short of heroic; the more so, because it has a ludicrous side. She has submitted to an operation which must not only have been painful, but which is and always will be a blot upon her beauty. I am inclined to agree with the attorney general when he says that she did not make this sacrifice without a motive, which may have sprung from a keen sense of justice, and of gratitude to the plaintiff for his interference on her behalf, or from a warmer feeling. In either case, there is nothing discreditable about it, rather the reverse, in fact; and, taken by itself, there is certainly nothing here to cause me to disbelieve the evidence of Miss Smithers.

"One question only seems to me to remain. Is there anything to show that the testator was not, at the time of the execution of the will, of a sound and disposing mind? and is there anything in his conduct or history to render the hypothesis of his having executed this will so improbable that the court should take the improbability into account? As to the first point I can find nothing. Miss Smithers expressly swore that it was not the case, nor was her statement shaken by a very searching cross-examination. She admitted, indeed, that shortly before death he wandered in his mind, and thought that he was surrounded by the shades of authors waiting to be revenged upon him. But it is no uncommon thing for the mind thus to fail at the last, and it is not extraordinary that this dying man should conjure before his brain the shapes of those with some of whom he appears to have dealt harshly during his life. Nor do I consider it in any way impossible that when he felt his end approaching he should have wished to reverse the sentence of his anger and restore to his nephew, whose only offense had been a somewhat indiscreet use of the language of truth, the inheritance to vast wealth of which he had deprived him. Such a course strikes me as being a most natural and proper one, and perfectly in accordance with the first principles of human nature. The whole tale is undoubtedly of a wild and romantic order, and once again illustrates the saying that 'truth is stranger than fiction.' But I have no choice but to accept the fact that the deceased did, by means of tattooing carried out by his order, legally execute his true last will in favor of his next of kin, Eustace H. Meeson, upon the shoulders of Augusta Smithers, on or about the 23d day of December, 1885. This being so, I pronounce for the will propounded by the plaintiff, and there will be a grant as prayed."

"With costs, my lord?" asked James, rising.

"No; I am not inclined to go that length. This litigation has arisen through the testator's own act, and the estate must bear the burden."

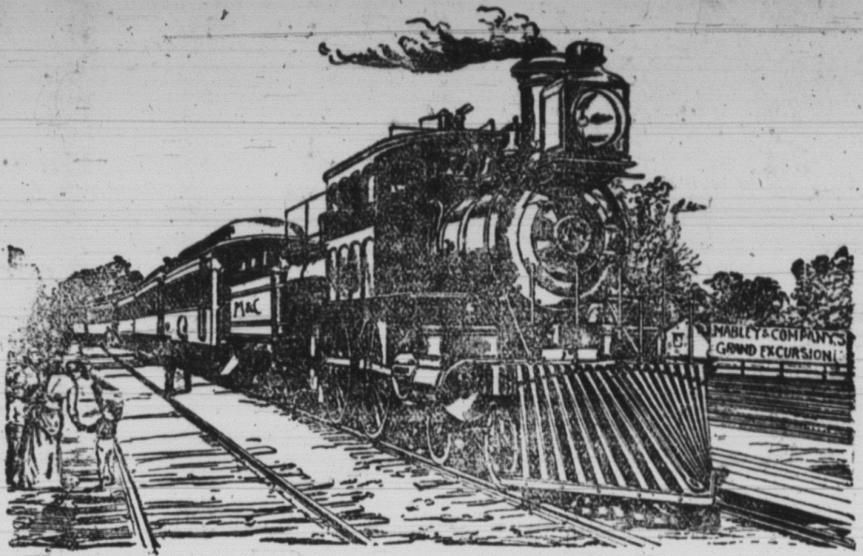
"If your lordship pleases," said James, and sat down.

"Mr. Short," said the judge, clearing his throat, "I do not often speak in such a sense, but I do feel called upon to compliment you upon the way in which you have, single handed, conducted this case—in some ways one of the strangest and most important that has ever come before me—having for your opponents so formidable an array of gentlemen. The performance would have been creditable to anybody of greater experience and longer years; as it is, I believe it to be unprecedented."

James turned color, bowed, and sat down, knowing that he was a made man, and that it would be his own fault if his future career at the bar was not one of almost unexampled prosperity.

(Continued next week.)

MABLEY & COMPANY'S



FREE EXCURSIONS
TO AND FROM
DETROIT
FOR SIX DAYS!

June 30th to July 5th,

(INCLUSIVE)

The Most Liberal and Novel Offer Ever Made

For Six Days, beginning with Monday, June 30th, and ending with July 5th, inclusive, we will give every person living within 60 miles of Detroit, an opportunity of visiting this city FREE of expense. During that one week we will pay all Railroad and Steamboat Fares, both coming and going. This offer applies to any and EVERY regular passenger train and steamer entering Detroit, and holds good for each and every day of the week mentioned. Persons living more than 60 miles from Detroit can save the cost of the fare for that distance by observing the conditions governing those residing within that radius, which are:

That all persons (residing within 60 miles of Detroit) will have their fare (Round Trip, rail-road or steamboat) paid by us, provided they purchase \$10 worth of merchandise at Mabley & Company's during the week specified. The entire purchase can be made in one or be divided between our 62 different departments. You can take your choice of

- MEN'S CLOTHING,
- MERCHANT TAILORING,
- BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,
- BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS,
- LADIES' AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS,
- MILLINERY AND MANTLE AND SUIT,
- CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,
- FANCY GOODS, BOOKS, TOYS.

And all other branches of our business as you desire. In each of these departments we will offer (during the week mentioned) specially strong bargains both in

Wearing Apparel and Household Articles

of every description, guaranteeing a saving to each purchaser of from 10 to 50 per cent from the prices asked by other dealers.

We want country customers to see and realize the manifold and money-saving advantages the largest retail establishment in the state—the mammoth shopping emporium of Michigan—affords, and so for one week we pay your traveling expenses that you may come free of expense. Besides giving you an opportunity to select from the largest, most varied, most stylish and lowest priced stock in the state we give you a chance to See the Sights of the City, Attend Theo. Thomas' Celebrated Concerts, League Base Ball Games, Ride on the River and Lake St. Clair, with your traveling expenses paid by

MABLEY AND COMPANY.

P. S.—Persons desirous of taking advantage of this remarkable offer will buy their (round fare) railroad or steamboat ticket at the regular office in the usual way. The money thus paid will be refunded upon the purchase of goods amounting to \$10 or more and the presentation of the ticket in any one of our 12 stores. See Circulars and Detroit daily newspapers for further particulars.

TRAINS LEAVE: 4:02 P. M. 7:48 P. M.

LOCAL, NEWSY ITEMS.

White-Roaming Around This Most Beautiful Village.

The fine rain visited this section yesterday morning.

Saline has used over six hundred tons of gravel on its streets so far this season.

Polk & Co's agent was in the village yesterday, taking names for 1890 directory.

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

The grocer in Ann Arbor sold fifty-two bushels of strawberries one day recently.

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

It is a little doubtful just now, if the operators here will run this fall, as it promises a small crop.

Where will you spend the Fourth? You can eat peanuts at this place, or at Dexter, Jackson or Detroit for

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

John McGraw, of Lyndon, has applied for a divorce in the circuit court, charging desertion of his wife, Bell McGraw.

The beautiful programs for the "Graduates" and graduates, were printed at the STANDARD office. Good work every time.

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

The ladies of the M. E. church will hold a lawn social at Mrs. T. E. Wood's Tuesday afternoon, July 2, from 4 to 9. All are invited.

The thermometer Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, varied from 85 to 90 degrees in the shade. How's that for corn weather?

Tambull & Wilkinson expect to occupy their handsome suite of rooms over the STANDARD office, some time next week. You will find them in the front rooms.

Commencing Tuesday, it will be necessary for you to muzzle your dogs, as the village ordinance so directs. July and August are the dangerous months.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo Baldwin, of Chelsea, passed through Stockbridge Saturday enroute for Dausville, Williamson and Lansing for a visit among friends.—Stockbridge Sun.

The STANDARD is in receipt of a handsome program, giving the commencement exercises of the Morely High School, of which Sam. Straith, formerly of this place, is superintendent.

Geo. Taylor, living near here on the territorial road, lost a good horse last Saturday. Just about a year ago he had a fine one by coming in contact with a barb wire fence. He thinks he had his share of ill-luck.

Wool is not moving yet, farmers are demanding thirty cents. The reports from all over the country indicate that wool will be low, as the eastern market is flat, many factories having closed. No demand for woolsens this winter.

Supt. Frank Baldwin, who has had charge of the Cooperville school, has secured a finer school for next year at an increased salary. Mr. Baldwin bids fair to be one of the best educators in the state ere many years pass.

A pleasant gathering took place at the home of Edith Noyes, last Friday evening, June 20, it being the fifteenth birthday of Miss Edjth. About forty of her friends and schoolmates made the occasion a most enjoyable one. Ice cream, cake and fruits were served plentifully. After the clock tolled the midnight hour, all adjourned to their homes having expressed themselves as having had a grand good time.

H. L. Williams, of Ann Arbor, has bought Dr. Buckley's dental practice and will be in the same office after July 1.

Children Day exercises at the Baptist church next Sunday evening. Too bad that the church is not twice as large.

Mrs. Hunter who recently bought two lots near the Dr. Gates property, contemplates building two houses thereon.

A full report of the commencement exercises of the Chelsea schools, will be given in our next issue. Speak for extra copies early.

Wm. Caspary has added one of the latest "milk shake" machines, and if you want a fine drink, just give him a call. His ice cream is fine, too.

Mr. Welch has bought the land, at one time owned by Rev. Gay, and will build a house thereon. He expects to make poultry and gardening pay.

Ladies in search of summer millinery, hats, bonnets, etc., for children, will find a nice assortment, at right prices at Mrs. Staffan's. Call on her.

The streets of Chelsea were filled last Saturday to such an extent that men had to sit in their buggies and hold their teams, no hitching posts being available.

Mrs. C. H. Kempf and daughter Myrta, are in Ypsilanti attending the commencement exercises at the Normal in which Miss Tillie Mutschel takes part.

The young ladies of St. Mary's church will give an ice cream social in the Klein building on Main street Saturday evening, June 28th. All are cordially invited.

The class motto of the present graduating class will be "We fly with our own wings." This knocks the necessity of any of Darius Green's flying machines.—Observer.

Here's an advertisement which appeared in the Detroit Journal a few days ago. "Wanted! A boy to watch cows and milk, or an old man." This puts us in mind of our school boy days.

Mr. Pottinger for C. E. Letts, will run a free conveyance to the Letts' farm tomorrow that farmers may see for themselves what a difference fertilizer makes in wheat. It will pay you to see the fields.

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.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Bacon, 28 Pontiac street, June 8, a six pound box—Chelsea papers may find this a good item to copy.—Argus. It's a little old, (the item, we mean), but will copy it just the same.

David Mandt, whose unfortunate condition we have previously made mention of, is still almost helpless, his legs and hands being as though dead. His misfortune is a severe one to bear and he has the sympathy of all.—Observer.

The Maple Grove Cemetery is looking the best now that it has in ten years. Great credit is due the trustees and other officers of that association. Keep on with your good work, and you will have as fine a cemetery as there is in the county.

The Chelsea people are said to have enjoyed a real treat last week—a sort of love feast at which General Alger was the central figure. The General made one of his happy speeches, which was enthusiastically receiving. Many other impromptu speeches followed.—Sun.

At the Chelsea fair and festival last week, the Grass Lake Farmer's Club carried off the first prize for numbers, the beauty of the ladies, and the noble and chivalrous bearing of the gentlemen of the club. The bestowal was proper and just.—Grass Lake News.

Why some highway overseers will allow gravel or dirt drawn on the road to lie in piles as dumped from the wagons, instead of having it leveled off somewhat, is beyond the comprehension of sensible people, yet this thing is done. It seems that common horse sense would teach them better.—Observer. Here's another. Why will they not rake off the stones when they dump a load. Even here in this village, stones are left in the road to annoy those who can ride out.

Farmers are very busy just now securing the hay crop.

Mr. Holmes will complete the census within the prescribed time—June 30th.

School meeting takes place two weeks from next Monday evening, or July 14th.

Strawberries are about all picked, ripening very fast during the hot weather.

Mabley & Co., of Detroit give you a free ride to and from Detroit—provided you buy ten dollars worth of goods. See advertisement.

Graduating exercises at the hall last evening were fine, and attended by all who could crowd into the room. A full report will be found in our next week's issue.

A bat was shot by a boy last Tuesday, and when examined, it was found that two very small bats were attached to the body of the large one. It was quite a novelty.

A social in honor of the several teachers in the schools here, was held by the I. O. G. T. Tuesday evening, and was largely attended and much enjoyed. Strawberries and ice cream was served.

The huckleberry crop in this vicinity promises to be the largest for years, and the berries the finest. The swamps are quite wet, but not too much so unless it should rain considerable within the next two weeks. The crop will begin to move about July 7th.

The carpenters strike, which was inaugurated in Detroit some two months ago, by which 2,000 men were thrown out of employment, has fizzled out, and the deluded men can now hunt for work, and their families suffer still more. One must often pay dearly for what one learns.

The baccalaureate sermon by Thomas Holmes, D. D., last Sunday evening was listened to by a packed house, in spite of the very high temperature. As was expected, the address was a masterpiece, and is highly spoken of. Mr. Holmes had numerous invitations, but favored our people in preference to others.

Sound Business Policy.

"Do you guarantee this not to break down?" she asked.

"Our instructions, Miss," said the salesman, blandly, "are never to guarantee hammocks when we sell 'em to handsome young ladies."

She bought it.—Chicago Tribune.

Lima Luminations.

Irving Hammond went to Jackson last week.

George Mitchel started for New York last Friday night.

Clarence Dixon and wife visited friends in Lodi last week.

Irving Storms has some of the finest straw berries of the season.

Charley Palmer, of Jackson, spent Saturday and Sunday here.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Holden, of Sharon, spent Friday and Saturday at Chas. Guerin's.

About ten couple spent a very pleasant evening at John Steinbach's, Saturday evening.

Nettie Storms came home from Ann Arbor Saturday and will remain here during the vacation.

PRICES IN 1880-1890.

Mr. G. L. Hoyt, of Saline, has kept track of goods bought and sold, for years and finds that the prices are as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Year (1880, 1890) and Price. Items include Salt, Sugar-gran, Sugar-coffee, Tea, Matches, Wool Twine, Plow Point, Kerosene Oil, Carpet tacks, Mowing machine, Hay rake, Sp. tooth harrow, Paris green, Suit of clothes.

The following figures show the price Mr. Hoyt sold his wheat for during the past eight years.

Table with 2 columns: Wheat, Wool. Rows show years from 1882 to 1889 with corresponding prices.

By these figures it will be seen that the price of these two staple farm products is at present fully up to the average of the past eight years.—Saline Observer.

YOUR FOLKS AND OURS.

J. Crawford was in Ann Arbor on Tuesday last.

Ralph Thatcher, of Ann Arbor, spent Sunday in town.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Yocum are among Ann Arbor friends.

Miss Lillie Foster is, visiting with friends at Ypsilanti.

Mrs. A. K. Calkins is among Manchester friends this week.

Mrs. Maria Geddes visited friends in Dexter last Wednesday.

Miss Abbie Gates is in Ann Arbor this week, attending the exercises.

Clarence Maroney and George Webster spent last Sunday at Clinton.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Palmer returned from their northern trip yesterday.

Frank Steger, of Florida, is in the village the guest of his uncle, A. Steger.

Mrs. Breed, of Ann Arbor, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Everett, this week.

Mrs. Dudley, nee Whittlesey, of Battle Creek, is the guest of W. J. Knapp for a few days.

Mrs. Wm. Dancer and children, of Stockbridge are spending this week with relatives in town.

We are pleased to learn that Miss Olive Conklin, who has been quite ill, is now improving nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Avery Prout, of Brighton, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. J. Crowell, last Sunday.

Miss Ellen Elmer, the daughter of a former pastor of this place, is visiting her many friends in this place.

Messrs. H. M. Woods and Geo. W. Turnbull were in Lansing, Tuesday, having a case before the Supreme court.

Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, who took a trip around the lakes, state that they experienced a very rough time on Lake Michigan.

Miss Nichols, of Pontiac, was in the village the first of the week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Conklin, and Miss Olive Conklin.

Prof. Frank Baldwin, of the high school at Cooper ville, Mich., is enjoying this vacation with his parents and friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Sheldon and daughter, of Norfolk, Va., are being entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Kempf, on Orchard street.

Mrs. McAlister, of Detroit, spent a few hours in the village yesterday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Durand, while on her way to Battle Creek.

Chas. Chadwick, who has been studying medicine the past eight months at the University, spends the summer with a professor at Gladstone, this state.

Miss Celestia Taylor closed a very successful school today, in the Steadman district, with dialogues, recitations and songs, also a reception for the pupils at her home.

Mrs. A. Durand will be in Battle Creek this week, attending the graduating exercises of the high school there, her grand-daughter, Miss Minnie Robertson, being a graduate.

For the past week, Miss Lizzie Maroney has officiated as night operator at the depot. The management evidently have full confidence in Miss Lizzie, as they may well have.

Mr. George Coulter, of St. Thomas, Ont., who has been night operator at this station for the past three months, has accepted a position as operator and ticket agent at Lansing, leaving here for that place last week Friday.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. Martha D. Gilbert was the daughter of George and Mary Oxtoby, of Bellona, N. Y.

She was born the 6th day of December, 1835. She came to Michigan with her parents in April, 1857, and settled in Chelsea, where she has spent the most of her days.

She was married to Jas. L. Gilbert November 15, 1859. By this marriage three children were born to them, Geo. N., Frank F., and Mary E. "Mamie" as she is familiarly called, is the only one now alive; Georgie having died at two year of age, and Frankie when four years old.

Mrs. Gilbert was a faithful member of the M. E. Church in Chelsea for nearly thirty-three years. She had

been a great sufferer, but she bore her afflictions with patient Christian fortitude even concealing, for years, from those nearest her heart the malignant nature of the disease, that finally took her from their fond embrace.

After leaving her last counsel with her husband and daughter, she peacefully passed away on Tuesday morning, June 17, 1890. The funeral was held at the family residence, on the 19th, attended by a company of relatives, as well as many friends and neighbors of the deceased.

The remains were placed in the vault and afterwards laid by the side of the precious ones, that had made Oak Grove cemetery, to her, the most hallowed spot on earth.

J. H. McINTOSH.

Markets by Telegraph

DETROIT, June 27, 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@85c 100

EGGS.—11c 1/2 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 82c for red and 82c for No. 1 white.

CORN.—Quiet at 30c 1/2 bn.

Dr. Kelly's Caputine.

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

For sale by R. S. Armstrong.

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.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHINGTON. The undersigned having been appointed by the probate court for said county, commissioners to receive, examine, and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Ruth Young, late of said county, deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed, by order of said probate court for creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the office of Turnbull 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 a. m. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims. Dated, June 2, 1890. SAMUEL GUTHERIE, } Com. GEO. E. DAVIS, }

Sold by Glazier, the Druggist, Chelsea.

JANET LEE

In the Shadow of the Gallows.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"'Tis not of him I was speaking. Would that all the world were like Master Lee."

"Who, then, of the Lees—"

"If you command me to speak plainly—"

"I command nothing, nor can I, by virtue of my office, command any man. I simply execute the will of those in authority, as you well know. And I tell thee, Giles Ellis, I like not the duties of my office in ill times. God save us all from making more of our office than strict, even justice calls for in perilous seasons."

The Marshal of Salem exhibited more feeling than he had ever been known to reveal. Giles Ellis, too, looked very grave now.

"Since you speak so plain, Master Hobbs, I must even speak as plain in return, lest you misconstrue my meaning. And since you are a friend of John Lee's, all the more reason for plain speaking. It is said some of his family has dealings with the evil one."

"It is said," the Marshal repeated, in visible alarm. "Oh! an it come no closer than 'tis said—"

"I do not say it of my own accord. 'Tis in friendship I say it. Neither can I say anything touching this of my own knowledge. I but do this to advise you in time, so you may prepare John Lee in case you are compelled to do your duty."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Marshal, greatly relieved; "so you know nothing more than idle rumor?"

"Nothing but what report says. 'Ave, but report, as you know well, may hang the best man in Salem. But I'll make a note of it, and I thank thee, Giles Ellis, for a timely warning. And, now, what is this rumor?"

The rumor that befell John Winslow was in everybody's mouth. The Marshal of Salem was on the point of asking Giles if any of Lee's family were suspected or mentioned in connection with the monstrous cruelty, but Giles anticipated him.

"An it go no farther, it is said that if the truth were known some there are in John Lee's household who could explain how John Winslow's horse and lambs were killed."

"'Tis past belief," said the Marshal. "Mistress Lee is as kindly as any woman in Salem. Janet is as like her mother as any daughter torn of woman may be. 'Tis a thing past all belief."

"I am glad we are of one mind, Master Hobbs. But if the people will talk—say, and if your accuser John Lee of harboring witches—"

"Why, then, I will say 'tis false. I will stake my life on it."

"Easv, Master Hobbs."

"True—I had forgot. There is his apprentice—but there is neither force for much good or evil in Ezra Easty—and as for the maid—it would go hard with me indeed to be compelled to take any of John Lee's household in charge."

"That I believe, and it does you credit," Giles Ellis answered. "My interest in the welfare of the family is so great I could not forbear speaking to you."

"A very proper man, and a kindlier than I had thought him," said the Marshal to himself when Giles Ellis passed on. "A very good citizen. I will do my best to defend John Lee from foolish and evil tongues. No harm shall come to him or his—an I can prevent it."

Pondering thus, the Marshal of Salem pursued his way, marveling at the evil times.

CHAPTER VII.

LIKE A FLASH OF LIGHTNING FROM A CLEAR SKY.

Silence reigned in and about John Lee's house; the restful calm of a quiet, well-ordered, happy home prevailed. The old-fashioned clock in a high case, made by John Lee, ticked loudly, measuring the hours with a precision that seemed a characteristic of John Lee's movements, public or private. Whether at home or abroad, in all his dealings with the world, everything was done precisely, promptly, quietly.

A man of few words, save when speech was a virtue, no man in Salem had proved in time of need a man of action as plainly as John Lee.

Dorothea Lee and her daughter Janet met each other in the narrow passage to their sleeping apartment. The mother was on the point of speaking. Janet also seemed to be framing a speech, but before either found suitable words, John Lee's voice was heard, saying:

"Dorothea, it is time for worship."

Dorothea turned and entered the room where John Lee sat, saying to Janet:

"Speak to Ann."

Presently Ann and Ezra Easty followed Janet into the room, where John Lee sat, with a preoccupied air, while his wife handed him the Bible from a shelf, and seated herself near her husband. John Lee took his spectacles from their case carefully, rubbed them slowly with his handkerchief, like one in deep thought, placed the Bible on his knee, glanced at the light, and spoke in grave tones:

"These are troublesome times. We are surrounded with perils. There are things said and done such as only the evil one can instigate. I have lived in dangerous times. I have seen enough to convince me that a providence overrules the wisest of mankind. But I have never known, nor do I believe there ever was a time when men stood more in need of the counsel and comfort given in this book—John Lee's fingers seemed to caress the cover of the well-worn Bible on his knee—than at the present time. Every home is threatened. No man or woman knows the moment they may be called upon to answer charges that the vilest would blush to meet. No house is secure, no man or woman's life so free from reproach—"

A loud knock on the door caused Ezra Easty to bounce on his seat. He cast a terrified look at Ann Bigger; she, too,

was in a tremor. Janet Lee rose quietly and opened the door. Samuel Hobbs, the Marshal of Salem, entered. John Lee placed the Bible on the table at his elbow, and rose.

"You are somewhat late, if you are come on business—but you are always welcome, as you well know," said John Lee.

The Marshal did not take the seat proffered him. On the contrary, he looked like a man ill at ease. He moved his hands uneasily, and stammered when he spoke.

"The business is none of my choosing. I never did more unwilling work—never made more unwilling errand."

"Since that is the case, the sooner the business is dispatched the better. Speak out freely. The way is open to you."

"My business concerns you nearly."

"Say you so, Samuel?" John Lee looked down and reflected. "Does it concern any one beyond those you see here?"

"No."

A silence fell upon the little circle so oppressive that Ezra Easty was sure the Marshal could hear his heart throbbing. At last John Lee, still standing with his face to the Marshal of Salem, broke the silence.

"Since it concerns all here, what may your errand be?"

The Marshal strove to clear his throat, but could not on the instant. He looked at Dorothea Lee's face. She was regarding him calmly; if there was more than reasonable surprise or curiosity, her eyes did not reveal it. Janet Lee contemplated her mother and father with an undisturbed countenance. At last the Marshal cleared his throat, and with hat in hand, in a voice that was far from clear, said:

"I came as a friend, rather than in my official capacity."

"For which I thank you," John Lee answered. Then leaning nearer the Marshal, he added: "Speak on. As friend, or Marshal of Salem, I am ready to listen. What may thy errand be, Master Hobbs?"

"I came to warn you you are suspected of harboring witches."

Upon hearing this, Ann Bigger made the sign of the cross in the air unperceived by the others. Ezra Easty's knees trembled, his teeth were inclined to chatter; but he braced himself firmly on his seat, looking with shifting, fearful glances at the Marshal, the picture of a just fear.

"Witches! God save all here!" exclaimed Dorothea Lee, standing upright in her alarm. Janet Lee alone looked calmly from her parents to the Marshal. John Lee made a movement as though he would resent the charge, then reconsidered, turned toward his wife, and, realizing that the amazement in her countenance was reflected in his own, placed a hand heavily upon the table beside him, and sank into his seat overwhelmed, stupefied with amazement and horror that could find no utterance in words.

The Marshal did not anticipate the effect his words produced. He seemed, now that he had accomplished his errand, at a loss what to say or do next. He looked from one to the other, advanced slowly to the door, opened it noiselessly, turned, swept the circle with a comprehensive glance, then closing the door after him as people do when entering and leaving the presence of the dead, walked soberly away.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SHADOWS IN THE HOUSE.

On the day following the visit of the Marshal, Ann Bigger and Ezra Easty approached each other when unobserved, casting furtive glances from side to side as they availed themselves of the first opportunity to speak.

"Did I not tell you pride would have a fall?" said Ann.

"And have I not said, time and again, water will find its level?"

"Yes; more times than you need. 'Tis the one thing comes out of your head. And if you say no wiser thing folks will think you are empty-headed. Water is sure to find its level—what mystery is in that?"

"Since you take me up so sharp, why do you speak to me?"

"Because I would make a man of you if you would let me. But I was saying, see how our Janet goes about now. No longer high-headed is she; but, truth to tell, I never would have looked for witches here."

"Nor I."

"My sister says it's a sure sign witches are near when a cow turns three times and holds her nose out. And I can be sworn our cow did so this morn'g."

"Did she so?" Ezra's eyes were opened wide.

"But nothing is so bad as to meet a black dog on the road. A wise man or woman turns back, and is sure to eat, if it's only a bite—a crust."

"My tongue fell out of my hand yesterday, and the bit fell from master's plate to-day."

Ann held a hand up, warningly.

"I thought some one was near. I found a straw lying across the door when I opened it this morn'g. That is a sign of evil. Wor-e still, Ann moved nearer the apprentice, "I found the broom lying fair across a crack in the floor. It's all come of Martin Lee's wickedness, I'll be bound. He is a wicked man, else master would not quarrel with mistress about him."

"But master is not to blame. I heard him say—and so did you—that his brother deserved no better than others from the law—meaning the worst the law could do for him."

"Look! Look!" Ann exclaimed; whereupon Ezra glanced around and beheld a large spider swinging in the air.

"Kill it!" Ann hissed, as she seized a poker and struck at the spider. Instead, she hit Ezra upon the knuckles, who whipped his hand to his mouth and blew on it lustily. The spider fell and disappeared in a cack.

"Now, I'll swear there are witches in the house. That is one of their familiars. You saw it as plain as I did."

"Hush!" Ezra said, "here comes the master."

But John Lee passed on, paying no attention to them. When he was out of earshot Ezra said:

"Wonders will never cease. 'Tis the first time he found me out of the shop and did not ask why I was idling. There is more in this than the Marshal suspects."

"There is much more than any one knows," said Ann Bigger; "but some things I know. I know milk and cake are stolen. See!" pointing to the dresser. "I

put more cakes there an hour ago than would serve the family."

"Who has taken them?"

"That is the question I would like to answer. Who?"

"Who but the mistress or Janet?"

"Why should they take the cake?"

"My mind misgives me; 'tis mistress or Janet."

As if to illustrate the saying, listeners heard no good of themselves. Janet entered. It was one of Janet Lee's marked traits that she never beat about the bush, but went to the point at once.

"What were you saying of me, Ann?"

As the apprentice and Ann looked at each other, Janet added, quickly:

"Do I look like a witch, that you should stare at me so?"

The apprentice and Ann, marveling at the suddenness with which she came on them, and remembering the spider, were frightened, and betrayed it in their looks. Ann edged to the door and disappeared without answering. Ezra, trembling, followed her quickly, and Janet was left alone.

As the servants withdrew a handsome young man, with an expression of candor and a bearing indicating high breeding, entered. As he approached, Janet held up a finger warningly.

"Are you not afraid to come near me?"

"What is this I hear?" the young man said, with concern.

"Do you not see? I am a witch, Arthur."

"I have said so many times."

He would have said more, but she covered her lips with her hands.

"Hush! if the Parris children said the half you have said, it would hang them. Call me anything but a witch. 'Tis no true-love term to me in these times."

Arthur Proctor replied lightly, "What is this story Ann Bigger's sister tells? Is it true your father is charged with harboring witches?"

"Oh, Arthur!" Janet exclaimed, in a burst of passion which surprised her lover, "I do not care for myself, but my father and my poor mother! Do you think there is danger?"

To which Arthur Proctor soberly replied, considering well each word:

"We cannot tell what is or what is not a serious matter. The slightest jests may prove terrible earnest. There are those who make mountains out of mole-hills. The father of lies is loose."

"Shame on the people of Salem, then," exclaimed Janet Lee. "Who has done more for Salem than my father? Was he not foremost in the fight with the Indians? Did he not stand guard that Salem might sleep safely? Who was it ran into Polly Turner's house when it was burning, and carried her out in his arms? There is no truer man in Salem than John Lee. No more God-fearing man or kinder. And all know there is no gentler woman—none more generous to the poor, or more considerate than my mother, else she would not have preferred you before Giles Ellis."

"And did she so?" Arthur Proctor's face beamed with pleasure.

"Or I would not say so. My father's heart was set on Giles Ellis—but my mother likes thee best."

Arthur Proctor clasped her hand fervently. "Trust me to serve you both. I could not rest until I learned the truth concerning this wild rumor from your own lips. The very air is burdened, poisoned with malice and folly of all kinds. Old women's gossip, children's talk, matters men should not repeat in earnest, become as grave as though the breath of life depended on it. Now that I know how it lies with you I will go straight to the Marshal and get his ear. I will find him at Thomas Beadles' tavern. I dare say. 'Tis there all the gossips gather—except such as wear women's clothes," added Proctor, scornfully.

"Beware of Giles Ellis."

"Why should I beware of Giles Ellis?" he asked.

"Because he left me with an evil look. He will not harm me. He will wreak his hatred on some one dear to me, I know. 'Tis in his heart, and he has the power."

"Let him try his worst with me. I defy him."

"You do well to keep up a stout heart. And do you, too, keep up a stout heart. Now I'll away to the tavern and see what I may."

A moment her hand was clasped firmly, then Janet Lee stood alone, sighing, saying to herself: "I must keep up a stout heart. I trouble never come singly. Poor Uncle Martin. This will be worse than all. How it will end heaven only knows!"

She pondered long, then walked to the dresser, and, taking some cakes from the plate, hastily concealed them, but not so quickly as to escape the lynx eyes of Ezra Easty, who stood near the window observing her in obedience to the command of Ann Bigger. He waited outside until Janet entered the adjoining room, then, seeing the way clear, entered and approached the dresser, smiling grimly over his discovery. He was looking at the cakes when John Lee came upon him so suddenly that the apprentice started. His master demanded, in stern tones:

"What now, Ezra?"

"I was looking at the cakes."

"Do not add lying to theft."

"I am no liar."

"There there; say no more. You only make a worse of it."

"But, Master Lee—"

"Go, go, before Dorothea come. Cease, I say. We will discuss this after prayers."

The apprentice's face was wrathful as he seated himself in his usual corner, for Dorothea Lee, entering at that moment, lit the rush-light and placed it on the table. Janet and Ann, following her into the room, seated themselves, while John Lee sat with bent head, his thoughts seemingly far away. He held his spectacles idly in his hands many minutes, a thing unusual. Rousing himself at last, he looked about him, and in a stern voice said:

"I will read a lesson from the Book of Life."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A lump of clay that is in the process of transformation to be made into a beautiful vase has to go through many different stages, and the earlier stages may not be, perhaps, at all beautiful or attractive. But the Potter knows what he is about, and the lump of clay must be content to be just as he would have it, and not as it would like to be itself.—H. W. S.

AMERICAN JOURNALISM.

Millions Spent in Collecting and Editing News.

How many people think, as they read the news of the world over their breakfast tables, of the immense amount of expense incurred and the great labor expended in presenting that news in an attractive form? There are at least 35,000 people engaged in collecting and editing news upon daily and weekly newspapers in the United States. Editing a newspaper is the process of weighing news. No newspaper ever prints all the news, although many advertise to do so. Events which are printed are those which the editor believes to be of the greatest interest to the greatest number accustomed to read his journal; and the lengths and positions allotted to the items as they appear in the journal illustrate the editor's notion of the public's estimate of their varying values as news. While the editor edits the newspaper the public edits the editor; hence it follows that the public, so greatly given to grimaces over the perusal of its follies, possesses full power to season its news to its own taste.

It would be an interesting thing to find out the total annual cost of the entire news product of the United States. But the figures can only be approximately given. Publishers in this country expend annually for news about the following: For press dispatches, \$1,820,000; for special dispatches, \$2,250,000; and for local news, \$12,600,000. The estimate for special dispatches, includes telegraph tolls and pay of the correspondents who furnish the news. This service is conducted by the publishers in the large centres of population, who find the reports furnished by the press association either not full enough or not to the political taste of their readers. Here are a few of the monthly bills of some of the leading journals: St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* \$11,600, New York *World* \$9,514, Chicago *Herald* \$6,500, San Francisco *Examiner* \$8,000, Boston *Herald* \$5,500. These are indeed extremes, for many excellent journals find it possible to limit their bills for special dispatches to from \$400 to \$1,000 a month.

The cost of local news far exceeds that of both the other departments; not because the local services of individual papers costs more in every instance, but because so many journals maintain local bureaus, yet pay nothing for press or other dispatches. The bills for local news of the leading New York dailies are the largest of any in the country, and for two reasons—a larger territory to cover, and a greater demand from outside for the local news of New York. Their weekly bills range from \$1,500 to \$3,400. When the news is delivered upon the news editor's desk it has then to be edited; and editors' services command in Boston from \$30 to \$60 per week, in New York from \$40 to \$100, in Philadelphia from \$30 to \$70, in Cincinnati from \$25 to \$50, in Chicago from \$40 to \$80, in St. Louis from \$20 to \$45, and in San Francisco from \$40 to \$65.

White paper bills cut a big figure in the outlay of the newspaper publisher. Here are a few of the annual items of expense: New York *World*, \$667,500; Boston *Globe*, \$326,000; Chicago *News*, \$324,000; Philadelphia *Press*, \$245,000; Boston *Herald*, \$315,000; Cincinnati *Enquirer*, \$252,000. It is to be remembered that circulation is not the only factor which determines the amount of the publishers' white-paper bills. Both the size of the sheet issued and the quality of the paper used are material considerations.

Besides this composition bills amount to a great deal annually. Here are a few of the weekly bills upon some of the leading dailies: New York *World*, \$6,900; Cincinnati *Enquirer*, \$3,200; New York *Herald*, \$3,780; Boston *Globe*, \$4,100. The New York *Sun* pays \$140 per week to proofreaders; the New York *Times* and New York *Tribune*, \$245 each, and the New York *Herald* and New York *World*, \$315 each. A new "dress" of type for the New York *Times* or New York *Tribune* costs \$12,000; for the New York *Herald*, \$15,000, including mailing type; and for the New York *World*, \$13,890, including mailing type. As a rule, new type is purchased annually.

Newspapers have two sources of income, advertisements and sales of copies. The former is greater than the latter, but not in a proportion so overwhelming as is generally supposed. Most dailies in our largest cities realize an income in about the proportion of two-thirds from advertising to one-third from subscriptions and sales. The value of great newspaper plants is difficult to arrive at. A rule is to value the good will a quantity which does not include building, outfit or machinery, at the sum of the profits during the preceding five years. Joseph Pulitzer estimates that the product of American journalism foots up \$100,000,000 yearly.

Never before was newspaper competition so fierce as now. Vast investments are at stake and the best brains are commanded at salaries which, already high, are steadily growing higher. Yet here is the opinion of George W. Childs:

"In my twenty-five years' experience I have never seen a daily newspaper injured by competition. If a paper degenerates, as many have done within my recollection, the cause is always to be found inside, not outside, its own office. I have seen one publisher take another publisher's business, never though, because of the superior ability of the former, but always because of the marked incompetence of the latter. Daily papers sometimes die of dry-rot, sometimes reach the Sheriff's hands through political blunders, internal quarrels, or jealous ambitions; but a

paper that is successful, wide-awake, and honest can never be injured by competition, however fierce.

A Rich Man's Advice.

Russel Sage, who is supposed to be worth fifty million dollars and who is one of the most notable examples in America, of a self-made man, is believed to have more ready money than any other individual in the world. There are, of course, larger fortunes than Mr. Sage's, but they are invested in securities, in property, or in business. Mr. Sage keeps so much money on hand that he may profitably accommodate men and corporations that require loans from time to time.

When asked by the New York *Herald*, Mr. Sage said that any man of good intelligence can accumulate a fortune, by adopting three principles—industry, economy, and patience. He places no reliance on luck. A man must so conduct himself as to command the respect and confidence of all with whom he comes in contact. To disregard the opinions of others is simply to invite failure.

Then he says that without economy no man can succeed in even circumstances where there are large gains. It is the careful, prudent way that makes a man master of the business situation. This is true not only in business, but also in politics, in religion and in every interest of life.

What a man saves is of far more importance than what he makes. What a man should save must be governed by circumstances. There can be no fast and bound rule in this case. Men's surroundings so vary that the rule which would fit one case would not suit another. Still it is safe to advise a young man to save all he can, and to assure him that the saving of his first hundred dollars will teach him to save the second, and to proceed on that course until he has laid the foundation for a large fortune.

Very properly in this connection great stress is laid on the fact that a man's health has much to do with his success in life, and that therefore it is his duty to look well after his bodily condition. Ill health will deprive him of energy and therefore of success.

But economy and good health are not the only requisites. A man must also be intelligent. He must read books and newspapers and keep generally posted on the topics of the day and the course of human events. The learning which a young man acquires in his own room is far more lasting and robust than that which is obtained by a hotbed action in an institution of culture.

One of the wealthiest men in America recently said that he considered intemperance the greatest cause of poverty. Mr. Sage regards the lack of intelligence, coupled with a lack of industry and economy, as a much greater cause. Close application is necessary in every business, and with this, if the ordinary personal business qualities can be found there is no reason why success should not be obtained.

The Judge and the Confidence Operator.

Chief Justice Beasley, of New Jersey who rides himself on the novel character of his dress and appearance, while on a visit to this city the other day, during the later hours of the afternoon, standing on the steps of an uptown hotel, when he was accosted by a perfect stranger, whom he at once sized up as a confidence operator.

"It has been a long time since we met," said the newcomer, in an affable manner.

"Yes," said the Chief Justice, musingly, "quite a long time."

"Are you enjoying yourself as usual?" asked the man, evidently feeling for an opportunity to run in his little game.

"Yes, as usual," answered the Chief Justice with a sunny smile.

"Still in the same old business, eh?"

"Yes, still in the same old business."

"What business is it? It's been so long since I've seen you that I declare I've quite forgotten." The Chief Justice's eyes sparkled merrily as he replied, with an assumption of innocence which would have done credit to a first-class actor:

"Sending rogues to jail."

The confidence man stared at him and then suddenly shot down the street while the Chief Justice looked after him with all the innocence and benevolence of a Jersey farmer totally ignorant of city wiles and delusions.—*New York Star*.

Playing a Racket.

Among the personal effects of a young man arrested for drunkenness the other day, was a bank check for \$3,000. It was plain enough to the officers that the paper was n. g., and when the young man sobered up he was accused of being in the confidence racket.

"Oh, come now, he replied, "I am straight and all right. That was a little racket on my own account."

"How?"

"Why, I'm going with a girl who loves me for myself alone, but her mother looks at the cash side of the question."

"And you filled out this check to deceive her?"

"That's what I did. I showed her that I had \$3,000 in bank, but what did she do but post right down there and find out that I didn't have a hair-pin on deposit."

"And what?"

"Why, that's how I came to get drunk. She showed me the door, and I found the gate myself. I knew from the way she whistled for the dog that the syndicate was busted, and so I went to ruin at the nearest saloon."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Mr. Meeson's Will.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"This," said his lordship, in giving his decision, "is a very curious point, and one which, when first raised by the learned attorney general, struck me with some force; but, on considering it and hearing Mr. Short, I am convinced that it is an objection that cannot be supported" (here Eustace gave a sigh of relief). "It is argued on the part of the defendant that Miss Smithers is, for the purposes of this case, a document, and nothing but a document, and as such that her mouth is shut. Now I think that the learned attorney general cannot have thought this matter out when he came to that conclusion. What are the circumstances? A will is supposed to have been tattooed upon this lady's skin; but is the skin the whole person? Does not the intelligence remain, and the individuality? I think that I can put what I mean more clearly by means of an illustration. Let us suppose that I were to uphold the defendant's objection, and that, as a consequence, the plaintiff's case were to break down. Then let us suppose that the plaintiff had persuaded the witness to be skinned"—(here Augusta nearly jumped from her seat)—"and that she, having survived the operation, was again tendered to the court as a witness, would the court then be able, under any possibility, to refuse to accept her evidence? The document, in the form of human parchment, would then be in the hands of the officers of the court, and the person from whom the parchment had been removed would also be before the court. Could it be still maintained that the two were so identical and inseparable that the disabilities attaching to a document must necessarily attach to the person? In my opinion, certainly not. Or, to take another case, let us suppose that the will had been tattooed upon the leg of the person, and, under similar circumstances, the leg were cut off and produced before the court, either in a flesh or a mummified condition, could it then be seriously advanced that because the inscribed leg—standing on the table before the court—had once belonged to the witness sitting in the witness box, therefore it was not competent for the witness to give evidence on account of his or her documentary attributes? Certainly it could not. Therefore, it seems to me that that which is separable must, for the purposes of law, be taken as already separated, and that the will on the back of this witness must be looked upon as though it were in the hands, at this moment, of the officers of the court, and, consequently, I overrule this objection."

"Will your lordship take a note of your lordship's decision?" asked the attorney general, in view of an appeal.

"Certainly," Mr. Attorney. Let this witness be sworn."

CHAPTER XXI. GRANT AS PRAYED.

Accordingly Augusta was sworn, and Eustace observed that when she removed her veil to kiss the book the sight of her sweet face produced no small effect upon the crowded court.

Then James began his examination in chief, and, following the lines which he had laid down in his opening speech, led her slowly, while allowing her to tell her own story as much as possible, to the time of the tattooing of the will on Kerguelen Land. All along the history had evidently interested everybody in the court—not excepting the judge—intensely; but now the excitement rose to boiling point.

"Well," said James, "tell his lordship exactly how it came to pass that the will of Mr. Meeson was tattooed upon your shoulders."

In quiet, but dramatic language, Augusta accordingly narrated every detail, from the time when Meeson confided to her his remorse at having disinherited his nephew up to the execution of the will, at her suggestion, by the sailor upon her own shoulders.

"And now, Miss Smithers," said James, when she had done, "I am very sorry to do so, but I must ask you to exhibit the document to the court."

Poor Augusta colored up, and her eyes filled with tears, as she slowly undid the dust cloak which hid her shoulders (for, of course, she had come in low dress). The judge, looking up sharply, observed her natural distress.

"If you prefer it, Miss Smithers," said his lordship, courteously, "I will order the court to be cleared of every one except those who are actually engaged in the case."

At these ominous words a shudder of disgust passed through the densely packed ranks. It would, indeed, they felt, after all their striving, be hard if they were deprived of the sight of Augusta's shoulders; and they stared at her despairingly to see what she would answer.

"I thank your lordship," she said, with a little bow, "but there would still be so many left that I do not think that it would greatly matter. I hope that everybody will understand my position, and extend their consideration to me."

"Very well," said the judge, and without further ado she took off the cloak and the silk handkerchief beneath it, and stood before the court dressed in a low black dress.

"I am afraid that I must ask you to come up here," said his lordship. Accordingly she walked round, mounted the bench, and turned her back to the judge, in order that he might examine what was written on it. This he did very carefully, with the aid of a magnifying glass, referring now and again to the photographic copy which Dr. Probate had filed in the registry.

"Thank you," he said, presently; "that will do. I am afraid that the learned counsel below will wish to have an opportunity of inspection."

So Augusta had to descend, and slowly walk along the ranks, stopping before every learned leader to be carefully examined, while hundreds of eager eyes in the background were fixed upon her unfortunate shoulders. However, at last it came to an end.

"That will do, Miss Smithers," said the judge, for whose consideration she felt deeply grateful; "you can put on your cloak again now." Accordingly she clothed herself, and re-entered the box.

"The document which you have just shown the court, Miss Smithers," said James, "is the one which was executed upon your back in Kerguelen Land on or about the 22d day of December, last year?"

"It is."

"It was, I understand, executed in the presence of the testator and the two attesting witnesses, all three being present together, and the signature of each being tattooed in the presence of the other?"

"It was."

"Was the testator, so far as you could judge at the time of the dictation and execution of the will, of sound mind, memory and understanding?"

"Most certainly he was."

"Did you, beyond the suggestions of which you have already given evidence, in any way unduly influence the testator's mind, so as to induce him to make this will?"

"I did not."

"And to those facts you swear?"

"I do."

Then he passed on to the history of the death of the two sailors who had attested the will, and to the account of Augusta's ultimate rescue, finally closing his examination in chief just as the clock struck four, whereon the court adjourned till the following day.

As may be imagined, though things had gone fairly well so far, nobody concerned of our party passed an overcomfortable night. The strain was too great to admit of it, and really they were all glad to find themselves in the court—which was, if possible, even more crowded on the following morning—filled with the hope that the day might see the matter decided one way or the other.

As soon as the judge had come in Augusta resumed her place in the witness box and the attorney general rose to cross-examine her.

"You told the court, Miss Smithers, at the conclusion of your evidence, that you are now engaged to be married to Mr. Meeson, the plaintiff. Now, I am sorry to have to put a personal question to you, but I must ask you, were you, at the time of the tattooing of the will, in love with Mr. Meeson?"

This was a home thrust, and poor Augusta colored up beneath it; however, her native wit came to her aid.

"If you will define, sir, what being in love is, I will do my best to answer your question," she said. Whereat the audience, including his lordship, smiled.

The attorney general looked puzzled, as well he might, for there are some things which are beyond the learning of even an attorney general.

"Well," he said, "were you matrimonially inclined toward Mr. Meeson?"

"Surely, Mr. Attorney General," said the judge, "the one thing does not necessarily include the other."

"I bow to your lordship's experience," said Mr. Attorney, tartly. "Perhaps I had better put my question this way—Had you, at that time, any prospect of becoming engaged to the plaintiff?"

"None whatever."

"Did you submit to this tattooing, which must have been painful, with a view of becoming engaged to the plaintiff?"

"Certainly not. I may point out," she added, with hesitation, "that such a disfigurement is not likely to add to anybody's attractions."

"Please answer my questions, Miss Smithers, and do not comment on them. How did you come, then, to submit yourself to such a disagreeable operation?"

"I submitted to it because I thought it right to do so, there being no other apparent means at hand of attaining the late Mr. Meeson's end. Also—and she paused.

"Also what?"

"Also I had a regard for Mr. Eustace Meeson, and I knew that he had lost his inheritance through a quarrel about himself."

"Ah! now we are coming to it. Then you were tattooed out of regard for the plaintiff, and not purely in the interest of justice?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Well, Mr. Attorney," interposed the judge, "and what if she was?"

"My object, my lord, was to show that this young lady was not the purely impassive medium in this matter that my learned friend, Mr. Short, would lead the court to believe. She was acting from motive."

"Most people do," said the judge, dryly. "But it does not follow that the motive was an improper one."

Then the learned gentleman continued his cross-examination, directing all the ingenuity of his practiced mind to trying to prove by Augusta's admissions, first, that the testator was acting under the undue influence of herself; and, secondly, that when the will was executed he was non compos mentis. To this end he dwelt at great length on every detail of the events between the tattooing of the will and the death of the testator on the following day, making as much as was possible out of the fact that he died in a fit of mania. But, do what he would, he could not shake her evidence upon any material point, and when, at last, she sat down, James Short felt that his case had not received any serious blow.

Then, a few more questions having been asked in cross-examination by various other counsel, James rose to re-examine, and, with the object of rebutting the presumption of the testator's mental unsoundness, made Augusta repeat all the details of the confession that the late publisher had made to her as regards his methods of trading. It was beautiful to see the fury and horror portrayed upon the countenances of the choleric Mr. Addison and the cadaverous Mr. Roscoe when they saw the most cherished secrets of the customs of the trade, as practiced at Meeson's, thus paraded in the open light

of any, while a dozen well-patched reporters took every detail down.

Then, at last, Augusta was told to stand down, which she did thankfully enough, and Mrs. Thomas, the wife of Capt. Thomas, was called. She proved the finding of Augusta on the island, and that she had seen the hat of one of the sailors, and the rum cask two-thirds empty, and also produced the shell out of which the men had drunk the rum (which shell the judge recalled Augusta to identify). What was most important, however, was that she gave the most distinct evidence that she had herself seen the late Mr. Meeson interred, and identified the body as that of the late publisher by picking out his photograph from among a bundle of a dozen that were handed to her. Also she swore that when Augusta came aboard the whaler the tattoo marks on her back were not healed.

No cross-examination of the witness worth the name having been attempted, James called a clerk from the office of the late owners of the R. M. S. Kangaroo, who produced the roll of the ship, on which the names of two sailors, Johnnie Butt and Bill Jones, duly appeared.

This closed the plaintiff's case, and the attorney general at once proceeded to call his witnesses, reserving his remarks till the conclusion of the evidence. He had only two witnesses—Mr. Todd, the lawyer, who drew and attested the will of Nov. 10, and his clerk, who also attested it, and their examination did not take long. In cross-examination, however, both these witnesses admitted that the testator was in a great state of passion when he executed the will, and gave details of the lively scene that then occurred.

Then the attorney general rose to address the court for the defendants. He said there were two questions before the court, reserving, for the present, the question as to the admissibility of the evidence of Augusta Smithers; and those were—first, did the tattoo marks upon the lady's back constitute a will at all; and, secondly, supposing that they did, was it proved to the satisfaction of the court that these undated marks were duly executed by a sane and uninfluenced man, in the presence of the witnesses, as required by the statute. He maintained, in the first place, that these marks were no will within the meaning of the statute; but, feeling that he was not on very sound ground on this point, quickly passed on to the other aspects of the case. With much force and ability he dwelt upon the strangeness of the whole story, and how it rested solely upon the evidence of one witness, Augusta Smithers. It was only if the court accepted her evidence as it stood that it could come to the conclusion that the will was executed at all, or, indeed, that the two attesting witnesses were on the island at all. Considering the relations which existed between this witness and the plaintiff, was the court prepared to accept her evidence in this unreserved way? Was it prepared to decide that this will, in favor of a man with whom the testator had violently quarreled, and had disinherited in consequence of that quarrel, was not, if indeed it was executed at all, extorted by this lady from a weak and dying, and possibly a deranged, man? And with this question the learned gentleman sat down.

He was followed briefly by the solicitor general and Mr. Fiddlestick; but though they talked fluently enough, addressing themselves to various minor points, they had nothing fresh of interest to adduce, and, finishing at half past 3, James rose to reply on the whole case on behalf of the plaintiff.

There was a moment's pause while he was arranging his notes, and then, just as he was about to begin, the judge said, quietly, "Thank you, Mr. Short, I do not think that I need trouble you," and James sat down with a gasp, for he knew that the cause was won.

A Dove Luncheon.

A well known society woman has developed a really new idea in the way of a "dove luncheon." It has long been declared by the lady's circle of friends that she closely resembles the portraits of Marie Antoinette, and taking this as a suggestion she entertained last week a dozen friends at what she called a Louis Seize luncheon. The hostess herself was dressed in a gown that faithfully copied one of the unfortunate queen's, and each of the guests had chosen some other famous woman of that period of famous women, whom she personated in costume and coiffure. The adorning of the table and the service of the luncheon was made as consonant as possible with the rest of the affair, and the topic chosen for conversation was the women of the French revolution.—New York Evening Sun.

"Ephrum's" Incredible Meanness.

Down in Washington county I heard of an old fellow, a venerable octogenarian, who had seen his molars depart one by one, while his canines and incisors followed in mournful procession, until old age found him bereft of all his early assistants in mastication. A while ago he visited a dentist in a neighboring town and announced that he had concluded to invest in a set of false teeth, and at once began to discuss the financial points involved. During the discussion he explained why he was compelled at this late hour to make such a venture. "Yer see," said the old man, "wobbling" his toothless jaws, "I ben a-needin' suthin' o' the kind fer a long spell back, but brother Ephrum, who wuz more'n ten year older'n I be, he had a bran new pair, reg'lar double deckers they war, 'n' z Ephrum war a-ain'n' and likely wouldn't last long, I jest waited erlong fer his'n, 'n' I ben waitin' fur them teeth," disgustedly, "sence 'way back in the seventies, tell about a month ago"—here his voice took on a sarcastic tone—"Ephrum he jest couldn't stick it aout no longer, 'n' he up 'n' died. But, dern it"—indignantly—"ef he didn't emist afore he left that them that teeth should be buried along with him!—emisted on it, 'n' what's more he jest shet his mouth so ternal solid no mortal man could ha' got 'em, 'n' died so!"—Lewiston Journal.

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.

Juo 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 shoe 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, S. S. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said county, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Elizabeth Newton late of said county, deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed by order of said Probate Court for creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the shop of Alfred Congdon in the village of Chelsea in said county on Saturday the 23rd day of August and on Monday the 23rd day of November next at ten o'clock A. M. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated May 23rd, 1890.

ALFRED CONGDON, } Com.
EDWARD WARD, } Com.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, THE CIRCUIT COURT for the County of Washtenaw.
Mary Riggs, complainant.
Clara H. Riggs, } In Chancery.
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 nonresident of this state and a resident of the state of Ohio, and that the last known place of residence of the defendants, Clara H. Riggs, and Chauncey W. Riggs, was in this state, but that their present place of residence cannot be ascertained. On motion of David B. Taylor of counsel for complainant, it is ordered that the said defendants Rowena Riggs, Clara H. Riggs and Chauncey W. Riggs, cause their appearance in this cause to be entered within five months from the date of this order and that in case of their appearance 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 in default thereof said bill be taken as confessed by said nonresident defendants, and it is further ordered that within twenty days from the date hereof the said complainant cause a notice of this order to be published in the Chelsea Standard, a newspaper printed and published in said county of Washtenaw, and that the said publication be continued in said paper at least once in each week for six weeks in succession.

EDWARD D. KINNE, Circuit Judge.
(A true copy.)
FRED A. HOWLITT, Register.
D. B. TAYLOR, Solicitor for Complainant.

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

Dated, Ann Arbor, May 9, A. D., 1890.
J. WILGARD BARRETT, Judge of Probate.

CHANCERY NOTICE.

In pursuance and by virtue of a final order and decree of the circuit court for the county of Washtenaw, in chancery, in the state of Michigan, made, dated and entered on the twentieth day of January, A. D. 1890, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein James L. Babcock, Lewis W. James and Thomas S. Sears, executors of the last will and testament of Luther James, deceased, are complainants, and Michael Keck, Jacob Fred Keck, Michael Keck, jun., Christiana Keck, and John Martin Keck, are defendants.

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

PATRICK MCKERNAN,
Circuit Court Commissioner,
Washtenaw County, Mich.
TURNBULL & WILKINSON,
Solicitors for Complainants.

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 and seventy and 34/100 dollars for principal and interest and thirty dollars as an attorney fee as provided by law and whereas no suit or proceeding at law or in equity has been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of said power of sale and the laws of this state on Saturday, the 28th day of June, 1890, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the east front door of the court house, in the city of Ann Arbor, County of Washtenaw, state of Michigan, shall be the place where the circuit court for said county of Washtenaw is held, it will sell by public vendue to the highest bidder, of or 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: The north-east quarter of section 32, of 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.
TURNBULL & WILKINSON,
Attorneys for mortgagee.