



### CHELSEA STANDARD.

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

100 PER YEAR STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

### ADVERTISING RATES.

| FOR DISPLAY ADVERTISEMENTS. | 1 Mo.   | 3 Mos.  | 6 Mos.  | 1 Year. |
|-----------------------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| Col.                        | \$12.00 | \$24.00 | \$42.00 | \$72.00 |
| Col.                        | 9.60    | 14.40   | 24.00   | 42.00   |
| Col.                        | 6.00    | 9.60    | 14.40   | 24.00   |
| Line                        | 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.

### PALMER & WRIGHT, PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

OFFICE OVER GLAZIER'S DRUGSTORE  
OFFICE HOURS:  
Dr. Palmer's, 10 to 1, a. m., 4 to 6 p. m.  
Dr. Wright, 7:30 to 10, a. m., 1 to 3, p. m.

### H. L. WILLIAMS, DENTIST,

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

### THE BEST ICE CREAM

—AND—  
**MILK SHAKE**

—AT—  
**CASPARY'S BAKERY.**

**PEERLESS DYES BEST FOR BLACK STOCKINGS.**  
Made in 40 Colors that neither smut, wash out nor fade.  
Sold by Druggists. Also Peerless Bronze Paints—6 colors. Peerless Laundry Bluing. Peerless Ink Powders—7 colors. Peerless Shoe & Harness Dressing. Peerless Egg Dyes—8 colors.

**THE BEST**  
One of the best eye medicines in the world. Our facilities are unequalled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send FREE to every person in each locality, a copy of our catalogue. Write to us at once and we will send you the catalogue. All you have to do is return to show our goods to those who call your neighbors. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to about the fifth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, so large as to be easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from \$25 to \$50 a day at least, from the start, without any previous experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address: H. HALLETT & CO., Box 2505, PORTLAND, MAINE.

### REST FOR THE NERVES.

The Importance of Occasional Absolute Cessation of Work.  
As there are so many degrees of nervous exhaustion, so are there many methods of restoration. What would be pleasant exercise to one might prove laborious exertion to another, and what would be soothing to one might be irritating to another. In all cases, however, complete nerve rest implies the maintenance of agreeable sensation and the avoidance of nervous agitation. It may not be possible to obtain such absolute rest as is here indicated, but the aim of treatment is to secure as near an approach to it as can be attained by legitimate means. No means are used which might injure the general health. The fact that women are more liable

than men to the severer forms of nervous exhaustion is one reason why the cases quoted are chiefly those of women. Another reason is that in men it is rarely possible to study this stage of the disease uncomplicated by the effects of alcoholic indulgence. Most men who find themselves becoming victims of nervousness endeavor to escape the worries of life by taking refuge in drink, so that they usually bring upon themselves other diseases of alcoholic origin. In women this was not formerly the habit, but there is reason to believe that the late increase of inebriety among them is largely due to the spread of nervous exhaustion. On the other hand, there are many cases in both sexes where alcoholic indulgence has undoubtedly been the chief cause of the ailment. Although the most severe forms of this disease have alone been discussed, it must not be supposed that milder forms do not also require special nerve rest. This can not be secured without more or less change being made in the ordinary mode of life. Nervous agitation is the chief cause of nervous exhaustion. It is almost impossible even for a healthy man to avoid a certain amount of agitation in connection with his affairs, while for the nervous man it is absolutely impossible. For the latter, therefore, a frequent holiday is essential. The way of spending such a holiday is a matter of urgent importance. Many nervous sufferers return home worse than when they left. They climb mountains in Switzerland when they ought to be loitering on the seashore or lounging on the deck of an ocean steamer. They rise early "to make the best of to-day" when they had better lie several hours longer to fix the benefits of yesterday. Like the unskilled rider, who dismounts for relief, they are frequently driven to bed to recover from their holiday exertions. The amount of exercise must be regulated by its effect on head or spine. Mere muscular fatigue may be overcome by regular walking, but nervous fatigue must be entirely avoided. If the patient can not take sufficient exercise to sustain his appetite and digestion, he had better undergo an hour's massage daily. And when he has once gained the power of walking from five to ten miles a day without fatigue of head or spine, he ought, by constant practice, to endeavor to retain it. There is no better preventive of nervous exhaustion than regular, unburdened, muscular exercise. If we could moderate our hurry, lessen our worry and increase our open-air exercise, a large portion of nervous diseases would be abolished. For those who can not get a sufficient holiday, the best substitute is an occasional day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily vocation have discovered this for themselves. A Spanish merchant in Barcelona told his medical man that he always went to bed for two or three days whenever he could be spared from his business, and he laughed at those who spent their holidays on toilsome mountains. One of the hardest-worked women in England, who has for many years conducted a large wholesale business, retains excellent nerves at an advanced age, owing, it is believed, to her habit of taking one day a week in bed. If we can not avoid frequent agitation, we ought, if possible, to give the nervous system time to recover itself between the shocks. Even an hour's seclusion after a good lunch will deprive a hurried, anxious day of much of its injury. The nerves can often be overcome by stratagem when they refuse to be controlled by strength of will.—American Analyst.

cities and spice gardens of the south. One such invasion is alluded to in an inscription which was copied by M. Halevy. The inscription belongs to the closing days of the Minoan Kingdom, and after describing how the gods had delivered its dedicators from a raiding attack on the part of the tribes of Saba and Khaulan, or Havilah, goes on to speak of their further deliverance from danger in "the midst of Misr," or Egypt, when there was war between the latter country and the land of Mazl, which Dr. Glaser would identify with the Edomite tribe of Mizah (Genesis xxxvi. 13). There was yet a third occasion, however, on which the dedicators had been rescued by their deities, 'Athtar, Wadd and Nikrah; this was when war had broken out between the rulers of the south and of the north. If the rulers of the south were the Princes of Ma'in, whose power extended to Gaza, the rulers of the north ought to be found in Egypt or Palestine. Future research may tell us who they were and when they lived.

### TO CURE FROWNING.

A Bad Habit That Makes the Face Look Ten Years Older.  
A great many earnest thinkers, especially those of a nervous temperament, fall in the habit of scowling when they read, write or talk seriously. This causes two little perpendicular lines to plow in between the eyes. You will notice these lines in portraits of the first Napoleon, Bismarck, the late Emperor William, Whittier and thousands of others. The effect, as of all wrinkles and distortions, is to make the face ten years older.

Now, this does not so much matter in a man, to whom good looks are of small concern, but it is a blemish on a girl's face. This habit of scowling or frowning is a habit almost impossible to correct, once formed, and it is a habit formed by a great many young people. Even in sleep their brows will be drawn together in this little frown that is an aider and abettor of age.

A smooth, white brow is one of the greatest attractions in a girl's face, and it is a shame that more attention is not paid to the correction of the bad habit. It is not so difficult if taken at the beginning. Practice speaking without moving any thing but the lips, and avoid raising and depressing the eyebrows while laughing or talking. A calm and even tone and avoidance of fits of temper will save many a wrinkle.

If the lines are already there it is sometimes possible to remove them by mechanical means. A bright, studious girl found herself the victim of this scowl, which had already made two fine hair lines in her white brow. She set herself to work to cure the habit by setting her mirror before her face when she read, wrote or studied; but as this distracted her attention from her work, she finally placed a ribbon band tightly across her brow, tying it in a knot at the back of her head, and at night she slept in the band.

After several months the little hair lines disappeared from her pretty forehead, and she is quite cured of the disfiguring habit.  
But the best plan is to avoid these marks. Don't frown. Check yourself and have your friends check you. Like all bad habits it will become less and less difficult to overcome with each effort, and in the end it will disappear entirely.—Golden Days.

The Domestic of the Period.  
"Mr. Hankinson, you will excuse me if I receive you in the dining-room this evening."  
"Don't mention it, Miss Kajones. It is much more cozy and homelike."  
"It is not on that account, Mr. Hankinson, but Bridget has gone into the parlor to take a nap on the lounge and given orders that she must not be disturbed."—Chicago Tribune.

"You ought to support a good county fair here," said the new pastor, "you have a rich county and—" "Tain't no use," replied the Mayor. "We did try to organize, but the ground is too rolling; ain't a place in the county where we could lay out a good mile track."—Burdette.

## 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.**

## A WHOLE SET OF DISHES AND A Pound of Baking Powder

FOR ONLY  
**FIFTY CENTS,**  
AT THE  
**STANDARD GROCERY HOUSE.**

### CHELSEA ROLLER MILLS MARKET REPORT.

Corrected Weekly by Cooper & Wood

|  |             |
|--|-------------|
| Roller Patent, per hundred,.....         | \$2.80      |
| Housekeeper's Delight, per hundred,..... | 2.50        |
| Superior, per hundred,.....              | 1.50        |
| Corn Meal, bolted, per hundred,.....     | 1.40        |
| Corn Meal, coarse, per hundred,.....     | .90         |
| Feed, corn and oats, per ton.....        | 17.00       |
| Bran, per ton,.....                      | 15.00       |
| Special Feed (Rye, Oats and Corn),.....  | 75c per 100 |

No short weights.

## TRY THE STANDARD COFFEE 25 CTS.





FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1890.

**COUNTY CIRCUMSTANCES.**

Carefully Culled, Clipped, Cured—  
Softly Served Subscribers.

"I will be a sister to you," she said.  
"No," he replied sadly: I have got one sister who wears my neckties, borrows car-fare, loses my hair brush, puts tidies all over the furniture in my room and expects me to take her to the theater twice a week. I think I will go into the world and forget you.—Stolen.

An exchange says: The question has been asked us whether there is a law against playing ball on Sunday. Sec. 2015 of Howell's compiled laws says that no person shall take part in any sport, game or play on the first day of the week. And every person so offending shall be punished by a fine not exceeding \$10 for each offence.

Harry Sayles, the evangelist, closed a two week's series of meetings last Sunday evening with a result of nearly fifty conversions.—Stockbridge Sun. Trust they are "conversions," but such things are rare occurrences, now. Those fifty converts ought to be able to convert that board of yours which allows a saloon to come in, with a \$3,000 bond, and probably any one on the bond who wants to sign it.

Sunday afternoon last, about an hour after services closed, the Michigan Centre church, in which Dr. Holmes preaches, was struck by lightning, and the tip of the steeple fired. The rain kept the flames from spreading on the outside, while men climbed up the inside and with dippers kept the flames from coming down, finally extinguishing them. A lady was also struck, severely burning the right side of her body and limb.

A young man who went "west" filled with enthusiasm and a desire to "grow up with the country," surprised his friends by returning home after an absence of several weeks. He said that while he was out land hunting in what he thought was the garden spot of America, he came across a boarded up claim shanty. On the boards nailed across the door he found this inscription, which accounted for his unexpected return: "Fore miles from a hayber, 16 miles from a post-office, 20 miles from a raleroad, a hundred and atey miles from water. There's no place like home, we've gone east to spend the winter with my wife's folks."—Ex.

Calvin Bliss, after doing business in Ann Arbor for 56 years has sold out his jewelry store to his son Gilbert, and retires from active life. Mr. Bliss came to this city in July, 1834, and at that time was the only jeweler in the United States west of Detroit. Chicago was then merely a trading station. He had served six years at his trade before coming here, and is today the oldest known jeweler in the United States in continuous service. He retires from business hale and hearty for one of his years. Mr. Bliss was the youngest of 13 children, and his father was a lieutenant in the revolutionary war.—Democrat.

Every honest, reflecting mind knows that the local newspaper adds much to the wealth and prosperity of the place as well as increasing the reputation of the place abroad. It benefits all who have business in the place, enhances the value of property, besides being a public convenience. It increases trade, it saves you from loss, it warns you against danger, it points out your different advantages and your profit. If you want such a paper, support it by advertising your business in it; assist in increasing its circulation by getting your neighbor to subscribe for it. If you want such a paper you must not consider it an act of charity to support it, but a means to increase your own wealth as well as the wealth of the place in which you live; therefore support it by advertising and subscribing and paying for it.—Stolen.

The STANDARD one year and the Detroit Free Press four months for \$1.25. Pay your subscription now and get the opening chapters of the Free Press \$1,600 prize story "The Captain of Co. K."

**Acquiring Information**  
"Excuse me, sir," he said as he stepped into the office, "but do you carry any life insurance?"  
"I'd like to answer that question by asking another," said the merchant.  
"Do you carry any fire insurance?"  
"Why, no. I—"  
"Well, if you go out quietly you won't be fired, that's all."

**COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.**

Chelsea, June 5, 1890.

Board met in W. J. Knapp hardware. Meeting called to order by president. Roll call by the clerk:

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

Minutes of meeting May 21, also May 29 read and approved.

Moved and carried to make the license to the book sellers \$10 for second week. On motion the following bills were allowed and orders to be drawn on the treasurer for the amount less taxes.

|                                 |         |
|---------------------------------|---------|
| Wm. Bacon, tile and lumber      | \$57.55 |
| A. Allison, notices             | 1.00    |
| F. P. Glazier, one book         | 45      |
| W. J. Knapp, paying freight     | 1.50    |
| Jame Geddis jr., work on road   | 2.50    |
| Ch. VanOrden                    | 2.50    |
| S. VanRiper                     | 2.50    |
| Ben Hawley                      | 63      |
| Ed Winters                      | 63      |
| H. Lighthall                    | 28.62   |
| Arthur Hunter                   | 2.50    |
| H Lighthall, 41 loads of gravel | 20.50   |

On motion the board adjourned.  
FRED VOGEL, Clerk.

Chelsea, June 19, 1890.

Board met in council room. Meeting called to order by president. Roll call by clerk.

Present, W. J. Knapp, President, Trustees, H. S. Holmes, W. Bacon, H. Lighthall, G. H. Kempf, G. J. Crowell. Absent, W. F. Riemenschneider.

Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

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

|                                   |         |
|-----------------------------------|---------|
| Martin McKone, 24 loads gravel    | \$12.00 |
| J. P. Wood, 63 loads of earth     | 6.30    |
| James Leach, 7 loads gravel       | 3.50    |
| R. B. Gates 21                    | 10.50   |
| Walter Leach 13                   | 21.50   |
| A Congdon 13                      | 6.50    |
| Wm. Emmert printing first quarter | 5.00    |
| H Lighthall, work on road         | 14.75   |

Motion made, and carried that the time to collect taxes be extended to the 1st of August.  
On motion the board adjourned.  
FRED VOGEL, Clerk.

**Lima Luminations.**

George Mitchell has some fine red raspberries.

Telephone Lodge elected new officers last Thursday night.

The wind did considerable damage around here, Monday afternoon.

Mrs. M. Ormsby and children, of Pontiac, are visiting relatives here.

S. J. Guerin and family, of Ann Arbor, spent Sunday at O. B. Guerin's.

Mrs. A. B. Storms and children, of Hudson are visiting I. Storms and family.

Mrs. Chas. Guerin has had another stroke of paralysis. She is with her daughter, Mrs. A. Holden, at Sharon.

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

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

In Chancery.  
Suit pending in the circuit court for the county of Washtenaw in chancery. At Ann Arbor on the 10th day of June, 1890, it satisfactorily appearing to this court by affidavit on file that the defendant, Rowena Riggs, is a non-resident of this state and a resident of the state of Ohio, and that the last known place of residence of said defendant is Rowena Riggs, 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 non-resident defendants, and it is further ordered that within twenty days from the date hereof the said complainant cause a notice of this order to be published in the Chelsea Standard, a newspaper 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. HOWELL, Register.  
D. B. TAYLOR, Solicitor for Complainant.

**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.**

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

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

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

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

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

**STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW.** 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 9, 1890.  
SAMUEL GUTHRIE, Com.  
GEO. E. DAVIS.

**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.

**Real Estate For Sale.**

**STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss.**

In the matter of the estate of Calvin Pratt, deceased. Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned administrator of the estate of said deceased by the Honorable Judge of Probate, for the County of Jackson, on the 23rd day of June A. D. 1890, there will be sold at public vendue to the highest bidder at the office of Turnbull & Wilkinson in the village of Chelsea, in the County of Washtenaw, in said state, on Tuesday, the 19th day of August, A. D. 1890, at one o'clock in the afternoon of that day, subject to all the encumbrances, by mortgage or otherwise existing at the time of the death of said deceased or at the time of such sale, the following described real estate, to-wit:

First. An undivided right title and interest in a certain farm situated in the township of Sylvan, county of Washtenaw, Michigan, and particularly described as follows, viz: (the undivided one-half of) the south half of the south east quarter, and the south half of the east half of the southwest quarter (and the undivided five-twelfths (5-12) of) the north half of said southeast quarter and north half of east half of said south west quarter and the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section (28) twenty-eight, in said township of Sylvan containing in all, two hundred and eighty acres occupied as one farm, and subject to the dower of Cornelia Pratt, widow of Solomon Pratt, deceased.

Second. The undivided five-twelfths (5-12) of lots six, seven, eight and nine, of block twelve; lot one block thirteen, and lots four, five, six and seven of block seventeen, and all the land embraced within and adjoining said lots, originally laid out for street purposes, but never opened or used by the public, situated in the township of Sylvan, Washtenaw county, according to the recorded plat of the village of Sylvan, all enclosed and occupied as one parcel and subject to the dower of Cornelia Pratt, wife of Solomon Pratt, deceased.

Third. The undivided five-twelfths (5-12) of all that part of the west half of the southeast quarter of section twenty-

one in said township of Sylvan in said Washtenaw county, which lies north of the territorial road and that part of the said west half of the southeast quarter of said section twenty-one lying south of the territorial road bounded on the west by Hugh McNally's land, on the east by John Knoll's land, on the south by the section line, and on the north by said territorial road, and the south ten acres of the west half of the northeast quarter of said section twenty-one, containing fifty acres, more or less, and used and occupied together for farming purposes.

Fourth. The undivided one-half of the following described pieces or parcels of land situated in the said township of Sylvan particularly described as follows, viz: the west half of the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section twenty-two, also about six acres of land north of the territorial road as conveyed by Elibu Frisbie to Horace G. Holcomb, being a part of the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of said section twenty-two. Also commencing at the northeast corner of section twenty-one and running thence westward along the north line of said section twenty-one, five chains, thence south parallel with the east line of said section twenty-one, twenty-seven chains and eight links to the north line of lot six, block eight, of the village of Sylvan thence eastward along the north line of said lot six, eighty and one-half links to the northeast corner thereof, thence southward along the east line of lots six and eleven of said block eight, four chains and fifty links to the centre of Main street, thence eastward along the centre of Main street two chains and thirty-two links to the section line, thence north along the east line of said section twenty-one, twenty-nine chains and twenty-nine links to the place of beginning. Also village lots number nine and ten of block ten according to the recorded plat of said village of Sylvan, containing in all forty-three acres of land be the same more or less, all said described parcels being enclosed and occupied for farming purposes as one parcel.

Dated July 3rd, 1890.  
WELLS PRATT,  
Administrator.



**THIS LITTLE ONE IS HAPPY!**

Yes, there is no reason why all can not be happy, and enjoy the good things of this earth. Many persons think that wealth is happiness in itself, but if you will look about you, you will notice that the poorer classes usually enjoy themselves the most. Why? Because they have no fear that they will lose money, or not make more. They are content if they make an honest living without robbing some one else.

Another reason is, that they usually pay cash for what they buy, thus saving not only on what they consume, but they do not spend money for foolish purposes.

We claim that the merchant who sells for cash only, is a public benefactor in two ways: first, he saves the buyer money on the goods he consumes, and secondly he teaches economy.

True, it is no disgrace to have money and accumulate something for a "rainy" day. If you are inclined to save something by buying good goods at right prices, and for cash or eggs, call on the Standard Grocery House, Wm. Emmert, proprietor, corner Main and Park streets.

TRAINS LEAVE;

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

LOCAL, NEWSY ITEMS.

picked up White Roaming Around This Most Beautiful Village.

A sow and pigs for sale. Apply to D. B. Taylor.

Hamilton park at Ann Arbor, is to have an artificial pond 380 feet long.

No services at the congregational church last Sunday evening. Too hot.

Pinckney is overrun with burdock. Why not make bitters of them?

Mrs. Shurtleff, widow of ex-supervisor Sheldon Shurtleff, died Monday last.

Miss Sophia Meyers, aged 19, died recently at her home in Lodi, of neuralgia.

The University conferred more degrees this year than ever before in its history.

Fred. Gauntlett has opened a grocery store at Saline. Fred is a fine young man.

Mrs. Staffan will sell millinery goods at a great reduction from now on. Give her a call.

A great many people took advantage of the cheap railroad rates to visit friends at a distance.

Watermelons made their appearance in this market last Saturday, selling at fifty cents each.

The Turnbull-Wilkinson block has been furnished with awnings throughout. It presents a neat appearance.

Tuesday last, a small flood visited this village, the gutters in many places being too small to carry off the water.

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

The pupils in Miss Harrington's room gave her a pleasant surprise party last Friday evening. They had a good time.

Miss Josephine Hoppe closed a term of school in the Savage district last Friday. This closed Miss Hoppe's fourth year as teacher.

Prof. Hall wishes through these columns, in behalf of the school, to return thanks to all those who so kindly aided in the graduating exercises.

Wool is moving freer this week at from 25 to 27 cents per pound. Buyers are not anxious for it however, simply wishing to keep in the field.

Two Pinckney boys, about seven years of age, recently put some powder in an old tin can and then one touched it off. One of them, Roy Harris received the charge, burning him severely.

A tree blew down on Broadway, Saturday afternoon, as Dean & Co's delivery wagon was passing. The tree had to be cut in two to extricate the horse, which was not injured. Argus.

Saturday last was the hottest day of the season, the thermometer registering 94 degrees in the shade. It was hot again Sunday until in the afternoon, when a nice rain cooled the atmosphere.

Some one fired a large fire cracker, Saturday evening, by which a fine horse was frightened. The result was a broken thill. It's against an ordinance to fire a gun or anything of this kind in the village limits.

Already the democratic candidates for county clerk are commencing to lay their wires for the nomination. The leading candidates are ex-Mayor Beakes, and deputy clerk Brown of this city, and Dr. D. P. McLachlin of York. Register.

The teachers for the several grades of the school have been engaged except one for preceptress. The following are the names. A. A. Hall, Lucy E. Lowe, Libbie Depew, Dora Harrington, Mara Wheeler, Mary VanTyne, Sattie VanTyne.

The following is the result of the election of officers of the P. of I., of North Lake, recently: Pres., C. D. Johnson; vice pres., Wm. Stephenson; sec., Wm. Cooper; Treas., Lyman Hadley; Sentinel, Geo. Webb; Guide, Perry Noah; Minerva, Miss Lucy Webb; De-meter, Miss May Frazier.

Ann Arbor voted Monday not to expend \$5,000 on the streets.

Wanted! Fifty berry pickers on the South Lima Fruit Farm. Work for about six weeks.

Mrs. Eliza Shaw, who came to Michigan in 1835, died at Saline, last week, aged 80 years. Her husband survives her.

Sunday evening last, the young people and children of St. Mary's church consecrated themselves to the work for God. The church was well filled.

The Baptist church was crowded last Sunday evening by persons who wanted to witness the exercises by the children. The program was a fine one and nicely executed.

More law cases have been commenced in the circuit court since last October than ever before. The large number of foreclosures of mortgages accounts for this increased business. Register.

Prof. A. Sager Hall, son of Dr. Hall, of Saline, was married at Baltimore the 18th of June, to Miss May Brady, a niece of Dr. Hopkins, president of the Women's College in that city. Prof. and Mrs. Hall will spend vacation at the old home in Saline.

The Patrons of Industry of Western Washtenaw, Eastern Jackson and Northern Livingston counties, will hold a grand picnic, at North Lake, Wednesday, August 20th. The most prominent speakers of the state will be invited to be present. Music will be furnished by several bands.

A. C. Schumacher, of Eberbach & Son was presented with a silver cup by the pharmacy class of '84 at their reunion last week, as the father of the oldest child in the class, which was inscribed: "Willie, June 25, 90. Presented by the class of '84 of the U. of M. Pharmacy Department."

A severe rain and wind storm, accompanied by thunder and lightning, visited this section Monday afternoon last, doing much damage. Shade and orchard trees were split or blown down, out-buildings tipped over, while cellars and low grounds were flooded. Lightning struck a shingle in Gabriel Freer's door yard, splitting it into four pieces, but doing no further damage except severely shocking a number of persons. Wheat, corn, potatoes, barley, oats, etc., suffered by being blown down.

YOUR FOLKS AND OURS.

Casper DePuy, of Stockbridge, was in town Saturday.

Miss Dakin is a guest at the H. M. Wood's residence this week.

Tom. Speers has returned to this place during the dull season.

Mrs. Byron Wight is spending the week with Jackson relatives.

Mrs. W. P. Schenk spent the past week with parents in Grass Lake.

Prosecuting Attorney Lehman had a law case in Jackson, Monday last.

Roy Hill and Henry Stimson gave a party at the Lake last Wednesday.

Rolla Heath, of Grand Rapids, is in the village, the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong.

Mrs. Boyd and children are in Reading with relatives. They will remain several weeks.

Miss Clark, daughter of the noted orator, was the guest of Miss Mary Negus, last week.

Dr. Davis, of Grand Ledge, was in the village, Saturday the guest of his brother, Geo. Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Gould, of Howard City, Da., are being entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong.

Mrs. R. S. Armstrong returned home Saturday, after an extended visit with friends in various places.

Frank Glazier entertained his Sunday school class at his cottage at Cavanaugh lake, last Tuesday.

Monday last, Thos. Jenson and mother went to Detroit to visit Jens Norgard. They will return tomorrow.

The Misses Jennie Hudler and May Judson attended commencement exercises at Dexter, Friday evening last.

Mrs. Geo. Irwin and daughters, Jennie and Cora, and granddaughter Hazel attended the commencement exercises at Dexter last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fenner arrived here last Friday, and remained until Monday morning, when they left for Lansing, their home. The best wishes of this community follow the couple.

GRADUATING EXERCISES.

Held Last Thursday Evening at the Town Hall—A Large Audience—Fine Program.

The annual commencement exercises of the Chelsea Union Schools were held at the Town Hall last Thursday evening, at which time the spacious room was more than packed with visitors who wanted to hear the well prepared program.

The stage was occupied by Supt. Hall and teachers, the school board, and quite a number of young ladies who took part in the chorus, and the three graduates, Messrs. Henry Herzer and Dorsey Hoppe, and Miss Cora Irwin. It was handsomely decorated with flowers, and over it in blue and orange, was suspended the class motto, "To Win, Our Aim." The Misses Nellie Lowry and Luella Townsend officiated as flower girls.

At eight o'clock, a selection was finely rendered by the orchestra, followed by prayer by Rev. O. C. Bailey, which should be imitated by other preachers in the future—it was good and short. After this, a chorus was rendered under the direction of Supt. Hall, some thirty persons taking part in it.

The salutatory was given in charge of the preceptress, Miss Ida Hadley. She thought a mother ought to be in her place to extend a welcome; they came not with fame, but wished the sympathy of the audience; their presence was an encouragement to the graduates, and the kindly feeling shown in the past, should be continued in the future.

HENRY HERZER delivered an oration on "Rome Was Not Built in a Day." That grand city had its beginning some 2700 years ago, by Romulus, but it took years of patient toil and conquering to found and build up this magnificent city. Each man is his own workman, architect and builder, and if we would accomplish anything, we must go onward step by step, doing well whatever we undertake; decision was necessary. He quoted Presidents Garfield and Lincoln as men it would be well to imitate. The oration was nicely rendered and well received by the audience.

"The Wood Nymph's Call" was the title of a solo by Mrs. Geo. Blaich.

DORSEY HOPPE chose for his oration the subject, "National Embarrassment." He deplored the centralization of wealth, as it was far worse than anarchism, etc. Trusts were being formed all over the country very much to the detriment of the nation's good, and to the ruin of the farmer and laboring man; they speculate in staples in the pursuit of gains, and thus form two classes—the one poor, the other rich. He claimed that farm property was mortgaged in the United States to the extent of \$3,450,000,000, or nearly three times the amount of the National debt. At this rate the next generation would be tenants and not property owners. Only the rich can now get in power, money being necessary to get into office. The only remedy he saw was to educate the masses to elect high-minded men and true patriots for their brains and not their money. The effort was an excellent one, and in the future will be a source of pride to Mr. Hoppe. To CORA IRWIN

fell the lot of rendering the valedictory, taking for her subject "Friendship." No voice as welcome as that of friendship; it cheers the mourner and delights all; not all acquaintances are friends, friendship has no boundary lines; friendship was found where affection is and is appreciated in times of affliction; true friendship is rare. A favorite has no true friends, as the various stages of life will prove. No one should be admitted as a friend except those of known integrity; one who will rejoice in our prosperity, and help bear our burdens in times of affliction, for true friends will withstand the shock of adversity. As for the success of the members of the class, it would depend upon their personal efforts, and must seek advancement individually. Extended thanks to the school board and public for efforts made in behalf of the class; also to the teachers and schoolmates. Now they (the members) must start out for themselves. Would they make a record which would live forever? She trusted they would. Like her predecessors, her essay was nicely rendered and well received.

"The Grand Old Ocean" was the title of a solo rendered by Mr. Geo. Ward.

The class historian was Herbert Dancer, and we must say that he did the subject justice. When he was notified that he was to take this office, he was so shocked that he was taken down with the measles, and as this was his first effort, the audience could probably sympathize with him. So far the class had had no banquets, etc.; it was organized in 1889. Henry Herzer, the president, was born April 6th, 1869, and until seven years of age, he took life easy. At that age he commenced attending school in district No. 2, Sylvan, where he studied until 1886, when he entered school in this village. Dorsey Hoppe was born some two years after Mr. Herzer, and also got his youthful education at the same school house until he entered school here. Cora Irwin was born May 5, 1873, and when she entered school, she went into the third grade, therefore graduating young. The class was at one time composed of thirteen members, but one after another dropped out until only three were left. If they cling to their class motto, all would be well with them, he thought.

Miss May Judson appeared as class poet, and while we would like to give an outline of her most highly interesting poem, yet the writer has never acquired the art of reporting poetry. However we can say that she alluded to the class as having three desirable characteristics—wit, grace and beauty.

Music by the orchestra, "La Favorite," was well calculated to please the audience.

To give the future of the class fell to the lot of Miss Mamie E. Gilbert. She hesitated to undertake the task. She saw in the future that H. Herzer would go to Ann Arbor and take a course in chemistry, but later he turned book agent. Tiring of this, he again took up University studies, and in declining years he was president of Yale College, having in the meantime acquired a handsome little wife. Her second vision was Pastor Dorsey Hoppe, who had located in California, and on the memorable evening of the 26th, she had a visit with him. There she learned that Mr. Hoppe had practiced law, making a specialty of divorce cases, seeing his error, he wished to make amends and was now the much admired preacher of a large congregation in San Francisco. Cora Irwin was at first a farmer's wife but later, she went to Boston as a musician. She had written a book and was popular, but was at work on another—the history of Christian Civilization. She was married a second time, the present husband being a broker. In closing she said that no success was too great to fulfill the wishes of the prophetess. Miss Gilbert's paper was very interesting throughout.

A sweetly rendered solo by Miss L. Annie Bacon was heartily received by the listeners, every word being distinctly uttered. Miss Bacon's future promises to be very bright. The title of her song was "The Bird of Love."

SUPERINTENDENT HALL

made the presentation of diplomas, and address, his words being full of practical truth and wisdom. He asked the question: What should we require of pupils? To attend school? To study a prescribed course of study? To promote them whether they know what they have studied or not? There are those present who wish their children promoted from year to year, and yet it would be much better if they remained for years in the same grade. No graduate should leave the school without understanding what has been studied. Pupils cannot expect to amount to much who are present one day and are absent the next. Teachers are often blamed for the backwardness of children, when parents are really at fault. Parents should co-operate with teachers and the board, and thereby benefit their children. To the graduates he said that the diploma was not a reward for what had been done by them, but as a testimonial for faithful work, and a commendation to the world. Be faithful and your efforts will be rewarded.

Music followed, rendered by Mrs. Congdon, Miss Lowe and Messrs. Hall and Ward. It was a beautiful selection and heartily received, the voices blending in perfect harmony.

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. J. H. McIntosh, and the vast audience dispersed.

Yeast cakes, all kinds at the Standard Grocery House.

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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

Markets by Telegraph

DETROIT, July 4, 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 7 100

EGGS.—10c 7 doz.

LARD.—Country wanted at 6@7

OATS.—Remain steady at 22@24

POTATOES.—Slow sale at 25c.

BUTTER.—Weak at 8@10c.

WHEAT.—Is in good demand at 82c for red and 82c for No. 1 white.

CORN.—Quiet at 30c 7 bu.

Dr. Kelly's Caputine.

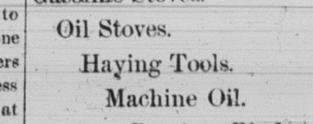
A new discovery. It has been proven by microscopic examination, that Scalp diseases and Dandruff are caused by the Bacilli, or Germ, which burrows itself under the scurf skin of the scalp, and that these diseases are contagious and are communicated by persons using the same hair brush, comb or towel, 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 LILLY COMPANY, No. 3 Fisher Block, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

Sold by Glazier, the Druggist, Chelsea



The New Store

IS THE PLACE TO BUY

Gasoline Stoves.

Oil Stoves.

Haying Tools.

Machine Oil.

Deering Binder and Mower, "The World's Best"

Binder Twine.

Screens.

Hammocks.

Croquet Sets.

Everything at bottom prices. Our hardware stock is complete.

W. J. KNAPP.

# THE CHELSEA STANDARD.

WM. EMMERT, Publisher.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN

**THE Mayor of Plainfield, N. J., has an umbrella that he has carried for thirty-five years.**

**A HOUSE at South Fairfield, Mich., was set on fire by the rays of the sun, reflected from tin pans that were set out to dry.**

**A DEPOSIT of black slate 1,800 feet wide and two miles long has been found near Pine Grove, Pa., on the lands belonging to the Gettysburg and Harrisburg Railroad.**

**PROFESSOR HERRA, of Vienna, used often to express himself in this wise: "It is necessary that there should be surgical geniuses, but don't ever let a surgical genius operate on you."**

**THE street cleaning department of New York has appointed three physicians to examine all applicants for positions on the force, to determine whether they are physically fit to do the work required.**

**LINCOLN'S most intimate friends declare that he never made use of one out of every ten expressions credited to him. The expressions were mostly concocted by Washington correspondents and story-tellers, but everything goes when a man gets the reputation.**

**A CHICAGO picture-dealer says that French war pictures will hold the crowds longer than any that he can put in his window. There is something about a French war scene that is action. Even an old engraving of Napoleon at Waterloo when put in the window will hold a crowd longer than anything else.**

**MR. JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG is authority for the statement that the late Gen. Grant admired England "partly because there was much in the sincerity of the English character which pleased him, partly because it is a Protestant country, a circumstance which had more weight with him than he ever could publicly avow."**

**At the meeting of a photographic society, a paper was read on the resemblance in married couples. Out of seventy-eight young couples photographed for the purpose of his investigations, it was found that in twenty-four cases the resemblance in the personal appearance of the husband and wife was greater than that of brother and sister, and in thirty cases it was equally great, and in only twenty-four was there a total absence of resemblance.**

**PHONOGRAPHY is fast becoming one of the standard branches of education in Great Britain. From returns made, though incomplete, it appears that in the first quarter of this year the teachers of phonography had under instruction in the whole of Great Britain 34,739 males and 3,028 females, making a total of 37,767, while the number under instruction during the whole of last year was 44,730. A large portion of the pupils were in what are termed "board schools."**

**JUDGE JOSEPH COX tells a Cincinnati paper that Gen. Sherman said to him once: "Cox, a mule is the easiest animal to ride in the world. I always preferred to ride one during the war. In a picture representing the burning of Atlanta the artist has me seated on a fiery steed, with fury in his eyes, etc., while the houses are burning and the soldiers are tearing up the railroad iron. Well, I was there; but I was not on a prancing horse, but I was straddling a plain, common, everyday mule."**

**THERE is a new system of restaurant in New York. It is called "The trusting-to-a-man's honesty plan of quick service." Instead of the customers sitting at a table and being served and afterward billed for the amount of fare, they roam around the counters freely, selecting whatever they may specially desire in the way of edibles. They then make up their own bills and settle with the cashier before leaving. Strangely the number of customers who cheat the house is so small as not to be worth mentioning.**

**In Rome, the electric light is to supersede gas. The motive power will be derived from the waterfalls at Tivoli, and the station for the distribution of power will be near Porta Pia. Rome does not in this case lose in picturesqueness what it gains in modernization, for the few electric lights already established—as for instance, on the Quirinal Hill and in the Piazza Colonna—lend a singularly new and beautiful aspect to the Eternal City, as seen in the evening from the neighboring hills of Frascati and the other "Castelli." The spectacle of Rome, with its mighty overhanging cupola, illuminated by the electric**

light, across the wide Campagna, will be remarkable.

**THE British Parliament houses are crumbling to pieces so fast that there is constant danger of some portion of the buildings toppling down upon the members. Parts of the front of St. Stephen's have had to be entirely refaced because of the wearing away of the soft stone. Only a week or two ago a heavy piece of a stone heraldic animal suddenly fell close to the entrance to Westminster hall, in Old Palace yard, a means of entrance to the house which is largely favored. But a few days before a portion of the ornamental stonework fell close to the members' entrance itself, and another heavy piece fell upon the pavement of New Palace yard not a month ago.**

**THE pilgrimage of an ideal devotee is recorded by the Gya correspondent of a native paper in India, who writes: "His highness the maharaja of Travancore came here on a pilgrimage, and, after staying for a couple of days, has left the place silently. He entered the city in a soft, meek, patient, humble and tranquil spirit, and presented a heavenly spectacle, bare-footed and bare-headed, and in fact, divested of the princely luxuries which characterize the Indian princes. He laid his head at the feet of his high priest—the Gyalj—with supplication for benediction, and which, in Hindu point of view, constitutes the highest virtue and one of the prominent duties of a Hindu toward his departed forefathers. The priest's star is in the ascendant, the man having received, I hear, about Rs. 50,000 as a gift from the maharaja."**

**In order to lure specimens of the deep-sea animals to a trap, Prince Albert of Monaco found it necessary to sink an incandescent lamp with a powerful battery attached; but the water pressure at a depth of a couple of miles being several hundred pounds to the square inch, he was unable to make a battery box of sufficient strength to resist crushing. This difficulty was finally overcome by the curious device of connecting a rubber-coated cloth balloon into the box. On sinking the apparatus, the increasing hydrostatic pressure forced air from the balloon into the box, keeping the internal and external pressure exactly balanced at whatever depth was reached. So successful was the arrangement that not only were deep-sea fish snared but a camera was sent down and negatives of the ocean bottom under electric illumination were brought up.**

**WE have no certain knowledge as to the manner in which leprosy was conveyed into Europe, but there is evidence to the effect that in the last century before Christ it had established itself in the Roman Empire. Its subsequent spread throughout Europe can easily be accounted for; wherever the Roman eagles went the germs of the disease would necessarily accompany them. From this source Spain, France and Germany sooner or later became infected. Leprosy hospitals would appear to have been established in Norway somewhat later than in other European countries. History tells us that in the Frankish kingdom these institutions were founded in the eighth or ninth centuries, in Ireland about the year 869, in Spain in 1007, in England in the eleventh century, in Scotland and in the Netherlands in the twelfth, and in Norway in the thirteenth century. During and after the crusades leprosy spread with extraordinary rapidity, and leprosy hospitals were multiplied all over Europe. It is estimated that in the twelfth century there were two thousand such hospitals in France alone, and nineteen thousand in the whole of Christendom. Some historians have asserted that the leprosy of the middle ages was introduced for the first time from the East by those who returned from the crusades. As a matter of fact, however, leprosy hospitals existed in England some years before any of the crusaders retraced their steps westward.**

### Ready to Assist.

There were twelve or fifteen men sitting around in a Buffalo saloon, when a stranger entered, stood by the door, and asked in a loud voice: "Gentlemen, is there one among you who will help a poor, discouraged man to—"

He appeared to choke up right there, and while clearing his voice it was noticed that two or three men slid out the back door, several others turned their backs, and one man suddenly went to sleep. Each one assumed an attitude of demeanor calculated to discourage the stranger, but he, presently got his voice and continued: "Who will help a poor, discouraged man to drink a dollar's worth of beer?" "I will!" yelled every man in the place in chorus, and a grand rush was made for the bar.

FIGURES can't lie, but lies figure quite extensively in almost all statistical articles.—*Boston Transcript.*

## AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

### A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

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

#### THE FARM.

##### Fuel for the Plains.

Martin Allen, addressing the Kansas Board of Agriculture, says: To grow actual trees to cut and split into stove wood of the Middle States takes time for which we cannot wait; or, at best, by beginning now, we can only hope to obtain this result as a luxury for our children. After some thought and considerable solicitation in my mind in behalf of these people on the plains and what they were to do for fuel, I blundered upon an idea that I trust may be of some value to them. It is a scheme to grow annual crops of actual firewood. For this purpose let an acre or so of the best and most productive land on each farm be selected; if in the sharp bend of some small stream, ravine, or even canon, all the better. Let it be put in a good state of cultivation, and planted with yearling alantus trees, four or five feet apart each way, and let them be well and thoroughly cultivated, as a crop of corn or potatoes ought to be, or let the whole be mulched sufficiently well to keep down all weeds. At the close of the first year's growth, or least before the second one begins, cut all down close to the ground, and continue the cultivation or mulching, whichever is most desirable to the owner. If the ground is to be put on plenty of manure; if too dry, and located on such a bottom as mentioned above, it may be helped by an overflow of water from a dam across the water-course.

The second year after planting, three or more stalks may be expected to grow from each plant or hill, and they should be from the size of a broom-handle to that of a fork-handle, or, under the most favorable circumstances, even much larger. These may all be cut off in the fall, winter, or early spring—only to be followed by another crop of the same sort each succeeding year.

These annual growths are easily and rapidly cut into suitable lengths for use in the stove, and will be found not equal to the best split hickory, beech, or hard maple, but a very fair firewood, far outranking cottonwood, elm and all other soft woods and containing no small brush.

The semi-tropical foliage of this tree is quite pleasing to the eye. It is perfectly at home so far as the hot sunshine and the other vicissitudes of our climate during the summer months are concerned, and it is vital free from all insect pests. It does not, however, always endure our severest winters, and therefore when wanted for a permanent tree it should be planted on less fertile soil, or the culture and manuring be less generous than when the annual crop of firewood is the end to be obtained.

This tree is easily grown from the seed without preparation, and should be planted about the time of planting corn in well-prepared ground. It can also be grown with much facility from root-cuttings. Let no one attempt to grow it on the soil, or on ground that will produce nothing else, for in such case I am sure my scheme would be about as sure of a failure as a hill of corn or potatoes would under like conditions.

#### Farm Cleanings.

The farm that does not improve in fertility and value from year to year is in the hands of an unprogressive and unthrifty owner.

YORK pigs should have a dry and warm place of shelter during the prevalence of cool, wet weather. And all young animals should be looked after at such times, even in summer.

The foreign cattle trade has been knocked out by lower prices abroad and advancing prices at home. The space chartered for the season on eleven steamers from New York to Liverpool has been canceled, and settlement made with the owners.

For the annual nourishment of 15,000,000 cows and 12,000,000 horses there are needed 30,000,000 tons of hay, 90,000,000 bushels of corn meal, the same of oat meal, 275,000,000 bushels of oats, 2,000,000 bushels of bran, and 30,000,000 bushels of corn, at a cost of \$450,000,000.

The farmers of this country last year sold more than six hundred million dollars' worth of butter, eggs, milk, and cheese, and that, too, in addition to their own consumption of those articles. The total is more than twice the value of the cotton crop and more than the value of any single crop except corn.

A. L. CROSBY, in *Breeder's Gazette*, says beef cannot go much, if any, lower, because the surplus caused by recent speculation in plains cattle has been mostly disposed of, and the legitimate increase in cattle-growing will not more than keep pace with the demand. The foreign demand is more likely to increase than decrease.

The Indian corn exhibition at Edinburgh, Scotland, is lending the Scotch to eat America's great staple, and they express a preference for it to oatmeal. A local paper says: "Indian corn bread is pleasant to the taste and lighter than oatmeal, and if the people are once acquainted with the really wholesome and nutritious food that can be made from this corn, it is thought that exportation may prevent the waste in America."

#### HORTICULTURE.

##### Pruning Shrubs.

It is a pleasure to note that a more sensible way of pruning shrubs exists to-day than was followed a few years ago. Every one is familiar with the ugly looking cropped specimens which formerly were met with in every garden. Pruning was done in winter or early spring, and as the wood which was cut away was the flower bearing portions, it ended all prospect of flowers for that season. It is now the practice of all good gardeners to prune as soon as cold weather comes in early winter. A little thinning out of branches here and there, or harder cutting back where strong, fresh growth is required, and a little

cutting back in places to give a nice outline to the bush, is all it needs. As nearly all shrubs flower from the wood made the previous summer, it will be seen how important it is to have this wood preserved. The gardener who goes to his shrubs with a shears, rounding them off like a globe or shearing them flat on the top, or the other of which plan is usually adopted, does not know his business. The most ordinary observation in previous years would have told him that the past season's growth produced the flowers. There are, however, a few shrubs which flower on the wood made the same season. The most of late blooming ones are of this order. The dwarf horse chestnut, sweet pepper bush, hydrangea, clematis and some late flowering spiraeas of this class. These, then, are the ones to cut back. The more these are cut back the more vigorous are the young shoots, and the better the flowers. Just how much to prune is what can only be decided by the skilled man who should have charge of the work, but the hints given will suffice to guide those who wish to prune their own bushes. Roses are pruned on the same principle as shrubs. The hardy, hybrid sorts flower from last year's wood, hence, must not be cut down too close. About a third of the length may be cut away. The more tender sorts, teas, bourbons and the like, flower from the growth of the same season, therefore should be cut back quite close. It is possible to have weigelas and other shrubs to flower in the fall by cutting them back almost to the ground before they commence to grow in the spring, but the flowering is never so profuse as under the ordinary way in spring.—*Joseph Meekhan.*

#### THE APIARY.

##### Something About Bee Stings.

A correspondent wishes to know whether a bee can live and do work after it has stung a person, leaving its sting; or if it dies, as is generally believed by many persons who keep bees. Up to within the past ten years nearly every one believed that a bee which had stung any one must surely die, for in leaving the sting, as the honey bee nearly always does in stinging an animal, a part of the intestines was supposed to be left with the sting, poison sac, etc., from which it was argued that the bee could not live. This seemed so reasonable that I formerly believed that the idea which prevailed was true, till one day after a bee had stung me, leaving its sting, it came to the attack again and again, with all the fury and vengeance possible for a bee to work itself up to, getting in my hair and singing away as only an angry bee can sing, which will make the cold chills run up and down the back of the most hardened individual. As this bee apparently had no thought of dying, it was caught and caged with two or three others and kept a week or so to see what would become of the matter. At the end of the week it was apparently just as lively and healthy as any of the rest, when all of the bees were set at liberty.

At another time, in putting up queens to send away, in catching the escort bees which were to go with the queen, one of them stung me on the end of one of my fingers, leaving its sting, when it immediately ran into the cage. As I did not wish to remove all the bees and queen to get it out, I let it go, soon after which the thought came to me that here would be a chance to test the theory of the death of the bee from losing its sting, as this queen was going to Texas, which journey would require from eight to ten days' time. Accordingly I wrote to the party to whom they were sent, telling him about the matter, and asking him to take notice particularly when the queen arrived and see if they were any dead bees in the cage. In due time he replied that the queen arrived in splendid shape, and that there was not a dead bee in the cage. Several times since then I have tried similar ways to see if such bees as had lost their stings were in any way inconvenienced thereby, and as far as I can tell by confining them so as to know that I have the same bee, I can see no difference between such bees and those which have their stings, as to length of life. Whether they gather honey or not, or whether they are allowed to live in the hive without their weapon of defense, is something which would be next to, if not quite impossible to tell, for in this case we have no means of keeping track of the individual bee. As bees are not tolerated in the hive, which are in any ways imperfect, it might not be unreasonable to suppose that the perfect ones might drive off such a one which had lost its sting, as being incapable of defense were the hive attacked. That it was not the design of nature for the bee to always lose its sting when defending its hive, is manifest where bees reeve robbers to the extent of hundreds and thousands of slaughtered ones, when in such cases not one bee in one thousand loses its sting, but keeps it so that it can slaughter bee after bee till the attacking party is repelled or they lose their lives in the combat. At times they do lose their stings in other bees, but not often. A theory has lately been advanced that bees use their stings in ripening honey, and for polishing the capping to the same, but so far the most of our practical apiarists consider the same as fallacious. I have carefully watched for any proof to substantiate the truth of this theory, yet so far can see nothing which even points that way.—*American Rural Home.*

**THE POULTRY-YARD.**

**Poultry Pickings.**

The *Poultry-keeper* says that all claims of any difference between chickens hatched in incubators or under hens are sheer nonsense.

As a rule, for the hatching of chickens 21 days are required; for partridges, 24 days; for pheasants, 25 days; for guinea hens, 25 days; for common ducks, 28 days; for pea fowls, 28 days; for turkeys, 28 days; for barberry ducks, 30 days, and for geese, 30 days.

It is a pleasure with those who live in the suburbs of towns and cities to keep a few hens. A small flock will cost but little, as the scraps from the table and any waste material, will provide a large share of the food. It is claimed that as many eggs are produced in suburban sections as are produced in rural sections.

A TURKEY can be made very fat in ten days, by liberal feeding. As the demand for turkeys is brisk at certain seasons, it

will prove profitable to put them to work and fatten them before setting coops, but they may be kept in a yard provided they are given a variety of food.

**THE Mirror and Farmer** calls attention to the fact that geese can do work on any location overgrown with weeds when the weeds are young. Geese, and especially plucking and purplane. Geese go right down the roots for the plants, and effectively keep them down if the flock is large.

**THE Ohio Poultry Journal** tells that fowls do not moult alike, nor they moult at the same time annually, the usual season, however, is from August to September, while in some cases runs to Christmas. Young and hen fowls, fed largely on nitrogenous food, moult early in the season; old and billeted hens moult late. Hens should have the material for making rich feathers before they shed their

#### THE HOUSEHOLD.

##### A Real Vacation.

House cleaning is over, the school is closing and the mind naturally toward vacation and how and where to spend it. A vacation ought to be, that pertains thereto—a rest. It should not be a season of relief from one's cares merely to afford opportunity to shoulder others. It should be a complete and a rest complete. In all of the households the carpet-cleaning, pane-scrubbing are done and over the winter woollens are stored and protected against the ravages of moth dust; the spring sewing was finished weeks ago and the summer outfits have been purchased. Now, before the event of the canning and pickling preserving season, there should be a physical and spiritual refreshment course of study, Browning class scientific lectures and the club which has become a part of every man's life, should be laid aside and gotten. Only such literature should be sought that will add solace to a hot mock, and luxury to a shady porch or an arm-chair.

American women do not spend the time out of doors that they should. In this, their rosy, healthy English sisters set them a wholesome example. Time should be devoted every pleasant day to a tramp, long or short, in woods and field, where they are accessible, in the streets if they are not. The children are an excuse for remaining at home, they should be taken along rather than that the mother's limited to fair weather. The benefits of fresh air and exercise once realized the pleasures of a tramp in bad weather, nothing arrayed for it, will conceal a revelation.

A walk in a driving rain under proper conditions has an exhilaration that stroll in the sunshine can never impart. As to the tired people, the vacation should be as unlike the ordinary daily routine as possible. This holds good especially in the case of teachers. There should be an act of Legislature prohibiting teachers' meetings and institutes and conventions in the summer. They should have three months, which to absolutely forget the shape of the earth, and the multiplication table. Teachers are accused of being one-ideaed. How can they be anything else, when not even in their vacation can they get out of the school-room atmosphere? The needs of the teacher suggest the needs of the pupils. There is a pernicious habit, which inconsistent parents encourage, known as "making up" grades or studies. The child who has been in the classroom some months in the year should have absolute freedom from books when school is out. Forget them at work bringing up deficient per cents is cruelty, and worse than useless. We are beginning to learn that all minds are not alike, that some assimilate more rapidly than others; that some assimilate more quickly than others. It is foolish and dangerous to force the slow mind. The task assigned it can not be mastered in one year, give it two. All teachers know how necessary this is, and all have seen the hopeless dullard of the first year, absolute master of the situation, the second, and furthermore, what he finally acquires, in his own way and time, he retains.

The rest is needed for the slow, and it is just as necessary that the quick brilliant child should be held back. If the books laid aside next week are not opened until next September, both mind and body will gain by the relief from study.—*Mary H. Knott, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

**Hints to Housekeepers.**

WHEN dusting a room always use a small paint brush for the cracks and crevices.

A GOOD remedy for burns, and one that is generally at hand, is a paste made of flour and cold water.

WET the hands in vinegar and camphor after having them in soapy water; it kills alkali and keeps them soft.

It is claimed that holding a shovelful of hot coals over varnished furniture will take out spots and stains. Rub the place while warm with flannel.

**THE KITCHEN.**

**Recipes.**

**SPONGE GINGERBREAD**—Three cups flour, one cup molasses, one of sugar, one of sour milk, one heaping tablespoonful butter, two teaspoonfuls saleratus, two teaspoonfuls ginger, and one of cinnamon.

**CREAM CAKE**—One cup of sugar, one cup sour cream, one egg, one-half tea spoonful soda, an flour to make thin batter; bake in jelly tins. For frosting between the cake, one cup sugar, four spoonfuls of sweet cream, put in cup and set on boiling water till thick; spread between the cake.

**COLD BOILED HAM**—Cold boiled ham is much more appetizing if treated in this way. Boil until within about fifteen minutes of being done, then skin it and rub all over the fat and the cut end with brown sugar, into which you have put a few drops of vinegar, then stick cloves all over it and bake in the oven for fifteen minutes. Very good for a picnic.

BOOMING CANNON.

SCENES OF STIRRING INCIDENTS IN CAMP AND IN BATTLE.

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

The Army Overcoat.

As a boy, he was shiftless as a... in dress, and his manners were... looked their scorn when they saw... to scold, and his mother used to... the day he was old enough... hardly knew the fellow in his army... his lazy shoulders with a military... face grow fatter, said the neigh... hand, his mother beamed... he marched away, a foolish... forgot their sneers, full fifty... the back that bore his army...

When Decoration Day comes round, a... and deck his grave with flowers... father and his mother... and listen to the chaplain's voice... fish maiden sees before her... a soldier in his army overcoat.

Private in the Cavalry

PRIVATE Max Miller's diary of events during the battle of Corinth opens once more on the morning of October 4, 1862.

It was early when the enemy began firing shells into the town from a point on the Chewalla road in front of Battery Robinet. The regiment (Second Iowa Cavalry) was "stood to horse" at eight o'clock when Colonel Hamilton sent the infantry lines and between the skirmish line of Birge's... By dismounting, they... the enemy's but... went over the men but hit... While lying there... some fun with an honest... of which Private Miller

(the Dutchman) was a... was a particularly... Once in the field no... could induce him to use his... He said he had enlisted... could shoe horses at home... he would be a soldier... else. In the charge at... slightly wounded and his... riddled; his saber... out of his hand and... his scabbard was cut... sword-arm was creased near... a button shot off his... through his hat, one... stirrup, and the horse... places. After that Geo... much about only fight... to get along still as... a very bloodthirsty one,

the day we lay holding our... Battery Robinet, he was... through the brain of... and he fell dead. Our... at once started on a... He kept up that... in spite of the yells of... and the commands of the... let him die, I guess I let... Finally the Captain brought... and he stripped off his... shouldered them... faithfully from that time... and the others re-enlisted he... home—three years was...

After this incident we were... on the Chewalla road to... We obeyed, but did... As we sheltered ourselves... horses, several being... our Sergeant (afterward... who had a few days before... brother, who was First... Company H, Eleventh... and had been killed, at Medon... taken prisoner, at Medon... was feeling... and deprived him of his... While we remained in front

of the enemy's skirmish line a few moments, he crept down the road to a stump, laid his gun across it and waited for a Confederate skirmisher from behind a tree, who was firing just shot one of our men through the arm and his horse through the neck with the same ball. When the Confederate again leaned around the tree to fire, he was shot dead. I saw him in the afternoon lying in the same spot by the big tree. The Sergeant came back, and saying "There's one for Bill," took his place quietly and said nothing more on the subject.

"We returned within our lines, the Captain reported what we had done, and we were ordered to the regiment at the corral. We had scarcely arrived there when the battle opened in earnest, and the Confederates made their grand assault. The artillery and musketry firing was the heaviest I ever heard. It was so concentrated that no part of the firing was at any great distance from where I was. In the midst of the heaviest fighting an order came for our regiment to make a charge on the extreme right, where the enemy was overlapping our line. We started our horses on the run amid the contrabands, sutlers, teamsters, stragglers, everything going to the rear. The enemy had apparently been successful, and had broken our line in one place, and got into the streets of Corinth, thus creating great consternation among the non-combatants.

"As we ran our horses close to the forts the heavy guns were firing rapidly over our heads, and the dust and smoke were so thick we could not see and could scarcely breathe. Just in front and under the guns my horse, probably blinded by the smoke and stunned by the noise, fell with me against the stump of a tree. Both the horse and myself were too badly hurt to get up for some little time, but an artillery soldier who happened along pulled the horse off me, and I lay there on the ground until the battle was nearly over, too badly hurt to be particularly interested in anything.

"After I got back to camp I recovered sufficiently along toward evening to be helped on my horse and go in search of the regiment. I went across to the field hospital, just east of the forts, and saw there such sights as I never saw on any other occasion. The wounded had been brought in from the battle-field by thousands, and there, under awnings and trees, were many operating tables, with surgeons, their sleeves rolled up, busy from head to foot, plying their instruments on the broken and torn and crushed limbs of the unfortunate wounded. I saw big army wagons and six-mule teams loading up with the arms and legs that had been cut off. There is a glory about being a soldier, and seeing danger and fighting, that never wore off during our days of hunger and thirst and hard marches and exposures, but this sort of thing brings one down to the dread, horrible realities of war quicker than anything else.

"I next went past Battery Robinet, where I saw dead men lying thicker than I ever saw them on any other field, and on out the Chewalla road. The battle had been over some hours and nearly all the wounded had by this time been removed. I met an officer coming from the front with his coat off and his neck tied up, and was told it was Colonel Mower, afterward one of our best fighting corps commanders. He had been shot across the back of the neck in the morning, knocked from his horse and taken prisoner. When the enemy were whipped they went away and left him free in their field hospital, and he started about to find his command. I went over toward the Purdy road and saw where some of the hardest fighting had been done. On each side of a gentle ravine or hollow the dead lay in two long straight lines, one blue and the other butternut. None of the dead seemed more than a few feet out of line. The lines looked like they were dressed up for parade, and it was a grim and ghastly one—their last.

"I found my regiment returning to the corral, and that night we got some rest, but still neither water nor feed for the horses. The next morning we started early after the retreating enemy, went out the Purdy road, then crossed over toward the Chewalla road, and about noon watered and fed our horses; this was on the 5th, and it

could, and then lying down in line in the woods, with our horses tied to our ankles or wrists. We had only got comfortably fixed when we were ordered to march again, and took the road to Corinth. There had been a dash by the rebel cavalry on the camps to the south of Corinth, and we were needed in that direction. Our



"THEY HAD GOT THROUGH THEIR FIGHTING."

march by moonlight; from Chewalla to Corinth, across the ground that had been fought over two days previously. Soon we came to the dead, most of them still unburied, and we passed hundreds of them, the gray and the blue—we could not tell the difference in the moonlight and shadow. They lay there stiff and stark, under the trees and along the fence rows—in all kinds of places. They had got through their fighting, but we, tired and sore and hungry, and knowing nothing of the morning, had to ride along until our time should come and we should get our "plantation" down South" as we used to call the graves. And the stench! Anyone who has been upon a battle-field, especially at night in that hot country, never forgets that part of it. Before daylight we passed through Corinth and out through the southwest of the town, where the attack had been made, and where another was feared at daylight, but we found none of the enemy, except dead ones. The charge upon our camp had been made by a part of a regiment of Mississippi home-guards, partisan rangers they called themselves; and the sick and convalescent in camp and regimental hospitals, our "home-guards," as we used to call them when we left them behind in camp, rallied and repulsed them. Among the killed was the major who commanded the enemy, and the next morning we saw his grave by the side of the road with his hand sticking out "so that his friends could shake hands when they came to see him," the boys said. I heard of such things at other times during the war, but that was the only thing of the kind I ever witnessed, and I suppose the boys had liberal allowances of hospital bourbon or they would not have done so inhuman a thing.

"We went across the country to the west until we struck the road from Chewalla to Phippley, and followed this after the retreating enemy to the latter place, and there ended, on the 6th, the last of our fighting and skirmishing in connection with the battle of Corinth."—Chicago Ledger.

The Killing of Gen. Ben. McCulloch.



G. YARNELL, of Pierre, S. D., contributes the following to the American Tribune: The following is the true story of the death of General McCulloch. I was there. My company (G) of the Thirty-sixth Illinois and Company B, of the same regiment, were deployed as skirmishers to develop the enemy's position, which we soon found to Company G's sorrow, losing thirteen men killed and wounded before we could rally on our support. In falling back a member of Company B—Peter Pelican—failed to fall back when his company did. After the usual lull in every battle and skirmish, a solitary horseman rode near where Pelican was concealed, and by the trappings of his horse and velvet suit of the rider he made up his mind that whoever he was, he was somebody more than an ordinary soldier, so, bringing his ride to bear on the officer, he fired, killing him instantly, securing as evidence that the officer was none other than McCulloch, his gold hunting case watch with "General Ben McCulloch" engraved on the inside of the case. I have seen and handled the watch; was with the company over four years. Our Colonel purchased the watch from Pelican as a relic. Some two or three years after the close of the war, an advertisement appearing in the Chicago papers asking for the whereabouts of the watch. The Colonel satisfied that the person making the inquiry was the widow of General McCulloch, sent her the watch, getting her receipt and heartfelt thanks. Page 148 in the history of the Thirty-sixth Regiment Illinois Veteran Volunteers records the killing of McCulloch by Pelican, which is history made by the rank and file.

"JIMMY TEAR-DROP."

A Pathetic Story of the War of the Rebellion.

We had been skirmishing with Stuart's cavalry and at the bend in the road we had shelled them vigorously with our light artillery. As we passed this bend, still following the enemy, we found four dead men, three or four dead horses, and a boy about 10 years old sitting on a stone, so white-faced and scared that he could not speak a word. We spoke kindly to him, and tried to comfort him, and finally he began to cry. When we asked for his name he gave it as "Jimmy." "Jimmy what?" He was crying so that we could not make it out. Then some one suggested that it must be "Jimmy Tear-Drop," and the name at once became his.

The soldier of the civil war was a curious being. While the heat of battle was in his blood his heart would grow soft at sight of a poor rabbit frightened from cover by the awful din. We had not a second look for the dead lying there, but half a dozen troopers jangled as to who should be guardian of that boy. He was a legitimate capture—one of the spoils of war. As a compromise he was sent to the wagon-master for the time being.

In time "Jimmy Tear-Drop" told us that his mother was dead. His father lived on the road by which we had marched, and as Stuart fell back he took his boy by the hand and fell back with the soldiers. In the confusion father and son had become separated, and they were never to meet again. Our camp was thirty miles away, and the boy went there with us, and once within our lines the father, even if alive, had little chance to hear of him.

Every company of soldiers had its pet, if not a dog, or cat or goat, then something else—even a possum or raccoon. It was late in the fall when we captured Jimmy Tear-Drop, and by spring he was known to most all the men in the brigade. He was a quiet little chap, seeming to have a great sorrow in his heart, and it was only when heard us talking about the end of the war, and how we intended to find his father and bring about a reunion, that he laughed and seemed boy-like. The officers tried to send him away, but we kept him hidden and treasured him as if he had been a gold nugget. Our tailor made him clothes, and we foraged him a pair of shoes, and when we got him rigged out we all felt proud of him. I don't think Jimmy Tear-Drop learned any wickedness from us. We taught him to dance, and he could sing a song or two, but the boys were careful of their hard words when he was near, and no one would teach him anything about cards. On the contrary, "Old Jack," our company teamster, got some books and taught him his A. B. C.'s, and called us in to hear him spell "dog" and "hen" and "hat" and other easy words.

Well the spring came, and one day our whole army corps moved. Jimmy went along with the wagon train, and at a certain point on one of the highways the enemy made a dash and cut off a portion of the train. We got it back after a sharp fight, and when we came to look around we found about twenty dead and wounded men. If there had been nothing more we should have wheeled into line and jested over it. A soldier takes his chances, you see. If he wins he gets no credit. If he falls there is always earth enough to hide his body from sight.

We were getting ready to move on when there was an excitement among the wagons, and we pushed into the train to find "Old Jack" bending over something lying on a blanket on the grass. He was crying like a woman, and some of our boys were brushing tears from their eyes and others hotly vowing vengeance. That something on the blanket was our boy—our Jimmy Tear-Drop. A stray bullet had whistled through the cover of the wagon and ended his life as quickly as you could blow out the flame of a candle. And as he lay there on his back, white-faced and dead and his eyes half-closed, we saw through our own tears a great tear on his cheek—a pearl glistening in the southern sunshine which streamed down through the smoke yet hanging about the tree-tops. Then in our sore hearts we felt that we had rightly named him Jimmy Tear-Drop, and that the hand of God was in it.—Detroit Free Press.

A Cat's Whiskers.

The long hairs on the side of a cat's face are organs of touch. They are attached to a bed of fine glands under the skin, and each of these long hairs is connected with the nerves of the lip. The slightest contact of these whiskers with any surrounding object is thus felt most distinctly by the animal, although the hairs themselves are insensible. They stand out on each side of the lion, as well as on the common cat. From point to point, they are equal to the width of the animal's body. If we imagine, therefore, a lion stealing through a covert of wood in an imperfect light we shall at once see the use of these long hairs. They indicate to him, through the nicest feeling, any obstacle which may present itself to the passage of his body; they prevent the rustling of boughs and leaves, which would give warning to his prey if he was to attempt to pass too close a bush; and thus, in conjunction with the soft cushions of his feet and the fur upon which he treads—the claws never coming in contact with the ground—they enable him to move toward his victim with a stillness even greater than that of the snake, which creeps along the grass and is not perceived until it is coiled round its prey. Is this evolution or design?

What a pity it is that just as a woman begins to be good company she commences to lose her good looks.—Terre Haute Express.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ENTERTAINING DISSERTATION ON SERIOUS SUBJECTS.

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

The lesson for Sunday, July 6, may be found in Luke 13: 10-17.

INTRODUCTORY.

Our Lord is on his way to the holy city—his last journey thitherward. He seems now to be passing through Perea, and the twofold reference, at the opening of this chapter, vs. 2 and 4, is significant of the mixed character of his audience, it being part Galilean and part Judean. Here in this assembly he gives a needed lesson on the proper uses of the Sabbath. It is a time when we also need instruction in this important regard. Right views of the uses of the Lord's Day will do more than anything else to prevent its abuses.

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

Teaching. The language implies customary action.—One of the synagogues. There was a multitude of these places of public convocation.—On the Sabbath. Literally the Sabbaths, i. e., from Sabbath to Sabbath. It was his habit to be in such places on the holy day.

Behold. A noteworthy circumstance connected with the gathering.—A spirit of infirmity. Looked upon as a demoniacal possession.—Eighteen years. Which would mean about half as many hundred Sabbaths of bodily weakness.—Bowed together. And yet there she was at church.—In no wise lift up herself. But she could hear; that is why we go to the sanctuary.

Saw her. His eye and ear ever open to need.—Called her. A personal appeal either in the midst of or at the end of his general address.—Woman, thou art loosed. The graphic order of the Greek is, Woman, released from thy weakness art thou!

Laid his hands on her. The consideration of Jesus. We need not say, as our English version gratuitously puts it, that he even laid the poor, bent creature to come to him. He seems to have gone to her himself after his personal word.—Made straight. It is interesting to note that it is this same word that is used of the rebuilt temple at Acts 15: 16, "I will set it up." (ana-oribus; straight again.)

Ruler of the synagogue. Who probably had invited or permitted Jesus simply to teach.—Answered with indignation.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

And he was teaching in one of the synagogues on the Sabbath. Here read we one of the legitimate uses of the sacred day. Our Lord gave his personal sanction and suffrage to Sabbath-day-teaching. When we are met on the Lord's Day in the Lord's house it should be a source of reassuring comfort to us that we are following in our Lord's footsteps. Yea, may we not say that wherever there is true worship to-day our Master is still teaching in the synagogue on the Sabbath?—Where two or three are gathered in my name there am I in the midst.

When Jesus saw her he called her to him. It was something of an interruption to the orderly service. God grant us more such interruptions in his name! If the minister could only stop once in a while right in the midst of his elaborate discussion—the preacher giving pause for a bit of practice! Or was it only the teaching? Perhaps we shall only find here the application of a discourse, a personal and pertinent application indeed. It would rejoice many a pastor's heart if only he could finish up his sermon with some practical deeds of soul saving. And, in fact, is this not our Lord's own precedent for the after-meeting? The sermon preached, the lesson taught, we come down from the pulpit or the teacher's desk to a hand-to-hand and heart-to-heart encounter. Why not more of it?

Jesus had healed on the Sabbath. This is another legitimate use of God's day. A moment ago we saw Christ teaching on the Sabbath, now we see him as freely putting out hands to heal. Teaching and helping, so goes the church of Christ her Sabbath journeys through this life. That little company plodding along under hot or snowy skies to the missing station, that floral committee carrying a basket of flowers up the crazy stairs to the sick-room, that colporteur on the wharves, that young man with the invitation cards in the hotel or on the street corner—all are doing good Sabbath-day work for the Master. Indeed, in the whole of life as we realize it to-day it is doubtful whether otherwise the teaching would be of any avail. There must be the helping hand as well as the teaching tongue.

Loosed from this bond on the Sabbath day. And to how many of us the day of rest has been the blessed dating point of the new life. The writer well recalls for himself that sweet Sabbath when the chains were loosed and the burden rolled away.

O happy day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Savior and my God.

In the providence of God this day, "the best of all the seven," has been and will continue to be a red-letter day of salvation to thousands and thousands. What better use to which to put the Lord's day! How better can we keep it than by soul-saving! Finished was our Creator's work on that day when he rested and called it good. Finished, in a larger, deeper sense, our Redeemer's work in the soul's meek surrender, and now may he see of the travail of his own soul and be satisfied. May the Sabbath day in church and school see many bonds of Satan loosed.

All his adversaries were ashamed and all the people rejoiced. Shame versus joy. Adversaries ashamed—people rejoiced. Well, be it so. We shall go on speaking the truth of Christ and living, so far as we may, the life of Christ. Doubtless, still there shall be men chagrined and disturbed and grievously vexed. But the people will rejoice. Then were the disciples glad when they saw their Lord. The soldiers at the tomb's mouth were in other mood. But here it was Christ's words that put to shame; it was Christ's deeds that brought joy and gladness. May we have such mighty work of God to follow up the lesson of to-day, that across all the land in the homes of all the people there may be heard the song of rejoicing!

Next week—"The Great Supper." Luke 14: 15-24.

Mr. Meeson's Will.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER XXII.

ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE.

At the conclusion of his lordship's decision Mr. Addison became purple with fury, and Mr. Roscoe hid his saturnine face in his hands and groaned.

"Let me congratulate you, my dear fellow," he said. "I never saw a case better done. It was a perfect pleasure to me, and I am very glad that the judge thought fit to compliment you—a most unusual thing by the way. I can only say that I hope that I may have the pleasure of having you as my junior sometimes in the future."

Mr Addison, who was close by, overheard this little speech, and a new light broke upon him. With a bound he plunged between James and the attorney general.

"I see what it is now," he said, in a voice shaking with wrath. "I've been sold. I am a victim to collusion. You've had five hundred of my money, confound you!" he shouted, almost shaking his fist in the face of his learned and dignified adviser.

At this point the learned attorney general, forgetting his learning and the exceeding augustness of his position, actually reverted to those first principles of human nature of which the judge had spoken, and doubled his fist. Indeed, had not Mr. News, utterly aghast at such a sight, rushed up and dragged his infuriated client back, there is no knowing what scandalous thing might not have happened.

But somehow he was got rid of, and everybody melted away, leaving the ushers to go round and collect the blotting paper and pens which strewed the empty court.

"And now, good people," said Lady Holmhurst, "I think that the best thing that we can do is all to go home and rest before dinner. I ordered it at 7, and it is half past 5. I hope that you will come, too, Mr. Short, and bring your brother with you, for I am sure that you, both of you, deserve your dinner, if ever anybody did."

And so they all went, and a very jolly dinner they had, as well they might. At last, however, it came to an end, and the legal twins departed, beaming like stars with happiness and champagne. And then Lady Holmhurst departed also, and left Eustace and Augusta alone.

"Life is a queer thing," said Eustace; "here this morning I was a publisher's reader at £180 a year, and now, to-night, if this verdict holds, it seems that I am one of the wealthiest men in England."

"Yes, dear," said Augusta, "and with all the world at your feet, for life is full of opportunities to the rich. You have a great future before you, Eustace; I really am ashamed to marry so rich a man."

"My darling!" he said, putting his arm round her, "whatever I have I owe to you. Do you know there is only one thing that I fear about all this money, if it really comes to us; and that is that you will be so taken up with what pleasure seeking people call social duties, and the distribution of it, that you will give up your writing. So many women are like that. Whatever ability they have seems to vanish utterly away upon their wedding day. They say afterward that they have no time, but I often think that it is because they do not choose to make time."

"Yes," answered Augusta, "but then that is because they do not really love their work, whatever it may be. Those who really love their art as I love mine, with heart and soul and strength, will not be so easily checked. Of course distractions and cares come with marriage; but, on the other hand, if one marries happily, there comes quiet of mind and cessation from that ceaseless restlessness that is so fatal to good work. You need not fear, Eustace; if I can, I will show the world that you have not married a dullard; and if I can't, why, my dear, it will be because I am one."

"That comes very nicely from the author of 'Jemima's Vow,'" said Eustace, with sarcasm. "Really, my dear, what between your fame as a writer and as the heroine of the shipwreck and of the great will case, I think that I had better take a back seat at once, for I shall certainly be known as the husband of the beautiful and gifted Mrs. Meeson."

"Oh, no," answered Augusta; "don't be afraid, nobody would dream of speaking slightly of the owner of two millions of money."

"Well, never mind chaffing about the money," said Eustace; "we haven't got it yet, for one thing. I have got something to ask you."

"I must be going to bed," said Augusta, firmly.

"No—nonsense!" said Eustace. "You are not going," and he caught her by the arm.

"Unhand me, sir!" said Augusta, with majesty. "Now, what do you want, you silly boy?"

"I want to know if you will marry me next week?"

"Next week? Good gracious! No," said Augusta. "Why, I have not got my things, and for the matter of that, I am sure I don't know where the money is coming from to pay for them with."

"Things!" said Eustace, with fine contempt. "You managed to live on Kerguelen Land without things, so I don't see why you can't get married without them—though, for the matter of that, I will get anything you want in six hours. I never did hear such bosh as women talk about 'things.' Listen, dear. For Heaven's sake let's get married and have a little quiet. I can assure you that, if you don't, your life won't be worth having after this. You will be hunted like a wild thing, and interviewed, and painted, and worried to death; whereas, if you get married—well, it will be better for us in a quiet way, you know."

"Well, there is something in that," said Augusta. "But supposing that there should be an appeal, and the decision should be reversed, what would happen then?"

"Well, then we should have to work for our living—that's all. I have got my billet, and you could write for the press until your five year's agreement with Meeson & Co. has run out. I would put you in the way of that. I see lots of writing people at my shop."

"Well," said Augusta. "I will speak to Bessie about it."

"Oh, of course Lady Holmhurst will say no," said Eustace, gloomily. "She will think about the 'things,' and, besides, she won't want to lose you before she is obliged."

"That is all that I can do for you, sir," said Augusta, with decision. "There—come—that's enough! Good night." And, breaking away from him, she made a pretty little courtesy and vanished.

"Now, I wonder what she means to do," meditated Eustace, as the butler brought him his hat. "I really should not wonder if she came round to it. But then one never knows how a woman will take a thing. If she will she will, etc., etc."

And now it may strike the reader as very strange, but, as a matter of fact, ten days from the date of the above conversation there was a small and early gathering at St. George's, Hanover square, close by. I say "small," for the marriage had been kept quite secret in order to prevent curiosity mongers from marching down upon it in their thousands, as they would certainly have done had it been announced that the heroine of the great will case was going to be married. Therefore the party was very select. Augusta had no relations of her own, and so she had asked Dr. Probate, with whom she had struck up a great friendship, to come and give her away; and, though the old gentleman's previous career had had more connection with the undoing of the nuptial tie than with its contraction, he could not find it in his heart to refuse.

"I shall be neglecting my duties, you know, my dear young lady," he said, shaking his head. "It's very wrong—very wrong, for I ought to be at the registry; but—well, perhaps I can manage to come—very wrong, though—very wrong, and quite out of my line of business! I expect that I shall begin to address the court—I mean the clergyman—for the petitioner."

And so it came to pass that on this auspicious day the registering was left to look after itself; and as a matter of history, it may be stated that no question was asked in parliament about it.

Then there was Lady Holmhurst, looking very pretty in her widow's dress; and her boy Dick, who was in the highest spirits, and bursting with health and wonder at these strange proceedings on the part of his "auntie," and, of course, the legal twins brought up the rear.

And there in the vestry stood Augusta in her bridal dress, as sweet a woman as ever the sun shone on; and, looking at her beautiful face, Dr. Probate nearly fell in love with her himself. And yet it was a sad face just then. She was happy—very, as a loving woman who is about to be made a wife should be; but when a great joy draws near to us it comes accompanied by the shadows of our old griefs.

"Now, then, Miss Smithers," broke in Dr. Probate, "for the very last time—nobody will call you that again, you know—take my arm; his lordship—I mean the parson—is there."

It was done, and they were man and wife. Well, even the happiest marriage is always a good thing to get over. It was not a long drive back to Hanover square, and the very first sight that greeted them on their arrival was the infant from the city (John's), accompanied by his brother, the infant from Pump court (James'), who had, presumably, come to show him the way, or, more probably, because he thought that there would be eatables going—holding in his hand a legal looking letter.

"Marked 'immediate,' sir; so I thought that I had better serve it at once," said the first infant, handing the letter to John.

"What is it?" asked Eustace, nervously. He had grown to hate the sight of a lawyer's letter with a deadly hate.

"Notice of appeal, I expect," said John. "Open it, man," said Eustace, "and let's get it over." Accordingly, John did so, and read as follows:

"MEESON VS. ADDISON AND ANOTHER. DEAR SIR—After consultation with our clients, Messrs. Addison and Roscoe, we are enabled to make you the following offer. If no account is required of the mesne profits—"

"That's a wrong term," said James, irritably. "Mesne profits refer to profits derived from real estate. Just like a solicitor to make such a blunder."

"The term is perfectly appropriate," replied his twin, with warmth. "There was some real estate, and, therefore, the term can properly be applied to the whole of the income."

"For heaven's sake, don't argue, but get on!" said Eustace. "Don't you see that I am on tenter hooks?"

"My clients," continued John, "are ready to undertake that no appeal shall be presented in the recent case of Meeson vs. Addison and Another. If, however, the plaintiff insists upon an account, the usual steps will be taken to bring the matter before a higher court."

"Obediently yours,

"News & News."

"John Short, Esq."

"P. S.—An immediate reply will oblige."

"Well, Meeson, what do you say to that?" said John. "But I beg your pardon, I forgot; perhaps you would like to take counsel's advice," and he pointed to

James, who was rubbing his bald head indignantly.

"Oh, no, I should not," answered Eustace; "I've quite made up my mind. Let them stick to their mesne" (here James made a face); "well, then, to their middle or their immediate or their anything else profits. No appeals for me, if I can avoid it. Send News a telegram."

The telegram to News & News having been dispatched, they all went in to the wedding breakfast.

And after that Augusta went and changed her dress, and then came the hurried good-bys; and, to escape observation, they drove off in a hansom cab amid a shower of old shoes.

And there in that hansom cab we will leave them.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MEESON'S ONCE AGAIN.

A month had passed—a month of long, happy days and such dear delight as young people who truly love each other can get out of a honeymoon spent under the most favorable circumstances in the sweetest, sunniest spots of the Channel Islands. And now the curtain draws up for the last time in this history, where it drew up for the first, in the inner office of Meeson's huge establishment.

During the last fortnight certain communications had passed between Mr. John Short, being duly authorized thereto, and the legal representatives of Messrs. Addison & Roscoe, with the result that the interests of these gentlemen in the great publishing house had been bought up, and that Eustace Meeson was now the sole owner of the vast concern, which he intended to take under his personal supervision.

Now, accompanied by John Short, whom he had appointed to the post of solicitor both of his business and private affairs, and by Augusta, he was engaged in formally taking over the keys from the head manager, who was known throughout the establishment as No. 1.

"I wish to refer to the author's agreements of the early part of last year," said Eustace.

No. 1 produced them somewhat sulkily. He did not like the appearance of this determined young owner upon the scene, with his free and un-Meeson like ways.

Eustace turned them over, and, while he did so his happy wife stood by him marveling at the kaleidoscopic changes in her circumstances. When last she had stood in that office, not a year ago, it had been as a pitiful suppliant begging for a few pounds wherewith to try and save her sister's life, and now—

Suddenly Eustace stopped turning, and, drawing a document from the bundle, glanced at it. It was Augusta's agreement with Meeson & Co. for "Jemima's Vow," the agreement binding her to them for five years, which had been the cause of all her troubles, and, as she firmly believed, of her little sister's death.

"There, my dear," said Eustace to his wife, "there is a present for you. Take it!"

Augusta took the document, and, having looked to see what it was, shivered as she did so. It brought the whole thing back so painfully to her mind.

"What shall I do with it?" she asked; "tear it up?"

"Yes," he answered. "No, stop a bit," and, taking it from her, he wrote "Canceled," in big letters across it, signed and dated it.

"There," he said, "now send it to be framed and glazed, and it shall be hung here in the office, to show how they used to do business at Meeson's."

No. 1 snorted, and looked at Eustace aghast. What would the young man be after next?

"Are the gentlemen assembled in the hall?" asked Eustace of him when the remaining documents were put away again.

No. 1 said that they were, and, accordingly, to the hall they went, wherein were gathered all the editors, sub-editors, managers, sub-managers, of the various departments, clerks, and other employes, not forgetting the tame authors, who, a pale and mealy regiment, had been marched up thither from the Hitches, and the tame artists with flying hair—and were now being marshaled in lines by No. 1, who had gone on before. When Eustace and his wife and John Short got to the top of the hall, where some chairs had been set, the whole multitude bowed, whereon he begged them to be seated—a permission which the tame authors, who sat all day in their little wooden hutches, and sometimes a good part of the night also, did not seem to care to avail themselves of. But the tame artists, who had, for the most part, to work standing, sat down readily.

"Gentlemen," said Eustace, "first let me introduce you to my wife, Mrs. Meeson, who, in another capacity, has already been—not greatly to her own profit—connected with this establishment, having written the best work of fiction that has ever gone through our printing presses" [here some of the wilder spirits cheered, and Augusta blushed and bowed;] "and who will, I hope and trust, write many even better books which we shall have the honor of giving to the world." [Applause.] "Also, gentlemen, let me introduce you to Mr. John Short, my solicitor, who, together with his twin brother, Mr. James Short, brought the great lawsuit in which I was engaged to a successful issue. And now I have to tell you why I have summoned you all to meet me here. First of all, to say that I am now the sole owner of this business, having bought out Messrs. Addison & Roscoe" [and a good job, too, said a voice;] "and that I hope that we shall work well together; and, secondly, to inform you that I am going to totally revolutionize the course of business as hitherto practiced in this establishment" [sensation;] "having, with the assistance of Mr. Short, drawn up a scheme for that purpose. I am informed, in the statement of profits on which the purchase price of the shares of Messrs. Addison & Roscoe was calculated, that the average net profits of this house during the past ten years have amounted to fifty-seven and a fraction per cent, on the capital invested. Now, I have determined that in future the net profits of any given undertaking shall be divided as follows: Ten per cent. to the author of the book in hand, and ten per cent. to the house. Then, should there be any further profit, it will be apportioned thus: One-third—of which moiety will go toward a pension fund—to the employes

of the house, the division to be arranged on a fixed scale"—(Enormous sensation, especially among the tame authors; "and the remainder to the author of the work. Thus, supposing that a book paid cent. per cent., I shall take ten per cent., and the employes would take twenty-six and a fraction per cent., and the author would take sixty-four per cent.")

And here an interruption occurred. It came from No. 1, who could no longer restrain his disgust.

"I'll resign," he said; "I'll resign! Meeson's content with ten per cent., when an author—a mere author—gets sixty! It's shameful—shameful!"

"If you choose to resign, you can," said Eustace, sharply. "But I advise you to take time to think it over. Gentlemen, this went on Eustace, "I dare say that this seems a great change to you, but I may as well say at once that I am no wild philanthropist. I expect to make it pay, and pay well. To begin with, I shall never undertake any work that I do not think will pay—that is, without an adequate guarantee, or in the capacity of a simple agent; and my own 10 per cent. will be the first charge on the profits; then the author's ten. Of course, if I speculate in a book, and buy it out and out, subject to the risks, the case will be different. But with a net 10 per cent., certain, I am, like people in any other line of business, quite prepared to be satisfied; and, upon those terms, I expect to become the publisher of all the best writers in England, and I also expect that any good writer will in future be able to make a handsome income out of his work. Further, it strikes me that you will most of you find yourselves better off at the end of the year than you do at present." [Cheers.] "One or two more matters I must touch on. First and foremost the Hitches, which I consider a scandal to a great institution like this, will be abolished"—[Shouts of joy from the tame authors;]—"and a handsome row of brick chambers erected in their place, and, further, their occupants will in future receive a very considerable permanent addition to their salaries." [Renewed and delicious cheering.] "Lastly, I will do away with this system—this horrid system—of calling men by number, as though they were convicts instead of free Englishmen. Henceforth everybody in this establishment will be known by his own name." [Loud cheers.]

"And now one thing more: I hope to see you all at dinner at Pompadour Hall this day next week, when we will christen our new scheme and the new firm, which, however, in the future as in the past, will be known as Meeson & Co., for, as we are all to share in the profits of our undertaking, I consider that we shall still be a company, and I hope a prosperous and honest company in the truest sense of the word." And then, amid a burst of prolonged and rapturous cheering, Eustace and his wife bowed, and were escorted out to the carriage that was waiting to drive them to Pompadour Hall.

In half an hour's time they were re-entering the palatial gates from which, less than a year before, Eustace had been driven forth to seek his fortune. There, on either side, were drawn up the long lines of menials, gorgeous with plush and powder (for Mr. Meeson's servants had never been discharged).

"God gracious!" said Augusta, glancing up the marble steps, "there are six of those great footmen. What on earth shall I do with them all?"

"Sack them," said Eustace, abruptly; "the sight of these overfed brutes makes me sick!"

And then they were bowed in—and under the close scrutiny of many pairs of eyes wandered off with what dignity they could command to dress for dinner.

In due course they found themselves at dinner, and such a dinner! It took an hour and twenty minutes to get through, or rather the six footmen took an hour and twenty minutes to carry the silver dishes in and out. Never since their marriage had Eustace and Augusta felt so miserable.

"I don't think that I like being so rich," said Augusta, rising and coming down the long table to her husband, when at last Johnson had softly closed the door. "It oppresses me!"

"So it does me," said Eustace; "and I tell you what it is, Gussie, he went on, drawing her to his knee; "I won't stand having all those infernal fellows hanging round me. I shall sell this place, and go in for something quieter."

And at that moment there came a dreadful diversion. Suddenly, and without the slightest warning, the doors at either end of the room opened. Through the one came two enormous footmen laden with coffee and cream, etc., and through the other Johnson and another powdered monster bearing cognac and other liquors. And there was Augusta sitting on Eustace's knee, absolutely too paralyzed to stir. Just as the men came up she struggled off somehow, and stood looking like an idiot, while Eustace colored to his eyes. Indeed, the only people who showed no confusion were those magnificent menials, who never turned a single powdered hair, but went through their solemn rites with perfectly unabashed countenances.

"I can't stand this," said Augusta, feebly, when they had at length departed. "I am going to bed; I feel quite faint."

"All right," said Eustace; "I think that it is the best thing to do in this comfortless shop. Confound that fellow Short, why couldn't he come and dine? I wonder if there is any place where one could go to smoke a pipe, or rather a cigar—I suppose those fellows would despise me if I smoked a pipe. There was no smoking allowed here in my uncle's time, so I used to smoke in the house-keeper's room; but I can't do that now."

"Why don't you smoke here?—the room is so big it would not smell," said Augusta.

"Oh, hang it all, no," said Eustace; "think of the velvet curtains. I can't sit and smoke by myself in a room fifty feet by thirty; I shall get the blues. No, I shall come upstairs, too, and smoke there."

And he did. Early, very early in the morning, Augusta woke, got up, and put on a dressing gown.

"Eustace," she said to her sleeping spouse, "wake up, I want to say something to you."

"Eh! what's the matter?" said Eustace, yawning.

"Eustace, we are too rich—we ought to do something with all this money."

"All right," said Eustace, "I'm agreeable. What do you want to do?"

"I want to give away a good sum—say two hundred thousand, that isn't much out of all you have—to found an institution for broken down authors."

"All right," said Eustace; "only you must see about it, I can't be bothered by the way," he added, waking up a little. "You remember what the old boy told you when he was dying? I think that starving authors who have published with Meeson's ought to have the first right of election."

"I think so, too," said Augusta, and she went to the bull writing table to work out that scheme on paper which, as the public is aware, is now about to prove such a boon to the world of scribblers.

"I say, Gussie!" suddenly said her husband. "I've just had a dream."

"Well!" she said, sharply, for she was busy with her pen; "what is it?"

"I dreamed that James Short was Q. C. and making twenty thousand a year, and that he had married Lady Holmhurst."

"I should not wonder if that came true," answered Augusta, biting the top of her pen.

Then came another pause.

"Gussie," said Eustace, sleepily; "are you quite happy?"

"Yes, of course I am; that is, I should be if it wasn't for those footmen and the silver water jugs."

"I wonder at that," said her husband. "Why?"

"Because"—(yawn)—"of that will upon your shoulders"—(yawn). "I should not have believed that a woman could be quite happy"—(yawn)—"who could never go to court."

And he went to sleep again; while, disdaining reply, Augusta worked on.

THE END.

Not "Well Instructed" in French.

City Daughter (entertaining Father Hazed at dinner)—Papa, dear, you oughtn't to eat pastry with your knife. If any of my city friends should be dining with me they would think you were not quite au fait.

Papa Hazed—I don't care whether they think I'm off A or nigh A, or gee haw buck A; when I eat pie I'm going to eat it my way, and don't you forget it.—Chatter.

"You Never Visted."

A gentleman who lives out at Edgewater was starting for town the other morning and he had occasion to cross the railroad track on his way to the station. Jogging along before him on the road was a peripatetic peddler, who was evidently a Hebrew. The latter had a bony horse, which ambled along in some way, and the wagon in which the peddler sat was a very rickety affair. The Edgewater man heard the whistle of a train as the wagon neared the track, and he knew that the morning express was due, but the Hebrew jogged on and apparently did not hear the train. As his rig struck the track the engine of the express dashed by and caught the rear wheels. There was a cry and a crash. The Edgewater man rushed toward the crossing just as the bewildered peddler pulled himself away from the wreck of his stock in trade. Straightening himself up and gazing after the fast receding train, he shook his finger at the rear coach and said, reproachfully: "You never visted!"

—Chicago Herald.

Should Say So.

Miss Minnie—Was the play pathetic? Mr. Banklurk—I should say so. Why, even the seats were in tiers.—Harper's Bazar.

Half Heron, Half Stork.

The Zoological gardens have just received several specimens of the umbrette, which has not been exhibited since the year 1884. It is, however, fairly common throughout the Cape colony and in other parts of Africa, and extends its range to Madagascar. It is one of those birds which has proved a difficulty to the systematist, for it does not fit accurately into any classificatory scheme. It is half a heron and half a stork, with a general appearance which is unlike that of either. On the whole, in its structure it comes nearer to the heron, and it has the rather melancholy demeanor of that bird. It lives upon fish and frogs. Curiously enough it is looked upon by some of the natives of both Africa and Madagascar as a bird of evil augury. In Africa it is held to be sacred and to possess the power of witchcraft. There is something portentous and solemn about the behavior of all these herons and bitterns which easily accounts for the origin of these legends. Occasionally the umbrette relaxes the severity of its demeanor and executes a fantastic dance with outspread wings. It is also a bird of refined and aesthetic tastes, which are not shared by its immediate kinsmen, the herons and storks. It adorns its nest with buttons, fragments of pottery, bits of glass, and any other bright looking objects which come in its way. The nest itself is enormous—nearly six feet across—and its interior divided into three chambers. This is an unheard of luxury, especially as it only lays two eggs and does not take in any lodgers, such as cuckoos.—London Daily News.

New Street Car Stove.

The Electric Railway company at Du Moines, Ia., has received two petroleum oil stoves, a new invention for heating purposes. The inventors claim for their safety and the most satisfactory and cheapest heat appliances for cars. The stoves are placed underneath the seats and are entirely out of the way, and, if safety factory in their operation, will certainly prove a big improvement over the old stoves. The invention is a new one, the patent having been secured by a Chicago firm, who have given them a thorough test.—New York Telegram.