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1 Mo.	3 Mos.	6 Mos.	1 Year
1 Col. \$12.00	\$24.00	\$42.00	\$72.00
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CAPT. KING'S BEST SERIAL,

A Story of the Social Life of our Army.

It is now running in this paper.

TWO SOLDIERS,
Is Now Running
IN THIS PAPER.

TWO SOLDIERS,
Is Now Running
IN THIS PAPER.

HE COULD NOT HELP IT.

CAPT. KING, THE BRAVE SOLDIER WHO WAS FORCED TO BE A NOVELIST.

His Interesting Life and How His Stories Made Him Famous—How He Looks, Dresses and Works—The Romance of His Life.

(Copyright by American Press Association.)

The story of Capt. Charles King's eventful life reads like a work of romantic fiction than a plain statement of every day facts. Capt. King's name has become as familiar as a household word to readers of serial and magazine literature the past few years and he is today one of the best known and most widely read authors in America. The demand for his stories is so great that no less than six novels are now being printed in magazine form and syndicates, besides several other important new works, and he has enough orders ahead to keep him busy every hour of the day for the next two years.

Capt. King has been writing stories of love and war steadily for the past six or eight years, and in that time he has turned out an incredibly large number of novels, and what is still more remarkable, they are all good ones. Capt. King is a soldier by instinct and profession, a born ruler of men, but the receipt of a savage bullet and the appearance of one or two military stories from his pen combined to force him, somewhat reluctantly, into the field of literature. The demand for his stories gradually became so great that he has been compelled to abandon everything else and become a professional novelist.

Capt. Charles King is a resident of Milwaukee. He lives in a pretty little home on Prospect avenue, surrounded by his happy little family—a wife and several children. He is 36 years of age, but appears much younger. He is small of stature, light and graceful, a blonde, with blue eyes and a handsome, intelligent face. Being near sighted he constantly wears glasses. Excepting a mustache his face is clean shaven. He is fond of society, dresses faultlessly and like a true military man is erect and dignified, keen of speech and quick at repartee. When not wearing his uniform he occasionally appears during the summer months.



CAPT. KING, AUTHOR OF "TWO SOLDIERS."

Capt. King first tried his pen as a writer when a subaltern of artillery, just after the war, but not with pecuniary success, if any other. He found publishers, but no pay. In 1872, while on reconstruction duty in the south, he began "Kitty's Conquest," and tried several publishers with it. No one wanted it, and he pitched the MSS. into a trunk and went out to Arizona to join the Fifth cavalry for the Apache campaign. For six years he and his regiment were in one Indian war after another, and scouting all over the continent, from the Missouri to the Colorado. It was while recovering from a severe wound that he began sketches of Indian campaigning, and they led to demands for more.

The Lippincotts read his "Colonel's Daughter" as it was being published as a serial in an army magazine that could hardly afford to pay for the paper it was printed on. They instantly offered to publish it in book form and pay him royalty and take anything else he had, including "Kitty."

"The Colonel's Daughter" is selling yet, and so is its sequel, "Marion's Faith," while "The Deserter" and "From the Ranks" and his several later complete novels have exceeded all the publishers' expectations, and astonished nobody more than the author himself. His largest work—and considered by professional critics his best—is "The Famous Battles of the World," an 800 page volume, published in Philadelphia, but he has written several short stories and sketches for Lippincotts, Harpers and others, and for the next year or two, I am told by the captain himself, he can accept no more offers, for all that he can possibly write is bespoken.

In answer to a question as to his method of work Capt. King said that there had been only three months a year until 1887 when he could give to writing. The national guard is a thing in which he is deeply interested, and he has given it a great deal of time. When he does write it is generally for several hours at a stretch

—from 8 or 9 in the morning until 1, or sometimes 2. He writes rapidly, and yet hates to revise and correct; but no one ever sees his work, good or bad, until it is opened in the publisher's office. Everything he has written since 1882 and much that he wrote before has found its market.

Capt. King was born in Albany, N. Y., Oct. 12, 1844, and comes of a family distinguished in literature and politics. His father was for several years United States minister to Rome, and during the war became brigadier general of volunteers. His grandfather, Charles King, J. D., was once president of Columbia college, and his great-grandfather, Gen. Rufus King, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and twice minister to England. On his mother's side he is a direct descendant of John Elliot, the Indian apostle. In 1845 Rufus King went to Milwaukee and became editor of The Sentinel, remaining there continuously until his appointment to Rome. In 1855 Charles King was sent to Columbia college, where he remained until 1861. Within a few hours after Fort Sumter had been fired upon a young King turned up in the camp of the Wisconsin volunteers at Washington, with drum sticks in hand. At 16 years of age he saw his first soldiering in Virginia. He was galloping for Gen. W. S. Hancock when he first crossed the Potomac at the head of his brigade. In 1862 King was appointed a cadet at West Point by President Lincoln, and he graduated No. 2186, and number 22 in a class of 46. After graduating at West Point he was kept there for some time as military instructor—a high compliment to a subaltern officer.

From 1861 to 1863 Capt. King served in the regular army as a cavalry officer, stationed at New Orleans. Then he was ordered to West Point as instructor in cavalry tactics. He was relieved from duty in 1864 to accept a staff position. From 1871 to 1874 he was confidential aid on the staff of Maj. Gen. W. H. Emory, with station at New Orleans. There was a romantic turn to Capt. King's life about this time. It will be remembered that there was a good deal of excitement over an international race of gentlemen riders on the old Metairie track at New Orleans in April, 1872. England, Ireland, France and Austria were represented, but there was no one to ride for the United States. At the last minute Capt. King entered the contest, and the race was a notable one. Distinguished people from all over the country were present. The flower and beauty of the south turned out, and the grand stand at the Jockey club on that particular day was a scene of bewildering beauty and chivalry. The race was a magnificent one, and to the surprise and delight of every one King won it by two lengths.

After the huzzahs of congratulation had subsided the victor was presented with a gold whip, which he took across the track and laid in the lap of a young lady who had accompanied Gen. and Mrs. Emory. She has the whip yet, and it is suspended from a ribbon over the parlor mantel in Capt. King's cozy home. They were married a few months after the stirring incident. After going through the reconstruction period in the south our hero asked to be relieved from staff duty to join his troop, K, Fifth cavalry. In the Apache campaign in Arizona, in 1874, King saw brilliant service. The troop of which he was in command became conspicuous. Gen. Sherman publicly stated that he considered their services "unequaled by those of any cavalry regiment." On Nov. 1, 1874, King was severely wounded at Sunset pass. He was then only saved from falling into the hands of the bloodthirsty savages by the valorous devotion of one of his soldiers.

For months the intrepid commander was laid up with a shattered saber arm. Almost before it was well he was in the saddle again and went through the terrible Big Horn and Yellowstone campaigns. His service was brilliant, his bravery matchless, and his coolness in the heat of many of the most terrible battles ever fought with the Indians won him unstinted praise from his superiors. In 1878 King's wound, which had never healed, became so troublesome that he was forced to go before a retiring board. The next year he left the army that he loved so well and became a shelved warrior—full of scars and glory before he had reached one-half of man's three-score-and-ten years. And thus it was that the soldier became an author. After his retirement he held several important civil and military commissions, and became identified prominently with the national guard, in which he is still very much interested.

In Capt. King's study, where he writes his stories, there is the veritable Navajo blanket in which his soldiers bundled or carried him down the mountain side after receiving his wound at Sunset pass. There, too, can be seen the pictures in uniforms of many of the heroes of his stories. Shoulder straps, sword belts, forage cap and buckskin leggings are suspended from the walls. There are a thousand and one other curious things picked up by the captain during his army life. On the wall is a fine portrait of Gen. Rufus King, and near by is the magnificent presentation sword owned by the soldier writer's distinguished father. Altogether it is a home of refinement and taste. Capt. King and the lady who won the Metairie whip have three children, and there is a Charles King, Jr., who is a living picture of the father and a perfect soldier in miniature.

G. H. YEROWLER.

Christian Hanning, a drayman of Indianapolis, wears the Iron Cross of the German empire, given him for bravery at the battle of Metz.

To do one's friend a kindness and then continually embitter his life by reminding him of it is but little more worthy than doing him an injury.

H. S. Holmes & Co.

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We are offering our entire stock of

Men's Suits.

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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.

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Pound of Baking Powder

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Special Fee (Rye, Oats and Corn).....	75c per 100

No short weights.

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25 CTS.

THE CHELSEA STANDARD.

WM. EMMERT, Publisher.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN

JAY GOULD was fined \$100 for not answering a summons of a New York Court to act as a petit juror.

EZRA LEECH, a farmer of Newton County, Mississippi, discovered \$10,000 in gold while ditching in his field a few days ago.

THE explanation of the peculiar density of thunder clouds is said to lie in the fact that the vapor is partially condensed into drops by the electrical action.

A GEORGIA youth who answered (inclosing a quarter) an advertisement of how to make money without work got in reply a piece of paper inscribed: "Catch suckers as we do."

ON an average there are thirty-five more boys than girls born in New York City every week. On the average fifty more males than females die. So the female population grows more rapidly than the male.

THE military authorities of Russia have issued an order that cavalrymen shall not wear their ordinary spurs when they attend a ball. They may wear spurs with blunt rowels, but they may also, if they prefer, appear in civilian clothes, with no spurs at all.

A CURIOUS fact is noticed in connection with the formation of barnacles—on ships' bottom. In the majority of cases there is a much heavier growth of grass and barnacles on one side than on the other, and in numerous instances one side will be almost free while the other is as foul as possible.

A PROMINENT Southern man recently confessed that he was never afraid of but two things. "One," he said, "was the Yankee army, and the other is my wife." The army is disbanded, but he has his wife with him yet, so there is no fear of his being a rebel. On the contrary he obeys and fears.

THE custom of a water boy to carry ice water through the cars, began on Connecticut railroads during the war. When water was carried through the car to sick or disabled soldiers, and it so commended itself to the public that in 1864 a law was passed making the service obligatory on all roads running through the State.

A BOY named Drews performed a dangerous feat in West Orange, N. J., the other day, it is related. The contractor for the drain that has been laid to carry off the standing water in lots on Valley road wanted to determine whether or not the drain was free from obstructions, and offered the lad a small sum to go through it. The pipe is eighteen inches in diameter, is eight feet under ground and is 1,200 feet long. The boy accepted the offer and entered the pipe. Half an hour later he emerged safely from the other end.

THE Pasteur Institute has, for the first time since antirabic vaccination has been practiced, published complete statistics of the results of the Pasteur treatment for hydrophobia. From January 1, 1886, to December 31, 1889, 7,393 persons bitten by mad dogs have been treated; 53 of these have died—a proportion of 0.07 per cent. The proportion of deaths when this treatment is not adopted is 15.90 per cent.; consequently, among the 7,393 patients of the Pasteur Institute, 1,265 would have died had not the Pasteur method of treating hydrophobia been carried out.

THERE is a saloonkeeper in Utica, Neb., who must be a pretty square man, as saloonkeepers go. He inserts the following advertisement in the local papers: "To whom it may concern: Know ye that, by the payment of \$1,527.40, I am permitted to retail intoxicating liquors at my saloon in this city. To the wife, who has a drunkard for a husband, or a friend, who is unfortunately dissipated, I say emphatically: Give me notice of such cases in which you are interested, and all such will be excluded from my place. Let mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, uncles and aunts do likewise, and their requests will be regarded."

ADVERTISING is not, as many suppose, an outgrowth of modern necessity, but it is a very ancient practice; and the British Museum possesses a collection of old Greek advertisements printed on leaden plates. The Egyptians were great advertisers. Papyrus leaves over three thousand years old have been found at Thebes, describing runaway slaves, and offering a reward for their capture—poor wretches; and at Pompeii ancient advertisements have been de-

scribed on the walls. So perhaps, after all, the inhabitants of old Athens and Rome and many other ancient cities had to deplore the desecration of their fine buildings and places as much as we do at the present day.

JOSEPH DUVALLE has been in the Michigan prison for thirty-two consecutive years. He was convicted of murder in Sanilac County in 1858 and condemned to solitary confinement for life.

For a number of years (how many he himself cannot tell) he was isolated from anything in the shape of a human being. He never saw a human face or heard a human voice for long weary months at a time. His food was brought to him on a tin plate and handed through a wicket, but he never caught a glimpse of the convict who waited on him. For thirty-two years the only sight of the sky he ever got was from within the four great walls. He has never stepped outside the gates. No friend or relative has spoken to him in all that period.

An old Scotch lady who lived at considerable distance from the parish church was in the habit of driving over to the service. Her coachman, when he considered the sermon nearly at an end, would slip out quietly for the purpose of having the carriage ready by the time the service was concluded. One Sunday John returned to the church, and after hanging about the door for a considerable time grew impatient and popped in his head, discovered the minister haranguing as hard as ever. Creeping down the aisle toward his mistress he whispered in her ear: "Is he no near done yet?" "Dune!" returned the old lady, in a high state of indignation, for her patience had long been exhausted; "he's dune half an hour since, but he'll no stop."

GEORGE M. PULLMAN, the Pullman palace car inventor, is one of the very rich men of the country. He could draw a check for \$50,000,000 and still have enough left him to support his old age in comfort. He has been made a knight by the king of Italy, but he does not wear an iron pot on his head, and a steel jacket and pantaloons of iron, as all the knights of song and story and the illustrated picture books do. He dresses in the latest nineteenth century style, and is somewhat fastidious about his clothes. He spends most of his time on the railroad in one of his most luxurious palace cars. He is very kind to his employees, and is, consequently very popular. He has built up the town of Pullman, in which all the inhabitants are well-to-do, and want and poverty are unknown. He is a silent, reserve man, perhaps a trifle shy.

THE Government seems to be making fair progress in the education of the Indians. There are 36,000 Indian children in the country between the ages of 6 and 16 years. The Government has educated a small percentage of these children, and, so far, the result has proved beneficial. The record of the Indian schools compares favorably with those devoted to the education of white children. But the Indian children are sent back after they complete their education to the tribes, where there is nothing for them to do but to relapse into barbarism. An attempt to live according to the ways of the white people is immediately frowned upon by the Indian fathers and mothers, and there is nothing that the educated Indian can do to earn a living. This will continue to be the case until the tribal relations are broken up by a division of the land in severality.

WILLIAM T. SHERMAN says he has left money enough in his will to build his own monument as he does not wish any such a circus over his dead body as has been made over Gen. Grant. Gen. Sherman has about reached the scriptural limit of life, though he is young and chipper as ever. He is more approachable than he used to be. During the war he was a hard man to interview, and would frequently scold the interviewer with a fluency and profanity that would do justice to a professional gold. He sometimes has crochety moods even now, but his prevailing attitude is a hospitable and courteous one. Sherman is about as good a story-teller as Abraham Lincoln. He is very fond of the theater and attends them two or three times a week. He always kisses all the young ladies who are introduced to him, to the infinite jealousy of younger men. Gen. Sherman is a familiar figure in New York City, as he is often seen on the elevated trains or on foot about the streets. He thinks New York is the best place in the world to live.

We should do nothing inconsistent with the spirit and genius of our institutions. We should do nothing for revenge, but everything for security; nothing for the past, everything for the present and future.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

Some Valuable Information for the Plowman, Stockman, Poulterer, Nurseryman, and Everybody Connected with the Farm.

Corn Ensilage for Beef.

At the Ontario Agricultural College experiments have been made with corn ensilage as a food for making beef, with the following summary of results: 1. That shipping steers can be fed at a fair profit with prices of grain as at present, when of good types, when they are purchased at reasonable rates and where there are suitable facilities for feeding. 2. That corn ensilage and meal will fatten as effectively and as cheaply as a ration of roots, hay and meal, and with a less expenditure of labor. 3. That steers fasted twelve hours by simply turning them into a yard at night will shrink from sixty to seventy pounds each. 4. That with food at present prices, such as that used above, steers weighing from 1,300 to 1,500 pounds can be made to gain on an average 1,801 pounds per day, and at an average cost of 21.053 cents per day for the food fed. 5. That the value of the animals for fattening purposes was increased by the fattening process an average of 11 cents per pound from commencement to finish.

Out Culture.

After three years experiments with oats the Ohio Experiment Station summarizes its results as follows: 1. In the comparative test the varieties giving the highest yield in 1889 were the Improved American, Monarch, Rust Proof, Welch, and Colonel, Kansas Hybrid, Probstler and White Shermen remain among the highest producers. 2. Varieties weighing most to the measured bushel were Central, Early Prize Cluster, White Bonanza, Race Horse, White Victoria, and Haggrett's White. 3. The highest percentage of oats standing at harvest was in Hopetown, Welch, Wideawake, Improved American, and Rust Proof. 4. The varieties giving the highest average yield in a series of years are the White Shermen, Monarch, Probstler, Early Dakota, and Rust Proof. These have averaged sixty bushels and above. Some of them have done this for years—some five and six. 5. Seeding at the rate of five, six, seven, and eight pecks per acre in 1889 gave yields almost identical. Seeding at less than five and more than eight pecks gave smaller yields. In the average of two seasons' experiments a larger yield has been obtained from sowing at the rate of six pecks than from a larger or smaller quantity of seed.

Thinning Corn.

One of the disadvantages of poor seed corn is that there is a constant tendency on the part of planters to put in too much seed, says the *American Cultivator*. The idea, of course, is that some will fail to grow. Oftener, however, the poor seed all grows, but much of it has its vitality injured so much that it presents only a sorry and weak appearance. When it comes up with from five to ten stalks in a hill, the farmer thinks he will pull up all but three of the best, but he rarely, and practically, we may say, never does this. It goes against the grain of most farmers to thin out corn. Besides, to do it as it should be done involves more labor than was originally required for planting. Sometimes the farmer thinks he will thin out gradually, using the small plants to feed to cows; but this does not pay. They are of little worth for feed until the plant gets into tassel, and by that time all are so crowded that there is no chance for anything excepting fodder. Drilled corn is more apt to suffer from overcrowding than that in hills. The spaces each way give room for sunlight, even though the stalks crowd each other in the hill. When the corn is drilled it at first looks to be very thin when the seed is put in right. One stalk to each running foot of the rows gives more ears and more grain than to have it thicker.

Ensilage for Sheep.

At an ensilage convention recently held in Ohio, J. W. Pierce, of Indiana, gave his experience as to the value of ensilage for sheep as follows: "Last August, when we started out on the circuit of the fairs through our State, which lasted about eight weeks, we took five coal oil barrels and burned them out on the inside, drove to the field and got clover and ran it through the cutter, three-eighths of an inch in length, and put it into those coal oil barrels, using an ordinary building jack-screw and pressing it down very firmly. After that was done we heaped those barrels up and rolled them out to one end of the barn and covered them lightly with horse manure. We allowed them to remain there about thirty days. In shipping our sheep out through the State for exhibition purposes we took along with us those barrels of ensilage, which was clover in bloom or nearly so, second crop. From the feeding value of that we concluded to fill our silo last year, and also this, with clover, and it has proven very beneficial to us and a very economical way of filling.

Our method this year was to put in one of the pits the whole clover, one ton, and then take pulverized charcoal and sprinkle that over the clover, the same as we would sprinkle many green hides with salt. One of the other pits was filled with equal parts of corn alone. We fed from two of those pits. We find from experience that the clover and corn fed in equal parts with other food is better for stock than to feed either one, corn or clover, exclusively.

Mr. Mook—Did you feed any corn ensilage?
Mr. Pierce—Yes, sir, I have for three years. I remember two years ago the corn was considerably smutty, and in our rush to get it out of the weather we allowed more or less of that smut to go in, and by sprinkling this pulverized charcoal it seemed to destroy that, and it took away the lumbering odor that was spoken of, this afternoon. That odor our experiment station, attributes it to that. So I conclude that we will in the future, in filling our silos, treat each layer of ensilage to a light sprinkling of pulverized charcoal. Our method of

furnishing the charcoal was to dig a pit, build a slow fire in it, fill with corn cobs, and cover the cobs with about half a foot of earth, and when we got ready to use it we had a charcoal far superior to wood, and much cheaper. The stock all eat it. The charcoal is mixed in a pulverized state. I put about a peck of charcoal to a ton of either fodder or clover.

THE ORCHARD.

Horticultural Hints.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS for fall flowering must not be allowed to become pot-bound. Shift into larger pots, as required. Planting them out and potting them in October is the best way, and the least trouble.

The raised beds so common in many cemeteries should not be used. Flat beds are better, as they do not dry out. Raised beds have to be watered every day in the heat of the summer, and are rarely satisfactory.

It is said that the Brighton grape is sufficient in pollen, and that this is why the vine, when planted by itself, does not set fruit well. When planted among other kinds, the trouble is not experienced. In flavor but few kinds equal it.

New kinds of fruits which are to be grafted on other trees should be placed on vigorous trees, if possible. Setting them on old, worn-out trees will give no good results. The best of fruits will be poor if set on an ill-conditioned stock.

Do not forget that a thin evergreen can be made as bushy as desired by pruning. The knife can be used on evergreens as readily as on deciduous trees. After a year or two's pruning they become so thick that birds can hardly get through.

Toads are excellent friends of the gardeners, living on insects which are no benefit in a garden. Were it not that moles make gardens unsightly and sometimes upheave seeds and plants, nothing could be said against them, as they do not eat vegetable matter.

WESTERN men complain that the Bartlett pear is liable to blight to a greater degree than some others. Blight is unknown as a serious evil in Pennsylvania, and what little occurs the Bartlett escapes. It is still the leading kind, as it has been for many years.

It is now generally known that pears are of better flavor when gathered a week or ten days before they are ripe. With peaches, however, it is different. They are at their best when left on the tree until fully ripe. Unless from trees in their own gardens, the inhabitants of large cities hardly know the taste of a ripe peach.

The fruiting of the fig is more of a curiosity than a source of profit in the North. It is true that if bent over and covered with earth for the winter it is secure, and so it is if wintered in the cellar. But the average man will not take this trouble, hence a solitary tree here and there is all that we may reasonably expect to see.

S. D. WILLARD, a noted orchardist of Geneva, tells the New York Horticultural Society that he had injured the foliage of his plum trees, and to some extent his pears, by syringing with London purple, to destroy insects. Paris green does not injure them at all. I have used paris green in many ways on the foliage of different plants, and always without the slightest injury.

We have known of the mounding of a little earth around the base of a peach and apple tree in spring, so that the borer's work, which is generally an inch or two under ground, can easily be got at later on by raking away the mound. But Secretary Wolvorton, of the Ontario Fruit Growers' Society, says that when founded up to a good height, no borers will attack the tree at all, the wood being too hard for them. They must have the soft part near the ground or nothing.

THE DAIRY.

Falling Off in Milk.

The reports of heavy yields of milk, as frequently published in live stock periodicals, are of little value, says the *Practical Farmer*. In forming a just estimate of the adaptability of a cow to dairy purposes, a week's record of her duty at the pail is often very misleading. We need to know more. Her age, time of dropping her last calf, and full details as to her keep, must accompany the record in order to make it profitable reading. What is time of published accounts of the yields of prize and other noted cattle belonging to others, may for a stronger reason be affirmed of our own cows. Unless we keep faithful records of the milk each one of them gives daily, and of her feed, we are at loss to know whether we are losing or making money by her; important items of information just now. With a portable platform-scale, a can, the tare of which is known, and ruled blanks on which to make the entries of feed and yield, the time required to keep the record is very trifling, and its employment for the purpose is richly repaid. Indeed, in no other way can we maintain that "Dairy Control," without which our business is at loose ends. How much of the present agricultural depression is due to the lack of control of farming operations? Through ignorance of whether we are financially running, owing to failure to keep regular accounts of our receipts and disbursements, is a primary question of the hour.

One of the most valuable pieces of information to be derived from a milk record, is not only how well the cow milks after calving, but for how many months she continues to milk well, and how quickly she falls off at the end of that period. We apprehend that this is a point to which too little attention is given. Regarding the cow as a machine for the manufacture of milk, if she gives very nearly the same quantity during, say, three-fourths of her milking period, and especially if she continues milking until within a few weeks or days of her next calving, without injury to herself or her calf, that is the machine we want.

Some dairymen estimate the diminution in milk, as determined by the weekly average, at about half a pound daily; others assert that the yield first increases, then falls back to about the normal average, where it remains, and then rapidly decreases to the end of

the milking period. The latter conditions are best secured when the calf dropped in February or March, and the cow turned out as soon as the pasture ready for her. Her yield then often mounts higher than when she was fresh.

But even when always fed on the same ration, cows differ in the rate of diminution of their milk, the majority probably falling off regularly, and of the remainder, the number diminishing very slowly, about equaling the fast strikers. Our milk records, therefore, for our cows under three principal groups, with some "scattering."

In preparing a weekly record we leave a blank space on left margin of sheet for names of cows, time of calving, etc. Next to it we rule columns from top to bottom, for gallons of milk per week. At the top of the sheet we put the number of weeks from one to fifty-two, broad right-hand column being left for noting changes in feeding, condition, etc.

Mrs. Joseph Paget, of Mansfield, England, has recently devised a milk chart in which the yield is shown in the form of a diagram, instead of in columns and figures. A gradual decrease is indicated by a nearly straight obliquely ascending line; a rise in quantity by an ascending line; sudden alternations in the yield by a fine more or less zigzag line. This plan has long been in use, showing the rise and fall in the price of wheat, in the temperature of the air, etc. Any intelligent dairyman can outline chart himself and see how it looks compared with figures.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A Country Sitting-Room.

There is nothing prettier in a country sitting-room than a few pieces of rattan furniture, either in natural color or cushions of India silk, or enamelled white and gold and fitted up with striped tapestry, cretonne, or any artistic material the owner fancies. There are kinds of furniture classified under the head of rattan—the genuine rattan, the reed or wicker. The wicker chair is less expensive than the rattan, but it is not to be despised for this reason—it certainly possesses one advantage over rattan—it cannot be twisted into shape preposterously ugly shapes as rattan has been by some manufacturers. The nature of the material prevents it being woven with backs in the shape of Chinese fans and various other styles which are parodies of Oriental art.

The Chinese chairs that come to our country are combinations of rattan and wicker-work. It is difficult to get the chairs here in as fine a quality as they are made. The American rattan is finer than anything that comes from China, but the shapes are far inferior to the Chinese or English work. The English make a delightful student chair in wicker-work, with a basket at the side for papers. It has a high, square back, a broad, roomy seat, and is more comfortable by the addition of tufted cushions, which can be removed when necessary to be beaten. It is altogether an example of the excellent effect of using material in a manner adapted to its nature.—*New York Tribune*.

Hints to Housekeepers.

WHITE spots upon varnished furniture will disappear if you hold a hot pipe over them.

SPOTS may be taken out of wash-gold by rubbing them with the yolk of egg before washing.

TO CLEAN tins, making them look most as nice as new, wash in hot suds, dip a dampened cloth in the suds, coat ashes, scour well, then polish with dry ashes.

A SPATULA or palette-knife is the best thing for scraping batter, porridge, etc., from the sides of bowls or pots; is not expensive, and soon saves itself by preventing waste.

FLOWERS can be kept fresh for some time if a pinch of soda or salt-petre added to the water. With roses, we retain their freshness if dipped in a ment or two in hot water.

SOFT milk would better be removed from a tin vessel as soon as possible; it is never well to permit an acid to remain in a metal receiver. For this reason many people object to canned fruits in tins.

TREAT your shoes tenderly. Hard rubbers ruin fine leather. Avoid wet and blacking of all kinds, and substitute vaseline. First, rub your shoe with a piece of old black silk, then apply the vaseline with a soft, black glove.

THE KITCHEN.

Quick Rice.

Two cups flour, one tablespoonful mixed lard and butter, one cup milk, one heaping teaspoonful baking powder, pinch salt. Handle little, roll and quickly, and bake in a steady oven.

Chocolate Ice.

Allow one pound of icing sugar, every two ounces of chocolate; grate the latter into a saucpan, and mix with eight tablespoonfuls of water; stir well and let it cook gently for ten minutes, then add the sugar, and use with warm.

Potato Soup.

Three pints of rich milk, one pint of mashed potato, two tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Boil the milk, add the potato and boil again stirring frequently, that the potato may become thoroughly dissolved, and season just before serving. Serve very hot.

Purée of Celery.

Boil two heads of celery in plenty of salted water with an onion, a blade of mace and some whole pepper. When done drain them and pass them through a hair sieve. Melt a piece of butter in a saucpan, mix a little flour with it, then the celery pulp and work it well on the fire, adding a little cream of milk and some of the gravy of the ducks.

Baked Rice with Cheese.

One pint of boiled rice, half a cupful of grated cheese, place in alternate layers in a buttered earthen dish. Spread powdered cracker over the top with bits of butter, and over the whole pour one egg, well beaten, one cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of dry mustard, half a teaspoonful of salt and a shake of cayenne pepper, thoroughly beaten together. Bake twenty minutes in quick oven, and serve very hot.

AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE

OLD SOLDIERS TALK OVER EXPERIENCES AND SPIN YARNS.

The Blue and the Gray Revive Incidents of the Late War, and in a Graphic and Interesting Manner Tell of Camp, March, and Battle.

Twenty-five Years After. BY MRS. NAPOLEON B. MORANGE.

I thought I'd wander here again... A veteran old and gray... Somehow the place is changed since then... The landmarks, where are they?

head with stinging force, and I stumbled over intertwining roots and vines that covered the ground. I walked forty or fifty yards along the bank, and then dropped and crept on all-



"I BEGAN TO MIX UP IN THE CROWD."

fours along the ground, groping with my hands. The cold sweat poured from and over me, my breath seemed to fail; I realized as a truth what I had for some minutes, and they were as hours of agony—what I had been unwilling to admit to myself—that I had lost my landmarks and knew not where my boat lay.

As I stood, gasping for breath, straining my eyes, and trying to calm down so as to do rational thinking and calculation; as I stood there with the proofs of my errand, in memoranda and plans upon my person, the cry of a night bird or slight splash of a fish or snake gliding into the water would chill my blood and check my heart-beats, and I had seen some pretty tough times before that, too.

In the misery of that moment, in the sudden and utter helplessness I experienced in being unable to discover my bearings, I was about to let myself gently down into the stream and to float with its current to life or death. Our outposts must be reached; the General must be informed of the projected movement against him.

I was stooping down when there came a sound I well knew, the low, sullen bay of a bloodhound. The danger, one I had not anticipated, was coming near, and that knowledge actually revived me; there would be something to fight anyhow.

Something struck against my breast. I could not suppress the slight cry of joy that escaped from me as, stretching out my hand, I grasped the stern of a bough-covered boat.



"I SAW THE GREAT SUPPLE FORM OF A CROUCHING BLOODHOUND."

disturbed during all these days. I began to move forward in it, so as to find the rope by which she was fastened to the projecting log under which I had hidden her. Suddenly a ray of moonlight, the first that had broken through the thick clouds in all those hours, fell directly on the boat.

woods; and on the log, as I hurriedly cut the line that held my boat to it, I saw the great, supple form of a crouching bloodhound, his red eyes blazing like coals of living fire, his jaws distended, his red tongue, froth-dripping, hanging low, and the whole body poised, panther-like, for a spring upon his prey.

With one swift, hard push I sent the boat whirling out into the current, but the savage brute was as quick. With a splash he was in the water close at the side of the craft. I seized the rough, heavy oar and made a desperate effort to brain him, but the network of boughs about the boat which prevented him from easily climbing in, broke the force and directness of the blow and it merely glanced on his ear.

Now or never was the time to rid myself of him. I drew my revolver and placed the muzzle between his eyes, but I could hear voices on the shore and sounds of men forcing their way through the brush—one shot would betray my position to the pursuers and bring a deadly volley upon me.

Meanwhile the brute lunged on, and his weight and struggles drew the side of the boat below the water, which rushed in and threatened to swamp her. I changed my tactics, thrust the pistol into the breast of my coat, and drew a long knife—a trophy, by the way, from a Confederate prisoner; it had been made from a file, was a rude weapon but splendidly tempered, double edged, sharp-pointed and keen as a razor.

There were a number of random shots fired almost at the same time, showing that the trackers had reached the shore, but I had gained the shadows of the other side, and the boat was so well disguised, that even the flashes of their guns did not discover it to the enemy.

Two hours' hard work, with the swift current to aid me, brought me within our lines, and I soon reached headquarters, as dirty, tired, hungry, thirsty and glad-to-be-there a young man as ever had the good luck to save his neck from a halter.

Though I received hearty congratulations on my narrow escape, and special commendation for my service, I was never again tempted to volunteer for spy duty; this last turn had been, don't you know, such a very, very close shave.—Chicago Ledger.

The Youngest Soldier.



B. MOORE, of Harrisville, Ohio, writes Isaac R. Ford in the American Tribune, claims that his record eclipses that of any other so far heard from, in being the youngest soldier on record. He states that he was born Oct. 22, 1846, and enlisted Dec. 22, 1861, in the Forty-third Ohio.

The Regulars.



THE veterans who served in the regular army will be interested in the records of the regular regiments. The Eighteenth Infantry—a Western regiment, by the way—is recorded as having encountered the severest loss in action of any of the regular commands.

A SAVING SCHEME.

A Wife's Ingenuity to Get Her Husband a Call to Preach.

The Rev. Jonas Fletcher entered his house with a dejected step and flung his satchel on the table with a sigh that was almost a groan.

"Another disappointment?" said his wife, who was giving the children their supper. "Didn't they want you at Jennings Corners?"

"They don't want me anywhere," groaned Mr. Fletcher. "I am too old. I preached one of my best sermons and they listened well, but afterward they told me point blank that they wanted a younger man. It's the same everywhere I go."

"I think it was a great shame when you had preached fifteen years for one congregation to turn you off because your hair was white. I'm sure that was all the fault they found with you. Why, Jonas, you are not really old. Did you ever tell them you were only 50?"

"No. It is just the age when a preacher should be at his best; but they want young men nowadays who are full of enthusiasm—who amuse and interest, rather than instruct. I have kept up with the times in my work, but I don't look it—I don't look it."

"I have an idea," said his wife suddenly, dropping the youngest child as she hastily jumped to her feet. By the time she had pacified the youngster she had imparted her idea in undertones which the children could not hear.

"It would be wrong. I never could do it," said the minister. "Nonsense! We must have bread and a roof to cover us, and it is your only chance. When do you go to the last place that called you?"

"On Saturday, if I go at all. I will give them my sermon on 'The Beauty of Revelation.' That is one of my best efforts. Mary, I would like to have a call to that church. I feel that there are ten years of good work in me yet, but my white hair will ruin my chances."

"Have it cut close to your head," suggested his wife.

"And go into the pulpit looking like a prize fighter? That wouldn't improve matters," answered her husband.

The afternoon of the day previous to that on which he was to make his final effort to secure a church the Rev. Jonas disappeared from the eyes of men. His wife was at home, expecting him home every moment and wondering what kept him. The afternoon wore away and it was nearly night when there came a loud peal at the door bell.

"Stay here, children," said Mrs. Fletcher as she heard that ominous peal. Then she tore off her apron and ran distractedly to the door.

A tall, rather handsome, young-looking man stood there with a clerical black satchel in his hand.

"Is Mr. Fletcher at home?" he inquired.

"No, sir; he is not," answered Mrs. Fletcher, who thought she recognized the earmarks of the profession; "and I don't know where he is."

"I will wait for him with your permission," said the stranger, and there was nothing left to do but to ask him in and make the best of it.

"Have you come from a distance?" asked Mrs. Fletcher, as she rolled up the shades in the little parlor and asked the stranger to be seated.

"I am from Mr. Fletcher's native town," answered the caller. "We were classmates together, and I should like to see him again very much."

"I can not imagine what is keeping him," began Mrs. Fletcher, but there she stopped and looked hard at her visitor. Then she threw up both hands and he rose to his feet.

"Jonas!" "Mary!" "You've gone and done it!" "How do I look?" "I never was so deceived in my life. You look twenty years younger!"

"I only hope it won't be counted against me as a mortal sin!" "Nonsense! I never believed you would do it, but you will have to abide by it now. And if you succeed you can feel pretty sure that it is right. Only, Mr. Fletcher's classmate is a good many years younger than Mr. Fletcher. Jonas, it don't seem to be you."

And then the poor woman broke down and had a good cry.

The reader can imagine what Mr. Fletcher did—the chronicler will never tell. But he preached that fine sermon on "The Beauty of Revelation" with a troubled heart. And he received a call to the church which he accepted. One of the deacons remarked to him at the time:

"We are so glad, Brother Fletcher, that you are not an old man. Some of our folks got it into their heads that you were past your prime, but I told them to wait and see, and I was right."

"So was my wife," thought Brother Fletcher.—Mrs. M. L. Bayne, in Detroit Free Press.

An Infant Terrible in Church. Recently a lady took her little boy to a church in Leeds. He was a very little boy, and it was his first visit to church. The organ began to play, and the child turned to his mother and asked in a loud whisper:

"What's that, mamma?" "Hush, dear, it's the organ."

"An organ in church?" whispered the small boy, evidently much astonished and impressed.

Then a pause of expectation, and a clergyman, small of stature, appeared in very gorgeous vestments. "Oh, look, mamma!" called the infant terrible in clear accented tones. "The monkey?"—Leeds Jr.

To FLATTER successfully one must appear disguised with such art.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY CONSIDERED.

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

The lesson for Sunday, July 13, may be found in Luke 14: 13-24.

INTRODUCTORY. Our Lord uses here an illustration which all men can understand. It is the story of a feast spread, such as all might desire to enjoy and which all men seem to be just waiting to enjoy. But now, when the doors are thrown wide open, each man turns and goes his devious way. How shall we account for such perversity? There is no accounting for it. It is the enigma of human history, the strangest, saddest thing connected with mortal existence. We cannot explain it; we need only try to mend it. God help us do so in the lesson of to-day!

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS. When Jesus seems to be again in Pera, and, as often, is discoursing at table.—One of them. Probably a Jew, as we might judge from the exclamation:—That sat at meat. One word in the Greek, reclining-together.—These things. What Jesus had just been saying about making a dinner for the poor.—Blessed. Or happy.—Kingdom. The good time coming of divine rule to which Israel was ever looking forward. Unto him. As needing instruction.—A certain man. Doubtless not the king described at Matt. 22: 2. Compare.—A great supper. A rare treat. Bade many. Large companies were invited to these feasts.

Sent his servant. It is customary in the East to send a second summons. Several things conspire to make this necessary. (1) The houses are not large enough to accommodate the guests while they wait. (2) It is impossible to tell beforehand just when the feast will be fully prepared. (3) Even if the hour of the day were approximately known beforehand, time-pieces are not kept, and announcement would be necessary.—Come. Like the bell summoning to the table.

With one consent. Or, from the first on.—Make excuse. Or beg off. It is this same word that occurs in the passage, Heb. 12: 25, "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh."—A piece of ground. A real estate venture.—Have me excused. Implying a previous invitation and corresponding obligation.

Five yoke of oxen. A large business transaction, a wholesale merchant, so to speak. But why such large purchases at the very inst at when the call to the banquet was momentarily expected.—Married a wife. Social engagements. Sometimes the wedding ceremonies were very elaborate and prolonged.—Cannot come. This one seems to speak as if the mere mention of his nuptials is sufficient excuse.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES. Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God. So easy to say. It sounds very much like one of the good sayings that, on unmeaning lips, presently become cant. "Roll on, great and glorious gospel!" cries the camp-meeting devotee, and, in the ecstasy of his present emotion, he does not see the collection box under his nose. Not he; his eyes are shut and he is far away. He is like Sam Jones' little steamboat, that always stopped running when it blew its whistle, so tremendous was the blast. If this man thought so much of the bread of heaven, why was he not partaking of it here and now? For this is eternal life, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.

With one consent began to make excuse. Here is one pace where all the world is agreed. It is unanimous in its excuses. O, if only the church were as united for aggression as the world is for defense. And yet what miserable apologies! We try to find a reason for the excuses urged. We never shall be able. They were absurd on the face of them. And here is the point of the parable, the miserable inconsistency of men, their wretched folly regarding eternal life. Too busy to eat. Too hurried to be saved. The Roman actor cried, "O, Colum!—O, Heavens—and pointed downward. His fastidious auditors, hooted the solemn Sam. Behold men to-day talking about their highest interests, and then pointing to the earth. Was ever greater vanity!

Come, for all things are now ready. It is as some one has said, "supper time now." Supper now ready! Last call for supper! Have we a better picture than this of the present crisis in the Christian dispensation? The gospel feast is spread, the doors are open, the whole world is invited. Why, then, are not all eating? Some one is not ready. If it is not the host, who can it be but the guest? Hear him. "I have bought a piece of ground." "Land poor," indeed, since he will allow it to render his heaven forfeited. "Fire yoke of oxen." And he is letting them drag him downward. He is not the only man on whom business has a heavier draft than religion. "Married a wife." As if the wife were not invited, too. What better wedding banquet than the gospel feast? Heaven all ready. Only poor, hungry man unready.

Compel them to come in. It is a time for urgency. We are to lay, as it were, swift and strong hands on men, and compel them to come in: Now, what do we mean by this? Compulsory Christianity? Yes and no. Not that sort which, practiced by the old Gallic chiefs, brought in a nation in a day by the stroke of the king's pen, and, as it were, by order of congress. Not that sort which, practiced to-day, registers the unwitting, a unwilling infant as subject, so to say, by order of its parents. Not that sort that. But a compulsion of love, and we constraint of love. We in the way of to be not far from them. We are offended to invite him to and we drop him from discipleship, an endeavor. We are not at his such a one to come in. Here our laboring along with seeming an unimpressible pupil, here is a passenger following up a careless parishioner, or following up a careless parishioner, here a "Christian worker keeping on and on with a friend beloved, using one tenor with an entreaty after another until at last the heart is yielded—this is Christian compulsion. Christ bids us use it.

Next Lesson.—Taking up the Cross. Luke 14: 25-35.

CHELSEA STANDARD.
BY
WM. EMMERT.
OFFICIAL VILLAGE PAPER.

FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1890.

THIS MAY BE FOR YOU.

About one month ago we sent out about two hundred statements, requesting those who could to hand or send us a dollar. Seventy-five persons responded promptly and kindly, but others did not. In consequence we were unable to meet an obligation, and extend the time until August 1st. If you have not paid this year's (or perhaps last year's) subscription, will you do so now? It is but a small amount for you, but the aggregate will make quite a sum for us. Do the best you can.

Francisco people will soon have the privilege of passing their time away in a new depot.

Wheat cutting will be in order in this vicinity this week. The yield promises well.

Prof. Morris will begin his pastorate of the Congregational church at Dexter next Sunday.

David Finley, of Scio, lost \$3,000 worth of barns by lightning during the storm last week.

Miss Nellie A. Grant, teacher of piano, organ and harmony. Terms reasonable. Address her at Chelsea.

A Steger found \$5 recently, and next day found the owner. Most people when they find money, keep it.

Miss Nellie A. Grant, teacher of piano, organ and harmony, has located in this place. She was formerly a resident of Watkins, N. Y., and comes highly recommended by Prof. Landon, director of the Claverack college conservatory of music, where she has been a student and teacher for seven years.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT

The following is the second quarterly report of the Congregational Sunday school, and may be of interest to some of our readers:

No. of scholars enrolled, 182.
Average attendance each Sabbath, 99.
Total collection for quarter, \$18.39.
Average collection for each Sabbath, \$1.41.

Total collection of each class this quarter:

Mr. Kempf's class	\$2 28
Mrs. Holmes'	2 16
Mrs. Wines'	5 29
Mrs. Hoag's	86
Miss Smith's	86
Mr. Hatch's	1 30
Mrs. Judson's	38
Miss VanTyne's	42
Mrs. Davidson's	1 11
Mrs. Crowell's	83
Mrs. Wood's	85
Mrs. Emmert's	1 21
Mattie Smith's	84
Total	\$18 39

ELLE CHANDLER, Secretary.

C. L. S. C.

The members of the Chautauqua Circle of this place closed their year's work on Monday evening, June 22. In several respects the meetings, which have been held twice a month at the homes of the members, have been more profitable and successful than those of the preceding five years. The Circle has consisted of fifteen members, of whom three are post-graduates. There are two graduates this year, the Misses Mary and Satie VanTyne. The class of '90 has the largest enrollment of any one of the twelve C. L. S. C. classes. We regret the loss of one of our members, Miss Irene Everett, who has moved to Lansing and no longer answers to that name. On the second Monday in September the Circle and all who wish to become members are requested to meet with our president, Mrs. M. G. Hill, to make arrangements for the work of the coming year. E. R. K.

Lima Luminations.

...d went to Bannister
J. R. Hammo... and news is
last week.
Everybody is at work
scarce.
Several from here went to Dex...
the Fourth.
Mike Paul has moved on the J...
Stabler farm.
Lima celebrated Saturday night
with fire works and a dance.

D. H. Hanchett, of Jackson, visited at O. B. Guerin's last week.

Rev. A. Stalker, of Clinton, and Rev. A. B. Storms, of Hudson, are spending a few days with I. Storms and family.

John Steinbach started for the wheat field Tuesday noon. His horses ran away, breaking the machine all to pieces and slightly injuring John. He now has a new machine.

SOMETHING ABOUT FEET.

The *Chicago News* is publishing in its columns pictures of Chicago beauties, or of ladies, both married and single, it claims to be such. But they look common enough when contrasted with the fair sex of Grass Lake. The ladies of this village have the fairest faces, handsomest forms and smallest feet of any corresponding number of fairies on earth. The ladies of Chelsea are rather pretty, but there isn't, with two or three exceptions, a female nose in the village that will pass muster. In Stockbridge one-quarter of the female anatomy is on the ground, their shoes being so enormous they are not designated by numbers. When walking they waddle like Pekin ducks, yet here is two to one that the aesthetic Gildart will have something to say in their favor in the next issue of his *Son*. Still, the poor fellow is deeply mortified over the desperately plain women of his slow-going but cozy little town, and life, as a consequence, is a burden to him. He has our sympathy. — *Grass Lake News*.

Now these, Bro. Carleton, the ladies of Grass Lake are all right, but no one would care for one with feet smaller than the Chinese, there is nothing like a good understanding, you know, and then the foot is an index of the heart. Our women are very sympathetic, they even commissionable your own wretched condition, dear brother, and were you in reaching distance they would comb your tangled locks in great shape. — *Son*.

The Mirror Superstition Dispelled.

An actor at one of the dramatic agencies was in great distress. He had broken the mirror in his room, and he felt that his luck must leave him. He was consoled by a brother actor. "My dear fellow," said this second, "comfort yourself. There is nothing at all in the mirror superstition. Mary Anderson told me that she broke seven hand-glasses one season, and this season turned out to be the point at which her success began. Reassure yourself." — *New York World*.

Chinese Wit.

A traveler in the far east relates that Chinese gentlemen of quality consider it beneath their dignity to invent their own jokes. When they go into society each carries with him a collection of bon mots and smart repartees, obtained from various sources, and when he thinks the time has come for him to make a sage remark he turns over the leaves of his commonplace book till he lights on a suitable passage, which he gravely points out to his neighbor. The latter reads the passage with equal gravity, whereupon he selects from his own stock an appropriate rejoinder, which he shows the other with a bow. Both then smile solemnly, and, after many compliments, resume their conversation. — *Il Popolo Romano*.

A Ghost in London.

The story goes around in London that a ghost has really been seen. A well known woman, just before appearing in some private theatricals, saw an old friend standing near the entrance of her dressing room. She greeted him, but he only shook his head and walked away. She learned the next day that her friend had died the day before she thought she saw him. — *San Francisco Argonaut*.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, THE CIRCUIT COURT

for the County of Washtenaw.
Mary Riggs, complainant.
Clara H. 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 nonresident of this state and a resident of a state of Ohio, and that the last known place of residence of defendants Clara H. Riggs, and Chauncey W. Riggs was in this state, but that their present place of residence cannot be ascertained. On motion of David B. Taylor of counsel for complainant, it is ordered that the said defendants Rowena Riggs, Clara H. Riggs and Chauncey W. Riggs, cause their appearance in this cause to be entered within five months from the date of this order and that in case of their appearance that they cause their answers to the complainant's bill of complaint to be filed and copies thereof to be served on said complainant's solicitor within forty days after service on them of a copy of said bill and a notice of this order, and that in default thereof said bill be taken as confessed by said nonresident defendants, and it is further ordered that within twenty days from the date hereof the said complainant cause a notice of this order to be published in the *CHELSEA STANDARD*, a newspaper printed and published in said county of Washtenaw, and that the said publication continue for six weeks in succession.
EDWARD D. KINNE, Circuit Judge.
(A true copy.)
FRED A. HOWLETT, 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.

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

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

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

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

Levi R. Lee, of Webster, Washtenaw Co., says: "I had a very valuable horse which was afflicted with thrush five or six years and could not cure it until I used Curlett's Thrush Remedy, which made a permanent cure; could not get half what the horse was worth while he was troubled with thrush."

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

H. M. Ide, the shoer of Floral Temple, Dexter, and other noted trotters, says: "I 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 3, 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 southwest 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 east quarter 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 north west quarter of the northwest quarter of section twenty-two, also about six acres of land north of the territorial road as conveyed by Elihu Frisbie to Horace G. Holcomb, being a part of the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of said section twenty-two, all 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 a and eleven of said block eight, for chains and fifty links to the center of Main street, thence eastward along the center 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 as described parcels being enclosed as occupied for farming purposes as a parcel.

Dated July 3rd, 1890.

WELLS PRATT,
Administrator.

Jy3Au15



THIS MAN 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 someone 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.

FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1890.

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 While Roaming Around This Most Beautiful Village.

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

No more legal holidays now until Thursday, Nov. 27th, Thanksgiving day.

There are now forty-three states in the Union, Idaho having been admitted last week.

Nearly 200 of Chelsea's inhabitants spent the Fourth at our neighboring town Dexter.

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

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

Prof. Hall is completing the census of this township. Dr. Holmes being physically unable to do it.

Wm. Bacon is now a full fledged justice of the peace. Offenders brought before him will be dealt with according to law.

Hot and cold baths at Crawford's barber shop, at only 15 cents. Why you should not be clean and feel comfortable now, is a puzzle.

Dr. Harry Williams, dentist, is now nicely located in Dr. Palmer's office, where he can be found any day in the week (some Sundays excepted).

Mrs. Storms, mother of Mrs. G. W. Boynton, died Sunday, aged about 85 years. The funeral was held Wednesday, Rev. J. H. McIntosh officiating.

The next Republican state convention will be held in Detroit, August 27 and 28. This is about the time the great exposition will be held in the City of the Straits.

Eddie Allen, aged about twelve years, carries his arm in a sling, the result of falling out of a cherry tree, Thursday last. Dr. Palmer reduced the fractured wrist.

Dr. Talmage estimates the wealth of King Solomon, the extensively married man, at \$680,000,000 in gold, and \$1,028,000,377 in silver—a grand total of \$1,711,528,006.032.

Weather-forecast J. H. VanRiper informs us that during the three "showers" of last week (Sunday, Monday and Tuesday), 3.07 inches of rain fell, the heaviest in this part of the state.

The strawberry crop was rather "short" here, but raspberries and huckleberries promise to make up the shortage. Fortunately sugars are not as high this year as last, so more fruit can be bought.

A cyclone visited Fargo, N. D., last Monday, destroying thousands of dollars worth of property, and killing and maiming many persons. New Orleans was flooded the same day, the rain coming down in sheets.

Sunday last the dead body of Aug. Boose, of near Francisco, was found. Justice Ed. Ward empaneled a jury and Dr. Wright made an examination, the verdict being that deceased came to his death by apoplexy. Mr. Boose was about 63 years of age.

With all the improved farm machinery, farmers are short of help, and some would even pay a very large price for a month's help. Labor-saving machinery does not, by any means, throw men out of employment, as a new invention is thereby created.

Prof. Samuel Straith, who for two years has superintended the Morely schools, was in the village Monday, looking better than ever. With his wife he is spending a short time at her parent's home near Stockbridge. Mr. Straith does not expect to teach next year.

The P. of I. picnic, spoken of in our last issue, to be held August 20th, will take place in the handsome and pleasant grove of W. E. Stevenson, at North Lake. This is supposed to be the finest grove in Washtenaw county, and contains about five acres of timbered ground.

The apple crop near Saline will be an entire failure this year.

Two dozen papers at this office for five cents. Come quickly if you want them.

Justice Butts, of Ann Arbor, tried 57 criminal cases during the last five months.

Saline's school board has engaged the old corps of teachers with the exception of principal and preceptress.

Chelsea's postmaster will probably be appointed this month, as Mr. McKune's commission expires August 17.

Michigan will get \$12,214.93 of the \$400,000 appropriation for arming and equipping the militia during the present fiscal year.

Wool is not moving yet, but considerable is being contracted for at from 25 cents up. Farmers are disappointed, and so are buyers. It's more satisfaction to the buyer to be able to pay a big price.

Master Thos. Cooley Angell and Miss Sarah Angell, aged about six and eight, of Detroit, who are with R. C. Glenn, at North Lake, caught a 40-ounce pickerel while fishing last week. How's that for little anglers?

The several merchants and others in this place sell about \$10,000 worth of tobacco, snuff and cigars annually. As the Patrons are trying to economize, we wonder how much they pay for a thing which is worse than useless to them?

The young ladies of the German Lutheran church will serve ice cream and cake in the Klein building, next Saturday evening. Don't miss this opportunity of getting some of the frozen sweetness, as the ladies know how to make and serve it.

It is a pleasure to announce that, beginning with Sunday evening next the several churches will hold union meetings. The meeting next Sunday will be held at the Congregational church. Somewhere in the good book there is something in regard to brothers dwelling in harmony. Let it be so in this case.

Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, of Worcester, Mass., parents of Mrs. Rev. Bailey, arrived in the village Thursday, rather unexpected. Mr. Pratt has charge of a large grocery store in that city, having been in the same place forty-two years. The store has not handled tobacco during the last forty years, and will not as long as Mr. Pratt manages the same.

Prof. E. C. Glenn, principal of the Upper Peninsula business college, formerly of North Lake, and Miss Carrie Bruce, daughter of Dr. Bruce, of Albion, were married last week Thursday, spending Sunday with the groom's parents at North Lake, leaving for their northern home Monday. The well wishes of a large circle of friends are with them.

About 3 o'clock last Friday morning (the Fourth), the fire bell rang, announcing that a fire was in progress. Investigation proved it to be a part of the old Godfrey house, just in the rear of the STANDARD office, and belonging to Mr. Caspary. It had been set afire. The loss, though not great, is not covered by insurance. While the street looks better for its absence, yet we do not approve of this method of removing objectionable buildings.

The annual school meeting will be held in the Union School building next Monday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. Two trustees in place of Dr. Palmer and Fred Vogel will be elected. The question of free text books will also be voted upon. As two-thirds of the taxes you pay are school taxes, why not be present? No patron of the school can afford to be absent from the meeting when his money is voted away. Come out and select men who have the welfare of the school at heart.

Reports from the various wool centers show that up to last night Clinton county had marketed 426,000 pounds, about 90,000 less than last year's total crop; Oakland county had marketed at Pontiac about 150,000 pounds, 500,000 less than last year's total; St. Clair county has marketed 85,000, just 50 per cent less than last year's crop. Genesee county farmers are holding back, and Sanilac steps to the front, and Sanilac, a gain of over 350,000 485,000 pounds, a gain of over 350,000 over last year's total. Sanilac county's crop netted \$128,747 this year.

Dr. Breakey is no longer a health officer at Ann Arbor.

The county treasurer paid \$52.30 for sparrow orders, last week.

The Leader says that Mr. Schenk, of this place, has bought a fine horse at Dexter.

The county treasurer paid \$57,854.91 into the state treasury last week, as state taxes.

One of our city undertakers had fifteen funerals to attend during June, and eighty during the first six months of the year.—Argus.

Turnbull & Wilkinson now occupy their handsome offices over the STANDARD, where they will be glad to see you on business or as a caller.

Warne Halleck, of Ann Arbor, aged 20 years, was drowned at Holly Sunday last, by the capsizing of a boat. Two companions were rescued.

The national debt of the United States amounts to a little over fifteen dollars per capita. The Canadian national debt is forty dollars per capita.

E. L. Cooper's Holstein cow gave an average daily production of 52 lbs., 12 oz. of milk, for a period of 56 days ending last week.—Grass Lake News.

The Ypsilantian's weather reporter says that in June, 1890, 2.09 inches of rain fell; in 1889, 5.50 inches, and in 1888, 3.35 inches. Can this be correct?

It seems that not less than a dozen cows were killed by lightning in this county during the storms last week. Keep away from cattle while electricity abounds.

If the McKinley tariff bill goes into effect the noisy fire cracker will cost about three times as much next year as this, as the tariff is raised on it from 28 cents to 63 cents per box.

Ex-Senator Thomas W. Palmer, of Detroit, was elected president of the world's fair commission at a meeting held in Chicago recently. A good selection, and an honor to Michigan.

Superintendent of the Census Porter says that from present indications the returns of the enumerators will show a total population of the United States of 64,500,000, against 50,152,783 in 1880.

Fred Sawyer and Miss Alice O. Derby were married Monday. The groom is a son of Hon. A. J. Sawyer, and the bride has been a stenographer and typewriter in Mr. Sawyer's office. Argus.

The following officers of the Baptist Y. P. C. A. were recently elected: President, Frank Ellsworth; vice president, Miss Anna Tichenor; secretary, Miss Ella Barber; treasurer, Miss Nettie Hoover.

The Fourth was not celebrated in this place, the streets being deserted. Nearly everybody went to Dexter or to Jackson. The office here sold something like \$125 worth of excursion tickets, at any rate.

Miss Dortha Blake, of Grass Lake, was awarded \$1,750 last week, for damages sustained in Waterloo township, last year, by being thrown from the buggy, her horse taking fright at some logs in the road.

Damien Heim, of Sylvan, has a new boy which he says weighs 14 pounds. Doubts are expressed in the neighborhood upon the latter point. Still the youngster, judging from his voice, is rather hefty.—Grass Lake News.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that a handsome boy made his appearance at the home of Gilbert and Mrs. Gay, of Stockbridge, last Saturday, July 5th. Trust he may live to gladden their hearts for many years.

A sort of minute maggot is said to be working in the blooming heads of clover, damaging it considerably in some sections. Truly the farmers' and fruit growers' insect foes grow more numerous each year.—Saline Observer.

The bill of the Eastern Michigan Insane Asylum at Pontiac, against this county for the past three months was \$76.45. This includes the board, repairs, clothing, etc., of twenty persons, fifteen of whom have been in the asylum all of the three months.—Argus.

L. Z. Foerster, the Ypsilanti brewer, has placed an artificial ice machine in his brewery, and hereafter will not be dependent upon the whims of winter for his supply of ice. The machinery will be run by a seventy-five horse power Corliss engine, and cost \$10,000.

YOUR FOLKS AND OURS.

Mrs. Sparks was in the village yesterday.

C. H. Kempf was in Ann Arbor Monday.

Frank Broderick is visiting friends in town this week.

Oria Taylor, of Detroit, spent Sunday with his parents here.

Mrs. John Cole spent the past week with Eaton Rapids relatives.

Mrs. Fred Roedel visited friends in Ann Arbor last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Gorton spent the Fourth with relatives at Howell.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowry now occupy a portion of the Jas. P. Wood house.

Mrs. Henry Speer is in Battle Creek with her son Ruel, for a short time.

Miss Dora Harrington returned home from her visit to Detroit Monday.

Miss Meyers, of Grand Ledge, was the guest of Mrs. C. H. Dempf, this week.

Mrs. Jay Everett is in Stockbridge this week, with her daughter, Mrs. Gilbert Gay.

Mr. A. Harper, of Corunna, spent the past week with numerous friends in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Roedel visited friends at Bridgewater a few days of the past week.

C. T. Conklin was in Big Rapids last week, visiting his daughter, Mrs. Alice Whitaker.

Miss Carrie Freer will spend the summer at Bay View, for which place she left Monday.

Miss Maud Freer closed her first term of school last Thursday with appropriate exercises.

Mr. and Mrs. James Taylor and daughter Lottie visited friends in Detroit last week Thursday.

Edith Noyes left Wednesday morning for Port Huron, and will spend the vacation at Huronia Beach.

Miss Ruth Loomis entertained quite a number of her young friends last evening, in honor of her birthday.

Misses Jennie Saley and Irene Mills, of Bridgewater, spent Sunday with the latter's sister, Mrs. F. W. Roedel.

Hon. Geo. C. Codd and family, of Detroit, arrived in this place Monday, for a week's outing at Cavanaugh lake.

Dr. Schmidt and wife are now pleasantly located in Miss Conklin's house, corner of East and Jefferson streets.

Judge Thomas Cooley spent Saturday last at Glenn's North Lake resort. Some forty persons are there most of the time now.

Mrs. Amelia Glover left for Key-stone the first of the week in company with Miss May Shunk, where she will spend the summer.

Mrs. McAllister, who has been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Durand, for a week, has returned to her home in Detroit.

Misses Nellie McLarens Dena Keck and Carrie Vogel, who have been camping at North Lake for the past week or two, have returned home.

Miss Zoe BeGole entertained about twenty-five of her playmates, Wednesday, it being Zoe's birthday. The little ones had a royal good time, too.

Mrs. L. W. Allyn, nee "Doll" Loomis, who has been residing at Syracuse, N. Y., will shortly remove to Newark, N. J., where she will be with relatives.

Jas. Beasley spent a few days of the past week with parents in this place, leaving Monday for Mackinac. James is a fine repairer for the Western Union people.

Miss Nettie Hoover, our compositor, who has missed but a day at a time during the past sixteen months, spent the past week with Mr. and Mrs. and Miss May Sparks, in Jackson.

Miss Tillie Mutchel, who graduated at the Normal, was a Chelsea visitor a few days of this week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Kempf. She will spend vacation at her home in Grand Ledge.

Miss Louise Buehler and Miss Tena Mohrlock spent the Fourth very pleasantly with relatives at the Exchange hotel in the city of Marshall. They are nice young ladies, and their friends are glad they had so enjoyable a time.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. R. M. Speer, of Battle Creek, visited friends here the Fourth.

Miss Jessie Everett is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. Fenner, in Lansing.

J. H. Everts, who has been in business at Dexter for years, has removed to Webster.

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

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

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 11, 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 storelots.

WHEAT—No 2 red spot, 5 cars at 89c 1 car at 89c; June 3,000 at 90c No. 1 white 10 car at 86c.

CORN.—No. 2 spot, 38c.

OATS.—No. 2, white, spot 34c.

Home Markets.

BARLEY.—Is dull at 60@85¢ 100

EGGS.—100¢ doz.

LARD.—Country wanted at 6@7

OATS.—Remain steady at 22@24

POTATOES.—Slow sale at 25c.

BUTTER.—Weak at 8@9c.

WHEAT.—Is in good demand at 84c for red and 84c for No. 1 white.

CORN.—Quiet at 30c ¢ 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 FORD LILLY COMPANY, No. 3 Fisher Block, 181 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.
Sold by Glazier, the Druggist, Chelsea

The New Store.
A good stock of
Binder Twine
of all grades.
SCREENS,
ICE CREAM FREEZERS,
CROQUET SETS,
HAMMOCKS,
At Bottom Prices
at
The New Store.
W. J. KNAPP.

JANET LEE

In the Shadow of the Gallows.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"Nay," said Proctor, "I will pay my own score. We will be none the less friends. And since you seem interested in the matter, I can tell you John Lee was always considered one of the most courageous men in Salem. No man did more for his friends in the Indian wars, and there are men in high places who will see that justice is done his family."

All in the inn looked at Proctor, whose voice was lifted so that all there could hear him. The sailor extended his hand.

"A steady tack I can keep run of; it's the fellows that veer about I've no patience with. As well speak to a weather vane as some I've met here. So, mate, you are standing by John Lee's family. I like you cut, more because it's like drawing teeth to get a hearty answer to a simple question in Salem. Tell me, what like is this John Lee, whose wife and daughter are in league with witches?"

"A man of goodly presence; a very upright but unhappy man. His wife and daughter are sadly misrepresented."

"If so be I and my mates were asleep, and some one should find signs of a witch, what though I nor my mates had naught to do with the witch, dost tell me I and my mates are to be held to account for harboring witches in the house? Tell me what the law says. I want to take my bearings—proper bearings—on this matter, because no man or woman can be so they do say, free from witches when they choose to come aigh. That be like the story they tell of John Lee."

"No," said the landlord, breaking his silence. "It were well it was no worse. 'Tis said his wife or daughter practice witchcraft. There be other things, too much that gives color to the rumors."

"So?" said the sailor, then he muttered, "Many a man has had on rumor."

Meantime Grizzle Meade left the room, and her husband served the customers. He advanced to receive the sailor's score; at the same time Arthur Proctor produced a purse and held it across his knee carelessly. The purse was of peculiar make. It was composed of minute scales, curiously wrought, cunningly fastened in such a manner as to conceal the means employed to hold them together. The firelight sparkled on the fine scales as Proctor moved his hand, at times the purse shone like a ribbon of silver.

Proctor had taken a coin from the purse; he was holding it in one hand, when the sailor, looking at the purse, said:

"A rare thing as my eyes ever looked on—and I've seen something, too, abroad—is that, mate."

Several turned to see what it was that excited the sailor's curiosity. Giles Ellis peered across at the purse exposed on Proctor's knee. Daniel Meade, who had returned the sailor his change, slowly turned, too. One of the customers at moment stooped to examine the purse closer. When he raised his head, Daniel Meade uttered a hoarse cry, and fell heavily upon the floor.

"Stand aside," said the sailor, "Give him fresh air, ye lubbers. He is in a fit."

Grizzle Meade, entering at that instant, said in an authoritative tone: "Help me to bed with him."

She did not seem alarmed; her manner was deliberate, as her words were decisive.

It was Giles Ellis who raised the landlord's head and held his shoulders; the sailor lifted his feet, and Grizzle led the way into the adjoining room. Presently the sailor re-entered the tap-room, and looking about him, said:

"Is Daniel Meade often taken with fits?"

No one answered, Arthur Proctor's seat was vacant. The sailor looked from one to the other, smiled grimly, then left the inn without waiting for the slow-cooking answer. When he returned an hour later there was no one present save Giles Ellis, who was taking his leave.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

"If you should hear any noise through the night, pay no attention to it," said Grizzle Meade, as she showed the sailor to his room.

"Unless it's cannon, or something like, it'll not disturb me. I'm a sound and a long sleeper, afloat and ashore," the sailor answered.

"My husband may speak loud—when he is this way, which is not often—Give yourself no concern, sir."

When he was alone, the sailor looked about him. Addressing himself speedily, he lay down on the bed, and fell sound asleep. His clothes—his money—all that he possessed—was tossed on the floor beside the bed. This man seemed to have no fear, or nothing to lose. His sleep was dreamless, sound as a babe's, and as quiet.

It was well on in the morning when he awoke with a start. Some one was approaching his room. The sailor sat up and listened intently. There were footsteps approaching his room. He heard them distinctly.

The door of his room was pushed open slightly. The sailor could not hear the hand on it. But there was no light. Whoever was at the door did not require a light.

The intruder was near his bed. The sailor slipped out of it on the side nearest the wall, and stood still. He could hear the intruder breathing. Who could this intruder be? The step was heavier than that of the landlady. The sailor smiled—he had so little fear in his composition that he smiled at the thought of the landlady attempting anything with a man like him.

The intruder stepped silently to the side of the bed. His breathing became painful. There was a blow. The sailor knew well what that sound meant. Then he reached out a hand with a grip like a vise, and caught that which had driven a knife deep into the bed-clothes. The intruder uttered a hoarse cry. It was the voice of the landlady.

"'Tis as I thought. But you do not

escape me so easily," said the sailor, as he wrestled with the landlady.

Now there was a sound of steps below. The sailor approached the room quickly. There was a ray of light, and then the landlady hastily entered.

Her face was drawn with terror. Her hands trembled violently. She could scarcely speak.

"Daniel! It is me, Daniel!"

The landlady, released by the sailor, passed a hand over his head like a man dazed. He looked at the sailor, at the knife in the bed-clothes, at his wife.

"What is it, Grizzle? What are you doing here? Why is this man here?"

"Come; you have been dreaming, Daniel."

She took him by the arm and was leading him away, when the sailor stepped forward, withdrew the murderous knife from the bed-clothes, and handing it to her said, with a meaning look:

"I think you had best take this with you. And I'd advise you to get your husband into some other calling, lest his dreams cost some of your life."

Grizzle Meade took the knife without answering a word and led her husband, who staggered like a man suddenly bereft of understanding, from the room.

Then the sailor struck a light for himself with a tinder box, lit the rush, looked at the window carefully, pushed the bed by main strength over to the door, and after satisfying himself that no one could enter without waking him, once more laid down and fell sound asleep.

When he rose the next morning he was inclined to think he had been dreaming, but there was the bed against the door. Then, as the extraordinary experience of the past night was recalled, the sailor's countenance grew severe. When he went downstairs it was with a very stern face.

Grizzle Meade evidently anticipated a call for an early breakfast. The table was spread, but the landlady was nowhere to be seen. The landlady dared not meet the sailor's eyes. She trembled, too. A palsy seemed to have overtaken Grizzle Meade.

"I have never had so much trouble as I had last night," she said, as she helped the sailor. "My husband has been beside himself."

"Aye! And did he not get any rest?"

"He never closed his eyes until just now."

"So? And has he had these—fits—often?"

"Never before."

"Well, mistress, there's some would say, if they saw what happened to me, it is enough to bring him. Many a man has been hanged for less."

"O, sir, if you speak of it it will ruin us."

"No doubt—without doubt. But if I do not speak of it it will be because I must not."

"If you heard the story you would have pity on us both. My son—our only son—was murdered in that bed."

The sailor laid down his knife and fork and looked at her.

"It is true. All Salem knows it. But my son was killed by a stranger. He came the night before. He shot my son and ran away, and no one has ever seen him since. My husband has never been the same from that day. He would kill the murderer if he could lay hands on him. He has murder in his heart, and not much wonder!"

"So? Now I understand the case, I'll not be the one to ruin any man. Only—if I had been asleep."

"We will give up the inn. I will—you can depend on't."

"It will be best, Mistress Meade."

"I give you my word it will never happen again."

"And yet it will be hard to let the business go. 'Tis likely a good penny you make in a year."

"That is the pity. But it cannot be helped."

"Unless you could cure him. What do the bone-setters say, eh? Have they looked into it?"

"Aye, have they. The best advice, and there's no medicine for it."

"That's bad."

"You'll not think he meant it—"

"No? Why, didn't he come in the dark straight to the bed? Didn't I see him wake up? He was as sound asleep as ever men was. That I could swear. A sleep-walker—that is what he is."

"But he never walked until this trouble befell us."

"I can believe that. Well, it will do good spreading reports. Do you keep an eye on him. 'Twere best to guard all lodgers well. No, no! I'll do you no harm. I'll make no trouble for honest people. It's only rogues I'd hang."

When he had eaten breakfast—and he ate heartily, like a man who relished his victuals—he paid his score and went away.

CHAPTER XIII.

A WICKED CONTACT.

At the hour when the Globe Inn was free of customers Giles Ellis entered it and inquired after the welfare of the landlady, who was a-bed. "I came," said Giles Ellis in his insinuating manner, "to inquire how he is. I was sorry to see him in such straits."

"Nobody knows what he suffers—what I have gone through in the past twenty-four hours."

"What think you caused Daniel to fall in a fit, Mistress Meade?"

"That needs no guess. Ever since my poor son was killed, the very sight of a sailor distresses him."

"I see. 'Tis very natural."

"I am almost tempted to give up the business."

"Aye—but it is a fine, profitable business."

"There have been times when it was bad, too."

"Think you, if the man who killed your son were hanged, Daniel Meade would not rest easy?" Giles Ellis leaned over the table at which they were sitting, and looked at Grizzle Meade meaningly. Grizzle was seized with a tremor.

"I would rather, were I in your place, or your husband's, see the man who murdered your son hanged, than own all Salem. Daniel Meade may rest easy when justice is meted out to the murderer."

Grizzle Meade looked at him as if she would read his soul. "My mind is not on blood. I've had enough of blood."

"But justice—justice should be done."

"Aye. Let them that makes the laws execute them."

"But the authorities are tardy, methinks, or this matter would have been cleared up before this. Did you mark what the sailor said about Martin Lee last night?"

"I did not hear all he said," Grizzle replied, cautiously.

"Did you not hear him tell how he was marked by Martin Lee in a quarrel?"

"Yes; and how he was Martin Lee's friend. I heard him answer you that."

"And how he knew that Martin Lee was coming this way, and should be in Salem now."

"Yes; I hear all."

"Think you Martin Lee is here?"

"How do I know?"

"Was it not a sailor killed your son?"

"It was. Grizzle bowed her head and put her apron to her eyes."

"That sailor—was he not Martin Lee, think you?"

"I never thought more about him than of the sailor who slept here last night," said Grizzle. "Why should you charge Martin Lee?"

"Because this man says he was coming here. This is a matter none can hear. I came to speak to you alone. Martin Lee did come to Salem. He was here—where he is now no one knows. But in good time it will be shown he was in Salem. Grizzle Meade, if you use your wits, you will see just as I meted out to Martin Lee."

"And how are we to do this thing? What would you have us do?"

"First, promise that you will never breathe the name of the man who murdered your son."

"You mean trust me as I trust you," answered Grizzle Meade, slowly.

"Know then that Martin Lee was seen in John Lee's house on the morning after the murder."

"Well, and if he were?"

"Can you not see? Is it not plain? Why did not John Lee bid him stay? Because he dare not. 'Tis well known Martin Lee was a wild youth. Nay, then, to tell you more, John Lee forbade him his house."

"How know you this?"

"That is my secret, Grizzle Meade."

"But even if it were as you report—"

"I thought you were keener. 'Twas Martin Lee I and the Marshal saw in this very room. The sailor from Africa, with stories of diamond fields."

"Why, then, that could never be, and I do not know it."

Giles Ellis looked at her keenly. A struggle was revealed in Grizzle's manner. Something was combated—repressed.

"It is all clear to me now. It was none other than Martin Lee, I verily believe, who found shelter here that night. But why—why did he not make himself known?"

"Why? He had good reasons, doubtless; think you he had plenty to do without revealing himself to us here, else John Lee would not drive him from his door."

"That is reason, too," said Grizzle Meade, slowly.

"But if ever it comes to the authorities, you must be sure 'twas Martin Lee who was here. Aye, and so must Daniel Meade."

"There need be no doubt on that hand."

"There must not be."

"Nor will there. What one knows, both will swear."

"I am glad you perceive where justice lies in this matter, Grizzle. Somebody should hang for your son. When Martin Lee is hanged, Daniel Meade may sleep easier."

This was another of his speeches with a double meaning that terrified and angered Grizzle. She shot a fierce look at him, and answered sullenly:

"I am not traveling at your gait always, Giles Ellis. It may be you are mistaken about Martin Lee. Once for all—let me say this—neither I nor Daniel Meade will say aught of Martin Lee till I see my way clearer than I see it now. No breath of Martin Lee shall escape our lips till I see where your interest lies."

Grizzle Meade's suspicions were fully aroused, and, unless they were allayed, all Giles' labor would be lost.

"'Tis true. I have a reason. It is not that I want Martin hanged. There you wrong me."

"It would be a pity to wrong so good a man."

"I would lower the pile of Dorothea and her daughter."

"Ah! Now I understand."

"I will confide in you. All Salem will know soon Martin Lee has been here and committed a terrible crime. 'Twas he who cut the throats of Winslow's horse and ship."

Grizzle Meade held up her hands.

"'Tis monstrous!"

"Aye, is it. And it will be proven without doubt he did it. There was one saw him do it."

"Monstrous! 'Tis past belief," said Grizzle Meade.

"Now, 'tis bad enough to kill a man's sheep and horse—'tis worse to kill your son. 'Twill be a marvel if he escapes the hangman."

"Aye, will it. We must see that he does not," said Grizzle, with sudden resolution. "Trust me to make it a straight path to the scaffold. If anything I can say, or anything Daniel Meade may swear, will do it, it's as good as done. And I thank you, Giles Ellis, for your confidence. And when you have Janet Lee to wife, be sure I will be among the first to wish you joy and long years."

She shot a glance at him then that disconcerted him. All this time he had deluded himself—had thought he was twisting her round his finger, and bending her, through her fears, to his will, until in a moment's time his real purpose was laid bare, and Grizzle Meade sat looking at him compositely.

"Now that we understand each other, have a glass of wine before you go?"

He was going to refuse bluntly, but craft came to his aid, and he accepted the offer. As he sipped his wine, he mustered a smile.

"Prepare yourself for news, I will make the first move. A good day to you, Mistress Meade."

And Grizzle Meade was alone. She looked after him wrathfully.

"It will go hard with me if I cannot hold him as fast as he holds me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It appears from the gathered statistics of the world that women have a greater tenacity of life than men. Nature worships the female in all its varieties. Among insects the male perishes at a relatively earlier period. In plants the seminate blossoms die earliest, and are produced on the weaker limbs. Female quadrupeds have more endurance than males. In the human race, despite the intellectual and physical strength of the man, the woman endures longest, and will bear pain to which the strong man succumbs. Zymotic diseases are more fatal to males, and more male children die than females.

How It Affects Marriage.

In a recent discussion among some of the young ladies about to conclude their education, so far as it is given in the public school system of this city, of the question of adding a four years' course at one of the universities, a symposium worthy of the Twilight Club was had, says the Saint Paul Daily Globe. The relations of advanced culture to the life and influence of women in society were considered in many and varied phases. The most notable and effective point adverse to the collegiate course was made by a bright and vivacious member of the party. She said she had thought of going to a neighboring college, and would enjoy the course, but had decided against it for the reason that she had discovered that the higher education was a virtual barrier to matrimony. Figures were adduced from a magazine article showing that in the case of the New England colleges the records kept show that in the twelve years after graduation, the limit of the matrimonial period, virtually less than one-fourth of the educated ladies married; and, in cases where the education has been in strictly female institutions, without mixture of the sexes, only 14.8 per cent. married before passing into the destitute of the spinsters state. Some figures of New York institutions also were given of a very similar character. It was shown that this was not chiefly due to the lack of marrying men, as those who stopped short of the higher course had at least 50 per cent. more chances of marrying.

The young lady was frank to say that she believed in matrimony, and was old-fashioned enough to hold that it was, in theory at least, the ideal state for woman. She was not specially solicitous about her own fate in this connection, but did not propose to diminish her chances by the loss of four years. She was ambitious. If she went through the higher course she would try to keep up with the male intellects. Her observation was that men were slow in marrying women who seemed to be brighter and knew more than they did. Then the higher education was apt to give the girls a distaste for domestic and household duties. Even the few years in the high school had in her own case made the home sphere less acceptable to her. Others of the company insisted that the young woman of to-day should be herself for self-assertion and support in life, without regard to marriage. That might be accepted as a possible incident, but should not be sought, or, at least, should not be regarded as essential to usefulness or happiness. Still, it is intimated that the number who will take the further course was considerably diminished.

Dr. Colyer's Experience in America.

It is exactly forty years to a day, as I write these lines, since I came here myself on that same old errand—to find my way into an ampler and finer life; and in this time it has fallen to my lot beyond that of most men—and our friend, it may be, among the rest—to mingle with our people far and wide and to know them, as we say, like a book—as a workman in the shops for about nine years, and then as a minister in two great cities, and a lecturer all the way between oceans—and to stand with them shoulder to shoulder as a citizen always; to stay with them in their homes wherever I would go, and talk with them freely on all the burning questions of the old times and the new, and never to lose my love for England or my pride in her and joy; going about, indeed, with a "hip on my shoulder," touching what might be said of her which was untrue to me or unfair; and the result of it all is this: that I have not found what I should feel free to call the hatred of England, except in here and there a man who stands as the exception to the rule, if we leave out of the account the troubled years of the war for the Union, when our people believed England would and did strike below the belt.

Then our people did late England, for in the smoke and thunder of the war this was England with blatant voice cursing the American republic. One of the noblest fellows I ever knew, and a leader in his great city, said to me then: "Darn her! we will never forgive her while the world stands," though he was not apt to swear, and I think the angel of the records knew that as well as I did.—Robert Colyer, in North American Review.

The Good Old Times.

Under Henry I. coiners of false money were punished by the loss of their right hands, and other mutilations of various kinds were in common use, says *the Year Round*. In 1160 we hear of heretics who had refused to abjure their faith being handed over to the church by the civil authorities to be branded with a hot iron on the forehead, have their clothes torn off from the waist up and be whipped through the public streets. Boycotting was at that time a legal practice, whatever it may be now, for the said heretics were not only forbidden to worship as they desired, but forbidden to enter the houses of orthodox believers, or even to purchase the necessaries of life.

The popular notion of the crusaders as an army of Bayards, "sans peur et reproche," is hardly consistent with the code of criminal law which Richard Coeur de Lion enacted for the especial behoof of those with whom he set out for holy Palestine. If any one of them were convicted of theft, boiling pitch was to be poured over his head, then a pillow full of feathers shaken over him, and he was to be abandoned at the first port the vessel touched. Whoever killed another on board ship was to be tied to the corpse and cast into the sea; whoever killed another on shore was to

be tied to the corpse and buried with it. A blow was to be punished by three duckings in the sea and the use of the knife in a quarrel caused the aggressor to lose one of his hands.

Living on His Wig.

A well-known sporting man was telling a group of friends recently of the strange people he had encountered late at night in the streets when the ordinary routine of life seems to be reversed.

"The strangest of them all," said he, "was little Billy Sprague. Billy was the funniest little chap you ever saw. He weighed not less than two hundred pounds, although he was scarcely five feet high. Literally, he was almost as broad as he was long. His face certainly was broader than it was long. The most singular effect was caused by the fact that Billy had not a single wisp of hair on either his head or face—not even an eyelash or eyebrow. He was awfully sensitive about his not having any hair, but couldn't seem to get used to wearing a wig. His pate was like an exaggerated billiard-ball, and Billy used to say the wig made him want to scratch it all the time."

"When he was about twenty-five years old Billy fell in love with a pretty girl who worked in a big candy store in Sixth avenue, and he straightway set out to win her. He went to the best wig-maker in town and had a fine brown curly wig made. It cost a heap of money, but Billy would have it. He paid diligent court to the girl, who toyed with him awhile and then sent him about his business. Billy took it sorely to heart and began to drink heavily. In a short time he had spent all his money, and had lost his situation, and was very much of a loafer. The only valuable thing he had left was his wig. Finally, he could not get along without his liquor, and liquor he could not get without money."

"One night Billy started a beautiful scheme for getting all the run he wanted. Going into a saloon he confidentially told the barkeeper that he had no money to pay for a drink, but that if he were supplied he would leave his wig as security for its payment. The wig was taken and Billy got his drink. No barkeeper could have doubted that it was good security after seeing Billy's bald head. Going out Billy strolled to another saloon, in which he told a sad tale of having his wig stolen. His shining scalp was the best kind of evidence that he needed a wig, and everybody felt sorry for him, he looked so forlorn. The hat went around and Billy raised about three dollars for another wig, besides being asked to drink twice. Returning to the first saloon Billy redeemed his wig and went his way rejoicing."

"By selecting his basis of operations carefully, Billy lived for two years on that wig—lived too well, in fact, for at the end of that time he died on the Island from an attack of delirium tremens."—New York Tribune.

A Lion Loose.

One night, when old Dan Rice was exhibiting his circus in an Ohio town, it commenced to rain about the time the performance was over, and hundreds of people stuck to the tent for shelter. Dan didn't want to be mean, but the canvas must come down, and so he sent three of the men through the crowd to whisper:

"Don't get excited and make a rush, but I must inform you that the Numidian lion has escaped from his cage. Please go out quietly."

The people went fast enough—all but a few unbelievers. There was a farmer and his wife and five children, and he got them in a circle in the ring and placed four or five pickles, three or four hard-boiled eggs, and a paper of salt in his straw hat in the centre. One of the men came up and inquired:

"What are you doing here, old man?"

"Waitin'," was the reply.

"Didn't you know the lion was loose?"

"Yaas, I heard 'em say so. Is it true?"

"Of course it is."

"Regular lion?"

"Yes."

"Regular Numidian lion?"

"Yes."

"Healthy and fat?"

"Yes."

"Waal, that's what we're waitin' for. We're a calculatin' to eat the durned critter after we leave, and I wish you'd hurry him up."—New York Sun.

Patent Little Algerian Wives.

The same general rule that the wife shall wait upon her husband seems as prevalent here as in Algiers. At the station we saw a beautiful young wife, of whose pretty features I caught a brief glimpse, as she was arranging her head drapery. She had come to see her husband off by the train, and not only carried his hand-luggage to the station for him, but stood in line at the ticket office while he lounged about and smoked with his friends. After a weary wait, she carried his packages again to the train, put them in the car for him, and then took his proffered hand, and bending low over it kissed it reverently. And this was a delicate-looking girl, about twenty years of age, dressed in garments of the finest texture, her neck, arms, and ankles covered with jewels, while her lord and master was a stalwart young man not more than 30 years old. Poor sisters of Blidah!—*Utica Observer*.

OLD MAMMY lived in North Carolina, very near the line. When the boundary between that State and Virginia was changed she was told that she lived in Virginia. "Well," she answered, "I am powerful glad. I always heard that Virginny was a healthier State than North Carolina."

FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1890.

TWO SOLDIERS.

By Capt. CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER I.



Two missives had reached him.

The rain was plashing dully on the grimy window sill and over the awning of the shops below. The street cars went jingling by with a dripping load of outside passengers on both platforms. Wagons and drays, cabs and closed carriages, that rattled or rumbled along the ordinarily busy thoroughfare, looked as though they had been dipped in the river before being turned loose on the street, and their Jehus, a bedraggled lot, must needs have something amphibious in their composition, else they could not have borne up against the deluge that had been soaking the city for two days past. The policeman, waddling aimlessly about at the opposite corner, enveloped in rubber cap and overcoat, cast occasional wistful glances into the barroom across the way, wherein the gas was burning in deference to the general gloom that overhung the neighborhood, and such pedestrians as had to be abroad hurried along under their umbrellas as though they half expected to have to swim before they could reach their destination.

The dense cloud of sooty smoke that had overhung the metropolis for weeks past, and that wind from any direction could never entirely dissipate, for the simple reason that smokestacks by the score shot up in the outskirts on every side, now seemed to be hurled upon the roofs and walls, the windows and the pavement, in a black, pasty, carboniferous deposit, and every object out of doors that one could touch would leave its inky response upon the hand. A more depressing "spell of weather" had not been known for a year, and every living being in sight seemed saturated with the general gloom—every living being except one. Capt. Fred Lane, of the Eleventh cavalry, was sitting at the dingy window of his office in the recruiting rendezvous on Sycamore street and actually whistling softly to himself in supreme contentment.

Two missives had reached him that ghastly morning that had served to make him impervious to wind or weather. One—large, formal, impressive and bearing the stamp of the war department in heavy type across its upper corner—had borne to him the notification of his promotion to the rank of captain (Troop D) Eleventh cavalry; vice Curran, retired. The other—tiny billet—had given him even greater happiness. It might be hard to say how many times he had read and reread it since he found it on the snowy cloth of his particular breakfast table in his particular corner of the snug factory of "The Green City," on the books of which most respectable if somewhat venerable club his name had been borne among the list of army or navy members ever since his "graduation leave," fifteen years before.

All his boyhood, up to the time of his winning his cadetship at West Point, had been spent in the city where for the past sixteen months he had considered himself fortunate on being stationed on recruiting service. During the second year of his term at the academy he was startled by the receipt of a sad letter from his mother, telling him briefly that his father, long one of the best known among the business men of the city, had been compelled to make an assignment. What was worse, he had utterly broken down under the strain, and would probably never be himself again. Proud, sensitive and honorable, Mr. Lane had insisted on paying to the utmost farthing of his means. Even the old homestead went, and the broken hearted man retired with his faithful wife to a humble roof in the suburbs. There, a few months afterward, he breathed his last, and there, during Fred's graduating year, she followed him. When the boy entered on his career in the army he was practically alone in the world. Out of the wreck of his father's fortune there came to him a little sum that started him in the service free from debt and that served as a nest egg to attract future accumulations. This he had promptly banked until some good and safe investment should present itself, and, once with his regiment on the frontier, Mr. Lane had found his pay ample for all his needs.

It is unnecessary to recount the history of his fifteen years' service as a subaltern. Suffice it to say that, steering clear of most of the temptations to which young officers were subjected, he had won a reputation as a capital "duty officer," that was accorded here and there by some brilliant and dashing exploits in the numerous Indian campaigns through which the Eleventh had

passed with no small credit. Lane was never one of the jovial souls of the regiment. His mood was rather taciturn and contemplative. He read a good deal, and spent many days in the saddle exploring the country in the neighborhood of his post and in hunting and fishing.

But, from the colonel down, there was not a man in the Eleventh who did not thoroughly respect and like him. Among the ladies, however, there was one or two who never lost an opportunity of giving the lieutenant a feline and not ineffective clawing whenever his name came up for discussion in the feminine conclaves occasionally held in the regiment. Sometimes, too, when opportunity served, he was made the victim of some sharp or sarcastic speech that was not always easy to bear in silence. Mrs. Judson, wife of the captain of B troop, was reputed to be "down on Lane," and the men had no difficulty whatever in locating the time when her change of heart took place.

The truth of the matter was that, thanks to simple habits and to his sense of economy, Lane had quite a snug little balance in the bank, and the ladies of the regiment believed it to be bigger than it really was, and, having approved the furnishing and fitting up of his quarters, the next thing, of course, that they essayed to do was to provide him with a wife. There the trouble began. Simultaneously with the arrival of his first bar as a first lieutenant there came from the distant east Mrs. Judson's younger sister "Emmy" and Mrs. Loring's pretty niece, Pansy Fletcher. Lane was prompt to call on both, to take the young ladies driving or riding, to be attentive and courteous in every way; but while he did this "perceive a divided duty," what was Mrs. Loring's horror on discovering that pretty Pansy had fallen rapturously in love with "Jerry" Lattimore, as handsome, reckless and impecunious a young dragoon as ever lived, and nothing but prompt measures prevented their marriage! Miss Fletcher was suddenly retransported to the east, whither Jerry was too hard up to follow; and then, in bitterness of heart, Mrs. Loring blamed poor Fred for the whole transaction. Way had he held aloof and allowed that—that scamp—that ne'er do well—to cut in and win that innocent child's heart, as he certainly did do? Against Lattimore the vials of her wrath were emptied coram publico, but against Lane she could not talk so openly.

Mrs. Judson had beheld the sudden departure of Miss Pansy with an equanimity she could barely dignify. Indeed there were not lacking good Christians in the garrison who pointed significantly to the fact that she had almost too hospitably opened her doors to Miss Fletcher and her lover during that brief but volcanic romance. Certain it is, however, that it was in her house and in a certain little nook off the sitting room that their long, delicious meetings occurred almost daily, the lady of the house being busy about the dining room, the kitchen, or the chambers overhead, and Emily, who was a good girl, but densely uninteresting, strumming on the piano or yawning over a book at the front window.

"What Mr. Lane needs is a gentle, modest, domestic little woman who will make his home a restful, peaceful refuge always," said Mrs. Judson; and, inferentially, Emmy was the gentle and modest creature who was destined so to bless him. The invitations to tea, the lures by which he was induced to become Emmy's escort to all the hops and dances, redoubled themselves after Miss Fletcher's departure; but it was all in vain. Without feeling any particular affinity for Mr. Lane, Emmy stood ready to say "Yes" whenever he should ask; but weeks went on, he never seemed to draw nearer the subject, and just as Mrs. Judson had determined to resort to heroic measures and point out that his attentions to Emmy had excited the remark of the entire garrison, and that the poor child was herself looking wan and strange, there was a stage robbery, not twenty miles from the post. Lane, with fifteen troopers, was sent in pursuit of the desperadoes, and captured them, after a sharp fight, ninety miles up the river and near the little infantry cantonment at the Indian reservation; and thither the lieutenant was carried, with a bullet through his thigh. By the time he was well enough to ride, the regiment was again in the field on Indian campaign, and for six months he never saw Fort Curtis again. When he did Emmy had gone home, and Mrs. Judson's politeness was something awful.

Lane was out with the Eleventh again in three more sharp and severe campaigns, received an ugly bullet wound through the left shoulder in the memorable chase after Chief Joseph, was quartermaster of his regiment a year after that episode, then adjutant, and finally was given the recruiting detail as he neared the top of the list of first lieutenants, and for the first time in fifteen years found himself once more among the friends of his youth—and still a bachelor.

Securing pleasant quarters in the adjoining street Mr. Lane speedily made himself known at the club to which he had been paying his moderate annual dues without having seen anything of it but its bills for years past, yet never knowing just when he might want to drop in. Then he proceeded after office hours to hunt up old chums, and in the course of the first week after his arrival he had found almost all of them. Bailey, who sat next to him in school, was now a prominent and prosperous lawyer. Terry, who sat just behind him, and occasionally inserted crooked pins in a convenient crack in his chair, was thriving in the iron business.

Warden had made a fortune—"on 'change," and was one of the leading brokers and commission merchants of the metropolis. He had always liked Warden; they lived close together, and used to walk to and from school with each other almost every day. Mr. Lane had started on his quest with a feeling akin to enthusiasm. Calm and reticent and retiring as he generally was, he felt a glow of delight at the prospect of once more meeting "the old crowd," but that evening he returned to his rooms with a distinct sense of disappointment. Bailey had jumped up and shaken hands with much effusion of manner, and had "my-dear-fellow-ed" him for a minute or two, and then, "Now, where are you stopping? I'll be round to look you up the very first evening I can get away, and—of course we'll have you at the house;" but Lane clearly saw he was eager to get back to his desk, and so took his leave. Terry did not know him at all, and he began to laugh, and then he blantly in-

quired what he'd been doing with himself all these years. But the man who rasped him from top to toe was Warden. Business hours were over, and their meeting occurred at the club. Two minutes after they had shaken hands Warden was standing with his back to the log fire, his thumbs in the arm holes of his waistcoat, tilting on his toes, his head well back, and most affably and distinctly patronizing him.

"Well, Fred, you're still in the army, are you?" he asked.

"Still in the army, Warden."

"Well, what on earth do you find to do with yourself out there? How do you manage to kill time?"

"Time never hung heavily on my hands. It often happened that there wasn't half enough for all we had to do."

"You don't tell me! Why, I supposed that about all you did was to drink and play poker."

"Not an unusual idea, I find, Warden, but a very unjust one."

"Oh, yes, I know, of course, you have some Indian fighting to do once in a while, but that probably amounts to very little. I mean when you're in permanent camp or garrison. I should think a man of your temperament would just stagnate in such a life. I wonder you hadn't resigned years ago and come here and made a name for yourself."

"The life has been rather more brisk than you imagine," he answered, with a quiet smile, "and I have grown very fond of my profession. But you speak of making a name for myself. Now, in what would that have consisted?"

"Oh, well, of course, if you really like the army and living in a desert and that sort of thing, I've nothing to say," said Warden; "but it always struck me as such a—such a—well, Fred, such a wasted life, as I very well for fellows who hadn't brains or energy enough to achieve success in the real battle of life" (and here Warden was "swelling visibly"), "but not at all the thing for a man of your ability. We all conceded at school that you were head and shoulders above the rest of us. We were talking of it some years ago in this very room; there'd been something about you in the papers—some general or other had mentioned you in a report. Let's see: didn't you get wounded, or something, chasing some Indians?" Lane replied that he believed that "something like that had happened," but begged his friend to go on; and Warden proceeded to further expound his views:

"Now, you might have resigned years ago, taken hold of your father's old business and made a fortune. There's been a perfect boom in railroad iron and every other kind of iron since that panic of '73. Look at Terry; he is rolling in money—one of our most substantial men; and you know he was a mere drone at school. Why, Fred, if your father could have held on six months longer he'd have been the richest man in town today. It always seemed to me that he made such a mistake in not getting his friends to help him tide things over."

"You probably are not aware," was the reply, "that he went to friend after friend—so called—and that it was their failure or refusal to help that broke him down." The most active man in pushing him to the wall, I am told, was Terry's father, who had formerly been his chief clerk."

"Well," answered Warden, in some little confusion, for this and other matters in connection with the failure of Samuel Lane & Co., years before, were now suddenly recalled to mind, "that's probably true. Business is business, you know, and those were tough times in the money market. Still, you could have come back here when you left West Point, and built up that concern again, and been a big man today—had your own establishment here, married some rich girl—you're not married, are you?"

Lane shook his head.

"On the other hand, then, you've been feeling away all this time in the army, and what have you got to show for it?"

"Nothing—to speak of," was the half whimsical, half serious answer.

"Well, there! Now don't you see? That's just what I'm driving at. You've thrown away your opportunities—'All right, Strong; I'll be with you in a minute,'" he called to a man who was signaling to him from the stairway. "Come in and see us, Fred. Come and dine with us, any day. We're always ready for friends who drop in. I want you to meet Mrs. Warden and see my house. Now excuse me, will you? I have to take a hand at whist." And so away went Warden, leaving Lane to walk homeward and think over the experiences of the day.

He had "made a name for himself" that was well known from the Yellowstone to the Colorado. Thrice had that name been sent to the president with the recommendation of his department commander for brevets for conspicuous and gallant conduct in action against hostile Indians. The Pacific coast had made him welcome. Busy San Francisco had found time to read The Alta's and The Chronicle's correspondence from the scene of hostilities, and cordially shook hands with the young officer who had been so prominent in more than one campaign. Santa Fe and San Antonio, Denver, Cheyenne and Miles City were points where he could not go without meeting "troops of friends." It was only when he got back to his old home in the east that the lieutenant found his name associated only with his father's failure, and that his years of honorable service conveyed no interest to the friends of his youth. "Money makes the mare go," said Mr. Warden, in a subsequent conversation; and money, it seems, was what he meant in telling Lane he should have come home and "made a name for himself."

Lane had been on duty a year in the city when a rumor began to circulate to the effect that investments of his in mining stocks had brought him large returns, and men at the club and matronly women as the few parties he attended began asking significant questions, which now it pleased him to parry rather than answer directly. His twelve months' experiences in society had developed in him a somewhat sardonic vein of humor and made him, if anything, more reticent than before. And then—then all of a sudden there came over the spirit of his dream a marked and wondrous change. He no longer declined invitations to balls, parties or dinners when he knew that certain persons were to be present. Mabel Vincent had just returned from a year's tour abroad, and Lieut. Fred Lane had fallen in love at first sight.

It was a note from her that made even that dingy old office, on this most dismal of days, fairly glow and shine with a radiance of hope, with a halo of joy and gladness such as his lonely life had never known before. The very first time he ever saw himself addressed as Capt. Fred Lane, Eleventh cavalry, was in her dainty hand. He turned his chair to the window to read once again the precious words, but there entered, dripping, a Western Union messenger with a telegram.

Tearing it open, Lane read these words: "All join in congratulations on your promotion and in wonderment at the colonel's selection of your successor. Noel is named."

Lane gave a long whistle of amazement. "Of all men in the regiment!" he exclaimed. "Who would have thought of Gordon Noel?"

Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

Seventeen years ago I lived with my father and mother on the banks of the Stranger river, in Atchison county, Kansas. I was only 7 years of age, and one day my youthful fancy was caught by the pretty colors of a blacksnake. I pulled a small ring off my finger and a string out of my pocket. Placing the ring over the head of the snake, I started home in triumph, dragging the snake at my heels, and feeling as much a conqueror as the Roman emperor who dragged the captives behind his chariots. In climbing over a fence my captive made its escape. Ring, string, everything disappeared.

I shed a few tears at the time, but had forgotten the matter until lately. I returned to the vicinity of my old home in Atchison county for the purpose of buying some sheep. While crossing a small creek that flows into the Stranger river my attention was called by the barking of my dog to a strange something in a tree. I investigated and found there an immense blacksnake, fully ten feet long. Between the dog and myself we succeeded in killing the snake, though I was obliged to use in the warfare both a club and a revolver. The dog finished the snake by giving it a shaking and tearing it in pieces.

You will hardly believe me, I know, but you can have my head if it wasn't the same identical snake that got away from me seventeen years ago. How do I know? Simple enough. That little blacksnake had grown to be a monstrous big one; the little silver ring around its neck had grown until it was as large as a lady's bracelet, and the piece of twine had grown until it had become a good sized rope. But the strangest part of all was that the dog had shaken out seventeen little blacksnakes, and that each one was the exact counterpart of the snake that made its escape from me in the long ago, while around the necks of each of the seventeen young ones were silver rings, and attached to these rings were short pieces of twine. And upon each one of these silver rings you could plainly distinguish the initials of my name, just as they had been stamped in the silver ring that I wore when 7 years old.—Kansas City Times.

The Heroines of Young Writers.

A woman with a turn for literary work who notices that she is distanced, as far as success and admiration goes, by rivals inferior in mental capacity to herself, flies eagerly to the society of her own fancies and makes her pen her greatest friend. It is the lot of many girls to pass their childhood or youth in a somewhat monotonous round of domestic duties, and frequently in a narrow domestic circle with which they may have no great intellectual sympathy. It is a delightful consolation for the shortcomings of the social life around them to build up an imaginary picture of social life as it might be—full of romantic adventures and pleasant conquests. In manufacturing her heroine the young recluse puts on paper what she would herself like to be, and what she thinks she might be if only she had golden hair and a wider sphere of action, or if men were wiser and more discerning.

In the slights offered to her favorite ideal she paints the slights that might be or have been offered to herself, and she glories in imagining the triumphant way in which (under more auspicious circumstances) she would turn upon her enemies and trample them under foot. The vexations and annoyances she is usually able to describe with spirit and accuracy. The triumph, being the representation of her own delicious dreams, is apt to be a little too spectacular; it is too complete; rivals and enemies are too effectually crushed; the world looks on and applauds with rather unnecessary vehemence; the underrated martyr of the first portion of the book has somewhat too magnificent an apotheosis at its close.—Illustrated American.

Money Spent for Show.

Ten thousand carriages in Central park have a coachman and footman. At least 5,000 more have a coachman. Twenty-five thousand people ride there simply to wait on the rich, to minister to the luxury of the opulent. Ten thousand of these people are lackeys. The gorgeous and impressive uniforms—tall hats, rosettes, top boots, buttons—of the coachmen and lackeys are furnished by the owners of the carriages. They buy uniforms for the coachmen and lackeys just as they buy harness for the horses, and the cost is about the same. The uniforms cost about \$150 per carriage. For the 5,000 more modest turnouts, with a plain, old fashioned coachman, the uniform costs about \$30.

It costs \$1,500,000 to make the coachmen and the lackeys look like monkeys. It costs \$150,000 more to dress up the old fashioned coachmen. The aggregate is \$1,650,000.—New York Journal.

AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

TAKING PICTURES BY MEANS OF BALLOONS AND KITES.

Instantaneous Views Secured by Camera in Mid Air—How the Work is Accomplished—The First Successful Attempt Was Made in 1881.

Aeronauts and others have for some time past endeavored to produce photographs from a balloon, and have met with very considerable success.

It would be difficult to say who was the first to make photographs from a balloon, but there is no doubt that M. Nadar, of Paris, has done more in this direction than any one else. Some very satisfactory results were obtained by him by means of a camera attached to the side of the car.

But the idea of sending a camera alone up into the air was one that occupied the attention of scientists, for the reason that it obviated the necessity of sending up aeronauts and, in consequence, a much smaller balloon would be required. In the year 1881 my father, the late W. B. Woodbury, invented and patented a balloon camera of this kind. The principal part of the apparatus is a drum, holding four sensitive dry plates; this drum is wound up, and by means of a small electro magnet a catch was released, and the plates could be brought into position successively. The lens was covered with an instantaneous shutter, opening and closing the lens in the 1-250th part of a second. This also was controlled by a small electro magnet. The wires connected with these two magnets, and one for the return current, were inclosed in the rope that held the balloon, so that the operator on terra firma, by simply sending a current through these wires, could work the movements of the camera as easily as if it were in his own hands.

HOW THE PICTURE IS TAKEN.

The operation was this: He touched one button and sent a current to one electro magnet, which brought a plate into position. By means of a telescope the behavior of the balloon could be seen. Directly it was in a steady position a current was sent, by pressing another button, through the second electro magnet; this released the shutter and the exposure was made. When the four plates had been exposed the camera was drawn to the ground, the plates developed into negatives, and by means of a magic lantern their image was thrown on to a screen or large piece of paper. With a piece of chalk the outlines were sketched out and the position of the enemy's fortifications, their strength and position, could at once be seen by all the officers.

From a recent number of La Nature is reproduced an account of a photographic kite recently invented by M. A. Balut, of Enlaure. To the kite is attached a small photographic camera by means of a triangular support fixed to the backbone. The camera is provided with an instantaneous shutter actuated by means of a slow match. Before flying the kite this match is lighted, and when combustion has proceeded so far as to set fire to a small thread it releases the spring of the shutter and the exposure is made.

AN AERIAL BAROMETER.

Another very novel feature of this ingenious apparatus is the use of a registering aneroid barometer attached to the kite so that the operator can find out the altitude which the kite has ascended above the ground. This barometer is combined with a photographic registering apparatus which operates at the same time as the camera. It is inclosed in a light, tight box, and the instant that the shutter of the photographic camera is released and the exposure made an aperture closed by the shutter is uncovered through the burning of the match.

At the moment the aperture is uncovered the luminous rays strike the dial and print the shadows of the two needles (mechanism and index needles) upon a piece of sensitized paper with which the dial is provided. To the thread attached to the shutter, and which gives the exposure when burned, is fixed a piece of paper which at the same time detaches itself and falls to the ground, indicating to the operator that the exposure has been made. The kite is then hauled in and the plate developed.

Another curious form of aerial photographic apparatus is being developed by a French inventor, M. Denesse. It consists of a photographic camera attached to a rocket. An umbrella like parachute is also fixed to the rocket stick. When fired into the air this is closed, but as soon as the rocket begins to descend it opens out, and the whole returns gracefully to the earth. In this the camera is cylindrical in form and has round its circumference twelve lenses—a sensitive plate is in the center. The lenses are provided with a shutter which opens and closes instantly on the camera commencing to descend. It is then drawn back to the operator by a cord attached before the firing of the rocket. The principal advantages of this form of apparatus are cheapness of operating and freedom from risk.—Walter E. Woodbury in Cassell's.

Not so Bad, Either.

Blathers (to Slathers, who prepared to bow and was ignored)—I say, Slathers, isn't Miss Blood like that yacht out there?

Slathers—How so?
Blathers—Oh, well, if you don't see it! But it strikes me she's something of a cutter.—West Shore.