



### CHELSEA STANDARD.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
**WM. EMMERT.**

OFFICE IN  
**STANDARD GROCERY HOUSE.**  
Corner Main and Park Sts.

\$1.00 PER YEAR STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

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1/4 Col.	3.00	7.20	12.00	21.00
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THE LIGHT RUNNING  
THE BEST  
THE FINEST WOODWORK AND ATTACHMENTS  
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RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

WHAT IS COMING ON FOR MANY MILES AWAY?  
THE EYE!  
FREE  
One of the BEST Telescopes in the world. Our facilities are unequalled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send you a copy of our catalogue free of charge. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the choice. All you have to do is return to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double eye telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from \$3 to \$10 a day at least, from the start, with no experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address: B. HALLETT & CO., Box 886, PORTLAND, MAINE.

### READ TWO SOLDIERS



By Capt. Ghas. King, U. S. A.  
NOW APPEARING  
IN THIS PAPER.

### COUNTY CIRCUMSTANCES.

Carefully Culled, Clipped, Cured—  
Softly Served Subscribers.  
Dexter claims 900 population.

Ypsilanti's postmaster now gets \$2300 a year, a raise of \$100.

The Ann Arbor A. O. U. W's. will take an excursion to Put-in-Bay in August.

Ann Arbor's population is placed at 9,350. In 1880, that city had 8,061 inhabitants.

S. A. Moran, of the Register, was married Thursday, to Miss Flora M. Potter, of Niles.

John Kesler of Manchester, has been out in the country looking for apples. He says there will be few next fall.

Two of Manchester's young men left for the west recently, without the consent of their respective parents. One has returned—the other got as far as Indiana.

The resorters at Wolf Lake were greatly surprised to see the water rise two feet at one jump, recently. Upon investigation it was found that a Grass Lake lady had stepped into the lake.

It is pretty tough when the whole resident population of a village like Manchester is refused their share of ice in order that a few saloons may be accommodated, but we suppose that they pay the most.—Enterprise.

Adam Schaner, an Ypsilanti saloon keeper, will be tried at the October term of the circuit court, for keeping his saloon open after hours. He has given bonds for his appearance.—Argus.

What about those who kept open on the Fourth at Dexter, Manchester and Saline.

The county received \$495.60 interest on deposits for the six months ending June 30. This is \$125 more than last year.—Argus.

Only a few years ago, Supervisor Gilbert was a much abused man because he urged that the county funds be deposited with a bank which would pay interest on such deposit. His efforts at that time are now bearing fruit.

Now look here, thou gold-headed clothes pin of the Leslie Local, who told you to "chip in."—Isn't it enough that the Grass Lake News twits our women of their big feet without your adding cumulative insult. Look at the women of your own town. Why red hair is almost the universal thing with them, and the children of your town are so crested with scarlet that the red-headed wood-peckers adopt and feed them.—Stockbridge Sun.

The fourth of July celebration at the Arbeiter grove was fully as good as the bills pictured it.—There was a big crowd of strangers in town and as an evidence of the way they enjoyed themselves, left with the society \$660, but the Enterprise drops the curtain here, not caring to give any particulars whereby the german-american eagle got its tail feathers ruffled. A large percentage of our readers were there and saw more than we can tell. Suffice it to say the celebration was a success.—Manchester Enterprise.

### JULY CROP REPORT.

The July crop report issued recently, gives a dismal outlook for the Michigan apple and peach crops. The estimates are that there will not be over half an average apple crop, and a large number of correspondents have reported that the crop will be a total failure, as nearly all the apples have already fallen from the trees. The showing in the southern counties is 44 per cent less favorable than a month ago 38 per cent in the central counties and 24 in the northern.

The peach outlook is equally forbidding. The estimates are that there will be 59 per cent of an average crop in the southern counties, 52 in the central and 56 in the northern—a big falling off within the last month.

Wheat is suffering from rust, oats promise 97 per cent of an average crop, corn 94, potatoes 86 and clover 3 per cent above the average.

### Monkish Epicures.

The monks and cures of France have done as much for their country in the preparation of savory delicacies as the most renowned chefs. It has been suggested that during the long session of Lent these holy men have been in the habit of relieving their privations by employing their ingenuity in the invention of pleasant foods and drinks in readiness for the return of the days of feasting.

Whether there is any foundation for this inference is not positively known, but the fact remains that the clergy, from whatever cause, are capital inventors of all sorts of comestibles.

One of the largest oyster parks in the country was started by Abbe Bonnetard, the cure of La Teste, whose system of artificial cultivation is so successful that of the number of oysters distributed throughout France every year perhaps a quarter are produced by the abbe. Canon Agen was the discoverer of the terrines of Nerae.

The rilletes of Tours are the work of a monk of Marmoutiers. The renowned liqueurs Chartreuse, Trappistine, Benedictine and others, betray their monastic origin in their names, and the strangest part of their production is that they should be the work of the most severe and ascetic of religious bodies.

The elixir of Garus is the invention of the Abbe Garus. The Bachelors sausages were first prepared under the direction of the Prior Lamoureux. The popular Bergougnoux sauce was first mingled by the Abbe Bergougnoux. The delicate Flognard cakes are the invention of the Abbe Flognard. Even the immortal glory of the discovery of champagne is attributed to a monk. To these may be added the innumerable delicacies in bachelors, confectionery and the like, which owe their origin entirely to nuns in the French convents scattered throughout the land.—Paris Cor. Chicago Inter-Ocean.

### A Long Race.

Steamship races across the Atlantic are common enough—more common, perhaps, than they should be—but a race merely from New York to Liverpool is a small affair compared with one which took place recently between the French steamship Salazie and the English steamship Orizaba, which had a little trial of speed between Melbourne and Marseilles, by way of the Suez canal—a total distance of some 11,000 miles.

The Salazie did not start from Melbourne until three hours after the Orizaba had sailed. She arrived at Adelaide, South Australia, at about the same time. After touching at Albany, Western Australia, together the two steamers, though both made the very best possible time across the Indian ocean, saw nothing more of each other until they had entered the Red sea.

Here the French steamer was found to be some distance in advance of the English, although they were in plain view of each other. The Englishman gave chase, and succeeded in overhauling but not in passing the Salazie, and the latter preceded the Orizaba through the canal.

The Orizaba and the Salazie kept quite near together throughout the journey through the Mediterranean. The "race" was not really a long struggle, covering the distance of more than ten thousand miles between Melbourne and Marseilles, but rather a "brush" for precedence in the Suez canal. The great ocean going steamers often journey very near together on long voyages.—Youth's Companion.

### Illuminated.

One by one the mysteries of the animal world are yielding before the investigations of naturalists. Some very curious information is given in a recent issue of a French scientific periodical regarding microbes that have the faculty of being self luminous.

One moonlight night a spot of greenish light was noticed on the seashore. On closer examination the light proved to come from within a crustacean of the genus talitrus or sand flea. The entire talitrus, including the antennae, was phosphorescent. Only the eyes were dark spots in the luminous figure. He was proceeding more slowly than is natural to that species over the sand.

Other similarly illuminated talitres were sought for, but his seemed to be a unique distinction. The next day one of his claws was examined under a microscope. It was full of a singular kind of bacteria, luminous microbes. These luminous microbes appear on the surface of the sea, in the sand of the seashore, sometimes on meat and in salt water fish. Just what their phosphorescence is due to is not clearly understood.

Other talitres were inoculated with the bacteria. In less than three days they shone with a white light. They remained in this state from three to six days, apparently not greatly inconvenienced by the presence of the microbes. Then came a motionless state, which lasted three or four days, when they died, and a few hours later the fatal illumination faded.—Youth's Companion.

## H. S. Holmes & Co.

### CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

We are offering our entire stock of

## Men's Suits.

## Youth's Suits.

## Boys Suits.

Men's Pants, Overalls, Flannel  
Shirts, Summer Underwear,  
Straw Hats, etc., at reduced  
prices. We have too many  
goods, and propose to turn  
them into cash, if prices will  
do it. COME AND SEE.

Respectfully,  
**H. S. HOLMES & CO.**

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

FOR ONLY  
FIFTY CENTS,  
AT THE  
STANDARD GROCERY HOUSE.

### CHELSEA ROLLER MILLS MARKET REPORT.

Corrected Weekly by Cooper & Wood

Roller Patent, per hundred,.....	\$2.80
Housekeeper's Delight, per hundred,.....	2.50
Superior, per hundred,.....	1.50
Corn Meal, bolted, per hundred,.....	1.40
Corn Meal, coarse, per hundred,.....	.90
Feed, corn and oats, per ton.....	17.00
Bran, per ton.....	15.00
Special Fee (3% Oats and Corn).....	75c per 100

No short weights.

## TRY THE STANDARD COFFEE

25 CTS.

# THE CHELSEA STANDARD.

WM. EMMERT, Publisher.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN

MRS. VIRGINIA L. FARRAGUT, widow of Admiral Farragut, draws a pension of \$2,000 a year.

STANLEY says a director of a Dutch house recently told him that his firm has thirty steamers on the Upper Congo, and that their house had bought \$1,500,000 of ivory in the last two years.

A MAINE minister, who has just retired, during his pastorate of nearly half a century married 467 couples and preached 757 funeral sermons, of which 300 were for members of his own society.

By a new regulation recently made by the Senate of the University of Vienna students on matriculating must present the dean of the faculty, which they wish to enter with their photographs. These works of art will be used to identify candidates when interesting questions as to "signing up," etc., arise.

POSTAGE-STAMP dealers are in all large cities on the earth. J. B. Moeus, of Brussels, Belgium, is acknowledged to be the leading dealer and philatelist of the day. He has an immense establishment in the Galerie Bortiere of the Arcade Madelaine, and his investment in the business must be upward of a million francs.

For every dollar England sends to the missionary work in Africa, she ships a gallon of rum to the same district. For every missionary she sends she ships 200 barrels of rum. For every one convert she makes, she makes 500 drunkards. An English religious publication says so, and it wouldn't look well for an American paper to dispute it.

We are very apt to divide human life into the pleasant and the unpleasant, the sweet and the bitter, joy and sorrow, good and evil, and to suppose that out of the former springs all our happiness and welfare—out of the latter all our misery and failure. In so doing, however, we entirely ignore the fact that contrast is a necessary and valuable element in life and happiness.

Pot's "Raven" has found a counterpart at Gainesville, Fla., where a monster owl has taken up his abode in the residence of Dr. Phillips, where he called very early one morning and perched himself on top of the frame of a picture hanging on the wall. He looked wise and said nothing except when poked with a stick. At last accounts he still remained a guest of the family.

The latest fashionable "fad" is reported from Yalesville, Pa. At a village improvement entertainment eleven young ladies personated slaves and were put up at auction. They were draped in sheets, so as to be unrecognizable, and brought from forty to ninety-five cents each. That quotations ran so low is explained by the fact that it was incumbent upon each purchaser to buy for his slave all the ice-cream, cake, and lemonade she demanded, and to escort her home after the entertainment.

DR. HURLEY, of Hudson, married the widow Lynn recently, and the neighbors were surprised to find that in the marriage records he appeared as Dr. Hall. The man of pills explains: His maiden name was Hall, but twelve years ago he assumed the name of Hurley, because he wanted to, went through college on that name and for all practical purposes his name is Hurley. But when it comes to marrying, why he wanted to be safe. Dr. Hurley-Hall thinks this explanation will satisfy Hudson people.

JOBY MICHAL, of Oconee County, Pennsylvania, and his wife were married in 1810, and are still living. Their third eldest son, now white-headed and telling with age, is living in the vicinity of his parents, and is past his seventieth year. Mr. Michal has an old family Bible, yellowed and seared with age, that tells the time of his birth and marriage and his many interesting relics of decades ago. He is as lively and active as a man half his age, and his long life's partner is his equal in his wonderful preservation. They can walk together without either becoming fatigued.

A WESTERN fair association has had the following statement printed on its press tickets: "This ticket probably has been paid for ten times over by the paper to which it is issued. It will be honored in the hands of any man, woman or child, white, black, red or yellow who favors the association by presenting it. It is good for entrance and

grand-stand, and the bearer, if driving, will be entitled to pass a team free. The association recognizes the fact that its splendid success is owing largely, if not wholly, to the notices so freely given by the press, and, while we cannot render an equivalent in cash, we return our grateful thanks.

A NEW system of robbing railroad passengers which arouses the virtuous indignation of a bold and defiant American train robber like the late Mr. James, is practiced in India. The wretches who follow it enter the cars and offer food and drink to the hungry and thirsty passengers, who unsuspectingly purchase them. Both solid and liquid refreshments contain poison, and when the travelers have succumbed to its effect, they are swiftly despoiled of their valuables. So frequent have been these robberies on the Eastern Bengal Railway that the Bengal police have issued a circular of warning to travelers. In it they describe the modus operandi in detail, and advise every one to refuse to purchase any food or drink from unknown persons who enter the trains. American train robbing has sunk pretty low—a train robber the other day boasted that he could flourish an old iron candlestick and go through a whole trainload of passengers—but fortunately it has not yet descended to the level that has been reached in India.

The majority of people are very careless with their cash, says a St. Louis writer, and yet this carelessness or seeming carelessness is a safeguard against loss. The other day a prominent broker was walking up the street, carrying a bundle, wrapped in a newspaper that was not even tied. I attempted to knock it from beneath his arm, when he invited me into a brother broker's office and showed me the contents. There were just \$75,000 in bills, put up in \$5,000 packages. I thought it was a careless way to carry money, but he said a thief would never think the bundle contained money. Men carry large rolls of bills loose in their pocket. It looks careless, and yet they very seldom lose anything. A very unsafe place is in the pants watch pocket. A man is liable to let it slip either inside or outside, and nine times out of ten it is lost. It is a mystery to me why the ladies do not lose more than they do. They carry a long, stiff purse, which is a good target for the thief. While, as I said, the great majority of people seem to handle their money carelessly, there is less than one-half of 1 per cent. of it lost.

It must be admitted that the average writing of Americans is bad. It is either crabbed and illegible or of a mechanical character, in which all individuality is lost; and poor instruction is chiefly responsible for the evil. Instead of improving upon nature, our haphazard method perverts it, with the result that boys and girls who might write well if properly taught, go through life cursed with a bad chirography. When legible it is apt to be commonplace and inelegant. Penmanship, therefore, should be a department of instruction in the public schools upon which the greatest care is bestowed. It is a most important branch of education. The English are good penmen, as their ordinary commercial letter, shows, and even the writing of very many English mechanics is clear and dignified. The Irish are even better writers, and the German mercantile hand is quite admirable. But with us the rule is the other way. Usually the letter is a scrawl, or the chirography is of the copy-book kind, cheap and poor, and mechanical in appearance. Yet there is no reason why Americans should not be as good writers as other peoples, if they were scientifically instructed in youth. An accomplishment of great value and of practical assistance to success in life, is thus neglected as something of minor concern.

### Across the Llama's Country.

Mr. Rockhill's successful journey across a hitherto unexplored region in the country of the Llamas appears to have been attended with no little peril. His servants were more often in chains than out of them, and Mr. Rockhill himself only escaped death by a series of fortunate chances, so determined were the agents of the Llamas to frustrate any attempt to explore the mysterious and jealously guarded district between Silnifu and Tatienu, in the province of Derge. Manager Wiet, Vicar apostolic of Thibet, pronounces the feat of crossing without an escort the immense steppes in that land of grass, where the habitations of men are more to be dreaded than the solitude, as the most difficult and dangerous that has been accomplished in Asia during the present century. The district is described as teeming with natural riches, and Mr. Rockhill is stated to have mapped out a route of prime importance for commerce. — *London News.*

"The only way to prevent what's past," said Mrs. Muldoon, "is to put a stop to it before it happens."

## RURAL TOPICS.

### INFORMATION FOR THE HUSBANDMAN AND HOUSEWIFE.

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

#### THE FARM.

##### Profitable Feeding.

If any branch of farming is to yield a profit there must be intelligent application of good sound common sense, and in no part of agricultural economy is this more necessary than in feeding animals. Concentrated food, such as corn meal, cotton and linseed meal, fine feed, bran and other cereal products, are too expensive to be fed in a haphazard way that may or may not bring the desired result. The greatest source of waste lies in the wide-spread misunderstanding on the part of farmers as to the composition of the various foods and their different effects after feeding.

The man who feeds corn meal to growing calves and laying hens—as throwing away money, simply because he is furnishing costly food that is not needed, while the same money spent for oats, bran, and middlings would have been wisely expended. In the first place, we must find out what we want, whether growth pure and simple, or growth with dairy products, or simply milk and butter. Then it is surely the part of wisdom to find out what foods, from their composition, will most economically yield the desired results.

Then comes the question, how much of these is it profitable to feed. Speaking with a neighbor recently regarding the enormous yields of butter which certain Jersey cows have given, I heard again the common remark, "Oh, yes, but those cows are fed high. Well, I should not be surprised if they were fed liberally, and it strikes me that it would be poor policy to feed a cow, capable of producing 45 pounds of butter in a year, on grass and dry hay alone. We know the animal to be a machine for converting raw products into something better, and the more of the cheaper raw material it can turn into the finer product the better.

The limit only is reached with the animal's ability to digest and assimilate the food. The agricultural books and papers are well supplied with tables showing the percentage of albuminoids, etc., possessed by the various animal foods. These tables are rarely read by the average farmer, as they are unintelligible to him. A more highly appreciated classification would be into percentages of flesh-forming elements (bone, muscle, tissue) and fat-forming elements. In whatever way they are arranged, however, the farmer must make himself familiar with their composition and effects if he would feed intelligently and profitably, and he must remember that just enough food to support life brings no return. It is the extra feed beyond this up to the cows' or other animal's capacity to digest it that brings the profit. — *Webb Donnell, in American Cultivator.*

##### How Much Potato Seed.

The old discussion as to the quantity of seed potatoes needed to plant an acre is a seemingly interminable subject. The latest addition to it is from the Indiana experimental station, which found much the best results from planting whole potatoes. The variety planted was the Burbank, and only marketable potatoes were used as seed. Of these it required seventy bushels to plant an acre, while with one eye in a hill seven bushels sufficed. The potatoes were planted one foot apart in drills, the rows being three feet apart. The whole potatoes yielded 381 bushels of marketable tubers and 117 bushels of under-size tubers. The single eyes yielded 103 bushels of large potatoes and only twenty-nine bushels not marketable. After deducting seed there was a gain for the whole potatoes of 215 bushels over those planted with one eye, and of 130 bushels of marketable potatoes over those with two eyes in a hill.

It is quite evident that where whole potatoes were planted, the hills were over-crowded. This is shown by the large quantity of small tubers. But it is equally certain that of the eyes on the whole potato not more than half grew, those most forward taking the bulk of the substance of the potato before the others started. Why not adopt the obvious logic of this experiment by planting whole potatoes with all save two or three of the strongest buds dug out? In case the potatoes had sprouted badly, as they are apt to do late in the season, the best bud or eye to grow must naturally be one that had not yet started. By digging out the others and turning of these late eyes, they will be forced into more vigorous growth, and make a larger crop than is possible from eyes whose vitality has been weakened by growing prematurely.

The same result might be attained with half the seed by cutting the potato in two pieces, digging out all save three of the best eyes of each. Three eyes or even two will furnish plenty of haulm for the potato crop. Sometimes under favorable conditions one eye will send out three or more stalks. In such cases, two or three eyes will give too much vine and too many unmarketable tubers. It is not easy for those unfamiliar with potato growing to judge what eyes are sure to produce strong shoots. Varieties differ much, some having the eyes very prominent, and others nearly as prolific having the eyes sunken. Only practice in the field and careful observation can make potato planting a success.

#### THE DAIRY.

##### Hints to Dairyman.

TIN pails only should be used. ALL milk should be strained immediately after it is drawn. MILK from cows in good health and apparent contentment only should be used. UNTIL after the eighth milking it should not be offered to a cheese factory. MILKING should be done and milk should be kept only in a place where the surrounding air is pure. Otherwise

the presence of the tainting odors will not be neglected by the milk.

MILK is better for being kept over night in small quantities, rather in a large quantity in one vessel.

An abundant supply of cheap, succulent, easily digestible, wholesome, nutritious feed should be provided.

PURE cold water should be allowed in quantities limited only by the cow's capacity and desire to drink.

Cows should be milked with dry hands, and only after the udders have been washed or brushed clean.

In warm weather, all milk should be cooled to the temperature of the atmosphere after it has been aired, but not before.

WILD leeks and other weeds common to bush pastures give an offensive odor and flavor to the milk of the animals which eat them.

A BOX or trough containing salt, to which the cows have access every day, is a requisite indispensable in the profitable keeping of cows.

ALL milk should be aired immediately after it has been strained. The treatment is equally beneficial to the evening and morning messes of milk.

Cows should be prohibited from drinking stagnant, impure water. The responsibility for the efficacy of that beneficial prohibition rests fully with the individual farmer.

MILK-STANDS should be constructed to shade from the sun the cans or vessels containing milk, as well as to shelter them from rains. — *James Robertson, in Farmers' Advocate.*

ALL the vessels used in the handling of milk should be cleaned thoroughly immediately after their use. A washing in tepid or cold water, to which has been added a little soda, and a subsequent scalding with boiling water, will prepare them for airing, that they may remain perfectly sweet.

#### THE STOCK RANCH.

##### Live Stock Notes.

FEED the ewes if you want strong healthy lambs.

If you want your colts to have good solid bone, sound joints and hoofs, give them oats and bran mixed every day while the mare is out at work; and a liberal bran mash given to the mare at noon will help her and the colt too.

SAWDUST makes the cleanest litter for a horse, and it is repellent of insects. Flies will not abound so much in a clean stable bedded with fresh sawdust and if the sawdust is from pine it will repel fleas, which are often very troublesome to horses.

A COTTON sheet wrapped around the cow and tied under the fore-legs will be a secure protection against flies during the milking. A dark, clean stable, with a door of wire gauze is the best place to milk in, and also to keep the cows during the middle of a hot day.

MIXED feed is most useful for all animals. We may judge how it is by our own tastes and appetites. No single food alone except milk contains all the elements of nutrition. The successful feeder must then possess a knowledge of the character of foods and good judgment to select the cheapest and best of them.

NOTHING is more refreshing to a tired horse coming in from work than a bath. It cools and cleans the skin, and the reaction is in every way healthful. If a brook is to be crossed the horse may be led into it and sponged all over quickly, and on reaching the stable rubbed dry and well brushed. This done in the evening will give the animal a brisk appetite for food and a comfortable night's rest, if he is put into a clean stall with a good bed of sawdust.

A VARIETY of foods is necessary for complete digestion. A noted physician has stated as the result of his experience that a dyspeptic person never regained vigorous health under a strictly regulated diet, and no healthy person who lived upon a strictly dietetic system ever escaped suffering from indigestion. Standard rations, therefore, may become injurious, and a variety of foods is indispensable in feeding animals; all kinds of whom are subject to the same physiological laws.

BIG horses, big cows, or big pigs are not always profitable. These big animals on small farms, are like a little man in a big suit of clothes; the two do not fit, and what is unfit is unprofitable. Two 600 pound cows may give 50 per cent. more milk and butter from the same quantity of food than one 1,200 pound cow; simply because the big cows use more food in carrying her weight around. It is the same with horses; and small pigs are quickly fattened while the big ones are making the bone upon which to put flesh and fat.

#### THE POULTRY-YARD.

##### Luck or Success with Poultry.

I never took much stock in luck with poultry, in fact, I don't believe there is any luck in it; but by proper care and attention it is possible to make it a success. A few days ago I went to see my friend Luck; he had several hundred young chicks, and after inquiring after his luck the answer was that it wasn't very good, as he had lost nearly half of his chicks already; and he would have it that they had the gapes very badly and many were dying from them; Luck was just feeding wet and sloppy feed, and it was just his luck that his coops were entirely too open and the rats had free access, and the result was they carried off many chicks. It was his luck to leave the coops out all night; Luck didn't have up any scarecrows to scare off the hawks, and they carried off quite a number. But if Luck didn't prove too unucky just as soon as the next and heavily were ready for market, he would gather them up and cart them off to market, and keep the scrubs for another year and try his luck again.

I now found my way to my friend Success. He had several hundred beautiful and growing chicks. Success had his coops freshly white-washed, and cleans them out every day and sprinkles them inside with plenty of air-slacked lime; gives them plenty of fresh water and all the dry feed they will eat; carries the coop into a large building at night and locks them up, and don't let the chicks out in the morning until the chill and due of the morning have disappeared. Has up his shingles, painted white and red to scare off hawks and crows. Yes! he too is going to sell

chickens, but not until he has selected the first choice for his own purpose and will then start in and see what he can do for another year. Success Cor. Practical Farmer.

#### Poultry Notes.

If farmers would take one good look at fowls and carefully study their characteristics, they would make double profit than if they keep trying to mate some new breed. It sounds as if to hear yourself spoken of as the inator of some new and valuable fowls that amount to anything.

THE American Agriculturist advises if you can't get meat for your family buy them some cotton-seed meal, fed daily one pint to a mess of soft feed for 200 hens is sufficient. Milk is an excellent substitute for meat, and fact, is considered preferable by many poultry keepers. No matter how balanced their ration may be, change often. A variety of food is best.

At a recent meeting of the Old Farmers' Club, Mr. Linter said: "Geese are good for a pound of feathers every six weeks, and their feathers worth 50 cents each year. We are looking for something that pays. We are in it in the goose. But it is not fashionable now for farmers' wives and daughters to pick geese. It is hard to find fancy work that pays much. Any girl can make muscle and money raising geese."

#### THE HOUSEHOLD.

##### To Make a Home out of a Household.

Perhaps one of the most important qualities in the home life is a just appreciation of what the artists call values, the power to discern the important from the unimportant, and set the key of desire accordingly. It is a quality that leads one to avoid an undue emphasis of trifles. Little things that go wrong there will always be, it is sometimes harder for a woman to be mistress of herself, though china falls than it is to bear with fortitude and patience the great trials and calamities of life. There is a certain tricking and aggravating power in mishaps that seem pure carelessness that does not invariably attend the graver trials of life. It is always good to remember the words which the ancient king had engraved as a motto on his side his ring: "Even this shall pass away." The accidents and incidents of external life need leave no little trace unless the loss of some possession leads to the more serious loss of temper. Here, indeed, is a loss that reacts on the person and the family, in more or less moral deterioration. The man who heedlessly breaks a favorite vase and patiently explains to him his mistake, and shows him how a little thoughtful care would have avoided it receives a moral lesson which may stand him in need in many a far more important crisis of after-life. A seed of noble influence dropped into character is apt to germinate and spring up true principles of noble deeds in after life; and the effect on one's self of yielding to impatience or irritation, of overcoming these impulses is so beneficial; for let us always hold in mind that while the architect, the decorator, the furnisher and the family can make a household, only love, and faith, and patience, and sweetness of spirit can make the home.

##### Hints to Housekeepers.

In sewing it rests you to change your position frequently.

Tough beef is made tender by lying a few minutes in vinegar water.

If a child chokes in trying to swallow a button, a penny, or any article of the kind, turn him head downwards, holding him by the neck and heels. If the offending article does not roll out of his mouth, administer a dose of castor oil to aid its passage through the stomach and intestines.

The simplest method of loosening wall paper is to start a large kettle of water boiling in the room. The dampness will soon loosen the paper, and it may be readily stripped off. If the boiling water is not a possibility, mop the paper all over with wet cloths, and leave the water to soak in, repeating the process many times until loosened.

"ALL is not gold that glitters," nor is everything brass that discolours. A person wearing a fourteen-carat ring on one finger and a ten-carat ring on another, may have noticed that the finger with the higher carat will be discoloured and the other one not. The reason is that the ring of the lower carat fits snugly and the other is rather loose, thus causing friction.

#### THE KITCHEN.

##### Salads.

One rule, often disregarded by second-rate salad makers, is that a plain French salad should consist of one kind of vegetable only, lettuce, endive or Batavian, as you will, but never two of these mixed together, else their delicate and subtle flavors are impaired, if not destroyed. The English olio podrida of lettuce, watercress, mustard and cress, beetroot, and radishes is a different thing altogether, although, when craftily compounded, very appetizing.

##### Broiled Steak with Mushrooms.

Broil your steak over a clear fire. Before you put it on, open a can of mushrooms, take out half of them, and cut each mushroom in two. Saute them in a frying-pan with a little butter, unless you have a cup of bouillon or clear beef soup or gravy at hand. Let them simmer in this for ten minutes, and when you dish your steak pour gravy and mushrooms over it. Leave it covered in the oven five minutes before sending to table.

##### Meats and Their Accompaniments.

With roast beef, grated horseradish, roast pork, apple sauce; roast veal, tomato or mushroom sauce; roast mutton, currant jelly; boiled mutton, caper sauce; boiled chicken, bread sauce; roast lamb, mint sauce; roast turkey, cranberry sauce; boiled turkey, oyster sauce; venison of wild duck, black currant jelly or red; broiled fresh mackerel, gooseberry sauce; broiled bluefish, white or cream sauce; broiled shad, boiled rice and salad; compote of pigeons, mushroom sauce; fresh salmon, green peas and cream sauce; roast goose, apple sauce.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE

DEEDS AND INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

Letters of the Rebellion Tell of... Fighting, Blood, Camp, and Festive Bells.

The Reunion.

BY NINETTE M. LOWATER.

"O, boys in blue," the thrilling... to shoulder, as you stood in days so far away.

...the victors in that strife that filled the world with dread.

...whenever we form in line the blue-clad... graves we made so long ago.

...my comrade on the march through... was my comrade on the march through.

...I saw him in the ranks—his elbow... my hand was bright as gold.

...they who fall are living still, and ward and... watch they keep.

A Southern General—

COLONEL ALEX. DUKE BAILEY.

I HAVE proudly recorded, in song and story, so far as ability was given me, the noble work, heroic sacrifices, and grand courage of our women of the North, before, during, and since the civil war.

I lack words to tell how I glory in this grand, loyal sisterhood, and if I

...ment upon any subject it... in regard to the immense val-

...the women of the South were... less enthusiastic and unselfish in

...ing up all they held dear for what... they believed the right, and the story

...one of these brave daughters of the... north is such a glorious exemplifica-

...of true woman's wit and real... American "pluck" that we all can, es-

...specially as a reunited nation, take... pride in her courage, her persistence,

...triumphs. The daughter of this brave woman... as a girl when her father left his

...home in Des Arc, a small... town on the White River, in Arkansas,

...take part with the Confederates in... the war. Almost immediately after

...attack on Fort Sumter their... season was made a skirmishing ground

...the contending armies and a forag-... ing-ground for both. Though the father

...made generous provision for his... family before departure, he could not

mother determined to join her husband, stationed in the extreme southern part of the State, and in charge of the commissary department. They would have to pass through the Union lines to reach him. Two mules and a covered wagon, all so apparently worthless and unserviceable that they had escaped confiscation from both armies, were procured. Part of the route lay through a dense pine forest known as the "wilderness." For forty miles there was scarcely space for a sunbeam to penetrate the thick foliage, and it was a terrible district to think of traversing in time of war.

They started on the risky journey early in the morning, hoping to pass through the densest and most dangerous part of the woods in one day. The mules pulled bravely, and as night drew near they could see, far ahead, the open prairie.

They traveled all day without meeting a human being, but while rejoicing to see open country before them, some one looked back and spied two women walking behind the wagon, knitting as they tramped. Where they came from was a mystery, and though the wagon was stopped and an attempt made to enter into conversation with them, they could not be made to talk. Satisfied that they were spies, Mrs. — set about planning how to throw them off the scent.

So soon as they reached the open country she halted her wagon and began preparations for camping during the night. The spies seated themselves at convenient distance to watch proceedings. At one side of the road was an open field, at the other a dry creek bed concealed from sight by a thick growth of underbrush and trees. The trailing women waited until satisfied that no further move would be made until morning, then they moved off, knitting as they went, until a turn in the road hid them from view.

When the commander of the expedition was sure the spies were well out of the way she began to reconnoiter, while the others in the party repacked the goods, reloaded the mules and generally prepared for change of base.

The creek bed, it was found, would afford a hiding place, and into it the wagon was driven. It was a very dark night and the roadway exceedingly rough. The mother went ahead to clear the way as much as possible of float left behind by recent rains, and but for her precaution and labor the wagon must have been upset.

Long they traveled, and slowly, for beside the hindering debris, the mules were tired almost to a standstill. At last they were forced to halt, it was impossible to go further without a light to guide them. The darkness was appalling, the woods were all alive with the hooting of owls, the screaming of panthers and the howling of wolves. But such sounds sank into insignificance as these women and children heard the voices of approaching, searching guerrillas. They were close up their prey, so near the hiding place that their oaths of chagrin at losing their plunder, and their threats of dire vengeance should they capture the party, were distinctly, awfully audible.

These outlaws stopped at a house on the edge of the wilderness, so it was afterward learned, where lived an old couple with an only daughter. These good people had warned the fugitive the day before not to proceed further on their route, but the dire straits had refused to abandon her plans. The old people confessed to having seen the wagon party, and the guerrillas made that an excuse for hanging the old man by his beard and then shooting him to death in the presence of his wife and daughter.

The journey, after leaving the wilderness, lay across the open prairie, where all were a little less fearful than in the gloomy forest. The pleasant sunshine was very delightful to the children, but the elders realized that the open as well as the timber had its dangers, and they were constantly on the alert.

One day as they crept along in the late summer sunshine, a horseman approached who was riding as if for his life. They were still in the open, where there was nothing to break the monotony of waving grass and gorgeous wild flowers. The horseman must have seen them a considerable time before they caught sight of him for the wagon covers were very conspicuous. His appearance on the scene threw all into a state of fear

and despair, not lessened by the feeling of utter inability to either hide or escape from him.

As he drew near he waved his hand and shouted vigorously, but what he

said could not be understood. At last his words were caught: "Draw those wagon covers! I am your friend; do as I tell you!"

The sails of the "prairie schooner" were at once furled and tucked away in its bottom. When the man came up he explained that some Pin Indian scouts in the employ of the United States were on the lookout for the party, and that the wagon covers, if up, would serve to betray them. He knew of a safe retreat to which he would conduct them, where they might remain until this particular danger was past. The place was a patch of woodland springing from the broad expanse of prairie like an island from the ocean; and, indeed, the similarity is so striking that such patches, when mentioned, are characterized as islands.

After this escape the desperate journey was renewed, slowly and in the face of almost inevitable stranding and starvation. As autumn drew on they suffered much inconvenience from the heavy rains; sleepy rivulets and dry "branches" were transformed into foaming torrents too formidable to warrant an attempt at fording; bridges were washed away or had been destroyed; the red-clay soil took on the properties of putty, and altogether the progress seemed but creeping toward sure death.

The country was so level that the

water often stood several inches deep in the road, and the track was almost unavailing for either land or water craft. Often the poor, starved, worn-out mules refused to pull the load—could not pull it; at such times the brave mother would take the children in her arms, one by one, and carry them to some slightly elevated spot, then return to the wagon, and by alternate pushings and coaxings succeed in getting the jaded animals to pull out before the wagon became hopelessly mired.

When near their journey's end they lost one of their mules. In crossing a swollen stream he missed his footing and was too exhausted from hunger and fatigue to make even the slightest struggle to save himself. Just then, when it seemed as though all hope must be abandoned, some Confederate scouts came in sight. They were hailed, and worked manfully to assist the shipwrecked party, leading them to a little place known as Monticello. There they were placed in some C. S. A. wagons and forwarded to Camden, where by chance the father came upon them. His surprise at seeing his loved ones there and in such a terrible condition may be imagined, for he had not received the slightest hint of their coming, nor would he have believed for one instant that any woman, least of all his wife, ever before considered as unusually timid, could have undertaken and completed such a task.

He took his family to El Dorado and settled them in a comfortable home, where they had enough to eat and were free from fear of molestation from scouts, Indians, and guerrillas. It took them all a long time, though, to divest themselves of the thought that they might yet awake some morning and find that they were only dreaming; but in the following spring General Lee surrendered and the grand Grant said "Let us have peace."

Is it any wonder that the poor old soldier, who put away his hat with a gray uniform, often says, as his eyes linger lovingly on the mother of his children, the wife he adores in her age, more, if possible, than he did in her days of youth and beauty—is it any wonder that he often exclaims in a burst of admiration and wonder he can never suppress: "What a general the Confederacy lost by her being a woman?"

And what true man can help but honor this brave lady?—Chicago Ledger.

On the deck of an Atlantic steamer in mid-ocean at night, when the sea tosses and hisses and the winds howl and moan, and the ship seems to plunge blindly against the warring elements, one is completely overwhelmed by the knowledge of his helplessness; he sees and feels himself a mere atom in infinite space, borne along unresistingly by irresistible forces. How keenly he feels his insignificance and powerlessness as he is borne on into the darkness overhung by stars. Limited and conditioned on every hand, he performs his allotted earthly tasks and is quick to step into the Unknown, possibly into the solitudes of space beyond our system of suns.—Pullman Journal.

Oh! send me not to college, pray! The father's gloomy brow grow darker, "I will," he cried, "He had his way, and now the son's a billiard mark."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

Reflections of an Elevating Character—Wholesome Food for Thought—Studying the Scriptural Lesson Intelligently and Profitably.

The lesson for Sunday, July 20, may be found in Luke 14: 25-35.

INTRODUCTORY. Our Lord here speaks a sober word of admonition. It is not meant for dissuasion; rather for exhortation to right living. It is a timely appraisal of those who are careless and unthinking that the life into which Christ is leading is no idle, trifling affair. It is a serious business. Hate is not the spirit he wishes to inculcate, but whole-hearted love, a love that will make all lesser loves to be, as compared with it, despised and forgotten. It is to be remembered that this was to be the institution of a new religion in a hostile world, and what, through the growth of the kingdom, takes the form of love now, was at that time, in its first broaching, at variance with the existing order. It manifested itself first of all, perhaps, in alienations from old associates. And such it is to-day whenever the kingdom of love is opposed. Whatever resists the spirit of truth is to be banished from our affections, save as the antagonisms can avail to break down the antagonism and bring into sympathy and fellowship.

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS. And, introducing another incident of the journey Jerusalemward. The account need not be considered as a strictly consecutive one.—Great multitudes, or crowds, drawn along partly by curiosity, partly by the popular enthusiasm.—With him, journeying as he journeyed.—He turned, as the leader of a troop might do.—To them. This is probably the substance of one of his searching discourses by the way.

Come to me. The "to me" is a strong expression (promise) signifying something of loyalty or attachment.—Hate, the plain word for hatred; the opposite of love. The significance of the passage, oracular in its tone, is to be seen in Matt. 10: 37.—Father and mother. It was a time when, far more than now, the espousal of the new faith meant a surrendering of all the social ties. Yes, and his own life also, or even the life of himself.—Variations. This indicates that the choice is to be between earth-life and heaven-life. One is to even abandon that within himself and of himself which militates against the Kingdom.—My disciple. Literally, a learner. He is telling them what loyalty means in the new kingdom—not so cheap a matter as some of them had supposed.

Bear his cross. His own cross. We must read this as it came to them who looked upon the cross as the fearful symbol of life's desertion and possible destruction. He virtually said that to come after him was to court the world's execration and to defy even death itself.—Cannot be. Literally, it is not able to be, lacks the proper conditions of discipleship, falls utterly short of the qualifications.

Sand. Has no power of earthly nutriment.—Dunghill. No fertilizing power.—Cast it out, i. e. Throw it away.—Ears to hear. A disposition to profit by what has been said.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES. And there went great multitudes with him. But not far. How deeply and thoroughly they were with him he here puts to the practical test. There are so many like that people to-day. Still is it a great multitude who go "with him"—with him, but not of him. "And will ye also go away," said our Lord at one time. It was one of those moments of closer scrutiny, which resulted in wide separation. Some preachers and teachers are willing to let this non-committal condition of things abide. For the sake of holding, as they think, the great multitude of unsundered ones they refuse to use the searching word of truth. They speak not of "the blood." Not so Christ.

His own life also. "Holy hate" this has been called. Has hated any place in the Christian faith? Yes. The very love that makes us to cleave to the good requires us also to hate the evil and to despise the garment spotted by the flesh. It does not mean personal variance with all men. This last clause explains. It is whole-hearted abandonment of the flesh and acceptance of the Spirit. Father, mother, wife, children, brethren, sisters, yea, one's self are to be to us as nothing, and worse than nothing, compared with love for God. We love them, but it is with a spiritual love, one form of which is despite toward the flesh. Indeed, our hatred of the merely carnal, in large degree, measures our gracious affection. Yonder I see the heaped-up debris of the coal pit. By what has been cast aside I know, and it is my only way of knowing, the wealth of that which has been taken out and kept.

Cannot be my disciple. There is a "can not" with God. It is, indeed, more of a cannot with him than with us. Ours is a truth that is a will not. While we will not God cannot—there is the basal barrier. Two things there are to which this strong "can not" is applied. One is preference; the other is indifference. If we prefer life—then God cannot. If we spurn the cross of self-sacrifice—then God cannot. God has done his part. He can absolutely do no more for us until we are ready to do something for ourselves. Discipleship, in an important sense, is placed upon our own responsibility. God accepting the act and owning it by his grace. "Learn of me," he says. And there he stands. As truly as among the living, he does it all—he finishes it. Men start out to be saved. No one gets to the finish who does not let God in to will and do of his good pleasure. Where then is our ability? Simply here, to confess our inability and receive the finished work of Christ.

Salt is good. And this is the same as saying that savorless salt is very bad. Here is a lot of white sand in the salt chest. It looks like seasoning. We apply it, and lo it is dead, flat, unprofitable. What a disappointment! Did you ever observe the look on a person's face who had unexpectantly taken a bite of unseasoned food? And are you surprised that the world should be shocked—yes, shocked, by a hypocrite. Christian profession leads one to come expecting the savor of Christ's self-sacrifice. When it is absent, there is not only a negative evil, a failure to do good, but a positive wrong; the one who came expecting good is offended, stumbled. Ours is a grave responsibility. In whatever circle we are placed, we are there as salt. Be not cast under foot.

Next Lesson—"Lost and Found." Luke 15: 1-10.

"A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW."

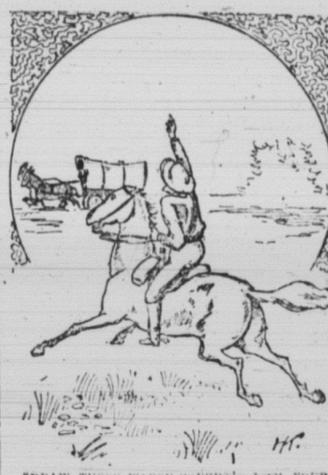
The Beautiful Story on Which the Well-Known Song Was Founded.

Few are probably the persons who have not one time or other heard the Sunday school song, "A light in the window." Unless I am mistaken it was founded upon a story told upon the little island of Sylt, but which might easily have its exact counterpart on almost any seashore where a mother's heart beats with yearning love for her sailor son and keeps its fond promise from night to night. Among the simple fisher folks on the island lived a woman and her son. He was her only child, the pride of her heart as well as the source of constant dread, for the boy loved the sea as his father before had loved it, and nothing gave him so much pleasure as to watch the incoming tide tumbling its curling waves over the sands. No sooner was he strong enough to wield an oar and steer a boat than he joined the men in their fishing expeditions. The mother, with all her fears, and the fate of a long line of sailors in her mind, yet would not have had it otherwise, for it would have been deemed dishonor among the hardy coasters to have kept the boy at home or sent him safely at work for some farmer. What ever the dangers, they must be faced for the sake of family pride. Had not the boy's grandfather been a captain when he went away the last time? Had not his father sailed his own ship when he went down in a great storm. The child was the last of his race, but he must not dishonor it by tame and cowardly safety on shore. So the boy grew up, tall of his age, straight as a mast, nimble as the fleetest and handiest boat, blue-eyed, fair-haired true-hearted, a real son of the sea. The fishermen taught him the tricks of his craft until he knew how to sail a boat, or do many little things which a sailor must know. Whenever a ship was in the offing he was soon aboard, learning the rigging and how work was performed upon her. He was a great favorite among the longshore folk and with the sailors, and when at last his thirteenth year had come around and he obtained the consent of his mother to go to sea, he easily found a good ship and captain. Then there was parting, and tears shed by the mother, while he looked forward into the great, wide world with the joyous eagerness of a boy. But with her last blessing the widowed mother promised that every night a light should burn in the seaward window of her cottage to light him homeward and to show him that she still lived, awaiting his return. The ship sailed. Six months passed and sailors had dropped into the village and told how she had spoken and all was well, and the neighbors came to the house and told the pleasant news to the waiting mother, who nightly trimmed the candle, lit it, and set it in the window to make a bright path up the sands. Again six months elapsed and other sailors arrived from far-off lands, but they had no news to tell of the ship. A great storm had happened and she was overdue. She might yet make port, but—and the people shook their heads and carried no tales to the widow, whose candle burned brightly every night and cast long streamers of light out upon the sea. Another year passed, but the sailors going and coming brought no news of the ship, and the neighbors whispered apart and shook their heads whenever anyone spoke of the widow's son, but no one was cruel enough to cut the slender threads which held the anchor of her hope. And thus the light continued to glow out toward the sea at every gloaming, and burned steadily through every night. Years came and went. The children who had played with the sailor had grown to be men and women, and her own head had been silvered with age, her form was bowed, yet no one dared to cut the cable of her hope. Tender words cheered her and tender hands smoothed the way for her as she patiently waited for the home coming of her fair haired boy, and every night the glow of her candle streamed out to seaward and told the story of the loving heart waiting at home. How many years did she watch and wait? I do not know. But one day, at eventide there was no gleaming patch of light across the sands. The window remained dark, and the accustomed beacon failed the fisher folk, and when they wondered and went to the cottage they found that the mother's soul had gone out to seek the son.

The Sublime and the Ridiculous. The saying that there is only a step between the sublime and the ridiculous is attributed to the great Napoleon, and it contains a world of truth in it, no matter who may have coined it.

In Richard III. Shakspeare evidently tries how near he can approach the ridiculous and yet not touch it. The scene in which Richard Crookback woos and wins the distressed widow in the very presence of the remains of her husband. Actors and authors declare that scene to be a stupendous monument to Shakspeare's genius. No other genius that ever lived could have written that scene and saved it from being transformed into a roaring farce. It is sublime, but it is not more than an inch and a half, so to speak, from the absurd.

Some preachers find it very difficult not to degenerate into the ridiculous in their extempore prayers. Take for example the case of the minister giving praise at harvest time: "We thank Thee, O Lord, for Thy great bounty; we thank Thee for the fine weather; we thank Thee for beautiful harvest, and that Thou has enabled us to gather in the wheat throughout all this district—with the exception of a farmer Mills' little three-cornered patch down in the hollow, not worth mentioning."—Texas Siftings.



"DRAW THOSE WAGON COVERS! I AM YOUR FRIEND."



"STIED TWO WOMEN WALKING BEHIND THE WAGON."

FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1890.

**IN MEMORIAM.**

Mrs. Emily Storms was born in Pittsford, Monroe Co., N. Y. May 11, 1807.  
She was united in marriage to Abram Storms, of Lodi, Erie Co., N. Y. Oct. 4, 1827. Seven children were born to them, namely: Ann Eliza, Zenette, Irving, Melvin, Abram, Emily and Albert, all of whom are living, except Albert, who died in infancy. She was a faithful member of the M. E. church for about sixty years.  
She died on Sunday evening, July 6, 1890, aged 83 years.  
The funeral was held at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. George Boynton, and the remains were interred in Oakgrove cemetery by the side of her husband's.  
Truly, the old landmarks of Washtenaw county, will soon have all passed away. J. H. McINTOSH.

**TWO BROTHERS DROWNED.**

Yesterday afternoon, the bodies of two young men were found in the Huron river, a few rods south of the bridge at Cornwell's pulp mill and north of the brick-yard. They were first discovered by Henry Frank, who was out boating with his wife. On the way up the river he noticed clothing on the bank in a pasture lot on the Loomis farm and a boat tied near it, and two hours later, on his way down the river, he noticed that it was still there. A moment later he caught a glimpse of the bodies in the river and hurried by to save his wife the sight. He hurried up town, secured an officer who notified the coroner, and the party at once went to the scene. The body of the younger of the two was found to have floated down the river a short distance. When brought to the shore, the younger was recognized as Walter H. Johnson, the son of Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson, the widow of John Johnson of Detroit street. The older was not recognized at the time. They had evidently been drowned some hours before they were discovered, and it is said that their boat was seen tied where found Wednesday evening. The watch found in one of the vest pockets had stopped at ten minutes past five o'clock, which would confirm the theory that they had gone swimming Wednesday evening.

When brought to Undertaker Muehlig's it was learned that the older one was Samuel Johnson, a half-brother of the younger who has been employed in wine bottling works in Cincinnati and who had arrived in the city a few days ago on a visit. He was twenty-four years of age and formerly clerked in Thomas' grocery on Huron street and afterward for Howard Granger on State street. Walter H. Johnson, the younger brother, was a student in the high school. They were the mother's only boys.

The faithful dog, which had accompanied the young men, was still watching their clothing on the bank, when they were found.

As Walter Johnson's body floated down the river, it is supposed that his death was not caused by drowning, as the body of a drowned person floats only after nine days. He was a delicate lad, and the doctors think he may have had heart disease and died of fright after seeing his brother drown. No one will ever know the exact circumstances surrounding their death.

Samuel Johnson owned the little place where the mother lived and had returned here from Cincinnati with the purpose of selling it and taking his mother back with him.—Argus.

**SHE WAS EMBARRASSED.**

Bobby (at the breakfast table)—“Clara, did Mr. Spooner take any of the umbrellas or hats from the hall last night?”

Clara—“Why, of course not, why should he?”

Bobby—“That's what I'd like to know. I thought he did, 'cos I heard him say when he was going out, 'I'm going to steal just one,' and why what's the matter, Clara.—Boston Herald.

**WHY P. O.'S. ARE HATED.**

**ED. STANDARD:**—The money kings hate the Patrons of Industry because it is educating the people and showing the money kings up in their true light. The professional politician hates the Patrons of Industry, for in educating the masses, it shows up the politician as a trickster and traitor, and make him lose his influence. The chronic office seeker hates the Patrons of Industry, for it shows him up as the tool of the money kings, and they have no use for him. It hurts all their pocketbooks and that is the tenderest part about them. The partisan hates the Patrons of Industry because it shows the masses how they have been duped by the press in the employ of the liberty assassins, (the money kings). It also has a tendency to cut in on their financial outlook. None of those fellows want the farmers to join the Patrons of Industry or any other labor organization, because they show those fellows up in their corruption and viciousness, and will cause all sensible men to abandon them. That takes the power to oppress away from them, and without that power they cannot steal the hard earned wages of the farmer and laborer, hence no spoils, no money, no prestige, no influence, no slaves but all equal. That is why they kick. C. D. JOHNSON.

**A GREAT GAIN.**

The complete returns of births in Washtenaw county for last year, says the Argus, have been filed with the county clerk, and show a marked increase in the population in this direction. In 1888 there were 560 births within the limits of Washtenaw county while in 1889 the returns show 644 births. Of this number, 335 are boys and 309 are girls. In Dexter, Lodi, Manchester, Northfield, Superior, Sylvan and Ypsilanti city the girls are the most numerous, while in Bridgewater, Lima and Salem it is a stand-off.

Ypsilanti shows either a remarkable falling off, or else the supervisors' returns are incomplete. The returns show but 26 births in that city during the year, while Ann Arbor leads the list with a total of 160.

Following are the returns from the various townships and cities.

	Male	Female	Total.
Ann Arbor town	12	10	22
Ann Arbor	93	67	160
Augusta	18	11	30
Bridgewater	11	11	22
Dexter	1	6	7
Freedom	20	12	32
Lodi	9	13	22
Lima	7	7	14
Lyndon	0	8	17
Manchester	20	26	46
Northfield	7	20	27
Pittsfield	8	5	13
Sharon	8	5	13
Scio	27	11	38
Superior	9	19	28
Salem	1	1	2
Saline	17	9	26
Sylvan	13	25	38
Webster	6	8	14
York	19	11	30
Ypsilanti	10	46	26
Ypsilanti Town	9	8	17
Total	335	309	644

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

**STATE OF MICHIGAN, THE CIRCUIT COURT**

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

**CURLETT'S**  
**Thrush, Pinworm Heave**  
**Remedy.**

Curlett's Thrush Remedy is a sure cure for Thrush and rotting away diseases of the feet of stock.

Curlett's Pinworm Remedy (for man or beast) a compound that effectually removes those troublesome parasites, which are such a great source of annoyances to stock.

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

**TESTIMONIALS.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

H. M. Ide, the shoer of Floral Temple, Dexter, and other noted trotters, says: "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 WASH- tenaw. 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 on Tuesday the ninth day of December, next, at ten o'clock a. m. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.  
Dated, June 9, 1890.  
SAMUEL GUTHERIE, 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 ten acres of the west half of the northeast quarter of said section twenty-one, containing fifty acres, more or less, and used and occupied together for farming purposes.  
Fourth. The undivided one-half of the following described pieces or parcels of land situated in the said township of Sylvan particularly described as follows, viz: the west half of the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section twenty-two, also about six acres of land north of the territorial road as conveyed by Elihu Frisbie to Horace G. Holcomb, being a part of the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of said section twenty-two. Also commencing at the northeast corner of section twenty-one and running thence westward along the north line of said section twenty-one, five chains, thence south parallel with the east line of said section twenty-one, twenty-seven chains and eight links to the north line of lot six, block eight, of the village of Sylvan thence eastward along the north line of said lot six, eighty and one-half links to the northeast corner thereof, thence southward along the east line of lots six and eleven of said block eight, four chains and fifty links to the centre of Main street, thence eastward along the centre of Main street two chains and thirty-two links to the section line, thence north along the east line of said section twenty-one, twenty-nine chains and twenty-nine links to the place of beginning. Also village lots number nine and ten of block ten according to the recorded plat of said village of Sylvan, containing in all forty-three acres of land be the same more or less, all said described parcels being enclosed and occupied for farming purposes as one parcel.  
Dated July 3rd, 1890.  
WELLS PRATT, Administrator.



**THIS 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 some one else.

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

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

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

FRIDAY, JULY 18, 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.

Waked up White Roaming Around This Most Beautiful Village.
Union meeting Sunday evening at the M. E. church.
Guy Lighthall now rides a bicycle around our streets.
Green Johnson lost 43 sheep by dogs one night last week.
The M. C. elevator has been cleaned and repaired, ready for the fall crop.
Forty-four states now, Wyoming having been admitted a few days ago.
Miss Ada Gilbert, of Ann Arbor is now in the Auditor General's office in Lansing.
Mrs. Staffan will sell millinery goods at a great reduction from now on. Give her a call.
The Michigan Press Association is holding its annual meeting at Saginaw this week.
Rev. Mr. Haskell, of Ann Arbor, will occupy the pulpit at the Baptist church next Sunday.
Those insured in the Washtenaw Mutual can expect to pay quite an assessment for damages by lightning, this season.
In 1889, 1,421,253 acres of wheat were harvested in Michigan, yielding 1,945,198 bushels, an average of 16.11 bushels per acre.
W. H. Drake, of Lyndon, recently owned twenty-nine sheep which produced 324 pounds of wool, for which he received \$77.20.
A new time card will go into effect on the Central road and its branches, next Monday. Look it up if you intend to take the train.
The social given by the ladies of St. Mary's church recently, was largely attended and proved a financial success. Over fifty dollars was realized.
Jacob Zahn, of Roger's Corners, had misfortune to cut his hand severely while whetting a scythe, last week, nearly severing the radial artery.
Mrs. A. Steger held the lucky number which drew a cake, containing a gold ring, at the social given by the young ladies of the Lutheran church.
Huckleberries are being brought in quite freely now, selling at wholesale at \$1.25 per bushel. Raspberries are quite plenty, but bring a good price.
There will be an ice cream social given by the Epworth League, of the M. E. Church, next Friday afternoon and evening. All are cordially invited to come.
There will be a special school meeting Wednesday evening, July 23, to take action in regard to new school house. Everybody that is interested should be there.
The order of services at St. Mary's church on Sundays during July and August will be as following: First mass at 6:30 o'clock, a. m., high mass 8:00, and evening services 7:30 p. m.
A county convention of the Patrons of Industry of Washtenaw county, will be held at Dexter on Saturday, July 20th. P's. of I's. take notice. A state convention will be held at Lansing on the 29th.
A fire in the rear of Geo. BeGole's barn Monday afternoon caused the barn to be sounded. The fire was extinguished before the engine arrived. It was caused by the careless use of matches, no doubt.
On the afternoon of July 4, two little boys, sons of August Kolz, of Waterloo, entered the old barn belonging to Geo. Nuffer to have some fun shooting fire crackers; the usual result, barn burned down, also two sheds belonging to the U. B. church and others damaged.—Cor. to Sun.
It is cruel, when one is fighting a heat, bouncing 100-degrees-in-the-shade, for the signal service to send out word that a warm wave is coming which promises to surpass the other in size and quality. There are times when humanity can be better subserved by throwing out a delusion rather than a well-earned report of truth.

YOUR FOLKS AND OURS

Prof. A. A. Hall is very ill.
Dr. H. A. Paige is very ill with typhoid fever.
Roy Hill went to Jackson on Wednesday.
Geo. Webster is spending the week in Detroit.
Miss Maud Freer left for Bay View Wednesday.
Frank Shaver was in town Sunday, the guest of relatives.
T. E. Wood visited Ann Arbor the early part of the week.
Miss Nina Wright started for Cleveland, Ohio, on Wednesday.
Mrs. Dr. Armstrong went to Parma on Wednesday to visit friends.
Mrs. Ira Freer went to Jackson on Wednesday to visit her son Glen.
The Misses Crowell spent last week in Sharon with their grandparents.
Mrs. S. W. Holmes, of Scio, was the guest of her son, H. S. Holmes, Monday.
Mr. James Taylor and son Orla, contemplate a trip to England this summer.
Master Ralph Holmes is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. S. W. Holmes, of Scio.
Lester Winans went to Lansing on Tuesday to visit with his brother, William.
Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Ives left on Wednesday night for a summer vacation at Petoskey.
Cora Noyes will spend the vacation with her sister, Mrs. J. H. Osborne at Bloom, Ill.
Mr and Mrs. F. W. Rodell drove to River Raisin, Sunday, the home of Mrs. Rodell.
Miss Etta Clay, of Dearborn, has been spending the past week with friends here.
Mrs. Ed. Clark went to Ann Arbor on Wednesday to visit her sister, Mrs. Sam Guerin.
J. W. Long, with C. Long & Co., of Jackson, spent Sunday with relatives in this vicinity.
The Misses Launsbery, of Ypsilanti, have been the guests of Miss Minnie Davis the past week.
Mr. Sergeant, a Michigan Central official, and family are spending the summer at this place.
The Misses Kate Gorman and Dora Harrington will visit Boston during the G. A. R. encampment.
"Dick" Burchard, of Milan is in the village this week, the guest of his father, Mr. J. M. Burchard.
Thos. Jenson left for St. Louis, Mich., last Monday, on business. He went via horse and buggy route.
Mrs. Duncan and daughter, of Detroit have been visiting relatives in this place for the past two weeks.
The Misses Cora and Ema Lewis, of Ypsilanti, were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong last week.
Mrs. G. J. Nissly and two children, and Master Fred Nissly, of Saline, are the guests of Mrs. Wm. Emmert.
Mrs. Norgaard, who has been with her son Thomas Jenson for some time, is now again on the farm with her son Matthew Jenson.
Mr. A. Welch rode through from Union City last Saturday on a bicycle, and is spending the week with his parents in this place.
Mrs. Merrit Boyd and children have been spending a few days at Vandercook's lake near Jackson. Mr. Boyd will spend Sunday there with them.
Rev. E. J. Reley is expected here next Monday, accompanied by his wife, nee Lyra Hatch. From here they go to Mr. Reley's home in Ireland, via New York.
Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Pratt, of Worcester, who spent several weeks with their daughter, Mrs. Bailey, returned home Wednesday last, much pleased with this part of Michigan.
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Osborne having spent two weeks traveling through the west and stopping at all points of interest, report a delightful trip, having visited National Park, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Duluth, and thence to Marquette, Mackinac, Port Huron, and Detroit, stopping at Chelsea from Saturday until Monday morning with Mrs. Osborne's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Noyes and thence to their home in Grand Haven.

J. H. McIntosh went to Detroit on Thursday.
H. S. Holmes was in Jackson on Thursday.
J. R. Gates made a trip to Jackson Saturday last.
Miss Mary Foster was in Ann Arbor on Wednesday.
Master Burnett Sparks, of Jackson, visited friends in this place last week.
Misses Fannie and Lizzie Hammond are visiting at Whitmore Lake and Hamburg.
Miss Anna Murray is spending some two or three weeks with her parents at Kalamo.
Wm. Emmert is at Saginaw this week attending the meeting of the Michigan Press Association.
Mrs. T. B. Moon, of Dentons, and Miss Anna Lyon, of Stillwater, N. Y., spent last week at the home of Frank Brooks.
Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Goffin, of Detroit, who have been camping at North Lake for the past month, returned home on Thursday.
W. H. Garretsee, relief operator of the M. C. R. R., went to Pokagon on Thursday night to relieve the night operator at that place.
Burt Hubbard of Waterloo and Miss Eva Shelly, of Grass Lake, were married July 7th.
There were about seventy-five bushels of huckleberries shipped from this place on Thursday.
Wanted! Fifty berry pickers on the South Lima Fruit Farm. Work for about six weeks.
For the first time since 1865, the net National debt is stated in less than ten figures—\$988,185,175.
It is estimated that over four hundred clerks will be necessary to handle the additional pension claims at Washington.
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.
We learn that Fred Graham who has been practicing dentistry at Manton, will go to Chelsea where his old tutor Fred. Kotts will open a branch office.—Enterprise.
E. L. Negus, junior vice commander of G. A. R. department of Michigan, will attend the National G. A. R. encampment at Boston, leaving here on the 9th of August.
Some business men are always on the lookout for a new customer and contriving ways to please and meet the wants of old ones. The best and cheapest method to do this is by advertising in an enterprising newspaper.
State Republican: The Y. M. C. A. rooms were handsomely decorated last night at the reception given to Secretary and Mrs. Fenner. Messrs Clark Seward, L. Adelbert Baker, F. E. Church and Stanley Otis acted as receiving committee, meeting the influx of guests at the door and introducing them to the bride in the front parlor. The number attending was at least 350 and from 7:30 until 10:30 o'clock, the rooms were a scene of gayety.
It seems that in many instances the census enumerators were unable to get any response from parties as whether their property was mortgaged, and they failed to make any notation on the blanks, but Supervisor Sharp has received the following dispatch: "It is imperative that the mortgage question should be answered or refusal noted on schedule and parties prosecuted. In all cases where this duty has been neglected, return schedules to enumerator and require immediate and proper compliance with the duty.
Although the Village Council fixed bonds at \$3,000, the lowest possible figure to which they could be reduced by law, no one seems to be willing to become surety for the nefarious traffic. People have as a rule enough other sins of their own commission charged against them without aiding a traffic which brings only misery and that continually. If a man is really determined to sell liquor as a beverage, let him do so slyly, stealthily, sneakily, his influence is then reduced to a minimum and he will soon lose the respect of decent people and get so he really despises himself.—Stockbridge Sun. Perhaps one or two of the board might resign and become security! Or are there any worth that small amount?

ANNUAL SCHOOL MEETING

Very Hot but a Large Attendance—Monies Appropriated—Free Books
The annual school meeting, which in most places is held in September, was held in the High School room last Monday evening, a large number of voters being present, larger than at any previous meeting.
At 8 o'clock, the meeting was called to order by Chairman Knapp, and the minutes of the board read, from which we glean the following:
RECEIPTS.
Foreign pupils..... \$ 379 75
Primary school money.... 551 37
Dog tax..... 109 46
Library money..... 39 89
Mill tax..... 667 81
Direct tax..... 3,100 00
\$4,848 28
EXPENDITURES.
Teachers salary..... \$3,221 00
Janitor..... 270 00
Assessor..... 25 00
Director..... 50 00
Repairs..... 371 55
School supplies..... 231 82
Incidentals..... 260 20
Old indebtedness..... 132 79
Interest paid..... 24 25
Insurance..... 54 25
Cash on hand..... 207 42
\$4,848 28
The board estimated the expense for the next year as follows:
Teachers..... \$3,300 00
Janitor..... 270 00
Assessor..... 25 00
Director..... 50 00
Wood..... 250 00
Repairs..... 150 00
Incidentals..... 300 00
\$4,345 00
ESTIMATED RECEIPTS
Primary and fine money... 500 00
Mill tax..... 500 00
Foreign scholars..... 200 00
Cash on hand..... 207 42
Direct tax..... 2,937 58
\$4,345 00
The board therefore recommended that the sum of \$3,000 be raised by direct tax, and in case free books were adopted, \$400 more.
The report, upon motion, was accepted and adopted.
The result of the election of two trustees in place of Messrs. Dr. Palmer and Fred. Vogel, resulted in F. P. Glazier and W. P. Schenk being chosen.
The free text book question was next taken up, and by a vive voce vote was adopted, but the chair ruled otherwise. Thereupon an appeal was taken from the decision of the chair, and a vote by ballot was ordered, which resulted in the adoption of the free books. To head it off in another way, the appropriation question (although once settled) was again taken up, and again adopted, it being decided, to raise \$3,400 by direct tax.
The board having suggested the desirability of a new and larger school building, that question was taken up, but before any motion was made, a motion to adjourn was made and carried.
NOTES.
We were pleased to see so many ladies out to the meeting.
One hundred and eleven ballots were cast on the vote for the second trustee.
The incidental account was only about one-third of the amount of the previous year.
The board made an excellent showing, and the assessor, Mr. Vogel should have been re-elected.
This is the first the school has received library money, Mr. Bacon having reported the library to the secretary of state.
By all means erect a new school house. The tax can be spread over six or seven years, thereby equalizing the expense among the rich and poor.
By scanning the receipts you will see that over \$300 were collected from foreign pupils last year, twice as much as heretofore, credit being due Mr. Vogel, the assessor.
Dr. F. A. Kotts, of Manchester, who graduated from the dental department of the University of Michigan in 1887, will open a branch office in Chelsea, July 23rd, and will be prepared to do all kinds of work connected with dental surgery. The doctor has a good established business at Manchester, and guarantees all work first-class. He also does crown and bridge work in the best and most natural looking manner. Office with Dr. H. W. Schmidt, Chelsea, Mich.

A sow and pigs for sale. Apply to D. B. Taylor.
Yeast cakes, all kinds at the Standard Grocery House.
One dozen papers at this office for five cents. Come early if you wish some of them.
Rose jars, (filled with mustard now) only 20 cents at the Standard Grocery House. Just what every lady wants.
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 18, 1890.
BUTTER.—Market quiet at 10@12c for best dairy. 8c for fair grades.
EGGS.—Market easy at 13c per doz for fresh receipts.
POTATOES.—Market quiet at 40c per bu for store lots.
WHEAT.—No 2 red spot, 5 cars at 89c 1 cars 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@85c 100
EGGS.—10c 7 doz.
LARD.—Country wanted at 6@7
OATS.—Remain steady at 22@24
POTATOES.—Slow sale at 25c.
BUTTER.—Weak at 8@10c.
WHEAT.—Is in good demand at 84c for red and 84c for No. 1 white.
CORN.—Quiet at 30c 7 bu.
Dr. Keily's Germifuge.
A new discovery, prepared on the true theory now accepted by all advanced physicians, that Bacilli or Germs in the system are the active cause of many prevalent diseases. Germifuge removes this cause and will cure Catarrh, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Malarial Fever and Ague, Female Weaknesses, Nervous Exhaustion, Sleeplessness, Headache, Infantile Fevers and Convulsions, Rheumatism, Syphilitic, Urinal and other Blood and Germ diseases. A Family Medicine, scientifically prepared, perfectly safe and leaves no injurious effects. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price \$1.00 per bottle.
For sale by R. S. Armstrong.
Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND
Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal—a recent discovery by an old physician. Is successfully used monthly—Safe, Effective. Price \$1, by mail, sealed. Ladies, ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound and take no substitute, or inclose 2 stamps for sealed particulars. Address FOND LILLY COMPANY, No. 3 Fisher Block, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.
Sold by Glazier, the Druggist, Chelsea
PEERLESS DYES ARE THE BEST For BLACK STOCKINGS.
Made in 40 Colors that neither smut, Wash Out Nor Fade.
Sold by Druggists. Also Peerless Bronze Paints—6 colors. Peerless Laundry Blueing. Peerless Ink Powders—7 colors. Peerless Shoe & Harness Dressing. Peerless Egg Dyes—6 colors.
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 XIV. THE FIRST CLEW.

The sailor sauntered slowly away from the Globe Inn, like a man who had ample time at his disposal.

"So this is Salem," he said to himself. "It's more like Turkey, where a crooked look brings a bastinado, and a word cuts your head off. If this is what the new world comes to in a generation or two, it's best we find no more. The old is kinder to us."

He was walking directly toward the old meeting house, when a peep—a pretty piece of fur hanging at a door—attracted him, when he should pass that way but Arthur Proctor. He was in a hurry, but the moment he saw the sailor he stopped and held out a hand cordially, which was as warmly grasped.

"Good-morning, Mr. —"

"Jones," said the sailor; "I need not ask how the morning finds you, Mr. Proctor."

"It's lucky I met you, for I have a word for you in private."

"That is the very thought in my mind," said Arthur Proctor.

"Why, then, we need not be long in coming to business," said the sailor.

"Where can we be alone?"

"I live hard by—a few steps more. This is my lodging place. We can be alone here for awhile."

As he spoke Arthur Proctor led the sailor into the house and passed up stairs into an upper room where a bed, a chair and a trunk comprised the sole appointments. Proctor sat down on the trunk and pointed to a chair.

"This is going to be a great deal of trouble for nothing, maybe," said the sailor; "but I'm bold to speak to you, now we are alone."

"Whatever you say will go no farther," said Proctor.

"If I did not feel sure of that I'd not be here."

He pondered, looking at the floor, while Proctor waited his pleasure. At last the sailor looked up.

"What was the story about the murder of the innkeeper's son?"

"You mean Daniel Meade's son?"

The sailor nodded.

"Why, that was altogether a bad business. The young fellow was fearful of his father. He had quarreled—it was but a trifling matter at the worst—and not knowing but the authorities might inquire into it, when he came home he was afraid to be seen save by his parents for a time. Then a traveler—a sailor, like yourself—lodged overnight in the inn, and, sleeping in the same room with the son, was bent on robbing the inn. There are some think there was a quarrel. The innkeeper and his wife aver the man was trying to rob them, when the son awoke, and in making his escape the robber shot the son and killed him."

"Humph! That might be, too."

"You seem to doubt it. Have you any reason to question the parents' statement?"

"Far from it. If the boy was shot and the lodger ran away, and all pointed as you say, why, that ends it."

"That is the story commonly believed," Arthur Proctor looked at the sailor inquiringly. The sailor seemingly had dismissed the subject from his mind. He turned abruptly to Proctor.

"Think you Martin Lee is hereabouts?"

"That I cannot tell," said Proctor, cautiously. "It would be strange if he were here and I not hear of it."

"You know the Lees well, then?"

Arthur Proctor's cheeks reddened. The sailor, observing his rising color, added quickly.

"Pardon me, I meant much less than you have taken out of my question. I have no right to meddle in others' affairs, but seeing what I see, if the wind blows as your looks lead me to think, I'm pleased I chanced upon you. I would do Martin Lee a good turn before I go to Boston."

"I do not understand."

"That is what I must explain fully. You see, it's like this: Martin Lee don't know I am living. He thinks it best to keep out of harm's way since we fought last. 'Twas all rum at the bottom—all rum. I'll tell you the whole story."

The sailor crossed his legs, drew a long breath, and moving his head very slowly from side to side continued:

"Martin Lee and me sailed together in the same ship. It happened so by accident. Anyhow we were in the same forecastle. The last time it happened we hadn't met for years. He was given up for lost—years. And he was, too, but he found himself as I may say. Well—to make my story short, last time we sailed was on the ship Eliza. The ship Eliza took him from a Portuguese ship, where he was helped off a wreck somewhere. So being old mates, we were mighty glad to see each other. He had some rare things—very rare things to show me, I have a specimen in my purse. Mayhap you might guess what it is."

The sailor produced his purse and drew from the bottom of it a piece of fine leather, which he unrolled carefully, exposing to view a curious-looking stone, one side of which sparkled as he passed it to Proctor, who turned it over in his palm indifferently and returned it.

"I never saw such a thing before."

"Nor I. But I shouldn't wonder if it would bring a hundred pound or more."

"Is it a diamond?" demanded Proctor eagerly.

"That's what Martin gave it to me for—and I never knew him to tell me a lie. He gave it to me as a keepsake to buy myself a present with, he said. You see—when we got ashore—safe and sound both of us, and the ship at the bottom, and many a brave fellow with her—we were main glad. That was nature. Well, we turned out, and called for the best that was going. That was nature, too. Think what we had come through since we had parted. Well, 'twas selfish like for me to go alone at it, so I had a friend, and he found a mate, and we made a day of it and a night, and another day atop of that, and another night. And then we

had as much company as 'Jack' ever has till his pocket's empty. Whether it was planned or accident or the devil put it in us, the frolic broke up in a fight. I be an ugly customer with my best friends, they say, when I'm drunk. Martin Lee and me fought, and somebody—'twas never Martin—cut me with a knife. I was done for then, and when I came to nobody knew aught of Martin Lee. Now, seeing how 'twas, 'twas clear to me he would be caught and hanged if I died. When, as I say and will maintain, 'twas all my fault, an' Martin Lee is in hiding for a thing he need not be ashamed of, I have come to set his mind at rest. I'm main sorry it happened with my old mate—the best friend I ever sailed with. So, if you are intimate with John Lee, and can help me get his good will, we must tell Martin Lee there's no longer use for his hiding."

"There is ten times—a thousand times—more reasons he should conceal himself now than there were before. I have a plan," said Arthur Proctor. He produced a purse and held it toward the sailor. "Was not this in my hand when Daniel Meade was taken with a fit?"

"I dare say such as liked could see it."

Arthur Proctor reflected. Tom Jones regarded him with a speculative eye.

"There is more in this than appears on the face of it. The landlord was like himself until he fell in a fit."

"That is for you to say—I must say I thought him out of sorts from the moment I set eyes on him. I saw him look over another's shoulder at this purse, and then he gave a loud cry, as you heard."

"Aye—we all heard him."

The sailor looked wonderingly at the young man, then frowned as he thought of his experience in the night.

"Why should Daniel Meade be upset at the sight of a purse?" Arthur Proctor asked himself the question, although he uttered it. He was thinking less of the sailor than of circumstances which were slowly shaping themselves in a connected manner in his mind.

"Eh? Darned if I can make head or tail of it!" said the sailor. "If Martin Lee was really in Globe Inn when the murder was done, why don't the landlord and his wife set to and find him? If they have any clues to work on, why don't they make a cry about it?"

"That is what I am wondering at," Proctor answered.

"Tell you what, mate, 'tis like they are biding their time to spring on him. What think you?"

"I was thinking," said Proctor, like one awaking from a dream, "how we can best get at the bottom of this business."

"Mayhap I can help you. I promised I'd say nothing, but I am not sure I did right in promising. Leastways, there's no harm in telling you."

Here the sailor related what befell him through the night. As he described the approach of the landlord of Globe Inn to his bedside, and the thrust with the knife, the sudden appearance of Grizzle, and the returning consciousness of the landlord, Arthur Proctor listened spell-bound.

"This is a strange tale," he said, as the sailor concluded. "Tis the hand of Providence." He was unconsciously forming in his mind a theory that was to lead to startling results. "This is a delicate—a very dangerous business for Martin Lee, for you and me, and the landlord and Grizzle Meade, his wife, if we make any mistake. This is plainly a hanging matter."

"Tell me what I can do. You'll find me ready."

Arthur Proctor pondered long in silence, sighed deeply, and said:

"I have a plan. But first of all, we must take my uncle into our confidence."

"I see no wrong in that."

The day was well advanced when these three entered Globe Inn. Grizzle Meade looked sharply at them as they seated themselves and called for wine, which they drank slowly, like men who relished it. They talked of the weather, of taxes, the Indian wars, of everything but witchcraft, until the landlord entered. The callers were few. One customer rode away from the inn, and a wagon approached, seeing which the landlord went out of doors. It did not escape the eyes of the customers that the moment Daniel Meade lit the doorway Grizzle Meade re-entered, and stood looking out after her husband. Then Proctor's uncle, Abner Bain, suddenly stooped and holding up a purse, the same that Proctor had exposed the night before, said:

"Daniel Meade had best look to his purse, or less honest people may find it, Mistress Meade."

At sight of the purse Grizzle Meade turned deadly pale, but she answered quickly:

"Tis not my husband's, nor never was. I never saw it before."

Abner Bain made no answer, but sipped his wine. The wagon, which had stopped, rolled on. Grizzle withdrew, and Daniel Meade re-entered. As he entered Abner Bain spoke, holding out the purse:

"Hast ever seen a purse like this in the hands of a customer?"

Grizzle Meade peered in at the door as her husband looked at the purse.

"I found it lying on the floor."

The landlord reached out a hand quickly, then as quickly withdrew it.

"Tis not mine—found it, say you? On the floor? 'Tis the same as your friend carries. If it be not Proctor's I know not whose it may be."

"And that be so, I may keep it until the owner calls for it."

Daniel Meade made no reply, and soon afterward the three took their departure.

"Did you see how pale she was?" said the sailor, whose eyes were keen, when they were on the road again.

"And I remarked how he held out a hand—until he bethought himself," said Abner Bain.

"This purse," said Proctor, shaking it, "will help to hang thee, Daniel Meade."

### CHAPTER XV. THE SHADOW OF THE GALLOWES.

When they were alone Grizzle Meade looked at her husband. Daniel Meade returned her look with one of wonder.

"Well, is there anything wrong?"

Grizzle still stared at him in silence. Her anger was smoldering, and now her wrath found full tongue.

"Do you want to hang us both? What did you do with the purse? Did I not charge you to let nobody see it? But you have had your own way—and it's taking us to the gallows. We may both prepare for the time that's coming, and the rope. I feel it round my neck even now. This all comes, Daniel Meade, of your folly and wrong-headedness."

The landlord of Globe Inn mustered

up sufficient courage to demand an explanation.

"Tell me what I have done, Grizzle."

"Done!" Grizzle shrieked. "Did you not give entertainment just now to the men who will hang you? Did not one of them show me a purse and tell me you dropped it—the very purse I warned you to bury—to put where mortal never could see it?"

"Who said I dropped it?"

"Who? 'Twas one who is too keen for us, be sure. 'Twas Arthur Proctor's uncle, Abner Bain, a likely man, and well-to-do."

"And what said he, Grizzle?"

The landlord of Globe Inn rubbed his hands together nervously. Grizzle looked at him with scorn in her face.

"Tis little matter what he said. He held the purse out to catch my eye, and said 'twas yours."

"And what answer did you make?"

"I said 'twas never yours."

"What more—what more?"

"Be sure I had my wits about me. I said 'twas not like any purse you ever had—I said I never looked on its like before."

The landlord of Globe Inn clutched at a table near him, and steadied himself.

"If we hang—Grizzle—'tis—you—your—tongue—hangs us?"

"How? What mean you?"

"I—I—Daniel Meade gasped, and would have fallen, but Grizzle ran and poured him a glass of liquor, which he gulped down at a draught.

"I see—I see it all now!" exclaimed Grizzle, wringing her hands. "Oh, man—man! where were thy wits? Surely we both shall hang for this folly!"

"Yes—we are done for now, Grizzle. We may as well confess and done with it."

"Confess! Never!" Grizzle Meade straightened herself. "They may hang me—make me confess, they never will! 'Tis not in their power!"

"Tis useless to deny it."

"Aye—craven spirit that thou art! There is nothing gained by fear. Everything is to be hoped by keeping up a stout heart. Though you should confess a thousand times, I'll deny it with my last breath. You know me well. Mark my words! Leave this to me, and hereafter hold thy peace, since thou canst not mend matters."

So saying, Grizzle Meade pointed to an inner door, and the landlord of the Globe Inn passed through it, leaving her to stand between him and the world he dreaded.

### CHAPTER XVI. JANET BEFORE THE JUDGES.

Of all the strange and striking scenes witnessed in the Meeting House in Salem in those perilous days, none excited more interest than the examination of Janet Lee. The crowd that gathered inside and outside the Meeting House expressed amazement at the self-possession she displayed. Deputy Governor Thomas Danforth, with a magistrate on either side of him, presided. His preliminary remarks were brief. They were to the effect that the prisoner, and her friends, as well as all present, were fully advised of the nature of the offense with which she was charged. It was sufficient to say she was charged with witchcraft.

When Governor Danforth concluded, and the Sheriff told Janet Lee to stand up, heads were twisted and elevated; everybody stood on tip-toe to look at her. Janet returned their looks with a composure that excited nervous comments.

There was, however, but one sentiment when her father and mother entered. All sympathized with them.

When Governor Danforth ordered the witnesses to be called, perfect silence ensued. Marshal Hobbs called upon Ezra Easty to come forward. Before Ezra had time to comply, John Lee rose, and in a loud, clear voice, asked:

"Who brings this charge against my daughter?"

"That will be made known in due season," one of the magistrates replied, "let the witness be sworn."

A murmur arose as Ezra Easty stepped forward. Before the Sheriff could administer the oath, Arthur Proctor asked:

"Is it customary to proceed without bringing the accused and the accuser face to face?"

"Who is that young man?" Gov. Danforth looked from one to the other, but no one answered, whereupon Arthur Proctor replied:

"A friend of the accused and a lover of justice. My name is Arthur Proctor."

"It were well for the accused you held your peace," said Danforth severely. "These proceedings must be guided by the necessities of the cases brought before us. Let the witness be sworn."

Ezra, when duly sworn, trembled. His face flushed. The flush deepened when he spoke in answer to the first question:

"Ezra Easty, what do you know concerning this matter?" He looked at the floor as he replied:

"I know I met Janet Lee on Will's Hill last night. It was not so dark but I could hear her, and feel her when she struck me, and tore herself away from my grasp."

"Did you speak to her?"

"I called out and told her with coming there. Then I took hold of her and all at once I was tossed aside like a feather, and was alone."

"Why did you go to Will's Hill?"

"As Ann Bigger can prove, I followed her to make sure whether she carried the bread and milk she took from her father's house. Her mother said Ann and me stole them. I followed her after prayers, as Ann Bigger will bear me out, after we saw her take the cakes."

"Janet Lee," said Governor Danforth, "you have heard the witness. You have admitted the neckerchief he took from the person he found on Will's Hill is yours. John Lee, have you anything to ask the witness?"

John Lee shook his head. "Whatever I may have to say is as well unsaid for the present. What would it profit us?"

"I think it would be well to give him time to make answer," said Giles Ellis.

"That is impossible," answered one of the magistrates. "We cannot delay these proceedings. It nobody makes answer, we will take the testimony and pass on it after due consideration."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THERE were 21,950,000 pies eaten in the city of New York last year. Now, if someone will tell us how many beans were consumed in Boston during 1889 we shall be ready to tackle the tariff question again.—*Arcola Record.*

### A BLUE ROSE.

Why It Is Impossible to Produce One—No One Yet Able to Gain the Prize.

"A blue rose?" repeated a florist as the words fell in inquiry from the lips of a San Francisco Call reporter.

"Why, man, there never will be one; it's a natural impossibility."

"A money prize stands ready to drop into the hands of the florist who does produce one. It has been offered for many years by the French Academy, and as yet no one has ever appeared to claim the reward. I think that all this is one proof that the blue rose will not be produced, although in these days of scientific research and chemical discovery all things are to be regarded as possessing a possibility of achievement."

"How are the different varieties produced?" asked the reporter.

"In such a manner as to still further complicate the production of a blue rose," was the reply.

"Natural and assisted selection has produced 100 shades of red, from the lightest pink to the darkest crimson. There are the Marechal Niel and a hundred or two more varieties of yellow. Black, even, has been evolved from the darkest crimson. I suppose the rose whose petals are red on one side and almost black on the other is a familiar sight to you. The white rose, which the Moslems devoutly believe sprang into being from the great drops of sweat which fell from the brow of Mahomet in his ascent into Heaven, once astonished an experimenting florist with that monstrous known as the green rose. Its petals are jagged, curled, serrated, or like a bunch of green rose leaves, or like a head of lettuce on a very small scale.

"Whenever such a variety appears, either as a freak of nature or as a result of an experiment, it must be seized upon and helped to remain in its new shape, otherwise it will hasten to revert to its original color."

"Is that the reason why suckers must always be removed from a rosebush?" asked his listener, eager to show a little horticultural knowledge.

"Exactly."

"Is that the reason, too, why gardeners trim a rosebush up high from the roots, making the plant and its flowers like a big bouquet?"

"It is," replied the man of rose knowledge. "You see, it is by assisting the organs of the plant to perform their natural functions that some varieties are maintained, while to retard these organs in their development will produce another result, and to interfere with them all, yet another. Take the last case, for instance, when a gardener wishes to affect the color or the size, or even the fragrance of a rose, he takes the pollen from the blossom of another variety and places it upon the absorbent surface of the pistil. This crossing of pollen, as it is called, is responsible for most of the varieties, although layering, suckering and grafting, both by bud and branch, have done much to further the production of roses."

"But I want you to take notice that all these varieties have come from the red, the yellow and the white roses. Red and yellow, what are these colors?"

"Primary colors," replied the listener.

"Quite right," responded the florist, with the air of a schoolmaster, "and if you will take the trouble to think a moment you will understand that since blue is also one of the primary colors, to produce a blue rose is utterly out of the question."

"An artist would laugh at your ignorance if you were to ask him to take his tubes of red and yellow paint and to produce you a blue tint. Primary colors cannot be resolved into component colors; they, themselves, are constituents of a pure white ray of light. They must exist; they cannot be made."

"Color is only a part of a flower, and, while there are plenty of blue flowers, they are not roses, nor related to roses, and their pollen won't assimilate with that of a rose; and, if that don't dispose of the blue rose question, why, I'm willing to hear what the next man has to say on the subject," said the florist, with a tone of conviction.

"Did you ever bleach any roses?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, that's an old trick," laughed his informant. "Old, whether it's done as we boys used to do, by holding a rose in the fumes of a burning match, or placing it in a sulphuric box. All it does is to turn the edges of the petals ashy white. Some time ago there was a chemist in this city who prepared a chemical mixture which had the property of preserving a rose whose stem was placed in it fresh for over eight days, and if the rose was a white one, the liquid being absorbed through the sap channels, streaked the petals with lines of red or turned them a delicate pink. I have often put a white marguerite in a red inkstand, and in a very few minutes the white petals were blushing faintly. It's a pretty little experiment. Then, by planting a sink plant in ground imbedded with charcoal, dark red-inks are obtained, and run rust at the roots will give a reddish green. These are experiments full of interest; but, as for blue roses, no, sir."

### Southey's Earnings.

No man ever lived more plainly or worked harder than Southey; yet he was told, till in 1835, when he was 61 years old, Sir Robert Peel settled a pension of £300 on him, and offered him a baronetcy, which he had the good sense to decline. Eight-and-twenty years earlier, in 1807, a pension of £160 a year had been conferred on him through the good offices of his staunch friend Wynn, who had hitherto allowed him a

similar sum annually. When he was forty-four the unexpected payment of a bad debt enabled him to buy £300 in the 3 per cents. "I have £100 already there," he wrote with a mournful touch of irony, "and shall then be worth £12 per annum." Three years later the £100 had grown to £625, the gatherings of half the most studious and blameless lifetime of which the annals of our literature hold record. And this man was Poet Laureate of England (not quite one of her best, perhaps), and had enriched our literature with some of its finest prose. He had a wife and family, and for the greater part of his life he had to provide for them out of his brain the roof that sheltered them, the food they ate, and the clothes they wore.

### Mary Stewart's Account of Rizzio's Murder.

One of the most curious documents in the eighth volume of the State papers and manuscripts relating to English affairs in the Venetian archives, which has just been published, is a letter of Mary Queen of Scots to the King of France, giving an account of the murder of Rizzio. "On the 9th of the month, we being at supper in private about the seventh hour in our cabinet, accompanied by our sister, the Countess of Argyle; our brother, commander of Sta. Croce, and others of our domestic servants, because on account of our indisposition, and as the seventh month of our pregnancy was almost accomplished, we had been advised to eat meat, the King, our husband, came to visit us, and seated himself by our side.

"Meanwhile the Earl of Morton and Lord Lindsay, with their followers, to the number of 160 persons, occupied and took possession of all the entrances and exits of our palace, so that they believed it was impossible for any one to escape them alive. During this interval of time Lord Ruthven, fully armed, with others of his followers, dared to enter by force into our apartments and cabinet, and perceiving our secretary, David Rizzio, there, with other servants of ours, said that he desired to speak with him immediately. At the same moment we inquired of the King, our husband, if he knew anything concerning this proceeding, and when he answered us in the negative we ordered Lord Ruthven to quit our presence under penalty of being deemed a traitor, and said that we would deal with David Rizzio, and cause him to be punished if he had been guilty of any offense.

"Nevertheless, Lord Ruthven, by force, in our presence, seized David, who for his safety and defense had retired behind our person, and a portion of Ruthven's followers, surrounding us with arquebuses in hand and muzzles leveled, dragged David with great cruelty forth from our cabinet, and at the entrance of our chamber dealt him fifty-six dagger wounds, at which act we remained not only wonder-stricken and astounded, but had great cause to fear for our life.

"The Protest of Edinburgh, hearing the tumult raised in our palace, caused the bells to be sounded with hammers, and came to our palace to our succor, accompanied by a large band of armed men, and asked to speak with us and to know how we fared.

"To this inquiry we were not permitted to give any reply, because we were violently threatened by the conspirators, who said to our very face that it we endeavored to speak they would throw us over the walls in piece, in order to make steaks of us. The King, our husband, then ordered these people to retire. All night long we were kept prisoners in our chamber, with scarcely even the opportunity of speaking with our maid servants."

### A Goat Spills a Wedding.

Our little town, says a Christiansburg (Va.) correspondent of the Philadelphia Times, had quite a sensation in its best circles at the marriage yesterday of one of its most prominent young men to a young lady whose beauty and wit made her a belle, but whose nuptials were nearly prevented by a billy goat belonging to a family living in the suburbs. The bridal party was followed into the church by the goat, which proceeded to quietly and peacefully inspect the edifice, and probably would have retired in like manner had it not been for the injudicious efforts of one of the groom's attendants to induce it to leave by an impertinent shoo.

This was more than his goatship meant to tamely endure, and to sooth his wounded honor he made a break at the bridegroom, who happened to be nearest him, and without that gentleman having suspected his proximity made him painfully aware of it by a well-directed blow that caused the candidate for matrimony to alight several feet distant, though hardly with the grace of posture he could have desired. The animal then turned his attention to the bride, but the lady escaped by climbing the pulpit stairs.

"The clergyman, wedding party, and guests dared not stir, for every movement caused the goat to make for them with lowered head, so for awhile the animal was monarch of all he surveyed, but the arrival on the scene of one of the infantile masters speedily reduced him to submission and he followed the boy from the church as meek and humble a goat as ever dined on a tomato-can. The bridegroom, though much bruised and one arm broken, insisted on having the interrupted ceremony completed.

Among all the virtues humility is pre-eminent. It is the safest because it is always an anchor; and that man may be truly said to live the most contented in his calling who strives to live within the compass of it.

HOW SOME WOMEN ACT.

An Episode at a Country Postoffice Window.

Scene—A postoffice in a large country town. A long line of impatient applicants thronging up to the single window, the line headed by two well-dressed ladies. Time, 6:15 p. m.

First Lady—"Is there anything for me this evening?"

Deliverer Clerk—"I beg your pardon—the name, please?"

First Lady—"Struthers—Mrs. Alice Struthers, Box 92."

Clerk (returning)—"Nothing, ma'am. The lady—Ah! Sorry to trouble you, but will you kindly go back and look in Mrs. Jackson's box—94?"

(Clerk returns with two letters for Mrs. Jackson.) "Thank you." (Hands them to lady number two with a smile, while crowd surges up as closely as politeness will permit.) "Now, if you please, I would like to get some stamps."

Clerk—"Yes, ma'am. What denomination, please?"

First Lady—"Denomination?"

Clerk—"Yes—ones, twos, fives or what?"

First Lady—"Oh! I thought your remarks had a religious bearing! Let me see. What denomination do I want?"

(Turning to lady number two.) "I want to send that lace fichu to Nellie, you know, dear. How much postage should you think it would take?"

Second Lady—"I suppose you would want to put it in a box, wouldn't you?"

First Lady—"Oh, of course, such delicate material."

Clerk impatiently—"Let me have the package, ma'am. I will weigh it and affix the proper stamp."

First Lady—"Ah, but I haven't it with me. How much postage should you think would be necessary for a lace fichu in a small pasteboard box?"

Clerk—"About ten cents, ma'am."

First lady lays her shopping bag on the shelf of the delivery window, opens it and begins to search for her purse. The long line of Uncle Sam's patrons which has been wiggling about like a snake for five minutes, now makes a convulsive forward movement, and jostles lady number one with lady number two. Both turn with a glance of well-bred but withering indignation and the abashed crowd shrinks into itself.

First Lady (producing coin)—"Ah! I have just a dime left. How fortunate!"

(Clerk tosses out a ten-cent stamp and the crowd once more surges expectantly forward.) "Oh, that is the new ten-cent stamp, isn't it? Oh, what a beautiful green!"

(Shows stamp to lady number two and then turns again to clerk.) "What do they call the shade of green, please?"

Clerk (thoroughly exasperated)—"I don't know."

First Lady deliberately closing shopping bag and looking at stamp in the hands of second lady—"I should think it was milori green—shouldn't you, dear?"

Perhaps, though, it is a trifle—

Clerk (explosively)—"Madam, will you permit me to wait on the gentleman behind you?"

Both ladies (with freezing politeness)—"Certainly, sir." (They move on, and the man next in line is shot up against the shelf by the compressed crowd like a bolt from a cross-bow.)

First Lady—"What a shockingly impetuous young man!"

Second Lady (contemptuously)—"A perfect boor!" (And they fling out, saying that they will never trade at that postoffice any more.)—New York Mercury.

Clever Defense.

Baron Dal Borgo, the Danish Envoy at Madrid, about fifty years ago, was the soul of honor and good-nature, though he had neither the cleverness nor the brilliancy belonging to certain diplomatists.

One incident, however, shows that he could get, when occasion arose, and that with boldness, and even dramatic power.

During the childhood of Queen Isabella, there were frequent political commotions, and one night Espartaco, the regent, having incurred the displeasure of the adverse party, was pursued through the streets by an infuriated mob. He ran into the house where Baron Dal Borgo had an apartment, rung the bell wildly, and as soon as the door was opened, slipped inside and barred it.

Presently the ringleaders of the mob arrived, and threatened to break open the door if the fugitive were not delivered to them at once.

Baron Dal Borgo himself unfastened the bolts, and appeared on the threshold. He pointed to the Danish flag, which he had laid across the entrance, and said, calmly:

"The man you seek is here. Come and take him, if you like, but if one of you steps on the colors of my country, I will make Spain responsible to Denmark for the insult."

The attacking party paused, awed into silence, and then turned about and walked quietly away.—Youth's Companion.

Not So.

What is sauce for one species of animal must assuredly serve for another, or, as a child once paraphrased the saying, "If you're saucy to the goose, you must be saucy to the gander."

Little Emily belongs to a family where there is a great deal of talk about "labor" and "the rights of the workingman."

Her father, who is a respectable working-man himself, once left a place where he had daily labor because the lady of the house said to him, innocently, "Your master would like to have you clean out the furnace this morning."

"I call no man master," said the irate workman, and thereupon demanded his wages and departed.

Emily had heard this incident proudly dilated on in many a family council, and had learned her lesson well. One morning she sat on the front steps, playing with her little dog, when a gentleman approached.

"Ah, that's a pretty dog!" said he.

"Yes, sir," said Emily, proudly, stroking Fido's long curls.

"And are you his little mistress?"

"No, sir," said she, in a ringing voice, "I'm not Fido's mistress. I'm just his employer!"

Cheap Advice.

"Housewife" wants to know if a "gasoline stove can be made to explode by careless management?"

Certainly. Try lighting the wicks with only a scum of oil in the reservoir; if this does not work, turn the wick, when lighted, down into the oil. Should the stove fail to explode under this treatment, turn up the wicks full blaze as high as they will go. A

reasonable amount of fidelity in following out these directions will generally result in blowing the most obstinate stove to flinders.

Send us some more questions, dear "Housewife." There is no occupation so delightful, and at the same time so cheap, as giving advice.—Burlington Free Press.

Broom Corn.

Says a broom-corn dealer: A few years ago all broom corn was so bleached with sulphur fumes as to make it so white that it nearly destroyed its pliability, and it sometimes broke to pieces much more rapidly than it should have done.

Now the broom-makers have gone to the other extreme. They dye their broom corn so green that house-keepers are afraid to break off one of the splints to test a cake with, for fear they may be poisoned with it.

"Why do they do so?" he was asked.

"Well," said he, "I don't know exactly, but I suppose styles must change. Then, again, the housekeepers may have found out that the white brooms didn't wear so well, and caused a demand for green ones."

"But are they really dyed with Paris green?"

"I can't say as to that. It doesn't look like it to me, but I'd rather be on the safe side and not eat any of it."

Not a Great Possession.

A prominent citizen of St. Paul, while in Minneapolis, a few days ago, met a former acquaintance noted for his impetuous condition and disposition to borrow from any of his trusting friends.

This time the acquaintance fairly beamed on the St. Paul man.

"How are you, old fellow?" was his interrogation in a deep bass voice.

"First rate. How's yourself?" was the answer and interrogatory.

"Splendid. Do you know," dropping his voice to a confidential whisper, "I've been given the use for life of a half-million dollar estate over on Nicollet avenue."

"You have?" queried the St. Paul man in astonishment.

"Yes; the public library."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Reopening a Thoroughfare.

In order to guard against results utterly subversive of health, it is absolutely essential that the grand thoroughfare or avenue of the system, the bowels, should be reopened as speedily as possible when they become obstructed.

If they are not, the bile is misdirected into the blood; the liver becomes torpid; viscid bilious matter gets into the stomach and produces indigestion, headache, nausea, and other symptoms are produced, which if not promptly relieved, may lead to grave results.

The aperient properties of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters constitute a most useful agent in overcoming constipation of the bowels and promoting a regular habit of body. It is infinitely superior to the drastic cathartics frequently used for the purpose, since it does not, like them, act violently, but produces a natural, painless effect, which does not impair the tone of the evaculatory organs, which it invigorates instead of weakening. The stomach and liver, also, indeed, the entire system, are strengthened and regulated by it.

Chance. M. Depew's Latest.

I found the Southern people very interesting. The negroes are much more entertaining than I expected to find them. You know in the North we rarely, if ever, see the real derky, ragged, lazy, and happy, as he is naturally. I overheard one conversation between an old "nanny" and her daughter that will amuse you, I know. Here it is:

"Liza Jane, hev yo' druv up all them chickens yet?"

"Yass, ma."

"Yo' sho' yo' druv 'em all up?"

"Yass, ma."

"Yo' count dem chickens, Liza Jane?"

"Yass, ma."

"How many was dere, Liza Jane?"

"One."

"Right, Liza Jane."—New York Star.

J. A. JOHNSON, Medina, N. Y., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 7c.

No Use for a Husband.

A Williamsport girl, who, in the matter of beauty and affectionate exuberance, was not to say "fresh as first love and rosy as the dawn," was asked why she did not get married, and this is what she said in reply:

"I have considerable money of my own, I have a parrot that can swear, and a monkey that chews tobacco, so that I have no need of a husband."

A Reliable Company.

No person is better known among the business men of Chicago than is ALONZO WYANT, who for several years past has occupied the position of agent of the United States Express Company in that city.

He has the esteem of every one who has ever met him, socially or in business. On the 1st of July Mr. Wyant severed his connection with the express company, and embarked in a new line of trade. Joining with others, he formed the Ayres & Wygant Company and purchased the old and well-known Chicago institution, "Reed's Temple of Music," located at 182 and 184 Wabash avenue, where he will be pleased to meet his friends, and show them the finest line of pianos, organs, and other musical instruments to be found in the West.

Reed's Temple of Music will lose none of its old-time popularity under the management of the Ayres and Wygant Company. All who are interested in good music should call upon this new company when visiting Chicago. It will be a pleasure to make their acquaintance.

Ever Thus.

"How does your husband spend his time evenings?"

"He stays at home and thinks up schemes to make money."

"And what do you do with yourself when he is thus occupied?"

"Oh, I think up schemes to spend it."—Epoch.

In a paper which was read before the Congregational Association at Mount Holyoke, the other day, Professor Morse, of Amherst, attempted to show that the general withdrawal of the well-to-do to summer resorts is working a harmful separation in American society. It accentuates the division between the rich and the poor.

Besides, the summer resort movement takes away from civic life some of its most important elements, even the church joining in the begira. There is a good deal in the point here made, and it is worthy of consideration by social philosophers.

Dr. BULL'S Worm Destroyer is wonderfully efficacious. I prescribed it in several instances, and it never failed in a single case to have the desired effect. I know of no other worm remedy so certain and speedy in its effect. J. S. Clement, M. D., Vianow, Ga.

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Via Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and Northern Pacific Railroads.

Through Pullman Sleeping Car leaves Chicago daily at 5:30 p. m.

For St. Paul and Minneapolis. For Fargo, North Dakota. For Helena and Butte, Montana. For the Yellowstone Park. For Spokane-Falls and Tacoma. For Portland, Oregon.

For Seattle and all North Pacific Coast points.

The scenic line to California, via Portland and the Shasta Route.

Tickets on sale at 297 Clark street and Union Passenger Station, Canal, Adams and Madison streets, Chicago.

He Had a Long Memory.

At a recent examination of the divinity students in England, one very dull candidate was so ignorant that the Bishop would only consent to ordain him on condition that he should promise to study "Butler's Analogy" after ordination.

He made the promise and was ordained. He was the guest of the Bishop, and so on his departure next morning the Bishop shook him by the hand, saying:

"Good-by, Mr. Brown, don't forget the Butler."

"I haven't, my lord," was the unexpected reply, "I have just given him five shillings."

Decided in the Affirmative.

De Smith—I saw you kiss Miss Southmayd last night.

Travis (blushing)—Did you? That's unforunuate.

De Smith—She seemed rather reluctant.

Travis—Well, yes; to tell the truth she said no to me with her lips.

De Smith—But her eyes said—

Travis—I thought they said yes.

De Smith—Of course! And the eyes had it.

There is no article made that purity is as important in as soap. Thousands buy cheap, adulterated soaps to save a few cents, and lose dollars in rotted clothing. Dobbin's Electric Soap, perfectly pure, saves dollars.

Second Nature.

"This room is very close," remarked the guest to the head waiter, "can't I have a little fresh air?"

The well-drilled automat raised his voice to a high pitch.

"One air!" he yells, after a pause, adding, "let it be fresh!"

STANLEY says the director of a Dutch house recently told him that his firm now has thirty steamers on the Upper Congo, and that their house had bought \$1,500,000.

The first steamboat on the Mississippi River was the New Orleans, built at Pittsburgh in 1811 by Nicholas Roosevelt, from plans furnished by Robert Fulton.

He that has thriven may lie abed till seven. Those who use SAPOLIO need not work long hours. Sapolio is a solid cake of Scouring Soap. Try it.

A THIEF who robbed a house at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., took a bath and arrayed himself in clean linen and a fresh suit before he left.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure Sick Headache.

ALMOST all men have at some time stood beside the grave of opportunity.

We recommend "Tan-Sill's Punch" Cigar.

If you should happen to want your ears pierced, just pinch the baby.

Health and Strength

Soon replace weakness and languor if that reliable medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla, is fairly and faithfully tried. It is the best medicine to overcome that tired feeling, purify the blood, and cure scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, and all other diseases arising from impure blood or low state of the system. Give it a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

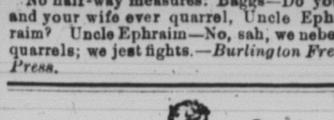
Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

BRONCHITIS is cured by frequent small doses of Pilo's Cure for Consumption.

No half-way measures; Baggs—Do you and your wife ever quarrel, Uncle Ephraim? Uncle Ephraim—No, sah, we neber quarrels; we jest fights.—Burlington Free Press.



"A RACE WITH DEATH"

Among the nameless heroes, none are more worthy of martyrdom than he who rode down the valley of the Conemaugh, warning the people ahead of the Johnstown flood. Mounted on a powerful horse, faster and faster went the rider, but the flood was swiftly gaining, until it caught the unlucky horseman and swept on, grinding, crushing, annihilating both weak and strong.

In the same way is disease lurking near, like unto the sword of Damocles, ready to fall, without warning, on its victim, who allows his system to become clogged up, and his blood poisoned, and thereby his health endangered.

To eradicate these poisons from the system, no matter what their name or nature, and save yourself a spell of malarial, typhoid or bilious fever, or eruptions, swellings, tumors and kindred disfigurements, keep the liver and kidneys healthy and vigorous, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's the only blood-purifier sold on trial. Your money is returned if it doesn't do exactly as recommended. A concentrated vegetable extract. Sold by druggists, in large bottles, at \$1.00.

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Grants pensions to Soldiers, Sailors, and their Widows and Children. Present PENSIONS INCREASED. Write immediately stating your case to J. C. DERWODY, Atty-at-Law, Chauncey Building, WASHINGTON, D.C.

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Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. F. HAZLETT, Warren, Pa.

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It is a solid cake of scouring soap used for cleaning purposes...

What would you give for a Friend

who would take half your hard work off your shoulders and do it without a murmur? What would you give to find an assistant in your housework that would keep your floors and walls clean, and your kitchen bright, and yet never grow ugly over the matter of hard work? Sapolio is just such a friend and can be bought at all grocers.

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has become a law. \$12 PER MONTH to all honorably discharged Soldiers and Sailors of the late war, who are incapacitated from earning a support. Widows the same, without regard to cause of death. Dependent Parents and Minor Children also interested. Over 300,000 References in all parts of the country. No charge if unsuccessful. Write at once for "Copy of Law," blanks, and full instructions. ALL FREE. To R. McALLISTER & CO., Successors to Wm. Conard & Co., P. O. Box 715, Washington, D.C.

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is a law. Soldiers disabled since the late war, who are incapacitated from earning a support. Dependent widows and parents now dependent whose sons died from effects of army service are included. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully prosecuted, Address

JAMES TANNER, Late Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D.C.

The "Little Beauty" A \$5.00 Scale for \$1.00

Capacity 1-4 oz. to 4 lbs. Steel Bearings, Brass Stop and Beam. For Housekeepers, Office or Store. Weight marked by engraved A \$25.00 Sewing Machine \$19.00 A \$50.00 Sewing Machine \$35.00 A \$100.00 Sewing Machine \$65.00 A \$150.00 Sewing Machine \$95.00 A \$200.00 Sewing Machine \$125.00 A \$250.00 Sewing Machine \$155.00 A \$300.00 Sewing Machine \$185.00 A \$350.00 Sewing Machine \$215.00 A \$400.00 Sewing Machine \$245.00 A \$450.00 Sewing Machine \$275.00 A \$500.00 Sewing Machine \$305.00 A \$550.00 Sewing Machine \$335.00 A \$600.00 Sewing Machine \$365.00 A \$650.00 Sewing Machine \$395.00 A \$700.00 Sewing Machine \$425.00 A \$750.00 Sewing Machine \$455.00 A \$800.00 Sewing Machine \$485.00 A \$850.00 Sewing Machine \$515.00 A \$900.00 Sewing Machine \$545.00 A \$950.00 Sewing Machine \$575.00 A \$1,000.00 Sewing Machine \$605.00 A \$1,050.00 Sewing Machine \$635.00 A \$1,100.00 Sewing Machine \$665.00 A \$1,150.00 Sewing Machine \$695.00 A \$1,200.00 Sewing Machine \$725.00 A \$1,250.00 Sewing Machine \$755.00 A \$1,300.00 Sewing Machine \$785.00 A \$1,350.00 Sewing Machine \$815.00 A \$1,400.00 Sewing Machine \$845.00 A \$1,450.00 Sewing Machine \$875.00 A \$1,500.00 Sewing Machine \$905.00 A \$1,550.00 Sewing Machine \$935.00 A \$1,600.00 Sewing Machine \$965.00 A \$1,650.00 Sewing Machine \$995.00 A \$1,700.00 Sewing Machine \$1,025.00 A \$1,750.00 Sewing Machine \$1,055.00 A \$1,800.00 Sewing Machine \$1,085.00 A \$1,850.00 Sewing Machine \$1,1

## TWO SOLDIERS.

By Capt. CHARLES KING.

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### CHAPTER II.



"Come up, crowd! come up everybody! It's champagne today!"

The colonel of the Eleventh cavalry was a gentleman who had some peculiarities of temperament and disposition. This fact is not cited as a thing at all unusual, for the unbiased testimony of the subalterns and even the troop commanders of every cavalry regiment in the service would go far toward establishing the fact that all colonels of cavalry are similarly afflicted. One of the salient peculiarities of the commanding officer of the Eleventh was a conviction that nothing went smoothly in the regiment unless the captains were all on duty with their companies; for, while at any time Col. Riggs would approve an application for a lieutenant's leave of absence, it was worse than pulling teeth to get him to do likewise for a gentleman with the double bars on his shoulder. "Confound the man!" growled Capt. Greene, "here I've been seven years with my troop, saving up for six months' leave, and the old rip disapproves it! What on earth can a fellow say?"

"You didn't go about it right, Greeney," was the calm rejoinder of a comrade who had been similarly "cut" the year previous. "You should have laid siege to him through madam a month or so. What she says as to who goes on leave and who doesn't is law at headquarters, and I know it. Now, you watch Noel! That fellow is wiser in his generation than all the rest of us put together. It isn't six months since he got back from his staff detail, and see how constant he is in his attentions to the old lady. Now, I'll bet you anything you like the next plumb that tumbles into the regiment will go to his maw and nobody else's."

"Riggs wouldn't have the face to give anything to Noel—in the way of detached duty, I mean. I heard him say when 'Gordy' was coming back to the regiment that he wished he had the power to transfer subs from troop to troop; he'd put Noel with the most exacting captain he knew and see if he couldn't get a little square service out of the fellow."

"That's all right, Greeney. That's what he said six months ago, before Noel was really back, and before he had begun doing the devoted to her ladyship at headquarters. Riggs wouldn't say so now—much less do it. She wouldn't let him, comrade mine; and you know it."

"Noel has been doing first rate since he got back, Jim," said Capt. Greene, after a pause.

"Oh, Noel's no bad soldier in garrison—at drill or parade. It's field work and scouting that knocks him endwise; and if there's an Indian within a hundred miles—Well, you know as much as I do on that subject."

Greene somewhat gloomily nodded assent, and his companion, being wound up for the day, plunged ahead with his remarks:

"Now, I'm just putting this and that together, Greeney, and I'll make you a bet. Riggs has managed things ever since he has been colonel so that a lieutenant is ordered detached for recruiting service and never a captain. It won't be long before Lane gets his promotion; and I'll bet you even before he gets it Riggs will have his letter skimming to Washington begging his immediate recall and nominating a sub to take his place. I'll give you odds on that; and I'll bet you even that the sub's name will be Gordy Noel."

But, though he scouted the idea, Greene would not bet, for at that instant the club room was invaded by a rush of young officers just returning from target practice, and the jolliest laugh, the most all-pervading voice, the cheeriest personality of the lot were those of the gentleman whose name Capt. Jim Rawlins had just spoken.

"What you going to have, fellows?" he called. "Here, Billy, old man, put up that spelter; I steered the gang in here, and it's my treat. Don't go, Forbes; come back, old fellow, and join us. Captain, what shall it be? Say, you all know Dick Cassidy of the Seventh. I heard such a good rig on him this morning. I got a letter from Tommy Craig, who's on duty at the war department, and he told me that Dick was there trying to get one of these blasted college details. What d'ye suppose a cavalryman wants to leave his regiment for to take a thing like that?"

"Perhaps his health is impaired, Noel," said Wharton, with a humorous twinkle

in his handsome eyes. "Even cavalrymen have been known to have to quit their beloved profession on that account, and get something soft in the east for a year or so."

The color mounted to Noel's cheeks, but he gave no other sign of understanding the shaft as aimed at him. Promptly and loudly as ever he spoke out:

"Oh, of course, if he's used up in service and has to go in to recuperate, all well and good; but I always supposed Cassidy was a stalwart in point of health and constitution. Who's going to the doctor's to-night? you, Jack?"

Jack—otherwise Lieut. John Tracy—shook his head as he whiffed at the cigarette he had just lighted, and then stretched forth his hand for the foaming glass of beer which the attendant brought him, but vouchsafed no verbal reply. Lee and Martin edged over to where the two captains were playing their inevitable game of seven up. Two of the juniors—young second lieutenants—despite the extreme cordiality of Noel's invitation, begged to be excused, as they did not care to drink anything—even a lemonade; and no sooner had the party finished their modest potation than there was a general move. Wallace and Hearn went into the billiard room; Wharton and Lee started in the direction of their quarters; and presently Mr. Noel was the only man in the clubroom without an occupation of some kind or a comrade to talk to.

Now, why should this have been the case? Noel's whole manner was overflowing with jollity and kindness; his eyes beamed and sparkled as he looked from one man to the other; he hailed each in turn by his Christian name and in tones of most cordial friendship; he chatted and laughed and had comical anecdotes to tell the party; he was a tall, stylish, fine looking fellow, with expressive dark eyes and wavy dark brown hair; his mustache was the secret envy of more than half of his associates; his figure was really elegant in its grace and suppleness; his uniforms fitted him like a glove, and were invariably of Hattfield's choicest handwork. Appearances were with him in every sense of the word, and yet there was some reason why his society was politely but positively shunned by several of his brother officers and "cultivated" by none.

It was only a few years after the great war when Gordon Noel joined the Eleventh from civil life. He came of an old and influential family, and was welcomed in the regiment as an acquisition. He made friends rapidly, and was for two or three years as popular a youngster as there was in the service. Then the troop to which he was attached was ordered to the plains, via Leavenworth. It was a long journey by boat, and by the time they reached the old frontier city orders and telegrams were awaiting them, one of which, apparently to Mr. Noel's great surprise, detached him from his company and directed him to report for temporary duty at the war department in the city of Washington. He was there eighteen months, during which time his regiment had some sharp battles with the Cheyennes and Kiowas in Kansas and the Indian Territory. Then a new secretary of war gave ear to the oft repeated appeals of the colonel of the Eleventh to have Mr. Noel and one or two other detached gentlemen returned to duty with their respective companies, and just as they were moving to the Pacific coast the absentees reported for duty and went along. At Vancouver and Walla Walla Noel seemed to regain by his joviality and good fellowship what he had lost in the year and a half of his absence, though there were out and out soldiers in the Eleventh who said that the man who would stay on "ferry duty" in Washington or anywhere else while his comrades were in the midst of a stirring campaign against hostile Indians couldn't be of the right sort.

Up in Oregon the Modoc troubles soon began, and several troops were sent southward from their stations scouting. There were several little skirmishes between the various detachments and the agile Indians, with no great loss on either side; but when "Capt. Jack" retired to the natural fastness of the lava beds serious work began, and here Mr. Noel was found to be too ill to take part in the campaign, and was sent to San Francisco to recuperate. The short but bloody war was brought to a close without his having taken part in any of its actions, but he rejoined after a delightful convalescence in San Francisco (where it was understood that he had broken down only after riding night and day and all alone some 300 miles through the wilderness with orders to a battalion of his regiment that was urgently needed at the front), and was able to talk very glibly of what had occurred down in the Klamath Lake country. Then came his promotion to a first lieutenancy, and, as luck would have it, to a troop stationed at the Presidio.

For three months he was the gayest of the gay, the life of parties of every kind both in town and in garrison; he was in exuberant health and spirits; he danced night after night and was the most popular partner ever welcomed in the parlors of hospitable San Francisco. And then all of a sudden there came tidings of an outbreak among the Arizona Apaches of so formidable a character that the division commander decided to send his Presidio troopers to re-enforce the one regiment that was trying to cover a whole territory. There was pathetic parting, with no end of lamentation, when Mr. Noel was spirited away with his lynx-eyed captain; but they need not have worried—those fair dames and damsels; not a hair of his handsome head was in danger, for the foe had grappled with and throttled their foes before the detachment from the Eleventh were fairly in the territory, and the latter were soon ordered to return and to bring with them, as prisoners to be confined at Alcatraz, the leaders of the outbreak, who would be returned over to them by the foe. To hear Noel tell of these fierce captives afterward was somewhat confusing, as, from his account, it would appear that they had been taken in hand to hand conflict by himself and a small detachment of his own troop; but these were stories told only to over-credulous friends.

The Eleventh came eastward across the Rockies in time to participate in the great campaign against the Sioux in '76, and was on the Yellowstone when Custer and his favorite companies were being wiped out of existence on the Little Horn. The news of that tragedy made many a heart sick, and Mr. Noel was so much affected that when his comrades started to make a night

ride to the front to join what was left of the Seventh he was left behind, ostensibly to sleep off a violent headache. He promised to ride after and catch them next day, but, through some error, got aboard Gen. Terry's steamer, the Far West, and made himself so useful looking after the wounded that the surgeon in charge was grateful, and, knowing nothing of his antecedents, gave him a certificate on which he based an application for leave on account of sickness, and went to Bismarck with the wounded, and thence to the distant east, where he thrilled clubs and dinner tables with graphic accounts of the Custer battle and how we got up just in time to save the remnant of the Seventh.

The Eleventh fought all through the campaign of '76 and the chase after Chief Joseph in '77; but Noel was again on temporary duty at the war department, and there he stayed until '78, by which time various officials had become acquainted with some of the facts in the case. The Eleventh "cold-shouldered" him for a while after he got back; but they happened to be now in a region where there were no "hostilities," and where hops, Germans, theatricals, tableaux and entertainments of all kinds were the rage. No other man could be half so useful to the ladies as Gordon Noel. He had just come from Washington and knew everything, and when they took him up and made much of him 'twas no use for the men to stand aloof; they had to take him up, too.

Lane was adjutant of the regiment at this time; and he, having seen every report and letter with reference to Mr. Noel that had been filed in the office, would hardly speak to him at all except when on duty, and this feeling was intensified when, a year or so later, they were suddenly hurried to Arizona on account of a wild dash of the Chiricahuas, and as the different companies took the field and hastened in the pursuit Mr. Noel was afflicted with a rheumatic fever of such alarming character that the youthful "contract" surgeon who had accompanied his troop held him back at the railway and speedily sent him east on a three months' sick leave, which family influence soon made six. And this was about the record and reputation that Mr. Noel had succeeded in making when Capt. Rawlins was ready to bet Capt. Greene that, despite it all, the regimental Adjutant would get the recruiting detail, vice Lane, for everybody knew Fred Lane so well as to prophesy that he would apply to be relieved and ordered to rejoin his regiment, and everybody was eager to see him take hold of poor old Curran's troop, for if anybody could "straighten it out" Lane could.

The news that Noel was named by the colonel caused a sensation at regimental headquarters which the Eleventh will probably not soon forget. "Old Riggs" had become the commander of the regiment after it seemed that the Indian war were over and done with, and, thanks to our peculiar system of promotion, was now at the head of an organization with which he had never served as subaltern, captain or junior field officer. Discipline forbade saying anything to his face—for which the colonel was devoutly thankful—but everybody said to everybody else that it was all Mrs. Riggs' doing, a fact which the colonel very well knew.

So did Noel, though he rushed into the club room apparently overwhelmed with amazement and delight.

"I supposed of course it would be Follansbee. I never dreamed he would give it to me. Come up, crowd! come up, everybody! It's champagne today!" he jovially shouted; and there were men who could not but be snubbed openly. Nothing had really ever been proved against him; why should they judge him? But there were several who declined, alleging one excuse or another; and even those who drank with him did so while applauding Wharton's toast:

"Well, Noel, here's to you! It ought to have been Follansbee; but I wish you the joy of it."

### CHAPTER III.



"I don't know how to tell you how I regret having to say 'No,' Mr. Lane."

Never before had Fred Lane known the sensation of being reluctant to rejoin his regiment. When the colonel wrote a personal letter to him some eight or ten weeks previous, telling him that Curran would almost surely get the next vacancy on the retired list and that he would expect his old adjutant to come back to them at once and restore efficiency and discipline to Troop D, Mr. Lane replied with the utmost readiness; but this was before Mabel Vincent came into his life and changed its whole current. How much and how devotedly he loved her Lane himself never realized until the day of his promotion reached him, and with it the news that his successor was already designated. He knew that within the week he might expect orders from the war department to join his troop at Fort Graham as soon as he had turned over his funds and property to the officer designated to relieve him; he knew Noel so well as to feel assured that he would not wait for the arrival of formal orders, but, if the colonel would permit, would start the instant he received telegraphic notification from Washington that "Old Riggs" nomination had been approved. "This is Wednesday," he mused; "and by a week from today I can count on his being here; and in ten days I must go." There was a large party that night, and

fully a week before, he had asked that he might have the honor of being Miss Vincent's escort. It was with great disappointment that he received her answer, which was spoken, however, in a tone of such sorrow that poor Lane felt that the bars, at least, of the arrow had been removed.

"I don't know how to tell you how I regret having to say 'No,' Mr. Lane," she said, and there was a tremor in her voice and a little quiver at the corners of her pretty mouth. "I have almost felt confident that you were going to ask me—is that a very bold thing to say?—for you have been so—so kind to me since our first meeting, and indeed I wanted in some way to let you know that there were other arrangements already made. But how could I say anything? Mr. Rossiter, the eldest son of father's former partner, comes to pay us a visit of four or five days before he goes abroad again. And he is a great friend of the Chiltons, and being our guest, he goes with me. Indeed, I'm very sorry, Mr. Lane, if you are disappointed."

Fred, of course, begged that she should give herself no uneasiness. There was no other girl whom he had thought of taking. Mr. Rossiter was very much to be envied, and he would like to call and pay his respects to that gentleman when he arrived. "By all means do," said Miss Vincent; and, if not asking too much, would Mr. Lane get him a card at the club? Brother Rex was away, or she wouldn't trouble him. But Lane was delighted to be troubled. Anything she asked—any service he could render her—he flew with untold eagerness to accomplish; and, though properly jealous of the coming man—this Mr. Rossiter, of whom he had never before heard mention—he was eager to meet and entertain him. The gentleman was to arrive on Monday, and Lane spent a delightful evening at the Vincents', wondering why he hadn't come. Tuesday would surely bring him, or an explanation, said Miss Mabel; and on Tuesday Lane was prompt to call, and glad to spend another long evening at the hospitable old homestead, and stoutly did he hold his ground through three successive relays of visitors, encouraged to do so by a certain look in his lady's bright eyes that spoke volumes to his throbbing heart, and that very next morning at the club he found her dainty missive on his breakfast table.

How early she must have risen to write it!—and to have seen the announcement of his promotion in the Washington dispatches! True, he remembered that it was frequently her pleasure to be up betimes to give her father his coffee; for Vincent was a business man of the old school, who liked to begin early in the day. Of course he had seen the name in the Washington news and had read the paragraph to her; that was the way to account for it. But her note was a joy to him in its sweet, half shy, half confidential wording. She merely wrote to say that Mr. Rossiter had wired that he would be detained in New York until the end of the week; and now, if Capt. Lane had really made no engagement, she would be glad indeed if he cared to renew the invitation which with such regret she was compelled a week ago to decline. Lane totally forgot his breakfast in his haste to rush to the writing room and send her a reply.

All "The Queen City" had been quick to see or hear of his "sudden smite" and consequent devotion to Mabel Vincent, and great was the speculation as to the probable result.

"How can she encourage him as she does? What can she see in that solemn prig?" indignantly demanded Miss Fanny Holton, who had shown a marked interest in Mr. Lane during his first six months in society, and had danced with him all through the season. "He is one of the forlornest, stupidest men I ever knew—utterly unlike what I supposed a cavalry officer to be."

"And yet, Fanny dear, you were very much taken up with him the first winter—last year, I mean," was the reply of her most devoted and intimate friend.

"What an outrageous fib! I wasn't, and if I was it was because I wanted to draw him out—do something to enliven him. Of course I danced with him a great deal. There isn't a better dancer in town, and you know it, Maud; you've said so yourself time and again."

"Well, you didn't draw him out—nor on. But the moment he sees Mabel Vincent he falls heels over head in love with her. Why, I never saw a man whose every look and word so utterly 'gave him away,' as Miss Maud's characteristic and slangy reply. "And it's my belief she'll take him, too. She likes him well, and she says he knows more than any other man she has ever met."

"He has money, too, and can resign and live here if she wants him to," went on Miss Maud after a pause which, oddly enough, her friend had not taken advantage of.

"You don't know anything about what Mabel Vincent will or won't do, Maud. I've known her years longer than you have, and, though I'm awfully fond of her, and wouldn't have this repeated for the world—and you must swear never to repeat it to anybody—I know her so well that I can say she doesn't know her own mind now and would change it in less than six months if she did. She is as fickle in love as in her friendships; and you can't have forgotten how inseparable you and she were for three months at Mme. Hoffman's, and then how she fastened on Katherine Ward. I don't care a snap of my finger whom Mr. Lane chooses to fall in love with, but if it's Mabel Vincent he'd better insist on a short engagement and stand guard over her with his sword in the meantime. It's 'out of sight out of mind' with her, and has been ever since she was 4 years old."

And so in the smoking room at the club and in the feminine cliques and coteries in society the probability of Mabel Vincent's accepting Capt. Lane was a matter of frequent discussion. But of all this chit-chat and speculation Capt. Lane stood in profound ignorance as he entered his dark office that dreary Wednesday morning with her precious note in his waistcoat pocket. He neither knew nor cared what old Vincent was worth; all he wanted was Mabel's own sweet self, for he loved her with his whole heart and soul, with all the strength and devotion of his deep and loyal nature. He could hardly control his voice so as to speak in the conventional official tone to the sergeant in charge as the latter saluted him at the doorway and made the customary report of the presence of the detachment. Lane stepped into his little

dressing room and quickly appeared in his neat fatigue uniform. There wasn't a ghost of a chance of would be recruits waiting for discipline. He required his men to be always in their appropriate uniform, and never neglected wearing his own white in the office; yet in all the Queen City no one but his little party; the applicants for enlistment and the few citizens who came in on business had ever seen him except in civilian dress.

"These reports and returns all go in tomorrow, I believe," said Lane to his sergeant.

"They do, sir."

"Well, will you take them in to the clerk again," said Lane, blushing vividly, "and tell him to alter that 'first lieutenant' to 'captain' wherever it occurs? The official notification is just here," he added, almost apologetically.

"Sure I'm glad to hear it, sir. All the men will be glad, sir, and I'm proud to think that I was the first man to salute the captain today," was the sergeant's delighted answer. "I'll call Taintor in at once."

But Lane was blissfully thinking of the little note, now transferred to the breast pocket of his uniform blouse, and of how not his honest old sergeant but sweet Mabel Vincent was the first to hail him by his new title, and in thinking of the note and of her he failed to notice that, so far from coming at once, it was fully ten or fifteen minutes before Taintor, the clerk, put in an appearance, and when he did that his face was ashen gray and his hand shook as though with palsy.

"The sergeant will tell you what is to be done with the papers, Taintor," said Lane, conscious that he was blushing again, and consequently striving to appear engrossed in the morning paper. The man picked them up one after another and without a word; he dropped one to the floor in his nervousness, but made a quick dive for it, and then for the door, as though fearful of detection. He hurried through the room in which the sergeant and one or two men were seated, and reaching his big desk at a rear window, where he was out of sight, dropped the papers on the floor and buried his face in his shaking hands.

A few minutes later the sergeant, coming into the little cubby hole of a room in which Taintor had preferred to do his work, found him with his arms on the desk and his face hidden in them, and the soldier clerk was quivering and twitching from head to foot.

"What's the matter with you, Taintor? growled the old soldier. "Didn't you promise me you'd quit drinking?"

The face that looked up into his was ghastly.

"It isn't drink, sergeant," moaned the man. "At least, I haven't exceeded my mouth. I've got a chill—an ache of some kind. Just let me run down to the drug store and get some quinine—with perhaps a little brandy. Then I can do this work, sergeant. I won't abuse your kindness."

"Well, go, then," was the reluctant answer; "but get back quick. And only one drink, mind you."

Taintor seized his cap and fairly tottered through the adjoining room to the stable yard, down which he plunged madly, and heedless of the pelting rain, darted across the street to the gas lighted barroom.

"There's something worse than any whisky or ague back of this," muttered the veteran sergeant, "and I could swear to it."

### The Bill Poster's Revenge.

An amusing case happened near Seventeenth and Spruce streets Wednesday night. A bill poster, with brush and paste, was walking calmly along when he was accosted by a party of young toughs who didn't like his appearance. The poster bore the sarcastic comments in silence which quietness so exasperated one ruffian that he jostled against the man of peace. This was enough; forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, and setting down his palette he dipped the long handled brush in it and proceeded to cover his tormentor with the ill smelling stuff. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot the tough was deftly smeared, and yelled to his companions to help him. This they were about to do when by some mistake a policeman dove in sight and the fun ceased. The policeman evidently had seen the entire affair, for he offered to put the sticky touch under arrest, though he showed no desire to touch him; but the bill poster said he guessed his antagonist was sufficiently punished, and indeed he seemed so, for with one eye stuck tight, hair plastered and clothes ruined the tough was a spectacle.—Philadelphia Times.

### Curiosities of Chemicals.

Certain substances which are deadly to their effects upon man can be taken by animals with impunity. Horses can take large quantities of antimony, dogs of mercury, goats of tobacco, mice of hemlock and rabbits of belladonna without injury. On the other hand dogs and cats are much more susceptible to the influence of chloroform than man and are much sooner killed by it. If this invaluable anesthetic had been first upon animals we should probably have never enjoyed its blessings, as it would have been found to be so fatal that its discoverers would have been afraid to test its effects upon human beings. It is evident, then, that an experiment upon an animal can never be the means of any certain deductions so far as man is concerned. A scientist can ever know, when trying some new drug or some new operation, whether or not when he comes to try it upon man the effect will be the same as that upon an animal.—Chicago Herald.

### Deep Respiration as an Anesthetic.

A medical writer notices the use of deep and rapid respiration as an anesthetic. Some dentists ask their patients to breathe quickly and fully some four or six minutes, at the end of which the patient becomes giddy, to some extent loses consciousness, and a short operation may be painlessly performed. While in this condition the patient has no power to move his arms, but will open his mouth at the bidding of the dentist.

### The Phonograph as a Cash Register.

It has been suggested that the phonograph shall be used as a cash register. Every sum the cashier receives might be called in the phonograph and there recorded, as a check on the accounts.—New York Commercial Advertiser.