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**CAPT. KING'S BEST SERIAL,**

**A Story of the Social Life of our Army.**

**TWO SOLDIERS,**  
Is Now Running  
**IN THIS PAPER.**

## A DOMESTIC AUTOCRAT.

**Absolute Power of a Trained Nurse and How It is Sometimes Abused.**

"Of all the nuisances I know of on this earth the professional nurse is the worst," said a confirmed bachelor at the Illinois club the other evening.

"The professional nurse? Why, she is one of the blessings of advanced civilization," responded another gentleman. "Without the professional nurse what would become of people without friends in town who fall ill? Man, the professional nurse is a God given gift."

"That's all right," replied the first speaker. "She may be a God given gift to people sick in hotels and hospitals, but she's a nuisance around a private house."

"But you don't live in a private house. Why are you here?"

"I know I don't. I ain't sick, either, am I? Do I look like a subject for a professional nurse? Ain't I all right?"

"Yes, but what about it? Why are you down on professional nurses?"

"Well, because one of 'em has just succeeded in utterly disgusting me. That's why. They're worse than the locusts of Egypt. They come into a house meekly and then own the place. That's why I'm here."

"You see I've got a sister and she's married. They've got a beautiful house and I've always been as free there until two weeks ago as I am at my own apartments. See? Well, I am not now; and May was my favorite sister, too, a chum of mine in everything, and she didn't quit it when she got married either."

"Well, about two weeks ago my brother-in-law's family was increased by one, and a professional nurse was employed to look after the newcomer and his mother. She was a meek, pleasant looking woman, thoroughly up in her business and a good salary per week."

"Of course as soon as I heard the news I went out to the house. Frank, my brother-in-law, met me at the door. He looked downcast. 'How's everything, old man?' says I. 'All right; but you can't see him,' replied Frank. 'The nurse won't allow it. I haven't seen him yet. But say, Jack, we're going to name him after you—that is, if May consents. I haven't seen her yet either.'"

"It was true. That nurse, who came into the house so meekly and pleasantly, had developed into a regular czar. She had taken absolute possession, and was running things with a high hand."

"She had the upstairs part of the house in absolute state of siege. The servants were afraid to go up, and Frank was loafing around in a state of unsatisfied anxiety."

"It's all right, I suppose," said he, and I supposed it was and said so.

"I went home of course, deciding to go out and see my namesake and my sister a couple of days later. The day I intended to go I called around at Frank's office to go out with him. But he wasn't in. 'Hasn't been down for three days,' his partner said. 'Important affairs at home, I guess!'"

"I went out to the house. Frank met me as before. 'It's all right,' he said, joyfully. 'I wish you could see May. She wants to see you; but the nurse won't have it. Says she's getting better, but too ill yet.'"

"How does she look?"

"I don't know; haven't seen her yet. The nurse won't let me see her, either. I suppose it's all right, but on the square, old man, I'm getting anxious and hungry. The nurse orders all the meals, and I haven't had anything but a diet for three days. Nobody but the doctor and the nurse and the chambermaid have seen my son yet. The chambermaid says he's a beauty; though, and that May is dying to see both of us, but the nurse won't let her. The nurse ordered a case of champagne last night; said the doctor prescribed it for May. Four empty bottles came down this morning. I don't like to mistrust anything, but—"

"That settled me. I went up to see my sister. The nurse wasn't going to let me in the room, but I went in. She was glad to see me and she showed me my namesake. Then the nurse came in and fired me out. She said May wasn't to be excited and that babies shouldn't be bewildered by strange faces and voices for the first two weeks of their lives."

"That settled it. I went out and saw May regularly every day. Sometimes I got a glass of champagne. She could only take one a day, and I arrived twice just as she was taking it and got some. Of course you know champagne spoils after it is uncorked, if allowed to stand. But I don't think that nurse allowed it to spoil. The bottles all came down empty anyway. Frank didn't get any; neither did I, unless we were right there when it was opened."

"But say, that woman's out there yet. She has prohibited Frank smoking in the house and he's a confirmed smoker. He daren't touch the piano, and he's a great musician, and neither of us can see May for over two minutes at a time, though

she's dying to see us both. The professional nurse may be all right in your hotel or in a hospital, but in a private house she's a nuisance. She's liable to make a man forget what his family looks like and to drive all the servants out of the house. I'd rather have the yellow fever than a nurse like the one I speak of in my house. Of course that's hypothetical. I ain't thinking of getting married."—New York Telegram.

## The Author of "Maria."

Jorge Isaacs, the author of "Maria," is of mixed race—the son of an English Jew married to a woman of Spanish blood. He was born at Cali, in the beautiful vale of Cauca, where he has laid the scene of his story. Early in life he lost his father and mother by death, and since then has found a home in Bogota, the Colombian capital. His first work, a small volume of verses, was enthusiastically received by the Bogotans, and in 1887, when still a young man, he published "Maria," which has come to be considered in South America as the most original and characteristic work yet produced in Spanish-American literature.—Harper's Weekly.

Philip Dieffenwerth was wounded by a sting ray at Clear Water harbor. He was on the bay after fish, and, catching this one, pulled it into the boat and proceeded to cut out the harpoon. While doing so the ray struck him in the arm and also in the foot; the latter being a most painful wound. For some time his suffering was intense, almost producing spasms, until finally the wound was smoked with burning wool and sugar, when relief was experienced in a few minutes.

Politeness costs very little, and it pays in the end. We are always ready to assist the person who is considerate, while the other, who is thoughtful only for himself, antagonizes us at once.

## Love's Disguises.

The anxiety of newly married couples to appear "like old married folks" is proverbial. When ex-Secretary of the Navy Whitney, then a promising young attorney, was united in marriage to Miss Flora Payne they started from Cleveland on their wedding trip firmly resolved to appear as if they had been married for years. "Now if I appear a little cold," said Mr. Whitney to his bride, "remember I am only acting my part." When the train reached Ashtabula a verdant couple, showing beyond all doubt that they had just come from the altar, came into the car where Mr. and Mrs. Whitney were seated. "Why, anybody could tell that that couple had just been married," said Mr. Whitney. "Just look at the man's bumps, the woman's flowers and all that."

"Nobody would doubt that they are bride and groom. Their dress shows that to anybody, but I don't believe we look quite so green." After a few hours the train stopped at a station, and Mr. Whitney left the car for a few moments to smoke a cigar. As he paced up and down the platform enjoying his Havana the Ashtabula groom stepped up and asked Mr. Whitney for a light. The Ashtabula stogie was hardly lighted when the man who was puffing it, showing a disposition to be friendly, remarked to Mr. Whitney, "Well, partner, I guess we're in the same boat." Mr. Whitney was disgusted. He returned to the car and explained to Mrs. Whitney, "Flora, it's no use. Even that greenhorn from Ashtabula has spotted us."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

## Effect of Hair Dye.

I was talking with a friend whose hair and whiskers are almost snow white at 45. "You may not believe it," said he, "but I was fool enough to dye my hair for ten years. I began to get gray at nineteen years of age. I went to the druggist, and he mixed me up a hair dye, with sugar of lead and sulphur and other ingredients, which I began to use. I went into the army and held a commission, and wherever I went I was vain enough to carry that hair dye. I would put aside necessary articles from my luggage in order to carry that dye with me."

"After the war I bought a plantation, and down there among the negroes and the alligators I was just as particular to use my hair dye daily as if I was going to a ball among fashionable people. I came to New York and went into business. One morning a friend from outside the city met me on Broadway. 'I want to go to Beaver street,' said he. 'I couldn't tell him where Beaver street was. I took him to my office, right past Beaver street, and sent him to his destination by the office boy. Then I got a cab and drove to a physician, to whom I related my loss of memory. He looked me over and said it was the hair dye, and that unless I quit using it I would have softening of the brain. Well, I quit, and now I wonder at myself when I think what a foolish man I was during those years.'—New York Press.

## H. S. Holmes & Co.

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Men's Pants, Overalls, Flannel

Shirts, Summer Underwear,

Straw Hats, etc., at reduced

prices. We have too many

goods, and propose to turn

them into cash, if prices will

do it. **COME AND SEE.**

Respectfully.

**H. S. HOLMES & CO.**

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

No short weights.

## TRY THE STANDARD COFFEE

### 25 CTS.



# THE CHELSEA STANDARD.

WM. EMMERT, Publisher.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN

THE largest sheep ranch in the world is in the counties of Webb and Dimmet, in Texas. It contains upward of 400,000 acres and yearly pastures 800,000 sheep.

Our Nevada telegraph poles in low places, where water stands in winter, are said to have taken root and are covered with foliage. The poles are cottonwood and were planted with the bark on them.

It will take from ten to fifteen years for the Government to complete the history of the war. While each volume costs nominally \$9,000, it is said the real cost will be not less than \$33,000 per volume.

It is said that there are thirty-five kinds of granite in Maine, each of which possesses distinctive characteristics readily recognized by workmen acquainted with monumental and building stones. There are all shades of what are termed white granite, the most beautiful of which is the Hallowell, together with the red granite of Red Beach, and the black granite of Addison.

An English officer who recently traveled on the public service says that he sent in his account of traveling expenses the entry, "Porter, 1 shilling." His accounts were returned, with the remark that porter could not be allowed, but that if the entry were intended for the conveyance of luggage it should be noted as portage. The alteration was duly made, and a query added as to whether a cab should not be entered as "cabbage." The reply was that "correspondence on this subject must cease."

THE town of Wesley, Washington County, Maine, is especially noted for the great number of deer and bears killed within its borders, and its male population includes many mighty hunters. Chief among these is an old fellow known as Uncle Gideon, who has slain no fewer than 225 bears in twenty-five years. Uncle Gideon keeps tally of all the bears he kills now, but says he has no account of those he slaughtered previous to 1865. This spring he has gathered in three, an old she bear and her two cubs.

THE houses of ancient Rome, previous to the war of Pyrrhus, were covered with boards, but afterward with tiles; and according to Vitruvius and from what remains of ancient monuments these must have been of a large size, not less than two feet broad. Seneca speaks of a garret covered with a single tile. In the war against Marc Antony the senators were taxed at the rate of ten asses (about twenty-five cents) for every tile on their roof; hence it was, of course, desirable to have tiles of as large dimensions as possible, thus reducing the amount of the taxes.

An enterprising firm of spinners in Dundee, Scotland, have hit upon a capital plan of bringing their workers up to time at six o'clock in the morning. The defaulters were principally women, and the firm, knowing the weakness of the fair sex, offered a bribe of a cup of warm tea to every one who presented herself at the proper hour. Even during the cold mornings the experiment worked splendidly and the firm have now no cause of complaint. The fame of the tea has reached other works in the city, and a large company of women workers at one of the factories in the West End struck work in consequence of the refusal of their employers to follow the good example.

EVERYBODY knows what a picnic is, but most folk would find it hard to say how it got that name, and yet it is simple enough when you come to learn it. When a picnic was being arranged for, the custom originally was that those who intended to be present should supply the eatables and drinkables. A list of these necessities having been drawn up it was passed round and each person picked out what he or she was willing to furnish, and the name of the article was picked, or ticked off the list. The open-air entertainment thus became known as a "pick and nick." The custom is said to date from 1802, so that the picnic is wholly an institution of the nineteenth century.

THOUSANDS of Southern negroes wear the cast-off clothing of New Yorkers. Such clothing is bought for little or nothing by peddlers, who sell it to wholesalers in the central European quarter. The wholesalers clean, patch and press the garments, arrange them according to size in dozens and await the Southern merchants. The

latter come from Washington, Richmond, Charleston, Mobile and half a dozen other considerable cities and buy as best they may. The wholesalers sell on ninety days credit, and if one merchant does not offer fair prices they await the coming of others. Nobody's profits are extraordinarily large, but those of the Southern retailer are probably the best.

Is an address to 276 fair young women who graduated from the Normal College in New York, General Sherman told them not to be in a hurry to marry, but when they did to pick out a manly fellow and be a womanly woman, not trying to usurp the rights of man. He also remarked: "The happiest life is the one that involves labor. You must have some object in life. Eight hours a day is a good day's labor, and if while you work you do something good for mankind, you will be better satisfied than if you had idly stretched yourself and read French novels. Labor in America is honorable. It is better to keep the streets or train blackberry bushes than go around begging money from your friends."

GEORGE VANDERBILT is the most extraordinary member of the family in some respects. Frederick and William K. bear a very strong resemblance in their manner and appearance to Mrs. Vanderbilt, and Cornelius has many of the sturdy and business-like qualities of his late father. The facial resemblance of the daughters of William H. Vanderbilt to the defunct millionaire is notable. It may be said in a general way that all of the children have Vanderbilt traits except the one that has gone far to the South to build himself an isolated home. George Vanderbilt is a stranger in his native town. Despite his enormous wealth, assured social position, and winning nature, he is not known generally in business, club and social life. The booksellers are acquainted with him, and so are the men who deal in bric-a-brac, but he is personally strange even to men who make it a point to know New Yorkers.

THE utility of wire rope transmission has become widely recognized, says a writer in *Modern Miller*. Not only among the rugged hills and mountains of the East and far West where streams go rushing down through caverns and rocky steps, where no locations for mills or factories are afforded is this means of transmission of precious power appreciated, but it is so convenient to use that we find on the prairies of the West mills being operated at a long distance from water powers by the wire rope. A few days ago, on a trip through Nebraska, we noticed a rope stretching for nearly a mile from a water power to a mill that had recently been built adjoining a railroad, the owners finding it much more to their advantage to have it there, with the switching privileges afforded, than at the dam. The expense of hauling the flour which is thus saved to them will very soon pay for the system of power transmission.

PROFESSOR ELIHU THOMPSON, in speaking on "The Problems of the Future," says: "In the near future railways will be run by electricity; not the small roads, I mean, but really the large ones connecting cities, and there is no reason why we should not expect higher speed than we can attain at present with our steam locomotives. There we have reciprocating parts that must be put in motion, stopped and reversed continually, while in the electric locomotive we have the simple rotary motion, which makes it possible accordingly to run at a much higher rate of speed. Although the steam locomotive has been very much improved, yet it can hardly compare with the economy of stationary engines, placed where they can have an abundant water supply for condensing purposes. We can, therefore, by employing stationary engines and electric roads, do away with a great deal of unnecessary weight, and the moving parts being symmetrical, we can attain a much higher speed—say a hundred miles an hour. This would be a grand step forward, which would save us a great deal of time. It might even be possible to reach a speed of 150 miles an hour; it simply depends upon finding the method of applying sufficient power, and building the locomotives to suit, arrangements being adopted to keep the cars on the track."

Be Wished to Glance Over It.  
Newsdealer—Have you read that celebrated novel, "The Darker Side," Mr. Goodman.

Mr. G.—Yes—er—that is to say, I have glanced over it. Abominable stuff! Ought not to be allowed in the hands of Christian people.  
"I presume you have read the sequel to that novel, also."  
(Eagerly)—"Sequel? No; I didn't know there was any. Let me have a copy, please, (fifty cents, you say?) I wish to glance over it."

## DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

### HOUSEHOLD AND AGRICULTURAL TOPICS DISCUSSED.

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

#### Timber for Farm Use.

About this time of the year we hear that the month of July, or the summer months, is the proper time for cutting timber to last well, and to do the most service. Now, my experience, covering more than thirty years of cutting large quantities of all the varieties of wood and timber, has proved that the spring and summer months are the poorest of the year for cutting timber to last. Other operators of experience in my neighborhood have avoided cutting ship timber and other hard wood timbers as much as possible during the spring and summer months. They have considered December and January to be the best months for cutting, although experience proves that October, November, and February will answer very well. Timber should always be cut while in a dormant state, both for wood and for manufacturing purposes.

This has been proved by cutting hard wood and timber and allowing the same to lay over for a year or two. I have always found the summer-cut timber to decay much the quicker of the two.

Farmers would find it to their advantage to cut their fencing stuff and draw it in early winter to the place where wanted. Their teams are strong and can draw more at that season of the year than in the hot days of spring. Again, by this method they will have better material, and also hasten their spring work.

There is a popular belief that posts set top down will last longer than when set butt down. Such is not the fact. Both the butts and tops of the trees are the poorest to last in the ground. The former is open-grained and spongy, while the latter is the last grown and the most sappy, hence quickest to decay. To prove this, set the first post butt down and the second post top down. The first post will rot in the ground first, but with the second the upper end will rot first.

The proper way is to cut off two or three feet of the butt, and then set the posts butt down, or else set the first cut with the top down and the rest butt down. When cutting small trees for fence stakes, I set the first cut top into the ground, and find they last longer than any other way.

Some scientists claim that if posts are set butt down that the sap cells will be brought into action, and supply the posts with moisture. This argument does not convince me, for I can hardly believe that a section of a dead tree, without root or branch, can perform the functions of a live tree.

In order to prove the truth and fallacy of the above, I set oak and pine posts after they were perfectly seasoned. When they had been set several years I bored them late in the fall, after the rainy season was over, also in the spring, near the ground, and midway above the ground, always finding them dry. All who have post fences to maintain should have their posts cut at the time herein described, and season them thoroughly before setting. My experience for many years shows me that posts cut and set in a green state never season or dry through; and the first change is towards decay.—Joseph Barnard, in *American Cultivator*.

#### Agricultural Items.

SOAPSTUDS should be added to the manure heap. Never waste such. Later in the season suds may be applied to asparagus and celery with advantage.

MANURE that is "fire-fanging" (as it will sometimes do when the heap is very large) should be turned over, as the heating process, if allowed to continue, may cause a loss of ammonia.

THERE is not one crop grown that requires hilling up if it is grown in the right manner. Level cultivation is best for all; while deep planting provides depth of soil without the injurious piling up of the soil in ridges.

THE crops grown should be in accordance with the demand of your nearest market, but this rule does not apply where articles can be shipped to other points at a low cost. The markets should be carefully observed and prices noted.

PROFESSOR STORER says that many farmers in New England have found that mixtures of bone meal and wood ashes serve them an excellent purpose when used as substitutes for barn-yard manure. On good land apply 600 pounds of bone meal and twenty bushels of unleached ashes.

ALL plants and trees consume water in large quantities. Sir John Lawes discovered that an acre of barley will take 1,094 tons of water in two days. Trees and plants are composed more largely of water than any other substance. The branch of a tree will lose nine-tenths of its weight by drying.

A GALLON of coal tar costs very little, but it is very useful to have around the farm. It makes an excellent grease for wooden axles; a little of it rubbed on a rough wheel in which salt is given to the sheep, will preserve them from the gadfly which lays its eggs in the sheep's noses and causes "grub in the head;" a little of it stirred with fresh cow dung and applied to young apple trees will repel the hateful borer and deter rabbits from eating the bark.

#### THE DAIRY.

Points on Cheese Making.

On the farm the character of the crops raised is largely gaged by the efficiency of the utensils and tools used in their cultivation. When we regard cheese making the same rule holds good. To produce marketable stock at a profit to the manufacturer the plant must be judiciously and conveniently equipped. Coming from the West some years ago, and visiting a number of factories in central New York, I was surprised to find the meagre and primitive equipment of many of them. I found old copper-boiler vats in use that had seen service over twenty-five years, and they were so patched and soldered and rust eaten that heat could be generated in them only with difficulty. Evidence of two decades ago still linger in many

cheese factories hereabout, and the only way improved utensils creep in is by the collapse of time-worn tools, it having then reached a point of actual necessity.

Factory owners should possess a full complement of modern improved cheese utensils, but in many cases does there exist encouragement for them to do it? A man who controls a score of factories can in the face of the present low prices for manufacture still glean a liberal income in the aggregate. With the manufacture who is his own proprietor and makes the case is radically different. What with old established factories, new creameries and milk-shipping depots competition is very strong, and a premium is often paid on individual dairies merely to secure their milk for manufacture.

I am personally cognizant of one case where a far larger amount is paid for the patronage of one dairy than the manufacturer could secure back again by making up the milk. In other words, the dairyman gets his milk manufactured for nothing, and receives a handsome present besides. This may be an extreme instance, but it illustrates how far rivalry and under-cutting will carry some men. There are, however, a class of manufacturers who are seriously affected by such a procedure. Their means are limited, and their factories are their sole business dependence. Cheese and butter-making is their profession, and their plants are their breadwinners. They cannot afford to make gifts to neighboring dairymen, in order to retain their patronage, and so more wealthy competitors distribute boodle, and carry off the spoils. I know of men this season who must be running their factories at a loss in consequence of this unequal contest. They must soon succumb to the pressure, and seek other business.

As to the best cheese tools, heat by steam, a boiler, if not an engine, is indispensable. Do not use one big vat, but rather two of medium capacity. I detest these great 600 and 700-gallon vats. Such a mass of milk as they will hold one cannot make up to advantage. From 300 to 400 gallons is a good capacity for a cheese vat. Have siphons of the largest size, so that you can draw off the whey with great speed, and secure the advantage of acid development in a dry rather than a wet curd. Many a day's make of cheese is spoiled by the slow escapement of whey from the curd. If you do not use power from an engine, use a double-gear curd milk mill that will run easily by hand. These old balance wheel mills are heavy, clumsy, and regular man killers when it comes to crank turning.

There is quite a knack in properly filling a hoop with curd so that it will yield a symmetrical cheese. The curd should be pressed in firmly with the hands, not left loose as it falls from the scoop. This stretches the bandage out to its full capacity, and the after-pressure of the screw will not rupture the cloth skin. The best rind is obtained by pressing the cheese when the curd is warm, which is also the time when the whey should be extracted. Aim by every possible effort to make uniform cheese, so that the product of one day cannot be distinguished from the make of another. This is conclusive evidence of a good cheese maker.—George E. Newell, in *American Cultivator*.

#### THE POULTRY-YARD.

##### Profit in Poultry.

It is by no means difficult to make a profit of \$2 to \$5 per head from a flock of well selected poultry by good management, writes Henry Stewart, of Macon County, N. C., to the *Practical Farmer*. Eight dozen eggs and a brood of ten chicks reared to the age of 4 months, will do this in any locality near a market where fresh eggs and good chickens are salable. At 15 cents per dozen for the eggs, \$1.20 will be made and this will pay all expenses for food. Sixty pounds of meat at 12 cents per pound comes to \$7.20, and this is a quite possible income where there is a market, and has been made by a good many persons without any unusual expense. The main point is, to save all the young chicks and get as many in a brood as possible. An average of ten chicks to a brood is easily made by having suitable arrangements. Early chicks are the most profitable, and to have these requires a little extra warmth at first. A separate apartment for the setting hens is indispensable, and this may be made at the southeast end of the poultry house, and provided with double hotbed sash on the east and south sides; the other sides and the roof being made tight by means of tarred paper lining. Here the portable nests are carried when the hens begin to brood. These nests are made of boxes sixteen inches each way, covered and open only in the front, where a bar four inches wide is fixed across at the bottom, so that the hen may step easily into her nest. A barred door is fixed to the top in the front which may be let down and fastened. These nests are used for the laying hens and are moved with the hen to the glazed room when required. The nest boxes are opened every morning and the hens let out for food and water put in the house. In thirty minutes the hens are put back on their nests if they have not gone on them, and the doors are let down. As soon as the chicks begin to appear, the first are taken from the hen and put into a brooder to be kept warm until the others are out of the shells. The brooder is a box the same size as the nests with a glass door in the front. A slatted shelf is fitted across the middle on which a folded newspaper is laid. Under this is a tin box to hold hot water, by which the heat is kept at 80 or 90 degrees. All a young chick wants for twenty-four or thirty-six hours after hatching is warmth, which makes it strong and lively. A supply of food and water is given to the chicks while they are in the brooder. The nest boxes may be used for coops and when the whole brood is out they are put under the hen at night and then left to her care. The floor of the brooding house is kept clean and sanded, and the chicks run there and feed until strong enough to put out of doors in larger coops. In this way an average of ten chicks per hen has been raised from a flock of over fifty hens and \$7 per hen has been made above all expenses. This is a business which can be left to the young folks of the farm who should have one-half the profit for themselves, to be disposed of as they please. The

profit of the hens is by no means most valuable. Under good domestic training the young people may be taught habits of industry, regularity, economy and thrift, and in a few pleasant sum of money, which will nest egg for their own future success in life.

#### THE HOUSEHOLD.

##### Too Much Shade.

Houses in places otherwise untenable are often so closely overlaid with trees as to be in a state of humidity by preventing a free circulation of the sun's rays. Trees growing against the walls of houses, and shrubs in the shaded places near dwellings, are injurious, also, as favoring humidity; at a proper distance, on the other hand, trees are favorable to health. On this principle says Dr. James Clark, it may be understood how the inhabitants of one house suffer from rheumatism, headache, peevishness, nervous affections, and other consequences of living in a confined humid atmosphere, while their neighbors, whose houses are otherwise situated, enjoy good health; and how one side of a large building, exposed to the sun and to a free circulation of air, may be healthy, while the other side, overlooking damp, shaded courts or gardens, is unhealthy. Humid conditions, subject to alternations of temperature between day and night, are the most dangerous to all the physical qualities of the air and humidity in general is the most injurious to human life. Dryness, with free circulation of air, and a full exposure to the sun, are the material things to be attended to in choosing a residence.—*Medical Classics*.

##### The Prevention of Sunstroke.

The following hints for the prevention of sunstroke are given by Dr. Edwin C. Mann, of New York City, in an article upon this subject in one of the medical journals: "To avoid sunstroke exercise in excessively hot weather should be very moderate; the clothing should be thin and loose, and an abundance of cold water should be drunk. Workmen and soldiers should understand that as soon as they cease to perspire while working or marching in the hot sun, they are in danger of sunstroke and they should immediately and freely and copiously, to afford material for cutaneous transpiration; keep the skin and clothing wet with water. Pending sunstroke may often be ward off by these simple measures. Besides the cessation of perspiration, the patient are apt to be contracted and there is a frequency of micturition. If there is marked exhaustion with a weak pulse resulting from the cold water application, we should administer stimulants. The free use of water, however, both externally and internally, by those exposed to the direct rays of the sun, the best prophylactic against sunstroke and laborers and soldiers and others who adopt this measure, washing the hands and faces as well as drinking copiously of water every time they come within reach of it, will generally ensure perfect immunity from sunstroke. Straw hats should be worn, ventilated at the top, and the crown of the hat filled with green leaves or wet sponge. It is better to wear thin flannel shirts in order not to check perspiration. We may expose ourselves for a long time in the hot sun and work or sleep in heated room and enjoy perfect immunity from sunstroke if we keep our skin and clothing wet with water."

##### Hints to Housekeepers.

WHITE sheepskin rugs, when soiled may be cleaned by scrubbing with soap and water. Afterwards dry thoroughly in the sun.

FASTEN one of the cheap, three-foot towel racks securely to the kitchen wall near the stove, and it will serve to hang your jelly-bag, which should be provided with four loops of strong tape, in place of the usual strings. Slip the loops opposite each other on the outside arms of the rack, and the alternate one on the middle arm. You will find it far more convenient than tying the bag to the back or legs of chairs.

TO WASH dishes quickly: Dishpan nearly full hot water, and a white cloth spread a large, thick towel over the table at one side. Wash dishes quickly and turn upon the towel to drain. Dr. knives, forks and spoons, wash and spread wiping towel over the dishes and leave them. After a while you may set them away if you like, for if the water was warm and clean, they will be dry and shining.

#### THE KITCHEN.

##### Cream Cookies.

One cup of maple sugar, one cup soft cream, one teaspoonful of soda, a little nutmeg, one teaspoonful caraway and flour to make a stiff batter; roll thin and cut; bake in a quick oven.

##### Apple Fritters.

Make a batter of one pint of milk, two eggs and flour enough not to make too stiff; add four tart apples chopped fine; fry in lard, and serve with powdered sugar sprinkled over them.

##### Potato Soup.

Four large potatoes, one onion; boil in two quarts of water until soft. Press through a sieve, and add one pint of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of butter, a little salt and pepper. Let it boil up and serve.

##### Baked Fish Without Dressing.

Lay a bluefish flat in the baking pan, pouring a half-cup of milk over it as it has begun to cook. Baste it occasionally with cold milk. Encircle it with pared potatoes after it has been in the oven half an hour, and put a few drops on each potato to keep them from getting too crisp. If you are sufficiently fortunate to have a cup, or even half a cup, of sweet cream to use about one-half hour before it is done, the flavor will be wonderfully improved. Have ready some milk and a spoonful of flour, and make your "sauce" in the pan after taking out the fish and potatoes; the fish juice will flavor the gravy generally. Remember always the general rule for salting just before serving, particularly in all cases of milk. Seasoning of thyme, marjoram, summer savory, sage or parsley can be added to all recipes at the will of the cook.



# THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

WAVE MEN WHO MET UPON THE  
FIELD OF BATTLE.

Interesting Stories of the Rebellion—Old  
Soldiers and Sailors Recite Interesting  
Reminiscences of Life in Camp and on  
the Field.

WAR, LOVE, AND HATE.

A Story of Early Rebellion Days.

BY COL. ALEX. DUKE BAILIE.

KANSAS, 1859.  
Near the borders  
of that vexed State  
—joint owners in a  
large farm inher-  
ited from their  
parents—lived  
Mark and Will  
Foster.

Mark, the eld-  
est, a strong-wil-  
led, quiet, large-  
scale man, and  
Will, dark, slight,  
nervous and pas-  
sionate; but closer  
in bonds of love  
than even brother-  
hood could bind  
them were these  
two, and their per-  
sonal affection was known and quoted  
in the country around.

But when pretty Annie Davis re-  
turned from a distant school to brighten  
her father's home, four miles west of  
Foster place, there was trouble.  
The brothers after a little time were  
together no more. Mark's face  
was a worried look, and Will's was  
a thunder-cloud, with deadly  
lightning hidden behind it.

Then Will disappeared. A few  
weeks later Mark and Annie Davis  
were married, and the man, in his  
new-found happiness, seemed not to  
regret the one so necessary to  
him. When asked of the whereabouts  
of Will, he would reply, shortly: "Gone  
to the South."

Five years more, and then came the  
war. Among the first to volun-  
teer in his State was Mark Foster.  
He was a man strong in his convic-  
tion, firm in the discharge of what he  
considered his duty, and he believed  
that he was called upon to aid as best he  
could in preserving the Union. He  
listened to serve his country.

Will had drifted to the South, where  
his hot, nervous temperament found  
a congenial company. His heart and  
soul were filled with bitter, jealous  
dread of the brother he fondly loved,  
and against the girl whom he had  
pledged to win as his bride. He  
hadly embraced the cause of seces-  
sion, and threw himself into it with all  
the ardor of his impetuous nature.

He knew Mark would be among the  
men who fought under the stars and  
stripes; in the hot excitement of war  
there was forgetfulness; in battling  
against the North, he was likely to  
forget the brother he was so revenge-  
fully angered against; and he prayed  
that he might be brought face to  
face in strife.

The boy, for he was little more, soon  
made a name and fame among his Con-  
federate companions by his reckless  
courage, but the same turbid blood that  
flooded him such reputation also unfitted  
him for the restraints of discipline.  
A passion roused by some real or  
imagined insult he killed the Colonel of  
a regiment and was forced to desert  
from the regularly organized and reor-  
ganized troops of the South to escape  
the consequences of his deed.

Blended more reckless than ever,  
he joined one of those guerrilla bands,  
prevalent outlaws by both armies,  
plundered by both governments, that  
desecrated the border lines between the  
free and slave States. Here his wild  
nature found free vent, habit soon ac-  
customed him to deeds from which he  
could have formerly recoiled with hor-  
ror, and his utter disregard of his own  
other life quickly raised him to sec-  
ond in command of the large band of  
thieves with which he had become  
connected.

It was in the fall of 1863 when this  
band of two hundred and more villains  
plundered the Kansas line, plundering  
murdering as they rode. Will  
Foster or near the soil once owned by  
his father, from which he had made  
himself a voluntary exile. Careful  
of the scouts of the party re-  
sented the fact that Mark, now a  
major in the United States Volunteers,  
was at the old homestead, prostrated  
by wounds and sick night unto death.  
His news was sweet to Will's ears  
as love-song to a willing  
sinner.

He sought his chief, and asked that  
he might pick his men and make a  
raid that promised not only large  
booty but also the capture of a Yankee  
leader, whose influence in that neigh-  
borhood was unlimited. Of course,  
the request was granted. Captain  
Thaxton (by that name only was Will  
known among this lawless band) never  
made mistakes, never had any foolish  
ideas about taking life or looting  
unnecessarily; he was a most valuable,  
highly esteemed land pirate, and per-  
son was given him to carry out his  
raids at his own will.

With twenty of the most desperate  
men of the command, this man started  
on his way to work terrible vengeance  
on the brother who had, he thought,  
ruined his life, and he gloated in an-  
ticipation over his coming sweet re-  
venge. A long, hard ride brought the  
band, a little after midnight, upon the  
farm, the home of his happy youth.  
An alarm was raised by the dogs.  
Will, disposing his men so as to  
command every means of exit, the Cap-

tain ordered a sergeant to summon the  
Yankee officer to appear. Roughly the  
demand was made, but those within  
the house, though evidently awakened  
and alarmed, made no reply. Will  
could not invade the home of his par-  
ents and kill his brother in cold blood,  
upon his hearthstone; he was not cal-  
loused sufficiently for that as yet. But  
on Mark's death he was re-olved.

Again the sergeant voiced his or-  
ders:  
"Bring out that Yankee, or we will  
burn you up like rats in a corn-crib!"  
Still no answer.

Then straw and other inflammable  
material was gathered and piled against  
the corners of the old sun-dried house,  
and to these heaps a light was  
touched.

Slowly at first, then more rapidly,  
the flames began to creep in and out  
amidst the brush and old timber, then  
to lick their red tongues against the  
outer framework of the structure. A  
frightened man and two women rushed  
from a back door and sought shelter in  
the slight undergrowth beyond. These  
Will knew to be servants, and gave or-  
ders to allow them to escape. Then he  
hugged himself and chuckled as the  
wind fanned the fire and the charred  
wood began to glow.

Suddenly the door of the house  
opened and a woman, in hastily cast-  
on garments of white, with hair un-  
bound and agony in every feature and  
action, rushed into the open. In her  
arms she carried an infant, and as she  
gazed wildly about, dazed by the fire-  
light and her misery, the big sergeant



"FETCH OUT YOUR YANKEE, OR IN GOES THE CUB."

swooped down upon her as a wolf up-  
on the sheep-fold, and snatched the  
little one from her breast.

With a terrible cry of terror she  
sprang towards the human brute, and  
he, grasping her slight form with one  
great hand, easily held her at arm's  
length, while with the other he raised  
the child high above his head and held  
it there.

The refuse heaps were roaring fur-  
naces now.

"Bring out that Yankee, or tell us  
where you have him hid," he yelled,  
with fearful oaths. "or into the fire,  
like a blind puppy, goes your brat."

"I cannot, cannot tell you," gasped  
the poor mother, helpless in her agony.  
"Kill me, burn me, but do not harm  
my baby!"

With a brutal laugh the giant ruffian  
swung the child about over his head.

"Fetch out your Yankee, or in goes  
the cub," he yelled, while mother and  
infant wailed, as it were, a death-song.

Out of the darkness beyond stepped  
one whose sheathed saber clanked  
along the ground, whose dress, even  
though irregular, and whose bearing  
showed that he was in command.

"Give the woman her child," he or-  
dered.

The babe was reluctantly lowered  
until within reach of the mother's  
spring to seize it. She wrapped her-  
self about it as a protecting mantle,  
then turned to seek the power that had  
interfered in their behalf.

The light of the flames fell upon the  
hard, set face of Will Foster.

She knew him instantly, and her  
heart froze within her. But time was  
precious—was life or death. She must  
make her appeal quickly.

She went and knelt down before  
the stone man, who stood there,  
statue-like, watching his murderous  
agents at their work. She laid the  
little baby at his feet.

"Will," she said, so low that none  
but he could hear. "Will, is it you  
who can do this deed? You loved  
Mark once; you loved me, too, and  
maybe I did not let you know the  
truth so soon as I ought; that it was  
Mark, and him only, that I ever loved.  
But I never meant to coquet with  
you. Remember, I was only a young,  
foolish girl and thoughtless. I never  
meant to ruin your life, to drive you  
to this."

The man stood rigid and speechless.  
"Mark is in there, Will," she hurried  
on; "in your mother's room, the room  
you saw her die in, Will. He is there,  
powerless to move, dying, or dead now.  
One moment of this agony is full re-  
venge for all the ill I ever did you. If  
you let him perish, finish your work,  
do it well, kill me and kill my baby,  
Mark's boy. I will not live without  
my husband!"

And she clutched her child, rose  
from the ground, and faced him like  
—like a noble, true woman.

Then was the time that the devil  
pulled hard and Will Foster's heart  
and hate kept whispering to his soul,  
"Revenge! Revenge!" while the fires  
roared and swirled around as they ate  
into the frame of the house.

Seconds of time were hours then.  
Suddenly the man shook himself as if  
to cast off some load; then hurried to  
where his men stood in a group, quiet  
now, aching for some resistance.

"Sergeant," he said, "this light will  
attract attention and may bring a force  
upon us. Take all the men and place  
pickets well out in every direction  
until the fire burns out, then reassem-  
ble and go back. I can finish this  
work and will join you in camp. You  
will lose no share by this."

He went back to the woman.  
"Where is—is he?" He could not  
force his tongue to utter his brother's  
name.

The tone of his voice was not harsh,  
yet she looked up in terror and halt-  
ingly replied: "I told you, in your  
mother's room. But what are you  
going to do, Will? You cannot, dare  
not harm him. Oh, Will! kill me and  
save Mark!"

"Stay here!" was all he said, and she  
saw him plunge through a curtain of  
smoke and sheet of flame into the  
house.

Soon he emerged, staggering under  
what was apparently a great mass or  
roll of blankets. He tottered forward  
with the huge burden, laid it in a place  
of safety, and fell, panting and ex-  
hausted, on the ground beside it.

The woman rushed to and fore open  
the blankets; the man inside them was  
uninjured by fire and alive. She  
kissed him and cared for him, then  
laid the baby by his side and carefully  
covered both. Then she turned to the  
man who had come to kill—and stayed  
to save. His clothing was burning,  
his hair was gone, his face, neck and  
hands a fast accumulating mass of  
blisters, and he rolled in agony upon  
the ground.

She ran to the well and drew water,  
then back to the man and gave him  
drink and killed the fire from his cloth-  
ing, and tore her garments into strips  
to put cooling bandages upon his  
roasted flesh, and cried over him and  
gave to him mingled words of praise  
and thanks and blame and pity and  
sorrow.

The servants came creeping back,  
the Captain sent them for his horse,  
tied not far away; upon it they put  
helpless Mark, and, holding him there,  
the wife and brother upon either side,  
they slowly made their way to the  
nearest house, that of Annie's father.

At that door they stopped. Will  
stood by the side of his horse as they  
carried his brother in. The young  
wife and mother turned her eyes to  
him; her look added eloquence to her  
tones and words.

"Will, dear, come back to us."

"Too late, Annie—too late—ask  
Mark to forgive me. Good-by—  
you'll never see me again, Annie—  
Annie, can you, will you—kiss me?"

Her arms were about his neck; she  
gave him the pure kiss of a loving sis-  
ter—of a woman whose heart remem-  
bered only his deeds for good.

The next morning, pale, bandaged  
and limping he reported to his com-  
manding officer at the deserted farm-  
house which was their rendezvous.

"I settled that matter and all old  
scores, finally and well, last night,"  
he said. Then he handed out a great  
roll of United States money. "Give  
that out amongst those who were with  
me."

"All right. I imagined it was rather  
a private affair of your own, so I didn't  
ask questions. This will well satisfy  
the boys. But why don't you hand it  
out?"

"I'd rather leave that to you," was  
the reply. "I have still something to



"SHE GAVE HIM THE PURE KISS OF A LOVING SISTER."

do, and— We had a traitor with us;  
what for him?"

"Death! You know it well; why  
ask one such a question?"

"I will see that he receives his de-  
serts at once," said the Captain, and  
he went out.

An hour later there was a call for  
Captain Thaxton; some special devel-  
opment of their duty required his skill  
and courage.

They sought him in the rude shelter  
he had made apart from the others, as  
was his custom always.

They found him.  
Dead, a bullet through his temples,  
a pistol by his side, on his breast a  
card bearing these words: "A double  
traitor pays the penalty."

An Ill Feeling.

Sawdoff—Yes, I have a profound re-  
spect and admiration for our old fam-  
ily doctor. He has proved himself our  
friend.

Sawdoff—Still you must admit that  
you have an ill feeling when he calls.  
—Chicago Ledger.

Look not mournfully into the past.  
It comes not back again. Wisely im-  
prove the present. It is thine. Go  
forth to meet the shadowy future, with-  
out fear and with a manly heart.  
—Longfellow.

An Awful Calmity.  
A number of Kentuckians that were  
engaged in working on the county road,  
had sat down in the shade to rest, when  
a man came along and asked the way to  
Dorch's mill.

"Wall," said the road overseer, "ef  
you go down this'er way (pointing) fur  
enough, and then go down that'er way  
fur enough (again pointing) you will git  
thar all right."

"Yes, but how far will be far  
enough?"

"Oh, about two sights an' a half."

"How far do you call a sight?"

"As fur down the road as you can  
see."

"But I can't see very far down this  
way. A hill shuts off the view."

"Yes, but you can see as far as you  
kin, kaint you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Wall, then that's a sight."

"So it's about two sights and a half  
from here?"

"That's whut I lowed."

"How much is half a sight?"

"As fur as you kin see chopped in  
half."

"Ah, you mean—that when I get to  
he last sight, I will find the mill just  
half way of the distance I can see?"

"That's whut I lowed."

"You have a very peculiar way of ex-  
pressing it, but I suppose it's all  
right."

"So do I."

"How many days during the year do  
you have to work the road?"

"Owin' to how much rain we've had,  
sometimes we don't tech it fur a whole  
year, an' then agin we hatter hit it putty  
often. Fellers grumble might'y too,  
when they do hatter tech it. They  
pear to think that all the work they  
do on the road is flung away; an' it is  
mighty nigh the way so fur as they  
air consarned, fur we all ride hoss  
back when we want to go anywhar, an'  
it's only the outsiders that travels on  
wheels. Don't be snatched," he added  
as the man started to ride away.

"Yes, must be moving; have business  
with old man Dorch and am anxious  
to see him."

"Wait a minit an' we'll have a little  
licker. Sent my son Tom over to the  
still house with a jug jest now, an' it's  
putty nigh time he war a gettin' back."

Just then a young fellow dashed up  
on a horse, and calling the overseer,  
cried: "Say, Mr. Deyson, jest now as  
Tom war comin' back frum the still  
house, the hoss flung him an' the  
folks do 'low that he has broke his  
neck."

"Laws a massy!" exclaimed the over-  
seer, "jest lissen to that. Tom dun  
flung, an' I bet a dollar that jug is  
busted all to flinders. Never did have  
so much trouble in my life. Never  
needed licker more than I do right  
now, an' I bet that jug is busted. Pear  
like times gits harder an' harder on a  
honest man every day of the world."

—Arkansas Traveler.

Rotation.

"Julius Cesar was a consul, Napo-  
leon the First was a consul, and I am a  
consul."

This is the way a certain man ex-  
pressed his feelings on receiving from  
the State Department at Washington  
papers stamped with the official seal  
and announcing his appointment as  
United States Consul at a little place  
on the Mediterranean.

Within three or four years it was with  
quite different feelings that he opened  
another official envelope from the State  
Department. A new president had  
been elected, and the letter contained  
the information that a new consul  
would soon appear to take possession of  
the seal, press, flag, coat-of-arms, the  
Revised Statutes, the Statutes at Large,  
Wheatons Digest, and other property  
belonging to the United States.

An anecdote illustrating that it is an  
understood thing by men of all parties  
that once in four years officers who are  
in are to be turned out and fresh men  
put in their places,—the absurd system  
of the "spoils,"—is told by Mr. Horts-  
mann in his "Consular Reminiscences."

After the exciting election of 1876,  
which resulted in the inauguration as  
President of Mr. Hayes, Governor Hen-  
dricks, who had been Mr. Tilden's as-  
sociate on the Democratic ticket, made  
a trip to Europe.

He visited Munich, and Mr. Horts-  
mann, then our consul at that point,  
showed him the "sights" of the city.  
The conversation happened to turn on  
the recent election, and Mr. Hendricks  
jokingly said:

"Oh, well, the thing's over now; at  
any rate, if I had been elected, you see,  
I wouldn't have had the pleasure of be-  
ing in Munich now, and going round  
with you."

"No," replied the consul, "and if you  
had been elected I suppose I should  
not have been here to be showing you  
around." —Youth's Companion.

No Place for Tunnels.

A Scotchman, who had been em-  
ployed nearly all his life in the build-  
ing of railways in the Highlands of  
Scotland, came to the United States in  
his last years and settled in a new  
section on the plains of the far West.  
Soon after his arrival a project came  
up in his new home for the construction  
of a railroad through the district, and  
the Scotchman was applied to as a man  
of experience in such matters.

"Hoot, mon!" said he to the spokes-  
man of the scheme; "ye canna build a  
railway across this kentry!"

"Why not, Mr. Ferguson?"

"Why not?" he repeated with an air  
of settling the whole matter; "why not?"

And dinna ye see the kentry's as flat as  
a flure, and you have naw place what-  
ever to run your tunnels through?"  
—San Francisco Argonaut.

MARRIED men ought to oppose the  
single tax.

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

THOUGHTS WORTHY OF CALM  
REFLECTION.

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

The lesson for Sunday, July 27, may be  
found in Luke 15: 1-10.

INTRODUCTORY.

In this and the next lesson we have  
strong testimony as to the mind of God  
with reference to the lost. This is couched  
for us in three picturesque similitudes—  
the lost sheep, the lost coin, the lost son.  
Farrar suggests that in these three par-  
ables we have pictures of the bewildered  
sinners, the unconscious sinners, the volun-  
tary sinners. This has been called the  
"Lost and Found" chapter. We read here  
Heaven's sentiment toward earth. In the  
first parable there may be described the at-  
titude of Christ to the sinner. He is the  
tender, seeking shepherd. In the second  
parable we can see something of the rela-  
tion of the Holy Spirit, like one brooding  
over and searching after with a light. In  
the third we behold how God, the Father,  
feels toward the sinner, coming out to  
meet him on the way. In all we see how  
true the word is for all the world, God is  
love.

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

Then, rather and (Bible Union) or now  
(devotion). It was in the course of his  
journey toward Jerusalem. —Drew near.  
A peculiar construction of the New Testa-  
ment Greek; the copula being joined with  
the present participle, as in our own En-  
glish.—Publicans. Tax gatherers, a gen-  
erally well-to-do but odious class.—Sin-  
ners. Those who made no pretense to  
piety or position; the outcast.—To hear  
him. Attracted by his utterances.

The Pharisees. The ritualists among the  
Jews. The word probably comes from the  
root meaning cleft. They were the sepa-  
ratists of their day.—Scribes. Lawyers or  
teachers of the law.—Murmured or mut-  
tered, a strong word.—Receiveth. To en-  
tertain or give access to. The same word  
is used by Paul in his commendation of  
Phoebe to the Romans: "That ye receive  
her." (Rom. 16: 2).—Eateth with them. A  
sign of fellowship.

Rejoice with me. The language here be-  
ing almost identical with that at v. 6.

There is joy. In v. 7. The future tense,  
there will be, is used here.—In the pres-  
ence of the angels. Angels participating.  
—One sinner that repenteth. The depen-  
dence of heaven upon earth for the  
provocation of her highest joy.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

Drew near unto him. They could not  
help it. There was something in Christ  
that drew all men unto him, and human  
heart found in him a sympathizing friend.  
All men, young and old, rich and poor, felt  
the wooing of his tender, loving spirit. Ac-  
cording to an old legend there came one  
time to a certain village a stranger who yet  
did not seem a stranger. She went in and  
out with them as though she had been al-  
ways a neighbor and friend. The old  
matrons saw in her one like themselves.  
The young mothers found in her a happy,  
sympathizing companion. Even the maid-  
ens felt toward her as toward one of their  
light-hearted selves. Only a little child  
plucking her by the gown, looked up at last  
and called her Mary. The homage which  
the Catholic lays at the feet of the mother  
we carry to the feet of the Son, who is to  
each of us the chief among ten thousand  
and the one altogether lovely.

This man receiveth sinners. And there  
was something in man that turned Christ  
to him. It was not so much that men were  
drawn to Christ as that Christ was drawn  
to them. "We love him because he first  
loved us." Two men were once speaking  
of their attachment to Jesus. One said he  
hoped to be saved because he had held of  
Christ. But what, said the other, if Satan  
could cut off your hands? "My hope," he  
continued, "is this, that Christ has hold of  
me, and Satan cannot cut my hands off."  
It was Whitefield's parting message to the  
people of England, as they gathered in the  
early morning to hear his farewell sermon  
ere his final embarkation for America:  
"Neither shall any one pluck them out of  
my hand." Those whom he had led into  
the kingdom he could safely leave, since it  
was not he but God who kept them.

Until he find it. If only we could have  
that painstaking, persistent spirit that  
keeps on until it finds. We go seeking  
souls in such a faint-hearted, bungling way,  
no wonder we find but few. "Seek and ye  
shall find" is as true in work for others as  
in our own approach to God. Soul-seeking  
requires tact. He asked me what I was  
doing. I said, "I am evangelizing." He  
said, "Satan cannot cut my hands off."  
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the kingdom he could safely leave, since it  
was not he but God who kept them.

Rejoice with me, for I have found my  
sheep that was lost. The source of true  
joy is doing good to others. There is genu-  
ine philosophy in that joy among the  
angels. All lasting soul-comfort finds its  
genesis close to this point. Mr. Holcombe  
was telling at the Buffalo Christian con-  
vention of a man who, having spent his  
substance in selfish gratification upon  
himself, went to one of the bridges of the  
Chicago River to destroy himself. But,  
said he, I will wait until after dark so that  
no one will see me and try to rescue me.  
As he waited he felt a few ponies in his  
pocket. He thought he might as well give  
them to some one. He met a little child  
and accosted it. The little one said it was  
waiting to see if it couldn't get something  
for its sick mother. He went to see the  
mother and found her sick and hungry. He  
helped her. When he came out of that  
house it was to say, "I have found out how  
to enjoy life." And he gave himself to the  
joy of helping others. Find here the way  
to rejoice with angels. "Are they not all  
ministering spirits?"

Light a candle. There are helps in seek-  
ing. Too often we go to work with our own  
unaided energies and poor blind vision,  
and at best we have little or nothing to  
show for our search. Take God's candle  
with you in your soul-seeking. Carry with  
you, to illuminate the innermost recesses  
of darkened hearts, the light of the word.  
Flash the light of a gospel text into every  
hiding-place. The seer says, "The spirit of  
man is the candle of the Lord." Then use  
the candle ere it has burned itself out. Let  
it burn a little for soul-sav-  
ing. That was  
an impressive word spoken by the gray-  
haired preacher at the association the  
other day to his venerable deacon across  
the pews: "Brother, if you and I are going  
to do anything we must do it now." Every  
one but realized the greatness of the quest  
and the preciousness of the moments, how  
many more souls might be sought and  
found within the next fortnight!

Next Lesson—"The Prodigal son." Luke  
15: 11-24.



CHELSEA STANDARD.  
BY  
WM. EMMERT.

OFFICIAL VILLAGE PAPER.

FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1890.

COUNTY CIRCUMSTANCES.

Carefully Catted, Clipped, Cured—  
Softly Served Subscribers.

Work has commenced on Ann Arbor's street railway.

Washtenaw county has spent \$803.07 for sparrows since January 1, 1890.

Dr. Henry R. Watson, of Saline, died Sunday night. He began practicing there in 1851.

Two students in Jacob Haller's jewelry store, John Graf and Wm. Kress, have just completed two clocks, which they have made from beginning to end.—Register.

Dr. Vaughan, of the U. of M. is said to have discovered the poison which produces cholera infantum and diphtheria.

R. S. Royce, of Ypsilanti, is raising over nine thousand silk worms. He received the eggs from the agricultural college.

The average temperature in June in this city was four degrees warmer than the average for the past twenty-five years.—Argus.

A little son of Mr. Bullock, of Delhi Mills, was drowned in the Huron river last Friday. This makes the fifth person drowned in the Huron river in the last two weeks.

Ann Arbor Tent, K. O. T. M., is now the banner Michigan tent, having won the banner for the largest increase in membership in the last ten months. present membership is 303.

When one stops to think of the number of Ann Arbor young ladies, who are being carried away by young men in search of the best of wives, he may cease to wonder why our population doesn't increase faster.—Argus.

Adrian has not contained a Chinaman for 13 years. A Chinese laundryman was killed in the grand stand disaster of 1877. Since which time the town has been a hoo-doo to that superstitious race.

Last Monday during the severe rain and hail storm the Misses Emma Young and Lillie Schlee who were visiting Miss Nora Shurleff, of Northfield, gathered over a bushel of hailstones with which they made ice cream.—Democrat.

The school house steps are becoming quite a famous resort for a certain set of lads and lasses and the amount of billing and cooing lovey-dovey that takes place there during the 'shank of an evening' is giving rise to the liveliest anticipations.—Dexter Leader.

J. T. Jacobs, who has returned from his official trip in Wisconsin, reports that the negotiations with the Menominee Indians were successful. The Indians consented to the law permitting timber to be cut on their lands on condition that none but Indians should be employed as laborers.—Register.

There is a student in Ann Arbor who claims that his grandfather was one of the six men who took the famous Morgan, of anti-Masonic notoriety, out of his house on the last night he was seen, and that he had heard his grandmother say that she could never get him to tell what had become of Morgan.

During the thunder storm Monday, the signal wire connected with the water tower brought to the city clerk a message written in fire, and the vim attending its deliverance was something wonderful. Not being able to read its intent he thought discretion the better part of valor, and got out of the office with horizontal coat-tails and no mistake. No more of that on his plate, thank you.—Ypsilanti.

Mrs. Pamela Daws, mother of Mrs. C. M. Stark, of N. Main st., died Wednesday aged 81 years. Mrs. Stark telegraphed her husband who has a photograph gallery at South Lyons, but he had just received news of his father's death at Gaines, Mich., where he had gone to attend the funeral which was held on Thursday. Mrs. Daws' funeral will be held today. Two deaths occurring at about the same time in one family is very unusual and very sad.—Democrat.

Why Woman is Man's Best Friend.

First and foremost, woman is man's best friend:

Because she is his mother.

Second, because she is his wife.

Because she is patient with him in illness, endures his fretfulness and mothers' him.

Because she will stick to him through good and evil report, if she loves him.

Because without her he would be rude, rough and ungodly.

Because she teaches him the value of gentle words, of kindly thoughts and of consideration.

Because she can with him endure pain quietly and meet joy gladly.

Because, on her breast, he can shed tears of repentance, and he is never reminded of them afterwards.

Because without her as an incentive he would grow lazy; there would be no good work done, there would be no noble books written, there would be no beautiful pictures painted, there would be no divine strains of melody.

Because she has made for us a beautiful world in which we should be proud to live, and contented to die.

Because—and this is the best reason of all—when the world had reached an unenviable state of wickedness, the blessed task of bringing it a savior for all mankind was given a woman, which was God's way of setting his seal of approval on her who is mother, wife, daughter and sweetheart, and therefore, man's best friend.—Edward W. Bok in Ladies Home Journal.

LEGAL NOTICES.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, 2nd JUDICIAL CIRCUIT, in Chancery.

William Davidson, Frank Davidson, Sarah A. Mins, Rhoda Downer, and Howard Mins, defendants.

James Davidson, deceased, complainant.

Suit pending in the circuit court for the county of Washtenaw, in Chancery. At the court house in the city of Ann Arbor, on the 17th day of July, A. D. 1890, present, J. McKernan, one of the circuit court commissioners in and for the county of Washtenaw.

It is ordered that the said complainant do cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said non-resident defendant at least twenty days before the above time prescribed for his appearance.

PATRICK MCKERNAN, Circuit Court Commissioner in and for Washtenaw county, Mich.

TERRYELL & WILKINSON, Solicitors for complainants.

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CURLETT'S

Thrush, Pinworm Heave Remedy.

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

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

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

TESTIMONIALS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW. The undersigned having been appointed by the probate court of 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 17th day of September, next, at ten o'clock a. m. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims. Dated, August 1st, 1890. SAMUEL GUTHRIE, Prob. Com.

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

Mary Riggs, complainant.

Clara H. Riggs, Defendant.

Chancery W. Riggs, Defendant.

Suit pending in the circuit court for the county of Washtenaw, in Chancery. At Ann Arbor on the 17th day of June, 1890, it is respectfully appearing to this court by affidavit on file that the defendant, Rowena Riggs, is a non-resident of this state and a resident of the state of Ohio, and that the last known place of residence of said defendant is in the village of Chelsea in said county.

It is ordered that the said complainant do cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said non-resident defendant at least twenty days before the above time prescribed for her appearance.

EDWARD D. EBBING, Circuit Judge.

P. D. TAYLOR, Solicitor for Complainant.

Real Estate For Sale.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss.

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

First. An undivided right title and interest in a certain farm situated in the township of Sylvan, county of Washtenaw, Michigan, and particularly described as follows, viz: (the undivided one-half of) the south half of the south east quarter, and the south half of the east half of the southwest quarter (and the undivided five-twelfths (5-12) of) the north half of said southeast quarter and north half of east half of said south west quarter and the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section (25) 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 north west quarter of the northwest quarter of section twenty-two, also about six acres of land north of the territorial road as conveyed by Elihu Frisbie to Horace G. Holcomb, being a part of the northwest 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 seven, of said block eight, four chains and fifty links to the center of Main street two chains and thirty-two links to the section line, thence north along the east line of said section twenty-one, twenty-nine chains and twenty-nine links to the place of beginning. Also village lots number nine, and ten of block ten according to a recorded plat of said village of Sylvan, containing in all forty-three acres of land to 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 UNHAPPY!

But there is no reason why he 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 25, 1890.

TRAINS LEAVE;

5:43, 7:07, 10:31 A. M. 4:02 P. M.  
11:13 A. M. 6:19, 7:48 P. M.

LOCAL NEWSY ITEMS.

Up While Roaming Around This Most Beautiful Village.

The work on Kempf's new bank is progressing finely.

Rev. Melutosh will preach at Cavanaugh Lake next Sunday at 3 p. m.

There will be a farmers' picnic at Cavanaugh Lake on Saturday, Aug. 23.

Young men from Ann Arbor are up here Sunday on their bicycles.

Since rain, the first in three weeks, visited this section Wednesday.

Staffan will sell millinery goods at a great reduction from now on.

The ordinance in regard to muzzling is not very rigidly enforced. This should be looked after.

The Michigan State Troops are attending the encampment at Gogum, near Battle Creek, this week.

Thieves at Cavanaugh Lake Sunday night, have caused the campers to lock their belongings up more securely.

A sorry looking "prairie schooner" with a sorrier looking crowd of passengers passed through this place Wednesday.

The ice cream social held by the Worth League, of the M. E. church, Friday and Saturday evenings of last week, was a great success.

S. Holmes and Collin Babcock purchased the Gilbert cottage at Cavanaugh Lake and have raised it up, and it back and made other improvements.

Prof. A. A. Hall has bought the pleasant residence of J. E. Durand, Jr. Durand having purchased a fine residence on East Main street, Jackson, will leave Chelsea this week.

Dr. Kots, the new dentist, will be here in a short time, and with Dr. H. Schmidt will occupy the front rooms in the Turnbull & Wilkinson building over the STANDARD office.

Harry Hainer, while thrashing on a farm, just north of town, Tuesday, in descending from the stack, slipped and broke his leg just above the knee. Dr. Wright attended him.

It is predicted by one who claims to be a correct forecast of the weather, that this hot summer is a sure precursor of a cold winter and people are advised to make their plans accordingly.

An exchange says that a good way to keep ripe fruit is to pack it in a box, cover with a muslin cloth, then put on a weight and fill the crock with cold water. Ripe pears packed in this way keep perfectly good and sound for over two weeks.

The teachers' institute for Washtenaw county will be held in Ann Arbor, commencing August 11. Prof. Thiele will be conductor, and will be assisted by the county board of school examiners. One per cent for each day's attendance will be allowed applicants for certificates.

The boys who are roaming around the streets armed with air rifles should exercise a little care. Wednesday, Mr. Clark, the milkman, while making his usual rounds, was struck in the eye by a bullet from one of these guns, handled by a careless boy. The council should pass an ordinance in reference to the use of these guns.

The following is the time of arrival of trains at this station as announced in the new time table that went into effect this week: Trains east—Jackson express, 5:43 a. m.; Atlantic express, 7:07 a. m.; Grand Rapids and Kalamazoo, 10:31 a. m.; mail, 4:02 p. m.

Trains west—Mail 11:13 a. m.; Grand Rapids and Kalamazoo, 6:19 p. m.; Jackson accommodation, 7:48 p. m.

For the benefit of those who abhor printers' ink as a prime factor to the advancement of their interest, we would state that Samson—the strong man—was the first man to advertise.

He took two solid columns to demonstrate his strength, and several thousand people "tumbled" to the scheme. He brought down the house.

YOUR FOLKS AND OURS

A. Allison spent Monday in Detroit. H. M. Woods was in Detroit last Tuesday.

C. E. Letts, of Detroit, was in town this week.

H. L. Williams spent Sunday at Ann Arbor.

H. S. Holmes was quite ill the first of the week.

Dr. Armstrong drove to Parma, one day last week.

C. E. DePuy, of Stockbridge, spent Sunday in town.

Charlie Whitaker attended the races at Detroit this week.

Fred Freer, of Detroit, is spending a week's vacation here.

Andrew Hewes had business in Ann Arbor Wednesday last.

Austin Yocum was among Ann Arbor friends Wednesday.

Miss Mae Wood is visiting friends in Plunkney and Stockbridge.

Harry Nichols, of Quincy, is spending a few days here with friends.

Miss Fannie Warner went to Francisco last Tuesday to visit friends.

Mrs. McLain, of Grass Lake, has been visiting friends in this place.

Miss Olga Jedele, of Dexter, is the guest of her cousin, Miss Sattie Spear.

Rev. J. H. Melutosh and family are spending some time at Cavanaugh Lake.

Miss Alice McConnell, of Alpena, is the guest of Miss Allie McIntosh this week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Maroney are spending the week with relatives at Howell.

The Misses Ida Schumacher and Emma Stabler spent Sunday with friends in Lima.

C. W. Maroney and Will VanRiper were in Ann Arbor on business last Monday.

The Misses Kensch were at Grass Lake last week, the guests of Mrs. E. J. Foster.

D. C. Moe, of Parma, has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong the past week.

Miss Lulu Spear is spending her vacation with Miss Lina Mills, at Bridgewater.

Miss Kittle Livermore, of Unadilla, was the guest of Miss Nettie Wilkinson this week.

Mrs. Chase and daughter, Mrs. Chapman, went to Ypsilanti on Tuesday to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. John Maroney, of Ann Arbor, spent last Saturday with D. W. Maroney and family.

Dr. Strangways returned last Saturday from Chicago, where he has been spending several weeks.

Mrs. L. C. Stewart, of Ann Arbor, was the guest of Mrs. J. Schumacher, several days of this week.

James Bacon, Leo Staffan, Lewis and Julius Klien, went to Detroit on Wednesday to attend the races.

The Misses Ada and Nettie Skinner, of Detroit, are the guests of their aunt, Mrs. W. F. Hatch, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Williams and children left Wednesday to visit Mrs. William's sisters at Williamston, Mich.

Judge A. E. Lawrence, of Tacoma, Washington, has been recreating at Cavanaugh Lake, the guest of Mr. Codd.

Miss Millie Boardman left for her home at Port Huron last Saturday, where she intends spending a few weeks.

Mr. Henry Spear and daughter, Ida, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Spear, at Battle Creek during the encampment.

Mrs. Roberts, of Meridan, Conn., who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hatch, left for her home Monday last.

Mr. Warner and family, of Detroit, spent several days of this week at Cavanaugh Lake with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Kempf.

James Taylor and son Orla left on Monday for a trip to England and other foreign countries, intending to be absent about six weeks.

In our last issue we were in error about the time when Rev. J. E. Rielly and wife would arrive here. It should have been Monday of next week.

Mrs. Mark Ormsby, of Pontiac, who has been visiting friends in this vicinity for the past five weeks, returned home on Wednesday morning.

Mrs. Doyle went to Jackson Wednesday.

Rev. Considine was in Jackson Thursday.

Miss Dora Harrington visited Detroit yesterday.

Mrs. Calkins was an Ann Arbor visitor Thursday.

Wm. Hammond made a trip to Jackson Thursday.

Archie Wilkinson is attending the races in Detroit this week.

Herbert McKune went to Jackson Thursday to visit his brother.

Mrs. Godfrey Kempf is attending camp meeting at Eaton Rapids.

James Ackerson and family are spending a few days in Jackson.

Miss Carrie Lusty has been quite ill with neuralgia for the past two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Riemenschneider spent Thursday with Detroit friends.

W. J. Dancer and wife, of Stockbridge, are visiting friends in this place.

Mrs. Geo. B. Austin, of Damariscotta, Maine, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. Allison.

Mrs. Wm. Larzelere, of Ann Arbor, is the guest of her niece, Mrs. Wm. Emmert.

Aaron Durand is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Dr. G. A. Robertson at Battle Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, of Sioux City, Iowa, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Blatch.

Mrs. Ed. Clark went to Ann Arbor on Wednesday to care for her sister, Mrs. Sam. Guerin, who is quite ill.

Miss Rena Clark, who has been spending several weeks at Cavanaugh Lake, returned to her home in Detroit, Tuesday.

Some seventeen Chelseans attended the excursion to Detroit, yesterday.

Sam Smith will soon go to Windsor, Canada, to engage in the mercantile business.

The Ann Arbor Canton, I. O. O. F., will go to Chicago, early in August, to take part in the prize drill.

Mr. Alva Freer has a blackberry bush that is nearly eleven feet high and which is covered with berries.

We acknowledge the receipt of a ticket to the Stockbridge races which occur July 30, 31, and August 1.

There are 12,394 unmarried school teachers in this state, and a majority of them are not in the state of singleness because of choice, and their average wages are \$2.22 per month, and they labor in 7,128 school houses and teach 513,767 children and their age is less than 135,760 years.—Sun.

On Sunday afternoon, the store of W. D. Adams, of Ann Arbor, had a narrow escape from fire. It seems that the rays of the sun, passing through a glass globe which stood in a show window, were concentrated upon the cloth covering to such an extent as to set it on fire. The small blaze was seen by a passer-by and was extinguished before any damage was done.

At the Agricultural college in this state, experiments are being made with the various kinds of grass, in order to ascertain the comparative nutritive value of each. Among the grasses and clovers undergoing this test are timothy, June grass, meadow fowl meadow grass, red top, red clover and mammoth clover. Various mixtures of lawn grass are also being tried to obtain the best mixture.

J. Burton, of the opera house barber shop, while riding to Ypsilanti on his bicycle, last Sunday took a header, his head and right side striking the ground violently. As a result his arm and legs were badly bruised and his forehead was hurt severely. Since then the whole right side of his face has become paralyzed, and his condition is now somewhat critical.—Register.

Chelsea boys, take warning.

In these times of expensive ice, it will pay you to try the following experiments suggested by an exchange: A piece of ice in a refrigerator covered with a snug blanket will cheat the ice man every day and snap saucy fingers at the milk that does not dare get sour, or the beefsteak that dares not fail.

There is nothing that makes so good a cave for a block of ice as newspapers. With plenty of newspapers above and below and on every side, ice keeps in a manner that confounds the ice man.

THE NEW SCHOOL HOUSE.

A SPECIAL ELECTION TO BE CALLED BY THE SCHOOL BOARD.

The Election to be held to Allow the Taxpayers to Vote upon the Question of Bonding this School District in a Sum Not to Exceed \$15,000.—A Statement of Facts.

A goodly number of the taxpayers of school district No. 3, fractional, of Sylvan and Lima were present at the meeting held at the school house Wednesday evening in regard to building a new school house.

A motion was made by Mr. Schnaitman that the school board be authorized to call a special election of the taxpayers to vote upon the question of bonding this district in the sum of \$20,000, and that not more than \$3,000 nor less than \$2,000 and the interest be spread upon the tax roll each year until paid. This motion was carried without much discussion.

After the motion was voted upon the tongues began to loosen, and it seemed to be the general opinion that if the sum voted upon should read \$20,000 it would be "set down upon" pretty hard at the election, and Mr. Negus made a motion to reconsider the first motion, which was carried.

After some discussion Mr. Lehman made a motion that the \$20,000 be changed to read "not to exceed \$15,000." This motion was carried.

After some little farther talk the meeting adjourned.

A STANDARD reporter interviewed a number of the taxpayers, but the most of them were rather reticent in regard to the matter. Some think that the present building can be repaired and made to do service for a number of years yet; others think that the south wing, which is comparatively new, could be left as it is and that the old part be torn down and rebuilt; while others advocate the building of an entire new structure. Some are not saying a word, but will probably be on hand at the election.

EDITOR STANDARD:—As I understand the action of the school meeting it is as follows, viz.: To bond the district for \$15,000, payable not more than \$3,000 nor less than \$2,000 a year. A glance at the figures are instructive. Valuation of district, in round numbers, \$600,000.

To be raised this and every year for five years, less decrease on interest charge:

1. Ordinary running expenses of the school..... \$3 400

2. Principal on bonds..... 3 000

3. Interest on \$15,000 at five per cent..... 750

Rate of taxation to raise that amount, \$12 on each \$1,000, as against \$4.60 in last year's taxes.

It should be borne in mind our ordinary school taxes this year are much higher than before, and such increase will, without doubt, be permanent. Before burdening the district with such heavy taxes it should be well considered by a competent committee, who should take everything into consideration and report plans with cost so the tax payers can vote intelligently upon the matter.

G. W. TURNBULL.

A Card.

EDITOR STANDARD:—Dear Sir:—I understand a number of people think it was I who made out the medical certificate for the late Mrs. Jensen on which her life insurance policy was issued. As such a report is a serious reflection on my character I beg to state that I was not the medical man who made out the certificate and that I had nothing whatever to do with the application for the life insurance on deceased, and that until some two or three weeks ago I was not aware an application had been made or a policy issued.

Yours respectfully, W. F. STRANGWAYS.

Lima Luminations.

Henry Dancer, of Stockbridge, spent Sunday here.

Godfrey Lewic began threshing the first of the week.

Berries are about used up on account of the dry weather.

Minnie Steinbach, of Chelsea, is spending the week here.

Harvest dance at the town hall, Friday night of this week.

Pardon Keyes, of Jackson, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. E. Keyes.

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 25, 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, 35c. OATS.—No. 2 white, spot 34c.

Home Markets.

BARLEY.—Is dull at 66@85c 100

EGGS.—10c 1/2 doz.

LARD.—Country wanted at 6@7.

OATS.—Remain steady at 22@24

POTATOES.—Slow sale at 25c.

BUTTER.—Weak at 8@10c.

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

CORN.—Quiet at 30c 1/2 bu.

Dr. Kelly's Hippocure.

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. Hippocure removes this cause, and cures nearly all diseases incident to Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs; such as Epizootic, Colic, Staggers, Pleuro-Pneumonia, Tetes Fever, Liver Rot, and Hog Cholera. Applied externally it is the greatest liniment ever produced for the cure of Fistula, Poll Evil, Galls, Sprains, Swellings, Inflamed Glands, Scratches, Buffalo Fly, Murrain, Mange, Scab, and Kidney Worm. 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 Monday—Safe, Effective. Price \$1, by mail, enclosed. Ladies, ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound and take no substitute, or inclose 2 stamps for sealed particulars. Address FOND LILY COMPANY, No. 3 Fisher Block, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

Sold by Glazier, the Druggist, Chelsea

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 XVI.—Continued.

"In that case, then, I ask permission to speak in my own behalf."

Janet Lee lifted her head proudly. All eyes were turned upon her. The sun's rays streaming in through the window bathed her in golden light. Her beautiful head—there was no shapelier head in New England—was upheld with the pride of the Lees, her clear-cut features impressed all there with a sense of her beauty, while her composure and courage appealed to the sympathy of all around her. Men and women gazed at her in wonder, marveling at her self-possession.

"Since my father's apprentice is the only witness against me, and appears as my accuser, I crave the privilege of questioning him."

Governor Danforth whispered with his associates. "There is no objection."

Janet seemed to grow in stature as she turned to her father's apprentice, whose countenance betrayed a perturbed spirit.

"Ezra Easty, if all who go to Will's Hill are in league with the evil one, why may I not accuse you of being in league with the evil one?"

"I can prove by Ann here I followed you to see what you did with the cake and milk."

"How do you know it is wrong to go to Will's Hill? Did you ever see the evil one, or witch, there?"

Ezra Easty hesitated and twice choked down the swelling in his throat before he answered.

"Polly Goodman swore she saw the evil one on a Monday."

"With horns and flaming eyes," added Janet, ironically.

"She saw the horns," said Ezra, doggedly.

"And a barbed tail—did she not say 'twas like the duke of an anchor?"

"Yes; 'twas like a duke, she said, and so terrible she fell in a faint."

"And just then her sister, Ann Bigger, came up behind my father's cow. That was the evil one her sister Polly saw."

One of the magistrates smiled; and some of the people held down their heads to conceal their merriment.

"Has not Ann Bigger your promise to marry her?" Janet asked, abruptly, as if it was a matter of course.

"'Tis false!" Ann exclaimed. "I never got his promise," whereupon Deputy Danforth coughed, and the women put their handkerchiefs to their faces.

"Then 'twas you who asked her, Ezra—was that the way of it?"

"Must I answer her?" said the apprentice, shifting his feet, and evading the glances of the curious crowd.

"It is not necessary," Janet continued, briskly. "Why, all here heard you call on Ann Bigger to bear you out."

"Is my affairs and Ann Bigger's to be brought up here?" the apprentice demanded wrathfully.

But Janet demurely replied: "You brought Ann in, not I. Has Ann not made you come and go at her bidding?"

"No more than Arthur Proctor there comes at your bidding."

Janet turned to the magistrates with the utmost composure and said:

"Arthur Proctor has asked me to marry him, and I have given my promise."

Then, addressing her father's apprentice again:

"Did you not say to Ann there was nothing about death you would not risk to please her?"

"Is it fair Ann's affairs and mine should be made public?" whined the apprentice.

"Is it fair or manly to make my affairs public—you who betray your master?"

The people now pricked up their ears as Janet's voice rose. She turned to Deputy Governor Danforth directly, and, pointing to Ezra Easty, continued:

"This man is ungrateful to my father. In his pitiful cowardice and ignorance he attributes motives to me such as animate creatures like himself. If this poor wretch, who dares not look me in the face, be not my accuser, then so much more is he to be pitied, for he must be the tool of another. I am as innocent of the charge brought against me as anyone here. 'Twould be as fair for me to charge this poor wretch as for him to testify against me. And when you listen to a tale of this sort you invite all who have a grudge against another to perjure themselves, as this man has perjured himself. Were I on the scaffold I would say, no less, 'I will say to the end that malice is at the bottom of this matter, and I will assert my innocence.'"

When Janet Lee ended her speech with suppressed passion the listeners looked at each other. It was plain that all were favorably impressed. The judges consulted, and commanded John Lee to be sworn.

"John Lee," said Governor Danforth in a manner that indicated indecision, "you have a brother named Martin?"

John Lee bowed.

"Do you know where your brother is now?"

"I do not."

"When did you see him last?"

"It will be two weeks to-morrow."

"Let Dorothea Lee be sworn."

When Mistress Lee arose all the women in the room drew a long breath. All present knew her to be a woman above reproach, and one whose kindness was proverbial.

"Dorothea Lee, when did you last see your husband's brother, Martin Lee?"

Dorothea's lips moved. She tried to speak. Suddenly those near her sprang to her aid, but too late, for Dorothea Lee dropped limp upon the floor. There was a commotion, some shouting for air, others calling for liquor or water, in the midst of which Dorothea rose, and looked about in a dazed manner like one waking from a sleep. Deputy Danforth spoke to the magistrate on his left, who resumed the examination.

"Your husband says it is two weeks since he saw his brother Martin. Did you see him then?"

Dorothea bowed.

"What passed between them? They had some angry words?"

Again Dorothea inclined her head.

"Your husband taxed his brother with great folly?"

"He did."

"When Martin Lee walked away, did not John Lee say he wished Martin had not been born to bring disgrace on the name of Lee, and did he not hope never to see his face again?"

Again Dorothea strove to speak, and again her tongue refused to obey her.

"Officer," said the magistrate, "let Ann Bigger be sworn."

Ann stepped forward briskly. Her tongue was not tied like that of her mistress.

"Ann, were you present when Martin Lee parted from his brother?"

"I was, and heard all that passed—every word."

"I never knew Ann to miss anything that was going on," said Janet, quietly, at which there was a laugh.

"State what you heard, Ann."

Ann's manner was free and unconcerned as she glibly told her story. "My master wondered what brought his brother there after disgracing the name of Lee. Much was said about the pride of the Lees; as if there was none like the Lees. John Lee wished Martin had never been born. Martin said he had done no wrong, and it would be more like the pride of the Lees if his brother John would take his part, and not join with others against him. Then John flew into a towering passion and bade Martin begone, lest he should surrender him to the sheriff. Then Mistress Lee and Janet interfered, and that made master worse. He said he wished Martin Lee were dead, and for his part the sooner he was out of the way the better. Then Janet Lee, who is prouder than her father, as all know, said if 'twere true that Martin killed the Marshal's horse and sheep by cutting their throats in that cruel manner, she could see him well out of the way; that it would be a blistering disgrace—his presence in Salem. But it would never do to let him hang."

When Ann ended, Janet said, in an audible voice: "Heaven's will be done! We are greatly wronged by this malicious creature."

As for John and Dorothea, they stared at Ann in amazement. They were so dumfounded that neither could speak. The magistrates consulted again, and Deputy Danforth spoke in solemn tones.

"Janet Lee, the evidence is deemed sufficient to justify the charge of witchcraft." Then he paused, as a murmur rose, for many there were surprised at the decision of the magistrates, and did not hesitate to express their wonder.

"But," he continued, "there is another and more serious charge prepared against you."

He spoke to the magistrate on his left, and the magistrate, looking at a paper he held in his hand, addressed Janet Lee:

"Janet Lee, although diligent search has been made, Martin Lee is nowhere to be found. Ann Bigger swears John Lee wished him dead, and you agreed, but said it would never do to let him hang! Dorothea Lee admits the brothers quarreled; that they parted in anger. Janet Lee has been found on Will's Hill at night, when all others avoid it. All these things warrant the belief that Martin Lee has been put out of the way by his own people, to prevent him from suffering the consequences of his crimes, and the evidence warrants us in holding Janet Lee on the charge of witchcraft and murder."

During the delivery of this speech, Janet, Dorothea, and John Lee looked at the magistrates with paling faces. When the last word was uttered, Dorothea Lee amazed all present by throwing all near her aside, and confronting the magistrates, as she cried, in a voice that was heard by those outside:

"Do not hold Janet! 'Tis I who am the guilty one! 'Tis I who was on Will's Hill! Janet is as innocent as any of you who sit in judgment on her! I will proclaim it with my dying breath! It was I who went to Will's Hill, and it was from my neck, not Janet's, that Ezra Easty plucked the handkerchief!"

Dorothea's avowal amazed all who heard her, but it fell with crushing effect on her husband, who rose, staggered like one drunk, then putting forth a hand, as if reaching for something to steady himself, sank back upon his seat, and bowed his head upon his hands.

Again the magistrates consulted, amid the confusion and murmurs that ensued, and once more the voice of the magistrate commanded silence.

"It is the opinion of my associates that the extraordinary circumstances you have witnessed justify us in ordering Janet and Dorothea Lee to be confined in Ipswich Jail until such time as they shall make final answer to the charge of witchcraft and murder."

Long before he concluded, Dorothea Lee fainted dead away. Then confusion reigned in the old Meeting House.

CHAPTER XVII.

GRIZZLE MEADE AND INDIAN JOE.

The authorities immediately sent to Will's Hill, where Martin Lee had hid himself. But there was no sign of the sailor, nor was there any evidence that any one had been there.

When the officers reported this, rumors of all kinds were circulated.

First, it was said that although no sign of Martin Lee was found, a hole was there large enough to bury a dozen in. Janet Lee and her mother, after making way with Martin Lee, had called in the witches' aid, and had buried him so deep he never could be found till judgment day.

Second, it was said Martin was, like his sister-in-law and niece, in league with the devil, and had been caught by the heel by the evil one and dragged down into the earth, and thus was in hell then, where all witches and their familiars were sure to go.

Third, the hole was a deception. It was freshly made, as all could see, and Martin was near at hand, and concealed himself in it, but whoever put a foot near it slipped and fell into it, and was in danger of being dragged into the bowels of the earth. The officers, knowing this, and fearing for their lives, reported no one was in sight.

The manner in which the devil figured in all these stories demonstrated the hold that fear of the evil one had on all the people of Salem.

There were sensible men and women who were amazed at these stories, but they were discreet. They knew that to attempt to set the public right would but subject them to suspicion. They wisely kept their own counsel, and were thus

undisturbed at their own firesides, whereas, had they avowed boldly what they afterwards averred, they might have saved human lives, and lessened the period of the greatest folly ever known in American history.

Where was Martin Lee? If he was murdered, where was he buried? The officers of the law asked. And he was alive, why did he not make himself known? If he were alive, yet did not show himself, and save his relatives from death on the scaffold, what was his crime before he killed John Winslow's horse and sheep?

These were the questions the authorities propounded, and which remained unanswered.

Now, however, a new witness appeared. This was Indian Joe, who related with great minuteness of detail how he witnessed Martin Lee cut the horse and lamb's throat. Questioned why he had not made the truth known at once, Joe answered he stood in awe of the cruel man. He feared that the man who did these things would kill him. He also feared, in case no stranger could be found, the crime would be laid upon him.

So now all Salem knew that Martin Lee was a great monster, and had always been a monster, and was well out of the way. And because his own people had made away with him, it were well to hang them all together.

When the gossips had agreed on this, a fresh sensation awaited them.

Daniel Meade and his wife Grizzle went before the judge and made oath that the man who murdered their only son was in truth Martin Lee. Questioned why they had not made this known at the time, they both answered they did not know it was Martin Lee until subsequent events; the arrest of Janet Lee and her examination, and the testimony submitted revealed the truth; how the sailor they had lodged, and was now murdered by Janet Lee and her mother, had quarreled with and shot their son.

Then the gossips of Salem had more to talk about than they could do justice to in a week.

On the evening of the day that the landlord of Globe Inn and his wife charged Martin Lee with the murder of their son, Giles Ellis walked into Globe Inn quietly, and seated himself at a table near the fire, where he could observe all who entered, himself in the shadow.

There were many customers that evening, but Giles Ellis did not remain to keep them company. His errand was with the landlord and his wife. He was in the inn, a solitary visitor there, when the landlord poured him out a glass of wine, and stood near him, at his customer's service.

Grizzle Meade sat near by. Giles Ellis took up the wine, looked at it critically, sipped it slowly, and saying, "Here's your good health," drank the wine off neatly and replaced the glass on the table.

"Thanks," said Grizzle.

"This was a good day's work," Giles Ellis nodded his head as he repeated the words—"good day's work."

"It was all we could do," said Grizzle.

"I think it will put an end to Martin Lee. If he be alive, he will never be known in Massachusetts."

"No," said Daniel Meade, "he will not dare to come back on account of John Winslow's horse and sheep. 'Tis more like he will return to sea."

"No. He will not come back—if he be alive—to be hanged for killing your son," said Giles, looking hard at the landlord who did not meet his eyes, but made a pretense of stirring the fire.

"Think you they will hang Dorothea Lee and her daughter," Grizzle asked.

"It is a thing almost certain," Giles replied. "Unless it may be the judges are not really sure Martin Lee is made way with. There may be—I do not say this to be repeated, nor must you quote me in this matter—you know Governor Danforth is my cousin, and it may be some one has influence to save Dorothea and Janet Lee from hanging—but it will be a difficult thing to do."

Here Giles Ellis looked so wise that his listeners could not help nodding in unison and complimenting him upon his relationship with the Governor.

"Hast heard what Indian Joe tells of Martin Lee?" Giles inquired.

The landlord of the Globe Inn was opening his mouth to speak, when Grizzle pressed his toe hard and said:

"Never a word have we heard."

Now the truth was the story had been told with great detail in the inn, but Grizzle did not wish to rob their customer of the pleasure of thinking himself the first to give them the news.

Whereupon Giles told all that Indian Joe rehearsed to eager listeners—and very much more. Then again they all agreed that if Martin Lee really was in the flesh, he surely would sail around the globe rather than risk being hanged in Salem.

And now Grizzle Meade poured out wine for the three—the smallest glass for her husband—and all drank to each other's health again. It did not seem strange to any there that their health was so precious that it needed much nursing and care.

When Giles Ellis withdrew after applauding the landlord and his wife for the prompt manner in which they had charged Martin Lee with the murder of their son, and advising them to demand his arrest and conviction, Grizzle Meade turned quickly to her husband.

"Now, you can judge for yourself. This man has as much cause to dread Martin Lee's return as we have. Did you mark what he said about John Winslow's sheep and horse? How they were killed at such an hour, when all others tell us 'twas a good three hours later?"

"Aye, I marked it, Grizzle."

"And how he met Indian Joe below John Lee's?"

"And all the others tell us how these two met a good half mile on the other side of John Lee's," said Daniel Meade.

"Well?"

"Why—here Grizzle bent a scornful look upon him—"a babe could see how 'tis. I tell you, Daniel Meade, 'twas no one else but Giles Ellis killed the horse and sheep—and paid his grudge against John Winslow."

"I never thought of that, Grizzle."

"And 'twas the first thing—the very first thing came into my mind," answered Grizzle Meade. "I do not want any better proof than I have that he killed John Winslow's sheep, but it would be well if we could let him know, Daniel Meade, that there is a way to prove it, so do you keep your wits about you, and be sure I'll do the same, for there is danger to you and me as long as that man lives. He suspects too much now."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### IN A PUBLISHER'S OFFICE.

The Trouble He Experienced with Would-be Writers.

There will doubtless never come a time when the author shall cease to regard the publisher as the intellectual world's greatest enemy. The publisher, looking at the money value of a child of fancy, attaches no importance to the author's deep love for the offspring; and the author, thrilled with the excess of his own sentiment, looks upon the publisher as a brutal buyer of souls—as a Satan that would toss an angel upon the bloody slab of a meat market.

I was sitting in the private office of a publisher, assuring him that my book could not help being the literary sensation of the day, when a tall young woman entered. It seemed to be a sort of free-for-all day—a day when every one might come in and offer a book or present advice. The publisher had patiently listened to me with a smile that called me a poor fool, and I was on the eve of losing my temper when the young woman entered. Her eyes were bright with the dew of a fond hope and her face was flushed with suppressed joy. She held a bundle of MS. pressed close to her bosom.

"I have a novel," she began, but the cold smile on the publisher's face caused her to hesitate.

"Yes, go on."

"I have a novel that I know you will be delighted with." She began to unwind a string. "I have worked on it so carefully that—" The cold smile froze the warm current of her words.

"Well, leave it, and I will submit it to our reader."

Her face underwent a change. Darkening ashes had fallen on the glowing coal of hope. "Won't you please examine it?" she asked.

"Oh, I haven't the time, and doubtless couldn't tell anything about it even if I should take all the afternoon."

"But let me read you a passage."

"I really haven't time to listen to it."

"Oh, it won't take but a moment," she pleaded.

"Well, go ahead," he answered, sighing. The young woman cast a quick glance at him and thus began:

"The sun was slowly going down behind a western hill—"

"Hold on a moment!" he interrupted. "The sun usually goes down slowly, doesn't it? I don't know that the sun is given to freaks of any sort, or that it goes down fast at times and then changes its mind and goes slow for awhile."

"Well," she replied, with the merest suggestion of a gasp, "I will leave out the 'slowly.'"

"It would be a good idea, I think," he rejoined. "Hold on; there is another thing that I want to speak about. You say that the sun was going down behind a western hill."

"Yes. Is there anything wrong about that?"

"No, not particularly wrong, but did you ever see the sun go down behind an eastern hill? Now, I don't know much about the sun, except that it is pretty hot sometimes, but it strikes me that being of regular habits, it always goes down in the west."

"Oh, can I leave that out, too?" she exclaimed, swallowing a lump that had once been sweet vanity, but which was now bitter disappointment.

"All right, go ahead."

"The sun was going down," she went on, "and the chickens were thinking about going to roost, when a dust down the road proclaimed the fact that a horseman was approaching. The—"

"Hold on, please. We really cannot tell what the chickens were thinking about. They may have been thinking about going to roost, still, they may have been thinking about going out and enjoying a few more scratches in the garden, but we will let that go. But there is one thing that I'd rather you'd make a little clearer. You say that a dust down the road proclaimed the fact that a horseman was approaching. Now, how do you know that it was not a muleman instead of a horseman? I don't know much about country life, but I have been told that a mule kicks up quite as much dust as a horse, and that a mule's dust proclaims about as loud as a horse's dust."

She bit her lip, remained silent for a few moments, and then said:

"I don't think it makes any difference, sir. Gentlemen do not often ride mules."

"Oh, it was a gentleman on a horse, was it?"

"Yes."

"But the dust didn't proclaim that fact. Why don't you say that the dust down the road proclaimed the fact that a gentleman came on horseback?"

She began to tie up the MS. "I see that you do not care to print books that are full of thought and suggestive fancy. I will go elsewhere and one day you will regret that you had not more insight."

Just as she went out a puffy man entered. "I have a book that you may have as cheap as dirt," said he.

"What sort of a book is it?"

"A world-beater, that's what sort of a book it is. I have worked on it for three years and now I propose to sell it for five thousand dollars. What do you say?"

"I say good morning, sir."

"What, you don't want it?"

"No."

"Do you understand your business, sir?"

"I hope so."

"You may hope so, but I see that you do not."

"I think I do. I have all the great novels I care to handle."

"This is not a novel."

"I don't care for any more poetry."

"This is not poetry."

"I don't care for any science."

"This is not science."

"What is it, then?"

"It is a treatise on base ball with score-cards scattered throughout the book."

"Ah, that's a different matter. I guess I'll take it."

When he had gone a man of thought entered. Anyone could see that he was a student. The publisher scarcely noticed him. "I have called," said he, "to ask how my book is getting along."

"Not getting along at all. I wish I had never seen it. It has cost me money and I haven't made a cent out of it—have lost. Such fellows as you are a curse to the book publishing business. Why don't you write something worth reading?"

The poor fellow went away. "Who is he?" I asked. He was the writer of one of the deepest, one of the intellectual marvels of the age.

Suddenly the publisher sprang to his feet and rushed to meet a loud-dressed fellow that entered in a lordly way. The fellow sat down and put his feet on the desk. The publisher actually hugged him, and when the distinguished visitor had taken his departure, I asked:

"Who is he?"

"Oh, he's a man, I tell you. He is our boss agent and sells the 'Universal Horse Doctor.'"—Arkansaw Traveler.

### The Fakir's Curse.

James Mass, the traveler, tells this story: "It was about 5 o'clock in the evening, and Col. Yeager and I sat on the veranda of the Vicullah Hotel in Bombay, and on the edge of the native city, which is called Vicullah, and not Bombay. The Colonel is dead; all that he once owned and loved is gone. He was expecting his wife and daughter, who had been out to England on a year's visit, and the vessel was to arrive at Calcutta next day, while we were going to get the bungalow ready to receive them. The Colonel was in the best of spirits. He joked and laughed and told old stories of love and war; how he was nearly captured and murdered by the renowned Nana-Said at Compo; of his vast poppy plantations and the revenue he derived from the opium he distilled every year. Finally we started to walk to where we had our horses stabled, and then for a canter over the beautiful roads to the bungalow, fifteen miles away. We had to go through Vicullah to reach our destination. What a kaleidoscope that native city is! The burrah-wallah water carrier, wearing nothing but a breech-clout, and the male body servant, with his red turban and long white jackets. Jews from Palestine, Parsees, or fire worshippers, who traveled 3,000 miles over desert and mountain from Persia and carried their sacred fires, all picturesque, all in white, bordered with red or other bright colors."

"Well, in turning a corner in Vicullah we found a crowd being harangued by one of the best known fakirs in India. I had heard him spoken of as one who could put a blight upon you. People called him Sadi-Saib, Sadi, my master. Col. Yeager pushed through the crowd to within a few feet of the fakir, to whom he said something in Hindostanese. It seemed to enrage Sadi, who jumped from his little platform in front of Yeager, saying:

"'Englishman, be careful, or blight may fall upon you and yours. Tread not upon the smallest thing Buddha has created, or it may turn and sting you.'"

"Before I could stop him the Colonel had cut the fakir across the face, and with an oath had shouted: 'Out of the way, you Hindoo pig!'"

"The fakir with blazing eyes said: "'Englishman, you will not meet your wife. You will not meet your child. Your plantations will be devastated; your craven heart will wither within you. You will die.'"

"The fakir's words were prophetic. I felt it then, and I also think the Colonel did. We reached the bungalow, and were soon in bed. How I slept that night I don't know. The words, 'Englishman, beware,' were continuously raging in my ear. Next morning I went into the breakfast room, and I shudder when I think of it. The Colonel was there walking up and down with a telegram in his hand, his face drawn, and he looking twenty years older than he did the night before. With tears in his eyes he handed me this message: 'Steamship Fiago went ashore at the mouth of the Hoogly. Your wife and child drowned.' I have never seen the Colonel since, but I have watched his career. His poppy crop was a failure that year and it ruined him, his bungalow was burned by either accident or design, and Yeager died within a twelve month of a broken heart."

### Nothing Can Beat the Old Method.

An automatic gate company has just been incorporated with a stock capital of \$50,000. We have no idea how the patent works, but we are satisfied that it cannot beat the old method, which has never been patented and never will be, but what always has worked like a charm and never cost a dollar to run it. This consists simply in placing a pair of young people of opposite sexes at the gate, one on either side of the structure. At the approach of a third party the gate will open suddenly, silently and automatically, and remain open until the party passes through, when it closes as swiftly as it opened and remains closed until new footfalls or wagon wheels are heard. There is no such word as fail in the vocabulary of this style of gate, and in the dusk of evening it will be impossible to catch sight of the machinery by which it operates.

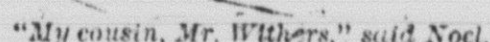






**BIL GALT. CHARLES KING. U. S. A.**

## CHAPTER IV



DISTINGUISHED ARRIVAL

"It will depend, perhaps, on the day I turn over the property to you. How soon do you wish to take hold?"

He took his cousin to the great molding works of which he was the sole head and proprietor, and presented his foremen and clerks to the captain, and told them his career in the Indian wars on the frontier, and then upon 'change, and proudly introduced "my cousin, Capt. Steel," to the magnates of the Queen City;

Customer—Well, what of that?  
Salesman—He is the society reporter.  
The Daily Scavenger—Right.

FORMATION OF THE PRECIOUS GEM  
IN THE SHELL FISH.

## THE MOST VALUED GEMS

It was the wonder and admiration of his favored friends who were

"A great deal has been said about the brutality of English audiences in hissing and geying unwelcome actors, but the effect of this sort of opposition is in cases out of ten stimulating. That an actor who is vigorously hissed has a combative spirit aroused by the assault and bestirs himself so earnestly that he snatches victory from defeat. There is no hope for anything of this sort in America. When people rise quietly to show their opinion by walking out of the theatre the effect is one no actor can counteract. Fortunately Mrs. Kendal added, with a smile, "I have not had personal experience of this sort of treatment, but English actors at home have told anecdotes concerning it which have stamped the custom as one of the most awful and depressing ones known to the stage. It is courteous but the effect on the actor is beyond description."—New York World.

### Germany's Shopkeepers

In another shop I was somewhat  
miliated to be told: "The English  
sehr gut—but ihr Deutsch—ach! K  
ich nicht verstehen."—Eugene Field  
Chicago News

**The Prince and a Blind Man**

Neither note nor card accompanied the offering, and the name of the donor has never been discovered. But it is thought that this anonymous gift is not the least prized of the many articles in the private treasure chamber.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

### Novelty in Printing Processes

A novelty in printing has been introduced into Germany, by which it is said that two colors can be done at one impression. In addition to the usual balance for printing in black that part of the form which is intended to be printed in another color is set up in type, rules, ornaments or cuts made of porous material, such as pumice, Spengler sand, or, best of all, walnut rosin. The type or cut thus made is inclosed in a holder, in which is a thin, oily ink which it absorbs by capillary attraction; thus always presenting an inked surface ready for the impression. The upper rim of the holder has a rim or metal border slightly raised above the rest of the type, so that the ink roller passes over the latter without any union of ink. One revolution of the cylinder thus effects an impression in two colors.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

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The English crown is made up of diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls and emeralds set in silver and gold bands. It weighs 39 ounces and 5 pennyweights. In it there are 8,493 diamonds, 2 rubies, 17 sapphires and 12 emeralds. — St. Louis Globe-Democrat.