



CHELSEA STANDARD.

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

1.00 PER YEAR STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES FOR DISPLAY ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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

PALMER & WRIGHT, PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

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

H. L. WILLIAMS, DENTIST,

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

THE BEST ICE CREAM

MILK SHAKE

CASPARY'S BAKERY.

NEW HOME
THE LADIES' FAVORITE
THE LIGHT RUNNING
THE BEST
WOODWORK, ATTACHMENTS
STITCHING MACHINES, SEWING MACHINES
CHICAGO, 28 UNION SQUARE, N.Y., SAN FRANCISCO
ATLANTA, GA. CALIF.
ST. LOUIS, MO. FOR SALE BY DALLAS TEX.
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

FREE
One of the BEST Telescopes in the world. Our facilities are unequalled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send one to ONE PERSON in each locality, as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of a reduced to about the fifth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from \$3 to \$10 a day at least, from the start, with no experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges.
Address: H. HALLETT & CO., Box 889, PORTLAND, MAINE.

CAPT. KING'S BEST SERIAL,

A Story of the Social Life of our Army.

TWO SOLDIERS,
Is Now Running
IN THIS PAPER.

CROWNED TOO LATE.

Long time he stood beneath a cloud of sin,
And wrong and sorrow still upheld by pride;
And he grew wasted, hollow eyed and thin
With toil without, and fighting fierce within,
And bowed himself down into the dust and died.

Long time the fury of the storm he braved,
And 'gainst its maddest peltings bared his breast;
And thrusting from his lips the cup he craved
He cast away the joys he might have saved,
Till weary of the strife he sank to rest.

Stern and unyielding to the very last,
He lurked defiance to the wintry sky;
And struggling madly with the bitter blast
He scorned the future and ignored the past,
And caring not to live he dreaded not to die.

No woman's love was his, no man his friend,
He stood alone upon the sands of time;
No other love or life with his did blend,
Sufficing to himself even to the end,
In nature proud, in intellect sublime.

Unloved, unloving, perished he on his way,
Stern, haughty, careless of his mighty strength,
Still working onward to the better day,
Unaided and alone till prone he lay
Stripped of his glory in the dust at length.

And then the world his mighty genius found,
And all conspired his pean loud to raise;
And his cold brow with deathless bays they crowned,
And shouted out his name with such a sound
That all the earth re-echoed with his praise.
—William Woodson Hendree.

FUTURE OF ART IN AMERICA.

Our Possibilities Are as Great as Those of Many European Cities.

It is the fashion to believe that art cannot thrive in our trading democracy. Our cultured society speak of art with solemnity and awe, as men speak of one that has fought the good fight and who rests from his labors. Indeed we have lately been told by a professor of great distinction that there is no hope here for real literature or art, so hopelessly vulgar and sordid is American life. Surely those burghers of medieval Paris knew nothing of culture, and doubtless they were vulgar, but they thoroughly believed in their religion, and their vulgarity did not prevent their originating the Gothic cathedrals. Doubtless those Florentine traders were mercenary, but they loved their city with fervor, and gladly gave their wealth to build its public monuments. Neither Frenchman nor Florentine had art critics to tell him his motives, but they applied to their every day work vigor, courage and energy, and without their knowing it their work immortalized them.

Now why should we not believe in our own possibilities? We have doubtless seen a great deal of ostentation and vulgarity built into more or less permanent form, and doubtless we are very far from having produced great works of architecture. Our distance from the great works of antiquity has always permitted here a freedom from authority in art, which, if it frequently leads us into license, presents to us at the same time our unique opportunity. In the best work, influenced as it is by the books and photographs which now familiarize us with all that the world has done before us, there is even now to be seen a reasonable restraint controlling this liberty. As our national wants are new, and inventions daily increase which revolutionize the art of construction, it seems to me that the problems will daily be solved in a better manner, and we may hope for a period of building that will emphasize our good rather than our bad points.

Why should we not, in looking at such examples as I have quoted, insist that there is far from being anything in the existing conditions of American life to hinder the progress of art? Evidences of the reverse exist on every side. While dilettanteism may discourage, for myself I have enthusiasm enough left to believe that the hope of the future in art, as in many other fields of human endeavor, lies, as the years go on, with our ambitious, prosperous and appreciative democracy.—Robert S. Peabody in Harper's.

Classified by Shadows.

Amphiscians are the people who inhabit the tropics, whose shadows, on one part of the year, are cast to the north and in the other to the south, according as the sun is north or south of their zenith.

The Antiscians are the inhabitants of the earth living on different sides of the equator, whose shadows at noon are cast in contrary directions. Those living north of the equator are antiscians to those living south of that line, and vice versa. The shadows on one side are cast toward the north and upon the other toward the north.

The Ascians are the persons who live in a land where, at a certain time of each year, they have no shadows at noon. All the inhabitants of the torrid zone are Ascians, they having a vertical sun twice a year.

The Pericicians are the inhabitants of the opposite side of the globe in the same parallel of latitude.

The Pericians are the inhabitants of the polar circle, whose shadows during some portions of the summer must, in the course of the day, move entirely around and fall toward every point of

the compass. The antipodes are those persons who live on the opposite sides of the globe, and whose feet are directly under the feet of those living on this side.—St. Louis Republic.

To Remove Dandruff.

An occasional shampoo with soap and water or borax and water or some simple mixture of that kind once in two or three weeks will often be found a necessity. A very good shampoo liquid for general use may be made as follows: Carbonate of ammonia, one drachm; carbonate of potassium, one drachm; water, four ounces; tincture of cantharides, one drachm; alcohol, four ounces; rum, one and one-half pints. Dissolve the carbonates in the water; shake well before using, moistening the scalp until a lather forms. Wash in cool water and rub dry.

For a permanent removal of dandruff it is better to take borax, half a teaspoonful; common sulphur, one heaping teaspoonful; pour over them one pint of boiling water. When cool pour into a bottle; agitate frequently for three or four days; then strain. Moisten the scalp with this thoroughly three or four times a week. It is one of the most reliable preparations known for permanently removing dandruff.—Good House-keeping.

Stoned a Bear to Death.

J. Sweetland tells us a funny story of how five Siwash got away with a bear at his camp just across the bay from here. Mr. Bruin intruded himself in among the pots and kettles, picking out a dainty meal. While so engaged he attracted the attention of a Siwash, who at once called his mates to his help. The ground is pretty rocky around the camp, and there are plenty of loose stones ready to hand. They at once fell on the bear, like the Jews of old did on Stephen, and stoned him. He would at first endeavor to follow his assailant, but, being surrounded, a stone in the rear would turn him.—Union City Tribune.

In the Same Business.

Inventor—I would like to interest you in a little invention by which sheep can be shorn by electricity.
Broker (turning to the ticker and looking at the quotations)—My dear sir, that's just what I am doing.—Texas Siftings.

Chanticleer Does Up an Owl.

A young man from the country says that he had a game rooster that kept every other fowl off his beat, and Monday night he heard a fluttering in his chicken house. The next morning he investigated it and found the rooster and a very large owl on the floor of his hen house. The rooster had driven one of his spurs clear through the owl's head and it hung there, while the owl had a death grip on the rooster's wing. The owl was dead, but the rooster, as soon as released from the talon of the owl, stretched his neck and crowed lustily.—American Herald.

The centenary of a flower was celebrated by a banquet in Paris. The dahlia is 100 years old in France. It first flourished in that country in 1790. Delegates from the Society of Horticulture and the Cercle Floral of Antwerp, were present, and the press was represented by the editor of The Flora, the oldest botanical paper in Germany.

An Australian musician has invented a trombone that is played by steam. Its "God Save the Queen" can be heard at a distance of four miles. He had hard luck with it, however, for the people of his own town drove him out as a nuisance, and now he is bound to make a noise in some other part of the world.

A lapidary at Denver, Colo., has finished a novel necklace for a New York lady. It is composed of the beautiful stones found in Colorado and New Mexico known as the peridot, a species of chrysolite, ranging in various shades of green and bearing a resemblance to the emerald.

Was Byron Generous?

Certainly not. In his youth he spent more money than he ought, but in later years he was avaricious. Byron always paraded his generosity. Shelley always gave in secret. Byron confessed (and I had only \$500 a year, while he had \$4,500) that he was in my debt, and that he must settle. But I always turned it off. He confessed that he had saved \$1,500 out of one year's income. Shelley had \$1,000 a year and gave away \$500 every year.—Temple Bar.

He Couldn't Be Tempted.

An Irishman and a Yankee were in bathing. In the distance a flock of ducks was sporting on the water.
Yankee—Pat, let's take a duck.
Irishman (starting hastily for the shore)—No, O'll not, O'll jest lave ye to yerself. O'll 'ot O'll was swimmin' wid a gentleman—not a chicken thayet!—Epoch.

H. S. Holmes & Co.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

We are offering our entire stock of

Men's Suits.

Youth's Suits.

Boys Suits.

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

Respectfully,
H. S. HOLMES & CO.

A WHOLE SET OF DISHES AND A Pound of Baking Powder

FOR ONLY
FIFTY CENTS,
AT THE
STANDARD GROCERY HOUSE.

CHELSEA ROLLER MILLS MARKET REPORT.

Corrected Weekly by Cooper & Wood

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

No short weights.

TRY THE STANDARD COFFEE 25 CTS.

CHELSEA STANDARD.
BY
WM. EMMERT.

OFFICIAL VILLAGE PAPER.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1890.

COUNTY CIRCUMSTANCES.

Carefully Culled, Clipped, Cured—
Softly Served Subscribers.

Ann Arbor's city expenses for August were \$2,420.07.

Wm. P. Brown, of Ann Arbor, died Sunday, aged 76 years.

Ann Arbor wants three more policemen—two for night and one for day services.

William McCray, of Ann Arbor sold his entire peach crop to a New York man for \$4.00 per bushel.

The barn of Fred Robinson, near Saline, was struck by lightning, Saturday, and entirely destroyed, causing a loss of \$2,500.

A man by the name of Danmu will soon start a saloon at Ann Arbor. He was evidently trying to get into a business, which would exemplify his name.

Wabber McCormick, of Northfield, sold his apple crop the other day for \$200. He was one of the very few farmers who had any apples this summer.—Argus.

A Chelsea man put his patent incubator over a duck's egg and hatched a duckling with four eyes and two bills. What an excellent coal dealer it would have made!—Ex.

S. M. Thompson reports an eight-acre lot which yielded him 34 bushels of wheat to the acre.—Sun. Why don't we hear of 40-acre fields, averaging as high as small lots?

In an obituary in last week's Sun, we find that a man entered this "natural" life on a certain day, but is now in the "spirit land" with other relatives. Strange things happen now-a-days.

The receipts of the Ann Arbor school board during the past year were \$43,340.27, the expenditures \$46,391.33. The apparent deficit was due to the expense incurred in furnishing the new building. The sum of \$27,000 was paid to teachers.

Railroads are called the great civilizers of the world.—Ex. Not much. Look at Chelsea and Stockbridge.—Grass Lake News. That all depends on the man who looks—whether he is civilized or—well!

There is nearly 700,000 acres of the upper peninsular land that's still waiting for the hand of the husbandman. Some of it will likely continue to wait for some years yet.—Sun. Yes, and some of it will then have to be plowed with giant powder or dynamite.

Eli Smith, the veteran hop raiser, began to harvest his crop last Tuesday. He has nine acres of good, bright hops. His force of pickers and box tenders number about fifty persons. The product of his yard will not be far from 8,000 pounds.—Grass Lake News.

T. F. Babcock, of Stockbridge, was as bad as the other fellows in politics until Jesus drew him up into him, as we would infer from a piece of poetry in song, written by him for last week's issue of the Sun. Wonder if he's paid his year's subscription to the Sun?

Bridget Doody, of Mineral Point, Wis., died on the 14th, aged 82 1/2 years. She was born in Ireland, and the parish record shows the date of her birth.—Industrial News. Now, really wasn't she old?—Sun. Why did the giddy girl die, anyway?

A competent southern man will have charge of a southern exhibition at the Ann Arbor fair. The show will consist of everything grown in that region, besides alligators, etc. Pamphlets, giving the resources of the Southern States, will be given to all who may be interested.

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Cooley, wife of Judge Thomas M. Cooley, died at her home in Ann Arbor of cancer in the stomach Sunday morning. She was considered critically ill for a long time, but her death was sudden as she had apparently been on the mend the past few days. Mrs. Cooley was born in June, 1830, and moved to Ann Arbor in 1859 when her husband, the present interstate commerce commissioner, was appointed to a professorship in the university.

Anson Updike, whose death was mentioned last week in the STANDARD, was one of six living persons who moved to near Grass Lake in 1830. He was 75 years of age.

Matt Blosser in the Manchester Enterprise, gives a fine description of his trip through the Yellowstone Park last month. It will pay you to send for the copies containing the account.

The Stockbridge Sun speaks of the recent P. of L. picnic at Stephen's grove as the "North Lake Farmer's picnic." Don't show your "phiz" over this way—it won't be as handsome when you return.

The Pioneers to the number of about two hundred, were handsomely entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Nordman, Wednesday. C. H. Gregory was elected president for the ensuing year, and will entertain them next June.

\$10 reward will be paid for detection of the person who injured my mule by choking with a wire, Tuesday night, Aug. 26, 1890. John H. Perry.—Ypsilantian. If you find the person, keep him. He'll do to use this fall on some political speakers!

If you have a tooth for mock mince pies here is a recipe for making them from the Ohio Farmer: "One cup sugar, one cup molasses, one cup boiling water, two eggs, half cup butter, half cup vinegar, 42 crackers, one teaspoonful each of cloves, allspice and cinnamon. This makes three pies. Tooth-picks are to be taken, separately.

By a singular concatenation of circumstances the entire and combined clergy of the village assembled in the sanctum of the News last Tuesday afternoon at the witching hour of three. The editor instantly gathered en masse on his tripod, and the grand aggregation passed a delightful hour. Finally the gentlemen of the cloth arose, felt to see if their pocket books were safe, then retired as happy as big sunflowers.—Grass Lake News.

An Ann Arbor Citizen is in receipt of a letter from Supervisor Sharp stating that the population of Ypsilanti city is 5,935, instead of 7,160, as was heretofore published. The mistake was made by adding the population of Ypsilanti town (1,225) to that of the city. This makes the gain in Ypsilanti, since 1890, 951 instead of 2700, as was first reported. Saline also shows a loss over the first reports. It was given out some time ago that the population of that township was 2,837, but in the same letter from Mr. Sharp he says that it is only 1662 a loss of 102 since 1884.

Lima Luminations.

Several from here went to the Detroit Exposition.

Mrs. Eva Fisk has gone to Kalamazoo to visit her sister.

S. Winslow and wife are visiting this week at Ypsilanti.

Herman Easton and wife, of Ann Arbor, spent last week here.

Mrs. Hattie Webb, of Williamston, has been visiting relatives here.

Harry and Otto Lewie have been to Detroit, Toledo and Cleveland.

Charlie and Harry Hanchett, of Jackson have been spending a few days at O. B. Guerin's.

HOMESEKER'S EXCURSIONS

Will leave Chicago and Milwaukee via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway for points in northern Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, (including the great Sioux Reservation) Montana, Colorado, Kansas and Nebraska, on Sept. 9th and 23rd, and Oct. 14th, 1890.

Rates for these excursions will be about one fare for the round trip, and tickets will be good for return within 30 days from date of sale.

For further information apply to any coupon ticket agent in the United States or Canada, to A. V. H. Carpenter, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, or to Harry Mercer, Mich. Pass. Agt., C. M. & St. P. railway, 90 Griswold street, Detroit, Mich.

Street Signs in St. Louis.

Since the removal of the old street lamps which bore the names of the different thoroughfares the inhabitants of St. Louis have been the subjects of much bewilderment when taking their walks abroad at night. The street inspector of the city has the credit of being struck by a happy thought in the idea of denoting the streets by shadow signs. The name of the street is painted on the electric light globe and the shadow is thrown on to the ground. Painted letters of three-quarters of an inch give a shadow of five feet, which can be easily read over twenty yards away.—Exchange.

SELECTIONS

ELECTRIC SIGNALING AT SEA.

A Device Promising Better Results Than Any Thus Far Obtained.

An apparatus for signaling in which electricity plays a prominent part is about to be introduced, and for marine signaling and night operations it gives every assurance of being able to do more than any other apparatus now in use. It consists of a hollow iron pole, from the right and left hand sides of which project horizontally four oblong metal frames. Each of these contains two shutters, which in their normal position are horizontal, and which are mounted on axles so that they may be revolved. One side of each pair of shutters is painted vertically with red and white stripes, while the other side forms a white diamond on a dark ground. At the inner end of each shutter is fixed a recessed pulley over which passes a chain which, on being pulled, grips the pulley and causes the shutter to revolve. Only four working chains are required, the lower pulley of each frame being operated by a subsidiary chain suspended from its corresponding operating chain. The working chains are carried to the bottom of the iron mast, where they are joined to wire ropes extending to the deck of the vessel, or any other desired part thereof.

The shutters represent the alphabet and also certain signals. Thus, on causing any shutter or combination of shutters to be exposed by pulling any one or more chains, any letter or words may be flashed. The four wire ropes are secured to horizontal levers, so that by depressing or raising any one lever any message may be signaled. The operator has only in front of him the four levers and a card upon which the signal code is printed.

Signals may be transmitted with this apparatus with great rapidity, and it does not require an expert to work it. The electrical part of the apparatus comprises four electric lamps, fixed at the four corners of the frames, and is only used for night signaling in conjunction with the same code. The four lamps are backed by colored reflectors, and are connected with a battery or dynamo, as the case may be, through make and break switches. Thus, on depressing any switch, its corresponding lamp is placed in circuit and lighted, and on releasing the switch the light is extinguished. By this means any signal may be flashed. A fifth electric lamp is also fixed on the apparatus, and is used purely for lighting purposes.—New York Times.

Clergymen's Attire.

It is surprising how the fashion among ministers of religion of wearing a distinctive dress is dying out. A few years ago nearly every minister wore a white necktie, a vest buttoned close up to the throat and a coat of similar peculiarity. Now all is changed. The white tie has long since lost its clerical mark, and when a minister wears a coat of the kind that used to be his exclusive property he rather makes himself conspicuous by it than otherwise. In a city of conventions like St. Louis a change of fashion like this is very conspicuous. I can remember the time when a religious conference brought here a crowd of delegates whose profession was as plainly defined by their garb as if each wore a surplice or gown. Now ministers dress very much like business men do, with perhaps a little more preference for black; but each pleases himself as to cut and style.—Interview in St. Louis Letter.

New bushel baskets 15 cents at Standard Grocery House.

A clothespin bag free with a dollar purchase, (except sugar) at Emmert's.

Candies of all kinds at the Standard Grocery House.

Our 25 cent coffee is good—our 28 cent coffee is just delicious. Standard Grocery House.

If you want matches that will not break when you strike them, call at the Standard Grocery House.

Bushel baskets at the Standard Grocery House.

The best spices at the Standard Grocery House.

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.

Our 45 cent uncolored Japan T., is equal to any tea in town. Standard Grocery House.

A new supply of Elsie cheese, the best in the state, just received at the Standard Grocery House.

The Standard Grocery House has just received a fine line of canned goods, including plums, white cherries, pine apple, pumpkin, corn, beans, peas, peaches, etc. If you want something nice call on us.

Your eggs are wanted at the Standard Grocery House.

Fine perfumery at the Standard Grocery House.

The best cheese—a new lot—in the state, at the Standard Grocery House.

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

LEGAL NOTICES.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHINGTON, S. S. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Tuesday, the twelfth day of August in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety. Present J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Elmer Spencer deceased, on reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Emory Spencer, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to herself or some other suitable person.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 22d day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Chelsea Standard, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county three weeks previous to said day of hearing.

J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.
[A true copy.]
Wm. Doty, Probate Register.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, 22nd JUDICIAL Circuit in Chancery.

William Davidson, Frank Davidson, Sarah A. Mills, Ida O. Davidson, Charles H. Kempf, executor of the last will and testament of James Davidson, deceased, complainants.

vs.
George A. Canfield, Elizabeth A. Hewes, Rhoda Downer, Emily Lathrop, and Howard Mills, defendants.

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 7th day of July, A. D. 1890. Present P. McKernan, one of the circuit court commissioners in and for the county of Washtenaw. It satisfactorily appearing to this court by affidavit on file that the defendant, Emily Lathrop is not a resident of this state but resides at Oroville, Butte county, in the state of California.

On motion of Turnbull & Wilkinson, complainants solicitors, it is ordered that the said defendant, Emily Lathrop cause her appearance to be entered herein within four months from the date of this order and in case of her appearance that she cause her answer to the complainants bill of complaint to be filed and a copy thereof to be served on said complainant's solicitors within twenty days after service on her of a copy of said bill and notice of this order, and that in default thereof said bill be taken as confessed by the said non resident defendant.

And it is further ordered that within twenty days after the date hereof the said complainants cause a notice of this order to be published in the Chelsea Standard, a newspaper, published and circulating in said county, and that such publication be continued therein at least once in each week for six weeks in succession or that they 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.

PATRICK MCKERNAN,
Circuit Court Commissioner in and for Washtenaw County, Michigan.
TURNBULL & WILKINSON,
Complainant's Solicitors.

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vs.
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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 7th day of July, A. D. 1890. Present P. McKernan, one of the circuit court commissioners in and for the county of Washtenaw. It satisfactorily appearing to this court by affidavit on file that the defendant, Howard Mills is not a resident of this state, but resides at Sprague, in the state of Washington.

On motion of Turnbull & Wilkinson, complainants solicitors, it is ordered that the said defendant, Howard Mills, cause his appearance to be entered herein within four months from the date of this order and in case of his appearance that he cause his answer to the complainants bill of complaint to be filed, and a copy thereof to be served on said complainants solicitors within twenty days after service on him of a copy of said bill and notice of this order, and that in default thereof said bill be taken as confessed by the said non resident defendant.

And it is further ordered that within twenty days after the date hereof the said complainants cause a notice of this order to be published in the Chelsea Standard, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county, and that such publication be continued therein at least once in each week for six weeks in succession, or that they 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.
TURNBULL & WILKINSON,
Solicitors for complainants.

TABLETS!
WRITING PAPER!
SCRATCH BLOCKS!
INKS!
PENS!
PENCILS!
ALL AT
LOWEST PRICES
AT THE
STANDARD GROCERY HOUSE.
WM. EMMERT.

THE CHELSEA STANDARD.

WM. EMMERT, Publisher.

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN

Mrs. GARFIELD lately sold a farm near Prestonsburg, Ky., to speculators for \$7,000, which Gen. Garfield bought during the early days of the war for less than \$700.

A TRAVELER in Japan writes that the Japanese pay more attention to personal cleanliness than any other people in the world. High and low bathe all over at least once a day and sometimes often.

DURING the past ten years there have been 2,759 recorded duels fought in Italy, most of them in Naples and the fewest in Venice. The fatality was not marked, only fifty deaths resulting from the whole batch.

SOME relic hunter has cut out and carried away from the Union College building, in Schenectady, N. Y., a section of window sill in which ex-President Arthur cut his name years ago when a student there.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL is a close reader of American newspapers and American literature generally. Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, is also an omnivorous reader of American newspapers, and recently said: "I like the snap of the American writers."

NOT an island has risen or sunk from sight in the Pacific Ocean for thirty-four years, and geologists say that nature is resting for a future mighty effort. An English geologist predicts that within fifty years a convulsion of nature will sink the whole of New Zealand fifty feet below the surface of the sea.

A NEW JERSEY husband who thought he could do better, wrote to his wife: "I am not dead. I have simply run away with Miss Pelham. You will find \$10 in my old coat, and I advise you to open a boarding house and forget me. I am not worth worrying over, and you are to be congratulated on getting rid of me."

A QUICK firing gun, the invention of Mr. Thronsen, was tested recently at Finspong, in Sweden. The result showed that ten shots can be fired within twenty-five seconds, which is twenty-four shots a minute. All the shots were true and hit the target within a space of nine inches long by six inches wide.

MR. MURRAY, of the Pittsburgh Mine, near Grass Valley, split open a large log. He found a muzzle-loading shotgun that appeared to be all right, but when he tried to pull it from the hole the stock crumbled to pieces. The barrels are of fine make and the gun was evidently stolen and hidden many years ago.

ACCORDING to the laws of Italy fathers are responsible for their son's return when they leave the country, and should they not return to do the military duty required of them, are put in prison. A young Italian, who has been living in Waldoboro, Me., returned to his native land recently to save his father from a term of imprisonment.

THE Chief of Police of Moscow has issued orders that those who sell papers or other printed matter in the streets, shall not be allowed to pursue their vocation if they are not dressed in proper uniform, or if they do not appear clean and tidy. From the date of this order two weeks was allowed the vendors of newspapers to get their uniforms into proper shape.

TWO CINCINNATI women thought they would make a fortune by opening a restaurant and hanging out a sign "Home Cooking Here." But the patronage was so poor that they were threatened with bankruptcy, when a recently married man advised them to change the sign so as to read "No Home Cooking Here." They are now doing a rushing business, and will soon retire with a fortune.

ANDREW JACKSON is a veteran expressman who for a quarter of a century has carried baggage from the Grand Central Depot in New York City at the moderate rate of 25 cents per piece. For three years the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company has been trying to enjoin him from carrying on his business at the entrance to the station. The injunction suit has been in the courts three years, but Jackson has beaten the company every time and finally in the Court of Appeals. The railroad company wished to prevent Jackson from competing against the 40-cent price.

AN itinerant photographer was visited in a Pennsylvania town by an economical young man, who, after a long

barter and some beating down in the price, finally sat for a picture. He was told to look at a certain nail, and not understanding the photographer's "that will do," continued to gaze at it. The photographer let him sit the afternoon out, as no other sitters came, to his his own great amusement, while tears ran copiously down our economical friend's cheeks in his efforts to keep his eyes fixed for a couple of hours on that one spot.

Few persons know how excellent a razor strop is the human hand or arm. If a razor is in fairly good condition and not in need of the oil stone it may soon be whetted to a fine edge on the palm of the hand or the inner side of the forearm. The latter is best if it is free of hair, as it frequently is, for it presents a whetting surface quite as long as the ordinary razor strop. The fat portion of the palm between the little finger and the wrist, however, makes an excellent strop. The process of stropping the razor on the forearm appears a bit alarming to the looker-on, though there is little danger that a skilful man will do himself harm.

ITALIAN houses are usually built in a solid style little known in this country. They have none of your flimsy shells of walls, through which you can hear what your neighbors are about, but great, thick stone ones which seem to defy time. Here houses are considered old when one hundred years have passed over them; in Italy they are still young after they have seen several centuries. Of course they take a much longer time to build than American dwellings, and an Italian would open his eyes in amazement if he could see the rapidity with which whole rows go up in this country. And even after Italian houses are finished they are not thought to be habitable till they have been allowed about two years to dry. All this seems strange enough to people who live in country places and suburban towns where, often, they look out of the window one night at a bare piece of ground and see on it the next night the frame of a house, and in three or four months watch the smoke coming out of the chimneys from the fires made by the family who have "moved in."

THE admission of Wyoming to Statehood recalls the pioneer days of woman office-holding in that unique civilization: Hester Morris was the first woman appointed a Justice of the Peace in the United States. In those rough pioneer times the bowie-knife and pistol oftener settled disputes than did a court of justice. Mrs. Morris was a tall, Elizabethan type of woman, with rugged features and as brusque a method of expression as has been ascribed to the English Queen. Her first case in a Wyoming court concerned a quarrel between two young men, who were brought before her armed with bowie-knives and pistols. She had known them since their boyhood, and in spite of the fact that a scene had been expected on her first appearance, a few words of motherly advice to those who had known her kindness and a little native mother-wit carried the day; after that there was no more thought of trouble. She was a particular "terror" to a certain class of evil-doers; men who had been arrested for beating their wives or for general drunken disturbances of the peace invariably pleaded not to be brought up before "old Judge Morris." They wanted to be tried by "men."

Not to Be Blown Out.
The world progresses so fast that it is hard for some people to keep up with it, and even a young collegian is once in a while left behind. An intercollegiate oratorical contest had been held in Kansas City, according to the Times, and one of the competitors remained over night at a hotel.

He retired at 10 o'clock—a fact which certainly speaks well for him,—and about midnight the hallman noticed a peculiar odor, as of burning cloth. He notified the night clerk and a police officer, and the three men at once began an investigation. They were not very long in locating the seat of the trouble in the young collegian's room, and a few minutes' hammering brought him to the door, with a request to know what they wanted.

As soon as the night clerk entered the room he saw the cause of the alarming odor. The guest had wrapped a thin towel around the incandescent electric light globe,—the glow light is a better term,—and it had become scorched.

"What on earth do you mean by this?" demanded the clerk.

"The light hurt my eyes, and I wanted to shade it," explained the young fellow.

"Why didn't you put it out, then?"

"Well," answered the collegian, apologetically, "I blew and blew on the thing till I thought I'd go to pieces, and then I gave it up."

THE lighter-colored Chinese we see among us come from Too Hae, whose population is made up of a mixture of the Mongolian and Caucasian races—making two hues.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

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

THE FARM.

Farmers and Food Adulteration.
Says the *Farm and Fireside*: "Violent opposition to legislation against adulteration of food is, of course, to be expected from those with whose nefarious business it interferes. But in this connection it is a surprise to see the stand taken by some of the Farmers' Alliance men of the South in reference to the Conger compound lard bill, on the ground that it will destroy the cotton-seed oil industry in the interests of swine-raisers. As before shown, the revenue tax imposed by this bill will fall heavier on lard than on cotton-seed oil, and it can not hurt a legitimate industry. Hence we have the spectacle of farmers coming up to the support of the cotton-seed oil trust and the Chicago combine that turns out a product known as compound lard. Either these farmers are being made the tools of the trusts or they are boldly advocating the adulteration or sophistication of food. If the latter is the case, what possible ground can they have for objection to the adulteration of numerous articles they must purchase? If cotton-seed oil is a good substitute for lard, let it be sold under its own name and on its own merits. Its own merits will, in time, give it its proper place.

Feeding for Lean Pork.
By having a proper proportion of protein in the ration, says Professor Henry, and giving ample food, the muscles will then be developed to their normal size, and the pig will be a healthy representative of its kind, with plenty of red lean meat in its carcass. If the animal is fed on such a ration it will grow to a good size, and if slaughtered before it has arrived at a very heavy weight there will be found a goodly proportion of lean to fat in the carcass. After the animal has reached maturity, as to size, I believe that any feed that we may give will be utilized almost altogether in the direction of increasing the fat in the body. In other words, if we feed a well-grown but not fat hog long enough, even upon protein, he will become a fat hog, with little or no more red meat than at the beginning of the final feeding period. To have meat with a goodly proportion of lean in it we must begin with the pig and give plenty of protein during the growing period, so that the muscles shall have their full natural development. This accomplished, we can put him on the final feeding period, supplying the cheaper, more abundant carbohydrates, as Indian corn and barley, to finish off with, closing the period before there is too large a proportion of fat to lean.

A Patent Tree Destroyer.
B. W. Vesey, of Idalia, Mo., sends the following clipping from an agricultural paper, and asks our opinion of the patent tree destroyer therein described: "An invention is said to have been patented in New Zealand and in other colonies, which, if it does all that is claimed for it, will revolutionize the settlement of timber lands. It is a composition, which when trees are inoculated with it, mingles itself with the sap and circulates through every branch and leaf, utterly destroying the life and rendering the standing tree in three months time dead and rotten, and so highly inflammable that when fired it burns away literally root and branch, for the fire creeps down the roots into the ground consuming them so thoroughly that the land can be plowed afterwards. It is available also for old stumps, doing in a month what nature takes years to accomplish. The process of inoculation is simple. It is the boring of a hole about six inches into the tree with an inch auger, filling with composition and afterwards plugging with cork, tough clay or other suitable substances. It is also very inexpensive, costing only a few cents even for a large tree. This is undoubtedly a simon-pure humbug, wholly unworthy of serious investigation. It bears internal evidence of its humbug character in the statement that, through the process of circulation, a live, green tree may be so inoculated with a composition that it will die and become so highly inflammable within a few months that it may be fired and burned up root and branch. It's a yarn.

THE DAIRY.
Fraudulent Cheese.
In a communication published in the *Breeders' Gazette* Prof. W. A. Henry, of the Wisconsin Experiment Station, depicts some of the evil results of fraudulent cheese manufacturing in this country. He says: "If the history of fraudulent cheese manufacture could be written up it would be a most interesting but a sad commentary on the weakness of human nature, and a fine illustration of the innate tendency of the average man to seek immediate gain at any hazard. Scores of processes have been devised and patents secured, not one of them for giving mankind a better food product, but all for the single purpose of palming off on the innocent purchaser an article of less value than its appearance indicates. Years ago we had Willard and Arnold as great lights in this branch of the dairy business. Since their demise no equal successors have appeared on the scene to push forward their work, but in their stead came scores of investigators and students of fraud cheese-making; every one of them used his best powers to discover some secret process or to secure a patent for making shoddy goods. These men are about as useful to the community as counterfeiters of standard currency. I would not be understood as asserting that fraudulent cheese is the rule in any of the States named. I am certain that the largest part of that made in Wisconsin is from milk out of which no fat has been removed at the factory, but the amount of counterfeit goods in this country is enough to affect seriously the whole cheese market. If one bill in ten in a given community is counterfeit and

the fact becomes known everybody is suspicious, and justly too, of every bill offered him. For a time we were building up a very satisfactory cheese trade with England. Its decadence dates from the time our skim-cheese business began to assume large proportions. Far worse than the loss of this foreign trade is the demoralization of the home market.

Dairy Notes.
KEEP milking quarters clean and free from strong odors. Milk is a very ready absorbent and will take on the taste and smell of the barnyard by remaining a few minutes in a foul stable.

CHEESE-MAKING is one of the growing industries of Ontario. The government has encouraged it by aiding the dairy associations by printing their reports and by instruction given at the Model Farm and at farmers' institutes. The cheese of that province is now taking high rank in the English market.

THE ORCHARD.

Fruit Culture.
Fruit culture, like farming, in this country, has been comparatively easy. The early settlers introduced fruits, and the apple, the pear, the plum, the cherry and the peach, together with small fruits, were raised more or less plentifully in colonial times. As new lands were entered upon, and local markets developed new orchards and fruit gardens were planted. But successively each branch of the industry when extended has found new and numerous enemies in insects and fungi; and especially is this true since railroad facilities have been increased and quick transportation and ready markets have favored the planting of large areas. The extension of fruit grounds and the increase of fruit enemies have proceeded *pari passu*, good breeding grounds and a plentiful supply of nutriment favoring the parasitic hordes, until it has seemed that their destruction was possible only by the destruction of the hosts upon which they live and rear their progeny. For some years past, one has seldom been able to see sound apples, whether the orchards have borne abundantly or sparsely. The great enemy of this fruit has been the codlin moth, and for years it baffled the ingenuity and perseverance of orchardists for its destruction; now we have learned how to deal with it, and year after year sees the practice extending of spraying the trees with paris green when the fruit is just formed. And this practice must be continued by all who expect to raise sound apples. Some, perhaps many, will neglect to make use of this means, and as a result will have only wormy fruit, which will command a low price in market. Those who will not take the necessary pains to secure sound fruit will eventually be driven out of the business.—*Vick's Magazine for July.*

THE STOCK RANCH.

Live Stock Notes.
MANY pastures are so run down that a cow ought not to be compelled to run on them. Turn such pastures over to sheep.—*Exchange.* That's pretty tough on sheep. Better "turn under" such pastures and seed anew.
FOOD given to a young animal is productive of greater gain, as growth adds to the weight and increase of size. The matured animal does not so readily appropriate the elements of growth, as its wants are less. The younger an animal the greater its increase in proportion to food consumed.
MIXED rations are more economical than the feeding of any particular article of food exclusively, as some food assists in the digestion of others. There are growing rations, which are best for growing stock, and there are rations that promote fat more than others. The stockman should have an object in view, and feed in a manner to obtain it at the least cost.
MOST every farmer is aware of the fact that a sheep must be fat to make the best mutton, but few conceive the idea that a properly and well fed sheep produces more and better wool than one poorly fed and cared for. Wool is a product from feeding, just the same as fat or flesh, and the flock should be fed and managed with a view to wool growth, and that of fine quality.

THE POULTRY-YARD.

Poultry Notes.
If a hen will leave her nest when any one approaches she should not be used for setting purposes. She will generally prove an unsteady setter and breaker of eggs.
A CORRESPONDENT of the *Massachusetts Ploughman* says that a quart of vinegar in half a pail of water, if thoroughly sprinkled over the interior of a hen-house, will free it from lice, when whitewashing and other remedies have failed.
THE claim that pounded oyster shells assist in providing lime for egg shells is not sustained. The hens in limestone sections and along the seashore, where shells are plentiful, lay eggs with soft shells as frequently as those elsewhere. The lime of egg shells is derived from the food.
THE experiments of Drs. Koch and Sutton, according to the *Sanitary Era*, prove that tuberculosis has its origin with fowls, and that the washings from barnyards carry the germs into adjoining wells or brooks, thus contaminating the water used for drinking. The germs pass into the blood and lodge in the lungs that are too weak to resist their attack.
GET a hoghead and use it for storing the poultry droppings. By this method it will be found that several hogheads can be saved in a short time. The quantity of manure made by poultry cannot be estimated until the experiment of attempting to save it is made, when those who have not done so before will be surprised at the large quantity derived, which will not include that which is lost on the range.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Canning Fruit.
Canning is an improvement upon the old-fashioned method of preserving pound for pound in sugar. It retains more of the fresh and natural flavor, is far less trouble to prepare, and more economical. All fruits may be canned with or without sugar, as the sugar takes no part whatever in the preserva-

tion. For flavoring ice-creams and water-ices it is desirable to can the fruits without sugar. Choose only perfectly sound and fresh fruits. It is false economy to purchase fruits on the verge of decay, even at very reduced rates, as they quickly ferment after canning, and you not only lose fruit, sugar and labor, but very often the jars as well.

All large fruits, after paring, should be immediately thrown into cold water to prevent discoloration; then boiled in clear water until tender, then again in the syrup, as directed in the recipes following:

Small fruits retain their shape more perfectly if sugared one or two hours before cooking.—A quarter-teaspoonful of alum added to each pound of sugar hardens the fruit, and gives it brilliancy.

Large-mouthed glass jars, with porcelain-lined or glass tops only, should be used. They should be thoroughly heated before filling, filled quickly, through a wide-mouthed funnel to overflowing. A silver spoon-handle should be passed around the inside of the jar to break any air bubbles that may be there, and the tops screwed on without delay. Stand the jars while filling on a folded towel to prevent breakage. After sealing, stand the jars in a warm part of the kitchen over night. In the morning the covers should again be tightened, as the glass will contract after cooling, and put them away in cool, not cold, dry, dark closets. In a week examine each jar carefully without shaking or disturbing more than necessary. If you find the lids slightly indented, the contents free from air-bubbles and the liquid settled, you may rest assured they will keep. If you find the opposites, open the jars immediately, to prevent bursting. This fruit may be recooked and used at once, but it is never satisfactory if again canned. Use only the best granulated sugar. Fruit canned with sugar of an inferior quality is never clear, and is also more liable to ferment.

The surplus juice that exudes from small fruits, such as strawberries, raspberries and plums, may be strained and boiled for jelly.

A porcelain-lined kettle, rather broader than deep, is best. Copper or brass must be thoroughly cleansed with salt and vinegar, and even then the articles are more or less imbued with verdigris that is produced in them by the action of the acids.

Small oil stoves are most convenient for canning, preserving or jelly-making, the kettle being immediately over an even and intense heat, the contents boil quickly, thus retaining color and flavor.

If the directions are carefully followed, and there is not too large a quantity cooked or scalded at one time to prevent careful management of each jar, not one can in a hundred will be lost.—*Table Talk.*

Hints to Housekeepers.

If there is any suspicion of carpet bugs, do not have a carpet relaid until you have wet the cracks of the floor for a distance of a foot or more from the sides of the room with the solution of corrosive sublimate, and the edges of the carpets with the benzine and carbolic acid.
AFTER removing your shoes put them in correct position by pulling up the uppers and lapping the flap over and fastening one or two buttons. Then pinch the instep down to the toe, bringing the fullness up instead of allowing it to sag down into the slovenly breadth of half-worn footwear. A boot that is kicked off and left to lie where it falls, or is thrown into the closet, will soon lose shape and gloss.
TO AVOID the odor which too often fills the house when cabbage or other green vegetables are boiling, follow these simple directions: Put your cabbage in a net, and when you have boiled it five minutes in the first pot of water, lift it out, drain for a few seconds, and place carefully in a second pot, which you must have full of fast-boiling water on the stove. Empty the first water away, and boil your cabbage till tender in the second.

THE KITCHEN.

Currant Jelly.
Stem ripe currants, scald them in a porcelain kettle, do not let boil. Strain through a coarse jelly-bag, and then through a flannel bag. Allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pint of juice. When the juice has boiled ten minutes, add the sugar, and let cook ten minutes longer. Take from the fire, let cool slightly, pour in glasses, and set aside to form.

Rice Pudding with Berries.
Cold boiled rice may be made into a very nice pudding with the addition of berries. Soften the cold boiled rice with milk, using two cupfuls milk to one of rice, and stir until all the lumps are dissolved; add three well-beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of butter, a small cupful sugar and two cupfuls blackberries, raspberries, strawberries, or stoned cherries. Bake slowly for one hour in a buttered pudding dish.

Snow Pudding.
One-half box gelatine, one pint boiling water, one coffee cup sugar, two eggs, piece of two lemons. Pour the boiling water over the gelatine; add the lemons and sugar, and strain; whip the whites to a stiff froth, and when the jelly is cool, but not cold enough to stiffen, pour it slowly over the whites, and beat half an hour, or till so stiff one can beat it no longer. Serve with a boiled custard made of the yolks, and a pint of milk, one-half cup sugar, flavored with vanilla. Pour round the sides of the snow, not on the top.

Fruit Custard.
To one quart of milk that has been brought to a boiling point, but not boiled, add slowly four eggs, well-beaten with three tablespoonfuls of sugar and a pinch of salt. To prevent burning, prepare this in a kettle or boiler set inside of another in which is boiling water. Stir the custard until it thickens, taking care it does not boil, and when done remove from the fire. Have ready custard cups into which thinly sliced peaches or bananas have been put, sprinkled with a little sugar and water, turn the custard over the fruit, filling the cups, and set away until wanted for use. This is a dainty and delicious dessert if properly made.

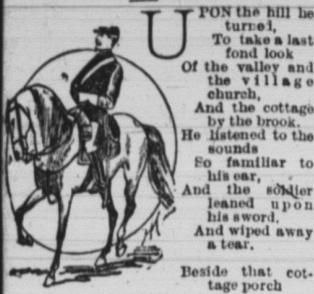
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BLOODY BATTLE-FIELDS

ENTERTAINING REMINISCENCES OF THE REBELLION.

Graphic Accounts of the Stirring Scenes Witnessed on the Battle-Field and in Camp—Old Comrades Recite Experiences of a Thrilling Nature.

The Soldier's Tear.



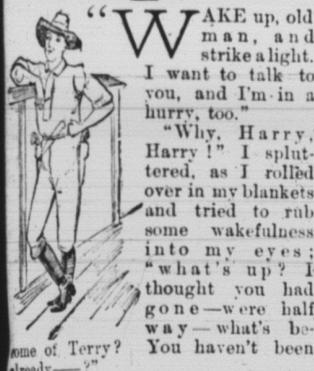
UPON the hill he turned, To take a last fond look Of the valley and the village church, And the cottage by the brook. He listened to the sounds So familiar to his ear, And the soldier leaned upon his sword, And wiped away a tear.

Beside that cottage porch A girl was on her knees; She held aloft a snowy scarf Which fluttered in the breeze. She breathed a prayer for him— A prayer he could not hear; But he paused to bless her as she knelt, And wiped away a tear.

He turned and left the spot, Oh, do not deem him weak! For dauntless was the soldier's heart, Though in tears were on his cheek. Go catch the foremost ranks In danger's dark career; Be sure the hand most daring there Has wiped away a tear.

A "Lost" Prisoner.

BY COL. ALEX. DUKE BAILIE.



"WAKE UP, old man, and strike a light. I want to talk to you, and I'm in a hurry, too."

"Why, Harry, Harry!" I spluttered, as I rolled over in my blankets and tried to rub some wakefulness into my eyes; "what's up? I thought you had gone—were half way—what's become of Terry? You haven't been already?"

"Oh, get up and strike a light, I tell you, and then I'll talk, and quick, too, for I've got to be off."

I tumbled up and lighted the bit of candle in an old stable lantern and then turned such gleam as it gave on the face of Harry Marple, and again I asked:

"Where's Terry?"

"Lost him," was Harry's reply through his set teeth, and his face was very white.

To "lose" a prisoner in those days, and especially on the border, was equivalent to—well, somebody or the cows found said prisoner suspended by a rope about the neck from a tree, or the body of the "lost" lay unburied until the flesh fell from the bones and the fatal bells rattled in the skull.

This was early in 1861, in Missouri. Our company of Union men was as yet only organized, though we called one man "Captain," and Marple and myself were recognized as Lieutenants. Stern necessity had forced us to band together in opposition to a force of pro-slavery men, and it was "war to the knife" between us.

"Red" Terry was not the leader of our local enemies, but he was the most powerful, most recklessly brave, and most dreaded of them all. By some good fortune, a squad of our men had stumbled upon him when he was stupefied by liquor, and brought him, mummified by ropes, into our rude camp.

Great was the rejoicing at his capture. Some of our fellows were for making a target of him at once. His crimes, especially of late, had been many and awful, and he both acknowledged and boasted of them.

Now, General McN., commanding the United States forces at a post some thirty miles down the river, greatly enjoyed hanging, on short trial, all gentlemen of Mr. Red Terry's character, and our Captain concluded to send his prize-prisoner to the General, in the hope that it would lead to our immediate, regular muster-in.

We were sure that Terry's comrades would soon learn where he was and make a desperate attempt to rescue him. So few men could be spared that there was great danger in "delivering the goods" as proposed.

Harry Marple, my chum (we were both little more than boys), volunteered to deliver the prisoner to General McN., without other help. He claimed the right as one of the captors, and our Captain acceded to his request.

At dusk that evening they started. Terry securely bound and with his feet so hobbled that he could only step a certain short distance, and close to him walked Harry, one revolver in hand, another in belt, and a great knife in his boot-leg.

It was not yet midnight, and here was Harry back in camp.

"Lost him," explained the quick return, and I settled back to hear the story.

"I want to tell you all, old boy," said Harry, "and I'm off as soon as I'm through."

"Off? Where to?"

"Hush! I'm off home. I've seen Cap, and it's all right. We—I don't want the boys to know anything about it. But, of course, I had to tell you."

"Of course; but then, tell me."

"See here." And my friend talked very fast. "You've been at our house often, and you know what a soft-hearted one my mother is—always sees some

good in the worst people ever lived. Well, I've known, for a year or two, one sample of her being right in that, but I never happened to tell it to you. "I was about two years old when mother was bringing me down river to father's station, on the old steamer Bald Eagle. There was a rough gang on the lower deck, and the roughest, howlingest of all was a red-headed young fellow that seemed fuller of rum and the devil than all the others together. Ten miles above the station



"DROPPED INTO THE WATER AND GRASPED THE END OF THE PLANK."

the boat caught fire, and she burned as only a steamer running head-on can burn.

"My mother was awakened by the shouting, and, with me in her arms, rushed from her state-room, the flames forcing her immediately to the stern of the boat. Here she found the very men who, in fight, had faced revolver and knife without flinching, crazed by terror of death through fire or water. The life preservers could not be come at. She tried to secure a stool, or bench, or plank, anything that would float, for the moments of safety were few. Several times she grasped some article of wood, but it was at once snatched from her hands by one of the strong, brutal men.

"Then she spied the young ruffian of the day before, mocking and cursing at his panic-stricken mates. Somehow she made her way to the side of this man; she laid her hand upon his arm; she spoke no word, only looked at him, then turned her eyes on me, a helpless baby, lying in her helpless arms.

"The fellow said not a word to her. With a great curse he sprang into the crowd that was fighting over possession of a long plank; he wrenched it away from all of them, then swung it about him to clear a space, knocking more than one into the water. With his coat and neck-muffler he tied mother and myself on to the plank, and then slid it slowly and carefully into the rapid, dark stream, cursing like a fiend all the while at the men who would have torn the float from us.

"None too quick was his work, for, before he had time to drop beside us, a great sheet of fire enveloped him, and when he dropped into the water and grasped the end of the plank and pushed it off before him as he swam to shore, the hair was crisped off his head, the shirt was a charred rag upon his back, and mingled with the roasted flesh of his body.

"Mother saw this when we reached land, and he untied us and helped her up. On the levee were planters and darkies waiting to do what they could. Mother, unnerved by fright, wet and shivering in her night clothes, could only thank this man, tell him her name, and ask his. He refused to give it. He was only too glad to help a real lady and a little baby; it was all right, and not with makin' no fuss about," he said; and while the dazed mother was thinking what next to say, he disappeared, and she never saw or heard of him since.

"Well," said I, "that's all very interesting, but what has it all to do with—"

"A Norwegian, Andrew Brunken, we think, formerly resided at Colfax, Dunn County, Wis. He was a brave, efficient and shrewd soldier in the great civil war.

One day while out on picket he was suddenly startled by the whiz of a bullet in closer proximity to his brains than was pleasant. Looking up he saw a Confederate picket some distance off, reloading his gun.

Andrew took hasty aim at his busy foe, fired and missed him. He dodged behind an ancient tree, reloaded his gun and then considered what he had better do next.

Taking off his cap, he placed it on the end of his bayonet, and, elevating it head high, he stuck it out one side of the tree as though he was taking a look at the enemy. The Confederate saw the cap, and, supposing there must be a Yankee's head inside of it, he took better aim this time and fired. His bullet pierced the cap, and as it did so Andrew lowered his gun and the cap fell to the ground. He then remained perfectly quiet.

The Confederate knew he had killed a Yankee, and Andrew supposed he would come over and look at the remains; hence he quietly awaited further developments. He had not long to wait; he could hear the tramp of the enemy as he approached. Andrew awaited his arrival with breathless anxiety. As he drew near the tree the Norwegian stepped out and shot him dead. The next day a portion of the army marched past the spot where the dead picket still lay unburied.

BOYVILLE, WIS.

Good Resorts.

She—What summer resorts do you prefer?

He—Seersuckers and ice water.—Chicago Ledger.

"Hold on, now," interrupted Harry, "just wait and listen. I started out with Terry and I made him hoof it lively, hobbled as he was, for I began to see what sort of a job I had undertaken, and I felt sure that some of his gang would run up against us. He was an awful man that. He kept on about eight miles, hoping, I believe, that rescue would come. Then he began to rave and swear that he would go no step further without something to eat. I might shoot and be damned to me, he'd sooner be shot there than to let old Mac have the fun of hanging him, and all that sort of thing, until I was tempted to put a ball into him and be done with it, only I hated to be beat, and though I expected a fire would draw some one on us, yet I did make one, for he swore he wouldn't go ahead without a drink of coffee first.

"The fire blazed up mighty bright, I put coffee from my haversack into the tin cup and he drank the full of it

three times. Then he must smoke before he moved on, and I had to just humor him or kill him.

"As he smoked he talked. "I know you by sight," he said to me. "What mought your name be?"

"Marple," said I, shortly. "How old mought you be now?" he said, eying me closely.

"Little over eighteen," said I. "Jus' so," says he. "In '45 it was. We was going to Mexico, to kill greasers. Son of old Hen Marple, the lumber an' saw-mill man, ain't you, now?"

"Yes, I am; what's that to you?"

"Mother livin' yet?" he went on, but I wouldn't answer him.

"Purty woman yet, I'll bet, tho' she must be gittin' old now, too. What eyes she had. Cud jest talk with 'em."

"Get up, you thief, I'm going on," said I, in a rage. I was shooting mad then.

"Hold on a bit, sonny," says Terry, and with his tied hands and his teeth, in two jerks, he somehow contrived to tear the shirt off him. "Looker here," says he, and he turned his back to the firelight, and I saw the flesh, so knotted and tangled, seamed and welled, and twisted and scarred, that the sight of it made me turn sick. Then he faced me.

"Young Marple, if ever you get back to your mother, you tell her that the man that, in the year '45, tied a purty little young woman an' her babby onto a plank and saved 'em from bein' roasted to death on the Bald Eagle, or drowned dead like blind kittens in the river—tell her you squared the score an' tuck that man to be hanged like a Yankee dog. Tell yer little mother that. Now, come ahead; I'm ready."

"And Red Terry was that man!" I said.

"That man was Red Terry!" answered Harry. "I know it as well as I'm standing here that he told the truth."

"Well," said I, "but you told me you lost him."

"So I did," replied Marple. "I guess I must have stood there five minutes looking at him. I know it seemed five hours that he stood there facing me—fair in the eyes he looked at me, too. Oh, he's game! Then I saw mother's face between us—so kind, so tender, so full of pity it was!

"I dropped the haversack of rations on the ground, I cut the cords that tied his hands and arms, threw my knife at his feet, and ran away from him. That's how I 'lost' Terry.

"I'm off for home, I must see mother, and then I'll quit this section. Good-by, old boy."

And Harry, my brave friend, plunged out into the darkness of the night.

In another division of the army, Harry Marple, enlisting as a private, won the rank of colonel, and well deserved higher honors; Terry, desperately as ever, on the other side until killed by a scouting party of our men, close to the spot where he had landed the mother and the babe he saved from death by fire and water.—Chicago Ledger.

Picket Shooting.

BY A. J. CUSHING, 9TH MASS. INFANTRY.

THOUGH the fortunes of war are never decided, or the enemy materially weakened by picket shooting, yet this pastime was largely engaged in during the late war. One poor fellow was taught a solemn lesson which he has not forgotten, and of which he has never spoken.

A Norwegian, Andrew Brunken, we think, formerly resided at Colfax, Dunn County, Wis. He was a brave, efficient and shrewd soldier in the great civil war.

One day while out on picket he was suddenly startled by the whiz of a bullet in closer proximity to his brains than was pleasant. Looking up he saw a Confederate picket some distance off, reloading his gun.

Andrew took hasty aim at his busy foe, fired and missed him. He dodged behind an ancient tree, reloaded his gun and then considered what he had better do next.

Taking off his cap, he placed it on the end of his bayonet, and, elevating it head high, he stuck it out one side of the tree as though he was taking a look at the enemy. The Confederate saw the cap, and, supposing there must be a Yankee's head inside of it, he took better aim this time and fired. His bullet pierced the cap, and as it did so Andrew lowered his gun and the cap fell to the ground. He then remained perfectly quiet.

The Confederate knew he had killed a Yankee, and Andrew supposed he would come over and look at the remains; hence he quietly awaited further developments. He had not long to wait; he could hear the tramp of the enemy as he approached. Andrew awaited his arrival with breathless anxiety. As he drew near the tree the Norwegian stepped out and shot him dead. The next day a portion of the army marched past the spot where the dead picket still lay unburied.

BOYVILLE, WIS.

Good Resorts.

She—What summer resorts do you prefer?

He—Seersuckers and ice water.—Chicago Ledger.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY CONSIDERED.

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

The lesson for Sunday, Aug. 3, may be found in Luke 15: 11-24.

INTRODUCTION. This parable, with its setting, is peculiar to Luke. What a blessed addition it is to the Gospel narratives of Matthew, Mark, and John! How bereft we should feel without it! Doubtless, up to date, more men can trace their conversion to the solicitation of this parable than to any other single Scripture. Up to date, we say; for in the progress of doctrine and the general growth of mankind other of the pregnant similitudes of our Lord may come into larger prominence and efficiency; the parable of the great price, for example, or the utterance of Christ regarding the little children. Enough for us to know, however, that this arrow from our Lord's quiver when aimed on its way readily finds lodgment in the heart of humanity. May its use in many Sunday schools to-day bring new trophies to the Master!

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS. And he said. An added illustration of the great truth of God's love that Christ is teaching. Like a skillful lawyer he watches his auditors and piles argument upon argument until he has made conviction certain.

A certain man. The final application is evidently to God in his dealings with the race.—The sons. Either Pharisee and sinner, or Jew and Gentile or both. It is broadly descriptive of two classes of the human family, or of angels and men.

The youngest. As perhaps the most headstrong, certainly, in the custom of the day, the least entitled to property concessions.—Father, give me. His withdrawal, in this case, though within his power, willfully derogatory to the home.—Portion of goods. Or property. See Variations. This was about one-third, the eldest having two-thirds. See Deut. 21: 15-17. Cf. Gen. 25: 31.—He divided. It is interesting to note that the only other use of this word is to be found in 1 Cor. 12, where it occurs five times in succession. Ys. 4, 5, 6, 11.

Not many days. The swift course of selfish independence.—Took his journey. Literally, went abroad, i. e., became a foreigner. The same word used at Matt. 21: 33, where the husbandman "went into a far country."—A far country. Suggestive of the distance that the sinner has put between himself and God.—Wasted. Literally, scattered. It is translated strewed at Matt. 25: 21.—Notous living. More accurately, living recklessly. The word rendered riotous signifies unwillingness to save, the negative of the verb to save (820).

Spent all. The same word is to be found in James 4: 3: "That ye may consume it upon your lusts."—A mighty famine. Literally, strong famine, of great compass and severity. Such deaths were common and are still in the East.—To be in want. Curiously enough, this word means originally to be short or in arrears.

The best robe or first robe. A flowing garment indicating distinction. See Mark 12: 38; 16: 5; Rev. 6: 11.—Ring. Indicating adoption, as the robe indicated acceptance.—Shoes, or sandals, for entrance.—Fatted calf. Kept for great occasions.—And kill it, or sacrifice it. A religious feast.

Lost. It was as life out of death, for "the wages of sin is death."

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES. A certain man had two sons. There are but two. Many have tried to prove that more than two sons are to be found. But if we can judge from the data given in Bible truth and the fields of etymology there is no third son. There is a twofold order of created intelligence, angelic and human. And all save the angels are prodigals in a far country. Men may try as they will to convince us that they are still by nature in the father's house. That nature betrays them every time. They are bond-slaves to sin. They are feeding swine in a far country. The millionaire on the avenue, the man with his bucket from the back street, the cultured European, the benighted Hotentot all alike show the features of the one son, the prodigal. "All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way."

With riotous living. A very out-breaking sinner we take him to be, and so we excuse ourselves from the comparison. But we mistake. His life is a fair reflection of our own, as wanderers from the Father's house. The word literally means to be un-saving, to fail to make proper use of resources. It is not necessary to indulge in midnight orgies, to openly and blatantly profane His name and His day, to run amuck upon the streets in order to come under the scope of this tell-tale Scripture. Just to fail to use life's moments aright is to be a far-country sinner. The prodigal's offense was useless waste of his substance upon himself. This young man of very genteel conduct, this young woman of delicate rearing may still be guilty of the prodigal's offense; may be wasting substances in riotous living. All selfishness is riotous in God's sight.

Joined himself to a citizen of that country. We join ourselves to one or the other, Satan or Christ. We go under bonds to the lord of one kingdom or the other. In the Acts we read that "of the rest durst no man join himself to them," the disciples and the disciples' Lord. Then they join themselves to the other party and to the prince of the powers of darkness. There is no neutral ground. "His servants ye are to whom ye obey." Presently this young man is speaking of "hired servants." He is not thinking altogether of debasing himself by becoming a hired hand in his father's house. He is a hired servant already to sin, yea, more, a bond slave to Satan. Which will you join yourself unto, Christ or Satan? "For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life."

He came to himself. So we all recall it. That hour of conviction was like a new vision of self, that hour of conversion like an uncovering of our better nature. All sin is a sort of dementia; rebellion against God is arrant folly, wretched madness. What more insane than to contend with him who fashions and who feeds us! What more demoralizing than to go on one's way, when our own way leads to the pit and God's way to Paradise! O, this poor, mad world flatterer itself to our common readings, trying itself with paltry vanities, stultifying itself with empty vanities! It is beside itself, gone clean daff! Lord bring us to ourselves that we may see what we are by nature, what we may be by grace!

Bring forth the best robe. A blessed interruption. The young man had learned his speech well: "Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight." True, indeed, all sin reaches heaven high and smites at the foot of the throne itself. "And am no more worthy to be called thy son." True again, sin severs us from all worthiness in God's sight. But do you notice, according to our common readings which are probably correct, that as far as the prodigal got in his prayer, "Make me as one of thy hired servants," he was going to say in abjectness of soul. But he does not say it. His words are smothered in his father's embrace. Kisses stay the speech upon his lips, and it is the father who speaks instead, saying, "Bring forth the best robe." And now with that best robe upon us are any of us still counting ourselves merely "hired servants?"

Next Lesson—"The Rich Man and Lazarus." Luke 16: 19-31.

HUMAN NATURE SEEN ALOFT.

Queer Experiences That Befall Telegraph Linemen.

A great many of the electric lines run over housetops. Getting up to the roof to fix a wire is a pretty certain and definite operation. Somebody's consent has to be asked before any stairs are scaled. But getting down is quite another thing. If a pair of stairs is quite observed to lead downward these "get there" linemen aren't apt to make any particular inquiry if it is the same stairway they came up. The chances are that it is some distance away from that pair, and leads down through somebody's living rooms, where the sudden addition of a lineman to a family circle would create about the same commotion as did the surprise party which visited Josiah Allen's wife's husband.

The linemen who look out for trouble on the fire alarm telegraph wires are a jolly set of men, who love to spin a goodly lot of yarns of a wet afternoon when they can light their pipes and gather around the stove in the station. One of them named over to me this catalogue of curiosities he had seen during a somewhat eventful experience:

"A small boy getting spanked; a mother watching her child die; thirty-six people living in one room; one baby spilling water over another; a stack of chips and a man with four aces; some chaps from Apponaug being fleeced at a game of poker; a husband watching the weighing of his baby; a drunken man buying wine for three giddy girls; a husband lying abed while his wife builds the fire; a young fellow kissing a girl behind her father's back, and Biddy from the kitchen trying on her missus' dresses.

"Is that all I've seen? Isn't it enough? Do you want the earth? Well, I'll go on. In one place was a sick girl nursing a rose bush on a tenement window. In another was a cat jumping on a canary's cage. Blame me if I don't love a canary, and as there was nobody in the room I yelled, and the bird was saved. In still another place I noticed a cat just about to be hit by an empty bottle coming from an upper window. Once a parrot had hold of a dog's tail with its beak, and the dog howled like fun. Then I've seen a woman trying to force castor oil down a boy's throat, any quantity of people coming out of a bath, a father, mother, and four children making a meal off of a boiled soup bone and three potatoes, a pitcher of water on its way down to a serenader who was playing, "My Lady Sleeps," on a guitar, and darn me if a fellow didn't once try to duck me with a basin of dirty water. I dodged, and a meter could quite make up my mind whether he did it on purpose or whether he was near-sighted, and didn't observe me as he poured out his water after his ablutions, as I believe you reporters call them.

"One of the commonest sights we meet with after dark is young folks courting, and if you could only go up with me you'd be writing a book on the way people court. Some of them occupy one chair together, and others sit in two chairs, placed side by side, and facing one another, so it is a mighty easy matter to lay their heads on each other's shoulders, and put their arms about each other. Then, of course, the good old-fashioned sofa comes in for a share of usage."

"Do you see that man over there with curly hair and an all broke up walk?" said another of the guild to me. "He's a lineman and about a month ago he had been following a troubled wire around a lot of streets, and wasn't paying much attention to where he was, when, without knowing it, he went up a pole that looked in his own back windows. He came back here looking as white as a sheet. He didn't tell what was the matter, but they say he ain't been back to see his wife since."

Providence Evening Telegram.

WHAT THE LADIES TALK ABOUT. Last evening two gentlemen, members of a well known club, engaged in a controversy as to the nature of conversation ladies indulged in when alone together. One maintained that dress was the universal topic. The other, while admitting that the subject of personal adornment to some extent engrossed the female mind, contended that when among themselves they conversed on other and more intellectual topics as well. The discussion waxed warm, and as neither would give in, it was argued to submit the matter to the ladies themselves in this way: The two club members were to go out on the street and listen as closely as courtesy would permit to the conversation of the first three groups composed exclusively of ladies which passed. To make the matter more interesting, each gentleman backed his opinion by a bet of \$5. Then they went out on the street and this is what happened: Two ladies came by, earnestly talking. One said:

"I was in a quandy, so I just bought a black and white gingham!"

Three ladies next appeared and the gentlemen distinguished:

"Joe's bonnet didn't suit her complexion at all."

"Are you satisfied?" asked the man on the side of dress of his opponent.

"No," was the reply. "Wait till we hear what the next say."

Four ladies were the "next," and as they came within earshot this is what was heard:

"I bought it at—" mentioning a well-known store.

The champion of woman's intellectual conversation paid over his \$5 without a murmur.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The old saying about the horrors of having a tooth pulling is likely to lose its point now that woman dentists are coming in. Their sweet smile may dissipate the pain.

CHelsea STANDARD.

BY WM. EMMERT.

OFFICIAL VILLAGE PAPER.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1890.

GOT THERE AT LAST.

The Air Ship That Carried Ed. Hogan to His Death Makes a Successful Trial Trip.

One year ago last Thursday Ed. Hogan sailed up into the air in Campbell's air ship from Brooklyn, N. Y., and alighted in Long Island Sound, and has never been heard from since. Last Thursday just one year from Hogan's fatal ride, at Buffalo, N. Y., without telling any one what he was going to do, Prof. Campbell went up in his air ship himself. At first the ship went straight up until it had reached an altitude of about 3,000 feet, when it began to move southward. In a short time it sheered around to the southeast, and then turned directly around and proceeded to the northeast into the eye of the wind. Presently the ship began to lower, and at 6 p.m. gently landed on a farm in Cheekotawago. A man was driving a horse along the road at the time and the horse became frightened at the unusual sight and ran away. Campbell thus described his trip:

"It was the most successful ascension I ever made and the easiest landing. At 4:15 p. m. I left the ground and when at the height of 3,000 feet I began to move the forward propeller, sending the ship ahead. After sailing in this direction awhile, I worked the rear propeller, turning the ship about. It was not until nearly six o'clock that I began to work the under propellers to bring the ship to earth again. This they did successfully and without wasting a bit of gas. I picked out a nice grassy field and when near the surface threw out the anchor and hung on. The ship was kept close to the ground and the landing was the easiest imaginable. I let out the gas on reaching the ground, and John Nicolai, of 250 Puffer street, Buffalo, came to my assistance."—Citizen.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

Chelsea, July 2, 1890.

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

Present. W. J. Knapp, President, Trustees, W. Bacon, H. Lighthall, G. H. Kempf, G. J. Crowell.

Absent. W. F. Riemschneider, H. S. Holmes.

Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

The following petition was read by the clerk:

To the village board of the village of Chelsea.

We, the undersigned most respectfully petition your honorable body to take the proper steps in the removal of certain dogs of about twenty in number, owned by one Leander Tichenor, from the corporate limits of said village, as they are and have been a public nuisance to one church society and adjoining neighbors.

Signed by Jacob Hummel and seventy-one others.

On motion that petition be referred to a committee of three to report at next meeting.

President appointed G. H. Kempf, W. Bacon and G. J. Crowell.

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

G. Martin, work on road, \$1 50
J. Geddes jr " " " " 63
Geo. Irwin, blacksmithing, " 25
Payne, road work, " 10

On motion the board adjourned. FRED VOGEL, Clerk.

Lima Luminations.

P. I. meeting at the hall next week Thursday night.

Miss Estella Guerin is spending the week in Ann Arbor.

Miss Blanch Hanchett, of Jackson, spent part of last week with Miss Estella Guerin.

Miss Hattie McCarter, of Chelsea, visited at O. B. Guerin's Saturday night and Sunday.

Rev. A. B. Stormes and family of Hudson, who have been visiting I. Stormes and family for the past four weeks, returned home this week.

STOCKBRIDGE WOOL ITEMS.

The largest clip of wool bought in Stockbridge was sold by Enos Burden, of Marian, being 2069 pounds, which at 27 cents brought the nice sum of \$558.38.—Stockbridge Sun.

Stockbridge woolbuyers have bought the following amounts of wool so far this season: L. J. Kellogg 52544, J. T. Eamans, 45,845, Holmes & Judson 40,000, Isbell & Co., 15,000, making a total of over 153,000. Buyers frequently in years past have taken in fifty or sixty thousand pounds in a day without thinking it anything unusual.

Expensive Watch Winding.

Senator Farwell had a little joke put on him not long ago, and though it cost him a \$2 bill he smiled grimly and took it all in good part. The senator has for years employed a certain jeweler to clean and repair his watch when it needs attention. His name is Hoefner, and the senator has the fullest confidence in him. The senator some time ago took his watch to Hoefner and was told to leave it for a few days. He did so, and when he went after it and asked the expense he was told the bill was \$5. He paid it, and about a month after he thought there was something wrong with it again. Again he took it to the artist and left it. When he called for it the watchmaker told him the expense this time was \$2.

"How is that?" queried the senator. "You charged me \$5 before and only \$2 now; you probably struck me for \$3 too much last time, didn't you?"

"Oh, no," said Hoefner; "there was a difference in the jobs. The watch only needed winding this time."—Chicago Herald.

Ungraciousness.

Ungraciousness is wholly opposed to all our ideas of good breeding. Its possessor will never come up to our standard of a true gentleman or gentlewoman, although, possibly, well born and well educated. The sensation of insecurity and of being on the lookout for some ill judged speech dissipates that safe and calm atmosphere which surrounds the truly refined. There is always a nervous dread of what may come next, and a feeling of constraint is generated. Persons who are much in the society of the ungracious foster insensibly a guarded carefulness as to topics likely to call forth a show of ungraciousness, and a cautious manner of feeling their way on a subject, so to speak, very trying to those having to practice it. Yet, with every care taken, the failing will appear, and almost always when least expected and on occasions seemingly the least calling for it.—New York Ledger.

LEGAL NOTICES.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, 22nd JUDICIAL Circuit in Chancery. William Davidson, Frank Davidson, Sarah A. Mills, Ida O. Davidson, Charles H. Kempf, executor of the last will and testament of James Davidson, deceased, complainants.

Georgia J. Canfield, Elizabeth A. Hewes, Rhoda Downer, Emily Lathrop, and Howard Mills, defendants. 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 7th day of July, A. D. 1890. Present P. McKernan, one of the circuit court commissioners in and for the county of Washtenaw. It is satisfactorily appearing to this court by affidavit on file that the defendant, Emily Lathrop is not a resident of this state but resides at Orville, Butte county, in the state of California.

On motion of Turnbull & Wilkinson, complainants' solicitors, it is ordered that the said defendant, Emily Lathrop cause her appearance to be entered herein within four months from the date of this order and in case of her appearance that she cause her answer to the complainants' bill of complaint to be filed and a copy thereof to be served on said complainants' solicitors within twenty days after service on her of a copy of said bill and notice of this order, and that in default thereof said bill be taken as confessed by the said non-resident defendant.

And it is further ordered that within twenty days after the date hereof the said complainants cause a notice of this order to be published in the Chelsea Standard, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, and that such publication be continued therein at least once in each week for six weeks in succession or that they 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.

PATRICK MCKERNAN, Circuit Court Commissioner in and for Washtenaw county, Michigan. TURNBULL & WILKINSON, Complainants' Solicitors.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, 22nd JUDICIAL Circuit in Chancery. William Davidson, Frank Davidson, Sarah A. Mills, Ida O. Davidson, Charles H. Kempf, executor of the last will and testament of James Davidson, deceased, complainants.

Georgia J. Canfield, Elizabeth A. Hewes, Rhoda Downer, Emily Lathrop, and Howard Mills, defendants. 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 7th day of July, A. D. 1890. Present P. McKernan, one of the circuit court commissioners in and for the county of Washtenaw. It is satisfactorily appearing to this court by affidavit on file that the defendant, Howard Mills is not a resident of this state, but resides at Sprague, in the state of Washington.

On motion of Turnbull & Wilkinson, complainants' solicitors, it is ordered that the said defendant, Howard Mills cause his appearance to be entered herein within four months from the date of this order and in case of his appearance that he cause his answer to the complainants' bill of complaint to be filed, and a copy thereof to be served on said complainants' solicitors within twenty days after service on him of a copy of said bill and notice of this order, and that in default thereof said bill be taken as confessed by the said non-resident defendant.

And it is further ordered that within twenty days after the date hereof the said complainants cause a notice of this order to be published in the Chelsea Standard, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, and that such publication be continued therein at least once in each week for six weeks in succession, or that they 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, Michigan. TURNBULL & WILKINSON, Complainants' Solicitors.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, 22nd JUDICIAL Circuit in Chancery. William Davidson, Frank Davidson, Sarah A. Mills, Ida O. Davidson, Charles H. Kempf, executor of the last will and testament of James Davidson, deceased, complainants.

Georgia J. Canfield, Elizabeth A. Hewes, Rhoda Downer, Emily Lathrop, and Howard Mills, defendants. 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 7th day of July, A. D. 1890. Present P. McKernan, one of the circuit court commissioners in and for the county of Washtenaw. It is satisfactorily appearing to this court by affidavit on file that the defendant, Rhoda Downer is not a resident of this state but resides at Matney, Guillem county in the state of Oregon.

On motion of Turnbull & Wilkinson, complainants' solicitors, it is ordered that the said defendant, Rhoda Downer cause her appearance to be entered herein within four months from the date of this order and in case of her appearance that she cause her answer to the complainants' bill of complaint to be filed and a copy thereof to be served on said complainants' solicitors within twenty days after service on her of a copy of said bill and notice of this order, and that in default thereof said bill be taken as confessed by the said non-resident defendant.

And it is further ordered that within twenty days after the date hereof the said complainants cause a notice of this order to be published in the Chelsea Standard, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, and that such publication be continued therein at least once in each week for six weeks in succession, or that they 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.

PATRICK MCKERNAN, Circuit Court Commissioner in and for Washtenaw county, Michigan. TURNBULL & WILKINSON, Complainants' Solicitors.

Real Estate For Sale.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF Washtenaw, ss.

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

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

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

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

one in said township of Sylvan in Washtenaw county, which lies north of the territorial road and that part of said section twenty-one lying east of said section twenty-one lying 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 said territorial road, and the south acres of the west half of the northeast quarter of said section twenty-one, containing fifty acres, more or less, as used and occupied together for farming purposes.

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

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

GIVEN AWAY!

Yes, we are giving away an article that

EVERY LADY SHOULD HAVE

Because it is convenient, therefore commencing

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2nd,

We will give to every person buying one dollar's worth of goods—except sugar—one of Mrs. Nye's

CLOTHES PIN BAGS!

They are the handiest thing you can have around on wash day. Last spring we gave you the clothes pins—now we give you the best bag in the market to keep them in.

Yours,

WM. EMMERT,

Standard Grocery House.

TRAINS LEAVE;

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

LOCAL, NEWSY ITEMS.

Picked up While Roaming Around This Most Beautiful Village.

Wheat threshed, so far, averages much higher than for many years previous.

M. & S. mile posts indicate that it is just eight miles from Dexter to Ann Arbor.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McKune, Tuesday last, July 29th.

Mrs. Staffan will sell all straw hats, infant's bonnets and flowers at half price for cash, during August.

C. W. Maroney and Will VanRiper having secured a position in Ann Arbor, left for that place last Monday.

If you want the finest blackberries you ever saw, leave your order with Mr. Bowen. Price ten cents per quart.

Mr. and Mrs. John Uch are happy. It's a daughter (the finest in the state) coming into this world last Sunday morning.

The dental office of Dr. F. A. Kotts, over the STANDARD office, is now open to the public. Gold filling, crown and bridge work a specialty.

Fred Burch, of Superior, had a valuable cow stolen last Thursday night. No clew as yet to the thief or the whereabouts of the cow.

Rev. Caldwell, who has been a resident and pastor at Saline for six years, has removed to Ann Arbor. Saline thus loses an estimable family.

The county editor of the Register, got things horribly mixed last week, placing Salem in Saline, and St. Mary's church, of this place also in Saline.

Wilhelmina Niederer, of Manchester has filed a bill, asking for a divorce from her husband, John J. Niederer, on the ground of adultery.—Register.

Charles Schott, the faithful turnkey at the jail, has quit after serving four years under Sheriff Walsh and a year and eight months under Sheriff Dwyer.—Argus.

Wool in this section is still moving very slow, buyers reporting the eastern market lower than ever. In many counties the clip has been marketed, but Washtenaw holds back. Why?

The huckleberry crop this season, is very large, probably 1500 bushels being picked hereaway. This puts several thousand dollars into circulation, considerable of this sum going into the pockets of our female population.

The republican congressional convention in this district will be held August 21. It is said that Congressman Allen has sent word that he could be home at that time. All signs point to his renomination.—Argus. Yes, and re-election, too.

The Michigan Central stone arch at Dexter, is put up on the "bias" plan, in consequence of which, no two stones are cut alike. The design and work is laid out by a colored man in employ of the road. Only three other arches of this character are known in the whole world.

Owing to the fact that many of our "business" men are so poor, that they couldn't afford to pay the street sprinkling from fifty cents to one dollar per week, Mr. Warner has given up sprinkling, in consequence our streets present a condition equaled, we hope, by no other village in the state.

The monthly meeting of the Washtenaw Pomological Society will occur on Saturday at two o'clock p. m., in the court house. Topics: Return of berries by commission men; Were raspberries plentiful? Damages by the grape rot; Outlook for peaches, pears, and apples; The fairs.

Thos. Birkett, of Dexter, is still considering the advisability of putting in an electric light plant at that point for long distance lighting, extending the wires to Chelsea and possibly to Ann Arbor, utilizing the power of the old peninsular mills.—Argus. Guess if he depends on Chelsea enterprise for support, his "little wheels" wont go round.

Farmers are busy harvesting their oat crop.

The Free Press gave a four column account of the Prohibition convention.

Rev. J. H. McIntosh held services at Cavanaugh Lake last Sunday, and will do so again at 3 o'clock next Sunday.

Stockbridge fair premium lists are now out. We are ahead of you—our fair is out!

The reunion of the Second Michigan Infantry will be held at Adrain on Tuesday, Sept. 9.

W. G. Doty, Right Eminent Grand Commander, is in the northern part of the state, with his staff, in the interest of the body of which he is the head in this state.

Strayed! Into my premises, about three weeks ago, a three months' old calf. Owner please call, prove property, pay charges and take same away.

AN ANN ARBOR MAN was fined \$9.95 recently for beating his cow. If he had beat his wife or child, no complaint would probably have been made. They're not "valuable" you know!

It pays to have your name and address printed on your envelopes. A letter thus fortified seldom miscarries and never goes to the dead letter office. If for any reason the letter is not delivered, it will be returned to you, and you'll not need to lie awake nights wondering why she doesn't reply.

According to the report of Superintendent of public instruction Estabrook the number of graded schools in Michigan is 503, ungraded 6,642. Enrollment in graded schools is 201,087, in ungraded schools 222,517. Number of teachers, 16,075, of which 3,681 are men and the balance women. There are 520 districts that have adopted the free school books.

So you want to know where the flies come from, Lucellus? Well, the cyclone makes the house fly, the blacksmith makes the fire fly, the carpenter makes the saw fly, the driver makes the horse fly, the grocer makes the sund fly, the boarder makes the butter fly, the wife makes the hair fly, and if that is not enough for you, you will have to pursue your future studies in etymology alone.—Ex.

While John Doody, accompanied by John Flemming, was going home from church in Dexter, Sunday, his horse, a three year old colt, became frightened at the cars and backed off the bridge into the river down a ten foot bank. The carriage sank in the water so that only the top of the top could be seen. Doody and Flemming clambered out of the seat onto the top. The thills of the carriage loosened and the colt got out, while a boat soon relieved Doody and his friend.—Argus.

The publisher of a newspaper has one thing to sell and one thing to rent. He has the newspaper to sell and the space in the columns to rent. Can any one inform us why he should be expected to give away either the one or the other? He can do it if he chooses, and he does, as a practical fact, furnish a great deal of space rent. But it does not follow that he ought to be expected to do it. It ought to be recognized a contribution, exactly as would be the giving away of sugar or coffee by the groceryman. But strange to say, it is not looked upon in that light by all, yet everyone knows that the existence of a paper depends as much on the rent of its space and sale of the paper as does the merchant's success depend on selling his goods instead of giving them away.—Ex.

The Patrons of Industry held a county conference in Dexter last Saturday. There are twenty-six lodges of the order in the county and most of them were present at the meeting. The sessions were in secret and no prying reporter was allowed to be present. The conference elected John Kalfahach of Sylvan, delegate to the state convention. It believed itself entitled to two delegates and H. D. Platt was selected as the second delegate to the state convention. A discussion on the advisability of putting a separate state ticket in the field terminated in a nearly unanimous vote against it. The delegates elected are also opposed to working outside the old parties. The delegates present at the meeting looked as if they meant business, and were quite a representative body of men.—Argus.

Read W. J. Knapp's change of advertisement.

Unless considerable rain falls soon, corn and potatoes will be a failure in this section.

Stockbridge is quite a huckleberry market. 150 bushels were shipped from there week before last.

The alligator belonging to G. W. Gropsey, which was stolen by some miscreant last week, has been returned—dead and harmless.—Register. Did you expect it would go up and down the streets devouring people, after it was dead?

Geo. Johnson lost a very nice two-year old colt one day last week. It was running loose in a field on his farm and it is supposed that it stepped upon a stick which flew up and penetrated its body in such a manner that death soon followed.—Saline Observer.

The population of the seven largest cities of Michigan as ascertained by the late census may now be said to be as follows in round numbers: Detroit, 207,000; Grand Rapids, 61,000; Saginaw, 51,000; Bay City, 30,000; Muskegon, 21,000; Jackson, 22,000; Kalamazoo, 18,000.

The annual meeting and picnic of the Pioneer Society of Washtenaw county will be held in a grove, on the farm of E. A. Nordman, in the township of Lima, on Wednesday, September 3. Mr. Nordman is president of the society and will give the old settlers and all members of the society a hearty welcome.—Register. A goodly number from this vicinity should be present.

W. H. Plummer, of Marion, says the Stockbridge Sun, sheared 37 sheep, averaging 10 1/2 pounds each, or a total of "757" pounds, for which he realized 28 cents straight, figures which clearly prove that he did much better than Mr. H. J. Drake, of Lyndon, who claims 324 pounds from 29 sheep. If the Sun will just look at its figures "757" and see what a mistake it made, he may change his mind.

We pay heavy taxes for protection and this is the way we get it. A tramp entered the home of Mrs. C. Walz one day last week and carried off \$10 in cash and got off scot free. Now that is all well enough as long as Mr. Trump keeps within this county, but last week his trampship lost his bearings and just crossed the line and entered the home of Mrs. W. Bowdish, in Lyndon, where he got a good shaking up, also a pair of boots, but the boots were on the feet of Mr. Bowdish and so applied to Mr. Trump that he will stand rather than sit to eat what is handed to him for the next fortnight.—Waterloo cor. to Stockbridge Sun.

The prohibitionists of the state held their convention at Lansing Wednesday last, nominating a full ticket, as follows: Governor, Azariah L. Partridge; Lieut. Governor, Henry I. Allen; Secretary of state, F. S. Palmater; Auditor, Maj. Ives; Treasurer, A. P. Coddington; Land Commissioner, Carlton Pack; Attorney General, J. R. Adsit; Supt. Public Instruction, David Howell; Member of state board of education, Charles Scott; Justice of Supreme court, Noah Cheever. Many of the candidates on this ticket are not only Prohibitionists, but also leading workers in the Patrons of Industry. It is hoped by the leaders such as Mr. Partridge, that the P. of I. will largely cast their vote for this party.

The writer received word from Saline, Tuesday evening last, that Mrs. A. C. Clarke, of that village, had died that day, under the following circumstances. Mrs. Clarke, Monday evening last was at Ann Arbor, visiting relatives, and in the evening went riding, near the depot. The horse took fright at a train, ran away, throwing the occupants out, Mrs. Clarke striking with considerable force on her head, sustaining injuries from which she died the next day, being unconscious all the time. Mrs. Clarke was the wife of Mr. A. C. Clarke, furniture and carpet dealer of Saline, and a woman possessing those characteristics which made her a favorite with every person who became acquainted with her. In her death, not only Saline, but the county and state loses a woman who can never be replaced. She was a great worker in the Sunday school, church, and the cause of temperance, and leaves three beautiful children and a loved husband to mourn her untimely departure.

YOUR FOLKS AND OURS

Lincoln Wood was home over Sunday.

Miss Emma Lewis of Ypsilanti, is in the village.

Henry Frost is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong.

Orrin Hoover was a Detroit visitor last Wednesday.

Aaron Burkhardt went to Detroit last Monday on business.

John Cole was in town a few hours last Monday and Tuesday.

H. M. Woods left for Arkansas last Wednesday on a business trip.

Miss Marie Bacon is spending some time with Port Huron friends.

Thomas Fallen, of Detroit, is visiting acquaintances in the village.

Merit Cookright, of Detroit, was a visitor of his parents this week.

Mrs. Geo. P. Glazier went to Albion last Monday to visit among friends.

Dr. Wright's sister, Mrs. Ingraham, of Denver, is visiting him this week.

Miss Anna Lee, of Dexter, is the guest of Rev. and Mrs. O. C. Bailey.

Word reached us yesterday that genial Frank Staffan was seriously ill.

Frank Armstrong, of Shenandoah, Iowa, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Lillie Depew.

Miss Nettie Winans, of Jackson, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. Winans.

Miss Anna Boomer, of Paris, Ont., is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Fred W. Cooper.

Claude Sigler and Miss Mame Sigler of Pinckney, are the guests of Miss Tressa Staffan.

Miss Dolly Laverty, of Jackson, is being entertained at the lake by Miss Jennie Woods.

Ed. Williams and family arrived home yesterday from a visit with Union City friends.

Messrs. Austin Yocum, Lou Freeman and Frank P. Glazier are attending the Stockbridge races.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Canfield, of Howell, are visiting with their many friends in town this week.

Miss Tressa Staffan has closed her millinery parlors at Pinckney for the season, and is now at home.

John G. Hoover went to Ann Arbor Wednesday, via Territorial road, the first time in twenty-six years.

Miss Nellie Friebus, of Washington, D. C., is the guest of her cousins, the Misses Mary and Sadie VanTyne.

Miss Keck, of Cleveland, was the guest of Mrs. Theo. Wood and other relatives hereaway the past week.

Mrs. Ames and daughter Nellie, of Ann Arbor, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Durand, the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Nissly, of Saline, came over last Sunday to visit the writer and wife, returning home Monday.

Mrs. Frank McNamara and daughter, Miss Eva, of Traverse City, are being entertained by Chelsea friends this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Canfield, of Howell, are rusticated a few weeks with relatives in this place. Will reports the meat business good in that city.

Mrs. A. L. Brown, of Toledo, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Arnold Prudden, for the past two weeks, returned home Thursday, accompanied by Mrs. Prudden.

Thomas Jenson has arrived home, after a several weeks visit at St. Louis, accompanied by his brother, Henry Norgaard. Mr. Jenson reports crops looking well, with indications of a fair yield.

The agricultural college reports the prospect for apples and peaches in southern Michigan as being a very small crop, placing apples at 48 percent and peaches at 59 percent of the average amount. We are inclined to think the report on apples is a little high and on peaches a little low.

During the writer's absence of nearly two weeks, at Saginaw, Sebawaing, Grayling, Cheboygan, Sault Ste. Marie, Iron Mountain, St. Paul and Minneapolis, we saw many wonderful things, and in the near future, they will be issued from our office in pamphlet form, and given to our subscribers. At Iron Mountain we met Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Fletcher and J. S. Hathaway, while at Minneapolis we found Bert Vogel, hale and hearty.

A clothespin bag free with a dollar purchase, (except sugar) at Emmert's.

Yeast cakes, all kinds at the Standard Grocery House.

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

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

A new supply of Elsie cheese, the best in the state, just received at the Standard Grocery House.

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.

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH

DETROIT, August 1, 1890. BUTTER.—Market quiet at 10@14c for best dairy. 8c for fair grades.

EGGS.—Market easy at 15c per doz for fresh receipts.

POTATOES.—Market quiet at 50c per bu for store lots.

WHEAT.—No 2 red spot, 5 cars at 29c 1 car at 31c; Aug. 3,000 at 92c No. 1 white 10 car at 89c.

CORN.—No. 2 spot, 48c. OATS.—No. 2, white, spot 34c.

Home Markets.

BARLEY.—Is dull at 60@85c 100 EGG.—1 c 7 doz.

LARD.—Country wanted at 6@7 OATS.—Remain steady at 22@24 POTATOES.—Slow sale at 60c.

BUTTER.—Weak at 8@10c. WHEAT.—Is in good demand at 86c for red and 84c for No. 1 white. CORN.—Quiet at 34c 7 bu.

Dr. Kody'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, Stagers, Pleuro-Pneumonia, Texas 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, Effectual. Price \$1. by mail sealed. Ladies, ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound and take no substitute, or inclose 3 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—8 colors.

Garland Stoves and Ranges. The World's Best. The New Store.

BARGAINS in all lines of HARDWARE at the NEW STORE this week.

Special inducements on thrasher's supplies, such as machine oils, lace leather, belting, suction hose, packing, band knives, etc. Binder twine to close out cheap, also screen doors and windows. Give us a call when in need of anything in our line. W. J. KNAPP.

ROSES, LILIES, AND STARS.

BY KIL COURTLAND.

Red rose, why do you pout? Ah, I have found you out; You droop, for a lover bold Has grown so cold—so cold. His heart has been offered and sold For gold, sweet rose, for gold.

Lilies, why do you sigh Under the jasper sky? You think of the hay high lands Sleeping beneath broad sky lands, Of the gleam of silver rye lands, And poppies adame in the rye lands.

Why, bright stars, are you gleaming Now while the earth is dreaming? Will you lend your pearl-tipped light To the souls who pass to-night, As they drift away from our mortal sight Up to the Throne-steps, pure and white?

COLUMBIA, S. C.

JANET LEE

In the Shadow of the Gallows.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

Fate for once seemed kind to Grizzle Meade. Even as she spoke, her husband, looking out of the door after Giles Ellis, saw Indian Joe walking along the road. It was plain the lame Indian was under the influence of liquor.

"I see Ju-ee-mo now. He has had overmuch rum, and he is going the wrong way. He should be going into, not out of Salem."

"Indian Joe! The very man, above all others! Call him in!" said Grizzle Meade.

"Why should I call the drunken vagabond into my house—to pour rum down his gullet for nothing?" demanded Daniel Meade, testily.

"Do as I bid you. Call him in." The landlord, very much against his will, called Ju-ee-mo into the inn. The Indian staggered against the door, then looked stupidly at the landlord. Grizzle Meade placed a seat, and the Indian staggered into it.

It was Grizzle Meade who poured out the rum he drank. It was Grizzle Meade who stood over him and asked how the world fared with him.

"World all bad. Everybody going to the devil. Not Ju-ee-mo. Lots of witches—lots of witches and devils in Salem. I see them—the devils. Ju-ee-mo see two-legged devils; you see them every day."

"Do you see any lazy devils, Joe?" The Indian looked up with drunken gravity at Daniel Meade.

"I see—landlord of Globe Inn." The landlord frowned and turned away, but Grizzle Meade laughed.

"Aye—your eyesight is good, Joe." "Nothing wrong with Ju-ee-mo's eyes. I see Martin Lee cut throat Winslow's sheep. I see—"

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed the landlord. "What sort of a man was he?" "Peace, Daniel. Pay no attention to him, Joe. You did see some one kill the sheep?"

"Ju-ee-mo saw—O! yes; saw him kill horse. Big knife—zizi! So." The Indian made a quick movement across his throat, uttering a sound in imitation of that which a knife makes in cutting a piece of cloth.

"We know the sheep were killed, and the horse. But everybody does not know what you and I know, Joe. I know who killed the sheep, but like you, I keep my own council. 'Tis well to say Martin Lee did it, Joe."

The Indian looked at Grizzle Meade in horror. He attempted to rise, but Grizzle pushed him back into his seat. He looked at the door, but there was no relief near. Grizzle Meade's black eyes meanwhile seemed to burn with hidden fire. There was a look in her face which the Indian had never beheld there, as she said, sternly:

"Tell to others that Martin Lee killed Winslow's sheep, but confess to me you saw Giles Ellis do it. He put this fine story in your mouth."

Again the Indian tried to rise, and again Grizzle Meade held him down in his seat. "Do not rise. I will never tell it. It does not suit me. But neither does it suit me to let you go past my door without telling you that I know who killed the sheep. You never saw Martin Lee. Were he here now you would not know him. Come, is it not so?"

Impelled by the mere force of her will, the Indian answered and told the truth. "Ju-ee-mo did not see Martin Lee. Never see Martin Lee. Now I go."

"No, no! you did see Giles Ellis do it. Tell me—tell me and my husband here how he killed the sheep, and where you were when he did it."

The Indian looked hopelessly at the door again. There was no one in sight, no sign of relief. He straightened himself in his seat, and looking at Grizzle and the landlord alternately, said:

"I tell truth. You tell I tell truth. Giles he kill us—kill all sheep. He kill me if I not tell Martin Lee kill sheep. I come long by Winslow's. See Giles Ellis. Wonder what he do. Ju-ee-mo hide behind big stone. See Giles Ellis go in field. Catch sheep. Take out big knife. Cut their throats so."

Again Joe made the sound of a knife cutting cloth.

"He kill horse. Cut horse all through. Brave man, Giles Ellis. He see me. Hold knife so."

Joe described the manner in which the knife was pressed against his throat.

Daniel Meade suddenly staggered back, and, going to a cask, drew and drank off a large draught of rum. Then he walked out of the inn.

"And you swore never to tell," Grizzle said grimly.

"Ju-ee-mo swore."

"Well, you have not told. I told you. Was it not me told you Giles Ellis killed the sheep? I only asked you how he did it. Have no fear of Giles Ellis. Rather fear me and keep the secret well. Say to all it was Martin Lee."

"I tell all the same."

"Aye, and see you do not vary a hair in your story. But fear me rather than Giles Ellis, for when I ask you to tell the truth, and you do not tell it, I will tell all the same."

The Indian looked at her wicked eyes, fixed upon him sternly, as though she would search his very soul, with fear and dread of her anger. He rose to his feet. Grizzle gave him another draw of rum, took him by the shoulder, turned his face toward Salem, and bade him begone.

Already her customers were in view. The inn would soon be filled with men eager to discuss the extraordinary occurrences of the past week. Indian Joe had revealed all he knew, and his place was worth ten times more than his presence now.

"Now, then, Giles Ellis," said Grizzle Meade, as the Indian staggered back to Salem, "we are even. The same rope that hangs me will hang you."

CHAPTER XVIII.

INDIAN JOE'S AWFUL EXPERIENCE.

Although Indian Joe's face was towards Salem, and his toes pointing in the right direction, he was not sure he was right. The memory of the threat Grizzle Meade's words implied, and her shining black, bead-like eyes, added to the rum he had imbibed, proved too much for Joe's brain. He scarcely knew where he was. He staggered on in a stupid, aimless way, encountering here and there a passer-by on the road, and sometimes he accosted trees and stumps. Then he fell prone upon the ground.

It was dark when he woke up. He scrambled over the ground with his hands and feet, and then stood upright and endeavored to recall the events of the past night.

Now he remembered his meeting with Giles Ellis. He remembered how Giles had spurred him into a recital of the scene he had witnessed, and reminded him the crime was to be laid on Martin Lee. He tried to recall the number of times he had been given rum, then slowly he recalled all the circumstances attending his last visit to Globe Inn.

Where was he now? As he looked, something approached him—a monster with a great, glowing eye. It seemed to Indian Joe's eyes to be as large as a cow—larger. Ju-ee-mo rubbed his eyes, and looked again. Yes, the animal was there, moving about slowly, with curious, swaying steps. The one eye—it had but one—was fixed full on Indian Joe. He could not avoid it. Now that he observed the monster closely, it had half a dozen legs.

It would be useless to attempt to escape it, even if it were not looking at him with its one great eye. Ju-ee-mo crouched upon the ground in terror.

Still the eye moved, the creature's legs moved, but it came no nearer. Indian Joe listened; he placed his hand to his ear, and craned his neck forward in the darkness. There was a curious sound. Was it the monster's teeth? The thought made the Indian's heart throb. A deadly fear overcame him. Such a sound as that mortal had never heard until now. All the witch stories Indian Joe had listened to in the past month were recalled. All the hobgoblins and devils invented by the cossips of Salem passed before his disordered brain in review. This monster was the devil he had heard of. Indian Joe made a noise that was neither a cry nor a grunt, but a blending of both.

Suddenly the glowing eye disappeared. The monster was nowhere to be seen. Indian Joe rose slowly, cautiously, stood upright, and looked about him. An insect whirring past struck him full in the face, but the Indian had no eye, no ear for anything but the monster that reappeared; that had fixed its eye on him again.

Now he could see the monster's legs plainly. He counted them. Eight legs. They moved in the strangest way. Sometimes they were bunched together. Sometimes they seemed to be but a single leg. Then they separated in twos and fours; then they seemed to walk off in pairs.

The perspiration rolled down Ju-ee-mo's face. He wiped his head with his hand, and looked again. The great glowing eye was swaying; the monster seemed to be shaking his head at him. Suddenly Ju-ee-mo's mood changed. He laughed softly to himself.

The great glowing eye was a lantern. It was swinging in a man's hand. The monster with eight legs was four men. Indian Joe could see their outlines quite plainly now. But what were they doing there, and where were they? They had a spade and a pick.

Ju-ee-mo crept forward slowly on his hands and knees. The lantern showed him four men plainly, but he could not distinguish them. Now one was down in the bowels of the earth. Indian Joe could see the others holding the lantern near him; could see the man in the earth stoop and disappear altogether. Was this, then, the opening to the infernal regions? Were these men really men, or witches, such as he had heard of?

Now the man emerged from the bowels of the earth and brought with him another, clad in white. Ju-ee-mo could see the others reaching down, grasping the figure in white, and lifting it out of the earth. Ju-ee-mo moved nearer. He heard voices; his curiosity led him to a point where he could see and hear. If these were really witches, what a tale he would have for Salem to-morrow! He was fascinated by the spectacle the men and the lantern and the cavity in the earth presented. He could not resist the inclination to approach the actors in this strange scene. He moved nearer. His foot caught a twig, the twig snapped, and an instant later Ju-ee-mo was stunned by a blow on the head. He was buffeted and kicked and lifted bodily from the ground. A dozen hands seemed to throw him up in the air and strike him as he fell. A score of feet kicked and pressed upon him. He was rolled over, crunched, and left for dead.

When he regained consciousness all was silent. The events of the past hour seemed a dream, but Indian Joe's arm, his head, and his back told him it was not all a dream. He got up with difficulty, looked about him in the dark, and seeing what he conceived was the outline of a house near at hand, he walked slowly and silently away.

When he related this strange experience to the people of Salem, they shook their heads, and some put their tongues in their cheeks. Indian Joe's weakness was well known. Besides, he had been seen half drunk the day before. What more natural than that he should dream he beheld these things? What would the men be doing digging in the ground? If it were the evil one, he did not need a lantern; everybody knew he could provide himself with as much light as he wanted to. And who would be bent on such silly work as digging holes in the earth?

So Indian Joe's story found few listeners, and no credence.

One effect produced was unnoticed at

the time. It weakened his narrative of the killing of John Winslow's horse and sheep. Even the gossips asked each other if a man who told such prodigious lies, and stuck to them, as Joe did to his could be believed.

CHAPTER XIX.

GILES ELLIS'S MISCALCULATIONS.

When the strange story Indian Joe related came to Giles Ellis's ears, that individual gave it immediate credence. It was politic to do so. He foresaw the effect it would have upon his statements concerning the crime charged to Martin Lee. He was desirous of meeting his tool. If it had been in his power to overtake him and silence him for a time, he would have done it; but he did not deem it politic to be seen in Joe's company.

To counteract the ridicule Joe's story excited, Giles Ellis artfully manufactured a lie out of whole cloth. The manner in which this was done, though ingenious, was as old as human craft and cunning. He himself directed the conversation to the story Joe had related, then proceeded in this wise:

"It seems incredible, beyond belief, neighbors, but I have heard of things as strange, and not from the Indian, but from others—responsible men."

"A remark like this in those days was sufficient to inflame listeners with curiosity. Then Giles fenced skillfully.

"O, do not quote me in the matter. I only repeat what I heard. Did you not hear anything about the finding of Martin Lee's body?"

Of course, the listeners knew nothing, whereupon Giles proceeded in this wise: "Well, 'tis said—mind I'm only telling what was told me—'tis said Martin Lee's body was found. That somebody dug it up and moved it away to a safer place, where it will never be given up till the sea gives up its dead."

When the curious naturally asked who exhumed the remains, and when and where they were observed, Giles was not permitted to say more. He affected the manner of a man who had already told too much.

So now the gossips, forgetting the ridicule they had heaped upon Indian Joe, coolly repeated the story of the exhuming of Martin Lee's body, and related how they had been spirited away. Indian Joe had witnessed their actions, but he could not tell how many were there, or their names. And then, too, he was black and blue with the beating he had received when discovered by those who had carried away all that was left of Martin Lee.

It will not surprise the reader when he is told that the last person to hear this story was the one most interested in it. John Lee was profoundly ignorant of Indian Joe's extraordinary story, and knew nothing of the version Giles Ellis improved appendix furnished. Once more the public sentiment turned, and now numbers believed that Martin Lee's remains had been exhumed and secreted in some out-of-the-way place by somebody.

But now the question arose—who helped John Lee? If there were four in the business, then John Lee had three good friends. Who were the friends? Immediately public opinion fixed on Arthur Proctor as one of the persons. John Lee was the moving spirit, of course. Possibly the other two were familiars of the witches!

It was such wretched suppositions as these the people offered to support their opinion when tangible evidence was demanded. At a time when the chance remarks of mere children were twisted into proof deemed sufficient to hang women who, until the people became crazed with the fear of witchcraft, were considered respectable and worthy, it is not difficult to imagine the form the story took inside of twenty-four hours, when the Marshal of Salem encountered Giles Ellis.

"Know ye aught of the story I hear of John Lee and young Proctor?"

"I can answer both if you will tell me what you have heard."

"Well, I have heard that John Lee, Arthur Proctor, and two others," the Marshal emphasized the words, "have dug up Martin Lee and thrown his body into the sea."

"Ah! I did not hear what disposition they made of the body. I heard the same."

"'Tis said you know more than you care to tell?"

"I know no more than I hear others say."

"You can at least tell me who saw the body?"

"I do not know."

"So, then, you will swear you saw nothing?"

"That I can swear cheerfully."

Yet spite of this positive assertion, Giles Ellis continued to be quoted. The Marshal, who was in the performance of his duty, heard much that was contradictory and unworthy a moment's consideration. He anticipated the result, however. He foresaw plainly he would be ordered to apprehend John Lee and Arthur Proctor—that they would be called upon to answer the charge that they had exhumed and tossed the remains of Martin Lee into the sea. He desired above all things to confront Proctor and Lee with Giles Ellis, whom he now both disliked and dreaded.

There was a coolness, a self-satisfied manner, a lofty bearing, that proclaimed to the world Giles Ellis placed a proper estimate on himself and all belonging to him. He was a man who asserted himself—who questioned others, but resented anything like criticism on him or his motives. The world has improved somewhat since Giles Ellis lived, but his counterpart is to be found in every church, township and ward in the country to-day.

The Marshal of Salem parted from Giles Ellis with many misgivings of evil. In his secret soul Samuel Hobbs deemed Giles Ellis a consummate hypocrite. "But he dare not utter his thought. On the contrary, a whisper might work much mischief. His duties were sufficiently disagreeable now, but he had it in his power to soften misfortune to his friends, and chief among them, as we have seen, he esteemed John Lee.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The discovery of gold in a recent meteoric stone suggests some very interesting queries. It is commonly believed that meteors are fragments of other worlds accidentally thrown outside their usual orbit into that of the earth. The question is whether this gold, where it originated, was the cause of as much strife and contention as it has for ages been on this planet.

The Naval Fight of the Future.

Each vessel, says Lieut. Bradley A. Fiske, in the *May Forum*, will clear for action as soon as the other is discerned, perhaps five miles away. Each will probably slow down at first, in order to gain time for preparation, and especially for getting the steam pressure up to the highest point. Forced draft will at once be started, and the subdued roar of the air driven through the furnaces, to accelerate combustion, and the whir of the dynamos will be added to the clang of the gunbreach blocks, as they are swung open to admit the projectile to the breach, the hum of the ammunition-hoists raising powder and shell to the decks, and the quiet, firm orders of authority.

On deck the galling guns and revolving cannon and the rapid-fire guns in the tops are got noiselessly into readiness; the Captain takes his place in the armored conning tower with the chief quartermaster and his aid; the executive officer assumes charge of the battery, and remains near at hand to take the Captain's place in case of his death or disability; the range finders are got in position, and the officer in charge begins to report from time to time the distance of the enemy, now drawing closer.

Probably not a shot will be fired until this distance is reduced to 2,000 yards, and probably both ships will keep pointed toward each other until that time. But now what will the contestants do? It has been held that both will advance steadily toward each other—each commander hoping that some false move on the part of his adversary will enable him to rush forward, discharge his bow torpedo at 508 yards, and perhaps follow it up with his ram and end the fight at once—until they have approached so close, say 500 yards, that neither dare to swerve lest he himself be rammed; so that the ships will at length collide end on, and may both sink!

The various inventions of the past few years—rapid-firing guns, high explosives, torpedoes, submarine boats, dynamite guns, and range finders; the increased power and perfection of steam and electric machinery; the improvements in powder and in steel for projectiles and for armor—have not revolutionized naval science so much as they have broadened it. The principles of strategy remain the same, and so does the necessity for the seaman's skill. Engineers construct, invent, experiment, and tried, sham battles are fought, and heated discussions agitate the naval mind; but the only thing that can determine the real condition of modern naval warfare is a modern naval war.

High Flying.

The most remarkable balloon ascension on record was made in 1794 by Blot and Gay-Lussac, of Paris. By this enterprise they endowed science with a series of new and important facts, questionable before that time, as they carried with them a complete set of suitable apparatus, and, moreover, an unsurpassed knowledge of observation and experiment. They ascended to a height of 12,000 feet, and observed that at 8,000 or 9,000 feet the animals they had taken with them in order to observe the effect of the rarefied air and cold upon them, did not appear to suffer any inconvenience.

In the meantime the pulses of the two experimenters were much accelerated; that of Gay-Lussac, otherwise always slow, sixty-two beats per minute, was eighty; and that of Blot, naturally rapid, seventy-nine beats per minute, was 111.

At a height of 11,000 feet alpine was liberated; it dropped down, whirling through the air as if it had been a stone. The air was too thin and too rarefied to enable it to fly.

Three weeks later Gay-Lussac went up alone and attained a height of 22,000 feet (four and one-sixth miles), or 2,000 feet higher than the top of Chimborazo Mountain. The barometer was only 13 inches high; the thermometer 18 degrees Fahrenheit below the freezing point, while at the surface of the ground it was 80 degrees. He left the court-yard of the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers, in Paris, and, after an aerial voyage of six hours, descended near Rouen, 160 miles distant.

The result of this ascension on Gay-Lussac's health was very injurious, partially by want of air for respiration, combined with sudden cold, but chiefly by the absence of the accustomed pressure. At the extreme height of 22,000 feet his face and neck were swollen enormously, his eyes protruded from his head, blood ran from his lungs by vomiting; in short, his system received a shock from which he never fully recovered during the rest of his life.

New York Ledger.

Sympathy Thrown Away.

It is seldom that the New York street urchin fails to get amusement out of anything where he sees the chance. Some youngsters saw an opportunity recently in the union of the following elements: A pair of trousers, an old jacket and vest, a hat and some straw. The straw was put in the other elements, and the whole, when completed, made a very fair specimen of the genus "tramp." The boys carried the figure around to a neighboring church, and placed it in a position which was skillfully intended to give the impression to passers-by of a fellow-being in agony. Then they hid to watch developments, says the *New York Times*. A lady and gentleman passed the church, "Oh, look at that poor fellow, John! He seems to be ill," remarked the lady. The small boys didn't say anything, but kept their eyes on "John." "John," who was a courtly cavalier of the olden days, benevolently went up and touched the figure, saying, "What's the matter

with you, my man?" He did not wait to get an answer, but left suddenly, and his departure was punctuated by various cat calls and scoffing remarks.

Many persons passed the figure, and many, overcome by emotions of pity, went up and spoke words of kind encouragement to it. patted it on the shoulder, shook it, and then went away quickly, accompanied by cries of "Give an ambulance fur de man, boss!" "Call der cop! He's McGinty's brother, boss!" and various other expressions of Americanized Anglo-Saxon—that were more or less forcibly understood by those who heard them.

The urchins kept it up until one of their number suggested carrying the figure to the park and "make a 200' circle or murder." The idea was seized, and the poor agonized figure was hurried from the church steps and borne off into the surrounding darkness with a yell that made a nervous old lady who was standing on the street corner shiver and exclaim to her aged companion, "Laudy! look at those boys a tormentin' that poor man."

Thunder-Stones.

In 1723 Jussieu addressed the French Academy on the "Origin and Uses of Thunder-Stones." He showed that recent travelers from various parts of the world had brought a number of weapons and other implements of stone to France, and that they were essentially similar to what in Europe had been known as "thunder-stones;" a year later this fact was clinched into the scientific mind of France by the Jesuit Lafitau, who published a work showing the similarity between the customs of aborigines then existing in other lands and those of the early inhabitants of Europe. So began, in these works of Jussieu and Lafitau, the science of comparative ethnography.

In 1730 Mahudel presented a paper to the French Academy of Inscriptions on the so-called "thunder-stones," and also presented a series of plates which showed that these were stone implements, which must have been used at an early period in human history.

In 1778 Buffon, in his *Epoques de la Nature*, intimated his belief that "thunder-stones" were made by early races of men; but he did not press this view, and the reason for his reserve was obvious enough: He had already one quarrel with the theologians on his hands, which had cost him dear—public retraction and humiliation; his declaration, therefore, attracted no notice. — *Popular Science Monthly.*

To Make Ice-Water Last.

A useful attribute of paper not generally known is for preserving ice in a pitcher of water. Fill the pitcher with ice and water, and set it on the center of a piece of paper; then gather the paper up together at the top and place the ends tightly together, placing a strong rubber band around the coil to hold it close, so as to exclude the air. A pitcher of ice-water treated in this manner has been known to stand over night with scarcely a perceptible melting of the ice. — *Rehoboth Sunday Herald.*

Our Literary Lionesses.

Penman—By the way, old man, who's that pretty little girl in blue talking to Prof. Winterby?

Quills—That's the author of the new book on the "Philosophy of the Unknown."

Penman—And who's the old maid in spectacles?

Quills—What! Don't you know her? Why, she wrote the novel that everybody is talking about—"Geraldine, or the Confessions of a Young Girl." — *Boston Post.*

Pat's Wetting.

The proprietor of a shooting-box in the west of Ireland, having been driven home in a regular downpour, and perceiving that his Jehu was almost in rags, sympathetically said:

"Pat, my poor fellow, you must be wet through and through!"

"Faith, then, no, your honor," replied Pat. "I'm wet only to the skin; but, please goodness, I'll be wet inside as soon as your honor can get out the spirits!" — *New York Ledger.*

A D.Ment Task.

Editor—Mr. Scribbler, I wish you would get up a little department headed "Children's Sayings" and fill it full of the brightest little mots you can pick up.

Mr. Scribbler—Very sorry, sir, but my children are all away on a visit and—

"Then collect the bright things you hear said by other people's children."

"I—I never hear other people's children say anything worth printing." — *Good News.*

The Young Idea.

Fannie's mamma is a great hand to borrow of her next door neighbor. One day Fannie went into the neighbor's for a visit, but found them all ready to go away to stay a week.

"Is 'oo all doin' at once?"

"Yes, baby and all."

"Why," she said, in an aggrieved tone, "how tan oo?" My mamma will want to bor' tings." — *Detroit Free Press.*

Wants vs. Needs.

Little Dot—Oh, mamma, the organ grinder's monkey is at the window, an' he has a little round box in his hand. Mamma—Well, my pet, what do you think he wants?

Little Dot (after a glance at the organ-grinder)—I dess he wants to borrow some soap. — *New York Weekly.*

"How do you reckon families average in this country?" asked a woman of the census enumerator. "Five and a small fraction over," was the reply. "I see; and my husband is the small fraction over in this family."

Did you ever try it? If not, you have missed a wonderful opportunity to develop your ingenuity. We are nine in family, and have just moved out of apartment on the second story of a very narrow house. I think the architect who planned the building must have done it with one eye. Its whole width accommodated the width of an apartment of ordinary size, so, instead of the rooms branching off from one another in their usual convenient fashion, they had formed a procession in Indian file from the front elevation to the coal-house. If the front elevation to the kitchen you had to go through every room in order to get to the front room. You couldn't wander about the house—you could only go through it. As for the bed-rooms, they were so narrow that when filled with clothing it was impossible to keep the door shut, and in passing, one had an involuntary view of one's entire wardrobe—voluntary view of it as was not lying on sofas or chairs. For want of space we entered all over the flat, and any entering man, by simply walking through in the dead of night, could have fallen over enough wearing apparel to have set him up in the clothing business. There was some inconvenience in this predominance of dressing-rooms, especially if any one called in the daytime before our toilets were complete or in the night time after any of us had retired. We never heard the outside front door bell ring but its sound smote us with terror. One of the most painful results of large families living in small flats is the folding bed. They lean against the wall, trying to look like a bookcase or a cabinet organ, but I can always tell them. When I see a piece of furniture looming up like a monument factory, with a kind of nothing-in-particular air about it, then I know it is a bed in disguise. Our parlor was situated about midway down the line of rooms so as to connect with the front stairs. Two of us girls had a folding bed in there. We used to arrange vases and photograph holders upon it during the daytime in our endeavors to conceal its identity. Every other room except the dining-room and culinary department was the station for a bed, and when we had company to stay all night we used to spread canvas cots in the back hall. I used to hum a sweet little song about "O! put me in my little cot, mother!" but, since affording accommodations for visiting relatives by spending a few nights out in the back hall on a bier, with a tent roof for a tick, I have refrained from petitioning my mother to do any such thing. Owing to the marriage of several of my sisters and the raising of the salaries of several of my brothers, we have fallen into the position where it seems incumbent upon us to live in the style which our income demands, and we have concluded to rent an entire house. From my long experience in flats I know that the ringing of a doorbell will always strike terror to my soul, and that I shall never entertain company without glancing uneasily at the sofa to see if any article of personal wear is reposing there.

The Feet of the Ancients.

A noticeable thing about the statues found in our museums of art, supposed to represent the perfect figures of ancient men and women, is the apparently disproportionate size of their feet. We modern people are apt to pronounce them too large, particularly those of women. It will be found, however, that for symmetrical perfection these feet could not be better. A Greek sculptor would not think of such a thing as putting a nine-inch foot on a 5-foot woman. Their types for these classical marble figures were taken from the most perfect forms of living persons. Unquestionably the human foot as represented by these old sculptors, was larger than the modern one; and, in fact, the primitive foot of all people of whom we have any record, either in painting or statuary, was larger than the restricted foot of modern times. The masculine foot, forming an approximate average of four different countries, was about 12 inches long. This would require at least a No. 12 or 13 to cover it comfortably. The average masculine foot-to-day is easily fitted with a No. 8 shoe, and is, therefore, not above 10.7-16 of an inch. Now, by the old Scriptural rule of proportion a man 5 feet 9 inches in height should have a foot 11 inches long or one-sixth his height. It was of no great consequence what size sandal he wore, but he would have required a modern shoe of at least No. 10 for a minimum fit, or a No. 11 for real comfort.

For women, allowing for the difference in the relative size of the two sexes, which was about the same then as now, a woman five feet three inches in height would have had a foot ten inches long, requiring a modern shoe—it ought to be spoken in a whisper—No. 6 as the most comfortable for that foot, or a No. 5 1/2 as a limit of torture. The reason for the difference between the old classical foot and the modern one is obvious. Restriction is what has done it.

A Blasted Romance.

"Miss Clara," began the young man, "it becomes necessary for me to speak to you upon a subject which deeply concerns us both. I will first ask you to recall to mind the last evening I was here. We parted, if you will remember, upon the steps. As I proceeded slowly across the lawn the full moon came from behind a cloud and enveloped me in a flood of mellow glory. Suddenly, Miss Clara, it seemed to me without a note of warning, I was overwhelmed."

"One moment, Mr. Smithers," interrupted the beautiful girl, as she stuck in an extra hairpin and turned down the gas three-quarters of an inch. Then drawing her chair still closer, she indicated by a wave of the hand that he could proceed.

"I was about to observe, Miss Clara," continued the young man, "that I was overwhelmed by the onslaught of your father's dog Grip, who ate up three weeks of my salary in half a minute, and unless your parents up for that suit there is going to be war."

The Abbe's Strong Wine.

An amusing story comes to hand from a village not far from the town of Beaune, in the sunny province of Burgundy. The favorite pastor of the parish was a round,

joval-faced little Abbe, who enjoyed a good glass of wine; and so, as a surprise, the villagers, who were mostly small vine owners, agreed to give him a pleasing surprise by filling a wine tun that was senting it to him on his birthday. Each pour it into the cask which of wine, and the next morning the cask was decorated with wreaths and flowers. All the sented the full decorated cask of red wine, good, sound Burgundy, though of no special brand, to the delighted Abbe. "Vive M'sieu l'Abbe!" all stood round to drink his health; his old housekeeper turned the tap and drew out the first glass; but, miracle of miracles, the wine had become pure white water! Each cunning peasant had thought his share of other wine, but their unanimity had worked a miracle by no means acceptable to "M'sieu l'Abbe."—Court Journal.

Minister and Maiden.

We understand, and it is alleged upon what we deem good authority, that recently, at a protracted Methodist meeting at Ono, wherein Rev. Shilow, Presiding Elder of the Conference, residence Chico, assisted by Rev. Dr. Dillard, pastor of Ono District, was preaching to the multitude, and endeavoring to have the sinners accept the faith that they might seek the forgiveness and blessings of the meek and lowly Nazarene. The Elder requested that all who desired to be saved "arise and come forward." Several parties did so, among the number a comely maiden of the not far distant "Western Antipodes," who had been affected by the eloquence and earnestness of the minister's speech. The good Mr. Shilow was so zealous in behalf of the young seeker of religion that he put his arms around her and whispered words of consolation and religion; in fact, so earnest was he in his goodnass that he did not discover the male cousin of the young lady, who came up in the rear, and in a stern, not-to-be-misunderstood voice, said: "This is a h-l of a way," and taking his cousin from the house of worship, marched her home. It is said that consternation reigned, natch to the chagrin and indignation of the Cider, and that many left the place in disgust. It is not necessary to state that there is at least one who will not again seek religion at the hands of Mr. Shilow, who, for aught we know, may have been sincere, but there were others in attendance who thought he was rather too familiar on that particular occasion, when naught but propriety should have been indulged in.—The Cottonwood Register.

The Telephone Trouble.

Fogg—Doctor, my wife is very nervous and she seems in a very bad state. Doctor—Yes; her nerves are completely shattered. Have you a telephone at your house? Fogg—No, we have. Doctor—And does your wife use it much? Fogg—Frequently. Doctor—No wonder her nerves are unstrung. No chance of air will be necessary. Just sell your telephone.—America.

SOLOMON LEVINE has brought suit against Health Inspector Max Levy, of Brooklyn, to recover \$100 which he alleges is due him as a marriage broker for having negotiated the union of Dr. Levy and Miss Lillian Marks, the daughter of a New York merchant, and who has a large fortune in her own right. They were married in the Lexington Avenue Oper House, in New York, on May 8. Dr. Levy states that he offered Levine \$7 to bring about an introduction which should result in a marriage, but that Levine refused this, and the negotiation between them ended there and was never resumed. Levine claims that his services were worth \$100, and that it was understood he should receive that sum.

THE results of the Spanish census of 1887 have not yet been entirely published, but it appears that the total enumeration is 17,550,216 persons, showing an increase of 951,901 upon the number enumerated ten years previously, in 1877, equal to a rate of increase of only 54 per 1,000 per annum, a rate considerably less than half the normal annual rate of increase of population in England. The highest rates of increase during the last inter-censal period occurred in the Provinces of Huelva and Biscaya and the lowest in Soria, Teruel and Almeida, where the population is mainly rural, poor and scantily supplied with means of communication by road and rail.

SOME statistics from summer resorts show that the New England coast receives the greatest number of city visitors in the summer, 536 prominent persons visiting it, while 318 go to the interior; the same number go to Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Delaware, 240 to the south shore of Long Island, 232 to the north shore of the Sound, 204 to the Hudson River, 118 to the Jersey coast, and 68 to the north shore of Long Island.

A SOUTHWESTERN contemporary observes that a most striking feature of the census enumeration in San Antonio is the remarkable exhibit of longevity. The list of people between the ages of 85 and 90 is a long one, while there are three individuals who have lived over one hundred years. These are Mme. Candelaria, who is 103 years old; Mrs. Lena Dickinson, aged 100; and Rube Carroll, colored, aged 105.

A NEGRO girl, about fourteen years old, and two white boys, about ten and twelve years old, went crab fishing at Brunswick, Ga. Their bait giving out, the negro girl took a hatchet and chopped off one of the white boy's toes, and used it for a bait. The boys left and came home. The girl, after fishing awhile with the toe for bait, buried it in the sand. She was arrested and placed in jail.

THE greatest marvel in telegraphy is said to be the synchronous multiplex, an instrument by means of which six messages can be transmitted upon one wire, either all from one station or in opposite directions.

THEY have a curious custom at the burial of unmarried women in Brazil. The coffin, hearse, and the liverly of the driver must be bright scarlet, the four white horses drawing the hearse must be covered with scarlet nets and scarlet plumes must deck the horses' heads.

Repaying the Favor.

Among a people who know no way of canceling a debt except by making payment in kind, one is liable to strange experiences. The Maories of New Zealand are very exact in this respect as we see from an incident related by the author of "Bush Fighting."

During a skirmish the son of the principle chief fell into the hands of the British. He was badly wounded in the leg, and amputation became necessary, after which the man rapidly recovered. When the patient was able to be moved, the chief was informed that he might send for him. He did so and the next day a cart-load of potatoes arrived in camp as a present for the General, together with a message of thanks for the kind treatment treatment his son had experienced. The chief also declared that in future he would not kill wounded soldiers who fell into his hands, but only cut a leg off and send them back!

A Tried Remedy for Biliousness.

Those who suffer from disorder or inaction of the liver will never get the upper hand of the unruly organ so long as they use such irrational remedies as blue pills, calomel, and podophyllin. But from the tried and popular medicine, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they may expect relief with a certainty of obtaining it. The fluency of the Bitters upon the great biliary gland is direct, powerful and speedily felt. The relief afforded is not spasmodic, but complete and permanent. The sallowness of the skin, furied appearance of the tongue, indigestion, costiveness, headache, nausea, pains through the right side and shoulder, in fact every accompaniment of the obstinate complaint, are entirely and promptly removed by a course of this inestimable medicine, in behalf of which testimony is constantly emanating from ever quarter, and from all classes of society.

Nothing Remarkable.

Mrs. Gotham (looking up from the paper)—Of all things! Four little girls, the oldest one eleven years, broke into a house by forcing the back door with a hatchet; then by means of a file and chisel got open a trunk, and stole from it \$250 and a diamond ring.

Mr. Gotham—Goodness gracious! Where?

"In Chicago."

"Oh! Chicago! Of course; of course."

—New York Weekly.

Information Free.

Hall Boy (New York hotel)—Beg pardon, mister, but I stepped in to tell ye not to blow out the gas.

Guest—See here! I'm not from Texas; I'm from Philadelphia.

"Beg pard n' again; I'm in the wrong room; but bein' as I'm here, I'll show ye how to turn on the 'lectric light."—New York Weekly.

F. A. ROOD, Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured my wife of catarrh fifteen years ago, and she has had no return of it. It's a sure cure." Sold by Druggists—75c.

A DEPOSIT of beautiful agate and carnelian has been found on Cedros Island, Lower California.

Summer Weakness Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Quickly Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla



ONE ENJOYS

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

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

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Soft Glow of The TEA ROSE Is Acquired by Ladies Who Use POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER. TRY IT. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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The "Mother's Friend"

Not only shortens labor and lessens pain attending it but greatly diminishes the danger to life of both mother and child if used a few months before confinement. Write to The Bradford Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

If a razor is in fairly good condition and not in need of the oilstone it may soon be whetted to a fine edge on the palm of the hand or the inner side of the forearm. The latter is best if it is free from hair.

ANY man that puts an article in reach of overworked women to lighten her labor is certainly a benefactor. Cragin & Co. surely come under this head in making Dobbins' Electric Soap so cheap that all can use it.

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"WHAT kind of a vessel is an ocean greyhound?" "A bark, most likely."—Boston Courier.

Poz & disordered liver try BEECHAM'S PILLS.

A CHANGE of climb-it—Putting stairs in the elevator shaft.—Merchant Traveler.

"WHERE dirt gathers, waste rules." Great saving results from the use of SAPOLIO. It is a solid cake of Scouring Soap used for all cleaning purposes except the laundry.

BEST, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists, 50c.

Physicians recommend "Tansill's Punch."

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Steady, profitable work. Send sample of work. Address CROCHET LACE MANUFACTURING CO., 121 W. 57th St., New York City.

OPIMUM Habit. The only certain and easy cure.

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No starving, no incisions, no condiments. Send 6c. for circulars and testimonials. Address: DR. O. W. F. BRYEN, 218 State St., Chicago, Ill. Name this paper when you write.

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Circular showing who are entitled sent FREE. Fee \$10 in successful cases. Others nothing. Ad'l's TALLMAGE & TALLMAGE, Chicago, Ill., & Washington, D. C. NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

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has become a law. \$12 PER MONTH to all honorably discharged soldiers and Sailors of the late war, who are incapacitated from earning a support. Widows the same, without regard to cause of death. Dependent Parents and Minor Children also interested. Over 30 years' experience. References in all parts of the country. No charge unless successful. Write at once for Copy of Law, blanks, and full instructions. ALL FREE. To R. McALLISTER & CO., Successors to Wm. Conrad & Co., P. O. Box 715, Washington, D. C.

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CATARRH

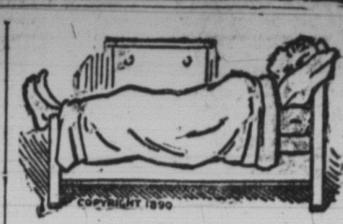
It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

GREAT MEN

are like Sapolio.—They waste themselves to make the world brighter. SAPOLIO is the electric light of house-cleaning.

THE OLD RUT

and old methods are not the easiest by far. Many people travel them because they have not tried the better way. It is a relief from a sort of slavery to break away from old-fashioned methods and adopt the labor-saving and strength-sparing inventions of modern times. Get out of old ruts and into new ways by using a cake of SAPOLIO in your house-cleaning.



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The symptoms of catarrh are, headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid and offensive; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases terminate in Consumption and end in the grave, without ever having manifested all these symptoms. Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. 50 cents by druggists.

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The Disability Bill is a law. Soldiers disabled since the war are entitled. Dependent widows and parents now dependent who served from effective date of service are included. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully processed—

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Removes Tan, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and all skin diseases, and every kind of impurity of the face. It has effected the cure of 40 years, and is so gentle and soothing that it can be used by the most delicate of ladies. The name is on the wrapper. Beware of cheap imitations. Dr. L. A. Meyer said to a lady: "The hair-cream 'Gouraud's Cream' is the least harmful and the best for the hair."

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Mr. only by the Evans Chemical Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. We have sold Big C for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.



TWO SOLDIERS

A Thrilling Army Romance of the Western Frontier.

By CAPT. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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CHAPTER V.



"I am almost glad to hear that she is not the heiress people said she was."

And now a matter has to be recorded which will go far to convince many of our readers that Capt. Lane was even more of an old-fashioned prig than he has hitherto appeared to be. After leaving the Vincents' late on the previous day he had come to his rooms, and sat there for fully two hours in the endeavor to compose a brief, manly letter addressed to Vincent pere. It was nothing more nor less than the old style of addressing a gentleman of family, and requesting permission to pay his addresses to his daughter Mabel. A very difficult task was the composition of this letter for our frontier soldier. He was desperately in earnest, however; time was short, and after several attempts the missive was completed. His first duty in the morning was to send that letter by an orderly to Mr. Vincent's office. Then he turned to his sergeant and asked for news of the deserter. Not a word had been heard—not a single word.

"I have been everywhere—I could think of, sir," said the sergeant, "and both the men have been around his customary haunts last night and this morning making inquiries, but all to no purpose. The detectives came and burst into his trunk, and there was nothing in it worth having. He had been taking away his clothing, etc., from time to time in small packages and secreting them where we don't know where. One thing I heard, sir, that I never knew before, and that was that after he had gone to bed at night he would frequently steal out of his room and go away and never reappear until breakfast time in the morning. And now will the lieutenant—the captain—pardon me for asking the question, are the check books all right, sir?"

"What put that idea into your head?" asked Lane.

"Well, sir, some of the men tell me that he was always writing at his desk, and once Strauss said that he had picked up a scrap of paper that he hadn't completely destroyed, and the handwriting on it didn't look like Taintor's at all; he said it more resembled that of the captain, and it made me suspicious. I never heard this until late last night."

A sudden thought occurred to Lane. Taking out his check book he carefully counted the checks remaining and compared them with the number of stubs, and found to his surprise and much to his dismay that at least five or six checks were missing.

"Send for a cab at once. I must go down to the bank. You stay here, and when Lieut. Noel comes give him my compliments and ask him to sit down and wait awhile and read the morning paper. I'll be back in a very short time."

Following the custom established by his predecessor, Capt. Lane had always kept the recruiting funds in the First National bank. His own private funds he preferred to keep in an entirely different establishment—the Merchants' Exchange.

The cab whirled him rapidly to the building indicated, and although it lacked half an hour of the time of opening he made his way into the office and asked to see the paying teller.

"Will you kindly tell me if any checks on the recruiting fund have lately been presented for payment?" he eagerly asked. The captain was referred to the bookkeeper, and that official called him within the railing.

"No less than four checks were brought here yesterday for payment, and they came between half past 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon," was the bookkeeper's report. "There seemed to us something wrong in the simultaneous presentation of the four, and I was on the point of addressing a note to you this morning to ask you to come down to the bank. Everything about it appears in proper shape and form, except that three of the checks have been indorsed payable to your clerk, William Taintor, who came in person and drew the money."

"Let me see the checks, if you please," said the captain.

They were speedily produced. Lane took them to the window and closely examined them.

"I could not tell them," he said, "from my own handwriting, and yet those three checks are forgeries. I believe that the indorsements on the back are equally forgeries. Now, can I take these with me to the office of the chief of police, or do you desire that the detectives should be sent here? Taintor deserted last night, and all traces have been lost. What is the amount that he has drawn?"

"One check, payable to the order of William Hayden for board furnished to the re-

cruiting party, is to the amount of \$45.50. The second, payable to James Freeman, and indorsed by him to William Taintor, as was the first, is for the rent of the building occupied by the recruiting rendezvous, precisely similar in form and amount to the previous checks, for the sum of \$63. The third check is payable to William Taintor himself, marked 'for extra duty pay as clerk at the recruiting office for the past six months.' The fourth is made payable to the order of Sergt. James Burns, 'extra duty pay as non-commissioned officer in charge of the party for the six months beginning Jan. 1 and ending June 30.'

This check, too, had been indorsed payable to the order of William Taintor. All four checks, amounting in all to the sum of about one hundred and sixty dollars, had been paid to the recruiting clerk during the afternoon of the previous day.

"Had you no suspicion of anything wrong?" said Lane.

"I knew nothing about it," said the bookkeeper. "They were presented to the paying teller at the desk, and it was not until after bank was closed, when we came to balance up cash, that the matter excited comment and then suspicion. Taintor has frequently come here before with drafts and checks, and if you remember, sir, on one or two occasions he has been sent for new check books when the old ones had run out."

"That's very true," said Lane. "He has been employed here in this rendezvous for the last ten years, and has borne up to within my knowledge of him, an unimpeachable character. If any more checks come in stop payment on them until you see me, and, if possible, detain the person who presents them."

Half an hour afterward the captain was back in his office, and there, true to his appointment, was Lieut. Noel.

"I have had a strange and unpleasant experience, Noel," said Lane. "Most of my papers have been faultily made out. My clerk deserted last night and has turned out to be a most expert forger. He has stolen half a dozen checks from my book, made them out to the order of various parties, forged the indorsements himself, got the money yesterday afternoon, and cleared out, no one knows where."

"Great Scott, old man! that is hard luck! How much has he let you in for?" asked Noel, in the slang of the period.

"Only \$169, fortunately; and I have made that good this morning—placed my own check to the credit of the recruiting fund in the First National bank, so that in turning over the funds to you there will be no loss. We have to make new papers for the clothing account; but as quickly as possible I will have them ready for your signature and mine."

"There is no hurry whatever, old fellow," answered Noel, cheerily. "I've come back from the regiment a little short of money, and I want to have a nest egg in the bank to begin with. It's a good thing to have a fat cushion, isn't it? He has always been very liberal and kind to me, and, luckily, I've only drawn on him twice. So I'll hurry along."

Five minutes after Noel left a district messenger entered with a note for Capt. Lane. It was addressed to him in the handwriting of Mr. Vincent. He opened it with a trembling hand. It contained, merely these words:

"I am obliged to leave for New York this afternoon. Can you come to my office at 1 o'clock? We can then talk without interruption; and I much desire to see you."

"T. L. V."

As the big bell on the city hall had struck 1 o'clock, Capt. Lane appeared at the office of Vincent, Clark & Co., and was shown without delay into the private room of the senior partner. Mr. Vincent, looking even older and grayer in the wan light at the rear of the massive building, was seated at his desk and busily occupied with a book of memoranda and figures. He pushed back his chair and came forward at once at sight of Lane, and motioned to the clerk to retire. The cavalryman's heart was beating harder than he had any recollection of its ever doing before, except in her presence, and he felt that his knees were trembling. But the old gentleman's greeting gave him instant hope.

"I am glad you have come, my dear sir. I am glad to know a man who was taught as I was taught. Young people nowadays seem to rush into matrimony without the faintest reference to their parents, and your letter was a surprise to me—a surprise, that is, in the fact that you should have sought my permission at all."

"Take this chair, captain," he continued as he returned to his desk. "I have much to say to you," he added, with a sigh. "Let me say at once that from what I know and have heard of you there is no man of my acquaintance to whom I could intrust my daughter's future with more implicit confidence. It is true that both her mother and I had at one time other hopes and views for her, and that we wish your profession was not that of arms. And now I beg you to be patient with me, and pardon my alluding to matters which you yourself broach in this—this most manifold letter. You tell me that you are not dependent on your pay alone, but that from investments in real estate in growing cities in the west and in mines in New Mexico your present income is some \$5,000. As I understand you, the property is steadily increasing in value."

"It has steadily increased thus far, sir, and I think it will continue to do so for several years to come—in real estate investments at least."

"I am glad of this, on your account as well as hers, for Mabel has been reared in comparative luxury. She has never known what it was to want anything very much or very long. She has been educated on the supposition that her whole life would

be equally free from care or stint; and if we were to die to-morrow, sir, she would be a beggar."

And here, in great agitation, the old gentleman rose from his chair and began nervously pacing up and down the little room, wringing his white, tremulous hands and turning his face away from the silent soldier that hung to the lashes or the piteous quivering of the sensitive lips. For a moment or two nothing more was said. Then, as though in surprise, Mr. Vincent stopped short.

"Did you understand me, Capt. Lane? I do not exaggerate the situation in the least. I do not know how soon the ax will fall. We are safe for today, but know not what the morrow may bring forth. I may be met en route by telegrams saying that the journey is useless—that we are ruined—and the money I hope to get in New York to tide us over would only come too late. Next month at this time the home in which Mabel was born and reared may be sold over her head, with every scrap and atom of its furniture, and we be driven into exile.—Do you realize this, sir? Do you understand that if you win her affection and she becomes your wife I have not one penny with which to bless her?"

"Mr. Vincent," answered Lane, "I would hold myself richer than any man in this world if I could know that your daughter cared for me and would be my wife. Do not think that I fail to sympathize and feel for you and all who are dear to you in your distress and anxiety, but I am almost glad to hear that she is not the heiress people said she was. It is Mabel I want—and here his voice trembled almost as much as the old man's, and his honest gray eyes filled up with tears he could not down—and with her for my own I could ask nothing of any man. I have your consent to see her, then, at once if need be? You know I am relieved from duty here and must rejoin my regiment within ten days."

"My full consent, and my best wishes, captain," said Mr. Vincent, grasping the outstretched hand in both his own. "You have not spoken to her at all!"

"Not a word, Mr. Vincent; and I can form no idea what her answer will be. Pardon me, sir, but has she or has Mrs. Vincent any knowledge of your business troubles?"

"My wife knows, of course, that everything is going wrong, and that I am desperately harassed; Mabel, too, knows that I have lost much money—very much—in the last two years; but neither of them knows the real truth—that even my life insurance is gone. A year ago I strove to obtain additional amounts in the three companies in which I had taken out policies years ago. Of course a rigid examination had to be made by the medical advisers, and the result was the total rejection of my applications, and in two cases an offer to return with interest all the premiums hitherto paid. The physicians had all discovered serious trouble with my heart. Last winter our business was at its lowest ebb. I had been fortunate in some speculations on 'change in the past, and I strove to restore our falling fortunes in that way. My margins were swept away like chaff, and I have been vainly striving to regain them for the last three months, until now the last cent that I could raise is waiting the result of this week's deal. Every man in all the great markets east and west knew three weeks ago that a powerful and wealthy syndicate had 'cornered,' as we say, all the wheat to be had, and was forcing the price up day by day; and I had started in on the wrong side. Even if the corner were to break to-morrow I could not recover half my losses. The offer the insurance companies made was eagerly accepted, sir; I took their money, and it dribbled away through my broker's fingers. If wheat goes up one cent we cannot meet our obligations—we are gone. We have been compelled to borrow at ruinous rates in order to meet our calls. I say, we, for poor Clark is with me in the deal, and it means ruin for him, too, though he, luckily, has neither wife nor child. Are you ready, sir, to ally your name with that of a ruined and broken man—to wed a beggar's daughter?"

And here poor old Vincent fairly broke down and sobbed aloud. Long watching, sleepless nights, suspense, wretched anxiety, the wretched looks and whispered comments of the men he daily met on 'change, the increasing brusqueness and insolence of his broker, Warden—all had combined to humiliate and crush him. He threw himself upon the sofa, his worn old frame shaking and quivering with grief. The sight was too much for Lane. This was her father; it was her home that was threatened, her name that was in jeopardy.

"Mr. Vincent," he cried, almost imploringly, "I cannot tell you how utterly my sympathy is with you in your anxiety and distress. I beg you not to give way—not to abandon hope. I—I think it may be in my power to help a little; only—it must be a secret between us. She—Mabel must never know."

PURSUING A SLAVER.

A Remarkable Shot Destroys the Lemon Eared Nellie with 75,000 Souls on Board.

"I attended 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' at the Park theatre the other day," said Patrolman Straight to the Ananias club, "and as I sat in the gallery and watched Eliza canter across the ice—made of canvas—just ahead of four or five dogs that might as well be made of canvas, so far as caninology goes, it brought back to my mind an incident in my career that should I live to be as old as Maguslam—"

"Who?" asked Sergt. Joyce.

"Maguslam, the guy who existed on a certain earth for 10,000 years. I say, fellows, if I should live to his age I shall not forget it. I can't remember the exact date, but it was less than a hundred years ago that I was in command of the French man-of-war *Sein*, and my mission on the high seas was to look out for and capture African slave traders. One moonlight night as we were plowing the swelling Atlantic at the nominal speed of seventy-five miles an hour the lookout at the mast head reported a sail on our lee quarter. I ordered the helm thrown down hard and as the huge ship obeyed the rudder her steel prow killed nearly 1,200 fish. But we had more at stake than fish, and we did not stop to take any of them up. In a short time

we were headed for the strange sail, and it wasn't long until from the quarter deck I could see her plainly.

"The smoky stacks of the *Sein* became red hot, and one of them melted to the decks, but I called for water, and the ship was saved from destruction. We did not lessen our speed for a little thing like that, but continued to split the ocean open. Soon a long, smoky black smoke ascended high above the masts of the chase. Then I knew what we were after. Hastily beating the men to quarters I, in the deliberate voice I use on the Lincoln Lane gang, told them that there was fun ahead. The vessel 200 miles ahead of us was a slave dhow, and for the honor of ourselves particularly, and France as a matter of course, we must capture her. 'And when we do,' says I, 'you fellows know your business.' For two days and nights we chased the strange craft, and during that time I did not sleep a wink or eat a mouthful of food, I was so excited. At six bells on the third day we were in shooting range, and I ordered the ten-ton rifle cannon to be fired. The eighty-ton shell fell ahead of the slaver nearly two miles.

"The effect on the water was terrific. You notice I said the shell weighed eighty tons, and as it fell into the ocean it exploded.—The water raised in a solid wall that was, I should judge, 900 feet thick to an altitude of 7,000 yards. It made a hole that you could put the state house, court house, insane asylum, blind asylum and Union station into all at one and the same time—that is, of course, if you had them there. The slave ship plunged against, at and into this wall, and then came a mighty crash—a crash that was caused, as I afterward learned, by an island sixty miles distant being washed from its base by the waves. The ship penetrating the wall caused it to break and the upheaved water fell in torrents, while the slaver teetered on the brink of the huge abyss for a moment and then fell bow first into the hole, and the scattered fragments of the broken wall falling upon her buried her from sight forever.

"In a few hours the sea was calm and for two months we cruised in that vicinity, but not a sign of the lost slaver was found. Two years after we picked up on the coast of Zanzibar a water-soaked book that I am satisfied was the 'log' of the lost ship. According to the book the dhow that we destroyed was the *Lemon Eared Nellie*, from New Brunswick, and she had 75,000 slaves aboard, all of whom were drowned. I felt so bad about this that I resigned my place in the French navy and got a job on the Indianapolis police force—with more pay and less work."—Indianapolis Journal.

FEEDING A BIG SNAKE.

The Appetizing Meal of Rabbits That a Boa Constrictor Delights In.

Three corpulent rabbits of Belgian breed were caged in a soap box quietly awaiting their fate. They were the meal for which the snake was anxiously awaiting. He had not tasted meat in four months and his voracious maw yawned like a bottomless pit for the unfortunate trio in the soap box. Manager Bell appeared and drew forth one of the rabbits. After stroking "bunny" on the back for a moment he opened the door to the snake's den and thrust him in. The huge boa coiled himself up in a corner, but at once roused himself for action. He was fully twelve feet long, and having recently shed his winter coat his skin glistened and shone like satin. He raised his head a foot or so from the floor and viewed the first course of his quadrannual meal.

The rabbit showed no signs of fear, but rather seemed to enjoy his new quarters. The snake slowly lowered his head and cautiously began to stretch himself along the side of the den. He never once took his eyes off the rabbit, which was still unconscious of his danger. Suddenly the rabbit began to act strangely and to cut all sorts of ridiculous capers. He would leap back and forth over the snake and then rub up against it, and appeared to be fascinated. Slowly and stealthily the snake turned his head about until it was within a foot of the rabbit's haunches. Then, quick as a flash, he darted forward, seized the rabbit in his mouth and in another instant there was nothing to be seen of the little animal save the tips of his ears, which protruded from between the folds of the snake.

The huge serpent then raised his head full two feet from the floor, darted out his forked tongue and hissed horribly at the motley group watching him. If there was any struggle on the part of the rabbit it was not visible. The snake had him in his awful coils. Then the coils slowly, but with a strength which was terrible to look at, began to tighten till every bone in the poor rabbit's body must have been broken. This done the coils relaxed, and the limp, lifeless body of the sportive rabbit of a few moments before lay ready to be swallowed. First the serpent nosed his victim all over. The eyeballs of the dead rabbit were protruding from their sockets, and by way of beginning the boa licked them with his tongue. Once more he coiled about his victim, leaving its head and shoulders free. Then he opened his monstrous jaws and, taking "bunny's" head therein, began to swallow. Soon the head and shoulders were out of sight, and in less than fifteen minutes the hind legs followed.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A curious wrap at a patent office is an imitation rat that has a piece of toasted cheese stuck on the end of a little spear that projects from his nose a short distance. When a real rat comes up to nibble at the cheese the spear jumps out about six inches and impales the unfortunate.

The Profits of Authorship.

I caught one of our best known authors in a confidential mood recently, and his comments on the revenue of authorship, which he gave me permission afterward to print, carry interest in them. I may add that the name of the author is one of the most widely known in American literature today, and years ago I chose between law and literature. I had every opportunity to succeed at the bar, for through hard work and my connections a lucrative practice seemed open to me. But I turned to authorship. Today I am what the world calls a successful author. My last novel was bid for by three publishers, and royalties, I am told by my publisher, are higher than those of the majority of their writers. I have the pleasure of hearing my books and name hawked the trains when I am traveling; newspapers give me from a quarter column to a column, and a half review.

"But what has literature brought me money? Let me open my vest pocket to you. Here is my actual revenue 1899, and includes, as you see, royalties on six of my novels, magazine articles, etc., and everything is collected. It is the total, \$2,170.40. Compare actual figures to the paragraph recently circulated in which I am reputed to \$10,000 from my pen. Is it any more that the unsophisticated enter literature with false hopes? Yes, print these if you wish; only, of course, without my name and identity." I reproduced the facts and figures as they were given to me. I only wish it were possible for the sake of those who think that literature is a bed of roses, to see this author's name.—New York Letter.

Struck by Lightning.

Sailors are proverbial for their yarns, but they can't get much about Parker men. The other day Capt. J. Parker got hold of Capt. Gibson, and said:

"Dave, you recollect when I was on the Yaxoo and that streak of lightning struck me as I stood near the jack in that terrible storm, and you all thought I was dead for sure?"

"Oh, yes, very well; but where did lightning go to, anyhow?"

"Why, it went right down into the boat."

"And you never were hurt?"

"No, sir, not a bit. I just took boot off and poured the lightning on the deck."

And the two worthies went to look at the weather map.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Spotted Tribe.

There is a whole tribe of spotted and women and children, too, to be with in a district on the banks of the River Purus, in South America. They live only on the river banks, or in the settlements in the lagoons. All their whole life is spent in their canoes and they are conspicuous by their liar skin, which is covered with black and white spots, and causes many individuals to look just as if they had been dappled, so that the spotted need not always be a thing of paint patch.—New York Telegram.

It is said to be a common sight in New York to see well dressed men running skipping the rope in Central Park. Exercise is the chief aim of these diversions, which are practiced mostly by brokers, lawyers and club men who are becoming stout.

Waiting for Brother William. A trembling old man entered J. Mulvihill's saloon in Front street. John:

"Well, Pop, who are you looking for?"

"My brother. He is a pilot on boat Edward Blunt. He'll be here at 1 o'clock. His name is William—older than me."

The old man's name is Edmund Johnson. Twenty-five years ago he was policeman in the Tenth precinct. He is 71 years old. His brother was dropped off Sandy Hook so long ago that the best pilot cannot remember the date, every day "Pop" Johnson walks up and down Front street cheerfully awaiting William's return. He is perfectly sane in every other respect.—New York Letter.

When Men Buy Candy.

The writer was talking to Clerk Peacock at the Hoffman house the other day when a messenger boy came to the door and left a package for one of the guests. The package was from a well known confectioner. Mr. Peacock gave a receipt for the package, and when the boy had gone said: "Now, I know that the gentleman for whom that was left is going away. I can always tell when a man is going away by those packages. It is sure sign. Men don't buy candy for themselves, and when they get it to take away with them they always wait just before they go. That guest's room will be vacant probably this evening, but he is certain not to remain after tonight."—New York Letter.

Safety Fastener for Envelopes.

A novel construction of a safety fastener for envelopes is the subject taken out by an English inventor. His object is to render envelopes secure against their flaps being tampered with or contents being extracted without destroying the envelope itself.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The district attorney of Saratoga, N. Y., has secured a pane of glass from a house in Ballston, near the iron spring where Washington Irving stopped in 1803. Upon the glass was a signature with a diamond in the famous author's signature: "Washington Irving, 1803."

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

BEAVER MEN WHO MET UPON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

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

An Ex-Confederate's Reflections.

BY W. A. CROFFUT.

Yea, I was in the war, and I war on the losing side. A Johnny Reb—I state it flat, tho' I ain't no cause for pride: I war down in Dixie w'en the trouble lit on me. I war raised in Alabama, way up the Tennessee. That's how it came about, you know; secesh war in the air: The Federal Government wasn't anywhere. An' Ole John Brown had stole our nigs, Ole Abe had followed suit. An' loved to march his minions down an' tread us under foot. It made us mad, this 'sort o' thing; we swore it should be no more. When 'n Alabama, way up the Tennessee, The old Tusumby Battery enlisted for the night. I signed the roll an' waded in, not doubting it was right. As when the evening come to go, we stopped, an' got the benediction of the oldest man in town. The Revolution veteran, my uncle, Marion Rowe. Who'd he die at: Eatah Springs nigh eighty years befo'.

After Antietam.

BY COL. ALEX. DUKE BAILEY.

THIS was written after a ride over the terrible battle field of Antietam, the notes from which I transcribe bear date: Friday, Sept. 19, 1862.—Let us first turn off to the left of the Hagerstown turnpike, but we must ride very slowly and carefully, for all through this cornfield are the victims of the hardest contest of our division. Can it be that these are the bodies of our late antagonists? Their faces are so absolutely black that I can't see myself at first this must be a negro regiment. Their eyes are protruding from their sockets, their heads, hands, and limbs are swollen to twice their natural size. Ah! there is little left to awaken our sympathy, for all those vestiges of our common humanity which touch the sympathetic chord are now quite blotted out. These defaced and broken caskets, emptied of all that made them manlike, human, are repulsive merely. Naught remains but to lay them away quietly, where what is now repulsive shall be resolved into its original elements—shall be for a time. Brother to the insensate clod which the rind swain turns with his share, and shall reappear in new forms of life hereafter. Passing through this cornfield, with the dead lying thick in all its aisles, out into an uncultivated field beyond, I saw bodies, attired mainly in gray, lying in ranks so regular that

Death the Reaper must have mowed them down in swaths. Our burying parties were already busily engaged, and had put away to rest many of our own men; still, here as everywhere, I saw them scattered over the fields. The ground was strewn with muskets, knapsacks, cartridge-boxes and articles of clothing, with shot and shell. And so it was on the turnpike itself; ride where we may, through cornfield, wood or ravine, and our ride will be among the dead, until the heart grows sick and faint with horror. Here, close to the road, were the haystacks where our General and staff paused for awhile when the division was farthest advanced, and here, at the corner of the barn lay one of our men, killed by a shell which had well-nigh proved fatal to them also. Just in front of these haystacks was the only dead figure, not repulsive to sight, on this battle-field—a fine horse struck with death at the instant when, cut down by his wound, he was attempting to rise from the ground. His head was half lifted, his neck proudly arched—every muscle seemed to replace with animal life. The wound which killed him was wholly concealed from view, so that I had to ride close up before I could believe him dead. Hundreds of his kind lay upon the field, but all were repulsive save himself, and he was the admired of every passer-by. I wished for some sculptor to immortalize in stone this magnificent animal in the exact pose of his death-hour; one would like to see something from a battle-field not wholly terrible. Over this grave-yard of the unburied dead we reached a wood, every tree pierced with shot or cut with bullets, and came to the little brick church on the turnpike. This must have been a focal point in the battle, for a hundred round shot have pierced its walls, while bullets by thousands have scoured and battered it. A little crowd of soldiers were standing about it, and within a few severely wounded rebels were stretched on the benches, one of whom was raving in his agony. Surgical aid and proper attendance had been already furnished, and we did not join the visitors inside. Out in the grove behind the little church the dead had already been collected in groups ready for burial, some of them wearing our own uniform, but the majority dressed in gray. No matter in what direction we turned, it was all the same shocking picture, awakening awe rather than pity. Lamenting the senses rather than touching the heart, glazing the eye with horror rather than filling it with tears. I had, however, seen many a poor fellow during my ride, something in whose position or appearance had caused me to pause, and here, lying side by side with three others, I saw a young rebel officer, his face less discolored than the rest, whose features and expression called forth my earnest sympathy, not so much for him as for those who in his Southern home shall see him no more forever. No one among the burying party knew his name, and before night he was in a trench with the rest, with no headstone to mark his tomb, one of the three thousand rebel dead who fill nameless graves upon this battle-field. Very slowly, as men move through the burial places of the dead, we rode through these woods back of the church and reached the rocky citadel behind which crouched the enemy to receive our charging battalions, sweeping their ranks with destruction and compelling their retreat. I was astonished to see how cunningly nature had laid up this long series of ledges of rocks, breast-high for the protection of the rebel line. In front of this breast-work we found a majority of the dead dressed in blue. At this point also commenced the long barricade of fence rails piled so closely to protect the rebel lines, and stretching off toward the north. Here is more evidence of the use to which the rebel Generals put all their spare moments of time, and of their admirable choice of position. One mere scene in this battle-picture must be witnessed, and with a glance at this our ride may end. It is a narrow country lane hollowed out somewhat between the fields, partially shaded, and now literally crowded with rebel corpses. Here they stood in line of battle, and here, in the length of five hundred feet, I counted more than two hundred of their dead. In every attitude conceivable—some piled in groups of five or six; some grasping their muskets as if in the act of discharging them; some, evidently officers, killed while encouraging their men; some lying in the position of calm repose, all black and swollen, ghastly with wounds, this battalion of the dead filled the lane with horrors. As we rode beside it—we could not ride in it—I saw the field all about me black with corpses, and I was told that the cornfield beyond was equally crowded. It was a place to see once, to glance at, and then to ride hurriedly away, for, strong-hearted as was then my mood, I had gazed upon as much horror as I was able to bear. As we rode back, I noticed, close by the lane, several trenches already covered in, one with a strip of wood at its head marked with the inscription: "Colonel Garland, and eighty dead rebels." Details of our soldiers from the various regiments were collecting their comrades, bringing in the bodies on fence rails, identifying them, and laying each in his own separate grave, with a head-piece inscribed with his name and regiment. Of course, I cannot personally speak

with positiveness as to the comparative numbers of the dead on each side, but from my own observations and the opinions of old, experienced officers, our late foes seemed to outnumber our dead in the proportion of four to one. Two days of laborious sepulture will be necessary before they are hidden away in the bosom of our cherishing mother; during two days more of sunlight and darkness, of hot noontide and chilly midnight, must some of these poor mangled forms lie here, untouched, untended, to be hurried by stranger hands at last into a common and nameless grave. Thank God that to the former occupants of these defaced bodies, now dwellers in other, far mansions, the fate of these, their former habitations, is no longer of interest. Not for these poor shipwrecked forms, then, need we reserve our pity, but for the broken circles of which every man among these unburied thousands formed a part—for the homes throughout the South and the North made wretched this day with the first hints of their new sorrow—for the widow, the orphan, the mother, the loved ones all—Oh, war! war! war! Out of this sad presence silently we rode toward the setting sun, to find our headquarters pitched on the battle-field, and to be soon seeking in sleep forgetfulness of war and all its horrors. The next day was a quiet one. At our mess-table in the morning it was generally thought that we would move before night, and every moment was therefore occupied in bringing up arrears of staff business. Late in the afternoon, however, I rode out to visit a part of the battle-field I had not seen, once more to have a partial return of yesterday's impressions. The van of that immense army of visitors, which for several weeks came pouring in to see Antietam field, had already arrived, and many citizens were now picking up relics of the battle, and exploring every part of the ground. Hither came the father or brother from New England, searching for his dead; here, also, the distracted wife sought out the grave of her heroic husband. The Hagerstown pike for weeks saw every afternoon almost one continuous funeral process on, bearing away to the North the mangled bodies of the North's bravest sons. More than a thousand, perhaps, were thus carried home to sleep among their kindred—to repose beneath commemorative stones, to which all of their name and family shall point hereafter with natural and patriotic pride. At first it had seemed to me better to permit our brave boys to rest undisturbed under the bullet-scared trees, in the little glens, or out in the fields, where they died for the good cause, and where they had been laid by their comrades; but when I saw the mournful pleasure with which their graves were discovered by relatives who had come hundreds of miles to claim their own, and the affectionate tenderness, not unmixed with pride, with which they lifted the beloved forms, shrouded only in uniforms of blue, into their coffins, and the evident relief with which they commenced their journey home, I had reason to change my mind. Stretching in front of the fields adjoining our camping ground was one of the long fence-rail barricades of the enemy, and behind it a continuous pile of straw indicated their sleeping spot at night. They had left behind them some 15,000 muskets, and details of men were engaged in collecting them. The burial parties were still busy; it seemed indeed, that their sad work was not yet half accomplished. As we rode on we met a friend guiding a couple of ambulances; as he was not a surgeon we inquired his destination, when he told us that during his afternoon ride he had discovered, in a barn on the edge of the battle field, some twenty rebels so desperately wounded that they had been unable to help themselves, and had therefore remained untended and without food ever since the battle. He was now going with the ambulances to bring the poor fellows into one of our hospitals. Our visit this evening was again to some of the most severely contested points; to be awe-struck, sickened, almost benumbed by the sight that would never grow familiar. Within this space of more than a mile square, this spot, once beautiful with handsome residences and well-cultivated farms, isolated, hedged in with verdure, sacred to quiet, calm content, the hottest fury of man's hottest wrath had expended itself, burning dwellings and well-filled barns, plowing fields of ripened grain with artillery, scattering everywhere, through cornfield, wood and valley, the most awful illustrations of war. Not a building about us which was not deserted by its occupants, and rent and torn by shot and shell, not a field which had not witnessed the fierce and bloody encounter of armed and desperate men. Truly, the field after the fight is more terrible than the scene of battle.—Chicago Ledger.

THE FESTIVE BURGLAR. How I Lay Awake for Two Months to Head Him Off. What would you do if you heard a burglar in the house? To me that question has occurred a million times; more or less. The first time it flashed athwart my brain I bought a bull dog revolver and a Spanish dirk. On second thought I added a base ball bat to the equipment, and then for six nights I lay awake planning how I would softly draw on some indispensable garments, seize the revolver in one hand, the club in the other, and capture or otherwise dispose of the burglar. The dirk I would carry in my teeth—I saw no other way. Strange to say, this armament and my well laid plans did not bring the peace of mind I had expected. The more I prowled around the more agitated I became. Twice I shot at the cat and once I gave the hall hat rack a wicked stab, taking it for a burglar. Then my wife suggested in the interests of my health that I put up a burglar alarm and not get up until I had to. The blamed thing went off every time anybody came in or went out, day or night, and I got so tired of the eternal clatter that I cut the wires and substituted some unpatented devices of my own. I hung a flat iron on the key of the front door so that it would fall in a dishpan placed underneath; two pokers stood against the back door, arranged so as to fall at the slightest touch, and at various out of the way places I placed baskets filled with cheap crockery, tinware and other articles, so that the burglar would step into or against them—at least I fervently hoped he would—and give me warning of his advent. But these schemes didn't work much better than the burglar alarm. Everybody I knew got in the habit of calling on me after I had retired, and of course I would forget the flatiron, and send it clattering into the dishpan, necessitating awkward explanations, and once it clattered down on my toes. The cat made a regular practice of knocking down the burglar warning pokers, and if my wife stepped into the alarm baskets once she did twenty times. The result was that I fell back on my revolver, club and dirk. I also bought a watchman's rattle. Two nights later I heard a noise, and looking out of the window saw a man trying my front door. I fired at him, and the answering howl informed me that I had missed my neighbor Brindle, who had been sitting up with a sick man—or, at least, he said he had. Three nights later I sprang the rattle on my wife's aunt, who came from Poughkeepsie on a late train, and she was so angry that she wouldn't stay more than three weeks and my wife thinks we are cut out of her will. Things went on in this fashion for a month or so, until the neighbors began to circulate a petition asking me to move out of the ward. So I told my wife that when I heard a burglar in the house the plan of campaign would be as follows: I would first raise the window sash, making as much noise as possible in doing so, and spring the rattle with a firm and determined hand. I would then give the burglar two minutes to leave the house. If he still remained among the silverware I would advance into the upper hall, beat the stair railing fiercely with a base ball bat and fire three or four shots downstairs. I was firmly convinced that no burglar could withstand such a terrible attack, and after it had been clearly outlined beyond the possibility of a mistake I slept peacefully for the first time in three months. The very next morning, when I went downstairs to light the fire, I encountered a bare sideboard, and further search revealed the fact that my domicile had been ransacked from cellar to garret. It was a clean sweep. Well, there was one consolation. Now I know what I would do if a burglar broke into my house. I'd sleep.—New York World.

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, Sept. 7, may be found in Luke 19: 1-19. INTRODUCTORY. Rightly viewed, this is one of the brightest glimpses we have in the Gospels of the work of Christ on earth. We read that Zachaeus "sought to see Jesus." But it was rather Jesus who was seeking Zachaeus, and because of that seeking spirit Christ came to Jericho and passed beneath the sycamore. Were it not that Christ sought us, we should never have been seeking him. It is his love responded to that we name Christian love. "We love him because he first loved us." All the seeking we need is to follow the dictation of his Spirit in our hearts and open the door to receive him, and lo! he is at hand saying: "Make haste and come down." It was not nearly so far from Zachaeus' home to the sycamore as from the Father's house to that same tree. WHAT THE LESSON SAYS. Jesus entered. Or, having entered. The word "Jesus" is added in the English. The Gospels are so thoroughly the story of Jesus that the simple pronoun is sufficient, at all times, to designate him.—He passed through. More accurately, was passing through.—Jericho. Then a chief city with outlying suburbs. Behold. Introducing a singular circumstance.—A man named Zachaeus. Doubtless well known in the community on account of his public occupation. The chief among the publicans. Rather, a chief tax-gatherer. One word in the Greek. Probably the head of one division of the tax-gatherers, who doubtless found Jericho a lucrative center of operations.—Rich. The publicans of the day, to whom the taxes were farmed out, had abundant opportunities where conscience was stilled to accumulate wealth. He sought. Better, was seeking, or kept seeking; imperfect tense.—To see Jesus. Implying some knowledge of the name and reputation of Christ.—Who He was. In the Greek idiom, who He is. He desired a personal, or at least a slight acquaintance with Jesus.—I could not for the press. He probably had been tip-toeing about for some time on the edge of the throng.—Low stature. Not always a misfortune, as the sequel here proves. To him. Speaking as directly and frankly as he had been spoken to.—This day. Same word as in x. 3.—Salvation. I. e. Christ here bestows his saving grace.—Is come. Better, has come.—At this house. It was the same as saying, Thy faith hath saved thee.—As he also. Rather, since also. It is an added consideration, of special weight with the objectors, an argumentum ad hominem.—A son of Abraham. He was a Jew, one of the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Is come. Emphatic position. I. e. the express-errand of Christ was such work as this.—To seek and to save that which was lost. How can the lost be saved without being sought? WHAT THE LESSON SAYS. A sycamore tree. Thank God for the sycamore. It is not much of a tree after all, but it may be the starting point to something great. This little mission station is a very insignificant place. But do you know? Right here the other evening, a man who had wandered about in many lands, a refugee from his home government, the heir of a vast estate, gave himself and all his to the Lord. And his is but one of the many souls that have been given here a new and transforming glimpse of life. This country church, open but once or twice a week, seems to have very little to do with the great bustling life of the thronged thoroughfares. But it was right here that that successful minister or Sunday-school worker in the great metropolis enlisted for King Jesus. We are not going to despise these sycamore trees along the Lord's highway.—They may be trusting places 'twixt thy soul and God. When they saw it they all murmured. How slow we are to realize an evangelistic opportunity! What Jesus seized by a sort of divine instinct the disciples looked upon as an askance. No wonder the gospel net catches so few fishes, comparatively speaking; we move so languidly and lazily. The other night at the close of the testimony meeting, several persons arose for prayer. One whole family, a father, wife and son in a body. After the benediction the pastor hurried back to the door. He was able to take two or three of those who had arisen by the hand; but not all.—What were the Christians around about them doing? Would you believe it? Just nothing. Waiting, it would seem, to be introduced. Oh, these miserable society trammels! Why should the Kingdom so fetter itself; why put itself under world-bondage? Why the Lord unseal our eyes to behold the man waiting to see Jesus; and may he loose our hands to help him! Come to be a guest with a man that is a sinner. So the Lord preferred to spend his precious moments. There he was usually to be found, where he could do most good. Doubtless they had some other plan for him. Perhaps they were hurrying him forward to some important man-made appointment. Christ had his own errand there. We have seen it so. Have not you? What a disappointment that was to us a few Sunday nights since when we were expecting one sort of a service, and, by the providence of God, it was turned into another! Just a simple praise-service, that was all, instead of the platform meeting we were expecting to have. But then how God cheered us when the appeal was made in enabling us to see one soul after another arise and ask to be remembered in prayer. Our Master had changed our plan of the meeting. He had other business. He had gone to be a guest with a man who was a sinner. This day's salvation came to this house. Yes, if only Christ is let in. Here are a multitude of homes, just like that of Zachaeus, needing salvation. Here is Jesus with his salvation. What now will bring salvation into these houses? Why, simply to open and let Christ in.—Behold, I stand at the door and knock. This Sunday-school lesson is another gentle but earnest knock at the door. At many a heart the Savior is standing and seeking admission to-day. Will you let him in? When you let him in you let in life and light. Salvation is come to this house. To seek and to save. Christ's errand to-day is not for judgment. It is for mercy. When we hear his tapping at the door let us not forget him even though our sins and shortcomings are great. The woman who failed to let in her benefactor because she thought it was the landlord for the rent was not more foolish and foregone than that one who because of conscious delinquencies refuses to hear the tender voice that calls. There is a time when Christ will come for judgment. But it is not yet. And those who will feel his wrath then are those simply who scorn his mercy now.—O kiss the Son lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are those that put their trust in him. Next lesson: "Parable of the Pounds." Luke 19: 11-27.

