



CHELSEA STANDARD.

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—AND—

MILK SHAKE

—AT—

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THE LADIES' FAVORITE
NEW HOME
THE LIGHT RUNNING
THE FINEST WOODWORK THE BEST ATTACHMENTS
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. CHICAGO, ILL.
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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 **ANY 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 it 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 \$23 to \$1 a day at least, from the start of the experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address: H. HALLETT & CO., Box 888, PORTLAND, MAINE.

CAPT. KING'S BEST SERIAL,



A Story of the Social Life of our Army.

TWO SOLDIERS,
Is Now Running
IN THIS PAPER.

ARABIA.

Across red sultry leagues of burning land,
An arid terror and the dread of man,
Wearily crawls through seas of blistering sand
The straggling groups of a great caravan.

With dates and doura, from the Yemen's shore
It braves the pitiless desert's fiercest heat;
The thirsty camels totter, faint and sore;
The suffering Bedouins dream of cisterns sweet.

The road is long, and no refreshing palm
Charms the infatigable with verdant plumes;
The death sun tortures them, the awful calm
Angrily hints of imminent simoons!

Mecca, the wonder, with its bright, broad walls,
Has been the goal that they will never reach,
And every hot and savage ray that falls
Is doomed their fated skeletons to bleach!

No more shall these poor wanderers behold
The holy Caaba and the sacred shrine,
Where in a maze of marble and of gold
The Prophet slumbers in his rest divine!

Nor shall their balsams, myrrh and precious stones
Be sold through Djidda's intricate bazars,
And none will hear the muezzin when he drones
The throng to mosque below Medinan stars.

Shrieking to heedless Allah, sore afraid,
By wafts of maddening, cruel heat o'erpowered,
In graves of shifting sand they will be laid,
By ravenous swarms of locusts be devoured;

While o'er their scorched and withered bodies,
Astray
In disarray amid deserted tents,
The irremediable and callous moon
Will rise in her serene magnificence:
—Pittsburg Bulletin.

E. Cowles, of Eaton Rapids, Mich., lived in southern Ohio in 1862, and when Morgan made his raid Cowles, with several hundred other patriots, rushed to the defense of Cincinnati. He served three consecutive days and then returned to his plow. He had almost forgotten the circumstance until this week, when he received a formal discharge from the war department.

Her Knowledge of Hens.
A London woman married a farmer in Fife, and was much interested in everything about the farm. One day, having seen old Tibbie set a ducking hen, she came into the kitchen quite out of breath and said: "Oh, Tibbie, there's a great hen in the cart shed, and he'd cover far more eggs than that little fowl!"

"A hen, mem?" said Tibbie. "Did ye mean that dorkink cock? He'll not sit on eggs."

"Not sit?" said the lady. "Just you put down the eggs in the corner of the shed, tumble a hamper over him and make him sit."

"A well," said Tibbie, "I ken naething o' your Lunnon hen, mem! But a' I can say is ye'll not get a cock in Fife that'll bemean himself to sic work, hamper or nae hamper."—Newcastle (England) Chronicle.

Growth of the Turnip Seed.
The seed of a globe turnip is exceedingly minute, not larger, perhaps, than the twentieth part of an inch in diameter, and yet in the course of a few months this seed will be elaborated by the soil and the atmosphere into 27,000,000 of times its original bulk, and this in addition to a considerable bunch of leaves. Dr. Desaguliers has made some experiments proving that, in an average condition, a turnip seed may increase its own weight fifteen times in a minute. By an actual experiment, made on peat ground, turnips have been found to increase by growth 15,990 times the weight of their seeds each day they stood upon it.—New York Telegram.

Royal Autographs at Washington.
The great departments of Washington have hidden away in their musty records the romances of the greatest men of the United States. There is a tradition that some very spicy love letters of George Washington are hidden away in the state department. Others of the records contain references to the troubles which existed at the time that Peggy O'Neill, the handsome daughter of the Washington tavern-keeper, married Maj. Eaton, Jackson's secretary of war, and set Washington society by the ears, and still others describe the troubles which Alexander Hamilton underwent through the persecution of the pretty Mrs. Reynolds. By all odds the most interesting volumes of love and marriage, however, found in these departments are those which contain the letters of kings and queens, describing their marriages and in glowing terms picturing their gratitude to heaven for the birth of a prince or a princess.

According to the court etiquette of Europe whenever a son or daughter is born to a ruler a letter is sent to the state department. These letters are carefully filed. They are bound in great morocco covered books and they constitute the most valuable autograph collection of the United States. In them the handwritings of the kings of the earth are huddled together and the pens of queens and princes lie side by side. Many of the pages are bordered with black, announcing the death of a ruler, but such an announcement is always accompanied by the proclamation of the rise of another to the throne, and the old rule, "The king is dead, long live the king!" ever holds good.—Washington Letter.

Getting Ready for the Old Masters.

A young lady came to a Boston artist to take lessons, and after she had informed him that she expected to go abroad in three months and in that time wished to learn to copy the old masters in order to partly pay her expenses in Europe, she added:

"I suppose pastels will be hard to pack, won't they?"

"Pastels?" he repeated. "Are you intending to make copies of the old masters in pastels?"

"Well," she answered, "that's one of the things I wanted to ask you. Pastels wouldn't have to dry, you know, and I could wear gloves so that I shouldn't get my fingers smutted; only I did not know whether they would pack well."

The artist looked at her a moment in silent amazement and decided that she was not quizzing him, but was in sober earnest.

"I dare say pastels would by all means be best for you," he said, "but I do not give lessons in pastel. You will have to find somebody else."—Boston Courier.

He Really Loved Her.

A young lady of this city who is said to be worth not less than \$50,000 in prospective was the object of the attentions of a young man with whom she was very favorably impressed, but who, with every encouragement, continued to pause just short of a proposal. The young lady managed to put in circulation what appeared to be a reliable report that her pecuniary expectations were simply in the public mind, and in two days the young fellow had proposed and been accepted. It is not often that \$50,000 constitutes an obstacle to a young lady's matrimonial success, but it did in this case, and the lady in question doesn't feel in the least put out about it.—Binghanton Leader.

The Woodchuck in New Hampshire.
Up in New Hampshire a few days ago I paid a visit to the birthplace of Daniel Webster, in the hope that I might find out some new facts about that woodchuck which "the great expounder" defended so successfully. I found that a few had heard the story, and said it was wholly fiction, while most of the residents thought Daniel must have been a fool to let such an animal go, having once got hold of it.—Boston Globe.

When the Stopper Sticks.
Take a steel pin or needle and run it round the top of the stopper in the angle formed by it and the bottle. Then hold the vessel in your left hand and give it a steady twist toward you with the right, and it will very often be effectual, as the adhesion is frequently caused by the solidification of matter only at the point nearest the air.—New York Ledger.

The Home of the Telephone.
We remember well a number of leading Brantford gentlemen being guests of Professor Bell at his residence on Tutello Heights to experiment with a very crude telephone which Graham Bell, then teaching visible speech (an invention, by the way, of Melville Bell's in Boston), had been working at. It answered the purpose, of course, but was not nearly as handy or effective as the present instrument. It was here, too, that the first telephone line was strung from Professor Bell's to the city, some two miles, so that Brantford may very justly be designated the birthplace of the telephone, if not the birthplace of the inventor, who came from Scotland as a young man with his father. It was the development of the telephone system and the prospect of the magnificent returns which followed which induced Professor Melville Bell, himself a man of wealth and endowed with high mental and inventive gifts, to leave here, much to the regret of the people of Brantford and, we believe, to his own.—Brantford Expositor.

An Incident of the southern Folds.
Another dorky bought a bull for \$2.50, worth \$50, as he was standing on a piece of land about the size of a saddle blanket. He probably paid full value. He shot him seven times with a forty-four Winchester rifle before he fell, showing that the vital spark was deeply implanted. Not finding sufficient dry space on which to skin him, he tied his tail to the rear of a skiff and dragged him to a railroad platform, one and one-half miles distant, there to butcher him. The next morning he sent me several large steaks. They looked more like rubber door mats than edibles for a human being, so I tendered them to an overflow sufferer, who accepted them smilingly.—Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.

H. S. Holmes & Co.

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We will close

ALL STRAW HATS

at 50c. and above,

FOR JUST ONE-HALF PRICE

Big bargains in Suits!

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The best 50c. and 75c. Overalls in Chelsea. New Fall style Hats, just in.

Respectfully.

H. S. HOLMES & CO.

A WHOLE SET OF DISHES

AND A

Pound of Baking Powder

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FIFTY CENTS,
AT THE

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CHELSEA ROLLER MILLS MARKET REPORT.

Corrected Weekly by Cooper & Wood

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

No short weights.

TRY THE STANDARD COFFEE 25 CTS.

THE CHELSEA STANDARD.

WM. EMMERT, Publisher.
CHELSEA, MICHIGAN

CONSTANTOPLE is believed to have founded the first hospital in the world, as we now understand a hospital.

A HUNGRY horse tied in front of a dry-goods store at Norristown, Pa., devoured part of a box of cheap hats recently. When he had finished his feast he was brim full.

EXPERIMENTS prove that the Atlantic breakers have a force of three tons to the square foot; thus a surface of only two square yards sustains a blow from a heavy Atlantic breaker equal to fifty-four tons.

A LOCOMOTIVE for British Columbia was being hoisted into a vessel at San Francisco the other day, when the rope broke and the machine fell into the bay. It weighed sixty-five tons and sank so far in the mud that it could not be found the next day.

If a cellar has a damp smell and cannot be thoroughly ventilated a few trays of charcoal set around on the floor, shelves and ledges will make the air pure and sweet, says *Medical Classics*. If a large basketful of charcoal be placed in a damp cellar where milk is kept the milk will be in no danger of becoming tainted.

CHAUNCEY DEPEW was called upon recently by a middle-aged lady, who was so delighted by his urbanity that she impulsively kissed him when she arose to leave. A reporter who witnessed the disturbance asked Mr. Depew whether he was used to that sort of thing, and he replied: "It is one of the regular rules of the office."

R. T. WALKER, Grand Master of Masons of Ontario, who has just returned from England, says he attended the installation of the Anglo-America Lodge and witnessed the ceremony which put Theodore Tilton, late of Brooklyn, in the chair. It was a remarkable occasion, as it was the first time an American was made master of an English Lodge.

FIFTY-FIVE millions of dollars of capital have been invested in the building of "new Rome" during the last six years. The larger part of this amount was supplied by mortgage banks on the security of the lands and house. Between 1882 and 1887, when the building fever was at its height, rents increased enormously and are now much higher than in any other Italian city except Naples.

It is strange how badly we get important matters of history mixed. Ask any well-informed person who invented the sewing-machine and the reply will be Elias Howe, which is far from the truth in the case. The first sewing-machine was patented in England by Thomas Saint in 1769, sixty years before Howe was born. One of Saint's old machines is now on exhibition in the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, England.

In Geneva, at a circus, a female trapeze performer, Mlle. Mathilde, astonished the natives every night by her performances with a youth of about seventeen high up in the air. One evening this youth, by his own carelessness, slipped from the hands of the girl, who hung by her knees. A cry of horror arose from the audience, when she luckily caught him with her teeth by the embroidery over the breast of his tights. She pulled him up into a sitting position on the trapeze, then boxed his ears vigorously and made him go through the performance again—this time without fault.

ONE of the rising industries of Philadelphia is the bogus coffee industry. An enterprising manufacturer of the Quaker City has discovered a process by which an excellent imitation of the coffee berry can be made from flour. The flour is reduced to dough, the dough is run through a machine which molds it into coffee grains, and the grains are baked until they assume a coffee color. In its "circular to the trade" this enterprising firm assures the dealer that he "can safely mix fifteen per cent. of the substitute with genuine coffee," that he can largely increase his profits, and his transactions with the firm will be treated with the "strictest confidence."

DR. JAMES MACGREGOR, Queen Victoria's Scotch Chaplain, is a brilliant preacher; and he is also a man of very small stature, and slightly deformed, a defect which has gained for him the title in Edinburgh of "Bowdy" MacGregor. Once when a minister of a rural parish he called at a farmhouse, and as the members of his congregation whom he wanted to see were not

at home, he good-naturedly consented to be taken around the premises by the farmer's boy. After he had seen the minor sights about the place, he was taken to the pig-sty to see the pigs, where a curiously-shaped animal was triumphantly pointed out to him as "Bowdy MacGregor, ca'd after oor minister-ye ken." The story is told by the worthy old doctor himself.

A CURIOUS instance of the author of "Looking Backward" declining to look backward and persisting in looking forward occurred at the dedication of the monument to Dr. Joseph Bellamy, the great-grandfather of the author. In reply to an invitation to be present Edward Bellamy wrote from a watering-place: "I have been compelled to come down here for my health, and shall have to leave my great-grandfather in the lurch as regards attendance upon his Fourth of July celebration. I greatly regret that I am obliged to seem lacking in family loyalty, and hope you will believe me that I am not so, but in the present shaky condition of my health I cannot but feel that my first duty is to my posterity, a boy of five and a girl of four, rather than to my ancestry. It is bad to be an undutiful great-grandson, but worse still to be a reckless parent."

THE shocking revelations that have just been made in the matter of child insurance and child murder in England are quite likely to lead to some stringent legislation prohibiting the system of insurance of infants' lives. This form of insurance was started some years ago, and has become immensely popular, especially in the crowded population of the East End of London, and the great manufacturing cities of the midland counties. The amount for which new-born babies are insured range from \$1 to \$10 each, the premiums being only a few cents a week. The profits of the insurance companies are not derived solely from the premiums, however, but from the bodies of the children that die. These are, under the terms of the insurance policy, turned over to the companies, and are by them sold to medical students for dissection, thus realizing actually more than the insurance paid to the parents. It is thus to the interest of both parents and the insurance companies that the insured babies should die.

Our tongues play us sad tricks when we let them wag at will. It is astonishingly easy to fall into slovenly habits of speech which sound well, but cannot be literally interpreted. A lady who was on the point of leaving the house to pay some visits said, absently, as she looked at the leaves and dust whirling through the street: "Well, if I had known it would be so windy, I never should have gone." "Well, you haven't gone yet, have you?" asked her husband, rather testily. This changed the current of her thought, and she continued half aggrieved: "Well, Richard, I should think you might have gone with me, and made that call we owe Aunt Sophia." Then Richard gave the matter up as lost. Another excellent lady who, with the best intentions, does not always say what she means, was one afternoon greatly concerned at the thought that her husband, a lecturer, must work up to the very moment of delivering an address. "My dear," said she, going into the study, where he bent over his books, "can't you get a few minutes to sleep half an hour?" But he, being a mathematician, could not see the feasibility of the plan.

Abandoned but saved. The following pathetic fox story comes from England: A fox was fairly hallooed from a hiding place amid a ledge of rocks—high, secluded and inaccessible, yet withal conveniently enough situated for those nightly forays by which she had laid half the hen roosts in the district under repeated contribution. As the hounds were at hand the felon bounded away through the bushes, distancing her pursuers in the first instance, and holding out the promise of a day's excellent sport. These exertions, however, were too violent to be long continued, and the hunters knew from the increased yelling of the pack that it was gaining upon the enemy every moment.

At this juncture a gentleman who rode foremost in the chase observed the animal pause, look around and then bound away, apparently with fresh vigor and greatly increased speed. Attracted by this circumstance he rode up to this spot, and there found a very young cub, which the affectionate mother had carried at least two miles in her teeth and which she did not abandon till the very last extremity. Situated as they were the party had no means of restoring the cub, but as a reward for the fidelity of the mother the whipper-in was immediately ordered to call off the dogs and recommence the sports of the day in a totally different quarter.—*Exchange*.

SCANDALS are like dandelion seeds; they are arrowheaded and stick when they fall, and bring forth and multiply fourfold.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

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

THE FARM.

Cutting Oats.

With many farmers oats are raised almost entirely for feed and it is desirable to use them in a way so as to derive the largest amount of benefit. Cut at the right stage the straw contains considerable nutriment. The difficulty in feeding unthreshed oats is that they will eat the heads and waste the straw. This may be obviated to some extent by cutting, curing and stowing away the same as hay. Yet even then there is a considerable waste that is desirable to avoid. For this reason it will be best to use the cutting box, running the oats through it before feeding. In this way all will be eaten up clean, and the saving in waste will pay for the cost of cutting, while the value of the feed is increased because a better opportunity is afforded of making combinations.

It is necessary, if the best quality of feed is secured, to cut at the proper stage. If cut too green there is a loss in the grain, while if delayed until the seed has matured the straw will lose much of its value, turning to wood. Cutting just after the seed has fully formed and before the grains have hardened is the best stage, and the nearer they can be cut to this stage the better the quality for feed.

Oats, like clover, should if possible be cut and cured without getting wet. They need to be thoroughly cured before they are stored away, as they will mold if put in the barn or stack damp. With the mower, rake, hay fork and carrier they can be put away at a low cost, or if stacked in the field the mower, gatherer and stacker can be used. They must be laid and cured longer than hay, and thus the principal objection to this plan is that a shower will seriously damage it. If cut and bound they must be carefully stacked up and cupped, and let stand three or four days so as to cure it well before hauling in. Then if run through a cutting box and fed in tight mangers they make a very cheap feed, and are of a good quality.

It is best to prepare ahead, get the cutters and arrange a time in which to start. Where a considerable number of stock is to be fed the power cutters will be found the most economical but for a small number a heavy hand cutter can be used, and can be made profitable; more profit can be secured from oats in this way than to thresh and feed the grain and let the stock eat what they will of the straw.—*Prairie Farmer*.

Agricultural Notes.

A NOTED Western cattle breeder says that "breeders have passed the time when they aim to grow steers first and then fatten them." They feed to grow and fatten all along the line.

TALK over the farm management with the boys and get their opinions. As a rule, parents do a great deal of thinking and planning for the boys that it would be much better to let them do themselves. Responsibility should be placed upon them, in proportion as they are able to bear it.

The advantage of working around some kinds of plants while they are wet with dew, which is thus shaken off and covered by soil, is very marked. There is no time, says an exchange, so good for hoeing cabbages as before breakfast, while the dew is on them. We know good farmers who, during hot days in summer, get the cultivator at work very early in the morning, and then rest both men and horses during the midday heat. The advantage of this is not merely the cooler weather for working, but the fact that dew condensing from the atmosphere in the cool nights contains a much larger proportion of ammonia than ordinary rainwater. In contact with soil this is absorbed, and is thus saved from wasting through the drop of dew evaporates. But beans can not be cultivated with advantage when wet, as it injures the leaves, and we are inclined to place potatoes in the same category.

The reason why butter which has been well churned loses color by much working is because the force applied breaks the globules and exposes the hard, white stearine and margarine in their centers and hides, in part, the coloring which is on their outer parts when they are whole, and this displacement of their constituents also changes the flavor, says L. B. Arnold. If we put into our mouths butter composed of globules in their natural and unbroken state, with their flavor as well as their color in their exterior parts, that flavor makes the first and deepest, and, in fact, the only impression upon the organs of taste, and getting, as we do, all the good flavor there is in them, we praise the butter for its excellent relish; but if, by much working, the globules are broken up, and the flavor mixed with and hid beneath the stearine and margarine which generally constitute about two-thirds of butter, instead of the flavoring oils, these constituents of taste come in contact with the organs of taste and give us more the flavor of tallow than of butter, and what might have been first-class butter is suspected of being oleomargarine.

THE STOCK RANCH.

Comfort for Cattle.

Comfort for cattle means more than hay and feed. It means a good stall, a warm, dry bed, light, plenty of fresh air, and a certain amount of freedom in the stall, something different from the rigid stanchion. Thus writes John Gould in the *Philadelphia Weekly Press*. Two years ago, when he built his new cow barn, he made a study of all these matters, and after two winters experience he would not change a feature of the plan. The basement plan was discarded, and the barn is all of wood, save a low stone foundation wall, that rises one foot above the ground. The walls are built

double, with a six-inch air space. Matched boards were used on the inside as well as the outside, and tarred paper was put upon the studding besides.

Cull Out Poor Stock.

There is no better time than the present for culling out the flocks and selling those animals that it is not desirable to retain another winter, or beginning to fit them for a fall market. The sheep have raised their lambs and have been sheared, and those which did not show profitable results in either respect, unless the failure resulted from some cause which can be avoided another year, should be condemned to the butcher, along with those that are too old or which have some ailments that make them liable to be unprofitable another winter.

So too with cows. This should be one of the most profitable months in the dairy, but now, while the winter's performance is fresh in the memory, is the time to select the inferior animals and commence to fit them for beef. A few quarts of grain extra each day will increase the quantity and improve the quality of the milk during the summer, and lay the foundation for putting on a good amount of flesh and fat, by a few weeks of extra feeding next fall or in the early winter, when the milk product has shrunk where it does not pay for the grain given.

All animals which do not show a good profit after paying for good keeping and good care should make room for their betters. Continue the same process in the poultry yard. Do not keep fowl over two years old, unless especially valuable as breeding stock. A hen lays more eggs between the time she is six months old and the time she is two years old than she ever will again in the same length of time, and the young stock should be growing now, so that they will soon require all the room. When a hen begins to be broody she is fat and heavy, and if she is not to be kept another winter that is a good time to sell her. There are not many who can make money raising chickens to be hatched out in the summer or fall.

THE POULTRY-YARD.

Money in Poultry.

The man who sells eggs when prices are high, says the *Homestead*, and sets them when prices are low, is generally the man who makes the money. The man that raises pure-bred stock, raises broilers and roasters from the eggs, and sells eggs for hatching, is the man that has the profit. It is impossible to make much money from one branch alone. Broilers, eggs and pure-breds are good adjuncts to each other, but should never be run in a single branch alone. The man that personally oversees, or does the work, is the man who makes money. Hired men are apt to be careless, and are expensive.

Poultry Lice.

M. S. N., of Oneida, Kan., asks for an effective method of getting rid of chicken lice. Eternal vigilance is the price of freedom from this pest of the poultry yard. An ounce of prevention is better than all the cures ever invented. And the first essential in the way of prevention is cleanliness. Then give the fowls half a chance and they will keep off the vermin. They must be liberally supplied with slacked lime, dry ashes, and dust, in which they can wallow and take their dust-baths. But when the pests have obtained a stronghold upon the poultry premises there are various methods recommended for their extermination.

The writer once upon a time bought a place, and with it a fine stock of light Brahma chickens. The discovery was soon made that the hen-house was swarming with vermin, and the pests were cleared out in short order. The house was thoroughly cleaned, the inside was whitewashed, and the roosts were liberally saturated with kerosene oil. Then the ground floor was covered with clean, dry sand and gravel, sprinkled with lime. Shallow boxes were provided, filled with dry ashes and road dust. Then each fowl was taken and treated to an application of kerosene oil, rubbed on the parts most infested with the insects. That did the business, and there was no repetition of the plague.

Another method said to be effective is to close the house tightly (the hens outside, of course) and burn therein a pound or so of the flour of sulphur, placed in an iron vessel. The fumes will penetrate every crevice and destroy all insect life.

But the free use of kerosene applied to the roosts and plentiful whitewashing will destroy the vermin most safely and economically. A little crude carbolic acid mixed with the whitewash will make it more effective.

When young chicks are found to be troubled, apply a little common grease to the little fellows, and they will soon be happy.

THE APIARY.

The Bee Hive.

Spring management of bees is an important part of the apiarist's work. As soon as the red buds of the soft maple have put forth their heads, natural pollen for the bees will be plentiful. This usually occurs in May, and during this month large quantities of brood are raised. The soft maple is almost universally distributed; but in localities where it cannot be found, nor the willows either, it is well to place in some sheltered place, where the wind cannot come, some unbolted rye-flour, mixed with saw-dust or cut straw. Warm feed should be placed near the hive every night if there are not enough honey-producing plants in the neighborhood, or if the weather continues cold, wet, and damp. The object is to get the stock to increase rapidly, and the more good food that the bees get the faster will the stock increase. If rainy and cold weather sets in, and honey is scarce, the bees will begin to destroy their work by throwing out the hatching brood. The greatest care is thus required to see that they are well supplied with appropriate feed, whether the weather be fair or unpleasant.

The time of transference from old box hives to movable frames is when the fruit trees are in bloom. In doing this

work, however, the brood-nest should not be exposed too long, as it is liable to get a chill which would ruin everything. If honey is scarce robbers will be flying around, ready to enter the hive. The moth miller especially will be prepared to begin its destructive work.

The care of bees during the spring also depends on the object for which they are kept. If they are kept for increase alone, they should be fed every night until honey is abundant in the woods and fields. As fast as the combs become filled with the queen, insert new ones which the queen will begin to fill with eggs. If the combs are full of honey so much the better. When the drones commence to hatch, the colonies should be divided, taking the queen to the new stand. A new queen will soon be reared by the old colony. In this way the stocks can be about doubled in one season.

Of course, if honey is the main object in keeping the bees, top boxes should be added as soon as the bees begin to hang out. The full boxes should be removed, and empty ones put in their place. When the boxes are full of honey the bees will hang out, and frequently build queen cells and leave the hive in a body.—*Cor. Practical Farmer*.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Coffee-Pots.

It seems certainly true of our land "that of the making of coffee-pots there is no end." Probably there is no country, England possibly claiming the honor of an exception, where such unmistakably bad coffee is the rule. Yet there is no country where yearly so many patents are granted for coffee-pots. All the coffee-pots patented in the last decade depend for their success, with few exceptions, on the recognition of the fact that there is but one way to make perfect coffee—that is by percolation, a method which has been used in French kitchens since coffee was introduced. There is not the slightest complex mechanism needed for dripping coffee. Any tin cup holding a pint, with a perforated bottom, which can be set down in a porcelain or faience coffee pot is all that is needed. The coffee, powdered fine, should be laid in a bag or square of cheese cloth, fitted into the cup. Fresh boiling water is now poured slowly on and allowed to drip through.

Tin or any other metal is unfit for a coffee pot. Even the beautiful silver cafetiere, decorated in niello work, is a delusion and snare. Porcelain or pottery is the only material that can be kept clean, as the acid of coffee readily unites with any metal and forms a coating on its sides that is unwholesome and unclean. A pretty blue and white Swazi coffee-pot, which differs in shape from a tea-pot in being tall and slender, will not cost half what is charged for patent tin ones. The cup with a perforated bottom is sold at 16 cents in the heaviest quality of tin, so it is a small item. Very pretty coffee-pots are made of Carlsbad ware, decorated with shields and guilches in color on a creamy ground. The Berlin and Dresden factories make the most beautiful coffee-pots from models of a hundred years ago; these are imported into this country as chocolate pots, porcelain dealers not daring to risk the absurdity of offering such dainty coffee-pots to a nation that boils its coffee. The double section in French "biggin" may also be found in brown stoneware and in blue and white ware in house-furnishing stores in the city.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

Eat Before Going to Bed.

Most students and women who are troubled with insomnia are dyspeptic, and they should therefore eat before going to bed, having put aside work entirely at least an hour before. If they are not hungry they should simply be instructed to eat, and if they are hungry they should eat whatever they want. A glass of milk and a biscuit is sometimes all that can be taken at first, or mashed potato buttered. If possible, the night meal should be taken in another room than the sleeping apartment, and for men in the city it will be found advantageous to go out to a restaurant. Before eating, however, a bath should be taken, preferably cold or cool, which should be given with a sponge or stiff brush, and the body thoroughly rubbed off with a coarse towel afterward. The bath need not be more than five minutes in duration. Further than this, the patient should go to bed at the same hour every morning. There is a popular superstition, that grown people should not eat immediately before going to sleep; that it will give them indigestion, nightmare, or both. The writer can not see why adults should be so very different in this respect from babies. The average person should be in bed seven or eight hours, which is time enough for the digestion of almost anything edible. In our American life, he thinks, the digestion carried on through sleep probably has the better chance for thoroughness.—*Journal of the American Medical Association*.

THE KITCHEN.

Tested Recipes.

ROAST HIND QUARTER OF LAMB.—Have ready a clear, brisk fire, put down the joint at a little distance to keep the fat from scorching and keep it well basted all the time it is cooking. Allow one hour and a half for a small quarter, two hours for a large one. Serve with mint sauce.

MINI SAUCE.—Wash the mint, which should be young and quite fresh, strip the leaves from the stalks, chop the former very finely; there should be four tablespoonfuls when chopped. Put into a dish, and add two dessertspoonfuls of white sugar and quarter of a pint of vinegar. This sauce is better for being made two or three hours before wanted for table.

BOILED ASPARAGUS.—Scrape the white part of the stems, beginning from the heads, and throw into cold water, then tie in bundles of about twenty each, keeping the heads all one way, and cut the stalks evenly; keep boiling quick until tender, with the sauce-pan un-erred. When done, dish it on toast, ling the white ends outside and the p in the middle. Serve with melted b

THE BOOMING CANNON.

RECITALS OF STIRRING INCIDENTS IN CAMP AND IN BATTLE.

Survivors of the Rebellion Relate Amusing and Startling Incidents of Wary Marches, Camp Life, Foraging Expeditions, and Battle Scenes.

Just Before the Battle, Mother.

BY GEORGE F. ROOT.

Just before the battle, mother, I am thinking
most of you,
While upon the field we're watching, with the
enemy in view.
Comrades brave around me lying, filled with
thoughts of home and God;
For well they know that on the morrow some
will sleep beneath the sod.

Chorus—
Taswell, mother, you may never press me to
your heart again;
But oh, you'll not forget me, mother, if I'm
numbered with the slain.

Oh, I long to see you, mother, and the loving
place at home,
But I'll never leave our banner till in honor I
can come.
Tell the traitors, all around you, that their cruel
words are known
In every battle, kill our soldiers by the help they
give the foe.

Hark! I hear the bugle sounding, 'tis the signal
of the fight;
Now may God protect us, mother, as He ever
does the right.
Hear the "battle cry of freedom," how it swells
upon the air;
Oh, yes, we'll rally round the standard, or we'll
perish nobly there.

Out of a Grave to Life and Liberty.

BY COL. ALEX. DUKE BAILEY.

A FEW leaves from the diary of George W. Bailey, during the war a First Lieutenant in the Sixth Missouri Infantry, and A. D. C. Second Division Staff, Fifteenth Army Corps, tells a tale of Yankee invention, pluck and endurance, that is as exciting as strange.

Lieut. Bailey was taken prisoner by the Confederates, before Atlanta, Georgia, on July 22, 1864. His experiences before the time from which we give our extract will be passed over. Hungry, despoiled of clothing and everything worth taking, he was in the hands of the foe when he wrote as follows:

July 25, 1864.—Continued silence in the direction of Atlanta. What was the result of the battle? What does the silence mean? Has Sherman fallen back? Has Hood evacuated? Were questions asked continually, but no reliable responses elicited. One genius said: "The Yankees can't fight for awhile, all the live 'uns are busy burying the dead 'uns."

"How long are we to be kept in this miserable place?" "How long are we to be kept on quarter rations?" Nobody seemed to know. We knew that exchanges of prisoners had ceased because of a disagreement about the status of negro troops, and there was little prospect of the question being speedily settled. The gloomy prospect of Andersonville loomed up, and a careful mental consideration and adjustment of chances for life resulted in favor of a desperate attempt to escape rather than attempt to survive Andersonville. While thus contemplating, we were startled by the loud command of the Confederate Major, ordering, "Fall in, prisoners! Hurry up!" A hasty formation into lines (no trouble about baggage), a march southward, the officers separated from the private soldiers. Where are we going? Don't know; can't ascertain; but toward Andersonville.

Confederate officers rather provoke argument on the subject of the war, and many interesting discussions ensue. No opportunity afforded an invitation to attempt to escape. Near evening we march through Jonesboro, Ga., some twenty miles south of Atlanta, situated on the Macon Railroad. Inhabitants line the street; first Yankees—great curiosities. Whites rather jubilant, the pitying glances of the blacks indicate their sympathy. Desiring confirmation, an opportunity was sought to converse with a negro. A beckoning, an approach: "Stop that!" said the guard. "Get back there, you—nigger!" But the mere prompt effort to respond, on the part of the black man, was convincing enough of friendship. Two miles below the town we reach our quarters for the night—an open field. A blanket is carelessly thrown among the prisoners and falls upon the writer. Providential, a great luxury, comforting rest assured. A few fires, retirement, sharing the precious blanket with a fellow captive. I wonder, suspect. No—yes! It is not "gentle thoughts that come o'er me stealing." But there's something—a new enemy. Retreat? Impossible, a detachment of the foe are already in possession; vain attempt at dislodgement. And they are ex-Confederates, too. Ravenous. Sleep is impossible; escape is possible. A guard approached.

"Halt!" said he.
"I want to speak with you a moment," said the prisoner.
"Well, what is it?" asked the sentry.
From a hiding place that baffled former search a treasure is produced.
"I have a very fine watch here (an old silver turnip), and if you'll do me a small favor you can have it."
The sentry seemed to be averse to winning the bribe, and, looking wistfully at it, asked:
"What favor do you want for it?"
"Turn your back and don't see me as out," said the prisoner.
"Agreed," said the sentry.

"I'll be back in a few minutes," said the prisoner.

(A return to obtain a canteen and buy a little hardtack, a whispered "good-by," a stealthy reapproach.)
"Halt! Where are you going?" demanded the sentry.
"It's only myself, it's all right," said



the prisoner, approaching. "Don't talk so loud."
"Stop, d— you!" bringing down his rifle.
"Thunder!"

The guard had been relieved; this was a new man. The clanking of an officer's scabbard approached the sentry as the distance widened between him and the chagrined captive, who picked his way through the prostate forms of fellow-prisoners back to his "mess," and cast his weary body upon Mother Earth and slept until early in the morning of

July 26, 1864.—When we were gruffly ordered to "Fall in, prisoners!" and over dusty roads marched rapidly southward. No rations. At early evening we were corralled in a large inclosure or pasture some ten miles north of Griffin, Georgia, near "Big Sandy Creek." Again we have the earth for a resting place, the sky for a covering. The writer lay and gazed upward into the "dim-lit vault" above him, and was busy with his thoughts. "Andersonville," they say; "no chance for exchange; fuss about the colored troops; you won't live a week in Andersonville." "Tis a desperate alternative, but I'll take my chances in attempting to escape. There's a gully out there, through a briar-patch. New light; escape by way of burial. Plan matured; trusty comrade-officers assist. Tin-cup, muscles, will, calculating ingenuity, friendly suggestions, briars cut to stick in the earth concealing the writer and present uninviting appearance to pedestrians, and cautious work were brought into requisition and the grave-digging was completed. During the labor the captive's thoughts dwelt, with some misgivings, upon the imperative orders of the Major, issued the day before in the presence of the prisoners: "Shoot stragglers without warning. If you catch a man hiding, bayonet him without a word. No nonsense." Intended for intimidation, eh? Well, it's safer to consider it as dead earnest. He thought also of the immature plan to disarm our guard; how they were to be set upon simultaneously; how information of three companies behind deterred us, and how disappointed some were when wiser counsel discouraged the attempt. But the "grave" Col. Warren Shedd, Thirtieth Illinois Infantry, now tendered his assistance. Boughs and grass were gathered; the adventurer fitted in; satisfaction. "All right, cover up." First came grass and boughs, then—"Oh, here, Lieutenant, here are some things you'll need." Col. R. K. Scott, Sixty-eighth Ohio Infantry, presented some maps (linen) of the country, rolled up in which was a small pocket compass, the gift of Col. Shedd. A canteen was also handed in and served as a pillow. A hurried hand-shaking, a hasty good-by, and the burial proceeded. Earth came down upon him, pressing heavier and heavier; old grass concealed fresh earth, and, pursuant to programme, stalks of blackberry were cut and placed on the "new made grave," in the hope that they would repel all investigators and better conceal the concealment.

Daylight approaches. Now the morning gray streams in one little ray through the small aperture ingeniously constructed at the head of the grave, to admit air to its occupant.
"Lieutenant" (a voice from above), "here are some rations for you, at your head, just under the surface."
"Oh, thank you!" was the muffled response; "but don't stop up the hole."
An hour passed slowly—another, seeming like three. The pressure from above increased more and more; the weight grew a ton a minute. The right side and arm were now without feeling—paralyzed; whole body in pain, pressure terrible. The suffering body suggested a reconsideration; ruled "out of order," as Andersonville came in view.

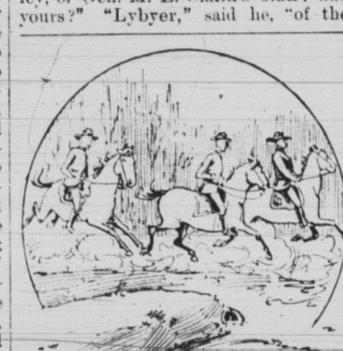
A death-like chill now seemed to penetrate the body of the buried captive, as if threatening to freeze the vitals. To move would be such delicious luxury, but a motion of "foundation" would certainly demolish or disturb the upper stories.
July 27, 1864.—Broad daylight. Dis tant view of sunlight. My acquaintance entirely cut. Are their motives actuated by prudence or fear? Is there any fresh earth visible? Do the briers stand up properly? Considerable risk, this. Foolish risk, perhaps. But what can I do now but lie perfectly still? Unusual connection

above. Footsteps hastily approach the briar patch. A voice, "All right, Lieutenant, lay low; good-by." (Retreating steps.) Encouragement and consolation. The forsaken one distinctly heard, "Hurry up your breakfasts" (breakfast) "and fall in." The line extended in close proximity to the missing captive. "Column, right face! forward—march!" and the column was in motion. How distinctly can be heard the regular tread. A sudden heavy, extra pressure, another; twice stepped upon, but by captives or captors remains a mystery. A mounted Confederate rode at the rear of the column, and the sound of the horse's feet beating on the hardened path is distinctly heard by the hidden prisoner; nearer and nearer approaching, now alarmingly close, and then a welcome passage by. The loose earth rattled down through the narrow window, and the danger was gone by. The road reached by the column. A halt. "All right" rang along the line and the tramp was taken up southward.

Glorious relief! The forsaken had chatted freely with a Confederate officer the day before, and entertained some fear that on that account he might be missed the more readily by said officer. The Confederate rear-guards now drew rations from a wagon on the road, necessitating further patience. Rations drawn, guards and wagon pass on; time is precious. Voices: a grunt, a crunching, crumbs chasing each other down the air-hole. A gentle hog calmly roots up and devours his precious, hidden rations and leisurely passes on. Voices still; children. It must be investigated. A slow pressure of the head upward; a giving of the covering; a falling of the loose earth and dust into ears or eyes, and down the neck, and through a little mound of earth and sticks, and briers and boughs, peered two anxious eyes, a huge hog; a negress, with two white children, evidently searching for relics of Yankee visitation, were the only living things visible. What a deserted prospect, yet loneliness was never more coveted. Joy! a slight rain falls with refreshing welcome, and drives the curiosity hunters from the field. Is there any possibility that the ground is still watched? A listening, a further elevation of the miscellaneous mound. Sounds of horse's hoofs; three countrymen pass on the adjoining road in the direction of the departed captives, a hasty lowering of the head; another reconnoissance. Raining heavily, the water trickles through the covering and renders the "grave" untenable. Now! and with a bound and a spring the slimy, narrow concealment was cleared, and the close timber entered at a double-quick. What! another blue uniform, and gliding away through the trees like a deer. The captive stopped, spell-bound. The tall object in blue finally turned, stopped and looked as if surprised. A slow approach, an explanation, congratulations, untiming of destinies for present purposes. "What is your name, Lieutenant?" asked the companion. "Bailey, of Gen. M. L. Smith's staff; and yours?" "Lybyer," said he, "of the

Indiana Cavalry." Mutual expressions of satisfaction. "Misery loves company" demonstrated. "You are very tall, Lybyer, but you appear very young for a soldier," suggested the officer. "I'm six feet and over, and seventeen years of age," said he. "Why, eighteen is the youngest enlistment in our army. How did you get in?" "Well," was the reply, "I got in on my length, I suppose."

It was not until the writer had reentered the Federal lines that he learned that the prisoners were halted and counted when about half a mile from camp, and one officer was reported missing; that a patrol was immediately sent back, and, shortly after, shooting was heard, which all supposed was occasioned by the discovery of the concealed captive. Hence, when the special exchange between Sherman and Hood was effected, his fellow-captive reported the writer as undoubtedly killed. Doubtless the shooting was intended to produce that impression among the prisoners.—Chicago Ledger.



"SOUNDS OF HORSE'S HOOF."

A Cheering Motto.
Peddler—"Wouldn't you like some mottoes for your house, mum? It's very cheering to a husband to see a nice motto on the wall when he comes home."
Mrs. De Jagg—"You might sell me one if you've got one that says, 'Better Late than Never.'"—New York Weekly.

THE United States Marine Corps was established in Revolutionary times. Congress in November, 1775, authorized the enlistment of two battalions of marines.

DURING the past eighteen months the Russian government has expelled 35,000 Jews from the empire.

Delaware Bay Sturgeon.

Ten years ago the fishermen of Delaware and New Jersey offered prayers that they might be delivered of the depredations of the useless sturgeon. Instead of the supposed evil being removed, a revelation was made of its usefulness, and to-day the sturgeon fishing industry is more valuable than that of catching shad. The sturgeon fishing season is just closing, and it is manifest that it is the most important ever known in the history of fishing. It has not been recognized as of sufficient importance heretofore for any one to bother with collecting the statistics of the amount invested by the fishermen and the value of their products. The Press has investigated this important industry, and it is able to present many accurate statements concerning the vocation of sturgeon fishing.

The Delaware Bay is, according to the statement of fishermen, the best fishing grounds in the United States. The fish are larger and the market more easily reached from this point. "Albany beef" is the vulgar name for sturgeon steaks in the market of Philadelphia and New York. As an article of food it has had slow recognition. Only within the last year has it found its way on the bills of fare of popular restaurants. It is no longer plebeian, but yet listed among the dainties. The meat of the sturgeon is the least of its fish's value. It is not sought for its steaks, but for its roe, its hide, and its oil. The sturgeon has four good commercial uses, which is more than any other fish. Every inch of it can be worked into dollars, and good, healthy sturgeons weigh upward of 200 pounds.

A sturgeon will contain from one to two buckets of black sturgeon eggs. When in a bucket they look much like common tower shot. This roe is rubbed through a sieve. In this manner it is separated and cleansed from the skin and ligaments. It is then carefully worked by hand until it is perfectly clean and each egg separated. The next movement is to place it into sieves, where it is allowed to drain and settle for hours. It is then re-salted and placed in kegs and ready to ship to Germany and Russia. This keg of caviare is worth \$15. The foreign survivors re-pack it. They add some foreign caviare and seasoning and send it back in small cans that sell at retail for fifty cents. In Russia this relish is considered very dainty and no genteel luncheon is served without it. In Germany it is a cafe dish and found everywhere. The Americans are slowly acquiring a taste for it. In this country it is used mostly by the foreign residents and is particularly palatable as a spread for sandwiches. The demand for caviare is growing, and on that account the sturgeon fishing industry is becoming more important. The prices have been stimulated during the last four years, and on that account the competition between the Delaware and New Jersey sturgeon has become so strong that it led to the famous sturgeon war of two years ago.

And They Still Lived.

Six hearty-looking, full-blooded young men, attired in the half uniform and peaked caps of petty officers of one of the "tramp" or freight ocean steamships, entered a big, all-night eating house near Washington Market the other night, and found seats at a table. They were accompanied by a chubby boy of 13 or so, also in half naval uniform. One of the young men had evidently been in the country at least once before. The others were undoubtedly making the most of their first night ashore in a foreign land. They were sober, steady-going young fellows, but how they did eat, despite the sultriness of the night! One had mutton chops, another pork chops, a third veal cutlets, and so on; while the boy ate a sirloin steak with occasional cuts from his elders' well-laden plates. Vegetables galore and plenty of coffee went with the first course. Then the young officer who had been here before whispered to his mates the name of a famous American delicacy, and behold, every man Jack of them, including the boy, ordered a soft-shell crab and a bottle of beer. Then they consulted with the man who had been here before, and mince pie for the party was ordered. Anything else? Oh, yes. The experienced member of the little band of marine visitors said he thought he would try some vanilla ice-cream, and every one followed suit. The boy downed two plates of the frigid delicacy in a jiffy.

"Now," said one of the unsophisticated young sailors, "let's have some 'arf an' arf."
This was too much for even the chaperon. "Ale in this climate, after such a supper," he said severely, "is out of the question. You would be dead before morning. Don't trifle with your stomach, man; but when you're in America, do as Americans do. Try a mint julep?"
And a mint julep was swallowed by every man and the boy. I have watched the papers pretty close since, but have heard of no deaths or even cases of serious illness on board of any foreign vessel in port.—New York Star.

Poetry Versus Reality.
Chappie—You know we invited Col. Plunkett, who used to be a blacksmith, to hear our class give the 'Anvil Chorus' the other night. The fellows were got up in red shirts, and the stage was turned into a real forge.
His friend—You don't say! Moved the old Colonel to tears, I suppose?
Chappie—Not exactly. He simply said "rats."—American Grocer.

If a man is on his way to the woods to commit suicide, and a bull suddenly gives chase, the chances are that he will run for his life.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

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

The lesson for Sunday, Aug. 10, may be found in Luke 16: 19-31.

INTRODUCTORY.
This lesson calls a halt in men's accustomed ways of thinking and doing. The impression seems to have prevailed then, as it does now, that to have all that taste or fancy could suggest is the summum bonum of existence, the highest ideal of living. And so club-life is in full swing and sway. To feed the appetite, to clothe the body, to please the carnal sense, is all some men appear to care for. Those who look beyond are regarded as a little unpractical and no more regarded as the least. Well, this lesson helps us to readjust our conception of things. It lets in a flood of light upon the long, long life that man has before him; and how vain and insignificant seem the petty blandishments of earth-life! Sumptuous fare, purple, fine linen! What of them all a hundred years hence? But faith in God—that abides. Thank God for the timely revelation. Shall we use it?

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.
A certain rich man. His riches did nothing for him, even his name forgot.—Purple and fine linen. Symbol of magnificence. The end of such is to be read at Rev. 18: 11-14.—Fared. The word originally means, to be made glad; hence, to feast.—Sumptuously, splendidly. It is from the Greek word here (lampros) that our lamp comes.—Every day. Other men might have occasional banquets, his were of daily occurrence. He was to use an expressive word-phrase, "at the top of the heap."

Named Lazarus. A beggar, but his name is recalled. It was written in the Lamb's book of Life.—Was laid. And not very tenderly. The first meaning of the word (ballo) is to cast or throw.—At his gate. It may have been an added source of complacency that the mendicants should count his every gate a choice spot to be.—Full of sores. Suggestive of bodily discomfort. In contrast with the soft and luxurious conditions of the rich man.

Desiring. Looking with longing, never else than hungry.—To be fed. Or, to be filled. The word signifies to satisfy the appetite. There was probably never more than enough to take away the edge of hunger.—Crumbs. Or morsels, fragments of bread and food in general (Matt. 15: 27).—Rich man's table. The splendid feasts of the day were more or less open and conspicuous.—Moreover, the dogs. Literally, but even the dogs. Running wild and neglected in the streets. Thus significant of his helplessness and degradation.
Persuaded. I. e. So as to repent.—From the dead. Proven a little while later in connection with Christ's own life.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.
Sumptuously every day. Luxury has its perils. Rome found it so, all great empires have realized it. And individuals are taught the same important truth—to have riches is to have burdens, temptations, trials. We sympathize with the poor and pity them, we pity also the rich. Great grace is necessary that the one who lives in sumptuous surroundings may keep himself from cleaving to the things that perish with the using. Here also are the "neglected classes," here on the avenues and in the club houses. O, to reach the sumptuously clad and sumptuously fed with the gospel! For assuredly they need it. In this prosperous age, this luxurious period in our nation's history, there ought to be a special stirring up of the conscience regarding spiritual realities, a new crusade into the homes of wealth and ease. Much we fear that, for many, to fare sumptuously every day means to fare wretchedly through eternity.

Died and was buried. That was the end of it all. No man, however great or powerful, can render a different finale for his life. "Buried." That finishes the life, whether it be a great life or an insignificant one. The important thing is to have treasure beyond. He who has all his riches in this life is a poor fool, at the best. What wretched folly is displayed by men to-day, coming and going from God's house, hearing the message of salvation and yet paying no heed, laying up no treasure in heaven. That is a stern but searching word spoken by the preacher in Ecclesiastes: "And so I saw the wicked buried, who had come and gone from the place of the holy, and they were forgotten in the city where they had so done." Surely, this is to die "as the fool dieth."

Being in torments. Enough said. We care not whether it be torment of literal flame, or the horror of deep darkness and remorse of soul. We know it is fearful enough to shun. All the language of earth and heaven is called into requisition to impress upon man the direfulness of sin when it has reached its fruition. The soul has an infinite capacity for joy or misery—that we know. And that is enough for us to know for the present.

Said Omar Khayyam:
I sent my soul through the invisible,
Some letters of the after-life to spell;
And by-and-by my soul returned to me,
And answered, 'I myself am Heaven and Hell.'

Very well. Put more of Heaven into the soul. Let Heaven's Son in.
A great gift. Great, but some ever seem to think. They are getting a sort of bridge ready for this gulf. In certain insubordinations of the East the workmen are jamming away at its beams and girders. Some time they expect to cast it across the chasm. And down it will go to the bottom. Too short, too short by far. The gulf is greater than mortals ken. We are willing to take God's word for it. But this we know, there is no impassable gulf here. In this probation of grace the hearts once severed by sin are made one by the blood of Christ. Jesus is for us the way—an open way that all who believe may tread. No brideless gulf to separate us here. But what shall they do who, despising in this life the way, find themselves in the next life confronted alone by the gulf fixed?

Cannot. O, that final "cannot." It is a can now. We may crush "if we will. Alas, that any should put it off until too late. We had a dream not long since. It seemed to us that we were standing on a high platform waiting for a train. At last it came up and stopped. It was time to leap aboard. But the cars did not suit. The accommodations were not of a sort to please us. There were seats, but we wanted better. But the conductor had given the signal, and we were about to accept the situation and take the train, when we thought of some things it would be desirable to take along, lying back there in the office. O, well, the train was a slow one; we could easily board it at the farther end of the platform. The things were gotten. Now for the moving train. But, there, it has already passed the edge—of the staging. Very well, we will run down the side of the road and swing on. Now thoroughly eager to embark, we make a dash, but here the way is suddenly steep. We turn to go round the spot, when, lo, as we run, a mighty gulf widens and widens between, and we are undone! That dream was a lesson to us. It may be to you.

Next Lesson—"The Ten Lepers." Luke 17: 11-19.

COUNTY CIRCUMSTANCES.

Carefully Culled, Clipped, Cured—
Softly Served Subscribers.

The court house corridors are to be improved in appearance.

Ann Arbor banks had \$1,157,160 deposited with them July 18th.

A fortune teller at Ann Arbor, is building a \$1500 house in that city.

A vested choir, of twenty boys, will soon take part in the services of St. Andrew's church, at Ann Arbor.

Mr. Richardson and son George, of Dansville, while working upon a new house near Stockbridge, recently, fell with the scaffold, both sustaining serious injuries.

The Stockbridge races last week, will probably cause several members of the Association to be from \$25 to \$50 poorer, as the affair was not a financial success. Next!

Prof. Shephard, formerly of our High School, and now of the Agricultural College, of South Dakota, has been tendered the Presidency of the School of Mines. The Professor has not yet decided as to his acceptance of the offer.—Ypsilanti.

E. A. Croman seeded a ten acre rye field last spring with alsike clover, and when the rye was harvested the clover was two feet high. This sort of clover is remarkable for its fragrance, and is rich with the elements that constitute honey, as its aroma indicates. The growth in question was very large for this season seeding.

Last week's Argus contained the platform of the Patrons of this county. The platform in some respects is a grand one, while in other points it is weak. These platforms, as a rule, are drawn by one person, and then adopted, or are copied from other conventions. We doubt if fifty P. of P's have read the platform, and further, we doubt if fifty would stand by it.

Chaplain McCabe has been fighting out the tobacco bill of the Methodist Episcopal church with the following results: He estimates that they number 400,000 who aggregate \$40,000 a day for the poisonous weed, or \$14,000,000 a year. He wants the people who are so generous in such a useless expenditure to help raise \$1,200,000 for missions. But will they do it?—Grass Lake News.

An exchange states that you can read the proof of a newspaper article three or four times, and repeatedly pass the same mistake without seeing it. All newspaper men tell you so. But as soon as the press is started and the paper is in complete shape, there stands the error in front of you, so big that you can't see anything else. It's a strange fact and is probably the reason why it is so easy to edit a newspaper after it is printed.

The editor of the Springport Signal last week found a swarm of stray bees on his premises, and his "knowledge of the apiary," as he says, "being very limited," he hived them in his trousers. Afterward, forgetting they were there, he attempted to put the pants on. He failed, and the bees, as he thought, set him on fire and so intense was the heat that he sat down on a hot stove to cool off. He soon swelled to double his natural size, and now wears a Mother Hubbard.—Grass Lake News, the second Geo. Washington.

CAN ENTER WITHOUT EXAMINATION.

Arrangements have recently been made to admit graduates from the Chelsea High School to the state Normal without examination, where a little extra work will entitle them to a state certificate good for five years.

The State Board of Education and Normal Faculty recommend that pupils get a thorough high school drill before entering the Normal, and those that have had experience, all testify that it is cheaper and far better to attend here at home than to go to the Normal without first having a good drill, such as is now presented by the Chelsea Schools.

Send to the director, W. J. Knapp, for a catalogue, or see the Superintendent, A. A. Hall, for particulars.

Lima Luminations.

Mrs. Laura Guerin is spending a week in Ann Arbor.

Squire Covert has had his house painted.

Jake Streeter had his leg broken last Saturday, while threshing at John Grau's.

O. B. Guerin had a run away last week, and was quite badly hurt.

The Patrons are making arrangements for the coming picnic at North Lake.

Waterloo Warblings.

A nice rain here Sunday, also occasional showers Monday. Just the thing for corn, millet, late potatoes, young clover, etc.

Miss Dora Hallock, of Gaylord, Mich. and Miss Cloe Wood, are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Boyce and family. The two ladies have been attending school at Battle Creek, and are now on a vacation.

The Baptist people hereaway, will have their annual picnic on Saturday, August 23, in Samuel Boyce's grove, just west of their new church in Lyndon. This is as fine a grove as may be found in Lyndon, being dry and free from underbrush. The people will do all that is reasonable to make this an interesting picnic. Let there be a large turnout and all enjoy a day of pleasure. These people are known as always giving the best of satisfaction at their entertainments.

Last Monday Mr. Geo. Sellers met with a severe accident as he was returning home from Stockbridge with his horse and cart. In going down the hill just east of Wm. Green's place, the horse stumbled in such a manner as to throw Mr. Sellers out, the horse falling on him in such a manner that neither could rise until the horse was freed from the cart. Dr. Sherman, of this village, was called. Mr. Sellers was found to be paralyzed in the upper part of his body and also had several bruises on his face.

Fine perfumery at the Standard Grocery House.

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

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,
vs.
Georgia 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 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 her appearance.

PATRICK MCKERNAN,
Circuit Court Commissioner in and for Washtenaw county, Michigan.
TURNBULL & WILKINSON,
Complainant's 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,
vs.
Georgia 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, 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 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.

CURLETT'S
Thrush, Pinworm Heave
Remedy.

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

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

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

TESTIMONIALS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

H. M. Ide, the shoer of Floral Temple, Dexter, and other noted trotters, says: "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, clothes hangers, 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,
vs.
Georgia 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, Rhoda Downer is not a resident of this state but resides at Matney, Gulliver 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, 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.

Real Estate For Sale.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF Washtenaw, ss.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dated July 3rd, 1890.

WELLS PRATT,
Administrator.

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:

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

LOCAL NEWSY ITEMS.

White Roaming Around This Most Beautiful Village. Your eggs are wanted at the Standard Grocery House.

Salp. Holmes rides a new safety. H. Lighthall furnished the...

Remember the ice cream social in L. ... store, on Saturday evening, ...

The republican county convention ... held in Ann Arbor, Thursday, ...

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

Kott's dental rooms are now ... for patients. A competent den ...

Sherriff Dwyer has four boarders who ... horse thieves. There are several ...

Everything points to a success at ... Patron picnic, at Stephens' grove, ...

Sixteen of Chelsea's young la ... attended the teacher's examination ...

You want matches that will not ... when you strike them, call at ...

Staffan will sell all stray hats, ... bonnets and flowers at half ...

T. Fisk aged 21, and Flora ... aged 18, both of Sylvan, have ...

J. Knapp offers several gasoline ... oil stoves at a low price to close ...

Graham's horse took fright at ... rustling of a gosamer Monday, and ...

There will be a union meeting of the ... Ts. at Chelsea Town Hall, on ...

Wheat market is good, 87 1/2 cents ... been offered this week. Indi ...

V. Hangsterfer and Miss Ada ... will be married at the resi ...

Basket picnic will be held at Cav ... Lake, under the auspices of ...

O. G. T. Lodge, Wednesday, ... 13, 1890. All are invited.

It is the time to buy a straw hat, ... S. Holmes & Co. are selling at ...

Nice rain fell in these parts ... evening and Monday morning.

Alber, during the past year ... considerable sickness in his ...

Five months ago, Frank Nel ... several hundred dozen eggs ...

Schleicher, of Ann Arbor, ... of Mrs. Schumacher, died last ...

Chicago railroad company has left a lot ... with which to replenish the ...

Supreme court rendered a de ... last Tuesday, which is of impor ...

According to the new election law, ... the main part of the town hall ...

Mr. Lazarus Goldstein—"I love your ... daughter and would like to marry ...

Mr. Isidore Goldfogle—"You may ... have her, my boy. Mit Rebecca, ...

Mr. Goldstein—"Haven't you van ... about 40?"

The new election law will come into ... effect at the general election to be ...

Our children pay when their very ... first feeble little cries fill our ...

Do your children pay?—Free Press.

Candies of all kinds at the Standard Grocery House.

W. Miller, of Pittsfield, lost nine hogs recently by sunstroke.

Peaches will probably sell at from \$3 to \$5 per bushel, as they are very scarce, this year.

James Cushman, of Williamston, visited his father, the venerable Consider Cushman, at Sylvan, last week.

Martin Strang's \$1800 house in Superior, burned last week—Wednesday. It was insured in the Washtenaw Mutual for \$1200.

C. R. Whitman, of Ann Arbor upon his return on Monday from Charlevoix, found that about \$600 or \$700 worth of solid silverware had been stolen from his house during his absence.

The several township school inspectors met at Ann Arbor, Tuesday and unanimously re-elected Mr. M. J. Lehman as one of the County Board of Examiners. This insures the re-election of M. J. Cavanaugh, as secretary of the board.

E. E. VanNorsdall, who was a compositor in the Standard office for some time last fall, has bought the Springport Signal. Elmer is a good compositor, and writer, a fine young man, and we therefore hope the citizens of that village and vicinity will give him their hearty and full support.

Mrs. Babara Riemenschneider, of near Francisco, died last week Thursday, after a lingering illness. Deceased was 69 years of age, having resided 40 years on the farm where she died. She leaves a husband and several children and a large circle of friends and acquaintances who mourn her departure. The funeral was held last Sunday afternoon.

The big fairs of the state have made a circuit, similar to the one made by the racing associations. The Detroit exposition leads Aug. 26 to Sept. 5; the Michigan state fair at Lansing Sept. 8 to 12; Port Huron fair, exposition and races, Sept. 15 to 19; followed by the Northwestern at Saginaw Sept. 22 to 26. Following these come the county and district fairs.

At the fall election, a new mode of counting or canvassing the vote will be required. Instead of counting the ballots first, to see if in excess of the poll-list, this will be done last, every name on the ticket being read as soon as taken from the ballot box. Heretofore in this township, the "straight" tickets were sorted out first, and the "cut" ones afterwards, and the names read.

Kemmler, the murderer, was executed by electricity last Wednesday morning. The execution, from a humane standpoint, was a decided success, as the man was unconscious at once, although life was not extinct for two or three minutes. Isn't this better than the old method—strangulation? The electric companies have fought this method all along, but we see no reason for it. Rope manufacturers might as well "kick" on hanging.

The man (?) who did not get the Tecumseh postoffice, is out with a letter, in which he denounces Capt. E. P. Allen in mean terms. He closes the letter by stating that "he enclosed slips, bought by himself but not used."

Does this not clearly indicate that the man worked for his personal benefit, without the thought of helping Mr. Allen? Such men are the bane of this country. They are selfish—using the word in its lowest sense. The postmaster whom Mr. Allen appointed is an ex-soldier, also an ex-prisoner of Andersonville.

According to the new election law, the main part of the town hall will have to be used for voting purposes, this fall, as the law requires one booth to be erected for every one hundred voters, or a fraction of twenty-five thereof. As there are about 700 voters in this township not less than seven booths will be erected. In these booths tickets of every party will be kept, and stickers for those candidates furnishing them. Each man goes into one of these booths, selects his ticket, gives it to the inspectors, and passes out. Tickets will be furnished by Secretary of State, and to circulate tickets, or attempt to influence a voter, is made a misdemeanor, punishable by law. The idea is that every voter shall have the privilege of voting as he sees fit, regardless of politicians. Township boards will do well to look up this new (1889) law.

YOUR FOLKS AND OURS

Miss Jennie Woods is a Jackson visitor to-day.

Miss Addie Snyder is visiting friends in Hamburg.

Prof. Frank Baldwin visited Ann Arbor this week.

Mrs. Stiles was in the village the first of the week.

Chas. Winans was home from Lansing, Sunday last.

Miss Minnie Davis was an Ann Arbor visitor yesterday.

Ed. Schumacher was up from Ann Arbor a day this week.

F. Schumacher, of Ann Arbor, was in the village last Friday.

Miss Lucy E. Lowe and Miss Hoover were Chelsea visitors last Sunday.

Frank Bumann during the past week visited Tecumseh and Adrian.

Hon. A. J. Sawyer and family are now living at Cavanaugh Lake again.

E. G. Hoag perambulated the streets of the City of the Straits, last Monday.

Mrs. J. H. Hubbard, of Waterloo, is visiting her brother, Mr. F. Rodel.

Miss Anna Conner, of Hillsdale, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. John Raffrey.

Miss Kittie Crowell is spending a few days of this week with friends at Ypsilanti.

Miss Nellie Grant, of Watkins, has returned home, owing to the illness of her mother.

Mrs. McNamara and daughter Eva, returned to their home in Traverse City last evening.

Mrs. Irene Fenner, of Lansing, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Everett, a few days.

The Misses Logan, of Manchester, were entertained by Miss Minnie Davis, several days this week.

Mrs. Hinckley has been granted a pension of \$12 per month, and has removed to Parma, this state.

Miss Nellie Warren and Miss Lottie Kendle, of Ann Arbor, were the guests of Mrs. R. A. Snyder, the past week.

The Misses Ensign and Bissell and Mr. Gale, of Albion, are being entertained at the Lake by Miss Ema Lewis.

Mrs. Kaziah Yocum and daughter, Mrs. Park, came over from the farm Wednesday. Mrs. Park will remain several days.

Ed. Vogel left last Tuesday for a week's visit with his brother, at Minneapolis. Ed. will find that city to be a lively one.

Orrin Hoover went to Detroit, Monday, where he hopes to secure a job. Orrin is a fine young man, and a good workman, and should do well.

Ed. Chandler, who is with M. Boyd, left for a visit with his parents in New Hampshire, to-day, to be gone three weeks. Leo Staffan takes his place at Boyd's.

A Miss Wood, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. Boyce, fell exhausted while going to the depot, Tuesday morning. She revived after a plentiful use of water.

Prof. and Mrs. R. H. Kempf and daughter, of Ann Arbor, and Miss Katherine Hirth, of Toledo, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Kempf, and Miss Myrta, the past week.

Rev. F. E. Arnold was taken sick here, last Saturday, and for a time, his case seemed doubtful. His wife arrived Monday, and at this writing, he is feeling easier and improving.

Years Less Object Than Money.

Mr. Lazarus Goldstein—"I love your daughter and would like to marry her."

Mr. Isidore Goldfogle—"You may have her, my boy. Mit Rebecca, who is 18 years old, I give \$5,000; mit Sarah, who is 24, \$10,000; mit Loweza, who is 30, \$25,000. Vich one do you vant?"

Mr. Goldstein—"Haven't you van about 40?"

The new election law will come into effect at the general election to be held this year. It provides for secret voting. There will be no tickets to peddle about the polls, and the ballot can only be obtained inside the voting places. A voter cannot carry tickets away with him without violating the law. The city and township officers should post themselves in regard to the new law.

DO CHILDREN PAY?

How Would You Answer This Question—Read and Reflect.

"Sometimes I just think children don't pay," said one of my careworn and discouraged neighbors one day. "What do you think about it?"

"Well, I don't know," I replied, and my conscience smote me even while I spoke. But then, I said in mental self reproach and self-exuse for saying it, "I know I didn't pay," and I don't think I did.

But when it comes to my own hairs—do they pay! Well they are "a sight of trouble." Indeed they are, and they cost time and money, and pain and sorrow.

There are three of them and they are little things still, and my friends who have older children tell me that I need not expect a time to come when my babies will be less "trouble" than they are now. I cannot expect a time to come when they will not be a source of care and anxiety and hope and fear—no, not even when they have gone forth to homes of their own and have their own little ones around them.

Do they pay now? Here I am wearing old clothes and trying to brush up my hat to make it look new that my Johnie and Sammie may have new kilts and reefers and hats and shoes and look as well as other children. They do kick out shoes so dreadfully, and they haven't the first compunction of conscience about it either. They tear and smash and destroy and are "into everything," particularly the baby.

Does a two-year-old baby pay for itself up to the time it reaches that interesting age? Sometimes I think not. I thought so yesterday when my own baby slipped into my study and "scrubbed" the carpet and his best white dress with my bottle of ink. He was playing in the coal hod ten minutes after a clean dress was put on him, and later in the day he pasted fifty cents' worth of postage stamps on the parlor wall and poured a dollar's worth of the choicest "White Rose" perfumery out of the window "to see it wain."

Then he dug out the center of a nicely baked loaf of cake, and was found in the middle of the dining room table with the sugar bowl between his legs and most of the contents in his stomach. He has already cost over \$100 in doctors' bills, and I feel that I am right in attributing my few gray hairs to the misery I endured walking the floor with him at night during the first year of his life. What has he ever done to pay me for that? Ah! I hear his little feet pattering along out in the hall. I hear his little ripple of laughter because he has escaped from his mother and has found his way up to my study at a forbidden hour. But the door is closed. The worthless little vagabond can't get in, and I won't open it for him. No, I won't. I can't be disturbed when I'm writing. He can just cry if he wants to. I won't be bothered for—"rat, tat, tat," go his dimpled knuckles on the door. I sit in silence.

"Rat, tat, tat."

I sit perfectly still.

"Papa."

No reply.

"Peeze, papa."

Grim silence.

"Baby tum in, peeze, papa."

He shall not come in.

"My papa."

I write on.

"Papa," says the little voice: I lub my papa; peeze let baby in!"

I am not quite a brute and I throw open the door. In he comes with outstretched little arms, with shining eyes, with laughing face. I catch him up into my arms and his, warm, soft little arms go around my neck, the not very clean little cheek is laid close to mine, the baby voice says sweetly: "I lub my papa."

Does he pay?

Well, I guess he does! He has cost me many anxious days and nights. He has cost me time and money and care and self-sacrifice. He may cost me pain and sorrow. He has cost much. But he has paid for it all again and again and again in whispering those three little words into my ear—"I lub papa."

Our children pay when their very first feeble little cries fill our hearts with the mother love and the father love that ought never to fall among all earthly passions.

Do your children pay?—Free Press.

Bushel baskets at the Standard Grocery House.

The best spices at the Standard Grocery House.

Yeast cakes, all kinds at the Standard Grocery House.

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

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

Our 43 cent uncolored Japan Tea 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.

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 8, 1890.

BUTTER.—Market quiet at 10@11c 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, 25 cars at 95c 1 car at 96c; Aug. 3,000 at 96 1/2c. No. 1 white 5 car at 92c.

CORN.—No. 2 spot, 51c.

OATS.—No. 2, white, spot 40c.

Home Markets.

BARLEY.—Is dull at 75@85c 100.

EGGS.—13c 1/2 doz.

LARD.—Country wanted at 6@7.

OATS.—Remain steady at 22@24.

POTATOES.—Slow sale at 50c.

BUTTER.—Weak at 8@12c.

WHEAT.—Is in good demand at 88c for red and 86c for No. 1 white.

CORN.—Quiet at 34c 1/2 bu.

Dr. Kelly's Germifuge.

The best family medicine ever put up. Cures Catarrh, Diphtheria and all throat troubles; cures Dyspepsia and all stomach, liver and kidney troubles. The best thing in the world when any of the children or ladies of the family are sick. Relieves pain and illness long before a physician can be reached. Is scientifically prepared; is perfectly safe; leaves no injurious effects.

For sale by R. S. Armstrong.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal—a recent discovery by an old physician. Is successfully used monthly—Safe, Effectual. Price \$1, by mail sealed. Ladies, ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound and take no substitute, or inclose 2 stamps for sealed particulars. Address FOND LILY COMPANY, No. 2 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.

The New Store.

GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES The World's Best

To Close Out!

a few

GASOLINE STOVES

At Very Low Prices,

Also oil stoves, one and two burners. A full line of granite stove kettles and pans at lowest prices.

At The New Store.

W. J. KNAPP.

HARDWARE AND PAINT. Stock Complete

ROVER

BY OLAS MIDSUMMER

Sweet, sweet to my heart are the songs of my youth time, The songs of my glad, happy boyhood's bright days.

JANET LEE

In the Shadow of the Gallows.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

The day was not very old when he received his instructions to arrest John Lee and Arthur Proctor. The last met him half way, laughingly.

I would as soon say the mother who bore me was a murderer and witch, as let any other than yourself charge her with it. 'Tis all a foul scheme, as will be shown presently.

dered his liquor, while both looked sharply at the apprentice. Ezra Easty was well known to half the people of Salem—the other half did not desire to know more of him than they were compelled to know.

Lucy Peters went to boarding-school with the determination to make herself beloved by all of her school-mates and teachers. Why should she not succeed?

this Mencius speaks of the tiger, the leopard, the rhinoceros and the elephant, as having been, in many parts of the empire, driven away from the neighborhood of the Chinese inhabitants by the founders of the Chou dynasty.

ONE has always time enough, if one will apply it all.—Goethe.



TWO SOLDIERS

A Thrilling Army Romance of the Western Frontier.

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

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CHAPTER VI.



"Miss Mabel says please excuse pencil, sir."

In the three days that followed the transfer of funds and property at the recruiting rendezvous took place and Mr. Noel stepped in, vice Lane, relieved and ordered to rejoin his regiment. The former was having a delightful time. A guest of the wealthy Witherses could not long be a stranger within their gates to the queen citizens, and every afternoon and evening found him enjoying hospitalities of the most cordial character. At the club he had already become well known to all the younger element, and had made himself decidedly popular among the elders, and every man who had not met that jolly Capt. Noel was eager to be presented to him. He was ready for pool, billiards, bowling or a drink the moment he got within the stately doorway; and, as he sang, whistled, laughed, chatted and cracked innumerable jokes during the various games, was a capital mimic, and could personate Pat, Hans or Crapaud with telling effect, his presence was pronounced by every one as better than a solid week of sunshine—something the Queen City rarely, if ever, experienced.

Poor Lane, on the contrary, was nearly worrying his heart out. He had gone to the Vincents' the very evening on which he had seen the father of the family off for New York, and had nerved himself to put his fortune to the test—to tell her of his deep and devoted love and to ask her to be his wife. That she well knew he loved her, without being told, he felt sure must be the case; but, beyond a belief that she liked and trusted him, the captain had not the faintest idea as to the nature of her feelings toward him. He was a modest fellow, as has been said. His glass told him that, despite a pair of clear gray eyes and a decidedly soldierly cut to his features, he was not what women called a handsome man; and, what was more, there were little strands of gray just beginning to show about his broad forehead and in the heavy mustache that shaded his mouth. Lane sighed as he remembered that he was in his 33rd year. How could she care for him—fifteen years her senior? Lane rang the doorbell that night, and felt once more that his heart was beating even as it did at 1 o'clock when he was ushered into the awful presence of her father.

"Miss Vincent has not left her room today, and is not well enough to come down tonight, sir," said the servant who came to the door, "and Mrs. Vincent begged to be excused because of Miss Mabel's needing her."

"I am very, very sorry," stammered the captain. "Please say that Mr. Lane called" (they had known him so well for two months as Mr. Lane that he could not yet refer to himself by his new title), "and—would call again tomorrow, hoping to hear Miss Vincent was much better."

And then, dejected and miserable, and yet with something akin to the feeling one experiences when going to a dentist's to have a tooth drawn and the dreaded wielder of the forceps proves to be away, Lane retreated down the broad stone steps until he reached the walk, gazed up at the dim light in the window which he thought might be hers, anathematized himself for his lack of self-possession in not having asked whether there wasn't something he could bring her—something she would like—for the simple-hearted fellow would have tramped all night all over the town to find and fetch it—and then a happy thought occurred to him: "Women always love flowers." He ran to the next street, boarded a west bound car, and was soon down town at his favorite florist's.

"Give me a big box of cut flowers—the handsomest you have," he said; and while they were being prepared he wrote a few lines on a card, tore it up, tried again on another, and similarly reduced that to fragments, and finally, though far from content, limited the expression of his emotion to the simplest words:

"Do get well by Saturday at latest. I cannot go without seeing you. F. L."

"Where shall we send them, sir?" asked the florist, as he came forward with the box in his hand.

"Never mind; I'll take it myself," was the answer, as the captain popped in the little missive.

Miss Mabel would have to keep quiet a day or two; that was all.

But what hard luck for poor Lane, when the days of his stay were so very few! All Thursday morning was spent at the rendezvous, counting over property and comparing papers with Noel. Then, while that gentleman went to the club for luncheon the captain hastened to the Vincents' door to renew inquiries, and was measurably comforted by the news that Miss Mabel was much better, though still confined to her room. Would he not come in? Mrs. Vincent was out, but she thought—did that most intelligent young woman, Mary Ann—that perhaps there was a message for him. Like Mr. Toots, poor Lane, in his anxiety to put no one to any trouble, came within an ace of stammering: "It's of no consequence," but checked himself in time, and stepped into the bright parlor in which he had spent so many delicious hours listening to her soft, rich voice as she sang, or as she chatted blithely with him and her frequent guests. It was some time before Mary Ann returned. Evidently there was a message, for the girl's face was dimpled with smiles as she handed him a little note. "Miss Mabel says please excuse pencil, sir; she had to write lying down. Miss Holton has just gone away, after spending most of the morning."

Excuse pencil! Lane could hardly wait to read the precious lines. How he longed to give the girl a five dollar bill! But this wasn't England, and he did not know how Mary Ann would regard such a proffer. She promptly and discreetly retired, leaving the front door open for his exit, and the sweet June sunshine and the soft warm breath of early summer flowing in through the broad vestibule.

"How good you are to me!" she wrote. "The flowers were—and are still—exquisite. I shall be down stairs a little while to-morrow afternoon, if the doctor is good to me as you are. Then I can thank you, can I not?" M. L. V.

The hours dragged until Friday afternoon came. He had to go to the Witherses' to dinner on Thursday evening, and a dreary, ostentatious, ponderous feast it was. Noel, in his full dress uniform, was the hero of the hour. He greeted Lane a trifle nervously.

"I meant to have telephoned and begged you to bear me out, old man," said he, "but this thing was sprung on me after I got home. Cousin Mattie simply ordered me to appear in my war paint, and I had to do it. You are to go in to dinner with her, by the way; and I wish you were en grande tenue instead of civilian spike tail. Here's Amos."

And Amos marched him around to one guest after another—"self made men, sir"—heavy manufacturers and money makers, with their overdressed wives. Lane strove hard to be entertaining to his hostess, but that lady's mind was totally engrossed in the progress of the feast and dread of possible catastrophe to style or service. Her eyes glanced nervously from her husband to the butler and his assistants, and her lips perpetually framed inaudible instructions or warnings, and so it happened that the captain was enabled to chat a good deal with a slight, dark eyed and decidedly intelligent girl who sat to his right, and who was totally ignored by the young cub who took her in—the eldest son of the house of Withers, a callow youth of 20.

"You did not bear my name, I know," she had said to him. "I am Miss Marshall, the teacher of her younger children, and the merest kind of an accident at this table. Miss Faulkner was compelled to send her excuses at the last moment, and so I was detailed—isn't that your soldier expression?"—to fill the gap.

"And where did you learn our army expressions, may I ask?" said Lane smilingly.

"I had a cousin in the artillery some years ago, and visited his wife when they were stationed at the old barracks across the river. There's no one there now, I believe. Listen to Capt. Noel; he is telling about Indian campaigns."

Indeed, pretty much everybody was listening already, for Noel, with much animation, was recounting the experiences of the chase after the Chiricahua chieftain, Geronimo. He was an excellent talker, and most diplomatic and skillful in the avoidance of any direct reference to himself as the hero of the series of dramatic incidents which he so graphically told, and yet the impression conveyed—and intended to be conveyed—was that no man had seen more, endured more or ridden harder, faster and farther than the narrator. Flattered by the evident interest shown by those about him, and noting that conversation was brisk at Lane's end of the table, the lieutenant soon lost himself in the enthusiasm of his own descriptions, and was only suddenly recalled to earth by noting that now the whole table had ceased its dinner chat, and that, with the possible exception of the hostess, who was telegraphing signals to the butler, every man and woman present was looking at him and listening.

The color leaped to his face, and he turned toward Lane with a nervous laugh.

"I'd no idea I was monopolizing the talk," he said. "Fred, old man, wasn't it G troop that tried to get across the range from your command to ours when we neared the Guadalupe? Amos and Mr. Hawks had been asking me about the chase after Geronimo."

"Yes, it was G troop—Capt. Greene's," answered Lane.

"A nephew, captain—my brother Henry's son. Did you know him?"

"Know him? Why, he is one of the warmest friends I have in the whole army—outside of my own regiment, that is. We were constantly together one winter when I was on staff duty in Washington, and whenever he could get leave to run up from the barracks he made my quarters his home. If you ever write to him just ask him if he knows Gordon Noel."

"Do you know, Capt. Lane, that I have found your comrade captain a very interesting man?" observed Miss Marshall; and her eyes turned upon her next door neighbor in calm but keen scrutiny.

"Noel is very entertaining," was the reply; and the dark gray eyes looked unflinchingly into the challenge of the dark brown.

"Yes; I have listened to his tales of the frontier at breakfast, dinner and during the evening hours, since Sunday last. They are full of vivacity and variety."

"One sees a good deal of strange country and many strange people in the course of ten or a dozen years' service in the cavalry."

"And must needs have a good memory to be able to tell of it all—especially when one recounts the same incident more than once." And Miss Marshall's lips were twitching at the corners in a manner suggestive of mischief and merriment combined.

Lane "paused for a reply." Here was evidently a most observant young woman.

"There! I did not mean to tax your loyalty to a regimental comrade, captain; so you need not answer. Capt. Noel interests and entertains me principally because of his intense individuality and his entire conviction that he carries his listeners with him. 'Afre cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety,' but there should not be quite so much variety in his descriptions of a single event. This is the fourth time I have heard him tell of the night ride from Carrizo's ranch to Canyon Diablo."

"You have the advantage of me, Miss Marshall," answered Lane, his eyes twinkling with appreciation of her demure but droil exposure of Noel's weak point. "It is the first time I ever heard his version of it."

"It is the last time he will mention it in your presence, if he saw the expression in your face, Capt. Lane."

"Do those introspective eyes of yours look clear through and see out of the back of your head, Miss Marshall? Your face was turned toward him. You stopped short in telling me of your cousin in the artillery and your visit to the barracks, and bade me listen to something I did not care half as much to hear as your own impressions of garrison life. Never mind the quadruple account of the night ride. Tell me what you thought of the army."

"Well, of course, the first thing a girl wants to know is what the shoulder strap means; and I learned the very first day that the blank strap meant a second lieutenant, a single silver bar a first lieutenant and two bars a captain—that is, in the artillery. Now, why this provoking distinction in the cavalry? Here's a captain with only one bar, a captain whose letters from the war department come addressed to Lieut. Gordon Noel!"

"Noel never speaks of himself as captain, I'm sure," said Lane.

"Neither do you; and for a year past, ever since I have known you by sight"—and here a quick blush mounted to her temples—"you occasionally came to our church you know," she hastened to explain—"you have been referred to as Lieut. Lane or Mr. Lane; but we know you are a captain now, for we saw the promotion recorded in the Washington dispatches a fortnight ago. What was the date of Capt. Noel's elevation to that grade? I confess I took him for your junior in the service and in years, too."

"Yes, Noel holds well to his youth," answered Lane, smilingly.

"And about the captaincy?"

"Well, he is so very near it, and it is so apt to come any day, that perhaps he thinks it just as well to let people get accustomed to calling him that. Then he won't have to break them all in when the commission does come."

"Then he is your junior, of course?"

"Only by a mile or so. He entered the service very soon after me."

for afternoon could come. It was not 10 o'clock; but more sleep was out of the question, and lying there in bed intolerable. Much to the surprise of his darky valet, Lane had had his bath, dressed and disappeared by the time the former came to rouse him.

Noel was late in reaching the rendezvous. It was after 10 when he appeared, explaining that Mrs. Withers was far from well, and therefore Cousin Amos would not leave the house until the doctor had seen her and made his report. Lane received his explanation somewhat coldly and suggested that they go right to work with their papers, as he had important engagements. It was high noon when they finished the matters in hand, and then the captain hastened to the club and was handed a telegram with the information that it had only just come. It was evidently expected. Lane quickly read it and carefully stowed it away in an inside pocket. In another moment he was speeding down town, and by half past 12 was closeted with the junior partner of the tottering house of Vincent, Clark & Co. Mr. Clark was pale and nervous. Every click of the "ticker" seemed to make him start. A clerk stood at the instrument watching the rapidly dotted quotations.

"Have you heard from Mr. Vincent?" was the first question, and without a word a telegram was handed to him. It was in cipher, as he saw at once, and Clark supplied the transcription:

"Rossiter refuses. Watch market closely. See Warden instant touches half. Break predicted here."

"Twenty minutes more!" groaned Clark, as he buried his face in his hands. "Twenty minutes more of this awful suspense."

"What was the last report?" asked Lane, in a low voice.

"Ninety-eight and a quarter. My God! Think of it! Three-quarters of a cent between us and beggary! I could bear it, but not Vincent; 'twould kill him. Even his home is mortgaged."

There came a quick, sharp rap at the glazed door; the clerk's head was thrust in: "Three-eighths, sir."

"It's time to move, then," said Lane. "I cannot follow you to the floor—I have no ticket; but I will be awaiting your call at the Merchants' exchange. Mr. Vincent has told you—better have it in treasury notes—one hundred each—had you not?"

"I'll see Warden at once. D—n him! he would sell us out with no more compunctions than he would shoot a hawk."

"You infer that Mr. Vincent has had no success in raising money in New York?" asked Lane, as they hurried from the office.

"Not an atom! He made old Rossiter wet him on his feet, took him in here with him for ten years, sent him east with a fortune that he has trebled since in Wall street, and—now, by heaven! the cold blooded brute will not lend him a pitiful twenty thousand."

At the bank Lane found an unusual number of men, and there was an air of suppressed excitement. Telegraph boys would rush in every now and then with dispatches for various parties, and these were eagerly opened and read. Scraps of low, earnest conversation reached him, as he stood a silent watcher. "They cannot stand it another day." "They've been raising wheat on them from every corner of the north and west. No gang can stand under it." "It's bound to break," etc. To an official of the bank who knew him well he showed the telegram he had received at the club, and the gentleman looked up in surprise.

"Do you want this now, captain? Surely you are not?"

"No, I'm not, most emphatically," replied Lane with a quiet laugh. "Yet I may have sudden use for that sum. I telegraphed to my agents at Cheyenne yesterday. You, perhaps, ought to wire at once and verify it."

"Those are our bank rules, and I presume it will be done; though of course we know."

"Never mind. I much prefer you should, and at once." And, leaving the man of business to attend to the necessary formalities, Lane strolled to a window and looked down the crowded street toward the massive building in which the desperate grapple 'twixt bull and bear was at its height.

The day was hot; men rushed by mopping their fevered brows; a throng of people had gathered near the broad entrance to the chamber, and all its windows were lowered to secure free and fresh currents of air. Lane fancied he could hear the shouts of the combatants in the pit even above, the ceaseless roar and rattle of wheels upon the stone pavement. Little by little the minute hand was stealing to the vertical, and still no sign from Clark.

"Has she touched a half yet?" he heard one man eagerly ask another as they dived into the broker's office underneath.

"Not yet; but I'm betting she does inside of five minutes and reaches ninety-nine first thing to-morrow."

in the innermost compartment of the safe. Then he grasped Lane's hand, and both of his as the captain said good-by. That afternoon, quite late, the captain rang at the Vincents' door, and it was most instantly opened by the smiling maid, whom he so longed to reward for her evident sympathy the day before. Lane lacked the courage to proffer a greeting. Lane was indeed little versed in the ways of the world, howsoever well he might be informed in his profession.

"Miss Vincent is in the library, and you will please to walk that way," was brief communication, and the captain, trembling despite his best efforts to control himself, stepped past her into the broad hall, and there, hurrying down the stairway, came Mrs. Vincent, evidently to meet him. Silently she held out her hand and led him into the parlor, and then he saw that her face was very pale and that her eyes were red and weeping.

"I will only detain you a moment, captain," she murmured, "but I felt that I must see you. Mr. Vincent wrote to me on the train as he left here, and he tells you know—the worst."

"Mr. Vincent has honored me with confidence, dear lady, and I—saw Mr. Clark today."

She looked up eagerly. "What news do you bring from New York? Did he tell you about Mr. Rossiter, that is? I know perfectly well what Mr. Vincent's hopes and expectations were in going."

"There was a telegram. I fear that was disappointed in Mr. Rossiter; but money was not needed up to the closing of the board at 1 o'clock."

"I am not disappointed. I thank God that the Rossiters refused him money; will open his eyes to their real character—father and son. I would rather go to live in a hotel than be under obligations to either of them." And now the tears were raining down her cheeks.

"Do not grieve so, Mrs. Vincent," said Lane. "I cannot believe the danger so great. I have listened to the opinions of the strongest men on 'change this afternoon. A 'break' in this corner was predicted in New York at 11 this morning, and that is the universal opinion among the best men now."

"Yes, but it may be days away yet. Mr. Vincent has confessed to me that his whole fortune hangs by a single hair—this wretched speculation has swallowed everything—that a rise of a single penny means beggary to us, for he can no longer answer his broker's calls."

"That may have been so when he was but Mr. Clark seems to have had a better luck locally. I infer from what you told me that they were safe for today, could meet the raise of that critical two; so that, despite the great loss he has sustained, there is not the shadow of ruin that so overwhelmed Mr. Vincent on Wednesday."

"You give me hope and courage," the poor, anxious hearted woman, seized and pressed his hand. "And you come to us in the midst of our trouble. Mr. Vincent was so touched by your first time to him; it brought back old times, old fashions, that he loved to call—days when he, too, was young and brave and full of hope and cheer."

"And I have your good wishes, and Vincent—even though I am only a young man and have so little to offer her beyond—"

But he could not finish. He had led into her face with such eager hope and light when he began, yet broke down less when he tried to speak of his love for her sweet daughter.

"I know what you would say," she answered with quick and ready sympathy. "I have seen how dear my child has been to you almost from the very first. I do wish you happiness, Mr. Lane; but Vincent told you that—we once had views for Mabel. It is only fair to tell you that you should know."

"How could it have been otherwise, Vincent? Is there any man quite so high for one like her? I never dared that your consent could have been so given. I do not dare hope that she possibly care for me—yet."

"I will not keep you longer, then," she, smiling through her tears. "I will see you after a while, perhaps. Mabel is in the library. Now I'll leave you."

With tumultuously throbbing heart softly entered and quickly glanced at the tiers of almost priceless volumes, antique furniture, the costly Persian bric-a-brac—all were valueless in his eyes. They sought one object alone, and fast in a deep bay window across the street. There, leaning back in a great easy chair, with a magazine in her lap, her head pillowed on a silken cushion, sat the lady of his heart, smiling, a sweet smile came to him, while the rosy color came to her brows as he came quickly forward and took her soft, white hand. He was trembling! How his kid gloves were glowing! She could not meet his gaze; she had to look away. She had some pleasant little welcoming speech, half laughing allusion to the flowers she stopped short in the midst of it. A half faded roses—his roses—were in her bosom, contrasting with the pure of her dainty gown; and now those faded, envious flowers began to rise and as though rocked on the billows of a clear lake stirred by a sudden breeze.

Threw Away Their Fortune. Valentine Setting and wife of Louis, went out driving recently. Setting is a jeweler, and by hard and rigid economy had succeeded in accumulating \$4,605 in hard cash. He was kept in the house. On starting the drive, being afraid to leave the money in the house during their absence, Setting put the money in her pocket. It felt uncomfortable there. She took the package out and placed it at the top of a paper bag containing oranges and which she carried in her hand. During the drive through the park couple ate the oranges, and when the last one was gone threw the bag in losing sight of the fact that it contained all the money they had in the world. They did not discover their loss until the evening, and all attempts to find the package proved fruitless. Cor. Chicago Tribune.

CHAPTER VII.

Lane was awake with the sun on Friday morning, and lay for a few moments listening to the twittering of the sparrows about his window sills, and watching the slanting, rosy-red shafts of light that streamed through the intervals in the Venetian blinds. "Does it augur bright fortune? Does it mean victory? Is it like the 'sun of Austerlitz'?" were the questions that crowded through his brain. Today—today she was to "be down for a little while in the afternoon," and then she "hoped to be able to thank him. Could she?" Ten thousand times over and over again she could, if she would but whisper one little word—Yes—in answer to his eager question. It lacked hours yet until that longed